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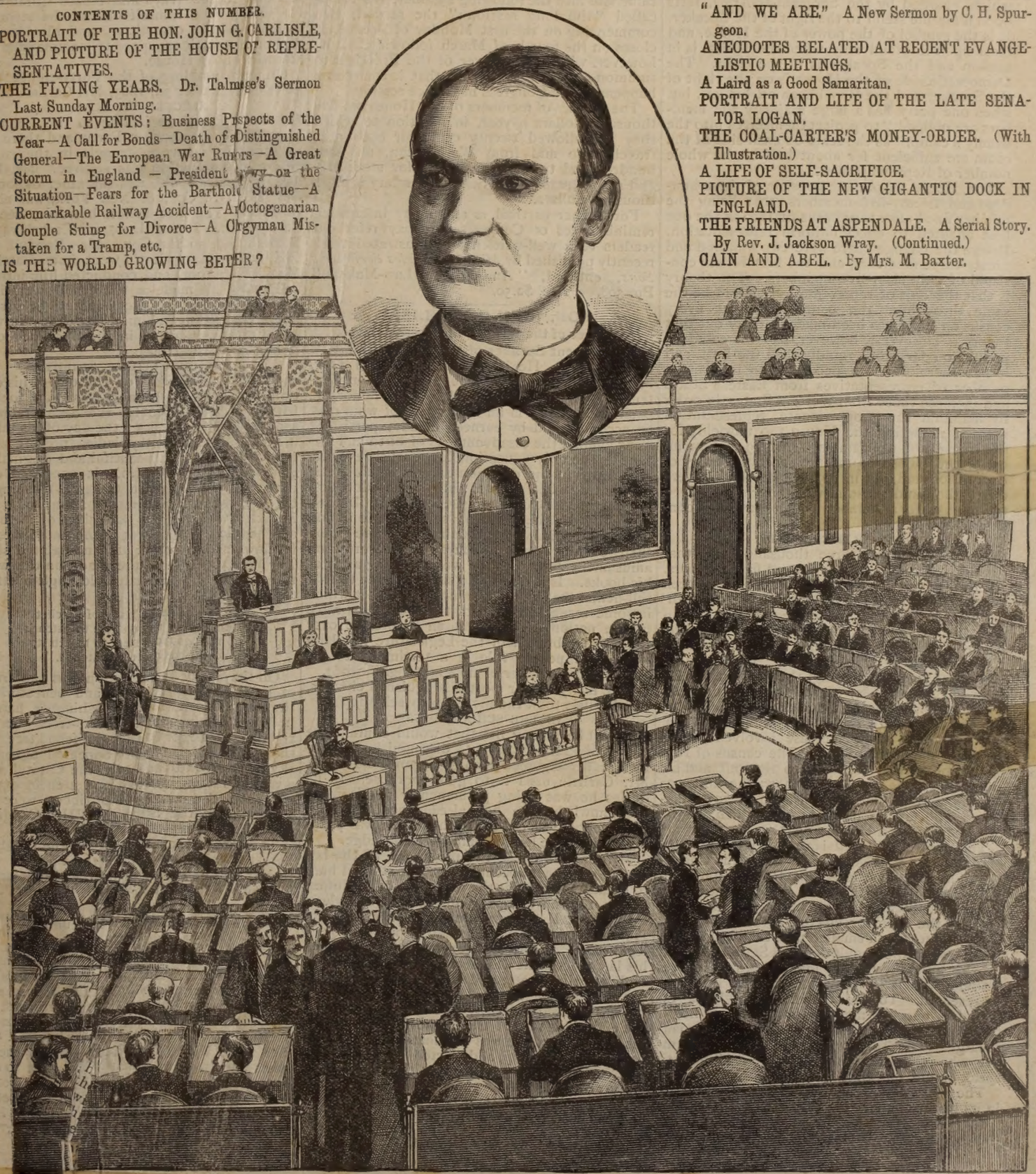

The House of Representatives and its Speaker, Hon. JOHN G. CARLISLE of Kentucky.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THE picture of the United States Senate, with its *Republican* President, which appeared in this journal on December 9th, is now appropriately supplemented with a picture of the House and its *Democratic* Speaker.

The chamber in which the Representatives hold their sessions is much more elaborately decorated than is the somewhat sombre room occupied by the Senate. Paintings adorn the walls, and the national flag graces the gallery above the Speaker's chair. One item of furniture peculiar to the House is *the mace*. This is a kind of sceptre surmounted by a silver eagle, which, guarded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, rests upon a marble stand to the right of the Speaker. It is the symbol of the power of the House, and rests upon its stand only when the House is in session and the Speaker is in the chair. The Democratic side of the House is on the right of the Speaker and the Republican on his left, but when one party has a large majority the members are obliged "to project themselves into the enemy's camp," as the seats on each side of the room are sufficient for about half of the whole number of Representatives.

The House at present consists of three hundred and twenty-five members, that being the number fixed after the census of 1880 as the one best adapted to effect uniform representation. Before the change there were two hundred and ninety-three members, and the first House consisted of only sixty-five members. The theory is that the unit of representation should be the same throughout the country, and at every census an effort has been made to carry out that theory. The West, however, has increased in population far more rapidly than the East, and it has therefore been necessary to reduce the number of representatives from Eastern States and increase those from Western States, in order to maintain the proportionate representation without rendering the House too unwieldy for the transaction of business. In 1789 each member of the House represented a constituency of thirty thousand, but in 1792 a member for every thirty thousand persons would have increased the House to a number which was then considered too large.

THE POLITICAL UNIT

was fixed at thirty-three thousand, and that gave a House of one hundred and five members. As the population has increased it has been necessary to increase the size of the constituencies as well as to increase the number of members in the House. The number of members has from this cause fluctuated with each census In 1803 it was 141; in 1813, 181; in 1823, 213; and in 1833, 240. In 1843 the unit was raised from 47,700 to 70,680, and the number of members was consequently reduced to 223. In 1853 the unit was again raised—this time to 93,423, but even that large increase involved an increase of members to 237. The census of 1860 added more than one third to the unit and six members to the House. In 1873 the unit was 131,425, and the House consisted of 293 members. The unit is now 151,912, which, as we have said, gives a House of 325.

The ratio established is not, of course, absolutely accurate. Every State under the Constitution must have at least one Representative in the House, and therefore in Delaware and Nevada, neither of which has a population of 151,912, the member elected by each of those States represents a smaller unit than elsewhere. Again, when the population of a State is divided by the unit, there is in many cases a large remainder which it would be unfair to leave unrepresented. To the States having large remainders another member is assigned, who, if the State is not re-districted, is Congressman-at-large. The Territories have each one member, who is called a delegate. He is allowed to speak on any question, but must not vote.

The vicissitudes each State has encountered in its history under this system are interesting. Thus, Connecticut had in the first Congress five representatives. In 1803 she had seven; she is now entitled to only four. Massachusetts commenced with eight, rose to twenty, and now has twelve. New York began with six, rose to forty in 1833, and has now thirty-four. Illinois, which had but one member in 1823, is now entitled to twenty.

The terms of the Representatives begin at noon on the fourth of March of every odd-numbered year (as 1885 or 1887) and end at noon on the fourth of March of the second year following. This period of two years is termed a Congress, and each Congress is divided into two regular sessions. The first session, commencing on the first Monday in December, may continue late into the following summer, and this is called "the long session;" the second, also commencing on the first Monday of December, closes on the fourth of March following. It is, however, within the power of the President to summon an extra session, so that it sometimes happens that a Congress has three sessions.

The salaries of members of the House are five thousand dollars a year, in addition to which they are allowed twenty cents for each mile travelled to and from Washington, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars for stationery and newspapers. The Speaker's salary is eight thousand dollars.

For further particulars and many interesting reminiscences of Congress, we may refer our readers to a well-written and illustrated work recently published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*, entitled, "Among the Law-Makers." Pp. 308. Price, $2.50.

HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

THE present Speaker of the House is a native of Kentucky. He is in his fifty-second year, having been born in Campbell County on September 5th, 1835. The high and honorable position he holds is an illustration of what may be accomplished by earnest, steady, persistent work against the disadvantages of birth and fortune. The only education Mr. Carlisle ever received was in the common schools of his State, but that was but a small part of the education he possesses. On leaving school he set himself diligently to the task of self-education, and while companions and acquaintances were giving their evenings and holidays to pleasure and amusement John Carlisle was plodding away at his books. It is due in no slight degree to that self-denial that he now occupies the post which in some respects is one of the most honorable in the nation. To be chosen to preside over the popular branch of the Legislature in a land where the people rule is a testimony to his ability and character of no slight significance.

Like many of our most distinguished citizens, Mr. Carlisle took the first step to self-support

IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

It would be a long list that would contain the names of all the Presidents, distinguished statesmen, and clergymen who so began their career. Mr. Carlisle used it to good purpose. In its duties he was fixing permanently in his mind the knowledge he had already acquired, and when school was closed for the day he was pushing on into the higher walks of knowledge.

Mr. Carlisle chose the profession of the law for his permanent occupation. He studied hard to qualify himself for the discharge of its duties, and in 1858 he hung out his modest shingle in Covington, Ky., where he has lived ever since. He was, however, not destined to pursue a quiet legal career. Only one year after commencing his law practice he was elected to the Legislature of his native State, and took his seat there at the early age of twenty-four. Five years later he was elected Senator, and was re-elected at the end of his term. Before he had completed his second term he was nominated for the lieutenant-governorship, and elected. He served in that capacity from 1871 to 1875. In the following year he was

ELECTED MEMBER OF CONGRESS,

and has been re-elected in 1878, 1880, 1882, 1884, and 1886.

WI[illegible] OUR[illegible]Carlisle first appeared in Washington, [illegible]andall gave him an obscure com[illegible]on; but while thus deprived of [illegible] mar[illegible]rtunities enjoyed by his associates, he w[illegible] laborious and diligent student of im[illegible]portan[illegible] public questions and the details of legis[illegible]latio[illegible] The leading members of both parties gradu[illegible]y came to know him as a man of excep[illegible]tiona[illegible] good judgment, a clear thinker, a strong [illegible]logic[illegible], and a member who was never carried away by extreme views or party passion. In the organization of the Forty-sixth House of Representatives Mr. Carlisle was transferred from the Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department to the Ways and Means Committee. He soon proved himself one of the strongest members of the committee, and his views on economic questions speedily commanded the attention of the House.

On the assembling of the Forty-eighth Congress on December 3d, 1883, Mr. Carlisle was

ELECTED SPEAKER.

He was supposed to belong to the free-trade wing of the Democratic Party, and there was consequently a severe struggle in the caucus before his nomination was secured. Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, was his chief opponent, and Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, was also a candidate. The first ballot, however, decided the question. It stood 107 for Carlisle, 45 for Randall, and 36 for Cox. Mr. Randall, Mr. Cox, and Governor Curtin went immediately to Mr. Carlisle's room and conducted him into the hall, where he made a short and well-timed speech, thanking the Representatives for the honor conferred upon him. Two days afterward Mr. Carlisle was seated in the Speaker's chair by the vote of the House.

A URIOUS FLORAL TRIBUTE

was sent to Mr. Carlisle on the day of his election. It has long been the custom for the friends of a candidate for the Speakership to send flowers to his desk on the day of his taking his seat. Two Kentucky ladies prepared and sent to Mr. Carlisle a beautiful and original device in flowers and satin. It consisted of a gavel, in the shape of a General Washington hatchet, resting on the mossy stump of a tree in such a way as to show both sides of the blade and handle. One side was composed of beautiful flowers and the other of hand-painted satin. Through the centre of the blade on the white satin appeared, in illuminated old English letters, the following:

> "May eye be keen as blade of hatchet
> When worthy members rise to catch it,
> And rulings true as steel to match it,
> All lawful business to dispatch it."

On the left of the inscription was the trumpet of Fame blowing two gavels, and beneath it on the left a little nude George Washington, hatchet in hand, cutting down a cherry-tree. On his right were a larger hatchet and a felled tree. In the upper left-hand corner appeared against a sky back-ground the dome of the Capitol, with a waning moon in the west and a rising sun in the east. On a white satin ribbon were the words: "To the Speaker XLVIII. Congress, Greeting."

The card of the ladies who sent the floral gift bore the following advice to the Speaker with regard to the manner in which the double-ended instrument should be wielded:

> "For noise, use hammer end as gavel,
> And blade when knots you can't unravel."

The thorough knowledge displayed by Mr. Carlisle of Parliamentary procedure, his manifest endeavor to act impartially, and his uniform courtesy to every member of the House soon won for him general confidence and respect. It is not an easy matter to maintain order in the excitement of the House debates, but Mr. Carlisle ruled with a firm hand when the debates were over and members had time to cool down, even those on whom the new Speaker had exercised his prerogative with most effect admitted that he had only done his duty. Both Republicans and Democrats were pleased, and

nal rest
ics ar
the appointment of committees, which t
st difficult and delicate of the Speak
ties, there were a smaller number of co
ints than usual.

No stronger testimony to Mr. Carlisle's excel-
ce as a Speaker could have been given than his

RE-ELECTION TO THE CHAIR

en the Forty-ninth Congress assembled on
cember 7th, 1885. Mr. Carlisle clearly ap-
ciated the fact, and it was with some emotion
t, on taking his seat, he said : " In assuming
e duties and responsibilities of this place for a
ond time, I beg to return my most profound
nks for the manifestation of your continued
nfidence. It is a compliment which I shall
ays remember with pride and gratitude. No-
ere else in the world can there be found a
islative assembly representing so great a con-
uency as that represented by this House,
d certainly no similar body consisting of an
ual number of members is its superior in point
ability and devotion to the interests intrusted
it. The privilege of presiding over the delib-
tions of such a body is a very high and hon-
ble distinction—the highest and most honor-
e it can confer on any of its members—and I
preciate it as such. But, gentlemen, my full
preciation of your action to-day can best be
own by a conscientious and impartial dis-
arge of my official duty, and although it may
be wise to make pledges in advance, I ven-
e to promise that to the fullest extent of my
lity the laws governing the proceedings of
House shall be evenly administered, with a
w to the preservation of order and decorum,
protection of the personal and representa-
e rights of members, and the prompt transac-
n of public business."

A REPUBLICAN TESTIMONIAL,

wever, is probably a more significant evidence
the impartiality with which Mr. Carlisle has
formed the duties of his high office. At the
nclusion of the session last year the Speaker
d the gratification of receiving this acknowl-
gment from his political opponents. The an-
uncement was made on August 6th, 1886,
t "as a recognition of the courtesy, im-
rtiality, and uniform consideration shown by
eaker Carlisle toward the minority of the
use, a number of the prominent Republican
presentatives have united in purchasing, at a
t of about six hundred dollars, an elegant
d tastefully decorated silver table service,
would be presented to the Speaker at the
f the session." It was received with
leasure as an unmistakable proof that in
st difficult function of a presiding officer
political affiliations were clearly marked
his election to the office Mr. Carlisle had
ieved an unqualified success.

The testimonial was sent to the Speaker at
Kentucky home, and elicited the following
ceful reply : "Your favor is received, for
ich you will please accept my thanks. It is
y gratifying to me to know that my political
ponents fully appreciate my efforts to admin-
er the rules of the House in a spirit of just-
s and fairness to both sides ; but if they knew
w easy it is to do right and how disagreeable
s for a man in a responsible public position to
l that his official conduct is justly liable to
ticism, they would doubtless give me less
dit than they now do. The testimonial sent
Covington by my Republican friends in the
use has attracted much attention, and my
ghbors, without regard to party associations,
warm in their congratulations."

Mr. Carlisle has been re-elected to the Fiftieth
ngress, but by one of those curious accidents
t the elections so often supply, he narrowly
aped defeat. His only opponent was a labor
ndidate, the foreman of a chair-factory. Mr.
rlisle's friends treated this opposition with
ntempt, and so many of them, regarding his
ction as an assured fact, neglected to vote
t the labor candidate was at first believed to
the victor. It is now stated that Mr. Carlisle
s re-elected by a small majority, but it is
bable that the claim will be challenged.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Pathetic Telegram.—At a Recent Meeting a visitor said : " A lady with a child on each side of her was on a sinking wreck. They went down underneath the billows, and when they once more got above water the lady found she had lost both her children. She herself got safely landed on the French coast. She sent off a telegram to her husband in Chicago, with the words, 'Saved alone.' Ah! I think this is just like millions of telegrams that ascend to heaven daily, 'Saved alone.' The devil and all his adversaries are so busy that multitudes of people have only time to be saved alone."

The Late Thomas Carlyle Was Once at the house of a lady of rank in London, and the conversation turned to the modern rationalistic theory of evolution. For some time Carlyle remained perfectly silent and grave ; at length, during a pause in the discussion, he was unable any longer to restrain himself, and exclaimed with emphasis and solemnity : " Gentlemen, you are well pleased to trace your descent from a tadpole, or an ape, as the case may be, but I would say with David, 'Lord, Thou hast made me but a little lower than the angels.'" The effect was profound and memorable, and not without advantage to some present.

The Tears of a Learned Doctor.—Mr. Frazer remarked : " A young lady meeting at a social gathering an eminent doctor of divinity asked what was the meaning of the word 'eternal.' She quoted the text, 'Away into everlasting torment,' and wished to know what was the meaning of 'everlasting' or 'eternal.' She expected a most learned and lucid explanation, and was surprised to get no immediate answer, but when she looked up into the doctor's face, and saw his eyes beaming with pity, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, she had got all the answer she wanted. The good man had helped her to realize that everlasting punishment was something too serious to be lightly spoken of, and that if we love our neighbors as God loves us, or as we love ourselves, we could not think of their condemnation without being moved to pity and making every effort to bring them to the feet of Jesus."

Too Late to Receive the Queen.—A Christian worker said : " At the beginning of the Queen's reign, before there were many railways, she had occasion to visit Scotland ; and it was arranged that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh should meet and receive her as she disembarked at Leith. It happened that her Majesty arrived very late at night, and the provost thought that if he went down about eight or nine o'clock next morning he would be in plenty of time to receive her. He did so, but when he got there he was chagrined to find that the Queen and her party had disembarked at 7 A.M., and by that time were in Edinburgh. He and his brother magistrates hastened back, only to discover that the Queen had installed herself in Holyrood, without being officially received by the city, and without any of the ceremonies belonging to her position. How many even of the professing servants of Christ will fail to be ready to greet Him when He comes the second time?"

All Under One Banner.—A Worker, Speaking at an evangelistic meeting, told the following story : " During one of the visits of the King of Italy to Naples, the Protestant ministers of that city begged to be admitted to his presence. He granted their request, and received them with great courtesy ; but was much surprised when one was presented as a Presbyterian, another as an Episcopalian, a third as a Methodist, a fourth as a Baptist, etc., and exclaimed in astonishment, 'I thought they were all Protestants ; how can they be ministers of the same Gospel and yet have so many distinctions?' The Waldensian minister promptly replied, 'In your Majesty's army there are many regiments, wearing different uniforms and having different names, but all under the one commander-in-chief and serving the same country and flag. In like manner we Protestants are divided into denominations, but under one Chief, Jesus Christ ; and we follow but one banner, that of our crucified and risen Saviour.' The King listened attentively, and then said, 'I thank you for this clear explanation ; you mean that while there are differences in minor matters, there is unity in all that is essential.'"

A Highlander's Story.—The Rev. Mr. M'Laughlan related the following incident : " When the Rev. Dr. Wallace was on a tour round the Highlands of Scotland he met with an old Highlander who told him that he had been thirty years a Christian. 'Will you tell me all about your conversion in as few words as possible?' said the doctor. 'Willingly,' replied the old Highlander. 'For many years I was extremely anxious about my soul ; I had no one to point me to the great Saviour or tell me that He took upon Him my sins, until one day in my extreme need, I met with Jesus, and just swapped with Him' (made an exchange). 'What do you mean?' asked the minister ; 'I don't understand you.' And the man in explanation said ; 'When I met with Jesus I handed Him over my fifty years of sin, and He gave me in return the spotless robe of His righteousness, and I just swapped with Jesus, that was all ; and now "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."'"

A Heroic Doctor's Sacrifice.—A Methodist minister said : " Some of you will remember the great plague in Marseilles, when seven thousand in one short week were hurried to the grave. There were twelve doctors in constant attendance night and day, but they could not stay the plague, for they could not get at the seat of the disease. One doctor, the youngest of the twelve, said, 'I cannot see a thousand in one day die for the sake of my life. Years ago I was for three months in extreme anxiety about my soul, but the Lord delivered me ; I gave my heart to Christ, and now I am a new man in Him ; I will give myself over to this disease and carefully note, as far as I am able, the progress of it for the sake of this great city.' Oh, what a noble act! The other eleven doctors accepted his offer, and before the sun rose on the following morning he had gone to meet his Creator. Did he die in vain? No. By the knowledge gained from this man's death the plague was stayed. He had died for his country. And now a beautiful monument stands at the top of his grave with the inscription, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Getting Jeannie into the Hospital.—Mr. John Gilbert Forbes writes : " Not long ago a man came up to my house about five o'clock in the evening and said, 'Oh, Mr. Forbes, my little daughter Jeannie is so unwell. I took her up to the Children's Hospital, and the doctor thought her so extremely ill that he would not let her come away, but had her put to bed at once ; and I promised I should get a line from a subscriber requesting her admittance by to-morrow, and I thought you might be able to give me one.' I told him I was sorry I was not a subscriber, but that I would try to get him one. Accordingly I called next day at the hospital, procured a list of subscribers, and got him the required line. But what struck me on being shown over the hospital was, that at the head of the beds there were often little tickets which read, 'In memory of ——, son ——, who died 18—.' The people who gave and supported the beds of the hospital had such a loving memory of their child, and had suffered such grief by his death, that they determined to try and save some little boy or girl for their parents. Their own sufferings made them fellow-sufferers with all afflicted parents. Similarly Christ, having passed through the trials and temptations of this life, knows how to comfort us. He sympathizes with our grief, and to the sufferer sends relief. He still remembers in the skies His tears, His agonies, and cries."

THE FLYING YEARS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Jan. 2, 1887.

"How old art thou?"—GEN. 47 : 8.

A Focus of Magnificence and Wealth—The Shepherd in the Palace—The King's Question—Right and Wrong Ways of Measuring Life—Measured by Worldly Gratification—The Experience of Lord Dundas—Enjoyments Forgotten—Measured by Sorrows and Misfortunes—The Troubles of Famous Men—Measured by Financial Success—By Moral and Spiritual Development—By Good Done—A Field for Every One—A Bright View of Death—A New Style of Measurement—Getting to the Centre of Things—The Musical Festival at Ghent.

THE Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the North, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes, and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower-beds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom.

Along the avenues, lined with sphinx, and fane, and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously-upholstered palanquin, carried by servants in scarlet, or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow-white horses, golden-bitted, and six abreast, dashing at full run. On floors of mosaic

THE GLORIES OF PHARAOH

were spelled out in letters of porphyry, and beryl, and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were sofas footed with the claws of wild beasts, and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer-day, and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward; so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum, and obelisk.

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob,

THE PLAIN SHEPHERD,

came to meet his son Joseph, who had become Prime Minister, in the royal apartment. Pharaoh and Jacob met, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The King, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face, and says to the aged man: "How old art thou?"

Night before last the gate of Eternity opened to let in, amid the great throng of departed centuries, the soul of

THE DYING YEAR.

Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how fast we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask to-day, when I look into your faces, and say, as Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch: "How old art thou?"

People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would put no one under temptation; but I simply want, this morning, to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall, or an arch, or a tower, and so there is a right way and

A WRONG WAY OF MEASURING

our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you this morning with the stupendous question of the text, and ask: "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by *mere worldly gratification*. When Lord Dundas was wished a happy New Year, he said: "It will have to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have gone." But that has not been the experience of most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin, it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the Gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreciate the worldly pleasures God gives us. When you

RECOUNT YOUR ENJOYMENTS,

you do not go far enough back. Why do you not go back to the time when you were an infant in your mother's arms, looking up into the heaven of her smile; to those days when you filled the house with the uproar of boisterous merriment; when you shouted as you pitched the ball on the playground; when, on the cold, sharp, winter night, muffled up, on skates you shot out over the resounding ice of the pond? Have you forgotten all those good days that the Lord gave you? Were you never a boy? Were you never a girl? Between those times and this, how many mercies, how many kindnesses the Lord has bestowed upon you! How many joys have breathed up to you from the flowers, and shone down to you from the stars, and chanted to you with the voice of soaring bird, and tumbling cascade, and booming sea, and thunders that with bayonets of fire charged down the mountain-side! Joy! Joy! Joy! If there is any one who has a right to the enjoyments of the world, it is the Christian, for God has given him

A LEASE TO EVERYTHING

in the promise: "All are yours." But I have to tell you that a man who estimates his life on earth by mere worldly gratification is a most unwise man. Our life is not to be a game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not the settlings of a wine cup. It is not a banquet with intoxication and roystering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies, or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. So that in this world we are only keying up the harp of a rapture or forging the chain of a bondage. And standing before you to-day, with life on the one side and death on the other; song on the one side and groaning on the other; mansions on the one side and dungeons on the other; heaven on the one side and hell on the other—I put to you the question of the text: "How old art thou?" Toward what destiny are you tending, and how fast are you getting on toward it?

Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their

SORROWS AND MISFORTUNES.

Through a great many of your lives the ploughshare hath gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed, and misrepresented, and set upon, and slapped of impertinence, and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must have its shadows, and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his eyesight, he heard that Salmasius was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane Theatre, Cumberland, his enemy, sat growling at it in the stage-box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of learned men, his wife took his lexicon manuscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial,

VEXATION, FOR ALMOST EVERY ONE.

Pope, applauded of all the world, has a sto in the shoulder that annoys him so much t he has a tunnel dug, so that he may go un served from garden to grotto, and from grotto garden. Cano, the famous Spanish artist, disgusted with the crucifix that the priest ho before him, because it is such a poor specim of sculpture. And so, sometimes through tas and sometime through learned menace, a sometimes through physical distresses—aye ten thousand ways, troubles come to harass a annoy.

And yet it is unfair to measure a man's life his misfortunes, because where there is one st of nightshade, there are fifty marigolds and ha bells; where there is one cloud thunder-charg there are hundreds that stray across the heave the glory of land and sky asleep in their bosc Because death came and took your child aw did you immediately forget all the five years, the ten years, or the fifteen years in which came every night for a kiss, all the tones of y heart pealing forth at the sound of her voice the soft touch of her hand? Because in so financial Euroclydon your fortune went into breakers, did you forget all those years in wh the luxuries and extravagances of life showe on your pathway? Alas! that is an unw man, an ungrateful man, an unfair man, an philosophic man, and, most of all, an unch tian man, who measures his life on earth groans, and tears, and dyspeptic fit, and abu and scorn, and terror, and neuralgic thrust.

Again, I remark that there are many peo who estimate their life on earth

BY THE AMOUNT OF MONEY

they have accumulated. They say, "The y 1866, or 1876, or 1886 was wasted." W Made no money. Now, it is all cant and in cerity to talk against money as though it had value. It may represent refinement, and edu tion, and ten thousand blessed surroundings. is the spreading of the table that feeds your c dren's hunger. It is the lighting of the furn that keeps you warm. It is the making of bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. is the carrying out at last of you to decent se ture, and the putting up of the slab on whic chiselled the story of your Christian hope. simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and l ure-hall against money.

But while all this is so, he who uses mo or thinks of money as anything but a mean an end will find out his mistake when the s tering treasures slip out of his nerveless gr and he goes out of this world without a shil of money or a certificate of stock. He m better have been the Christian porter that ope his gate or the begrimed workman who night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bo and mortgages, and leases have their use, they make a poor yardstick with which to m ure life. They that boast themselves in t wealth and trust on the multitude of t riches, none of them can, by any means, red his brother, nor give to God a ransom for that he should not see corruption.

But I remark, There are many—I wish t were more—who estimate their life by their

MORAL AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT,

It is not sinful egotism for a Christian to say, "I am purer than I used to be. more consecrated to Christ than I used t I have got over a great many of the bad h in which I used to indulge. I am a great better man than I used to be." There is no ful egotism in that. It is not base egotism a soldier to say, "I know more about mil tactics than I used to before I took a musk my hand, and learned to 'present arms,' when I was a pest to the drill-officer." It i base egotism for a sailor to say, "I know better to clew down the mizzen topsail th used to before I had ever seen a ship," there is no sinful egotism when a Christian

ghting the battles of the Lord, or if you will ave it, voyaging toward a haven of eternal rest, ys, "I know more about spiritual tactics and out voyaging toward heaven than I used to." Why, there are those in this presence who ave measured lances with many a foe, and un-orsed it. There are Christian men here who ave become swarthy by hammering at the forge calamity. They stand on an entirely differ-nt plane of character from that which they once ccupied. They are measuring their life on arth by golden-gated Sabbaths, by pentecostal ayer-meetings, by communion tables, by bap-smal fonts, by hallelujahs in the temple. They ave stood on Sinai, and heard it thunder. hey have stood on Pisgah, and looked over into ne Promised Land. They have stood on Cal-ary, and seen the cross bleed. They can, like aul the Apostle, write on their heaviest troubles light," and "but for a moment." The dark-st night their soul is irradiated, as was the ight over Bethlehem, by the faces of those who ave come to proclaim glory and good-cheer. hey are only waiting for the gate to open, and he chains to fall off, and the glory to begin.

I remark again: There are many (and I wish here were more) who are estimating life

BY THE GOOD THEY CAN DO.

John Bradford said he counted that day noth-g at all in which he had not, by pen or tongue, one some good. If a man begin right, I can-ot tell how many tears he may wipe away, how any burdens he may lift, how many orphans e may comfort, how many outcasts he may re-laim. There have been men who have given heir whole life in the right direction, concen-rating all their wit and ingenuity, and mental cumen, and physical force and enthusiasm for Christ. They climbed the mountain, and delved nto the mine, and crossed the sea, and trudged he desert, and dropped, at last, into martyrs' raves, waiting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they roke off, by the garments they put upon naked-ess, by the miles they travelled to alleviate very kind of suffering. They felt in the thrill f every nerve, in the motion of every muscle, n every throb of their heart, in every respiration f their lungs, the magnificent truth: "No man iveth for himself." They went through cold nd through heat, foot-blistered, cheek-smitten, ack-scourged, tempest-lashed, to do their whole luty. That is the way they measured life—by he amount of good they could do.

Do you want to know

HOW OLD LUTHER WAS;

ow old Richard Baxter was; how old Philip Doddridge was? Why, you cannot calculate he length of their lives by any human arith-metic. Add to their lives ten thousand times en thousand years, and you have not expressed t—what they have lived or will live. Oh, what a standard that is to measure a man's life by! There are those in this house who think they have only lived thirty years. They will have lived a thousand—they have lived a thousand. There are those who think they are eighty years of age. They have not even entered upon their infancy, for one must become a babe in Christ to begin at all.

Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are; I do not know what your tact or talent is; I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsive-ness of them; but I know this: there is for you, my hearer, a field to culture,

A HARVEST TO REAP,

a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learn-ing, put it all into *the poor-box of the world's suffering*. But if you have none of these—neither wealth, nor eloquence, nor learning—you, at any rate, have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened; a frown with which you may blast injustice; a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only

BRIGHT VIEW OF DEATH.

Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quinn, the actor, in his last moments said, "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malherbe said in his last moments to the confessor, "Hold your tongue! your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven." Lord Chesterfield in his last mo-ments, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bothered himself about the proprieties of the sick-room, and said, "Give Dayboles a chair." Godfrey Kneller spent his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monu-ment.

Compare the silly and horrible departure of such men with the seraphic glow on the face of Edward Payson, as he said in his last moment, "The breezes of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory." Or, with Paul, the apostle, who said in his last hour, "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me." Or compare it with

THE CHRISTIAN DEATH-BED

that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god! It will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance; and when the thrones have fallen, and the monuments have crumbled, and the world has perished, they shall banquet with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven.

This is a good day in which to begin

A NEW STYLE OF MEASUREMENT.

How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The old year has gone. The new year has come. For what you and I have been launched upon it, God only knows.

Now, let me ask you all: Have you made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother; have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder that when that man on the Hudson River, in indignation, tore up the tract which was handed to him, and just one word landed on his coat-sleeve—the rest of the tract being pitched into the river—that one word aroused his soul? It was that one word, so long, so broad, so high, so deep—"eternity!" A dying woman, in her last moments, said, "Call it back!" They said, "What do you want?" "Time," she said; "call it back!" Oh, it can-not be called back! We might lose our fortunes and call them back; we might lose our health, and, perhaps, recover it; we might lose our good name and get that back; but time gone is

GONE FOREVER.

Some of you, during the past year, made prep-aration for eternity, and it makes no difference to you really, as to the matter of safety, whether you go now or go some other year—whether this year or the next year. Both your feet on the rock, the waves may dash around you. You can say, "God is our refuge and strength—a very present help." You are on the rock, and you may defy all earth and hell to overthrow you. I congratulate you. I give you great joy. It is a happy New Year to you.

I can see no sorrow at all in the fact that our years are going. You hear some people say, "I wish I could go back again to boyhood." I would not want to go back again to boyhood. I am afraid I might make a worse life out of it than I have made. You could not afford to go back to boyhood if it were possible. You might do a great deal worse than you have done. The past is gone! Look out for the future! To all Christians, it is a time of gladness. I am glad the years are going. You are coming on nearer home. Let your countenance light up with the thought. Nearer home!

Now, when one can sooner

GET TO THE CENTRE OF THINGS,

is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the Freshman Class? We study God in this world by the Biblical photograph of Him; but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him fifty years through pictures or words. The little child that died at six months of age knows more of God than all Andover, and all Princeton, and all New Brunswick.

Does not our common-sense teach us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light, and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

What fools we all are to prefer the circumfer-ence to the centre. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the Maytime orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths, up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the National Picture Gallery in London, under umbrellas in the rain,

AFRAID TO GO IN

amid the Turners, and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them, and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in!" I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them, we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gal-lery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know how it is in there." Oh, let us be glad that we are one year nearer the scene that explains all and irradiates all!

In 1835 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of musical demonstra-tion that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chimes of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a perfect suc-cess. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the ordnance, the city trembled, and the hills shook with

THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH

that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a more glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence, when the trumpets shall sound and the Last Day has come. At the signal given, the bells of the towers, and of the lighthouses, and of the cities will strike their sweetness into a last chime that shall ring into the heavens and float off upon the sea, joined by the boom of bursting mine and magazine, augmented by all the cathedral towers of heaven—the harmonies of earth and the sym-phonies of the celestial realm making up one great triumphal march, fit to celebrate the ascent of the redeemed to where they shall shine as the stars forever and forever. With such antici-pations, we can look back without a single re-gret upon the flying years, and forward with ex-ultation to the time when the archangel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, shall swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer.

THE LATE SENATOR JOHN A. LOGAN.

(*See Portrait on page 12.*)

JOHN A. LOGAN, whose death, on December 26th, is universally deplored, was born near Murphysboro, Ill., on February 9th, 1826. His father came to America from Ireland and settled in Illinois, in 1823; his mother was a Tennesseean. The ruins of the log-house in which his parents lived are still pointed out to sightseers. In his boyhood he was the best rider in Southern Illinois.

At the outbreak of the Mexican war Logan was one of the first in his native State to enroll himself in the First Regiment of Illinois. He was selected for a lieutenancy and subseqnently was promoted adjutant of the regiment. When the war ended he returned to Illinois and entered an office as a law student. In 1844 he was elected clerk of Jackson County, and retained this office for a year, when he went to the Louisville Law School, to attend a course of lectures. He received his diploma in 1851, and on being admitted to the bar, entered into a law partnership. Before he had been in practice for a year he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District of Illinois The same year he was elected to the State Legislature as the representative of Jackson and Franklin Counties. He was twice re-elected, and in 1854 was one of the Presidential electors who cast their votes for Buchanan.

In 1856 Logan was elected to the Twenty-sixth Congress as a Democrat. In the Presidential campaign of 1860 he ran again as a Democrat and was a warm supporter of Stephen A. Douglas. At the next session of Congress he was outspoken against secession. In 1861, when the clash of arms came, he left his seat in Congress and fell into the ranks of the Union troops, who were marching to meet the enemy in Virginia. He was present at the battle of Bull Run, soon after which he returned to Illinois and delivered many speeches in the southern part of the State, for the Union cause. Through his efforts thousands of volunteers rallied around the flag, and he himself enlisted in the Thirty-first Regiment of Infantry.

As colonel of the regiment he mustered into service on September 13th, and was attached to the brigade of General McClernand. At Fort Henry Colonel Logan distinguished himself, and at Fort Donelson he was the foremost in the assault, and received a wound which for a time disabled him from active service. He recovered in time to report to General Grant at Pittsburg Landing, and on March 5th, 1862, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. During the siege of Corinth General Logan with his brigade guarded the railroad landing to Jackson, Tenn., and kept open the Federal communication with that point. When, in 1862, his former constituents asked him to return to Congress he declined, preferring to remain in the field. In November, 1862, he was made major-general and placed in command of the Third Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, under General McPherson. He participated in the battles of Fort Gibson, Raymond, and Champion Hill. At the siege of Vicksburg he held the centre of General McPherson's command, and led the first column into Vicksburg after the capitulation. He was appointed military governor of the city and was presented with a gold medal for his services. In the winter of 1864 he succeeded General Sherman as commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps.

When Sherman began his famous march to the sea General Logan led the Army of the Tennessee and participated in all the battles of that campaign. At Peach-Tree Creek, when Mc Pherson fell, Logan took command, and infusing a desperate valor into his troops, led them against the enemy. He left the army in September to take part in the Presidential campaign, and made speeches through the West for Lincoln. Rejoining his command at Savannah, he marched with Sherman through the Carolinas. In May, 1865, he succeeded General Howard as commander of the Tennessee.

President Johnson offered him the post of minister to Mexico, but this he declined, and in 1866 was elected representative at large from Illinois to Congress by a majority of over sixty thousand. He was one of the managers on the part of the House in the impeachment of President Johnson. In 1868 and 1870 he was re-elected to the House, and in 1871 was elected to the Senate. He lost his seat in 1877, but regained it in 1879. At the Republican Convention of Chicago, in June, 1884, Logan was nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

General Logan was one of the founders of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he was the first head. His nomination for the Presidency appeared among the possibilities of his future when Death cut down the loyal soldier and patriotic statesman.

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

The Dark State of Heathendom—Necessity for Increased Missionary Effort—The Gloomy Condition of Christendom—Politics—The Jesuits—A Strange Story Current in Rome—The Rapid Growth of Godlessness—The Increase of Lawless Agitation—The Story of the Trumpeter—"The Coming of the Lord Draws Near."

THIS question is one which is often heard, and is presented in various forms. Much depends upon our range and altitude of vision as to how the question can be answered by ourselves, individually, but the only trustworthy standpoint is not to be sought for in concurrent phenomena alone, but in the prophetic Scriptures, of whose accuracy phenomena are only proofs and illustrations.

Undoubtedly the present century may fairly claim credit for extensive evangelistic effort. Both at home and abroad attention has been called to the masses lying outside the Christian Church, and missions of various kinds have earnestly sought to reach and rescue them. Nor have the results been altogether disappointing. According to statistics, apparently reliable, within the last hundred years no less than three millions have been

WON FROM HEATHENDOM.

At first sight such remarkable success seems full of promise, and it may well encourage all Christian workers to go forth to their tasks with renewed energy and inspiriting hope. But there is another side to the picture, one, too, which seems to have been generally overlooked. In a most instructive paper, which appeared in the July number of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, the Rev. James Johnstone makes the announcement, which will take most people by surprise, "that the number of heathen and Mohammedans now in the world is vastly greater than when Protestant missions began a hundred years ago. The heathen and Mohammedan population of the world is more by *two hundred millions*, while the converts and their families do not amount to *three millions*. He thinks, nevertheless, that our gains are quite in proportion to our expenditure, and he points the lesson with due emphasis, that missions must be made much more of in the future than they have been in the past, if any satisfactory progress is to be expected. Still, it is

A STARTLING FACT,

and one for which many were not prepared, that the increase of the heathen, during a century of remarkable Christian activity, is numerically about seventy times greater than that of the converts. We have heard many schemes for converting the world in a limited period of time, but we fear historic facts are all against them. The comparative slowness of our progress is, however, no excuse for indolence or indifference. Nay, rather, it is a trumpet-call to redoubled zeal and worthier action. Mr. Johnstone admirably illustrates this, and is careful to show unto his readers a more excellent way. Still the fact remains. In spite of all our methods and men, our missions fall enormously short of keeping step with the growth of heathendom. The light does shine somewhat, yet all around the darkness deepens.

If we turn our attention to Christendom, the outlook is no less gloomy. Day by day cool-headed students of European politics threaten us with a conflagration which, beginning in the East, is likely to be stayed only by the waters of the Atlantic. The most confident assure us it must come some day, and they are only hopeful to escape it now because the German Chancellor does not desire war, and in their judgment Prince Bismarck is the only statesman in Europe who can insure peace.

At Rome also the Jesuits have triumphed. At one time it was thought that Leo XIII. had liberal tendencies, and it was prophesied that he would reverse the deeds of his predecessor. The same promise has appeared more than once in the early years of a new Pope. But the dawn never brightens into day. It is only the gloaming which deepens into the dark. In connection with the sudden change of policy which took place a few days ago, there is

A STRANGE STORY CURRENT IN ROME.

It is said there that the Jesuits do not scruple to employ poison to rid themselves of troublesome enemies. They always, it is added, hold in reserve an antidote so as to leave a place of repentance for the victim. If, after the administration of the poison, he is brought to a right mind, the antidote is forthcoming and no harm is done. It was noticed that the Pope's unexpected reconciliation with the Jesuits coincided with his quick recovery from a sudden and sharp illness, and instantly the inference was drawn that he had been the subject of a severe experiment. On the truth or falsehood of the rumor we can pronounce no opinion. But that a body of men professedly religious should be thought capable of such a crime, and that by their nearest neighbors, who know them best, is not without significance.

Another exceedingly ominous sign of the times is

THE RAPID GROWTH OF GODLESSNESS.

There has always been an appalling amount of practical atheism among us; but of recent years this has more openly and extensively allied itself with avowed unbelief. Behind this, and even within many of the churches, there has been a steady, though stealthy, loosening of the bonds of the common faith, whereby they were once united. Doctrines are now boldly challenged, and in some cases bitterly denied, to which a willing and hearty assent was given a few years ago. Not a few rejoice in this unsettlement of creeds, and hail it as a token of intelligent advance. No doubt it is an advance of some kind; but, whether intelligent or in what direction, time will show.

It is told that when an ambassador from some semi-civilized country gave

A DINNER IN LONDON

not long ago, one of the dishes was badly cooked, and the barbarian, in a loud voice, gave order for the instant execution of the unfortunate cook. His guests at once remonstrated with him, and assured him that if the sentence were carried out he would be tried for murder. Turning round upon them with indignation sparkling in his eyes, he replied, "And yet you call this a free country!" Socialists also ought to be taught that freedom has its limits, and cannot be allowed to endanger the existence of the State. If they are permitted to preach war upon society without rebuke, such freedom of speech, hitherto disallowed, will surely and speedily bring its own punishment.

Under no circumstances is it either safe or right to encourage a policy of public plunder, and any attempt to embitter one class against another should be suppressed with a firm hand. It is not difficult, especially in hard times, to rouse evil passions; to allay or appease them when roused may prove a very formidable task. When

VIOLENCE TAKES THE PLACE OF ARGUMENT

it can only be met by suppression or submission. The first method may be painful to the tender-hearted; the second is a direct encouragement to brute force, and will certainly foster the

growth of crime. Instead of setting men free who have been proved guilty of inciting the populace to take up arms for the spoliation of their more prosperous neighbors, they ought rather to be credited with the mischief their language was calculated to produce, and condemned accordingly. The old fable of the trumpeter has not lost its point. When taken prisoner he pleaded for his life as a non-combatant. He was neither girt with sword nor spear. His captors refused his prayer, reminding him that, although he did not actually fight with his own hands, yet by his trumpeting he encouraged and directed those who did.

Thus in whatever direction we turn our eyes, the present outlook is gloomy enough. To students of Scripture this occasions no surprise, for they have been led to expect it. But we may look up. A mightier Hand than that of kings and politicians is at work. Though the predicted "time of trouble" is rapidly approaching, "now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Co-existent with a marked decline of faith in evangelical religion, and of zeal in advocating the interests of Christ's kingdom, there is still "a remnant" who retain their faith in God and their loyalty to His Word unimpaired. The lines of truth and error are becoming more clearly defined as "the coming of the Lord draws near."

CAIN AND ABEL.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 16, Gen. 4 : 3-16. Golden Text, ver. 9.

The Fruit of the Knowledge of Evil—The Discord in Human and Physical Relations—Mercifully Kept from Immortality—Expelled from Eden—The First Child Born—The Disappointed Hopes of Parents—Why Abel Kept Sheep—The Institution of Sacrifice—The Defect in Cain's Offering—Self-Centred Religions—What Cain Forgot—The First Death—The Curse on Cain.

THE coveted knowledge of evil, which a loving Father would have withheld from His new created children, began speedily to bear its fruit. Hitherto everything that God had made was "very good." God "hath made everything beautiful in His time" (Eccl. 3 : 11); the touch of the great Master-workman was perceptible in all His creation. Hitherto everything that was created served its true purpose. Man was made for God, "This people have I formed for Myself" (Isa. 43 : 21), and

MAN RESPONDED TO GOD

as His image and reflection in the universe. The green herb was made for the use of man, and there was nothing in the animal or vegetable world which was hurtful, poisonous, or dangerous. God had given *every* green herb "for meat" (Gen. 1 : 29), therefore nothing was poisonous, nothing purely medicinal. God had created Eve to be the helpmeet for Adam; and thus God and man, man and woman, man and beast, man and the green herb—all held normal and blessed relations to each other. In all God's fair creation there had not been a discord.

But with the knowledge of evil came discord between God and man, and then through mutual accusation between man and woman; and there began to grow evil plants, thorns and thistles, which no doubt comprise poisonous plants; and then there came also, as subsequent history and the experience of our own times shows us, noisome beasts (Exodus 8 : 2, 3, 21; 10 : 12–14; Lev. 26 : 22; Ezek. 14 : 21), which God declares to be one of His "four sore judgments." Thus the knowledge of evil was far from theoretical; sin had disorganized all which God had created in such beauty and harmony and peace; sin had "entered into the world, and death by sin" (Rom. 5 : 12).

God's tenderness led Him to preserve Adam and Eve from eating, in their fallen condition, of the tree of life, and so perpetuating their misery eternally. He sent them forth from the Garden of Eden which *He* had planted, to prove whether, with the knowledge which they had sought, they could improve upon His work. They must rule in a creation in which they had

SOWN THE FIRST SEEDS

of misrule, and in which the products of that coveted knowledge should be sorrow, shame, fear, and bitter disappointment.

Into such a world the first child was born. It may be that when Eve said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," or (R. V.), "with the Lord," she believed that the time was come for the fulfilment of God's promise that the Seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. But the knowledge of evil was yet to bear fruit. Our first parents, as yet, knew little of the evil of sin, and in order to understand and value the salvation of that Seed of the woman, they must know from what they were to be saved. It is natural for parents to hope and expect that their children shall be an improvement upon themselves—they desire and expect from their children a life which shall be the result of their own lengthened experience. But how often are parents disappointed and humbled in their children! How often are children an exaggeration of their parents in their faults! We know nothing of Cain's education, nor yet of that of Abel. All we know is that, when they were old enough, each had his avocation: Cain became a tiller of the ground, Abel a keeper of sheep. As animal food was then unknown, we can only infer that God had taught fallen man to offer sacrifice (probably immediately on the curse being pronounced and the promise of the Seed of the woman being given, when beasts must have been slain for Adam and Eve to be clothed with their skins), and that it was for this purpose that Abel kept his sheep. Of the height, appearance, talents, etc., of these young men nothing is revealed. God wrote their history, and He records that which endures in each man's life—viz.: that which concerns his relation to God; nothing else is worth recording. Both of the brothers had a consciousness that

THEY MUST HAVE TO DO WITH GOD;

both saw that something was due to Him; neither was an atheist. But in their way of approaching God there was a marked distinction between them. Cain "brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." This was the beginning and the end of his relations to God; it was all on one side; it was all Cain, nothing of God. Cain reminds us of the many who say, "I pray as well as I know how; I do the best I can; I give all I can afford." Theirs is a religion which consists in what man tries to be or to do in order to recommend himself to God; but from beginning to end there is nothing of God in it. You hear of plenty of good deeds, but nothing as to whether these are desired by God, or whether they are forced on Him without any knowledge of His will. He would have men to be "not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is" (Eph. 5 : 17). Alas! this their own righteousness which they seek to establish (Rom. 10 : 3) is but "as filthy rags" (Isa. 64 : 6) in the eyes of a holy God; there is no faith in it, and "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14 : 23).

Abel "brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof." There was nothing of Abel to be seen in the bleeding sacrifice; the life poured out spoke of a coming Saviour. Faith sees God, and Abel saw God's redemption in that sinless lamb, the offering for his sin. There was nothing in Abel's sacrifice to recommend him to God; it spoke of what God was to him. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts" (Heb. 11 : 4). All religions but that of the Scriptures—Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Roman Catholicism, the Greek Church, Ritualism—are systems which

GIVE CREDIT TO MAN,

to *his* piety, *his* fasting, *his* prayer, *his* self-restraint, *his* benevolence; in all these the natural man's religion consist; it is a self-centred religion, and the God who is worshipped is not, in point of fact, so much regarded as is the worship offered to Him. But the man who has faith in God gives *Him* credit, sees *Him* in everything, cannot be satisfied without answers from *Him* and communion with *Him*. To the man of faith the prayer is the lesser thing, the answer the greater; the devotion which actuates him is nothing in his eyes in comparison of the worthiness of Him to whom he devotes himself. He sees God, deals with God, yields before God's thoughts.

A man's own righteousness may be very gratifying to himself, but it can never put away his past sins nor keep him from temptation in the future; it leaves him still in himself, "having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. 2 : 12). Cain was in this condition; he did all he could, he offered his sacrifice, and trusted in his good intentions; but no response came from the side of God; an ominous silence reigned between Him and Cain, while Abel "obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts" (Heb. 11 : 4). Cain was indignant—"Abel was no better than he; could any one have done better?" But Cain had forgotten

THE MUTUAL RELATIONS BETWEEN GOD AND HIM;

he approached without sacrifice, without recognition of sin; he approached God as an equal. Abel came with sacrifice; in the bleeding lamb he confessed his sin and the mercy of God who should give His Son to die for sinners. Abel came as the sinner, and was received; Cain came as the righteous, and was rejected. So "Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell."

Although Cain had not taken God's way to draw near to Him, yet God drew near to Cain. "Come *now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord" (Isa. 1 : 18). With the truest love of a Father, He appeals, "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted (or lifted up)? and if thou doest not well, sin (or the sin offering) lieth at the door." There was one right way—it was the way of faith, the way of Abel; but this the proud heart of Cain would not be brought to accept, although the Lord showed him it was the only way to retain what he desired—the ascendency, as the elder, over Abel. "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt reign over him." Cain had inherited from his parents that desire for independence of God which led to the fall. Bitter with his supposed wrongs, "Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him." Death was a part of the knowledge of evil which man had not yet experienced. Cain only knew by the work of his own murderous hand how life became extinct. Death is not natural, but abnormal; it was the first instalment of the curse; and no wonder that the first death was by violence! Alas! how the terrible knowledge of evil was on the increase. Again God speaks to Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" Oh, the fearful enmity against God manifested in the sarcastic answer, "I know not: Am *I* my brother's keeper?" as though to imply, "If Thou hadst kept him this could not have happened." How truly is

"THE CARNAL MIND ENMITY AGAINST GOD" (Rom. 8 : 7)! "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground." And Cain, who would not come near to God for blessing, was forced, whether he would or no, to hear the curse of the God he rejected, the curse which made the very earth to be at war with him; his tilling of the ground should be unsuccessful; he should never find a resting-place, "a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." Poor, lost Cain! despairing, but still unhumbled, he cries, "My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, Thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from Thy face shall I be hid; . . . and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me." Oh, the love of God! Cain did not ask pardon, therefore He could not give it; but He "set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him. And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord."

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AN unprecedented number of new subscriptions and renewals are coming to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD just now. Each of these is promptly entered to the credit of the person by whom it is sent, and the paper will be duly mailed; but it is impossible to keep pace in correcting the list with the rate at which the amounts come in. It happens, therefore, that in a few cases the date on the wrapper is not changed immediately, and even a postal card notifying a subscriber that his subscription has expired may be received by him after he has sent his renewal. He will please understand that this is an inadvertence occasioned by the unusual pressure of business and accept an apology in advance.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Happy New Year, in the Highest and best sense of the words, is the cordial and sincere wish of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for all its readers. To many of them the greeting is that of an old and valued friend, whose regular weekly visits have been a source of pleasure and profit for over eight years. There is no egotism in the statement, for it is made on the authority of thousands of subscribers who are kind enough to say that they love and prize the paper more every year, and declare that it grows better as it grows older. Modesty is not a common characteristic of the press, and it would not be a characteristic of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, if it appropriated the praise so lavishly bestowed upon it by its readers. The kind words are very welcome, very cheering and encouraging, but they do not minister to conceit; they simply mean that in answer to the prayers of the proprietors of the paper, of those who work upon it, and of a host of Christian friends in this and other lands, God is using it for His glory and the public good. Recognizing this, the only logical attitude is one of humility and thankfulness. There is no higher honor than to be used in the Master's service, and that honor is the only one to which the paper aspires. The testimonies which have been sent during the past few weeks by subscribers renewing for another year are very precious; some of them will be published shortly. Many of the subscribers have been praying that its circulation may increase. It is gratifying to be able to tell them that their prayers are being answered. Never in its history has THE CHRISTIAN HERALD visited so many homes as it does to-day, and, judging by the number of renewals already made, and the number of new subscribers already entered, it would appear that this year's list will be as largely in excess of that of last year as last year's was in excess of that of 1885. It is thus with renewed hope and gratitude that the journal enters on the new year. Personally, the editor thanks subscribers whose grateful words are addressed directly to him. It is impossible to reply to so large a number individually, but he is no less grateful for the encouragement they give. While excusing himself from satisfying curiosity, and desiring still to sink his personality in the journal, he is happy to assure those who have made inquiry that no change has occurred in the editorial department, and that the hand which writes these words wrote the words which in 1878 first introduced the journal to the American public. He trusts that he may still have an interest in the prayers of his readers.

Improved Business Prospects are Announced by *Bradstreet's*, the great authority in commercial affairs. It states that "the times are better" than they have been on any recent New Year's day. The number of failures was less last year than usual, and they were not so disastrous. From 1881 to 1884 they steadily increased in number and in the amount of deficiency. Since 1884 they have steadily decreased in both characteristics. The iron and steel industry, which is accepted as the best index of the condition of trade, is now solidly prosperous, and throughout last year maintained its activity. The prospects for this year may, therefore, be considered hopeful.

The Secretary of the Treasury Issued Last week the one hundred and forty-fifth call for bonds. It is for ten millions of the three per cents, and matures on the first of next month. The call has been expected, so it will not have a material effect on the financial situation. It does, however, release ten millions from the Treasury, and gives point to the discussion now becoming each day more urgent of the utility of keeping up the heavy taxation in the face of the rapidly diminishing public debt.

An Extension of Civil Service Reform to the War Department appears to be needed. The Secretary of War last week administered what appears to be a well-merited snub to General Hazen, whose conduct has previously brought him into collision with his superiors. The trouble this time is the removal of an officer to an obscure post in Arizona. This removal was the second the same officer has experienced, and both were attended with curious coincidences. Last winter the officer gave evidence before a Congressional committee which General Hazen did not approve. Immediately afterward General Hazen assigned him to duty at San Francisco. There the young man distinguished himself, and Major-General Howard applied for permission to attach him to his staff. Instead of granting the request, General Hazen removed the officer to Arizona. It may be hoped that, if personal spite dictated these removals, measures will be promptly taken to prevent their recurrence.

General William W. Loring Died in New York on Thursday last. He had spent the summer in Chicago with two of his nieces, and was in his usual health when he came to New York for a short visit. On Wednesday of last week he was seized with pneumonia, and in twenty-four hours he was dead. The general was seventy years of age, and in his long career had passed through many strange experiences. He entered the United States Army at the age of seventeen, fought in the Seminole War, and took part as captain of mounted rifles in the Mexican War. When the Civil War broke out he resigned and entered the Confederate service, in which he became brigadier-general. He served in West Virginia in 1862, was at Vicksburg in 1863, and with General Bragg at Chattanooga and the subsequent campaign. He afterward went to Egypt and entered the army of the Khédive, serving for several years with distinction. The Khédive made him a pasha, and loaded him with gifts. In 1878 he returned to America, and since then has lived in retirement.

Europe Was Startled on Thursday by a Report published in the London *Times* on the authority of M. Blowitz, its Paris correspondent, that Russia and Germany signed a direct alliance a fortnight ago. "The Czar," adds the correspondent, "was decided in taking this course by the attitude manifested toward Russia by Count Kalnoky, Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and by the expectation that M. Floquet would be made Prime-Minister of France." "This shows," concludes the correspondent, "that the reported alliance between Russia and France was but a mere chimera." The report, though not generally credited, produces uneasiness. If true, it implies an attempt to bulldoze all Europe. It is, however, an indication of peace. The union of two such powers as Russia and Germany would be too strong to be defied by any combination of other nations. They might impose their will on the whole continent. That Austria is making gigantic preparations for war in the spring is evident in spite of the rumor. England, France, and Italy are also getting their armies into a state of efficiency, as if the statesmen who know the actual situation expect war. They speak of peace, but their acts belie their words.

M. Grevy, President of the French Republic, held his customary reception on New Year's Day. The ministers of foreign governments called upon him and tendered their congratulations. M. Grévy, replying, referred to the good relations that had existed between France and all the other powers for a period long enough to be noted in the life of our generation. He believed that peace would be prolonged by the wisdom of the several governments for the happiness of the nations. Every one hopes that M. Grévy's belief is well founded, but the general activity in the arsenals of the nations does not encourage the hope.

The Heaviest Snow Storm Reported in Many years visited London last week. For three days the city was cut off from telegraphic communication on the east and south, owing to the snapping of telegraph wires and the overturning of the poles by the gale. Communication with the Continent by the submarine cable was also interrupted, and the cable messages to this country had to be carried to the coast by rail. The severity of the storm is almost unprecedented. Americans in London describe it as a regular blizzard, such as we are familiar with, but of which the English public has had no experience.

A Solution of the Difficulty in Which the British administration has been placed by the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill was not found up to the close of last week. Lord Hartington, who returned from Rome at the request of Lord Salisbury, declined to enter the Conservative Cabinet. He promised, however, to give the Conservatives his support in Parliament, and was informed of the character of the programme of the administration. Lord Salisbury has offered the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer vacated by Lord Randolph to Mr. Goschen, who has asked for time to consider the offer. Mr. Goschen is admitted to be an excellent financier, and though he claims to be a Liberal in politics, his support of Mr. Gladstone has been variable for some years past, and it has often happened that he has been found in the same lobby as the Conservatives. The Conservative press has urged the Premier to make such concessions to Lord Randolph as would induce him to withdraw his resignation and return to the Cabinet, but Lord Salisbury scornfully rejected the advice. On the other hand, negotiations between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain for reunion are stated to be progressing. The crafty Birmingham man, who is competing with Lord Hartington for succession to Mr. Gladstone, urged that nobleman to enter the Conservative cabinet, apparently believing that the step would preclude him from becoming a Liberal premier.

The Trial of the Five Professors of Andover Theological Seminary on the charge of teaching doctrines inconsistent with the creed of the founders of that institution was commenced on December 28th in Boston. President Seelye, of Amherst College, presided, and Drs. Eustis and Marshall, the other members of the Board of Visitors, sat with him. The five professors are Drs. Smyth, Tucker, Harris, Hinks, and Churchill. The main charge against them is that of teaching that there is a probation after death, and also a heretical conception of the Trinity. The defence is that their divergence from the orthodox creed is not sufficient to constitute a legal warrant for their removal, inasmuch as the rules of the seminary prescribe only four causes on which a professor can be removed. They are misdemeanor, heterodoxy, incapacity, or neglect of official duty. The trial is exciting much interest throughout the Congregational Church.

An Eleven Days' Evangelistic Mission has been held at Salem, O., by Messrs Brown and Avis with much success. The quiet town has been deeply stirred, and God's blessing has attended the effort. As in other places in which Mr. Brown has spoken, the infidels have been powerfully affected. His pungent remarks have penetrated their circles and have been the subject of discussion. The meetings for men only were largely attended. On some occasions the audience numbered nine hundred. The Bible readings were also highly valued. Large audiences were present on each occasion and listened with rapt attention. The singing of Mr. Avis was an attraction, and its effect in solemnizing as well as enlivening the meetings was remarkable.

An Interesting Christmas Festival was Held at the Hebrew-Christian Church in St. Mark's Place, New York, on December 28th. The Jewish children in the Sunday-school connected with the Rev. Jacob Freshman's church assembled to the number of over two hundred. They recited portions of Scripture, among which the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was a favorite. This was rendered with remarkable accuracy and feeling. Mr. Ralph Wells delivered an appropriate address, and Mrs. Freshman distributed prizes for proficiency and good conduct. The little ones appeared to be very intelligent. They evidently entered into the spirit of the festival, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. This Sunday-school is becoming an important feature of Mr. Freshman's work, and the fruits of it are most encouraging.

Revival Services have been Held during the past month in Northern Vermont with remarkable results. A correspondent who is a citizen of that State describes them as affecting the whole community. The meetings have been conducted by Mr. William McGann, a young preacher of Irish parentage, who has had no special training for the work, but is full of zeal and fervor. At West Enosburgh, at Enosburgh Centre, and other small villages great good has resulted from his labors, and the work shows no signs of abatement.

An Announcement of a Series of Addresses by Mr. W. M. F. Round, Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, has been sent to us with a request for publication. With the object of arousing the attention of the Christian community of New York to the condition of prisoners and to the importance of aiding such as desire to reform, Mr. Round will speak at the following churches on the dates named: On Sunday, January 9th, at 7.30 P.M., at St. Paul's Reformed Church, One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street and Third Avenue (Rev. H. Du Bois, pastor). On January 16th, at 7.30 P.M., at St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square (Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., rector). January 23d, 10.30 A.M., Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, Tenth Avenue corner of West One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street (Rev. John C. Bliss, pastor). January 23d, 7.30 P.M., Collegiate Reformed Church of Harlem, One Hundred and Twenty-first Street and Third Avenue (Rev. J. Elmendorf, pastor). January 30th, 7.30 P.M., Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, 47 West Twenty-first Street (Rev. G. F. Krotel, pastor).

A Speed of Two Miles a Minute was Attained by a wild-cat train on the Rocky Mountains recently. A traveller who arrived in Toronto on December 30th by the Canadian Pacific Railway states that on his way he was a passenger in one of two cars which broke loose from the train while being hauled up the steepest grade in Kicking Horse Pass, which is one inch to the foot for nearly two miles, and commenced a mad career down the mountain side. The brakes were frozen, and could not be applied with effect. Some of the twenty occupants in the cars tried to rise, but the speed was so great that they could not stir from their seats. The cars reached a safety switch, *a distance of two miles from the place they broke loose from the locomotive, in one minute.* The passenger car caught the safety switch and was piled on the opposite incline a complete wreck. The baggage car, which did not contain any passengers, went on down the main line, and did not leave the track. A number of passengers were killed, and others received probably fatal injuries. Some miraculously escaped almost uninjured. In the spiritual catastrophes over which the Church mourns there are none so rapid and so deplorable as in the case of those persons who have been drawn very near the heights of the kingdom of God, but whose connection with Christ has never been fully perfected by the new birth (II Peter 2 : 20, 21).

A Boston Clergyman was Mistaken for a tramp a few days ago. Having engaged to preach at Providence, R. I., he spent the previous night with a friend who resides a few miles from that city. He rose early to set out on his walk to Providence, having conscientious scruples about riding on the Lord's day. Either he missed his way or the journey was longer than he had anticipated, for he grew weary and hungry before arriving at his destination. He accordingly stopped at a house on the wayside, rang the bell, and asked the motherly-looking woman who came to the door if he could rest awhile and have a glass of milk and a slice of bread. "Well," she answered, "I suppose you can; but it does seem as though a big, strong man like you might earn his living by work, and not beg for it." The clergyman entered into explanations which satisfied the good woman and secured him a hospitable reception; but he says that his experience will make him more considerate of tramps in future. This is not the first time that experience has led to men becoming more compassionate. So generally is this fact realized that persons needing sympathy naturally turn to one who has himself suffered. This confidence have all who come to Christ (Heb. 4 : 15).

Is the Bartholdi Statue Safe? The Question is being asked somewhat anxiously this week, for a few days ago Major David P. Heap, the Engineer-Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, advised the Government at Washington to close the uplifted right arm against visitors who now pass through it by a ladder to the gallery around the torch. The arm, the major thinks, will break in the not distant future, and perhaps carry a number of sightseers to certain death if steps are not taken to prevent adventurous persons from climbing through it to the torch. He reports that he and a brother officer undertook the journey one morning. When on the platform, the major says, his friend shook the arm so hard that he thought they would both be dropped from the torch. Major Heap therefore advises that if the statue is placed under the control of the board only the points of observation around the head be used by visitors. The fears which this report has aroused have been partially allayed by General C. P. Stone, who declares that the statue is perfectly safe, and is stronger than the statue of St. Charles Borromeo, which has stood for nearly two centuries. This question ought to be immediately set at rest by some properly qualified person, for large numbers are daily climbing to the dizzy height to gaze on the unrivalled spectacle visible from that point. There are moral and spiritual heights to which men in all ages have tried to climb. Only those have done so safely who have put their trust in the "mighty arm" and "high right hand" of God (Ps. 89 : 13, 14).

An Octogenarian Husband Applied for a divorce on December 23d at the court of Kansas City, Mo. The Kansas City *Times*, reporting the case, says that it was fifty years last Christmas Day since the couple were married, and they have lived amicably together during all that period until a few months ago. The trouble commenced by the wife insisting on her husband occupying a room on the first floor of their house, while she slept in the second story. The wife said that she did this as a protection from burglars, but the husband suspected that at last, after fifty years of companionship, she had grown tired of him. Finally his suspicions were substantiated. One morning the wife, who is seventy-five years of age, left the house and never returned, and now the husband wants a divorce. What the wife's defence may be is not yet known, but it may be supposed that she had some very cogent reasons for severing the connection of half a century. It is never so with the aged Christian. New disciples may desert their Lord, but those who have walked with Him for many years love Him better every year (Ps. 71 : 5, 9).

A Wedding Engagement has been Cancelled in Brooklyn, N. Y., under peculiar circumstances. The expectant bridegroom, who resides in a distant city, had been somewhat boastful of his wealth during the period of courtship, and among other promises he made was one of a magnificent set of diamonds which he would present to the bride on her wedding morning. On the night before the wedding the young lady learned that the gift would not be made, and she immediately took the young man aside and questioned him. No, he said, he had not brought the diamonds, but she would surely have them after marriage; the jeweller had not finished the setting of the gems. The bride-elect considered the matter, and her decision was, "No diamonds, no wife." There was a quarrel; the bridegroom in high dudgeon quitted the city, and the friends were informed that there would be no wedding. It would be rash to regard the young lady as mercenary. It is possible that she believed the young man's failure to keep this promise to be evidence of his general untrustworthiness. If so she was justified in rejecting him. The Bible represents Christ as a bridegroom who is often rejected, but none who reject Him do so on that ground. He is "faithful and true" (Rev. 3 : 14).

An Outcast Has Been Vindicated After Death in Maryland. A little more than two years ago in Frederick, Md., a jealous wife started a report which soon found acceptance in society, and which was magnified by gossips who repeated it. The report injuriously affected the reputation of a young lady, and finally completely destroyed it. She was exposed to contumely and scorn, and at last was driven from her native place to hide herself among strangers. The suspected husband also disappeared about the same time, and then the gossips believed that the story was confirmed, and even her own father notified her that she must never again expect a shelter under his roof. She earned a livelihood with difficulty until Christmas Day last, when she died an outcast, more from sorrow than anything else. At her own desire, expressed before death, an autopsy was performed, and her innocence was established. Her manner of life after leaving home was also blameless, as was proved by the testimony of the people with whom she lived. Her corpse has been carried to the home that was closed against her in life, and those who maligned her suffer remorse. For such as she—and there are more than is generally believed—the world has no comfort, but they may find it in the consciousness of an Omniscient God (Ps. 15 : 1–3).

"AND WE ARE:"

A JEWEL FROM THE REVISED VERSION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And we are."—1 JOHN 3 : 1.

Three Dropped Words—The Assertion of Sonship—I. The Wonder of Being Called Sons of God—By whom Called—Acknowledged of the Father—The Elder Brother—The Witness of the Spirit—The Witness of Men—William Penn Among the Indians—What is Involved—Love—Bestowed upon Men—II. The Wonder of Being Sons—What it Imports—Trustfulness—A Crisis at the Orphanage—Chastening as a Sign—The Vital Question.

DEAR friends, the most of my text will be found in our Old Version; but for once I shall ask you to look elsewhere for a part of it.

A genuine fragment of inspired Scripture has been dropped by our older translators, and it is too precious to be lost. Did not our Lord say, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost"? The half lost portion of our text is restored to us in the Revised Version. Never did a translation of the New Testament fail more completely than this Revised Version has done as a book for general reading; but as an assistant to the student it deserves honorable mention, despite its faults. It exhibits here and there special beauties, and has, no doubt, in certain places brought into notice words of sacred Scripture which had fallen out; we have a notable instance in my present text. Turn to the First Epistle of John, the third chapter, at the first verse:

"*Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.*"

So far we keep to our Authorized Version. Now read the Revised Version, and note the words added—

"*Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God: and such we are.*"

The word "*such*" is not in the original. We therefore leave it out, and then we get the words—and we are. There are only two words in the Greek—"and we are." That the addition is correct I have not the slightest doubt. Those authorities upon which we depend—those manuscripts which are best worthy of notice—have these words; and they are to be found in the Vulgate, the Alexandrian, and several other versions. They ought never to have dropped out. In the judgment of the most learned, and those best to be relied on, these are veritable words of inspiration. So far as doctrine is concerned, it does not matter much whether they are or are not in the original text, because we get the same words further on. "Beloved, *now are we children of God*, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him even as He is."

The point that struck me as being most worthy of notice was that when the apostle had said, "We shall be called children of God," he then adds—We are not only to be called so, but *we are* so. The glory of it is that we now have this thing. We have it in possession: "*and we are.*" This little interjected assertion, "and we are," brings most forcibly before my own mind the truth of our present sonship toward God—"*That we should be called children of God: and we are.*"

Let me now introduce to you my text as I mean to preach from it:

"*Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God: and we are.*"

I. First, then, behold

THE WONDER

of our being called the sons of God. Who calls us so? That is the wonder. Men take upon themselves great names without any right to them. There are degrees among men that are degrees of shame, because the persons who wear them were never justly entitled to them. It is one thing for us to call ourselves children of God, and another thing for the Father to bestow His love so that we are truly called the sons of God. Whence comes this princely title? Who calls the saints the sons of God?

The Father Himself does so. He speaks unto them as unto children. He deals with them as with sons. He is pleased in infinite love to bid them say, "Our Father;" and He answers to them by calling them children and heirs. He calls us His children; *and we are.* Who has called us the sons of God? *Jesus Himself*, the firstborn among many brethren, has called us so. Did He not speak of "My Father and your Father"? What did He mean when He was not ashamed to call us brethren? Everywhere our dear Lord and Master speaks of us as belonging to the one family of which He is the Head. By sweetly taking us into union with Himself Jesus practically calls us sons of God; *and we are. The Holy Spirit* also dwells in all the heirs of heaven, and thereby calls them sons of God. He bears witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God; and it is He who is given to us to be "the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost call us the children of God; *and we are.*

Yes, and I trust that there are some here who can modestly say that they have even

THE WITNESS OF MEN;

for they are called the children of God even by men who do not know much about the mysteries of the new birth. "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God:" they shall not only be so, but they shall extort from others the confession that they are so. I am sure that when William Penn dealt so kindly and peacefully with the Indians when everybody else was false to them, the untutored man of the woods felt that the Quakers were children of the Great Spirit. Their peacefulness was a mark of their descent from the God of peace. Any man or woman who shall be well known to bear injuries with patience, and to make no return but that of doing good for evil, shall be recognized, even by scoffers and blasphemers, as a child of God.

Behold, then, how God's people are called the sons of God, called with a divine calling, to which all things bear corroborating witness, so that they believe, and are sure, and in reply to all voices attesting their sonship they cry, "*and we are.*"

Inquire next, what is involved in this calling them to be the children of God? What is there conspicuous in it? Read the passage. "Behold, what manner of—"

WHAT IS THE WORD?

"What manner of *gift* the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God"? It might have been so written, and have been quite correct; but it is not so written. "Behold what manner of *honor* the Father hath bestowed"? No, no! "Behold what manner of *love* the Father hath bestowed upon us;" as much as to say that the adopting of a man to be a son of God is an act which involves so much of love that you are bidden specially to fix your eyes on the love of it, and to notice its manner. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God."

Now just think for a minute what *intense* love is manifested to that man who is favored to be called a child of God. It is love in the highest degree. What love you would have in your heart if you were to take a wanton and malicious enemy, and say, "You shall be my son!" If one had wronged you, and despised you, and defied your authority, and you should say to him, "You shall be my child from this time forth," what a singular deed of love would this be! Yet it might not be very much for you to do, my dear friend; for you may be, after all, nothing very great; it would, however, be the utmost your love could devise. Only think of what it must be for God—even that Infinite and Eternal Spirit—to say, "Thou shalt be My child. I will take thee, though thou art an heir of wrath, and make thee Mine." Herein, indeed, is love, love worth the beholding.

Now, while I am asking for your wonderment in answer to the questions—Who calls us sons? And what is involved in the call? I will reply to another question: "Who are the persons thus called sons?" "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon *us*, that *we* should be called children of God." It is

BESTOWED UPON MEN

and women. We are poor creatures when we make the best of ourselves; and yet He calls us sons of God. And this is true, recollect, of that poor man who does not know where to-morrow's bread shall come from. You say he is not respectable, but I say that he is right honorable, for God has called him His son. I mean that man whose name was never heard of, who lives in a room in a back street, and when he dies will be buried in the corner of the cemetery, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Yes, God has bestowed this manner of love upon him—that he is called one of His sons. Ay, I mean that poor consumptive girl; I mean that lame, decrepit youth; I mean that blind man who begs his bread. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on such as these. Poor cottagers, hard-working men and women, cobblers and tinkers, and chimney-sweepers, and navvies—such as these He calls the sons of God when He has renewed them by His grace. Ah! and I mean those who are lying yonder in the hospital and in the workhouse infirmary, who are nearing their last hour upon beds found for them by charity. These are God's children if they believe in Jesus.

Yet the wonder rises a stage higher when we recollect that these are not only men, but *sinners*. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us sinful ones, that we should be called the children of God. You know

THE STORY OF THE INFANT

in Ezekiel cast out in the open field, defiled in its own blood, and how He that passed by looked on it, and said, "Live," and washed it, and swaddled it, and fed it. It is just what the Lord has done for us poor sinful men and women. We were cast out under condemnation; but behold what manner of love He hath bestowed upon us guilty ones to make us children of God. Alas! even after we are made His sons we are not free from evil; we still need that abundant grace should have patience with us. Still do we grieve Him by lukewarmness and backsliding, and yet He calls us children. Behold, what manner of love He hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

There! I do not feel as if I wanted to preach about it. I long to sit down, and cry over it for very joy of heart. That ever God should have put *me* among His children shall be my everlasting wonderment. How could He love such a vain, frail, sinful, troubled creature, full of all manner of infirmities! Yet the Spirit of adoption makes me cry with boldness, "Doubtless Thou art my Father." I cannot help it. I know that I am His, and I dare not question it. But what manner of love He hath bestowed on me! Do *you* not say the same?

And, once more, let me just go over the ground again, and show you *what is connected with being* called *the children of God.* It is, as it were,

GOD'S PUBLIC ACKNOWLEDGMENT

of His relation to us; He owns us. Sometimes we hear of clandestine marriages, which may be valid, but the man seems to be ashamed to own his wife. He pleads that he could not introduce her into the noble family to which he belongs, and so he keeps the marriage in the dark, and he does not own the children. This is after the manner of wicked men; but God is not ashamed of us when He takes us to be His children. It is written concerning our Lord Jesus, "For this cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." I have heard of some fine gentleman in London, dressed in all his best, walking out in the park. He had a poor old father who lived in the country, and who came up dressed in his rustic raiment to see his son. As the son was not at

home when the father reached the house, he went into the park to find him. Now the fine gentleman did not absolutely disown his father, but he went out of the park at a pretty sharp trot, for fear anybody should say, "Who is that country fellow you were talking with?" He did not like to own his father, because he was a laborer. That is *mean as the mud in the kennel*, is it not? We could not thus wonder if the glorious Lord refused to own us. There is

SUCH A COME-DOWN

from the loftiness of His holiness to the depth of our faultiness. But yet He has such love, such a manner of love, that He bestows upon us this honor, that we should be openly called the sons of God. He Himself tells us so in our text. His spirit makes the avowal. "There," He says, "you poor people that love me, you sick people, you unknown, obscure people, without any talent, I have published it before heaven and earth, and made the angels know it, that you are My children, and I am not ashamed of you. I glory in the fact that I have taken you for my sons and daughters."

I have taken up all this time with the first part of the verse; but we must not forget the second part of it, "*and we are.*" I shall only introduce it to your meditation, and indeed this is all that is wanted, if you are able to repeat the words on your own account, and say, "*and we are.*"

II. The second and greatest wonder is the wonder of our

REALLY BEING THE SONS OF GOD.

"*And we are.*" Let us work out the question. Are we really the children of God? We must answer that question by another—Do we truly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? I have already quoted the inspired declaration: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." We *can* answer that question. Are we believing in the Lord Jesus Christ with all our heart? Is He our confidence? Do we trust in His blood and righteousness? If so, if we believe in Him, He has given us the right and the power to become the sons of God.

That question alone might settle it; but let us go a little further. If we indeed can say, "*and we are*," then we have received some measure of the nature of God. Have you, brethren, become spiritual? God is a spirit. Do you hate sin? God is holy. Do you love that which is right? Let your conscience speak. Do you endeavor to act generously? If you are not in the least like your Father, then you make a mistake if you profess to be His child. "Ye are made partakers of the divine nature," says one of the apostles, "having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

Am I a child of God? Then listen: I have a *love* to my Father. If you are truly born from above, your heart goes out in longings after Him to whom you owe your heavenly birth. More than that—if I am a child of God, I learn to *trust* my Father. I do not know a more delightful act of childhood than trustfulness in a parent. And how often if we trust God we shall be rewarded! A circumstance happened to me yesterday. I cannot help telling it to you. I received

A NOTE FROM THE ORPHANAGE

to say that the running account was so low that, when the cheques were paid on Friday morning, we should have overdrawn our banking account. I did not like that state of things; but I did not fret about it. I breathed a prayer to God that He would send money to put into the bank to keep the account right. Last night, at nearly ten o'clock, I opened a letter that came from Belfast, and it had in it a cheque for £200, being the amount left as a legacy. I wrote across my acknowledgment, "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together!" That amount put the account square for the time being; and though the Orphanage has no ready money to go on with, still *that* does not matter, God will send more means during the week, and at all other times when the expenditure calls for it. At the moment when I opened the letter, and found the £200, I felt as if my hair stood on end, because of the conscious nearness of the Lord my God. My brother, Hugh Hannah, when he sent that cheque, and sent it on that particular day, did not know that it would come just when I was praying to God for help in a time of trouble; yet it came exactly when it was sought for.

If I were to tell my own personal experience of the way in which God hears prayer, it would seem to you as if it could not be true; it would appear too romantic. But oh, it is a blessed thing to take everything to God, little or big, and leave all with Him! I am resolved to live and die trusting in the living God, and you shall all mark for yourselves whether He forsakes me, or bears me through.

You may also know a child by his *joys*. If a child has joy when his father is glad, when his father's name is honored, oh, then you believe that he is his father's child! I thought to myself one day, "Well, I have preached this Gospel to vast crowds of people; but is it my own? Perhaps I have only an official hold of it; and have no personal grip of it for myself." I had

A DAY'S RESPITE,

and I went in to hear the word in a humble, out-of-the-way room. I sat down on a form, and heard a working-man preach the Gospel very sweetly. By the way, the sermon was originally my own, and this the preacher acknowledged most freely; but as he preached it I found myself melted down with the story of God's love. My heart was so hot within me that I was ready to shout "Hallelujah!" when I heard the preacher magnifying the name of Christ Jesus, my Lord; and I said to myself, "Oh, you are a child of God, after all! You love this food as well as the other children do; and though you generally have to stand at the table and be a waiter, and sometimes wish you could sit and have a meal yourself, yet still you do love this heavenly bread. You have a taste for the things that God provides for His people."

Then God gives him one more seal of his being His child; and that is, that

HE CHASTENS HIM.

I know an old friend who used to tell me that for sixty years he had never known a day's illness. A splendid healthy old man he was; and about three months ago the old man took typhoid fever. I went to see him, and when he got better he came to see me; and, sitting down, he said, "Well, sir, you see I am not the man I was, but I have made a great advance through this sickness. I have never known any weakness before; but now I have been brought very low, and I hope I shall take up my sonship more than I ever did before." God grant that every chastened child may gather assurance from the covenant rod!

You, dear child of God, will not be long without a touch of the rod! May you have as little of it as the Lord judges to be proper! As for myself, I owe everything to the furnace and the hammer. I have made no progress in heavenly learning except when I have been whipped by the great Schoolmaster. The best piece of furniture in my house has been the cross. The children of God under the rod can say, "*And we are.*" Thank God for anything which emphasizes that affirmation—"*And we are.*" It is wondrous love that we should be called the children of God; "*and we are.*"

The text says, "*And we are.*" I must turn it round, and say, "Are we?" And when you have worked that out, and you can say, "Yes," then I want you all to get to be very positive about this matter—"Now are we the sons of God." I pray that you may be able to say boldly, "*And we are.*" When you are depressed, and your spirit hangs fire, say, "*We are.*" When the devil says, "If you are the children of God," give him a slap in the face with this, "*And we are.*" And when the world says, "What? You call yourselves sons of God?" say, "Yes, *and we are*," Whenever doubts and fears come in, drive these evil birds away from eating your ripe fruit, and let this be the shout you use, "*And we are.*" "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God; *and we are.*" Called by His name, may we enjoy the full assurance of faith through believing in Jesus! Amen.

A LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

WHEN Christianity is assailed by infidels, and the unthinking multitude join in the laughter provoked by their jeers, the fact is forgotten that it is the motive power in many lives consecrated to the service of humanity, and that if there were no hereafter the world to-day could not afford to lose the blessings it derives from Christian work. An instance in point occurs in a letter from a Moravian missionary, in which he incidentally refers to one such life. He writes:

The most trying work of any allotted to our sisters is that which falls to the lot of Caroline Forenbach, who is filling the post of assistant to Brother and Sister Müller, the House Parents of our Leper Home at Jerusalem. Her peculiar trial arises not only from the repulsive nature of the disease, but chiefly from the fact that it is quite incurable.

Let her tell her own story: How gladly would my woman's heart see some healing result of my daily round of duty, but in ministering to lepers this can never be. Ah! to tend incurables in such a malady, from one year's end to another! It is not easy, and sometimes my courage is sorely tried. But, on the other hand, there is gladness in being able, in some degree, to alleviate such hopeless sufferings, and still more to speak even a few words of sympathy and point, in imperfect Arab speech, to Him "who healeth all our diseases."

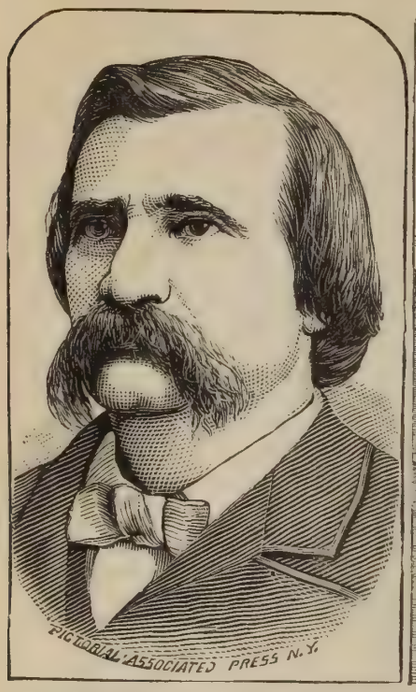
When new patients come in, our work is very hard to flesh and blood, more so than I can describe, till we overcome their uncleanly condition and habits. At first they hardly know what to make of a bed, having never slept in one before. Their nights are often spent in holes of the rocks A spoon is a puzzle to them. But by and by they fall into our orderly arrangements, and then they would be sorry to return to the Lazar House at Siloam. And when they thus become attached to our and their home we are well pleased.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A SCOTTISH LAIRD AS A GOOD SAMARITAN.*

I MAY mention here an incident in the life of my grandfather, which I have often heard from my father's lips. It was more than a hundred years ago, when wheeled conveyances were rarely used in the rural districts of Scotland, and the custom was to convey grain to the mill in a sack laid over a horse's back. The good man was making such a journey once, over a rough bridle-path, and the horse stumbled so that the sack fell off. The weight of years was on his shoulders, and he could not replace the load. As he was perplexed and wondering what to do, he saw a man on horseback in the distance, and had just made up his mind to ask him for assistance, when he recognized in him the nobleman who lived in an adjoining castle; and then his heart sank again within him, for how could he request him to help him? But he did not need to ask him, for he was noble by a higher patent than any monarch could confer. And when he came up he dismounted of his own accord, saying, "Let me help you, John." So between them they put the load again upon the horse; and then John—who was a gentleman, too, though he did wear "hodden gray"—taking off his broad Kilmarnock bonnet, made obeisance, and said, "Please, your Lordship, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," was the reply. "When-

* From "The Parables of our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated." By William M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. Pp. 445. Price, $1.75. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 714 Broadway, New York.



The Late Senator Logan. (See page 6.)

The New Elephantine Dock at Tilbury.

ever you see another man as sorely needing assistance as you were just now, help him; and that will be thanking me."

So, as we contemplate the sacrifice of Christ on our behalf, we cry: "What shall I render unto Thee, O Lord, for all Thy benefits toward me?" and there comes this answer: "Whensoever thou seest a fellow-man needing thy succor as much as thou wast needing Mine when I gave My life for thee, help him, and that will be thanking Me." "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye do it unto Me."

THE ELDER BROTHER.

Some nineteen years ago I preached to my congregation in Liverpool one Lord's day morning from the parable of the Prodigal Son, dwelling especially on the incident of the elder brother. As I was leaving the church for my home, I was requested to visit a dying man whom I had seen frequently before, but who was just then apparently about to pass within the veil. He had been for many years a careless and irreligious man, but as I spoke with him from time to time, I marked that a great change had come over him. I had conversed faithfully and earnestly with him of Jesus and his salvation, and he had turned in sincere penitence to his Father, and was, as I believe, accepted by Him.

When I entered his room that morning I found him in great happiness, rejoicing in the near prospect of being with his Lord, and apparently perfectly happy. I talked with him a little on the things of the kingdom, and after prayer I took my leave.

His brother-in-law followed me down-stairs, and said, "I cannot understand this at all. Here have I been serving Christ for these twenty years, and I have never experienced such joy as he expresses; and yet he has not been a Christian, for more than a few weeks."

Immediately I recognized the elder brother, and I stayed long enough to show him just how he looked in the light of the parable. I told him that I had been preaching about him that very morning. "About *me?*" he said. "Yes, about you;" and I then went on to explain to him the meaning of this episode, while I warned him of the danger of being angry, and refusing to go into the father's house to share the joy over the returning prodigal. The result was that he saw his error, and was delivered from his envy. Now, that incident, occurring just at that precise time, has given a new point to the parable in my view ever since, and makes me far more anxious to get the elder-brotherliness out of my own heart than to identify the elder brother with any particular class.

SENATORIAL OBSEQUIES.

THE funeral of Senator Logan took place on Friday last. The body lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol from Thursday to Friday, and was viewed by the public. It was then carried to Rock Creek Cemetery with military honors, where it was temporarily interred pending the action of the Illinois Legislature. Chicago earnestly desires that her distinguished Senator should lie in the Lake Front Park or in some other public place, but the Park Commissioners have no power to guarantee the site in perpetuity without a special act of the Legislature. As soon as the site is definitely chosen and the Legislature grants the necessary powers, General Logan's body will be removed to Chicago and an imposing monument erected.

THE ELEPHANTINE DOCK.

(*See Illustration.*)

THIS is an age of huge undertakings. In bygone years, when accommodation became too strait and business overgrew the existing facilities, the old works were extended to meet the increased demand. Now, speculative enterprises of gigantic cost and labor are entered upon in anticipation of the demand.

The huge dock which the English people have now constructed, twenty-three miles from London, at a cost of ten million dollars, a picture of which we give, is a work of just that character. Hitherto passengers and freight for London voyaging up the Thames have been delayed on their way. The large steamers now used had to wait for the tide at Gravesend, wait for a river pilot, and wait for tugs to drag them to the London docks. By disembarking at Tilbury and sending freight forward by rail a delay of twelve hours and an expense of three hundred dollars for towing each way are avoided, and it was thought that if docks and facilities were provided there, merchants and shipowners would appreciate the advantages and use them instead of going on to London by water.

The docks now completed are a marvel of engineering skill and a model of convenience. The accommodation is of immense extent, the quays being three miles in length and the covered sheds for the reception of freight covering twenty acres. Every modern appliance has been put in requisition. Hydraulic power is available at every point. Rails in communication with the line for London run along every quay. Vast cranes, on stands which admit of the railway wagons being passed through below them, are themselves set on wheels on outside rails, so that they can be moved from point to point for convenience of unloading. Opposite each dock on either side is a shed covering an entire acre of ground. Close to the entrance of the docks is a magnificent hotel, fitted up with every comfort, from which passengers can step on board, or into which they can pass on arrival. Electric light, making day of night, is used throughout the whole works; all the internal arrangements show a mastery of detail, giving the whole undertaking a completeness at the first start such as is too often wanting in large public works of this and similar kinds. The work has given employment to five thousand men for four years.

THE CARTER'S MONEY-ORDER.

(*See Illustration on page 13.*)

SPECIAL evangelistic services were being held in a Canadian town. There was a mighty outpouring of the Spirit's influence, and the whole community was aroused. Men and women of every class attended the meetings, remained for personal conversation, and went away rejoicing in the Lord.

Early in the movement a poor woman, the wife of a rough, surly coal carter, was converted, and begged the prayers of the meeting for the conversion of her husband. "He is a bad un," she said, with frankness, "but he's got good in him, and he's kind when he's sober. I'm sure by what I've seen here that God could save him, and if he was converted it would be a blessed thing for him and me."

Earnest prayers were offered for the conversion of the coal carter that night and the next. On the following night he came to the meeting with his wife, and a most unpromising subject he looked. But he was impressed, and remained behind for prayer after the meeting was over. He became anxious, and for several days he was in much distress. He could not see the way of salvation, and he was profoundly impressed with his own weakness. He tried to quit swearing and drinking, and to fit himself for becoming a Christian; but it was of no use. He sank deeper in the mire as he struggled to get out, and was inclined to abandon the attempt in despair.

Just about that time he had occasion to send

some money to his old mother in the States, and went to the post-office to get a money-order. The clerk was one of the most prominent of the workers in the meetings, and as he filled up the order-form he thought he saw his way to an illustration that might be blessed to the anxious man.

"This for your mother, Joe?" he asked, in a casual way.

"Yes, sir; and I wish it was more. She's got nobody but me left to help her now."

"Well, this will help her a bit, if she gets it, and I hope she will."

"What d'ye mean?" asked Joe, sharply. "O' course she'll get it; ain't I going to send it right off?"

"Well, no. You are going to send that bit of paper"—pointing to the money-order—"but that is not worth anything. It is only an order on the United States Post-Office. If she presents it they may pay her; I am sure I hope they will."

"I don't know what you mean," said Joe. "There's nothing wrong, is there? I've sent lots of 'em, and they've always been paid afore."

"Yes; but doesn't it strike you as rather a risk to put good money in here and take nothing for it but that bit of paper, trusting to the post-office in the States to give your money to your mother when she shows it?"

The Carter Does not Understand.

"No, it don't," Joe said, flatly. "There ain't no risk at all. This Government ain't turned rogues yet; no more ain't the States Government. Don't you try to fool me. Either of 'em's good for a million times this little lot."

"You are right, and there is no risk. This little payment is a mere nothing to either, because they are rich, and, beside that, they will keep their promise because they are honest—in these matters at any rate. I don't wonder that you have confidence, but what does surprise me, Joe, is that when you are dealing with God you seem to lose confidence directly."

"I don't understand you," said Joe, again.

"Don't you? Well, when you read your Bible, or when your wife reads it to you, what do you find? Why, God's promise. He that believeth hath eternal life, and he that asks God for a new heart, gets it, and he that trusts God to keep him from sin is kept, and whosoever will may come. Seems strange, doesn't it, that, while you are ready to trust the Government with good money that you have earned by hard work, and are sure that they will keep their promise to pay it out again, you cannot trust God to keep His promise. He is able to do it—no doubt of that—and surely you don't doubt that He is honest. Why, His promise is the same as having it in your hand. I wonder at you, Joe."

"I wonder at myself, sir," Joe said. "I can't say I ever looked at it that way. It makes me feel kinder mean. I must think it over. There must be some difference somewhere. It can't be just that way."

But Joe found it *was* just that way. There was no difference, except that it was infinitely more secure in God's hands than in the post-office. He turned it around this way and that, and meditated on it as he went about his work, but there was no flaw anywhere.

"Say, wife," he said, when he got home, "just read to me again them words you were reading last night, 'Whosoever,' you know." The good woman gladly read them, and Joe took God's promise and was at rest.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page* 830.)

SUMMARY OF THE STORY.

EDITH, the daughter of Sir Godwin Spofforth, the local magnate of Aspendale, lies ill of a mysterious sickness, the result of a shock. Simon, the pious carpenter of the village is sent for to pray with her. He believes that in answer to prayer God will recover her of her sickness. Edith's brother Harold, a scapegrace, is in the metropolis with Alfred Atheling, a humble clerk, the son of a widow, who resides at Aspendale. Led by Harold Spofforth Alfred becomes dissipated, is charged with robbing his employer, and would have been arrested had not Harold succeeded in entrapping, in his dressing-room, the policeman sent to take him into custody. Alfred gets clear away and sits down in a restaurant to think and repent. From this point the story proceeds.

A Port in a Storm.

"What a fool I am!" was the first result of Alfred's cogitations. "I have made matters worse instead of better by running away. I had far better have confronted the difficulty like a man. My flight is in itself a condemnation." Then he began to wonder what it was all about, and whether it was his absence from his duties which had set Mr. Harvey against him.

"No; there must be something special," said he to himself in a dazed way, "or Mr. Harvey would certainly never have taken such a decisive step as that. Let me try to piece together the events of the last few days." At last it dawned upon him, and the truth made his face more pallid than before. Two days before Mr. Harvey had intrusted him with a bag of money to take to his usual bank. What had he done with it? Did he take it there? For the life of him he could not tell. Had he lost it? Had it gone, as his own money had too often gone, in losses by gambling? For the last few days he had been living in excitement, had been almost all the time under the influence of wine, or in that dull, dazed state that follows excess. So the answer to all his self-questionings on the subject was, simply and literally, that he could not tell.

His knife and fork dropped from his fingers; he was making a poor pretence at a make-believe meal. He sat with wide-open eyes and equally wide-open mouth, staring across the table. So far as he was concerned, he was staring into vacancy; but a decent-looking workman, who was discussing a frugal meal directly opposite, came to the not unnatural conclusion that the stare was meant for him.

"I say, mate," said the man familiarly, but not rudely, "if you're opening your mouth for your food you'd better take up your knife and fork again. It'll never jump in of itself; an' if you are openin' your eyes so wide to look at me, why then, beggin' your pardon, I'm a bit narvous."

"I beg your pardon—indeed I do," said Alfred. "I really did not know what I was doing."

"Oh, it's all right," said the man, "there's no harm done. But you seem to be a good deal put out about something. I hope it's nowt serious."

"Nowt." The familiar word, Yorkshire for nothing, caught Alfred's attention, and sent his disturbed and over-active mind spinning away at lightning speed right off to peaceful Aspendale. He conjured up the silver-haired widow sitting in the ingle-nook at Aspen Garth. He thought of the father, the noble, manly, tender-hearted father now lying beneath the yew-trees in Thorpe Aspen churchyard. He was overcome by the rush of feeling acting on his strained nerve and excited mind; he flung his arms upon the table, buried his face upon them, and sobbed aloud; sobbed as only strong men can sob when their hearts are sad and sore within them.

"I say, mate," said the honest Yorkshireman, rising to his feet and putting his hand upon the young man's shoulder, "I'm—I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to—to—confoond it all, ah can't stand this, yo' knoa! It isn't i' human natur'. If a poor chap like me can sarve yo' a good turn, give us the tip, an' you're as welcome as wages on a Setteda' neet. Hev I said owt wrong?"

"No, indeed," said Alfred, trying to raise a smile which was loath to come at call. "The fact is," he continued, looking frankly in the workman's face, "I'm under a cloud, and I need a quiet shelter until the storm blows over. I am not without means, however, and can afford to pay moderately for what I want. Can you direct me to any quiet corner of that kind?"

"'Scuse me, sir," persisted he, most respectfully, "an' don't be offended, 'cause no offence is intended. I've a wife an' three bairns to think on—ha' you gone an' been an' put yourself in the wrong box wi' the law? I mean so far as committin' a—a—you know what I mean?"

"Not that I know of," answered Alfred, truthfully enough. "Not that I know of, so help—"

"Nay, nay, don't put it i' that way," interrupted his companion, firmly and quickly. "'Cordin' to my notions, words like them as you was a-going to say doesn't as a rule help to make things truer or straighter—t'other way, I

think. Well, it's just here. I've a room to spare, bedroom an' sittin'-room all i' one. Will you come an' see it?"

Alfred assented. As they went along his companion said with a smile, "I won't ask you to tell me your name, as you're 'under a cloud,' an' you might think it inconvenient to *hear* it."

Alfred winced under the whip, and half wondered if the speaker knew how keenly it cut.

"I dare say," continued the man, "you'll prefer to pay for your room in advance. You won't think onything o' my mentionin' that. It's only fair it should be so, 'cause then it can do no harm for you to hev your own way aboot that. I don't mind tellin' you mine. It's Ned Saltmer, but I'm generally called 'Yorkie' by my mates. You see, that's the shire I hail from; an', accordin' to my opinion, it's about the best quarter there is to hail from. Them that hails from some other county may differ from me about that, an' of coorse I lets 'em. It wouldn't be kind to do otherwise, 'cause, don't you see, that's their misfortune an' not their fault."

"I'm Yorkshire too," said Alfred, who thought he might safely make that admission, quite sure that it would tell in his favor with Ned Saltmer.

"Well, noo, I'd come to that conclusion already," said Ned, with a knowing smile, "an' I don't mind ownin' that it sort o' paved the way. My wife's Lancashire, bred an' born. Of coorse it isn't so good as bein' Yorkshire, but as I tell her, it's next best thing to it, an' being married to a Yorkshireman mak's her Yorkshire as near as owt. Sometimes when she's i' the humor for a joke *she* calls me 'Yorkie,' as my mates do, and so then I calls her 'Lankie.' I can't say as it suits her exactly, for the lass isn't much higher than a plumb-line, an' she's almost as plump and jolly as the bob at the end on it."

By this time they had entered a street consisting altogether of workmen's dwellings, which were evidently inhabited by a thrifty and respectable class of artisans. Ned Saltmer stopped at the door of a tidy cottage at the lower end of the street. He let himself and his companion in with a latch-key. Alfred was shown into a small but remarkably clean room, a combination of sitting and bedroom, and was relieved and comforted to find so clean and homely a port from the storm which had driven him into those remote quarters. He paid the first week's rent, for which Ned wrote him out a receipt in a big round hand. He was able to feel a little amused as he discovered that it was made out to Mr. Abel Anderson, and said to himself that his initials were left to him intact. He was then left to ponder on the blind alley into which his fortunes had been brought by his own folly and sin.

But what did Ned Saltmer mean by saying to his plump and cheerful spouse in a half whisper when he went into the kitchen, "Madge, owd gell, if ever that youngster should be inquired for, put 'em off the scent till I can see 'em myself. He don't know me, but I know he, an' what'll come on't we shall see. That's poetry, Madge, both rhyme and reason. Give me a kiss; an' get a bit o' supper ready for him an' us. Here's the brass." So saying Ned laid down the silver he had received by way of rent, and sitting in the chimney-corner proceeded to enjoy his pipe.

He was far more at ease than was his lodger. Alfred had that hunted sensation which comes upon the man who for the first time in his life is in danger of arrest. He did not know but that his escape might not have been watched, and that the policeman might not be even now coming to his hiding-place. These, however, were groundless fears. Policeman Tugwell was not likely to follow him. A more disgusted man than he did not live when he realized the trick played upon him, and found himself shut up in the dressing-room like a rat in a trap. He had entered it on the strength of his search-warrant, but that was by no means strong enough to secure his exit. It certainly would not be profitable to reproduce the expressions, far more strong than elegant, which fell from his lips as he endeavored to open the door, that he might give chase to the fugitive, who, like Reynard with the hounds behind him, had "gone away."

The truth is that Constable Tugwell was in a towering passion. There was that in his eye which warned his fellow-prisoner that the old proverb, "Least said, soonest mended," applied with remarkable aptness to the present occasion. So Harold Spofforth contented himself with looking the surprise which he certainly did not feel, and with expressing his opinion that the disordered lock was likely to give them a good deal of trouble before they passed out of bondage into freedom.

"It's my opinion that it is a put-up job," said the policeman, gruffly. "I believe that you know a good deal more about this than you're willing to let hout. What an idiot I was to give you such a chance!"

"I wish you would let me out," said Harold, with a sarcastic smile. "I will not dispute your judgment concerning yourself." This was a great deal more than the mortified policeman could endure. He sprung to his feet.

"I shall take you into custody as a confederate!" said he. "I'll make you suffer for it as sure as my name's Tugwell." Again he tugged at the door with a vigor that gave him double right to wear his name.

"All right. We'll see about that," said Harold, coolly. "But let me render you some assistance now, at any rate."

Adding his own muscular strength to that of the policeman, the one holding the brass knob, and the other grasping the old-fashioned handle often found on doors in ancient houses, they gave a violent wrench at the door. The socket into which the bolt was shot suddenly gave way, the door opened upon them, and both of them tumbled pell-mell upon the floor. Harold sprang to his feet instantly, but the policeman lay still. He had struck the back of his head violently against the wall, and was stunned. Leaving him to recover consciousness as he might, Harold gave a quick glance around the room. A few valuables he hastily snatched up as his eye fell upon them, and then he hurried to the street, and hailing a hack was driven to the docks. On all accounts it would be better, he thought, to be out of the country for a time. Alfred Atheling would doubtless pull through somehow, and if not—why, it could not be helped. Such men as Harold make their own comfort and pleasure their first consideration, and if fidelity to friends involves sacrifice, then the friends must be deserted.

Harold resolved on going to Spain, where, as there was no extradition treaty between that country and England, the English police could not follow him, and where, as he was well supplied with money, he could live a jolly life until the storm blew over. At the docks he was so fortunate as to find a ship just about to sail for a Spanish port, and before morning he was clear beyond the clutches of English law.

It was not the first or second time that Harold had visited Madrid. That renowned city of gay cavaliers and fair ladies had special charms for him—much to his disadvantage alike in money and morals. Of money he had the run of a great deal more than was good for him; of morals, he had not, at this period of his career, very much to boast of, and the course he was pursuing was likely enough to bring them to a vanishing point.

Every day he scanned the English newspapers expecting to read of the arrest of Alfred Atheling, but seeing no tidings of him, he concluded that he, too, had succeeded in making his escape from English soil.

But Atheling was still in London. He clung to the refuge his Yorkshire friend had provided. He was afraid to move, for he had seen his flight recorded in a daily paper, which, however, had misspelt his name, and in which his personal description was very inexact. There was small comfort in that. He knew to whom it referred; and, as his eye fell on the heading—"Absconded!" he felt how frail was the tenure on which he held his liberty; and, which must be said in his favor, how foully and wickedly he had treated his widowed mother, and the hitherto spotless name he bore.

For many an hour he sat thinking, thinking. He remembered being intrusted by his employer with a large sum of money. He remembered also that it was on the morning of a day when he and Harold were in company; a day on which he was set free to attend some special revel; a day, alas! one of the many days on which the reins of reason were dropped on the neck of the steed of passion, which galloped headlong with its reckless rider into shameful intemperance and collapse. He remembered all this, but what had become of the money he could not remember, rack and search his memory as he might.

Of one thing he was sure, he had not stolen the money, and had never any intention of so doing. But there were three hard, awkward, damning facts. He had given his employer repeated and serious cause of complaint; the money now missing had been in his charge; and he had "absconded" as soon as the deficit was discovered. More and more the truth came home to him that he had been a fool in so doing.

"Well, I cannot help it now!" he said to himself. "It is my fate, I suppose. Whom the gods intend to destroy, *et cetera*, and as destruction seems likely enough to be the ultimate issue, dementia has set in accordingly."

It is curious, very, how many people there are who bear hardly upon fate, and condemn its cruelty, who ought to read "folly" for "fate," and condemn themselves. If he had acted wisely and well, he would even then have gone to his injured and grieved employer, who had been anything but unkind, and have frankly confessed his fault. But Shame and Fear, those twin demons that haunt a guilty conscience, those twin tyrants who act the despot on wrong-doers, prevented him, and all his thoughts were centred on the question, how to secure a safe and speedy flight.

Mother! Home! Brothers! Sisters! Alfred Atheling sat in the little room he had taken in Ned Saltmer's cottage, and gave himself up to thoughts of these. The twilight fell; twilight darkened into night; the night wore on; but still that young man sat, looking with an inner eye at the panorama of Thorpe Aspen and the Garth, listening with an inner ear to the music of voices to which he had been strangely deaf, but which just now were sweeter and mellower than ever, as they smote upon his memory and vividly reminded him of what had been in the past, and of what might have been in the present—into the future he dared not look! It was night without and night within, a deep, dark night that had never a star to relieve its gloom.

The young prodigal was fairly under the fascination of the home-spell. It worked so strongly that he felt he must go down to Thorpe Aspen at all hazards. He had fully made up his mind to leave England. He felt that there there was no safety, and what was much more to his credit, he felt that there was little chance of his reformation; and with these home influences so strong upon him, these godly spells woven by pious love long before, he did desire to lead a better and a nobler life.

"I must have a look at the dear old homestead, come what will," said he, as he came out of the land of visions and heaved a deep sigh to think it was a dream. "How is it, I wonder, that it comes so strong upon me? I've cared precious little for Thorpe Aspen or aught belonging to it while, while—I've been selling myself to the devil." At this point the young fellow could have joined the sect of the Flagellants, and have given himself a castigation with whips which would have scarred both skin and memory too.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1887.

JANUARY.

1	S	As thy days so shall thy strength be.
2	S	I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.
3	M	Let not then your good be evil spoken of.
4	Tu	My God shall supply all your need.
5	W	Christ died for the ungodly. Rom. 5 : 6.
6	Th	The Lord shall be thine everlasting light
7	F	He hath done all things well. Mark 7 : 37
8	S	Thanks be to God, which giveth us victory
9	S	I will correct thee in measure.
10	M	Surely blessing, I will bless thee.
11	Tu	I have loved thee with an everlasting love
12	W	He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
13	Th	Be careful for nothing. Phil. 4 : 6.
14	F	Lord, increase our faith. Luke 17 : 5.
15	S	O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me.
16	S	My salvation shall not tarry. Is. 46 : 13.
17	M	Study to be quiet. 1 Thess 4; 11.
18	Tu	Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.
19	W	Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee.
20	Th	If ye love me, keep my commandments.
21	F	Walk in wisdom. Col. 4 : 5.
22	S	All my desire is before Thee. Ps. 38 : 9.
23	S	From this day will I bless you.
24	M	Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom
25	Tu	Let brotherly love continue. Heb. 13: 1.
26	W	He shall give his angels charge over thee.
27	Th	I will betroth thee unto me forever.
28	F	I will trust, and not be afraid. Is. 12 : 2.
29	S	Forsake me not, O Lord Ps. 38 : 21.
30	S	In my trouble I will call upon Thee.
31	M	The Lord is my helper. Heb. 13 : 6.

FEBRUARY.

1	Tu	Ye that fear the Lord bless the Lord.
2	W	The Lord shall judge His people.
3	Th	Remember not the sins of my youth.
4	F	He is the propitiation for our sins.
5	S	I will put my Spirit within you.
6	S	Rest in the Lord. Ps. 37 : 7.
7	M	Faith cometh by hearing. Rom. 10 : 17.
8	Tu	At evening time it shall be light.
9	W	Call upon Me, and I will answer thee.
10	Th	Through God we shall do valiantly.
11	F	With great mercies will I gather thee.
12	S	Cause me to hear Thy voice. Cant. 8 : 13.
13	S	Let us walk in the light of the Lord.
14	M	Whosoever abideth in Him, sinneth not.
15	Tu	Blessed be thou of the Lord. Ruth. 3 : 10.
16	W	Thy word is true from the beginning.
17	Th	He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.
18	F	Thy word is truth. John 17 : 17.
19	S	Enter not into judgment with Thy servant
20	S	My refuge is in God. Ps. 62 : 7.
21	M	Continue in prayer. Col. 4 : 2.
22	Tu	**George Washington's Birthday.**
23	W	Keep yourselves in the love of God.
24	Th	Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me.
25	F	Have mercy upon us, O Lord. Ps. 123 : 3.
26	S	The Lord, who hath given me counsel.
27	S	Christ died for our sins. 1 Cor. 15 : 3.
28	M	The Lord was ready to save me.

MARCH.

1	Tu	We shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3 : 2.
2	W	Let no man glory in men. 1 Cor. 3 : 21.
3	Th	Thou hast known my soul in adversities.
4	F	The joy of the Lord is your strength.
5	S	God is not the author of confusion.
6	S	I will go into Thy house with offerings.
7	M	The Lord thinketh upon me. Ps. 40 : 17.
8	Tu	My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning
9	W	By faith ye stand. 2 Cor. 1 : 24.
10	Th	Draw me, we will run after Thee.
11	F	Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good.
12	S	Set your affections on things above.
13	S	We are members of His body. Eph. 5 : 30
14	M	Have mercy upon me, O Lord. Ps. 6 : 2.
15	Tu	The Lord be with you all. 2 Thess. 3 : 16.
16	W	Ye are the salt of the earth. Matt. 5 : 13.
17	Th	Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost
18	F	Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thess. 5 : 19.
19	S	My days are swifter than a post.
20	S	I will come into Thy house. Ps. 5 : 7.
21	M	By grace ye are saved. Eph. 2 : 5.
22	Tu	While I live will I praise the Lord.
23	W	He is the Rock, His work is perfect.
24	Th	Things despised, hath God chosen.
25	F	Ye that fear the Lord, praise Him.
26	S	I will be with thee, and will bless thee.
27	S	He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me
28	M	He that hath the Son hath life.
29	Tu	Lo, I am with you alway. Amen.
30	W	O that thou wouldest bless me indeed.
31	Th	Deal courageously. 2 Chron. 19 : 11.

APRIL.

1	F	The fire shall try every man's work.
2	S	The Lord is my God. Zech. 13 : 9.
3	S	Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice.
4	M	We are laborers together with God.
5	Tu	Verily God hath heard me. Ps. 66 : 19.
6	W	Beloved, now are we the sons of God.
7	Th	I will love them freely. Hosea 14 : 4.
8	F	**Good Friday.** Obedient unto death.
9	S	O Lord, revive Thy work. Habak. 3 : 2.
10	S	God is with us. Isa. 8 : 10.
11	M	The Lord is Thy keeper. Ps. 121 : 5.
12	Tu	I will make known My words unto you.
13	W	Your bodies are the members of Christ.
14	Th	Fear not, I will help thee. Isa. 41 : 13.
15	F	Edify one another. 1 Thess. 5 : 11.
16	S	We all do fade as a leaf. Isa. 64 : 6.
17	S	Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Isa. 40:3.
18	M	He shall sit as a refiner. Mal. 3 : 3.
19	Tu	Hide Thy face from my sins. Ps. 51 : 9.
20	W	A righteous man hateth lying. Prov. 13:5.
21	Th	Will ye weary my God also? Isa. 7 : 13.
22	F	His anger endureth but a moment. Ps. 30:5.
23	S	The Lord will not cast off for ever.
24	S	Thy vows are upon me, O God. Ps. 56:12.
25	M	Comfort the feeble-minded. 1 Thess. 5:14
26	Tu	His banner over me was love. Cant. 2:4.
27	W	Without holiness no man shall see the
28	Th	Let love be without dissimulation. [Lord.
29	F	Thou wilt light my candle. Ps. 18 : 28.
30	S	Serve the Lord with all your heart.

MAY.

1	S	Peace be to thee. 3 John 14.
2	M	We have an Advocate with the Father.
3	Tu	Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth.
4	W	Christ liveth in me. Gal. 2 : 20.
5	Th	Lean not unto thine own understanding.
6	F	Beware of covetousness. Luke 12 : 15.
7	S	The joy of the Lord is your strength.
8	S	Cleave unto the Lord. Acts 11 : 23.
9	M	Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me. Ps. 3:3.
10	Tu	Put me in remembrance. Ps. 43 : 26.
11	W	Keep me as the apple of the eye.
12	Th	Trust ye in the Lord forever. Isa. 26 : 3.
13	F	They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
14	S	He is able to keep you from falling.
15	S	The Lord taketh pleasure in His people.
16	M	Thou shalt not covet. Exod. 20 : 17.
17	Tu	He healeth the broken in heart. Ps. 147 : 3.
18	W	Lord, save me. Matt. 14 : 30.
19	Th	Thine is the kingdom, O Lord.
20	F	My God shall supply all your need.
21	S	Remember me, O my God, for good.
22	S	The Lord will receive my prayer. Ps. 6:9.
23	M	The Lord shall establish you. 2 Thess. 3:3.
24	Tu	I have chosen thee. Isa. 41 : 9.
25	W	Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.
26	Th	Ye should earnestly contend for the faith.
27	F	Our conversation is in heaven. Phil. 3:20.
28	S	Remember how short my time is.
29	S	God is love. 1 John 4 : 16.
30	M	**Decoration Day.** He shall rise.
31	Tu	Beware lest any man spoil you. Col. 2 : 8.

JUNE.

1	W	The laborer is worthy of his reward.
2	Th	The Lord giveth wisdom. Prov. 2 : 6.
3	F	My glory will I not give to another.
4	S	Thou crownest the year with goodness.
5	S	Search the Scriptures. John 5 : 39.
6	M	Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.
7	Tu	Show me a token for good. Ps. 86 : 17.
8	W	Wisdom is better than strength.
9	Th	He knoweth the way that I take.
10	F	The Lord is risen indeed. Luke 24 : 34.
11	S	Hold fast that which is good.
12	S	My son, give me thine heart.
13	M	Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.
14	Tu	Our God shall fight for us. Neh. 4 : 20.
15	W	The Lord is very pitiful. James 5 : 11.
16	Th	He is precious. 1 Pet. 2 : 7.
17	F	My soul panteth after Thee, O God.
18	S	He will keep the feet of His saints.
19	S	The Lord God is a sun and shield.
20	M	Look unto Me, and be ye saved.
21	Tu	He maketh sore and bindeth up.
22	W	I have a goodly heritage. Ps. 16 : 6.
23	Th	Cast thy burden upon the Lord.
24	F	God is not a man that He should lie.
25	S	He knoweth the secrets of the heart.
26	S	Sing unto the Lord a new song. Ps. 96: 1.
27	M	We love Him, because He first loved us.
28	Tu	Man is like to vanity. Ps. 144 : 4.
29	W	The word of the Lord is tried. Ps. 18: 30.
30	Th	He satisfieth the longing soul. Ps. 107 : 9.

JULY.

1	F	Flee from idolatry. 1 Cor. 10 : 14.
2	S	I will deal well with thee. Gen. 32 : 9.
3	S	Christ is all. Col. 3 : 11.
4	M	**Independence Day.** Ebenezer.
5	Tu	Confess your faults one to another.
6	W	Israel shall be saved in the Lord. Isa. 45:17.
7	Th	I will not leave you comfortless. Jno. 14:18.
8	F	I know whom I have believed. 2 Tim. 1:12.
9	S	He that hath the Son hath life. 1 Jno. 5:12.
10	S	God hath called us to peace. 1 Cor. 7:15.
11	M	The Lord God is my strength. Hab. 3:19.
12	Tu	The wise shall inherit glory. Prov. 3:35.
13	W	Love as brethren. 1 Pet. 3 : 8. [31 : 13.
14	Th	Verily My Sabbaths ye shall keep. Ex.
15	F	Love your enemies. Matt. 5:44.
16	S	O God, my heart is fixed. Ps. 108 : 1.
17	S	Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.
18	M	Vain is the help of man. Ps. 108 : 12.
19	Tu	It behoved Christ to suffer. Luke 24 : 46.
20	W	He hath not cast away His people.
21	Th	O sing unto the Lord a new song. Ps. 96:1.
22	F	Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Is. 41:10.
23	S	Before they call I will answer. Is. 65:24.
24	S	Salvation is of the Lord. Jonah 2 : 9.
25	M	Wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.
26	Tu	I will make a covenant with them. Ezek.
27	W	He must reign. 1 Cor. 15 : 25. [37 : 26.
28	Th	Do your own business. 1 Thess. 4 : 11.
29	F	He will have mercy. Rom. 9 : 15.
30	S	Do ye now believe? John 16 : 31.
31	S	I am the Lord, I change not. Mal. 3 : 6.

AUGUST.

1	M	All my springs are in thee. Ps. 87 : 7.
2	Tu	Behold I am with thee. Gen. 28 : 15.
3	W	Ye are a chosen generation. 1 Pet. 2 : 9.
4	Th	The Lord will do great things. Joel 2: 21
5	F	Serve the Lord with all your heart.
6	S	Bless them that curse you. Luke 6 : 28.
7	S	Neglect not the gift that is in thee.
8	M	I will stand upon my watch. Hab. 2 : 1.
9	Tu	As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.
10	W	Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness
11	Th	The sheep hear His voice. John 10 : 3.
12	F	The Lord is my Shepherd. Ps. 23 : 1.
13	S	It shall be well with the righteous.
14	S	Lord also of the Sabbath. Mark 2: 28.
15	M	He ever liveth to make intercession.
16	Tu	The Lord is risen indeed. Luke 24 : 34.
17	W	Discretion shall preserve thee. Prov. 2; 11
18	Th	He is faithful that promised. Heb. 10 : 23
19	F	Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake
20	S	He remembereth that we are dust.
21	S	This day is holy unto the Lord your God
22	M	Yea, they shall sing in the ways.
23	Tu	My God is the rock of my refuge.
24	W	Every word of God is pure. Prov. 30 : 5.
25	Th	I have chosen thee in the furnace.
26	F	My soul fainteth for Thy salvation.
27	S	The Lord heareth the poor. Ps. 69 : 32.
28	S	I gave thee My Sabbaths to be a sign.
29	M	Man's goings are of the Lord.
30	Tu	My God will hear me. Micah 7 : 7.
31	W	The winds and the sea obey Him.

SEPTEMBER.

1	Th	Teach me to do Thy will. Ps. 143 : 10.
2	F	Praise ye the Lord. Ps. 147 : 1.
3	S	Thy lovingkindness is better than life.
4	S	Glory to God in the highest. Luke 2 : 14.
5	M	It is good for me that I have been afflicted.
6	Tu	They shall sing in the ways of the Lord.
7	W	I am thine; save me. Ps. 119 : 94.
8	Th	Our sufficiency is of God. 2 Cor. 3 : 5.
9	F	To the righteous good shall be repaid.
10	S	The clouds are the dust of His feet.
11	S	He led captivity captive. Ps. 68 : 18.
12	M	Brethren, stand fast. Phil. 4 : 3.
13	Tu	Seek those things which are above. Col. 3:1
14	W	Buy the truth, and sell it not. Prov. 23:23.
15	Th	Avenge not yourselves. Rom. 12 : 19.
16	F	Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily. Col. 3:23.
17	S	Overcome evil with good. Rom. 12 : 21.
18	S	I go to prepare a place for you. John 14:2.
19	M	We, being many, are one body. Rom. 12: 5.
20	Tu	None of us liveth to himself. Rom. 14:7.
21	W	Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us.
22	Th	Lord, increase our faith. Luke 17 : 5.
23	F	My tongue shall speak of Thy word.
24	S	The Lord seeth not as man seeth.
25	S	Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken.
26	M	With lovingkindness have I drawn thee.
27	Tu	He shall give His angels charge over thee.
28	W	Should such a man as I flee? Neh. 6 : 11.
29	Th	The Lord is good in the day of trouble.
30	F	Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6:12.

OCTOBER.

1	S	We also joy in God. Rom. 5 : 11.
2	S	Peace be to this house. Luke 10 : 5. [10.
3	M	Ye that love the Lord, hate evil. Ps. 97 :
4	Tu	The Lord will give grace and glory.
5	W	I will trust, and not be afraid. Isa. 12 : 2.
6	Th	The Lord shall guide thee continually.
7	F	The Lord looseth the prisoners. Ps. 146:7.
8	S	To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath
9	S	The Lord knoweth them that are His.
10	M	Be not dismayed; for I am thy God.
11	Tu	I know whom I have believed.
12	W	Plead the cause of the poor. Prov. 31 : 9.
13	Th	Joy cometh in the morning. Ps. 30 : 5.
14	F	The eternal God is thy refuge.
15	S	Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.
16	S	In everything give thanks. 1 Thess. 5:18.
17	M	The God of peace be with you all.
18	Tu	Be doing, and the Lord be with th
19	W	Thou hast put gladness in my he.
20	Th	If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God.
21	F	Believe only. Luke 8 : 50.
22	S	Be sober, and watch unto prayer. [ever.
23	S	I will dwell in the house of the Lord for
24	M	Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
25	Tu	Cleave unto the Lord. Acts 11 : 23.
26	W	The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me
27	Th	Christ died for our sins. 1 Cor. 15 : 3.
28	F	Every one of us shall give account to God
29	S	If thine enemy hunger, feed him.
30	S	Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy
31	M	Behold, I come quickly. Rev. 3 : 11.

NOVEMBER.

1	Tu	He shall be as the light of the morning.
2	W	He only is my rock and my salvation.
3	Th	Abide in Me, and I in you. John 15 : 4.
4	F	The name of the Lord is a strong tower.
5	S	My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12: 9.
6	S	His banner over me was love. Cant. 2 : 4.
7	M	Forsake me not when my strength faileth.
8	Tu	Be ye thankful. Col. 3 : 15.
9	W	O Lord, revive Thy work. Hab. 3 : 2.
10	Th	Riches profit not in the day of wrath.
11	F	I know that my Redeemer liveth.
12	S	Many waters cannot quench love.
13	S	The will of the Lord be done. Acts 21:14.
14	M	I will not leave you comfortless. Jno. 14:18.
15	Tu	Ye have need of patience. Heb. 10 : 36.
16	W	My soul doth magnify the Lord. Lu. 1:46.
17	Th	I will heal their backsliding. Hosea 14:4.
18	F	Thy word is true from the beginning.
19	S	Come boldly unto the throne of grace.
20	S	Looking unto Jesus. Heb. 12 : 2.
21	M	Happy is the man whom God correcteth.
22	Tu	I will give peace in the land. Lev. 26 : 6.
23	W	Let not your hearts be troubled. Jno. 14:27.
24	Th	**Thanksgiving Day.** Forget not.
25	F	Be strong and of good courage. Josh. 1:6.
26	S	Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Ps. 27 : 8.
27	S	The Lord hath given you the Sabbath.
28	M	The Lord's portion is His people.
29	Tu	Let him that is athirst come. Rev. 22:17.
30	W	He is altogether lovely. Cant. 5 : 16.

DECEMBER.

1	Th	Thou shalt be like a watered garden.
2	F	Watch thou in all things. 2 Tim. 4 : 5.
3	S	Behold, God is my salvation. Isa 12: 2.
4	S	Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.
5	M	In your patience possess ye your souls.
6	Tu	I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.
7	W	Wait on the Lord; be of good courage.
8	Th	Behold, the bridegroom cometh!
9	F	Where the spirit is there is liberty.
10	S	Put on charity. Col. 3 : 14.
11	S	He is our peace. Eph. 2 : 14.
12	M	Teach me Thy way, O Lord. Ps. 86: 11.
13	Tu	Strengthen ye the weak hands. Isa. 35: 3
14	W	A bruised reed shall He not break.
15	Th	His mercy endureth for ever. Ps. 106 : 1
16	F	Hath He said, and shall He not do it?
17	S	Your life is hid with Christ in God.
18	S	I am Alpha and Omega. Rev. 22 : 13.
19	M	Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.
20	Tu	Cast thy burden upon the Lord.
21	W	My strength is made perfect in weakness
22	Th	By His stripes ye were healed.
23	F	His anger endureth but a moment.
24	S	Thou maintainest my lot. Ps. 16 : 6.
25	S	**Christmas Day.** Emmanuel.
26	M	All flesh is grass. Isa 40 : 6.
27	Tu	He hath put a new song in my mouth.
28	W	My cup runneth over. Ps. 23 : 5.
29	Th	He shall gather the lambs with His arm.
30	F	I will be sorry for my sin. Ps. 38 : 18.
31	S	Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.

ECLIPSES.

In the year 1887 there will be four Eclipses, two of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. A partial Eclipse of the Moon, February 8th, visible in the United States, Pacific Ocean, and part of Asia.

II. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, February 22, invisible in the United States; visible in Central America and the western part of South America.

III. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, August 3, invisible in the United States.

IV. A Total Eclipse of the Sun on the morning of August 19, invisible in any part of America except Alaska; visible in Europe and Asia. The path of totality passes through the northern part of the German Empire, including Berlin and Konigsberg, through the central part of Russia just north of Moscow, and through the northern part of China and Japan north of Yedo.

MORNING STARS.

Mercury, until February 7, from March 21 to May 27, from July 29 to September 10, and from November 17 to the end of the year.

Venus, from September 21 to the end of the year.

EVENING STARS.

Mercury, from February 7 to March 21, from May 27 to July 29, and from September 10 to November 17.

Venus, until September 21.

Mars, until April 24.

Jupiter, from January 24 to November 8.

Saturn, until July 18, and after October 29.

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WATCHWORDS FOR THE YEAR.

Christ for Us. We for Him.

Thou wilt, dear, loving Saviour, to those who trust this year,
Be all they need at all times, a Helper ever near.
So, Master, looking now to Thee,
We forward go, triumphantly.

Thou wilt, for Thou hast promised, be Guard and Guide each day,
If only we will hearken, and loyally obey.
Then, Jesus, by Thy gentle might,
Incline our hearts to hear aright.

Thou wilt be sweetest Shelter in sorrow's sternest hour,
Thou wilt be strongest Fortress from fierce temptation's power.
O Saviour, may we, by Thy grace,
Each find in Thee a hiding-place!

Thou wilt, when we are weary, restore our souls again,
And ofttimes, in Thy mercy, remove the throb of pain;
If not, may we accept Thy will,
And trust Thy wise and patient skill.

Thou wilt too, by Thy Spirit, increase our growth in grace,
Till we reflect the beauty, the brightness of Thy face.
Lord, may this year the holiest prove!
And may we give Thee love for love!

Thou wilt be, blessed Saviour (nay, more, thou *art* to-day),
Our All-in-All for ever, then help us now to say:
"We each, dear Lord, will gladly be
Surrendered wholly unto Thee."

Thou wilt, we know, Lord Jesus, be coming soon again,
To take us to our Father, and over all to reign;
And then, oh, then, with higher powers,
How we will serve through joyous hours!

—*Charlotte Murray.*

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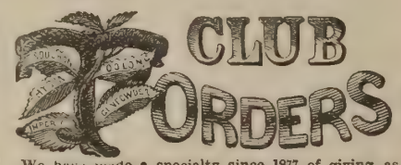

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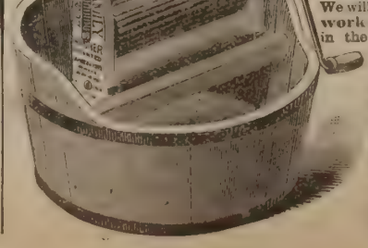

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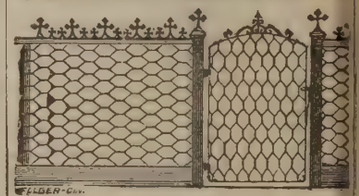

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Vol. X. No. 2. THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1887. Price, Three Cents.

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THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES. By Rev. George S. Bishop, D.D.

THE IMPLACABLE PATIENT. (Illustrated.)

THE AFRICAN MASSACRES.

CURRENT EVENTS: Prevalence of Crime in Washington—Revival of the Nicaraguan Canal Scheme—The Fatal Railroad Disaster—Secretary Lamar's Romantic Marriage—Reconstruction of the British Cabinet—Conference with Mr. Chamberlain—The Haddock Murder—A Convict Visiting the President—The Shipwreck on the Virginia Coast, etc.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MRS. A. T. STEWART.

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?" A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

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A THOUSAND-MILE WALK. (With Illustration.)

Curious Wedding Customs in China—Santhal Superstition—Fruit from a Voice-Test, etc.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE. A Serial Story. By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. (Continued.)

NOAH'S FAITH. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Messrs. BEAUMONT—The New People's Palace, in Course of Erection in London.

MR. J. T. BARBER BEAUMONT,

The Peter Cooper of London.

ON the first page is *a picture of a sculptured bust* representing the philanthropist whose bequest formed the nucleus of the gigantic benevolent enterprise known as the People's Palace, which is being erected in London for the benefit of the uneducated poor. Mr. Beaumont was born on December 21st, 1774, and died on May 15th, 1841, at the age of sixty-seven. He commenced his career in life as a miniature painter, and in this comparatively humble condition he became the architect of his own fortune, and died in the possession of a very large freehold, and extensive personal property. His various talents, combined with his singularly energetic temperament, were well calculated to raise him to eminence in any profession in which he engaged, or in any undertaking in which he desired to excel.

Mr. Beaumont had also some reputation as an author. In 1802 he produced an interesting work describing a tour in South Wales, to which he added many appropriate and elegant embellishments. In the spring of 1806 he was successful in establishing a "Provident Institution, or Bank for Savings." This was the first institution of the kind in England, and it has given rise to numerous similar establishments, by which, perhaps, more than by any other means, habits of industry have been fostered, a spirit of frugality excited, and the virtue and happiness of the English working classes enlarged.

Mr. Beaumont was deeply interested in the moral and mental elevation of the laboring population, and so founded in East London what is called

THE BEAUMONT INSTITUTE.

This included class-rooms, reading-rooms, library, a museum of objects of scientific interest, a large hall, capable of holding fifteen hundred people, etc. A religious service was also held on Sundays in the large hall. Property was left to the value of $95,000 to support the plans which he had formed, but which his death precluded him from executing. The institute has not prospered, and the trustees with other gentlemen planned the new enterprise, which we hope will succeed, and which will in every way fulfil the aim of the late Mr. Beaumont, excepting that of a religious service.

The deplorable condition of the London poor weighed continually upon his mind, and the one desire of his heart was to do something to alleviate it. The common disposition of the wealthy and aristocratic classes in Great Britain, as in this and other countries, is one of indifference to the poor. Like Cain, they ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is consciousness of this fact that has made the poor hate the rich, and has produced that class enmity which has grown so rapidly, and now threatens to overturn the foundations of society. Mr. Beaumont was one of the few who sympathized with the poor—the few who are the salt which has hitherto preserved the world of the rich.

MR. GEORGE H. BARBER BEAUMONT.

THIS gentleman, *whose portrait also appears on the first page*, is the eldest grandson of Mr. J. T. Barber Beaumont, and consequently the head of the family. He was employed by the British War Office during the last Zulu War, and for his services holds some most satisfactory documents from the authorities at Durban. He is now interested in ostrich farming, having been the first to take ostriches from Africa in any numbers, and was founder of the first ostrich farm in South America, or, in fact, anywhere out of Africa. The Buenos Ayres *Standard* of May 2d, 1880, gives an account of his arrival there with ostriches from the Cape of Good Hope. He started an ostrich farm in the province in that year. At the Continental Exhibition in Buenos Ayres, in 1882, the judges for rural produce awarded the grand premium (1st class gold medal) to Mr. George Beaumont for ostrich feathers as being a new industry established in the country.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

In the East End of London.

(See Illustration on first page.)

The Departments—The Donors—The Objects of the Institution—The Character of the Building—The Plot of the Liquor Dealers—Their Aristocratic Allies—The Lord Mayor's Meeting—Mr. Charrington's Protest—Expelled by a Policeman—His Letter to the Press—Mr. Beaumont's Protest.

THE magnificent building, a picture of which appears on the first page, is now in course of erection at the East End of London. It is intended to be a place of recreation and education for the toiling millions—that is, there are to be under its roof a library and reading-room, schools for technical education, a summer and winter garden, a concert hall, swimming baths, and gymnasia for both sexes. The institution is the outgrowth of a bequest of $62,000, which the late Mr. J. T. Barber Beaumont left to be applied to the moral and intellectual benefit of the poor in the Eastern District of London. Rather than expend this sum by itself, the trustees suggested that philanthropists should join in the work and found an institution of permanent benefit.

The chief benefactors as yet are the Drapers' Company, the owners of the site—which has long been occupied by the buildings of Bancroft's School and Hospital—the Duke of Westminster, Lord Rosebery, who gives a swimming bath, Mr. Dyer Edwardes, and Mr. Wilberforce Bryant. These contribute among them something like half the $375,000 which has been already raised; the rest has been provided by the contributions of

A MULTITUDE OF GIVERS,

small and great. Not a little has come from the subscriptions of those who have found themselves able, on the invitation of the trustees, to promise £1 a year for three years. Before the building can be finished, and its aims realized, a large additional sum must be raised. Still, it is gratifying to find how widespread has been the feeling among the fairly well-to-do, and even among those who have little more than they absolutely need, that in a complicated society it is the duty of the better provided to do what they can to soften the lot of the worst provided.

Nothing can really turn the Eastern District of London into a garden, can take away the dismal monotony of its streets, or can destroy the squalid type of life which the vast majority of its inhabitants are doomed to live. Utopia is not to be realized yet in this world; and a population like that of Stepney and Poplar must accept the main conditions of the life of Stepney and Poplar. But while this is perfectly true, it is also true that a little brightness, a little enjoyment, and such chances of learning as are to be given by this People's Palace count for far more in the case of these people than they would in the case of people more richly furnished with good things. To a dweller in the slums of Whitechapel the opportunity of hearing good music, of sitting through the summer or the winter evening among flowers and shrubs, of amusing himself rationally with his friends in the gymnasium or the swimming bath, is an advantage that he will appreciate all the more keenly because till now such an opportunity has been far beyond his reach.

The contribution of the Drapers' Company toward the enterprise is one hundred thousand dollars, which is to be spent in the establishment of technical schools and ranges of workshops, where all the principal trades carried on at the East End will be taught by practical artisans, so that no lad in future need begin life without the knowledge of some trade. These buildings are designed for

THE ACCOMMODATION OF STUDENTS

to the number of twenty thousand. Indeed, the trustees wish to see the whole institution so framed that, whether in science, art, or literature, any student may be able to follow up his education to the highest point—in fact, that the palace may become the University of East London. At the same time the palace will afford ample means for recreation and social enjoyment. There will be, beside the winter garden and concert hall, library and reading-rooms, gymnasia and swimming bath, an extensive recreation ground, where on summer evenings efficient bands are to be provided, so that workmen, with their wives and children, may find a pleasant resort for social intercourse after the day's work is done. The magnificent main building, of which we give an illustration, is to be constructed from the plans of Mr. Robson.

The architectural features are Oriental. The structure is to be of red brick and white stone, and facing the main thoroughfare will be a semi-circular portico, supported upon columns, and surmounted by a large and handsome dome, right and left of which will tower a lofty ornamental minaret, capped by a gilded cupola. Under the dome will be the large entrance hall, intended during the daytime to serve as a covered playground for children, and in the evening as a species of common room in which the workmen may sit and chat. Opening out from this will be "The Queen's Hall," where the concerts will be held, and of this the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone on Monday, June 28th. Beyond will be the library, reading-rooms, schools, etc.

SECULAR OR RELIGIOUS

philanthropy is the alternative now under consideration by the trustees and the men who have contributed to the fund. The amazing proposal to sell intoxicating liquor in the institution was the first attempt made to nullify the good it was hoped to effect. To the American public such a proposal would have seemed too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. The idea of trying to help a man with one hand and offering him temptation with the other is absurd, especially when we consider that the temptation which it was proposed to place in his way was the identical one to which his class is most prone, and which has caused much of the degradation which has made this institution almost a necessity. But in London the idea that a workingman must have his beer is deeply implanted in the minds of the upper classes, and they were disposed to think that the People's Palace would not be attractive unless it afforded facilities for getting intoxicated. Then came the question of having the palace open on Sundays, and on that a further division was produced.

A great meeting was therefore held to take the two questions into consideration. It was called by the Lord Mayor of London, and was held in the Mansion House, his official residence, on November 5th, 1886. The Lord Mayor, in explaining the object of the meeting, said: "The design of the founders of the institution is to provide technical and industrial training in conjunction with amusements which will make the dull and monotonous life of the East End a little more lively. The question of *Sunday opening and the sale of alcoholic beverages* will have to be worked out by the governing body. No conclusion has been arrived at either way."

An exciting discussion, as may be supposed, followed this curious opening. The Lord Mayor appealed for contributions to the fund for building and operating the institution while proposing to leave open the questions of Sunday opening and liquor selling to be settled afterward by the Board of Trustees, the chairman of which *happens to be in the liquor trade*. It was not wonderful that wealthy Christian men intending to contribute should desire to have those questions settled *before* they gave their money. Otherwise it might turn out that they were aiding to establish an institution that would be a curse rather than a blessing to the East End. Several such men were present, and among them Mr. F. N. Charrington,

THE EVANGELIST OF THE SLUMS,

whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on August 5th, 1886. He respectfully pointed out the necessity of the temperance and Sunday questions being settled at the outset and before subscriptions were collected. The Lord Mayor,

however, thrust the subject aside with some rudeness, and finally, on Mr. Charrington pressing the matter, ordered him to be silent or leave the meeting. The Christian philanthropist, whose work has been done in the East End of London, has seen too much of the misery produced by the liquor traffic to consider the sale or prohibition of intoxicating liquor in the People's Palace the mere unimportant matter of detail which the Lord Mayor represented it, and he continued to urge the managers to pledge themselves never to permit the sale of liquor within the walls. But the managers would give no such pledge, whereupon, as the discussion was hindering the main business of getting in money, the Lord Mayor ordered a policeman to turn Mr. Charrington out. This was done, and the man whose interest in the people of the East End is no new thing, and whose work among them God has blessed, was roughly expelled because he protested against a philanthropic enterprise being turned into a gigantic rum-hole.

MR. CHARRINGTON'S PROTEST,

however, was not suppressed, in spite of the Lord Mayor's summary proceeding It has reached the ears of a wider public than the small one in the Mansion House. Writing to the press, Mr. Charrington says: "Now, here is a fact which has been apparently kept in the dark—the chairman of the Beaumont trustees is *a gin distiller*, and is supposed to carry on the largest business of this infernal sort in the world. I cannot imagine why this man, who, humanly speaking, must have done more harn by his horrible business than any man—at any rate in the East End, if not in the world—should be chosen to be chairman of a scheme for raising the masses of East London (though, as far as I can see, it is more likely to lower them). As to the opening of the palace on Sundays, of course that will only intensify the evil if it is carried out, as we fear, with a license for intoxicating drink, and add the sin and physical harm of Sabbath-breaking to other and worse sins, which must necessarily come in the train of the indulgence in strong drink."

MR. BEAUMONT'S PROTEST

was made at a meeting held on November 10th. As he is the grandson of the philanthropist whose bequest forms the nucleus of the institution, it deserves—and, we may hope, it will receive -the attention of the trustees. He moved a resolution "that this meeting of inhabitants of East London, realizing the terrible harm already caused by strong drink in their midst, protests against the sale of intoxicating liquors in the proposed People's Palace." He began by reading an extract from *the will of his grandfather*, who left nearly $100,000 to found "an institution for the purpose of affording persons in the neighborhood means of meeting together for mental and moral improvement, *free from the baneful excitement of intoxicating liquors*." The testator entreated his trustees to construe his general intention in a liberal and philosophical spirit. Mr. Beaumont further read extracts from books by his grandfather *strongly condemnatory of the use of strong drink*. This, he contended, showed that his grandfather never intended that a penny of his money should be used for any place or institution where intoxicating liquors were intended to be sold.

The Christian philanthropists who are making this noble fight to prevent the impudent outrage of the liquor dealers are entitled to the sympathy and prayers of the American public.

A Census of London Churches was Taken on October 31st. It showed that on that day about one eighth of the population of the city attended church. An aggregate of 400,000 persons attended the services in the morning and 410,000 at night. The largest Established church—St. Paul's—had an evening attendance of 3403. Mr. Spurgeon's church was at the head of the dissenting churches, having a morning attendance of 4519 and an evening attendance of 6070.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Gallant Well Rebuked.—Mr. Marshall Related at a recent meeting that "a young lady going alone along a dark country road one night was spoken to with some gallantry by a young man who was going in the same direction, who inquired, 'Are you alone, miss?' 'No, sir,' she replied, 'I am not.' 'I beg your pardon, but I don't see any one with you,' the young fellow rejoined. The young lady turned toward him, and replied with gravity, 'The Lord Jesus is with me.' Confused and nonplussed, the young man stood still for a moment or two, then recovering himself, said, as he profoundly but mockingly bowed, 'Excuse me, but I did not know that you kept such good company.' And he troubled her no more."

A Simple Woman's Wisdom.—Mr. Marsh said: "It is a solemn question, 'What are you going to do with the Lord Jesus?' but it is one which must be answered by every living being. Are you going to answer it as a poor woman in Worcester did recently? She was very old, and was said not to have much sense; but to me she seems to have had more than many people who think themselves highly intelligent. When I asked her what she was going to do with the Lord Jesus, she looked up into my face and said, 'If you please, sir, I'll just take Him home with me.' And that is the right place to take Him; into your home, and ask Him in His loving-kindness to stay there in complete possession, actuating every thought, word, and deed."

A Prayer in a Wood.—"When I was a Little boy, I went to a party of young people, and after we had played numerous games, one of the little girls proposed that we should have a little meeting. I did not know what that was, though my people were Christians and always went to church; but I, along with the others, agreed. The little girl took a Bible, and read a portion of Scripture, then sang a hymn, and knelt down and prayed. Then I felt that I was wrong; that I needed something more than going to church; and I was so unhappy, so miserable, I left that house as quickly as possible, and set off home through a wood; but when I was half way through I could stand the agony of my mind no longer; so I threw myself down on the ground, and prayed God to save me and take me to Himself; and He did. When I got up from the ground I was praising God. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. I hastened home, and though they were all asleep I could not wait till to-morrow to tell them the good news. So I ran up to my mother's bedroom, and though I had to cry 'Mother' two or three times, I wakened her. She, with some surprise, said, 'Well, what is it?' and all I could say was, 'Oh, mother, I'm converted, and I am so happy!'"

A Missionary in a Drinking Saloon.—A worker observed: "A missionary who labored for Christ among the liquor saloons in East London once entered the large public room of one of these houses. He was soon recognized by some of those seated round the table, and immediately, before he had time to speak, they began to sing, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' The clergyman saw at once that their purpose was to sing him out, and he knew that if they succeeded in going so there, he would have to face the same thing in all his other visits. So, without seeming in the least to notice the noise and uproar, he drew a chair to the table, and lifting a newspaper began to read. Soon the singers began to tire, and one by one drop off as they sung themselves hoarse; then seizing the first opportunity when there was silence, the missionary jumped up and said, 'Yes, they were jolly good fellows, yet for all that the judges took them, and bound them, and when they had beaten them with many stripes, they cast them into prison with their backs raw and bleeding.' This at once appealed to their sympathy, for there were few in that room who had not seen the inside of a prison, and cries of 'What a shame! Who was it? and where did it happen?' were heard on all sides. Then the missionary told them the story of Paul and Barnabas at Philippi, and how they had been unjustly imprisoned, and of the conversion of the jailor. The touching story had a softening effect on the hard features of all around him, and operated mightily on the hearts of many."

Stepping into the Boat.—A Scotch Evangelist remarked: "The other night, when I was going over to Govan to address a meeting there, I crossed the river by the ferry. At the close of the meeting I found two anxious souls there, and I had some difficulty in getting them simply to trust Christ as their Saviour. I said to them, 'I came across to this place by the ferry, and at the wharf the boat came close to my feet; what had I to do in order to cross the river?' 'Ah,' said one, 'you had to pay.' 'But that was not all,' I rejoined. 'You had to believe in the boat,' answered the other. 'But I knew all about the boat; I had crossed with it often before. Believing in the boat would not take me over. I could believe in the boat standing on the wharf.' No; *I had to step in.* And will you just step into the boat of Christ's salvation?' Happily they did, and left the meeting rejoicing in a new-found Saviour."

Preparing for an Expected Guest.—"A Certain family had for some time been talking about the Second Coming of Christ, and of the necessity of being always watching for it, and they had taken pains to impress this upon the minds of their little children. One evening both the father and mother were from home, and as the little folks were having tea by themselves, one of them said, 'I think we had better put down another cup and saucer.' 'Why?' asked the others. 'Because, if Jesus comes while we are at tea, I should like to be prepared for Him,' was the reply. So they made preparations at their table for another guest, that the Lord might find them ready and waiting for Him if He came. Just as they were about to sit down to the table, a rap came to the door. They were all startled, and seemed afraid that Jesus had actually come. At length one of them summoned courage to open the door; and when the door was opened they saw, not Jesus, but a poor beggar. At the sight of him they were about to slam the door in his face, when they remembered those words of Jesus, when He said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My disciples ye did it unto Me.' And this beggar, though he was poor, was a Christian, and therefore a disciple of Christ. So they asked him in, and gave him Jesus' place."

Dead Four Years Before Burial.—Mr. Frazer related: "I knew a woman who was dead nearly four years before she was buried. A Christian lady had gone up to see her as she lay sick in bed; she had prayed with her and spoken to her about her soul, but she refused to listen. The lady was astonished and grieved. She went to a friend, and together they again visited the sick woman. But although she knew she was on her death-bed she would not listen to the Gospel, and turned her face to the wall that she might not see her visitors; but they still kindly persisted in talking to her of Christ, and at last she told them her sad story. She said: 'A few years ago I went to a Gospel meeting, and there the Spirit of God strove mightily with me; but I would not have anything to do with Him, because I was keeping company with a young man at the time, and he would not come to the meetings, nor have anything to do with Christ, and as I could not give him up, I chose him rather than God; and six months afterward he died. Now, though I was free so far to accept salvation, I could not. All desire had gone away; and though the missionary and others have come and prayed and spoken with me, I cannot accept Christ.' On the last night of her life, when Christ was once more presented to her, she turned from those who were pleading with her, saying, 'Four years ago I refused Christ, and on that night I died.' And when they turned her face toward them her spirit had fled."

DISTRIBUTION OF REWARDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Jan. 9, 1887.*

"He shall divide the spoil with the strong."—ISA. 53 : 12.

The Cross in the Coliseum—Symbol of Suffering and Victory—Calculation as to the Conversion of the World—The Uninviting Portions—The Arctic Circle once Tropical—The First Inhabited—The Birth-Land of the Flowers—Deserts to be Irrigated—Marshes to be Drained—A New Apportionment of Wealth—Purification of Morals—Violet Cameron's Failure—China and Africa to be Developed and Evangelized—Estates in the Celestial World—Surprises in Store—The Champion of the Ages.

MY family, who saw it with their own eyes year before last, tell me that in the Coliseum at Rome, where persecutors used to let out the half-starved lions to eat up Christians, there is now planted the figure of a cross. And I rejoice to know that the upright piece of wood nailed to a transverse piece has become the symbol, not more of suffering than of victory. It is of Christ the Conqueror that my text speaks. As

A KINGLY WARRIOR,

having subdued an empire, might divide the palaces, and mansions, and cities, and valleys, and mountains among his officers, so Christ is going to divide up all the earth and all the heavens among His people, and you and I will have to take our share if we are strong in faith and strong in our Christian loyalty; for my text declares it, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

The capture of this round planet for Christ is not so much of a job as you might imagine, when the Church takes off its coat and rolls up its sleeves for the work, as it will. There are sixteen hundred millions of people now in the world, and and there are four hundred and fifty million Christians. Subtract the four hundred and fifty millions who are Christians from the sixteen hundred millions, and there are eleven hundred and fifty millions left to be Christianized. Now divide the eleven hundred and fifty millions by the four hundred and fifty millions already Christianized, and it makes less than three people for each Christian to bring to Christ. Surely when the Church gets wide awake no Christian will be content to take to heaven less than three. Why, I hope to take with me at least ten thousand. I know evangelists that have already gathered fifty thousand each for the kingdom. There are at least two hundred thousand men in Christendom whose one business it is to save souls. So that when I tell you all that we need to average is three souls reaped for God in a lifetime, all idea of

IMPOSSIBILITY VANISHES

from this omnipotent crusade I know of a Sabbath-school teacher who has spent her lifetime in teaching the young, and she has had five different classes during all these years, and she tells me they averaged about seven in a class, and they were all converted; and five times seven are thirty-five, as near as I can calculate. She brought her three and had thirty-two to spare. My grandmother brought her whole family into the kingdom, and her grandchildren, and, I hope, all her great-grandchildren, for God remembers a prayer seventy-five years old as well as though it were a minute old; and she took her three into the kingdom and had at least a hundred to spare.

Do I really mean all the earth will surrender to Christ? Yes. How about the uninviting portions? Will Greenland be evangelized? The possibility is that after a few more hundred brave lives are dashed out among the icebergs, that great refrigerator,

THE POLAR REGION,

will be given up to the walrus and the bear, and that the inhabitants will come down by invitation into tolerable climates, or those climates may soften; and as it has been positively demonstrated that the Arctic region was once a blooming garden and a fruitful field, those regions may change climate and again be a blooming garden and a fruitful field.

Professor Heer, of Zurich, says the remains of flowers have been found in the Arctic, showing it was like Mexico for climate; and it is found that the Arctic was the mother-region from which all the flowers descended. Professor Wallace says the remains of all styles of animal life are found in the Arctic, including those animals that can live only in warm climates. Now, that Arctic region which has been demonstrated by flora, and fauna, and geological argument to have been as full of vegetation and life as our Florida, may be turned back to its original bloom and glory, or it will be shut up as a museum of crystals for curiosity seekers once in a while to visit. But Arctic and Antarctic in some shape will belong to the Redeemer's realm.

What about other unproductive or repulsive regions? All the

DESERTS WILL BE IRRIGATED,

the waters will be forced up to the great American desert between here and the Pacific by machinery now known or yet to be invented, and, as Great Salt Lake City has no rain and could not raise an apple or a bushel of wheat in a hundred years without artificial help, but is now through such means one great garden, so all the unproductive parts of all the continents will be turned into harvest fields and orchards. A half dozen De Lesseps will furnish the world with all the canals needed, and will change the course of rivers and open new lakes, and great Sahara Desert will be cut up into farms with an astounding yield of bushels to the acre.

The marsh will be drained of its waters and cured of its malaria. I saw the other day what was for many years called

THE BLACK SWAMP

of Ohio, its chief crop chills and fevers, but now, by the tiles put into the ground to carry off the surplus moisture, transformed into the richest and healthiest of regions. The God who wastes nothing, I think, means that this world, from pole to pole, has to come to perfection of foliage and fruitage. For that reason He keeps us running through space, though so many fires are blazing down in its timbers, and so many mock terrors have threatened to dash it to pieces.

As soon as the earth is completed Christ will divide it up among the good. The reason He does not divide it now is because it is not done. A kind father will not divide the apple among his children until the apple is ripe. In fulfilment of the New Testament promise, "The meek shall inherit the earth," and the promise of the Old Testament, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," the world will be apportioned to those worthy to possess it.

It is not so now. In this country, capable of holding, feeding, clothing, and sheltering twelve hundred million people, and where we have only sixty million inhabitants, we have two millions who cannot get honest work, and with their families an aggregation of five millions that are on the verge of starvation. Something wrong, most certainly. In some way there will be

A NEW APPORTIONMENT.

Many of the millionaire estates will crack to pieces on the dissipations of grandchildren, and then dissolve into the possession of the masses, who now have an insufficiency.

What, you say, will become of the expensive and elaborate buildings now devoted to debasing amusements? They will become schools, art galleries, museums, gymnasiums, and churches. The world is already getting disgusted with many of these amusements, and no wonder. What an importation of unclean theatrical stuff we have within the last few years had brought to our shores! And professors of religion patronizing such things! Having sold out to the devil, why don't you deliver the goods and go over to him publicly, body, mind, and soul, and withdraw your name from Christian churches, and say, "Know all the world by these presents, that I am a patron of uncleanness and a child of hell." Sworn to be the Lord's, you are perjurers.

But at last the tide has turned, and the despisers of purity overdid the matter.

A FOREIGN ACTRESS

of base morals arrived intending to make the tour of the States, but the remaining decency of our cities rose up and cancelled the contracts, and drove her back from our American stage, a woman fit for neither continent. In the name of Almighty God I take these abominations by the throat. If you think these offences are to go on forever, you do not know who the Lord is. God will not wait for the Day of Judgment. All these palaces of sin will become palaces of righteousness. They will come into the possession of those strong for virtue and strong for God. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

CHINA AND AFRICA,

the two richest portions of the earth by reason of metals and rare woods and inexhaustible productiveness, are not yet divided up among the good because they are not ready to be divided. Wait until all the doors that Livingstone opened in Africa shall be entered, and Bishop Taylor, with his band of self-supporting missionaries, have done their work, and the Ashantees and Senegambians shall know Christ as well as you know Him, and there shall be on the banks of the Nile and the Niger a higher civilization than is now to be found on the banks of the Hudson, then Christ will divide up that continent among His friends.

Wait until China, which is half as large as all Europe, shall have developed her capacities for rice, and tea, and sugar, among edibles; and her amethyst, and sapphire, and topaz, and opal, and jasper, and porphyry, among precious stones; and her rosewood, and ebony, and camphor, and varnish trees among precious woods; and turned up from her depths a half dozen Pennsylvanias of coal and iron, and twenty Nevadas of silver, and fifty Californias of gold, and her five hundred million of people shall be evangelized; then the Lord will divide it up among the good.

I do not underrate the enemy. Julius Cæsar got his greatest victories by fully estimating the vastness of his foes, and prepared his men for their greatest triumph by saying, "To-morrow King Juba will be here with thirty thousand horses, one hundred thousand skirmishers, and three hundred elephants." I do not underrate

THE VAST FORCES OF SIN

and Death, but do you know who commands us? Jehovah-Jireh. And the reserve corps behind us are all the armies of heaven and earth, with hurricane and thunderbolt. The good work of the world's redemption is going on every minute. Never so many splendid men and glorious women on the side of right as to-day. Never so many good people as now. Diogenes has been spoken of as a wise man because he went with a lantern at noonday, saying he was looking for an honest man. If he had turned his lantern toward himself he might have discovered a crank. Honest men by the ten thousand!

Through the International Series of Sunday-school Lessons the next generation all through Christendom are going to be wiser than any generation since the world stood.

THE KINGDOM IS COMING.

God can do it. No housewife with a chamois cloth ever polished a silver teaspoon with more ease than Christ will rub off from this world the tarnish, and brighten it up till it glows like heaven, and then the glorious apportionment, for my text is re-enforced by a score of other texts, when it says of Christ, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

"But," you say, "that is pleasant to think of for others, but before that time I shall have passed up into another existence, and I shall get no advantage from that new apportionment." Ah! you have only driven me to the other more

* We publish this sermon because we have given a pledge to our subscribers to publish every week the sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning. We are, however, in this case unable to agree with Dr. Talmage in the views he expresses. Prophecy, as we read it, does not encourage the hope that the world will be converted by means of evangelistic efforts.

exciting and transporting consideration, and that is that Christ is going to divide up heaven in the same way. There are old

ESTATES IN THE CELESTIAL WORLD

that have been in the possession of its inhabitants for thousands of years, and they shall remain as they are. There are old family mansions in heaven filled with whole generations of kindred, and they shall never be driven out. Many of the victors from earth have already got their palaces, and they are pointed out to those newly arrived. Soon after our getting there we will ask to be shown the Apostolic residences, and ask where does Paul live, and John, and ask to be shown the patriarchal residences, and shall say, "Where does Abraham live, or Jacob?" and shown the martyr residences, and say, "Where does John Huss live, and Ridley?" We will want to see the boulevards where the chariots of conquerors roll. I will want to see the gardens where the princes walk. We will want to see

MUSIC ROW,

where Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Charles Wesley, and Thomas Hastings, and Bradbury have their homes, out of their windows, ever and anon, rolling some sonnet of an earthly oratorio or hymn transported with the composer. We will want to see Revival Terrace, where Whitefield, and Nettleton, and Payson, and Rowland Hill, and Charles Finney, and other giants of soul-reaping are resting from their almost supernatural labors, their doors thronged with converts just arrived, coming to report themselves.

But brilliant as the sunset, and like the leaves for number, are the celestial

HOMES YET TO BE AWARDED,

when Christ to you, and millions of others, shall divide the spoil. What do you want there? You shall have it. An orchard? There it is; twelve manner of fruit, and fruit every month. Do you want river scenery? Take your choice on the banks of the river, in longer, wider, deeper roll than Danube, or Amazon, or Mississippi if mingled in one, and emptying into the sea of glass, mingled with fire. Do you want your kindred back again? Go out and meet your father and mother without the staff or the stoop, and your children in a dance of immortal glee. Do you want a throne? Select it from the million burnished elevations. Do you want a crown? Pick it out of that mountain of diamonded coronets. Do you want your old church friends of earth around you? Begin to hum an old revival tune and they will flock from all quarters to revel with you in sacred reminiscence. All the earth for those who are here on earth at the time of continental and planetary distribution and all the heavens for those who are there.

That heavenly distribution of spoils will be

A SURPRISE TO MANY.

Here enters heaven the soul of a man who took up a great deal of room in the church on earth, but sacrificed little, and among his good works selfishness was evident. He just crowds through the shining gate, but it is a very tight sqeeze, so that the door-keeper has to pull hard to get him in; and this man expects half of heaven for his share of trophies, and he would like a monopoly of all its splendor, and to purchase lots in the suburbs, so that he could get advantage from the growth of the city. Well, he had a little grace of heart, just enough to get him through, and to him is given *a second-hand crown*, which one of the saints wore at the start, but exchanged for a brighter one as he went on from glory to glory. And he is put in an old house once occupied by an angel who was hurled out of heaven at the time of Satan's rebellion.

Right after him comes a soul that makes a great

STIR AMONG THE CELESTIALS,

and the angels rush to the scene, each bringing to her a dazzling coronet. Who is she? Over what realm on earth was she queen? In what great Düsseldorf festival was she the cantatrice? Neither. She was an invalid who never left her room for twenty years; but she was strong in prayer, and she prayed down revival after revival, and pentecost after pentecost, upon the churches, and with her pale hands she knit many a mitten or tippet for the poor, and with her contrivances she added joy to many a holiday festival, and now, with those thin hands so strong for kindness, and with those white lips so strong for supplication, she has won coronation and enthronement and jubilee. And Christ says to the angels who have brought each a crown for the glorified invalid, "No, not these; they are not good enough. But in the jewelled vase at the right-hand side of my throne there is one that I have been preparing for her many a year, and for her every pang I have set an amethyst, and for her every good deed I have set a pearl. Fetch it now and fulfil the promise I gave her long ago in the sick-room, Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown."

But notice that there is only one being in the universe who can and will distribute the trophies of earth and heaven. It is the Divine Warrior, the Commander-in-Chief of the centuries,

THE CHAMPION OF THE AGES,

the universal Conqueror, the Son of God, Jesus. You will take the spoils from His hand, or never take them at all. Have His friendship and you may defy all time and all eternity, but without it you were a pauper, though you had a universe at your command. We are told in Revelation that Jacob's twelve sons were so honored as to have the twelve gates of heaven named after them—over one gate of heaven Naphtali, over another gate of heaven Issachar, over another Dan, over another Gad, over another Zebulon, over another Judah, and so on. But Christ's name is written over all the gates, and on every panel of the gates, and have His help, His pardon, His intercession, His atonement, I must, or be a forlorn wretch forever. My Lord and my God! make me and all who hear me this day, and all to whom these words shall come, Thy repentant, believing, sworn, consecrated, and ransomed followers forever.

WHAT A DAY IT WILL BE!

This entire assemblage would rise to your feet if you could realize it, the day in which Christ shall, in fulfilment of my text, divide the spoil. It was a great day when Queen Victoria, in the midst of the Crimean War, distributed medals to the soldiers who had come home sick and wounded. At the Horse Guards, in presence of the royal family, the injured men were carried in or came on crutches—Colonel Trowbridge, who lost both feet at Inkerman; and Captain Sayer, who had the ankle joint of his right leg shot off at Alma; and Captain Curre, his disabled limb supported by a soldier, and others maimed, and disfigured, and exhausted—and with her own hand the Queen gave each the Crimean medal. And what triumphant days for those soldiers when, further on, they received the French medal with the imperial eagle, and the Turkish medal with its representation of four flags—France, Turkey, England, and Sardinia—and beneath it a map of the Crimea! And

WHAT REWARDS ARE SUGGESTED

to all readers of history by the mere mention of the Waterloo medal, and the Cape medal, and the Gold Cross medal, and the medal struck for bravery in our American wars! But how insignificant all these compared with the day when the good soldiers of Jesus Christ shall come in out of the battles of this world, and in the presence of all the piled-up galleries of the redeemed and the unfallen, Jesus, our King, shall divide the spoil! The more wounds, the greater the inheritance. The longer the forced march, the brighter the trophy. The more terrific the exhaustion, the more glorious the transport. Not the gift of a brilliant ribbon, or a medal of brass, or silver, or gold, but a kingdom in which we are to reign forever and ever. Mansions on the eternal hills. Dominions of unfading power. Empires of unending love. Continents of everlasting light. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans of billowing joy.

It was a great day when Aurelian, the Roman Emperor, came back from his victories. In the front of the procession were wild beasts from all lands; among the captives Syrians, Egyptians, Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Franks. And Zenobia, the beautiful captive queen, on foot, in chains of gold that a slave had to help her carry, and jewels under the weight of which she almost fainted. And then came the chariot of Aurelian, followed by the Roman Senate and the Roman army; and from dawn till dark the procession was passing. Rome in all her history never saw anything more magnificent. But how

MUCH GREATER THE DAY

when our Conqueror, Jesus, shall ride under the triumphal arches of heaven. His captives in thousands, not on foot but in chariots, all the kingdoms of earth and heaven in procession; the armies celestial on white horses. Rumbling artillery of thunderbolts never again to be unlimbered. Kingdoms in line, centuries in line, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic splendors in line, and Christ seated on one great rolling Hosanna, made out of all Hallelujahs of all worlds, shall cry Halt! to the procession. And not forgetting even the humblest in all the reach of His omnipresence, He shall rise, and then and there, His work done and His glory consummated, proceed, amid an ecstasy such as neither mortal nor immortal ever imagined, to divide the spoil.

A THOUSAND-MILE WALK.

(*See Illustration on page 28.*)

THE present severe distress among workingmen in Great Britain has led to many anxious thoughts and ingenious devices on the part of the sufferers. When a man is surrounded by children who are hungry and has neither food nor money, any honest scheme that promises a return is welcome. James Gordon, a canny Scotchman of Dundee, found himself in that situation recently. He was originally an engineer, but, one of his hands being crippled in an accident, he was unable to pursue that vocation. Then he obtained work in a bakery, but that failed, and he tried the painting trade. He did not succeed at that either, and ultimately drifted down until he was glad to earn a living as a porter. At the best the income so gained is precarious, and latterly the number of his competitors having been increased from the ranks of unemployed artisans, there has been a scarcity of "jobs"—that is, jobs which he could attend to; unhappily, there is never any scarcity of jobs of another kind.

As Gordon was unable to obtain productive employment, he conceived the idea of occupying himself in unproductive labor. He set out on November 2d on a journey on foot to London, which is five hundred and seven miles from Dundee. With a light truck carrying a change of clothing and a board on which was inscribed the nature of his undertaking, he set out to walk the thousand miles. The man's sense and knowledge of human nature was justified by the result. Numbers of persons who would have refused to give him work or to help him in earning an honest living were interested in his ridiculous adventure, and gave him money as he went along. *On the first day he received a sum equivalent to five dollars*, whereas, when he was doing honest work, it had taken him *more than ten weeks* to earn that sum. He continued his journey, resting only on Sundays, and completed the first half on November 25th, when he entered London. After remaining there four days he started back again to Dundee.

The trip has supplied him with funds to save him and his family from starvation, which was his object in making it. The wealthy classes—landowners, members of Parliament, and philosophers—may attend to the moral lesson of it, which does not concern him. It is worth considering, however, for society must be in a very unsatisfactory condition when a man cannot get a living by doing a man's work, but thrives when he makes an ass of himself.

CURIOUS WEDDING CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

A YOUNG Chinaman who has been very useful to the missionaries in China in teaching them the language has recently married. He and his bride were both Christians, so the ceremony was Christian; but after that the customs of the country were observed. Miss Bennett, who with Miss McKechnie and Dr. Reifsnyder attended the wedding, writes the following description, which appears in the *Missionary Link:*

"Directly after the ceremony the newly-married couple were carried in sedan chairs to the home of the husband's parents, which was hereafter to be that of the bride, and which stands on the opposite side of the canal from our Bridgman Memorial Home. As we drew near the house we heard the music made by a band of youthful musicians, who were doing their best. The chair in which the bride was carried to her new home was very pretty, being beautifully decorated in a variety of colors, the principal one being bright red, always used on such occasions. The chair is borne on the shoulders of coolies, and is entirely closed so as to conceal the bride from the gaze of passers-by. The groom follows behind in a plain sedan chair without any decorations.

"On arriving at the entrance door the chairs are placed on the ground, the groom comes forth, afterward the bride, who is assisted to alight by the mother of the husband and some other relative of the family. According to the Chinese custom, none of the immediate friends of the bride are present at such times, not even the mother, which seems very strange to us. On this occasion the bride is not permitted to help herself in any way; hence the mother of the groom, with her assistant, stand one on either side of the bride holding her hands, assisting her to walk and bow at certain intervals.

"The young couple were led to the main room, where two tables were spread with a great variety of food, one for the bride and one for the groom. They do not even taste of the bountiful repast, but only go through a form of eating, one dish after another being held to their lips; but they taste not, and are shortly led away to their own room. After eating, in the eyes of the Chinese, they are man and wife. Tables were spread for the guests, and the doctor, Miss McKechnie, and myself were invited to take our places at the first table. We did so, considering ourselves highly honored, and ate of a variety of Chinese mixtures, using the chop-sticks quite successfully. The Chinese, who were all the while crowding around us, seemed to enjoy watching us very much."

SANTHAL SUPERSTITION.

THE Rev. A. Haergert, the young German missionary who has consecrated his life to work among the benighted tribe of Santhals in India, relates the following incident as a specimen of their superstition:

"One Saturday Barriar Manjhi, from Khairaboni, rushed into our Veranda greatly excited, and saying that the villagers were seeking to kill him. Seeing that he was very ill I gave him some medicine, and then walked over with him to his village chief, who also was very ill and dying. The villagers had held a meeting, and decided that Barriar's wife was a witch, and that it was she who was destroying the chief. They, therefore, sent messengers to bring her. Fortunately for the poor woman, she was not at home, but her sick husband was pulled out of bed, and brought before the assembly. He was asked why he had not beaten his wife as she was a witch, and as he did not reply satisfactorily, two enraged men got up and struck him, and then beat his head on the rocky ground. The man escaped from their hands and fled to our mission-house. I had a long talk with the people and calmed them, and attended the chief medically, and, although the witch was declared to have eaten his heart, he is now quite well again. Had they caught the poor woman they would, as is their custom, have beaten her severely, and forced filth down her throat.

"During the year I have opened eight new dispensaries, in charge of my own trained men. Sufferers have been attended from ninety-five different villages, relieving much suffering and saving several lives. Pray for them, that our Saviour's kingdom may be greatly promoted by such labor. Just now we are busy building eight new chapels; three, six, ten, and twenty miles from each other, in the midst of heathendom."

FRUIT FROM A VOICE-TEST.

A FRIEND of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon recently mentioned a remarkable conversion, resulting from an experiment Mr. C. H. Spurgeon made upon the acoustic character of a building in which he was to preach: "Some years ago Mr. Spurgeon, intending to preach in the Crystal Palace on a certain date, himself went to the palace for the purpose of giving orders as to where the partitions were to be put up, that his voice might be heard over as wide an area as possible. He tried his voice from various parts, reciting aloud the text, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' Years passed by, and last year, when Mr. Spurgeon was laid aside by sickness, a message came to him requesting that he would visit a man who was dying, and was desirous to speak with Mr. Spurgeon. He, being unable to go, sent his brother, and the dying man said, 'Tell Mr. Spurgeon that twenty years ago I was working in the Crystal Palace, making some alterations previous to a sermon which he was going to give. He came to the palace to see the partitions raised, and called out several times, "Behold the Lamb of God." It was that text, sounded out in a strange manner, that was the arrow which God used to pierce my heart, and made me see my Saviour.'"

MR. RUSKIN'S FIRST PRAYER.

IN his autobiography, recently published, the great critic and popular writer writes in a tone of profound regret of an experience so blissful that his inability to retain it he counts the gravest of his losses. It was the joy of *answered prayer*. He was returning to his home from Switzerland when it came to him. "Nearing Paris," he says, "I opened my English letters, which told me that my eldest Croydon cousin, John, in whose prosperity and upward rounding of fortune's wheel all of us had been confident, was dead in Australia. So much stronger than I, and so much more dutiful, working for his people in the little valley of Wandel, out in the great opposite desolate country; and now the dust of it lay on him, as on his brother the beach-sand on this side the sea. There was no grief for me in his loss, so little had I known, and less remembered, him; but much awe, and wonder, when all the best and kindest of us were thus struck down, what my own selfish life was to end in.

"With these thoughts and fears fastening on me, as I lost sight first of Mont Blanc, and then on the lines of Jura, and saw the level road with its aisle of poplars in perspective vista of the five days between Dijon and Calais, the fever returned slightly with a curious tingling, and yet partly, it seemed to me, deadness of sensation in the throat, which would not move, for better nor worse, through the long days, and mostly wakeful nights. I do not know if diphtheria had been in those epochs, known or talked of, but I extremely disliked this feeling in the throat, and passed from dislike into sorrowful alarm, and wondered if I should ever get home to Denmark Hill again. Although the poetical states of religious feeling taught me by George Herbert's rhymes, and the reading of formal petition, whether in psalter or litany, at morning and evening and on Sunday forenoon, were sincere enough in their ways, no occasion of life had yet put me to any serious trial of direct prayer.

"I never knew of Jessie's or my aunt's sicknesses, or now of my cousin John's, until too late for prayer; in our own household there had been no instantly dangerous illness since my own in 1835, and during the long threatening of 1841 I was throughout more sullen and rebellious than frightened. But now between the Campo Santo and Santa Maria Novella, I had been brought into some knowledge of the relation that might truly exist between God and His creatures, and thinking what my father and mother would feel if I did not get home to them through those poplar avenues, I fell gradually into the temper, and more or less tacit offering, of very real prayer, which lasted patiently through two long days, and what I knew of the nights, on the road home.

"On the third day, as I was about coming in sight of Paris, what people who are in the habit of praying know as the consciousness of answer came to me, and a certainty that the illness, which had all this while increased, if anything, would be taken away. Certainty in mind, which remained unshaken, through unabated discomfort of body, for another night and day, and then the evil symptoms vanished in an hour or two on the road beyond Paris, and I found myself in the inn at Beauvais entirely well, with a thrill of conscious happiness altogether new to me, which if I had been able to keep! Another 'had been' this, *the gravest of all I lost;* the last with which I shall trouble the reader."

THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES.

By Rev. George S. Bishop, D.D., of Orange, N. J.

The Period they Comprise—Their March in Decadence—Their Outline—The Present Period Roman—Society Roman—The Laws Roman—Progressive Deterioration—Gradation of the Metals—Of the Beasts—Effect of Thinking Mud.

"THE times of the Gentiles" is a comprehensive expression, and can only be understood when taken in contrast—*vis-a-vis*—with the counter-expression, the times of the Jews. They include the whole interregnum, or period of Gentile supremacy—*i.e.*, from Nebuchadnezzar to the re-transfer and reversion of royalty to the last living prince and lineal successor of the House of David—*i.e.*, to Christ at the coming of Christ.

The times of the Gentiles include the Church dispensation, but the phrase does not include the thought of the Church, which, looked upon as heavenly, is outside of the scene altogether, and, incognito, waits for her rapture.

Focalize the Scriptures, and they teach that all the lines of God's eternal purposes as to the future blessing of the world meet their fulfilment—not mystically in Christianity and figuratively through the Church, but literally after the Church has been caught away into heaven—in the restoration of the Jews, God's chosen earthly people, to their original and promised land—and in the reign and glory of Messiah as the second Adam. Meanwhile the times of the Gentiles are being fulfilled—

THEY MARCH IN DECADENCE,

they ripen to Antichrist. In those times of the Gentiles it has pleased God that we should have our life and life-work. We wish, therefore, to understand them. We wish to take in our surroundings, to have before us the projection and the framing of the ages, and to know the ruin that is impending, that we may not be deceived, nor flattered, nor cajoled by any false appearances; but resolutely stand against the tide and flow of vast ungodliness, and in the midst of it save principle, and from it rescue souls.

An outline of this decadence, this development, the real evolution—they called it "evolution" at Harvard University the other day; and so it is, but only down, not up—the real evolution of our human nature is presented in the book of Daniel, supplemented by St. John's Revelation, the one book being the flower and consummation of the Old Testament as the other is of the New.

The outline or sketch of the times of the Gentiles is given us twice by Daniel:

* From his address at the Chicago Conference. A full report, with reports of all the addresses at the Conference, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price, 50 cts.

1. In the successive parts and members of a statue-like world-man.

2. In the succession of four beasts which represent those parts or periods again, but from another point of view, the first is man, the race, as seen by Nebuchadnezzar—*i.e.*, within nature's horizons. The second is the race seen by Daniel, and, from the heavenly view-point, by God. Let us begin, then, with

THE GREAT IMAGE.

There have been four, and only four, universal world empires—Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome. The world-man and the beasts set forth those four.

The head of the image represents Babylon (Dan. 2 : 38). "Thou art this head of gold." The arms and breast of silver represent the double kingdom of the Medes and Persians (Dan. 5 : 28). "Peres, thy kingdom is divided, and is given to the Medes and Persians." The belly and thighs of brass represent the "brazen-clad" Greeks (Dan. 8 : 20). "The ram which thou sawest having two horns are the kings of Media and Persia, and the rough goat which 'smote the ram' and 'broke his horns' and 'stamped upon him,' is the King of Grecia." The legs of iron, with feet and toes of iron and of miry clay, are the great Roman Empire, split into the East and West (Luke 2 : 1). "There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed;" that decree is not repealed to this day.

THE WORLD OF THE PRESENT

is Roman. Its social fabric is Roman. Rex, regal; princeps, prince; dux, duke; martius, marquis; comes, count; vice-comes, viscount; eques, esquire—this whole social fabric is Roman. The laws of the world are all Roman. Their character is that of iron mixed with miry clay; of will, now arbitrary, and now shifting; Justinian in the state; tradition in the Church; the opposite of pure theocracy; the rule of Scripture and Christ. Iron is the character of Rome. The crown of Charlemagne was iron. The crown of Charles V. was iron. Napoleon was crowned with iron. The crown of Germany is iron. The crown of Italy, worn by Humbert and handed down from the year 590, is iron.

The same sketch of the kingdoms comes to light again in the successive symbolism of the beasts.

THE BEASTS OF DANIEL,

the winged lion seen to-day on Babylonian tablets; the bear of Caucasus, the rapacious appetite of Persia; the spotted, four-headed leopard representing the rapidity of march, and the mottled heterogeneous elements of Alexander's great army—breaking up as it did in four heads—under Cassander, Lysimachus, Seleucus, and Ptolemy. And, finally, the nameless, terrible beast that sat upon the seven hills—Rome, the creation, counterpart, and incarnation of the dragon.

This outline or sketch of the times of the Gentiles thus drawn out before us let us study their character. It is decadence—

PROGRESSIVE DETERIORATION.

The tableaux themselves—the image and the beasts suggest this. The Scripture confirms and declares it.

The metallic values of the image are found to decline. Silver is worth less than gold, brass than silver, iron than brass, and clay than iron.

The ponderousness or the weight of the image declines. The specific gravity of gold is 19.5; of silver, 10.47; of brass, 8; of cast-iron, 5; of clay, 1.930 So top-heavy, so unstable is this image, running down from 19 to 1, that the slightest touch upon the toes must bring it over in fragments.

So, too, with the beasts. They begin with the lion, the king of the animal tribes, and with him winged as celestial, and they run down to a monster emerging from mud—half hippopotamus, ending in serpent.

The Scriptures declare that the world, the natural around us, moves on a descending scale, grows worse and worse. Two awful facts, starting, volcano-like, up from the surface of Scripture, prove this; one of them judgment to come; the other, Antichrist. Judgment to come! If the world is hastening to judgment, if judgment be the next thing to expect, then the world is not growing better and better, but worse.

I do not stop now to show, as a matter of fact, how government ran down from the autocracy of Nebuchadnezzar—through the Parliament of Persia and the oligarchies of Greece—to that mingling of the communistic "clay and clamor" which created imperators and dethroned them, and at last upheaved them all in the vast hordes of those barbaric tribes which, like a restless sea, flowed over and submerged old Rome.

The descent through the ages is from God's will to man's will. This is not affected by civilization. An American citizen boldly blaspheming under the light of the Gospel is no advance upon the devout Abimelech of the days of Isaac and Job. The mere fact that he lives in a house with modern improvements and reads his paper by an electric light helps nothing. God says that nature and the natural man grow worse and worse. That as the ages roll on they are becoming more reckless and wilful.

In earlier days—in Nebuchadnezzar's days—men, our race at large, believed Jehovah, received communications from Jehovah. Their eyes were upward, they studied the stars. Now, men, our race at large, are infidel—deny inspiration, and study slime instead of stars. A man is what he thinks. If he thinks mud

HE WILL BE MUD.

That is why, under the reign of Huxley, Darwin, and the purient biologic school, reverence is dying away; the sacredness of womanhood dying away; dignities, titles, self-respect, dying away; and London becomes like to Sodom and Paris like to Gomorrah.

This ruin we confront. Its tides are rolling on. The presence of the Church, soon to be caught away, holds it in check for a moment, but this removed, the coming of the Antichrist, the lawless one, is certain. His avant-couriers are with us now. Self-will, the vice of human nature, ripened to one revolt, will flower in one who comes in his own name, and doing his own will shall deify material force and show himself as God; and all inventions and improvements binding more and more to the material serve to help on that day.

THE AFRICAN MASSACRES.

THREE letters from Mr. Ashe, giving details of the deplorable events which have taken place in Africa, as already mentioned in these columns, have been published in the London *Times*. The following are a few extracts from them:

The first letter was dated May 26th, 1886. Mr. Ashe says: "It is with deepest sorrow that I write to say that the storm of persecution has again broken out. The King has sent and apprehended most of the leading Christians, both those who read with the Frenchmen and ourselves. We hear that eleven victims have already sealed their testimony with their blood. Several members of the Native Church Council have been arrested. We hear that as many as seventy people have been seized, and we hear that they are going to burn them, which may the good Lord forbid." . . .

In June Mr. Ashe wrote: "I had only time when I last wrote to give a hasty account of the beginning of the terrible storm of persecution which has burst upon our little church. . . . Picture the tyrant playing the first act in

THE AWFUL TRAGEDY.

One of the elder storekeepers, a Christian lad, is called into the royal presence. 'Can you read?' asks his Majesty. 'Yes,' boldly answers the page. Then something of this sort occurs: 'I'll teach you to read,' cries his Majesty, catching up a spear and laying it about the poor lad's shoulders. The spear was broken in two, and Mwanga, catching up the blade, gashed and hacked at the head of this his most faithful servant, interspersing the gashing with plentiful kicks. When the exertion had exhausted him, he bade a chief, apparently nearly as vile as himself, continue the lesson. Then he sent and had as many as fifty of his pages seized and made prisoners, and the principal Christians, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, were also apprehended.

"Then came ghastly stories of shocking and shameful mutilations. Two young chiefs were thus treated, one of whom, a Protestant, died from the effects of it; the other has recovered. . . . At this moment I recall vividly the voice and face of a man who came here almost daily. Several voyages he made with me in the boat to and from Msalala. He was, further, a member of our Native Church Council. The executioners suddenly appeared before his house to arrest him, but were afraid to enter. At the time he was engaged in holding prayers with several lads. These bolted through the thin reed-wall of the house and escaped. One alone remained with him. 'Do not be afraid that I will shoot you,' cried the Christian; 'come in and take me.' They bound him and took him, as also the friend with him, before the King. 'Do you read?' 'Yes.'

'TAKE HIM AND ROAST HIM,'

was the summary sentence. . . . After the massacre the head executioner reported to the King that he had never killed men who showed such fortitude and endurance, and that they had prayed aloud to God in the fire. This caused merriment in the court, the King remarking that God did not rescue them from his power."

The third letter is dated July 12th, and Mr. Ashe says: "We are in much the same position as when we last wrote, at the end of June. A few words of the Lord's work in our midst. Most of our work is now carried on in secret and under the cover of darkness. At first, when the storm broke upon us, all was darkness and fear. We knew the slaughter had been terrible, but who the slain were we knew not. After a while, at dead of night, one well-known face was joyfully welcomed, and then another. Soon many came, and with thankful hearts we found that, though many had fallen, many, many more had escaped and are now hiding. On June 30th, Bekweyamha, the young chief whom I mentioned, of the royal family of Unyoro, came, as also an old reader named Lukia, and were baptized; also a boy named Mudembya, who is a very earnest little reader, and would have been baptized some months ago, but was hindered from coming on the day fixed."

"Subsequent to these massacres not less than twenty persons had applied for baptism and had received the ordinance. They did this, of course, in the clear view of the fact that by this act they might seal

THEIR DEATH-WARRANTS.

Among the notes of individual cases among the martyrs we give the following: "Kidza Musali Fredi Wigram. Baptized Sunday, September 21st, 1884. An earnest Christian and very regular attendant; has caused us deep thankfulness; most zealous in teaching others; one of those last baptized was one of his winning. When our dear children were murdered he was standing by. The cruel chief who was his over-lord (he himself having a small post called Musali), and who was carrying out Mwanga's fearful command, threatened to burn him and all his household. Fredi replied: 'Very well; do so. I am a Christian and I am not afraid.' This was merely a threat. When the chief heard that his Musali was to be seized this month (June, 1886) he warned him to fly, but Fredi refused, and was taken and unmercifully clubbed to death before being flung into the flames. When I found heart to visit the scene of our children's murder it was he who led me to the place. When we reached it he knelt with me and poured out his heart to God that He would bring His salvation to those in darkness. In no long time he was to be a partaker in that blessed death: 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Fredi was a member of the Native Church Council, was married, and a regular communicant."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors completed the appropriation for that purpose and presented the bill to the House on January 5th. Its total is $7,217,750. The estimates amounted to $30,261,749. What the total will be when the bill finally reaches the President, and how much of the amount will be legitimately expended, are problems which those patriots who value their peace of mind will not meditate upon.

The Nicaragua Canal Scheme was again before Congress last week. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on Thursday reported a bill to incorporate the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, and in doing so intimated that unless the construction of a canal on the Nicaragua route shall soon be undertaken by this Government or by citizens of the United States, Nicaragua will seek aid from European nations. The proposed company probably intends to use the latest survey and plans of Engineer Menocal, whose estimate of cost was $51,234,000. This is not much more than one sixth of the amount the Panama Canal will cost, and its construction is declared by eminent engineers to be quite practicable. The scheme is therefore regarded with favor as promising a profitable investment, and also as discouraging Europeans from meddling with the affairs of this continent.

A Bill to Dispose of the Surplus was Presented in the House last week by Mr. Hiscock, of New York. His proposal is to remove one half the duty from imported sugar, which will reduce the surplus by twenty-five millions a year; to pay bounties of various kinds to manufacturers of domestic sugar; to abolish the internal revenue tax upon tobacco, which now yields twenty-eight millions, and to remove the internal revenue tax upon alcohol used in the arts. The bill seems to have caused less amusement in the House than it does in the country. Perhaps Mr. Hiscock has introduced it as a joke. The taxpayers have been asking for a long time past why they are required to furnish the Government with about fifty million dollars a year more than it has any legitimate use for. This bill is certainly one way of dealing with the problem.

The Prevalence of Crime in Washington, particularly among juveniles, was pressed on the attention of Congress last week by Senator Vance, who, in presenting a petition, quoted some remarkable statistics. The proportion of crime to population in the District of Columbia, when compared with that of other cities, is unfavorable to the federal capital. The number of arrests last year in Springfield, Mass., was only 44 for every 1000 of the population; in Cincinnati and Brooklyn, 48; in Providence, 58; in Columbus and Philadelphia, 60; in New York, 61; in Buffalo, 70; in Boston, 79; in Baltimore, 80; in Chicago, 81; and in the District of Columbia, 126, or more than twice as many as in New York, Brooklyn, or Philadelphia. The proportion of juvenile criminals to the population is still more remarkable. In Washington it is four times greater than in New York and five times greater than in Springfield. It must have astonished Congress to learn that this state of things is attributed to defective laws in the one city that is under its government. The most glaring defect is that there is no law prohibiting minors from buying liquor or visiting gambling resorts.

The Romantic Marriage of the Secretary of the Interior was solemnized at Macon, Ga., on January 5th. Rumor has been busy about this wedding for some time past, but by many persons it was regarded as mere gossip. Mr. Lamar, however, was married on Wednesday, and there are more than ordinary reasons for congratulation. It appears that, forty years ago, when young Lamar was a quiet, unassuming law student of poetic temperament, he fell in love with Miss Henrietta Dean, the daughter of a man of great wealth residing at Macon. His suit was not favorably regarded by the lady's father, and a more wealthy suitor won the lady and made her an excellent husband. Mr. Lamar also married, his wife being Miss Longstreet, a sister of General Longstreet. The marriage was a happy one, but after some years Mrs. Lamar died. Last year the Secretary met his youthful love, who had become a widow. The affection of forty years ago was reawakened, and now the lady will take her place among the Cabinet ladies in Washington.

The Wearing of Fashionable Hats by Ladies at theatres was a prominent topic of the daily press during the past week. Gentlemen who sit behind ladies, so adorned, complain that they cannot see what goes on upon the stage. Every journal has published letters protesting against this headgear and appealing to the ladies not to wear the large hats in the theatres. It is reported that these appeals have met with a favorable response. Several parties of fashionable ladies last week left their hats in an anteroom before entering the house. If the criticisms of the press on the performances produced on the stage in several cases were just, it would appear that the ladies would have displayed better taste if, when they and their hats parted company, they had reversed the arrangement, remaining in the anteroom themselves and sending their hats into the theatre. The gentlemen, too, might have profited morally if some broad-brimmed hat had been interposed between them and the spectacle on the stage.

A Fatal Railroad Disaster Occurred at Republic, a small town near Tiffin, Ohio, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on January 4th. It was the result of the usual combination—a fast express train and a slow-going freight train on a sharp curve. When the engineer of the express, which was travelling at sixty miles an hour, rounded the curve he saw the freight train crawling along only one hundred yards away. The express engineer, on seeing the collision inevitable, blew the whistle for down brakes, reversed his engine, and jumped through the cab-window. The locomotives were reduced to a confused mass of iron and brass. The cars telescoped, and fire breaking out rapidly enveloped the train in flames. Many of the passengers—how many cannot be told—were killed outright or imprisoned in the wreck and burned to death in full view of the uninjured passengers, who were powerless to lend any assistance, and could only stand by and hear the pitiful shrieks of the burning victims mingling with the roar of the frightful conflagration. At the inquest the conductor of the freight train testified that he thought it safe to go ahead from the last stopping-place, as he had forty-five minutes in which to travel to the siding, only five miles off. This could have been done easily had the steam been kept up, but it sank from one hundred and forty pounds to forty on the way, and the train came almost to a standstill. The conductor looked at his watch and saw that the express was nearly due. The engineer, however, "did not seem to realize the danger." The conductor added that he had seen the engineer have *four drinks of whiskey* on the way. This statement indicates that the catastrophe was not an accident.

The Reconstruction of the British Cabinet makes but slow progress. Mr. Goschen has accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer (Secretary of the Treasury) vacated by Lord Randolph Churchill, but further changes are contemplated which were not arranged last week. Lord Iddesleigh, who is better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, is to quit the Foreign Office, where his blunders are said to have been serious. The Premier himself is expected to take that office, in which he has had some experience. Viscount Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith are also to be moved to other places, if not out of the Cabinet altogether. The Premier has invited several Liberals to enter the Cabinet, among them Lord Northbrook and the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is now Governor-General of Canada. Loud complaints are made by the Conservative Party over these good things being offered to Liberals, and deep chagrin is felt because both statesmen have refused them. The Conservatives are proud, and they feel humiliated at Lord Salisbury seeking help outside their ranks and being rebuffed. It is all the more mortifying because English journals have been ridiculing the new French Premier, who has found a difficulty in getting respectable statesmen to enter his Cabinet.

The Reunion of the Liberal Party in England is predicted in the cable dispatches. Mr. Gladstone last week wrote a letter to Sir W. Vernon Harcourt referring to the desire for reconciliation expressed in Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech, and intimated that he would approve of a free discussion of the differences between the two sections. Sir W. Vernon Harcourt accordingly wrote to Mr. Chamberlain, and a conference was arranged which is to open this day. A reconciliation is deemed probable by the politicians, and the Irish members fear that it will be effected by concessions on the part of Mr. Gladstone. That, however, is improbable, as Mr. Chamberlain is evidently anxious to return, and a few nominal concessions to save appearances will be sufficient to satisfy him. In the Unionist camp he is overshadowed by Lord Hartington, while if he can return, leaving that statesman "out in the cold," he will have a fair prospect of succeeding Mr. Gladstone as leader of the Liberal Party at no distant date.

The Reported Alliance Between Russia and Germany has been contradicted. It was announced in the London *Times* on the authority of its Paris correspondent. The same journal now denies it on the authority of its Vienna correspondent. The facts appear to be that the German Emperor has used his personal friendship with the Czar to urge upon him a new solution of the Bulgarian difficulty which that potentate has taken into consideration. It is that the Czar withdraw the candidacy of Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia, and that instead Prince George of Leuchtenberg be recommended to the Sobranje, which would doubtless elect him if Germany and Russia agreed in support of his candidacy. While the Czar would not accept the candidate of either England or Austria, it is believed that he will be reluctant to reject the candidate of Germany. Prince George is thirty-four years of age, and has a fair reputation. His family connections are remarkable. He is a *great-grandson of Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon I.*, a grandson of Czar Nicholas, the grandfather of the present Czar, and a grand-nephew of the Emperor of Germany.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with this journal have been received since our last acknowle lgment to the amount of $17. They are: From Water Mills, N. Y., $1; Allegheny, Pa., $1.50; Milwaukee, Wis., 50 cents; Bozeman, Mont., $1; Johnston Centre, Wis., $2; Black Jack Grove, Tex., $1; Cuttyhunk, Mass., $1; W. Townshend, Vt., 50 cents; Osage City, Kans., $1; Norwich, Vt., $5; Pawtucket, R. I., $1; Chester, Mass., $1.50.

Mr. D. L. Moody has Commenced Union evangelistic services in the Western division of Chicago, which will be continued for several weeks. On January 2d he preached to a large audience in the Chicago Avenue Church, and in the afternoon delivered an address in the First Congregational Church to women, and in the evening preached to a great throng of both sexes. Ten years have passed away since Messrs. Moody and Sankey led the great Tabernacle meetings in Chicago, when multitudes heard from their lips the Gospel in sermon and in song, and large numbers were converted. Mr. Sankey on January 2d and 9th took part in the services held in Cooper Union, New York.

Dr. Horatio Potter, Bishop of New York, Died on Sunday, January 2d. He had been in feeble health for several years and had relinquished his episcopal duties to his nephew, Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on May 8th, 1884. The deceased bishop was in his eighty-fifth year, having been born on February 9th, 1802. He had been confined to his home for nearly four years owing to a severe attack of pneumonia, which prostrated him at the close of a period of arduous and protracted labor. It was a renewal of this disease which has now proved fatal. He was ordained priest in 1828, and consecrated to the episcopate in 1854.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy held its monthly meeting on January 6th at 4 Winthrop Place, New York. Donations to the Endowment Fund to the amount of two hundred dollars were announced by the President, Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D. Nine new members were welcomed. An impressive paper was read by Dr. J. F. Dripps, of Philadelphia, on "The Kingdom of God." He declared that the coming of the kingdom is the one way to "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity;" to the Brotherhood of Nations; to the Final Philosophy, and the ultimate perfection of man.

A Public Avowal of Belief in the Premillennial Advent of Christ was made recently by the Rev. Henry M. Scudder, D.D., the esteemed pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago. In commencing a sermon on "Christ's Second Coming," he said: "In answer to the question, Will it be premillennial and personal? I think that the Scriptures teach, in the most explicit manner, that Christ will come before the millennium, and that His coming will be a personal coming." Dr. Scudder has given notice that, on account of ill-health, he desires to be released from his pastoral office, and requests that steps be taken to secure his successor.

The Gang of Loafers who Surrounded the Rev. George C. Haddock, the martyred prohibitionist of Sioux City, Ia., on the fatal night on which he met his death, are now on trial for the crime. The evidence points to the man Arensdorf as the one who fired the fatal shot, but Leader, one of the prisoners, has made a statement which may save him from the noose. Leader states that the shot was fired by a man not in custody, whose name he declines to give. He describes his dress, however, and from that description the police have no difficulty in recognizing Leavitt as the man referred to. Leader admits that he was present at the time of the murder, and knows the names of all the parties. A party had gathered in Jung's saloon that evening to await the return of Mr. Haddock, who had gone to the outskirts of the city to get evidence in the injunction suits. John Arensdorf was there, and when Bismarck came in to announce that the buggy had returned the crowd at once started out and walked briskly to the corner where the crime was committed, and there awaited the preacher's coming. Leader states that he and a companion, seeing that there was to be trouble, passed through the crowd, and when about one hundred feet away heard the shot, and turning quickly around saw Haddock stagger and fall, and saw the man who fired the shot run north up Water Street. Leavitt not being in custody causes Leader's statement to be regarded with suspicion as an attempt to fix the responsibility on the man who has escaped.

Responsibility for Losses Incurred by Passengers in sleeping-cars is, so far as Massachusetts is concerned, to be borne by the companies in future. In a decision rendered on Friday last by the Supreme Court of that State, Chief-Justice Morton said: "A sleeping-car company holds itself out to protect passengers during the night, when a passenger is powerless, from the nature of things, to protect his property. When property such as a man may reasonably carry is stolen the company is liable for it. Such a rule is required by public policy and by the true interests of both the passenger and the company." This decision appears reasonable, and will probably result in the companies employing watchmen or taking some other precaution to prevent the passengers being robbed on their journey. The passengers will not now be kept awake by anxiety about the safety of their property. So many professing Christians are wrapped in spiritual slumber as they journey through life that it might be supposed that they imagined some similar law protected them; but it is not so. Constant watchfulness is required of all (Rev. 3 : 11).

A Disastrous Shipwreck on the Virginia coast occurred soon after midnight on Friday last. The life-saving patrol from Little Island, near Norfolk, was walking his beat when he saw a large ship stranded on the bar. He fired a rocket to let the crew of the ship know that assistance was coming, and then hurried to his station to notify the life-boat crew. A mortar was fired, but the line did not reach the ship, and five more efforts having been made without success, the life-savers realized that she was beyond the range of the mortars. It was then resolved to launch the life-boat, though the waves were rolling very high. A crew of the very best men at the station was selected, and they set out knowing the perilous nature of their undertaking. They reached the ship safely and received five of the crew into their boat, and assisted in lowering one of the ship's boats, in which the remaining ten men on board were placed. In returning to the shore a wave of tremendous power struck both boats, capsizing them, and hurling the twenty-two men into the water. All were drowned but two of the life-savers, and one of those two was so seriously hurt that he cannot live. The death of the gallant men has cast a gloom over the neighborhood. It is so sad to think that their lives were sacrificed fruitlessly. They neither saved themselves nor others. It is a blessed thing for our race that Christ's mission to this shipwrecked world was not such an unavailing sacrifice. It cost His life; but all who avail themselves of His work are saved (John 18 : 9).

A Convict Visited the President on Thursday last. He was a young man who, having broken a United States law, was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Recently the President pardoned him, and the young man's first act after his release was to set out for Washington to thank Mr. Cleveland in person. On his arrival at the White House he sent in his card, and the President at once recognized the name and asked that the young man be called in. According to the *Star*, the President received him with a cordial shake of the hand, and listened while the young man thanked him for restoring him to liberty and to his family. The President for some moments talked to him in a fatherly manner, telling him that there was plenty of room in the world for him to become a useful citizen, and advised him to go to work and make a man of himself, and he assured him that he would watch his course with interest. It may be hoped that the advice will be followed. It would be both ungrateful and illogical if he inferred from his pardon and kindly reception that his crime was trivial and that reformation was unnecessary. Yet many people seem to reason that way when God for Christ's sake forgives them (II Peter 2 : 20).

A Confidential Clerk in Wall Street, New York, had an agreeable surprise a few days ago, according to the *Times*. It states that one of the large stock operators called his confidential clerk into his private room and said to him: "I have put your name in my will, and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now, I am in pretty good health, and don't intend to die very soon, so I will help you out in the mean time by paying you legal interest on the amount. Here is a cheque for six hundred dollars to pay the first year's interest." And he handed the astonished clerk the slip of paper. Thus the clerk was doubly gratified. The prospect of the legacy was good news, and the interest in hand and to come rendered the prospect a reality. That is, in a far higher sense, the believer's position. He does not have to wait until he dies for his inheritance; he receives an earnest of it in the grace which comes to him daily sustaining his spiritual life (Eph. 1 : 14).

A Bank Deposit Unclaimed for Twenty-five years was called for on December 28th at a San Francisco bank. In the year 1861 a man opened an account with the bank and made various small deposits, amounting in all to $12.42. In September of that year the deposits ceased and nothing more was heard of the depositor until last month. Then he entered the bank, produced his book, had the interest reckoned, and drew the total, which was $149 07. The man was fortunate, for during his absence an effort had been made by the Attorney-General of California to have all deposits which had been left unclaimed for a certain number of years escheated to the State. If that effort had succeeded the depositor would have lost his money. It is a constant grief to clergymen and Christian workers that converts often act so after their conversion. Regarding the transaction as completed, they go their way, hoping to receive salvation at the end of life and drawing no supplies of grace to keep them in their daily work (II Peter 1 : 5–10).

The Reception of Belles in the Cloister is Described in a dispatch from Baltimore, Md. It states that three young ladies have taken the veil, and have been received into a convent in that city, who last year were leaders in the circle of fashion and pleasure. They were each remarkable for their exceeding loveliness of face and form, and had many admirers. One of them, who last Friday looked out from behind the bars of the convent in her hideous headgear and sack-like garments, is a grandniece of the ladies who were known in their day as the "Three American Graces." Her wealth, her beauty, her high pedigree, and her social graces made her the most sought-after girl in Baltimore. Suddenly she announced, a short time ago, her intention to give up the world. Everybody who knew her was astounded. Her friends expostulated; several young men who were devoted to her pleaded, and the world coldly criticised, but the young girl could not be moved from her purpose. She went through the probationary period required by the convent rules, and now takes her place behind the walls, from which she is never to issue except, perhaps, to be transferred to another convent. The melancholy view of the case is not that taken by the writer of the despatch, who seems to mourn that the belles are lost to the world, but the delusion into which they have fallen. The wretched mummery which is now to occupy their lives will prove as unsatisfying as did worldly pleasures. A terrible punishment awaits the false teachers who misdirect souls desirous of giving up pleasure and seeking after God (1 Tim. 4 : 1–3).

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks: and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. And He said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole."—LUKE 17: 15-19.

The Loathsome Disease—The Miraculous Cure—Only One in Ten Grateful—I. The Singularity of Thankfulness—More Voices for the Litany than the Te Deum—Most Men Pray More than they Praise—Prevalence of Ritualism—All Ready to Go to the Priest—Faith More Common than Praise—Too Busy Examining their own Skins—II. The Characteristics of Thankfulness—Marked by Individuality—By Promptitude—By Spirituality—By Intensity—III. Its Blessedness—The Nine Missing the Blessing—Christ Accepting Praise.

YOU have often heard the leprosy described: it was a very horrible disease, I should think the worst that flesh is heir to. We ought to be much more grateful than we are that this fell disease is scarcely known in our favored country. You have also heard what an instructive symbol it is in human flesh of what sin is in the human soul, how it pollutes, how it destroys. I need not go into that sad subject. But here was a sight for the Saviour—ten men that were lepers! A mass of sorrow indeed! What sights our Lord still sees every day in

THIS SIN-DEFILED WORLD!

Not ten men that are sinners, nor even ten millions merely, are to be found all the world over, but on this earth there are a thousand millions of men diseased in soul. It is a miracle of condescension that the Son of God should set foot in such a lazar-house as this.

Yet observe the triumphant grace of our Lord Jesus to the ten men that were lepers. It would make a man's fortune, it would crown a man with lifelong fame, to heal one leper; but our Lord

HEALED TEN LEPERS AT ONCE.

So full a fountain of grace is He, so freely doth He dispense His favor, that the ten are bidden to go and show themselves to the priests because they are healed, and on the way to the priests they find it is so. None of us can imagine the joy they felt when they perceived that they were healed. Oh, it must have been a sort of new birth to them to find their flesh made fresh as that of a little child! It would not have been wonderful if the whole ten had hurried back, and fallen at Jesus' feet, and lifted up their voices in a tenfold psalm. The sad thing about it is that nine of them, though they were healed, went on their way to the priests in the coolest possible manner; we never hear of their return; they drop out of the story altogether. They have obtained a blessing, they go their way, and there is an end of them.

ONLY ONE GRATEFUL.

Only one of them, a Samaritan, returned to express his thanks. Misery has strange bedfellows; and so the nine lepers of the seed of Israel consorted with an outcast Samaritan; and he, strange to tell it, was the only one who, seized by a sudden impulse of gratitude, made his way to his Benefactor, fell down at His feet, and began to glorify God.

If you search the world around, among all choice spices you shall scarcely meet with the frankincense of gratitude. It ought to be as common as the dew-drops that hang upon the hedges in the morning; but, alas, the world is dry of thankfulness to God! Gratitude to Christ was scarce enough in His own day. I had almost said it was ten to one that nobody would praise Him; but I must correct myself a little; it was nine to one. One day in seven is for the Lord's worship; but not one man in ten is devoted to His praise.

Our subject is *thankfulness to the Lord Jesus Christ.*

I. I begin with the point that I have already touched upon—namely,

THE SINGULARITY OF THANKFULNESS.

Here note: there are more who receive benefits than ever give praise for them. Nine persons healed, one person glorifying God; nine persons healed *of leprosy*, mark you, and only one person kneeling down at Jesus' feet, and thanking Him for it! If for this surpassing benefit, which might have made the dumb to sing, men only thank the Lord in the proportion of one to nine, what shall I say of what we call God's common mercies—only common because He is so liberal with them, for each of them is inestimably valuable? Life, health, eyesight, hearing, domestic love, the continuance of friends—I cannot attempt a catalogue of benefits that we receive every day; and yet is there one man in nine that praises God for these? A cold "Thank God!" is all that is given. Others of us do praise Him for these benefits, but what poor praises! Dr. Watts's hymn is sadly true,

> "Hosannas languish on our tongues,
> And our devotion dies."

But there is something more remarkable than this: the number of those who pray is greater than the number of those who praise. For these ten men that were lepers all prayed. Poor and feeble as their voices had become through disease, yet they lifted them up in prayer, and united in crying, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" They all joined in the Litany, "Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us!" But when they came to the Te Deum, magnifying and praising God, only one of them took up the note. One would have thought that all who prayed would praise, but it is not so. Cases have been where a whole ship's crew in time of storm has prayed, and yet none of that crew have sung the praise of God when the storm has become a calm. Multitudes of our fellow-citizens pray when they are sick, and near to dying; but when they grow better, their praises grow sick unto death. The angel of mercy, listening at their door, has heard no canticle of love, no song of thankfulness. Alas, it is too sadly true that

MORE PRAY THAN PRAISE!

I put it in another shape to you who are God's people—most of us pray more than we praise. You pray little enough, I fear; but praise, where is that? At our family altars we always pray, but seldom praise. In our closets we constantly pray, but do we *frequently* praise? Praise ought to follow naturally upon the heels of prayer, even when it does not, by divine grace, go before it. If you are afflicted, if you lose money, if you fall into poverty, if your child is ill, if chastisement visits you in any form, you begin to pray, and I do not blame you for it; but should it be all praying and no praising? Should our life have so much salt, and so little sweet in it?

On the same head, let me remark that more obey ritual than ever praise Christ. When Jesus said, "Go shew yourselves to the priests," off they went, all ten of them; not one stopped behind. Yet

ONLY ONE CAME BACK

to behold a personal Saviour, and to praise His name. So to-day—you will go to church, you will go to chapel, you will read a book, you will perform an outward religious action; but oh, how little praising God, how little lying at His feet, and feeling that we could sing our souls away for gratitude to Him who hath done such great things for us! External religious exercises are easy enough, and common enough; but the internal matter, the drawing out of the heart in thankful love, how scarce a thing it is! Nine obey ritual where only one praises the Lord.

Once more, to come yet closer home, there are more that believe than there are that praise; for these ten men did believe, but only one praised the Lord Jesus. Their faith was about the leprosy; and according to their faith, so it was unto them. This faith, though it only concerned their leprosy, was yet a very wonderful faith. It was remarkable that they should believe the Lord Jesus though He did not even say, "Be healed," nor speak a word to them to that effect, but simply said, "Go shew yourselves to the priests." With parched skins, and death burning its way into their hearts, they went bravely off in confidence that Jesus must mean to bless them. It was admirable faith; and yet none of the nine who thus believed ever came back to praise Christ for the mercy received. I am afraid that there is much of faith, better faith than theirs, which concerns spiritual things, which has yet to flower into practical gratitude.

Faith was only real in these lepers so far as their leprosy was concerned; they did not believe in our Lord's divinity, or believe for eternal life. So also among ourselves there are men who get benefits from Christ, who even hope that they are saved, but they do not praise Him. Their lives are spent in

EXAMINING THEIR OWN SKINS

to see whether their leprosy is gone. Their religious life reveals itself in a constant searching of themselves to see if they are really healed. This is a poor way of spending one's energies. This man knew that he was healed, he had full assurance upon that point; and the next impulse of his spirit was to hie him back to where *He* stood who had been his glorious Physician, to fall at *His* feet, and praise *Him* with a loud voice, glorifying God Oh, that all my timorous, doubting hearers may do the same!

II. I have a great deal to say, and little time to say it in; therefore, briefly let us note the characteristics of true thankfulness. This man's simple act may show the character of praise. It does not take the same shape in everybody. Love to Christ, like living flowers, wears many forms; only artificial flowers are all alike. Living praise is marked by *individuality*. This man was one of ten when he was a leper; he was all alone when he returned to praise God. You can sin in company, you can go to hell in company; but when you obtain salvation, you will come to Jesus all alone; and when you are saved, though you will delight to praise God with others if they will join with you, yet if they will not do so, you will delight to sing

A SOLO OF GRATITUDE.

This man quits the company of the other nine, and comes to Jesus. If Christ has saved you, and your heart is right, you will say, "I *must* praise Him; I *must* love Him." You will not be kept back by the chilly state of nine out of ten of your old companions, nor by the worldliness of your family, nor by the coldness of the Church. Your personal love to Jesus will make you speak even if heaven, and earth, and sea are all wrapped in silence.

The next characteristic of this man's thankfulness was *promptness*. He was back to Christ almost immediately; for I cannot suppose the Saviour lingered at the village-gate for hours that day. He was too busy to be long on one spot; the Master went about doing good. The man was back soon; and when you are saved, the quicker you can express your gratitude the better. Second thoughts are best, they say; but this is not the case when the heart is full of love to Christ. Carry out your first thoughts; do not stop for the second, unless indeed your heart is so on flame with heavenly devotion that second ones consume the first. Go at once, and praise the Saviour. What grand designs some of you have formed of future service for God! What small results have followed! Ah, it is better to lay one brick to-day than to propose to build a palace next year! Magnify your Lord in the present for present salvation. Why should His mercies lie in quarantine? Why should your praises be like aloes, which take a century to flower? Why should praise be kept waiting at the door even for a night?

The next quality of this man's praise was *spirituality*. We perceive this in the fact that

HE PAUSED ON HIS WAY

to the priests. It was his duty to go to the priests; he had received a command to do so;

but there is a proportion in all things, and some duties are greater than others. He thought to himself: I was ordered to go to the priests; but I am healed, and this new circumstance affects the order of my duties; the first thing I ought to do is to go back, and bear witness to the people, glorifying God in the midst of them all, and falling down at Christ's feet. It is well to observe the holy law of proportion. Carnal minds take the ritualistic duty first; that which is external outweighs with them that which is spiritual. But love soon perceives that the substance is more precious than the shadow, and that to bow at the feet of the great High Priest must be a greater duty than to go before the lesser priests. So the healed leper

WENT FIRST TO JESUS.

In Him the spiritual law overrode the ceremonial. He felt that his main duty was in person to adore the divine person who had delivered him from his fell disease. Let us go first to Jesus.

True thankfulness also manifests itself in *intensity*. Intensity is perceptible in this case; he turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God. He could have praised, could he not, in a quieter way? Yes, but when you are just cured of leprosy, and your once feeble voice is restored to you, you cannot whisper out your praises. Brethren, you know it would be impossible to be coolly proper when you are newly saved! This man with a loud voice glorified God; and you, too, feel forced to cry—

"Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear."

Some of our converts are very wild at times, they grow extravagant. Do not blame them. Why not indulge them? It will not hurt *you*. We are all of us so very proper and orderly that we can afford to have an extravagant one among us now and then.

In true thankfulness, next, there is *humility*. This man fell down at Jesus' feet; he did not feel perfectly in his place until he was lying there. "I am nobody, Lord," he seemed to say, and therefore he fell on his face. But the place for his prostration was

"AT HIS FEET."

I would rather be nobody at Christ's feet than everybody anywhere else! There is no place so honorable as down at the feet of Jesus. Ah, to lie there always, and just love Him wholly, and let self die out! Oh, to have Christ standing over you as the one figure overshadowing your life henceforth and forever! True thankfulness lies low before the Lord.

One thing more about this man I want to notice as to his thankfulness, and that is, his silence as to censuring others. When the Saviour said, "Where are the nine?" I notice that *this man did not reply*. The Master said, "Where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." But the adoring stranger did not stand up and say, "O Lord, they are all gone off to the priests; I am astonished at them that they did not return to praise Thee!" O brothers, we have enough to do to mind our own business, when we feel the grace of God in our own hearts! If I can only get through my service of praise, I shall have no mind to accuse any of you who are ungrateful. The Master says, "Where are the nine?" but the poor healed man at His feet has no word to say against those cruel nine, he is too much occupied with his personal adoration.

III. I have not half done, and yet you cannot possibly stay beyond the appointed hour of closing; therefore I must compress my third division as closely as I possibly can—let us consider the blessedness of thankfulness. This man was more blessed by far than the nine. They were healed, but they were

NOT BLESSED AS HE WAS.

There is a great blessedness in thankfulness. First, *because it is right*. Should not Christ be praised? This man did what he could; and there is always an ease of conscience, and a rest of spirit, when you feel that you are doing all you can in a right cause, even though you fall far short of your own desire. At this moment, my brethren, magnify the Lord.

Next, there is this blessing in thankfulness, that *it is a manifestation of personal love*. I love the doctrines of grace, I love the Church of God, I love the Sabbath, I love the ordinances; but I love Jesus most. My heart never rests until I can glorify God personally, and give thanks unto the Christ personally. The indulgence of personal love to Christ is one of the sweetest things out of heaven; and you cannot indulge that personal love so well as by personal thankfulness both of heart and mouth, and act and deed.

The next blessedness about praise is that *it is*

ACCEPTABLE TO CHRIST.

The Lord Jesus was evidently pleased; He was grieved to think the other nine should not come back, but He was charmed with this one man that he did return. The question, "Where are the nine?" bears within it a commendation of the one. Whatever pleases Christ should be carefully cultivated by us. If praise be pleasant to Him, let us continually magnify His name. Prayer is the straw of the wheat, but praise is the ear. Jesus loves to see the blade grow up, but He loves better to pluck the golden ears when the harvest of praise is ripe.

I have done when I have said three things. Let us learn from all this to put praise in a high place. Let us hold praise-meetings. Let us think it as great a sin to neglect praise as to restrain prayer. Next, let us pay our praise to Christ Himself. Whether we go to the priests or not, let us go to *Him*. Let us praise Him personally and vehemently. Personal praise to a personal Saviour must be

OUR LIFE'S OBJECT.

Lastly, if we work for Jesus, and we see converts, and they do not turn out as we expected, do not let us be cast down about it. If others do not praise our Lord, let us be sorrowful, but let us not be disappointed. The Saviour had to say, "Where are the nine?" Ten lepers were healed, but only one praised Him. We have many converts who do not join the Church; we have numbers of persons converted who do not come forward to baptism, or to the Lord's Supper. Numbers get a blessing, but do not feel love enough to own it. Those of us who are soul-winners are robbed of our wages by the cowardly spirits who hide their faith.

You that hold cottage-meetings, you that go round with tracts, you are doing more good than you will ever hear of. You do not know

WHERE THE NINE ARE,

but even if you should only bless one out of ten, you will have cause to thank God. "Oh," says one, "I have had so little success; I have had only one soul saved!" That is more than you deserve. If I were to fish for a week, and only catch one fish, I should be sorry; but if that happened to be a sturgeon, a royal fish, I should feel that the quality made up for lack of quantity. When you win a soul it is a great prize. One soul brought to Christ—can you estimate its value? If one be saved, you should be grateful to your Lord, and persevere. Though you wish for more conversions yet, you will not despond so long as even a few are saved; and, above all, you will not be angry if some of them do not thank you personally, nor join in church-fellowship with you.

Ingratitude is common toward soul-winners. How often a minister has brought sinners to Christ, and fed the flock in his early days! but when the old man grows feeble they want to get rid of him, and try a new broom which will sweet cleaner. "Poor old gentleman, he is quite out of date!" they say, and so they get rid of him, as gypsies turn an old horse out on the common to feed or starve, they care not which. If anybody expects gratitude I would remind them of the benediction, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed." Even our Master did not get praise from the nine; therefore do not wonder if you bless others, and others do not bless you. Oh, that some poor soul would come to Christ to-night, some leper to be healed of sin-sickness! If he does find healing, let him come out, and with a loud voice magnify the Lord who has dealt so graciously with him.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.*

HARVARD COLLEGE had the first printing-press in North America. Upon the college records we read this item: "Mr. Joss Glover gave to the college a font of printing-letters, and some gentlemen of Amsterdam gave toward furnishing a printing-press." Printing had been done for the priests in Mexico a century before, but this Cambridge press was the first one set up in the English colonies.

The Rev. Josse Glover was a dissenting, or Puritan, minister in England, who seems to have set his mind on being the founder of printing in New England, for he came himself with the types and press. Efforts to trace this press have proved unavailing. After doing duty for nearly a century, it was probably broken up. The Rev. Josse, having engaged a printer named Stephen Daye, sailed with his family in 1638 for Boston. Most unfortunately, Mr. Glover died on the voyage, but the rest of the company, with the press, arrived at Cambridge in the autumn. There the "printery," as some called it, was set up, in President Dunster's house. By and by Mr. Dunster married the widow Glover, "so taking her, as well as the press, into his own house."

Daye's want of skill cost him his place of printer, to which his son Matthew succeeded, and after him (1649) Samuel Green, a better printer than either, took charge.

The "Freeman's Oath," printed by S. Daye, in 1639, on one side of a small sheet of paper, was the first thing printed with types in what are the United States. The second and third issues were almanacs for the years 1639 and 1640. The next was a much more important work.

This was the first *book* printed. It was entitled "The Whole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Meter," and is dated 1640. For brevity's sake it is usually called the Bay Psalm Book, and is so very uncommon that a copy is *worth many times its weight in gold*.

Before this time the Pilgrim and Puritan churches used Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms, but the want of a better one seems to have been so strongly felt that two ministers, Thomas Welde and John Eliot, were appointed to make it. One specimen of their poetic style will give an idea of the church-singing of that time, when each line was separately read by a deacon before it was sung by the congregation.

"The Lord to mee a shepheard is,
Want therefore shall not I.
Hee in the folds of tender-grasse
Doth cause mee downe to lie.
To waters calme mee gently leads
Restore my soule doth Hee:
Hee doth in paths of righteousness
For His name's sake lead mee."

The celebrated translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue was also printed on the Cambridge press, but that work belongs to a later day than the one now being considered.

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* From "The Making of New England." By Samuel Adams Drake. An illustrated work describing the settlement and early experiences of the Pilgrims and the Puritans in New England from 1580 to 1643. Pp. 251. Price, $1.50. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

The Late Mrs. A. T. Stewart.

A Scotchman's Long Tramp. (See page 21.)

So we see that the colonists were for some time without other means of duplicating public documents than that of copying them by hand; and this work was done by persons called scriveners. These were writers, or scribes; they were the "copyists" of that day, when ability to write a good hand was so rare an accomplishment that "writers" were generally men above the common rank of society. Instead of leaving a copy at every householder's door, one was usually nailed to the door of the meeting-house, the doing of which gave it a lawful publication.

THE LATE MRS. A. T. STEWART,
Widow of the Dry-Goods Millionaire.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Stewart had attained the age of eighty-three years, she was still a remarkably active woman up to the time of her death on October 25th, 1886. Her life during the ten years which have elapsed since her husband's death has been somewhat secluded, but her intimate friends, who were admitted to her home, say that she showed but few signs of her extreme age, and would go up and down long flights of stairs without difficulty. Three days before her death she was out driving, and was confined to her bed but little over twenty-four hours.

She was the daughter of Mr. James Clinch, a well-to-do merchant of New York. She was but twenty years old when, in 1823, she gave her hand in marriage to Mr. Stewart, then a small shopkeeper struggling to establish the business which afterward grew to such gigantic proportions. Her friends at that time considered that she had married beneath her station. She cheerfully bore the hardships and privations of her early married life, keeping house for her husband, at first over his store and afterward in a small house in Bleecker Street. Mr. Stewart had implicit confidence in her judgment, and took no important step without first conferring with her. Mr. Libby, an intimate friend of the family, who was accustomed to go in and out of the Stewart household at all times, says that he never saw a more affectionate couple, and in all the years that he knew them he never saw a shadow of disagreement between them nor heard a harsh word uttered by either.

When Mr. Stewart died in 1876, there being no children living—two had died in infancy—Mrs. Stewart inherited the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about thirty million dollars. She disposed of the business to Judge Hilton at a nominal price, and from that time on lived a retired life. She took but little active interest in charitable work, though on occasion would give considerable sums to public institutions. Her gift of ten thousand dollars to the Hahnemann Hospital was one of these. The most notable expenditure, however, was in completing the Garden City cathedral commenced by her husband. This cost over a million dollars. It was presented by Mrs. Stewart to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was consecrated in June, 1885.

Mrs. Stewart's property at the time of her death is estimated at twenty million dollars. Her will disposing of it is an intricate document, with several codicils. The bulk of the property would appear to be distributed among relatives, with a large sum to Judge Hilton. This latter is understood to be in trust, and intended for the completion of the Garden City enterprise, to which Mrs. Stewart proposed to add an institution as a seminary of learning for women, which Mr. Hilton may erect, furnish, and endow if, in his discretion, he deems it advisable. Thus the enormous fortune accumulated by the millionaire merchant is divided up. Many hopes are disappointed and many predictions falsified by the will. No such huge legacies to religious and philanthropic enterprises have been made as the public was led to expect. When the childless millionaire died ten years ago and surprise was manifested at the absence of such legacies from his will, it was intimated that Mrs. Stewart's will would supply the omission, but it is not so. She exercised her undoubted right in disposing of her property as she thought fit, and she made her choice. The name and memory of A. T. Stewart have not been redeemed, and while they might have lived on identified with some beneficent work such as that which renders Peter Cooper's name immortal, they pass into unblessed oblivion.

THE IMPLACABLE PATIENT.

(See Illustration on page 29.)

IN a large city hospital there was a commotion one night, for calls had come in for ambulances to be sent to the scene of an accident. Preparations were quickly made, and when the sufferers were brought in everything was ready for their reception. Among them was a man of about sixty years of age, whose dress and appearance indicated that he was well-to-do, if not rich. He was unconscious when he was brought in, but he recovered consciousness during the surgeon's examination, and said he was prepared to pay for special attention. He had no friends in the city, he said, having only just arrived from England on business, and would prefer to remain in the hospital to going to his hotel. His left arm was broken, and there were internal injuries the extent of which could not then be ascertained. He was carried into the best ward, and a skilful trained nurse was placed in charge of his case.

On the following day the patient had no thought of the hotel as an alternative. He knew that he was in a critical condition, and that there was but little probability of his recovery. The surgeon did not conceal the fact when he made his round of visits, and advised him if he had any matters of business that he wished to arrange before his death to lose no time in attending to them.

After the surgeon was gone, the man lay still for nearly an hour, with his eyes closed. He was not asleep; the nurse could easily see that, by the working of his face and his sensitiveness to the slightest noise. He was evidently thinking intently, and that of an unpleasant subject. The lines across his forehead grew deeper and his mouth was closed with a firmness that spoke of inflexible determination. The nurse watched him thoughtfully, wondering what kind of mental struggle was going on behind that troubled brow.

Presently he opened his eyes and looked around. The nurse, thinking he wanted something, was instantly at his side.

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked. "Is there anything you want?"

"No, my girl," was the reply—"nothing. I want much, but nothing that you can give me. It is very hard to die here all alone among strangers; but it might have been worse. You are all very good to me."

"If you would like to write to your friends in England, I will do it for you. I should be glad to serve you, and in a time of sickness sometimes the best way to recovery is to get rid of worry and anxiety. I will write for you if you like."

"You are very good," said the sick man, "but I will not trouble you. I made my will before leaving home, and when I am dead you will have nothing to do but to notify my executor. His address is in my pocket-book. I should have liked—but there, never mind; it would be of no use."

"Do not hesitate to ask if you would like anything done," said the nurse, who knew by ex-

perience how injurious is mental trouble in cases of bodily injury.

"No, no," said the patient, "it is nothing; that is, nothing that you could do." He closed his eyes, and again the brows were knitted.

The nurse still stood there looking pityingly upon him, sure that he was in mental distress, and sincerely desiring to relieve him. She had seen many deaths, and had learned the lesson death-beds are adapted to teach, of the peace and rest which come only from faith in Christ. "Dear Lord," she prayed now, "if this burdened soul needs help and guidance, grant me the power to win its confidence and point it to Thee."

Suddenly the sufferer looked at her. "I will tell you my position," he said. "It will ease my mind to speak of it. I came to this place three days ago to see my daughter. She lives in this city. She is my only child, and I idolized her. A year ago she left her home, where she had everything that she could wish for, to marry a man whom I hate. She would do it in spite of my warnings, and I disinherited her. She and that man fell into poverty and emigrated to America. I have heard that they are almost starving, and I came here to offer to forgive her and receive her back if she would leave her husband and return. I have not seen her, but I caused a lawyer to visit her and give her my offer. Though she has scarcely bread to eat, she rejected it."

"Is her husband a bad man?"

"Oh, no, I suppose not; but his father did me a deadly wrong, and I swore I would never forgive him. He is dead now, but his son lives, and he has taken my daughter from me. I required her to break with him when his father injured me, and she would not. She has cast in her lot with my enemies and has deserted me. My curse be on her."

"Oh, do not curse her, sir! You are near death; curses are awful on the lips of the dying."

"They are just. The daughter who deserts her father deserves them. I will never forgive her; but it's very sad to die like this. I should like to have seen her just once."

"It is well for us that God forgives, is it not? If He said, as you do, 'I will never forgive,' it would be awful."

The nurse turned away as she said this, leaving the sick man to think of it and make the application. A short time afterward she returned and administered his medicine. He received it in silence, but he was evidently digesting the thought she had dropped. He had a troubled, restless night, suffering mentally and physically. He said nothing more about his daughter until the rising sun shed its light in the ward. Then, as the nurse bent over him, he said, "You think I ought to forgive, do you not? That was what you meant by your remark yesterday?"

"It is not for me to say that, but I think it would may you happier; and if you hope for forgiveness from God, you are bound to forgive. Jesus said so."

"Yes; I thought that was what you meant. I have been thinking of it all night. It is very hard, though."

The Implacable Patient.

"Duty often is hard, but it becomes easy when we try to do it."

"Well, I will try. You offered to write a letter for me yesterday; I will accept your kindness now. Write to my daughter; you will find her address in my pocket-book. Tell her I am dying, and ask her to come to me. Do not say anything about pardon. I cannot do it now."

The nurse lost no time in getting writing materials and producing the letter. As she finished it and was passing through the ward to send it by a messenger, she looked at the patient and, to her surprise, saw that he had fallen into a gentle sleep. Already the better state of mind was having its effect. She thanked God for that.

That night the daughter was at her father's bedside, thin and pale, but with a joyful look on her face. The nurse left them together. Such an interview should have no witnesses. At its close the daughter went away, but an hour later she returned, bringing her husband with her. The struggle was over; reconciliation was complete. The effect on the patient was marvellous. The sleep that came while the letter was being written was the precursor of other favorable symptoms, and the nurse, after a few weeks, saw the old man able to leave the hospital leaning lovingly on the arm of the man he had forgiven.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 14.*)

Robert's Search Commenced.

THE sad tidings concerning Alfred Atheling soon reached the quiet valley of Aspendale. Indeed, the police authorities did not fail to search the neighborhood with a view to find the trail of the missing youths. The baronet's tall form began to stoop beneath the burden of trouble He had little to say, but his face was eloquent of grief. The news was diligently kept from the ears of Ethel, lying in her quiet chamber, but the whole village of Thorpe Aspen knew of it, and mourned.

No man liveth unto himself. Though every man bears his own burden and must give an account of *himself* to God, his sins bring a burden upon those who love him. The innocent suffer with the guilty. The baronet with all his wealth was bowed down with sorrow as he thought of the misdeeds of his son, and Widow Atheling and her sons and daughter were heart-broken when they learned that Alfred's evil courses had culminated into crime. It is a weary, sorrow-laden world, and sin is its heaviest burden.

By the bright log-fire which blazed and crackled in the big, open, old-fashioned hearthstone of Aspen Garth, sat Mrs. Atheling alone with God and her latest sorrow. It is a right noble and beautiful face on which the flame of the beechwood faggots is casting a mellow light. The frosts of sixty winters have whitened the hair, which in her younger days had hung in tresses of gold; but they have failed to dim the genial brightness of her eyes, which now as then are of the fairest Saxon blue.

The keen-edged graving tools of sorrow have chased expressive lines upon her cheek and brow; but the calm, attractive dignity and sympathy, blended in form and feature, and still more notable in her general bearing, have gained, not lost, by the threefold influence of piety, experience, and time. As she sits in the spacious ingle-nook with the snow-white cap of widowhood above her brow, she is a living and attractive illustration of Time's adorning skill when the religion of Jesus Christ has made the material ready to its hand. And yet, just now, her heart is heavy, her cheeks are wet with tears, and like aged David, when a kindred grief oppressed him, she murmurs again and again, as well as she can for the sobs that hinder, "Oh, Alfred, my son, my son!"

As the sorrowing mother was thus communing with her trouble, a stalwart yeoman, clad in farmer's garb, entered the room. His stout nether limbs were encased in leather leggings, and his boots were soaked with the moisture which the evening mist had deposited on the dank autumnal grass. Placing his gun, which he had brought in with him, upon a rack fastened for that purpose to one of the old oak joists overhead, he greeted Mrs. Atheling thus: "Well, mother mine, a cosey hearthstone isn't an unpleasant vision; the night is both damp and chilly out of doors. I've brought you neither hare nor pheasant, worse luck, but my welcome won't be the less warm for that."

The while he was speaking the new-comer had taken the two hands of the widow in his own and imprinted a kiss on either cheek. Then in the tone of one who was resolved on bidding dull care begone, and on hastening its exit too, he continued, "What, tears again, dear mother! And after all your promises of reformation, too! What, then, have you fairly come to the conclusion that your God and my father's God has resigned His government, and given over the reins of government to a power less loving, less forgiving, less compassionate than He?"

"Oh, no, no, Robert! Don't talk like that, dear. That would be to give up all hope indeed. What should I do? What could I do, if I could not trust in Him, my refuge in every time of trouble?"

"Very well, then, sweet mother. Can my

brother Alfred go beyond His reach, or out of His ken? Can he elude the grasp of His strong hand? I'm going to turn the tables on you, and quote your own lessons to your children for your own instruction. You've been in the habit of telling us to avoid the sin of ancient Israel, and not to limit the Holy One of Israel. Who's doing the limiting now, I wonder? You remember my father's prophecy, his last words as he lay on his death-bed, and my promise to him. I dare not limit the God who inspired him, and both my promise and his prophecy have got to be fulfilled. Cheer up, mother, cheer up!"

"You are right, Robert, as you usually are," said his mother; "but this lapse of your poor misguided brother seems to shut out all hope. It is the worst as well as the last. His descent, I fear, will now be more rapid, until recovery becomes impossible."

"Nay, nay, mother. Impossible is a word we must never use when the power and grace of God come into question. His mother and his brother, as well as others who love him, have power where it is most required; and the prayers of his father, now gone to his reward, are registered on high."

Under such wise and tender treatment the mournful mother partially dried her eyes, and nursed the hope of the wanderer's recovery, and his return to the hearthstone from which he had wandered so fast and so far. Then came Clara and Edgar, both of them well pleased to note that once again their mother's grief was lifted, and that Hope, that fair angel sent by God to sustain His children in their extremity of need, had resumed its place in her sorely troubled heart.

"Well done, Robert," said Clara. "I see you've been applying your old prescription; and once again the patient rallies beneath your skilful treatment." So saying, she placed her arms around her brother's neck and kissed him with a fervor in which love and gratitude were combined.

"Yes, Clara," said he, with a gratified look. "I hope you won't fail to bring the same prescription to bear, should there be any serious recurrence after I am gone. I've been planning matters to-day with Edgar. He will take my place upon the farm. He is thoroughly well able to manage it, and there is no great pressure of responsibility at this season of the year Things will go on pretty much of themselves, and under his guiding hand will go right. I can be spared now better than after, and I mean to take a trip to London. If brother Alfred can be found, I'll find him. If he can be induced to come back, I'll bring him. The time has come for me to fulfil my promise, the promise that soothed my father's dying pillow."

"Go, my son," said the widow, laying her hand lovingly on his shoulder, and trying her best to catch and hold fast the hope kindled by his words and tone. "May God bring you back in peace, and if my poor wandering lad comes too, I will say, like Simeon, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

"Don't say 'if,' mother," said Edgar, stoutly. "Robert doesn't go on his mission at his own charges, and we who stay at home will not hinder him, even by a doubt."

By and by the conversation turned on the necessary preparations for Robert's speedy departure, and, as the evening hours passed by, the family at Aspen Garth seemed one and all to be able to regard the impending change with cheerfulness, though, ever and anon, the old cloud would gather for a little on the mother's placid brow. Just as the tall, old-fashioned clock, which stood upright in the corner of the room, was striking, and the flicker of the beech logs showed the hour hand on the figure nine, a rap was heard at the door, and one of the servants announced that Simon Holmes had called, and that, if convenient, he would like to see Mrs. Atheling.

"Convenient?" said the widow, brightening at the mention of his name, to be sure it is. Tell him to come in." Then turning to her children, she continued, "It would be hard to find a time that wasn't convenient to receive such a welcome guest."

"Good-evenin', ma'am," said Simon, as he entered the room with a courteous bow, "I hev' to apologize for comin' at an awk'ard hoor. But I didn't seem as though I could sleep i' comfort, or wi' ony degree o' soondness, unless I'd gi'en yo' a neighborly call."

"Nay, nay, Simon," said Robert Atheling, stepping forward to hand him a chair. "Mother's glad and fain to see you, and for that matter, so are we all."

"Draw your chair to the fire, Simon," said the widow. "The night is rather chill, I think, and you and I are not so young as we once were."

"Ay, marry, you're right anuff," replied Simon. "But then, thenk God, there's another way o' puttin' it—an' a better way, because i' your case an' mahne it's true. Old age is creepin' off. The inward man's bein' renewed day by day, an' the ootward man's crackin' and loosnin' like a husk; an' when it shells off some o' these days, old age'll be gone, and then it'll nivver, nivver come back ony mair. Then we

> 'Shall flourish in endurin' bloom,
> Safe from diseases an' decline.'

That's the way to look at old age from a Christian's standpoint. There's both reason an' religion in it for iverybody that beleeaves in Him that says, 'He that liveth an' beleeaveth in Me shall nivver die.'"

The cheering words fell like a benediction from heaven upon the heart of the disconsolate widow, and her reply to Simon was, "You are right; that was seen clearly enough when my dear husband exchanged mortality for life. It seemed to us who watched him pass from earth to heaven, that the tokens of the weight of years died away before he passed, and that immortal youth was on him as he went away."

"I'm going to leave Aspendale for awhile," said Robert Atheling, taking advantage of the pause that followed. "I should like Simon to join us at the family altar and ask God's blessing on my errand. You know what it is, Simon?"

"Ay, laddie, I knoa," said the carpenter, with strong feeling, and taking Robert's hand in his own rugged palm. "Mr. Edgar gav' me a notion that yo' were on the point o' startin'. I ha' no fear o' yo', knowin' what I knoa, both o' your promise an' the way yo'll set aboot it. It was mainly that that browt me here so late. You'll be led and guided, and we'll just ask God to give you success. It's all in His hands, and He's watching over the wanderer, too. He can bring you together and bring you both home in peace. We'll plead the promise and get the blessing."

There was no wonder that, as the old carpenter conducted family worship, the whole household felt that the place was holy ground. There was no wonder that Simon Holmes retired to his cottage, as he had retired many a time before in the course of his beneficent life, followed by the thanks and blessings of those from whose pathway he had plucked the thorns and had planted sweet flowers in their stead. Hie thee home, old man, and know, as thou layest thy head upon the pillow, that the All-observant Master hath said of thee, "Well done!"

The next morning, after taking an affectionate farewell of his household, Robert took the crutch-handled stick which had been his father's prop in his declining years—his portmanteau had been sent on before him—and whistling to keep his courage up, he passed through the gates of Aspen Garth. Then he turned his face to the great city, amid whose teeming multitudes he hoped to light upon the beloved lost sheep who had wandered so far astray from virtue, home, and God.

He might have driven to the Chilworth station in his own well-appointed dog-cart drawn by his favorite black mare; but the morning was fine and frosty and the roads good, so he preferred to walk. As he passed along the village street he was joined by Simon Holmes. The carpenter explained that he had business down the valley, and that if Robert had no objection he would walk along with him. I fancy, however, that the old man had improvised the "business" that he might transact a little business of another and a higher kind.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Robert," said Simon. "Then yo're off. I've gotten a little matter o' business to see to down at Farmer Green's. Shall I bother yo' if I go along wi' yo'?"

"Scarcely that, old friend," said Robert Atheling. "I was glad to get away alone from my own folks. It would only have made the parting harder and longer if any of them had come with me. But with you it's different. You will not do other than give me a helping hand and a word of cheer."

"Nay, marry," said Simon. "I've been prayin' to God to speed yo' iver since I woke, an' it's scarcely likely that I should go agin my own petitions. Not that I've ony manner o' doot aboot the upshot. Them that's gotten a errand sitch as yours, an' sitch a startin'-point as yours, can't varry weel fail o' their purpose. When the good providence o' God begins a thing, He's pratty sartain to be in at the finish. Man's purposes are often brokken off, but His hev a way o' gettin' theirselves roonded off intiv a completeness that leeaves nowt to be desired. If iver a man in this wide world had a certificate for action an' a passport for travel that's not to be easily interfered with, it's yo'."

"Well, yes, Simon," responded Robert, "it does seem as though duty is pretty clearly marked out for me in this instance; and I will not doubt that, though the path of duty may be hard to travel, it will lead to the right end at last."

"Ay, that it will, yo' may depend on't; an' Him that bids yo' walk on it'll see that your wallet isn't short o' refreshment, an' He'll put yo' a few wayside inns for rest an' comfort as yo' go. Yo' knoa who it is that says, 'I wi' guide thee with mine eye.' He nivver mak's a mistak'; an' if His eye leads on to labor, it mak's all pleasant because it's breet wi' the leet of His love."

"I know it, Simon," replied Robert, straightway walking with a bolder step. "I can honestly say, 'I go in the strength of the Lord God.'"

"That's the wind that wafts to harbor, Mr. Robert. I was at Hull t'other day, standin' on t' South End pier. I saw a ship come sailin' up the Hummer, sailin' fair i' t' sunleet wi' all her sails bellied out i' t' breeze, an' she just glided into harbor an' dropped her anchor, an' the crew gav' a great shoot as if they were sayin', 'We've weathered the storm an' we're seeafe i' port!' That's how it will be wi' yo' an' your mission. The prayers of a honored fayther an' a godly mother, let alone your oan, 'll fill your sails, and all Thorpe Aspen 'll shoot a welcome when you drop anchor at Aspen Garth with Alfred in tow. Besides, yo' won't forget that there's them left behind that'll nivver forget yo' at the throne of grace, *nivver!* Yo' won't forget that, will yo', Mr. Robert?"

"No fear of that, dear friend," said the young man, with a full heart. "And nobody can value such help more than I. Thank you for the courage with which your words have inspired me. I shall not forget them, I assure you."

The carpenter had now reached the homestead of Farmer Green whither his "business" had led him.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Robert, an' God bless yo'," said he, "an' if your courage should iver seeam inclined to droop a bit, an' it may, for yo' aren't meeade o' iron, an' t' rooad may be a goodish bit rough, remember that 'thy shoes shall be iron an' brass, an' as thy day is thy strength shall be.'"

The young man grasped the carpenter's hand in silence, and, holding it a minute, permitted the tearful sparkle in his own eyes to intimate his affectionate farewell.

Arrived at the station, Robert found that he was only just in time to catch the train, which moved slowly into the station just as he was taking his ticket. There was not a moment to lose; he grasped his portmanteau, which was handed to him by the porter, who knew him well, and ran through the office, jumped aboard the train, and was soon speeding on his way to London.

He had not travelled a mile before a slight motion near his heels startled him. Looking under the seat for an explanation, he saw to his surprise that he had a companion whom he had believed to be safe at home. It was his faithful, intelligent collie dog, Joss. When leaving home Joss had intimated in his own way a desire to accompany his master, but Robert shook his stick at him, and Joss sneaked away to the barn. But the dog must have followed him to the station, keeping carefully out of sight all the way, for here he was curled comfortably under the seat, apparently congratulating himself on having outwitted his master. Nothing could be done now, and, much to his annoyance, Robert had to take him with him to London.

At the London terminus Robert inquired for a cheap boarding-house, and finding one near King's Cross station, put up for the night, intending to commence his search next morning by a visit to Hudson Harvey, Esq., his brother's late employer.

(To be continued.)

NOAH'S FAITH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 23, Gen. 6 : 9-22. Golden Text, 7 : 5.

The Third Generation—Divided into Two Races—The Spiritual and Material—The Wicked Intermarriages—God's Repeated Warnings—His Patience—The One Solitary Witness—Walking with God—What it Implies—Noah Warned—The Faith of the Man—His Unhesitating Obedience—Noah Shut In—The World Shut Out—The New Life—Sin Reappearing—The Only Perfect Fulfilment of the Law.

AFTER the death of Abel two generations of men inhabited the world—the posterity of Cain, who developed the resources of the earth, and the posterity of Seth, who conserved the knowledge of God. At the birth of Seth Eve said: "God hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew." When a son was born to Seth, "then a beginning was made of preaching in the name of Jehovah" (Gen. 4 : 26, Young's trans.). Thus came a division—"the sons of God" and the sons of men. In the one line, we hear of agriculturists, musicians, mechanics, and engineers; in the other, we hear of men who "walked ["habitually," Young's trans.] with God." The tempter, whose constant aim is to frustrate God, soon found means to introduce confusion. Both in the natural and in the spiritual world God has

DIVIDED THE LIGHT FROM THE DARKNESS,

and He repeatedly warns His people against mingling with the ungodly. He says, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (II Cor. 6 : 14). By the mouth of Jehu He rebuked His servant Jehoshaphat for joining affinity with Ahab, saying, "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them which hate the Lord?" (II Chron. 19 : 2.) And of the Ephesian converts it was said, "Ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord" (Eph. 5 : 8). There is no uncertain sound about the utterances of God. When the sons of God in their wilfulness chose unconverted wives of the daughters of men, He said, "My Spirit shall not strive with man forever; in their going astray they are flesh" (R. V.). Yes, truly, it was the flesh, the self in fallen man which asserted itself. They chose for themselves, chose independently of God. The carnal mind was "enmity against God" and enmity against their own best interests. Had man written the history of these times, much would, no doubt, have been said about progress and advance; "there were giants [Young says "fallen ones"] in the earth in those days." Man's great ones do not pass current with God; it is man's little ones who are great with Him. Thus, although there were "mighty men which were of old, men of renown," yet God took no pleasure in them. Theirs was the greatness of the flesh, the greatness which could do without God; and in His eyes, "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field" (Isa. 40 : 6).

His faithful portraiture of man at this time was far from flattering. Seeing, as He did, right into the very secrets of the heart, "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented God that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart." God repenting! God grieved! How can the creature ever for an instant understand this! And yet He forbore to execute vengeance during one hundred and twenty years! Oh, the depth of the mercy of God! Justice demanded, the welfare of future generations demanded, that the guilty earth, now corrupt before God and full of violence, should be cleansed from its defilement; but lest one of His rebellious creatures should be cut off unawares God provided a day of salvation which should precede the day of vengeance, and He sent to them a message and a messenger. "The longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah" (I Pet. 3 : 20). He had already determined to destroy man, and even the animal creation, from the face of the earth; but there was one man who walked with God, "Noah is a righteous man, perfect he hath been among his generations, and Noah walked habitually with God" (Young's trans.).

WHAT IS IT TO WALK WITH GOD?

When we walk with a friend we are given up to go his way, to go where he wills, and to go at his pace, just letting him direct. And just so is it to walk with God—it is to be yielded up to Him, to have no will but His will, no choice apart from His choice as He reveals it in His Word, which He promises to make clear to us. "If any man *will* do His will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7 : 17). To walk with God is not to rush on before God, jumping at the conclusion that this or that *must* be His will; it is to take time to pray over a matter, and to obtain a clear indication of His will, through His light on His Word, on circumstances, or on our judgment. Noah thus walked with God. In the midst of a world which received not the things of the Spirit of God, for they were foolishness to them; neither could they of themselves know them, because they are spiritually discerned (I Cor. 2 : 14), Noah was both a witness to and a preacher of righteousness. We have no evidence that a single human being outside his family had any sympathy with him; but Noah found God enough.

While the whole population of the world, the sons of Cain and the degenerate sons of Seth, were alike occupied with their own concerns—eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage—just as though there were no God to fear or love, God was conversing with Noah. Death had come into the world, but wholesale death was unknown. God said to Noah, "The end of all flesh is come before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth." Then, before our loving God tells out in detail the terrible destruction which He purposes, He tells of a way of safety. "Make thee an ark of gopher wood. . . . And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and everything that is in the earth shall die." Noah had but God's word for it. Not one man with whom he came in contact in business or social life believed this message of destruction; it was contrary to natural law, they thought, and therefore *could* not be. Noah alone, in all the world,

COUNTED GOD TRUE.

To him faith in God was "the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11 : 1). "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Num. 23 : 19). "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with godly fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; through which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith" (Heb. 11 : 7, R. V.). The man of faith endures, "as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. 11 : 27), and looks, "not at the things which *are* seen, but at the things which are not seen" (II Cor. 4 : 18). This did Noah, and he built his ark according to the command of God, and thus did he condemn the world. *Words* of condemnation are forbidden us: Christ came "not to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved (John 3 : 17). But a life which is true to God, the life of one who takes God's view of things and in spite of everything which seems contrary counts Him faithful, silently, but surely condemns the world. Men think science cannot fail, but that God can. After the terrible visitation of cholera in Spain physicians had settled that an infallible cure had been discovered; but the very next year that terrible scourge marched into Italy, and, yielding to no remedy, slew its thousands. Science may know much, but it is not omniscient; science may do much, but it is not omnipotent. Noah

TOOK THE SIDE OF HIS CREATOR,

and he, and his family, and representatives of all living creatures on the face of the earth were saved in the time of destruction. While the seasons succeeded each other, and no change took place in the outward aspect of things, Noah went quietly on with his preparations. While his neighbors were improving their houses and estates on the doomed earth, he built the ark, provisioned it, made it water-tight, and then he and his family forsook the condemned world and took up their abode in it. He had preached his last sermon, and now his contemporaries could see that he believed what he had said. Then a sight which must have struck them as remarkable began to manifest itself. The beasts of earth, two of a kind—in some cases seven of a kind—went, without demur, unto Noah into the ark. Yet, strange to say, this generation which had seen all and heard all Noah's testimony "*knew not* till the flood came and took them all away" (Matt. 24 : 39)! Noah had done his part, and now God was true to him: "The Lord shut him in," yes, and

SHUT THE UNBELIEVING WORLD OUT.

The testimony was finished, the door of the ark of safety was no longer open, and then, to suit His purpose, the laws of nature were reversed by their Maker: the sea beneath burst her bounds, the windows of heaven were opened, and the mighty wilderness of waters met upon the shrieking multitudes who had refused the day of grace. And Noah lived on through death and destruction to be, as it were, a new Adam, the founder of a new race who should know God. He was a man alive out of death. We have here the very figure of baptism, which buries with Christ and raises into newness of life as we by faith enter into it. And yet how soon sin reappeared in the renewed earth! No new beginning of man could fully carry out the mind of God; Jesus alone fulfilled His law; of Him alone could it be said that He was "without sin," of Him alone, that no guile was "found in His mouth." But Noah has his place in God's registry of men of faith in Hebrews 11. How are such men needed to-day! Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth *such* laborers into His harvest.

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Showing to all where once he trod,
Nothing but Christ, the Christ of God.

Nothing save him in all our ways,
Giving the theme for ceaseless praise;
Our whole resource along the road,
Nothing but Christ, the Christ of God.

Nothing but Christ for darkest hours,
In him our trust 'mid satin's powers;
Though tempests rage, and troubles flood,
Nothing but Christ, the Christ of God.

Nothing but Christ for brightest morn,
As well sufficed with Canaan's corn;
We then shall know in his abode,
Nothing but Christ, the Christ of God.

To-day His Christ unchangeable,
To-morrow Christ the blesser still;
Then lost in God our journey o'er,
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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE MRS. GRIFFITH JOHN, THIRTY YEARS A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

BROKEN PIECES OF THE SHIP. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Momentous Inter-State Commerce Bill—The Matthews Nomination—A Vigorous Blow at Mormonism—Death of a Noted English Statesman—Dissolution of the German Reichstag—Ovation to Mr. Stanley in London—The Evictions in Ireland—A Gigantic Land-slide at Niagara, etc.

PICTURE OF THE LAUNCHING OF A LIFE-BOAT.

THE MASTER KEY. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

An African Shiloh—The Monk's Vision—Faith by Analogy—The Cruelties of Heathendom, etc.

THE RESTORED EARTH. By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

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MR. C. H. SPURGEON'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

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CALL OF ABRAHAM. By Mrs. Baxter.

The Late Mrs. GRIFFITH JOHN, Wife of the Eminent Missionary in China—Scenes in China.

THE LATE MRS. GRIFFITH JOHN.

Her Husband's Life Work—Her American Birth in 1834—Her Saintly Mother—Marriage to Dr. Jenkins—Arrival in China in 1854—Dr. Muirhead's Graphic Sketch of her Character—Domestic Trial—Spiritual Eclipse—Death of her Husband—Visit to America—A Fresh Baptism—Return to China—Accosting Drinking Sailors—Liquor Thrown into a Ditch—The Men who Called her Mother—Married to Mr. Griffith John— Her Labors at Hankow—Her Death.

TWO years ago the portrait and life of the Rev. Griffith John, the devoted and successful missionary in China, was published in this journal, with a sketch of the marvellous work God has used him to accomplish among the opium-smokers and gamblers during the thirty-two years of his residence in that country. During a portion of that time he was aided in his arduous labors by his wife, a lady of singular devotion and eminent piety, who not only ministered to his comfort in domestic affairs, but worked with him as a fellow-laborer in the mission-field. This excellent Christian lady has now been called to her reward. Now, for the first time, the Church at large hears of her indefatigable labors. So quiet, so unostentatious was her life that until her death only her fellow-laborers and her most intimate friends were aware of the zeal and energy and unwearied devotion with which this consecrated lady entered into the work of Chinese evangelization. Our readers will be interested in the portrait of her which appears on the first page of this number, with pictures of the scenes amid which her days were passed, and in a brief sketch of her life and work.

Mrs. Griffith John gave over thirty years of her life to Christian labor in China. She was

AN AMERICAN LADY,

and one of whom her country may be justly proud. She was born in 1834, and was therefore fifty-one years of age when she died, on December 29th, 1885. In her youth she had the inestimable blessing of a Christian mother, who was herself remarkable for the closeness of her walk with God and her consecrated life. It was to her mother's prayers and excellent training that Mrs. John was indebted, under God, for the early development of Christian character which afterward made her a blessing to that Asiatic land of darkness.

It was in the year 1854, when she was only twenty years of age, that she first set foot in China. She was then the wife of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of the Methodist-Episcopal Church South. The Rev. William Muirhead, in a brief obituary notice, published in the *Chinese Recorder*, mentions the pleasure with which he welcomed her on her arrival. "She was," he says, "in the heyday of youth, and full of life and spirit in relation to the work for which she had come out. It was pleasing to become acquainted with her, and to observe the flow of soul and natural intelligence that marked her conversation and demeanor. She appeared to be a remarkable woman in this respect, and conjoined with her educational accomplishments, especially in the line of vocal and instrumental music, the well-ordered course of things in her own home and the interest she took in what was expected to be the work of her life; all gave promise of eminent usefulness in the future.

"But even this was intensified in a high degree by what soon became evident in the matter of her

DEEP SPIRITUAL CONVICTIONS,

not only her faith in Christ, and love to Him, as her Divine Lord and Saviour, but her sense of union and fellowship with Him, as the animating principle of her life and character. She seems to have been imbued with this in early days from her association with Christian friends in America, who professed and inculcated it in a most earnest manner; and as she thoroughly sympathized with it, so she urged it in the circle in which she was called to move. There are those still living who remember her early consecration, and the earnestness of her appeals which have left a deep and lasting impression on their whole moral being."

With such a character it is not surprising that a decision arrived at by her husband caused her some regret. The force of circumstances, ill health and concern for his wife, who, in those early days of residence in China, was severely tried by the climate, combined to induce Dr. Jenkins to accept a position offered to him in the Consular Service of the United States. Abundant opportunities remained for Christian usefulness, but the sense of complete and absolute consecration to the Lord's work was lost. That, however, she bore as became a wife, exerting herself to the utmost of her time and power to render increased service to the Master. This life continued until 1871, when Dr. Jenkins died. Her

RETURN TO AMERICA

soon after her husband's death was rendered necessary by the shock of bereavement, and still more by a season of spiritual darkness, which came upon her in her early days of widowhood. Then she yearned for the association and communion with the friends of her girlhood and for the sisterly sympathy and encouragement which would carry her back in spirit to the light now temporarily clouded. Her stay in America, however, was short; she felt she must return to China, in obedience to the will of God. Her visit home, however, was not in vain. During her short stay she came in contact once more with those Christian friends who had been so helpful to her in her earlier days, and the old longings for the perfect life in Christ broke forth anew. Once more there came a season of earnest heart-searching, followed by deep sorrow for past failures and an honest surrender of self. She waited for the Comforter. As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so her soul panted for God. Erelong the Heavenly Dove descended upon her as a Spirit of purity, peace, and power. Thus baptized anew, she returned to China. She sought God's guidance, and asked Him to give her a work which would fill her heart. This prayer was granted her. God gave her a work to do for Him which not only filled her heart then, but continued to fill it to the last. This was

WORK AMONG SAILORS.

One day, as she was going to Union Chapel, at Shanghai, she met about half a dozen sailors, walking in the other direction, and each one carrying under his arm a bottle of whiskey or "Old Tom." For the first time in her life she began to feel a special interest in the sailor, and she asked herself prayerfully, "Is not this the work that God has given me to do?" She spoke to them, undeterred by any fear of ridicule or insult, and eventually induced them—incredible as it may appear to those who are familiar with the sailor's traditional character as a lover of grog—to *fling their bottles into the ditch* hard by. The men accompanied her to the chapel, and after the service she took them to her home. She gave them tea, and there and then commenced her Sunday evening services for sailors. At those meetings from forty to eighty sailors, and others, would gather in her drawing-room every Sunday evening. It was in some respects the most interesting

MEETING IN SHANGHAI,

and certainly the most fruitful in results. The prayers were short and fervent, the addresses earnest and to the point, and the singing always bright and full of spirit. The devoted worker *expected* conversions, and made a direct aim at this end. There was nothing vague about her teachings or her appeals. Certain days and hours in the week were appointed for private conversation, and all were invited to come and see her at those times. These were her opportunities of dealing personally with her Sunday hearers. She also conducted a very extensive *correspondence with her children (as she delighted to call the blue-jackets)* after they had left Shanghai for other parts of the world.

The results connected with these efforts were simply astonishing. Conversions were numerous, and the change in the general conduct of the men-of-war's-men who visited the port was marked by the residents generally.

A SPIRITUAL SON

thus wrote to the lady whom he styled "his mother," thus accepting the relationship which had to him apparently been more of a life-giving power than even that of a natural mother, "Dearest mother," wrote the grateful and conscientious sailor, "is there anything wrong in smoking? There is a young chap on board the Frolic who told me last night, when he saw me smoking, that I had not given up all for Jesus; so I thought I would ask you if you think it is wrong, and I will give it up. I will do nothing that my Saviour does not love; and anything you do not like I will not do. I would not displease you, if I knew it, you who have promised to be my mother. You do not know how I love you as a mother, more now than when I was with you. You were kinder to me than any one else has ever been. If I had not known you, I should not have known Jesus."

A REMARKABLE GIFT

was in the possession of this Christian worker, which aided her very greatly in her efforts to win the love and confidence of the sailors. This was her marvellous memory for faces and names. A sailor once seen was never forgotten, nor was any detail about him forgotten. "I suppose you don't know me, ma'am," a bluff sailor would say, meeting her in Shanghai, after an absence sometimes of a year or two. To his surprise, he would find that the lady not only knew him, but knew his name and the name of the ship on which he had visited China before, and the circumstances under which the lady had formed his acquaintance. It was more than a surprise—it was a delight to a man who is apt to feel that no one takes enough interest in him to remember him individually. It cemented the bonds of friendship, and exercised an influence which did not become extinct when he quitted the port.

In October, 1874, Mr. Griffith John had the happiness of uniting her lot with his, and securing for himself a devoted helpmate at home and in the field. To the sorrow of her friends, she then quitted Shanghai for her husband's sphere of labor at Hankow. Her

WORK AT HANKOW

lay less among European sailors, and more among Chinese women and girls. Nevertheless, she carried into her new sphere the same spirit of consecration and earnest purpose. Her love to the sailor remained the same to the end; and whenever a gun-boat or a tea ship visited the port, she threw her whole soul into the work of ministering to the spiritual needs of the men.

Neither did she labor in vain at Hankow. As at Shanghai, so here, her ministry was abundantly blessed; and there are to-day many seafaring men who bless God that they were led to Hankow, because it was there, through Mrs. John's instrumentality, they were brought to know God in Christ.

Her interest, too, was of a thoroughly practical character. During a brief visit which she made to England, in 1881, she raised a considerable sum of money among her husband's friends for the purpose of erecting a Sailors' Rest and Reading-room at Hankow. With this money a suitable and beautiful little building has been erected on the premises of the London Mission. At Hankow Mrs. John threw herself into the Chinese work with great enthusiasm, and her influence among the Chinese was great. She took a special interest in the hospital, and devoted much of her time to the instruction of the female patients. Day by day, through rain and sunshine, was she to be seen on her way to or from that institution. She knew how dark and sad their souls were, and she felt she must go and give them light and comfort. And her labors in this direction were not in vain. Some of the most satisfactory female converts were brought to Christ through her efforts in connection with the hospital work.

During the few years preceding HER DEATH, Mrs. John suffered constant pain. Disease had laid firm hold upon her vital powers before her husband and friends suspected its presence The patience, the self-forgetfulness, and self-sacrifice which animated her in her work sealed her lips from complaint. She suffered silently, and none could detect any flagging in her energy nor any diminution in her labor. Even when her distressing complaint could no longer be concealed, she spoke of it with so much lightness and so little concern, that no alarm was produced. To her the time of her departure was of little moment. She had left that with all else in the hands of her Lord, and had no occasion for the concern which the approach of death begets in the minds of those who are living for the world.

She was not altogether laid aside from her beloved work until Christmas Day, 1885. Then the appearance of acute symptoms rendered medical assistance indispensable. Dr. Gillison was summoned, and pronounced the case to be one of peritonitis. All that love and medical skill could do was done for the patient, but she gradually grew worse, and died about noon on December 29th. The event was felt to be very sudden, because it was very unexpected. The physician hoped almost to the last, and those who stood around her were only too glad to share in his hope. Till within two hours of the end, her husband had no idea that it was so nigh.

About half an hour before her departure she said, "Griffith," first indistinctly, then quite clearly. Her husband spoke to her, and asked her if she was happy. In an instant a strange light shone *upon* or *from* her face; she opened her eyes, and gazing upon some vision of the unseen, she said,

"BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! JESUS the Lord! Beautiful!" She must have repeated the word *beautiful* fifty times at least during the last half hour, and she heaved the last sigh with the word upon her lips. "Those who were present," writes a mourner, "can never forget what we saw and heard during that half hour." They felt that heaven was in their midst, and they were standing in the very presence of the King. What was that light? Was it not the reflection of another face which was just then looking on her? "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

To her bereaved husband, stricken down with grief, it has been a melancholy joy to read letters from all lands, telling of the love which his beloved wife had inspired. Rough sailors, refined ladies, Christians of every degree, have written to express their sorrow, and if not to offer consolation, to give him that companionship in affliction which has its comforting influence. "I cannot tell you how I loved her," writes one, "or what she has been to me. Only the Lord who gave her to me knows. She it was who led me to find that perfect peace which she herself so enjoyed, and I can truly say that my whole life was changed through her influence," and she adds with truth, "and I expect very many can tell the same tale."

Chinese Converts Set an Example that Christians at home would do well to follow. Dr. Corbett, a returned missionary from China, says that "the heathen never go to their temples to worship without carrying an offering of some kind as a proof of their sincerity. When they become Christians this conviction is not rooted out, but rather it is heightened in proportion as Christianity is regarded as superior to heathenism. I have seen them give to such an extent that I felt it a duty to remonstrate, and remind them that they owed duties to their homes which must not be forgotten." American clergymen are not often required to undertake the duty of remonstrating with their members on that account.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Delivered from the Drink Demon.—At a testimony meeting in Cowcaddens Free Church the following testimony was given: "It is six and a half years since I gave myself to Christ, and for the previous five years I was a confirmed drunkard. But I had a praying mother, and through her pleadings God's Holy Spirit strove with me. For a long time I got no rest by night or by day: I saw nothing before me but an undone eternity. Oh, what a miserable sinner I felt! My heart was sick and sore, and I at length turned to God's Word to seek relief, and this is what I found, '*He was* wounded for our transgressions, *He was* bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace *was* upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.' I fled to Christ the Blessed One as my only Refuge, and put myself into His hands, and now I thank God because I stand on redemption ground."

Good Advice at a Wedding.—The Rev. Mr. Ross observed: "About a year ago I married a couple, and after the ceremony was over I advised them to give their hearts to Jesus then and there. I heard no more of them until very recently. I was told that a woman wished to see me. I had forgotten all about the woman, but she had not forgotten what I had said to her and her husband on the morning of their marriage. She said, 'You married me about a year ago, and then you said to us, "If you have not given your hearts already to Christ, do it now."' 'And did you do so?' I asked. 'No,' she said, 'since that time I have been troubled much about what you said, and often I have urged my husband to come to the church and have a conversation about this matter, but he would not, so I resolved to come alone, and get salvation to-night.' She got what she wanted, and went away rejoicing in the love of Christ."

On a Sandy Foundation.—Mr. Clarke Said: "I was a few days ago at the death-bed of a man who had been a Christian worker, and I said to him, 'My friend, now that you are about to enter eternity, and have to spend it in heaven or hell, do you rest assured that your sins are forgiven through Christ, and that you are going straight to Him in glory?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I am going to heaven.' But when I came to ask on what grounds he was resting, I found he hoped to get there because he had been a 'blue-ribbon man' for years, and had rescued many drunkards. He had been as the boat bringing many people over the river, but never landing himself, or as I once saw at Rothesay, a young man standing on the pier assisting a picnic party one by one on board, and after helping the last as he turned to follow, found the boat moving away. He had helped so many into Christ's kingdom that he thought he must be there himself."

The Only Escape from the Wreck.—Mr. Thompson said: "There was an emigrant ship going down, but fortunately there were enough boats to save the most of the people on board. The passengers were lowered over the ship's side by a rope, and when the waves had brought the boat directly beneath them they were told to let go, and those on the boat would catch them. Many had performed that perilous journey in safety, when it came to the turn of a lady; she got the same instructions as the others, but when told to let go she held firmly on. The captain scolded her, and told her to be sure and let go the next time. They waited until another wave brought the boat directly underneath, and again she was told to let go; but she was afraid, and only held the tighter, and again the boat drifted away. Then as time was precious she was pulled up and put aside. Then they took her little girl, and after directing her, let her over the side. She had faith in the captain and in those who were trying to save her, and at the right time let go the rope, and found herself safe in the arms of those in the boat. For the third time they tried the mother, and for the third time she refused to be guided by faith to safety; she remained on the ship until it sunk, and with it was lost. So when Christ tells us to let go all and trust in Him, we often refuse and hold on something of or in ourselves, which keeps God's Spirit from working in us, and we go down clinging to some delusive hope."

A Company of Angry Jews.—Mr. Byran, a Polish missionary, said: "When I was travelling in Germany I took every opportunity to speak to the poor Jews about the Gospel of Jesus Christ, concerning which they are wofully ignorant; and, on one occasion, when travelling in a train, I found myself in the same compartment as four Jews. According to my usual custom, I took out my New Testament and began to talk to them. They listened for some time quietly enough while I talked of the love of God the Father; but when I went on to speak of Jesus of Nazareth, as being the Son of God, the promised Messiah, and told them of His being crucified for their sins, they could no longer contain themselves, but burst forth into angry denunciations upon me, who, being a Jew, dared to preach to them on a crucified, a degraded malefactor. Such is the opinion of Jesus among those Jews who know anything at all about Christianity, but the great part are entirely ignorant of the nature of Christianity, believing it to be an idolatrous religion, akin to those held by the inhabitants of Canaan who were driven out by the conquering hosts of Israelites under Joshua."

A Kiss for a Blow.—A Friend Remarked: "Once I was at the examination of a school containing about six hundred children. They were all seated in a large hall and were under the charge of the principal, a Christian old lady. While they were all sitting there, a little boy and girl, brother and sister, in the middle of the hall, had a dispute, and when his sister was speaking to him, he raised his hand and struck her on the face. The girl was just about to return the blow when she caught the eye of her teacher gazing steadily at her. She went right up to the pair, the boy looking guilty and quite ashamed of himself, and said to the girl, 'Now, Martha, instead of returning that blow, put your arms round your brother's neck and give him a kiss.' This, being so angry, she was disinclined to do, but at length she entwined her arms round his neck and kissed him. Then the little fellow was completely broken down, and began to cry, saying he had rather she had struck him. But little Martha comforted him, saying he had not hurt her much, and that he would not hit her again; and at the end of the examination they went home quite happy. Such is God's commandment to us—to return good for evil, and in so doing we heap coals of fire on our enemy's head."

A Foolish Excuse Exposed.—An Evangelist related: "I was at a meeting lately where there were over six hundred people present, and of that number there were only about twenty young men. Nor was this an isolated case; there is seldom a greater percentage of young men at any of our evangelistic meetings. At the close of the address a Baptist minister and I spoke particularly to the young men about deciding for Christ, and nearly all of them gave the same excuse, which was, 'Look at the samples of Christianity we have in this city; we hear them preach, but we also see how they live, and their behavior gives the lie to their preaching. No, there are too many hypocrites among you for us to wish to be among them also!' My friend, the minister, then put his hand into his pocket, and taking a silver coin, said, 'Will you take this?' 'Yes,' replied a young man. 'But,' continued the minister, 'there is base coin about; this may be bad. Will you risk the accepting of it?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'for while there may be a few counterfeits there are many good.' 'And that is exactly the case with Christians,' replied the minister; 'while there are many true Christians there is a sprinkling of hypocrites, and the world seeing them, remembers them, forgetting that they are but few in comparison with the true Christians.'"

BROKEN PIECES OF THE SHIP.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Jan. 16, 1887.

"Some on broken pieces of the ship."—ACTS 27 : 44.

The Storm-beaten Ship—A Missionary in Command—The Wreck—Men Floating on the Wreckage—The Ship of the Church—Broken Theological Timbers—The Plank to Cling to—Safety for Men Not on the Ship—Overboard at Andover—Castaway by Election—Stumbling at Eternal Punishment—Herod and the Massacred Children—No Time to Reconstruct the Ship—Garibaldi's Garden—How Theological Systems go to Pieces—The Wreck of the Knickerbocker—Perilous Discussions—Wrecked Lives—One Hour Left.

NEVER off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras was a ship in worse predicament than in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship, on which two hundred and seventy-six passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island called Civita Vecchia. After a two weeks' tempest when the ship was entirely disabled and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was *small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed*, according to tradition. It was Paul,

THE ONLY UNSCARED MAN

aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean Sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; ay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles that they had on these old boats, and hoisted the main sail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to starboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arm around a mast, he cries: "All is well. God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow with such force that it broke off the mast.

CRASH! WENT THE TIMBERS

till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves two hundred and seventy-six immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore and had learned to swim, and with their chin just above the waves and by stroke of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach and reach it. But, alas, for those others! they have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that table." "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore, keep up your courage! Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There another plank comes in with a life clinging fast to it. There another piece of the shattered vessel with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time be

ALL SAVED.

Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out, "Thank God, all are here!"

Gather them around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundles of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and their wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: "Some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass they all escaped safe to land."

Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself to-day to an examination of

THOSE WHO CAME IN

on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, or even two miles is not. But I cannot stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. The great Gospel ship is the finest vessel of the universe and can carry more passengers than any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for oftimes it will be tempestuous, and a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on that Great Eastern, so called by me because its commander came out of the East, the star of the East a badge of His authority

But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. Their

THEOLOGY BROKEN IN PIECES,

and their life broken in pieces, and their habits broken in pieces, and their worldly and spiritual prospects broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text: "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

One object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on

THAT ONE PLANK.

I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all the Bible is there anything that says: Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt be saved; or, believe in Arminius and thou shalt be saved; or, believe in the Synod of Dort and thou shalt be saved; or, believe in the Thirty-nine Articles and thou shalt be saved? A man may be orthodox and go to hell, or heterodox and go to heaven. The man who in the deep affection of his heart accepts Christ is saved, and the man who does not accept Him is lost.

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster catechisms, and I wish you all did, but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can find only a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul, who has lately travelled through New England and passed the night

AT ANDOVER.

He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way. You say:

"I DO NOT LIKE PRINCETON

theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siege-guns of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the

DOCTRINE OF ELECTION

and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them, for I say to myself: "If I love Christ, and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered a long while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore for three decades.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all."

Ah! don't you? Do all the people, of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals, go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet each other, and they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar died in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after. Will the burglar be at the gate of heaven waiting when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? *I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the River of Life with the children he massacred.* I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say, "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore.

You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere, from that which others adopt, but you are not therefore hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the North Star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different, hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have

not a whole ship fashioned in the theological dry docks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank: "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I *don't believe in revivals!* Then go to your room, and all alone with your door locked give your heart to God and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade. "But I do *not believe in baptism!*" Come in without it, and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many *inconsistent Christians!*" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors ought to act. "But I *don't believe in the Old Testament!*" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans!" Then

COME IN ON MATTHEW

or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and that floor timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says:

"YOU WILL DROWN

before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing while trying to mend his ship goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. Oh, my brother, let your smashed-up system of theology go to the bottom while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

GARIBALDI'S GARDENS.

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultured island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave nine million people free government under Victor Emanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprera, returned, and, when he approached it, he found that his home had by Victor Emanuel as a surprise been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rookery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion where he lived in comfort the rest of his days. And I tell you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emanuel, and follow Him through thick and thin, and fight His battles, and endure His sacrifices, you will find after a while that He has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny scepticisms into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamed of. From a tangled Caprera of sadness into a Paradise of God!

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that by your parents you were

STARTED WITH ONLY ONE PLANK,

and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm-book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard and he put his sea-glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and *He is all you need to see.*

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. Last month

THE STEAMSHIP KNICKERBOCKER

of the Cromwell Line, running between New Orleans and here, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer of Philadelphia in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain-high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their hands and arms were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down never to rise till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows we all can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out in a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over Him from one side, and the wave of hellish fury rolled over Him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

Come in on that one narrow beam,

THE BEAM OF THE CROSS.

Let all else go and cling to that. Put that under you, and with the earnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life put out for shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many, who were as far out as you are, are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are wading out into the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally sceptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being farther out to sea than any of the two hundred and seventy-six in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions. But

I CAME IN ON A PLANK.

I knew Christ was the Saviour of sinners, and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out on that sea again. I have not for thirty minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in thirty years. And during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for thirty seconds.

I would rather, in a mud-scow, try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean than risk my immortal soul in useless and

PERILOUS DISCUSSIONS

in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on Ramsgate pier-head, from which the life-boats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different style of oar-locks, and how deep a boat ought to set in the water, while a hurricane is in full blast, and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing.

An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things. Man the lifeboat! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads, pull for the wreck! Ha! ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their hands and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretchedness let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

I bethink myself that there are some here whose opportunity or whose life is a mere wreck, and they have

ONLY A SMALL PIECE LEFT.

You started in youth with all sails set and everything promised a grand voyage, but you have sailed in the wrong direction or have foundered on a rock. You have only a fragment of time left. Then come in on that one plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half century, perhaps threequarters of a century gone. The hour-hand and the minute-hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all of our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last *make God a present of a first-rate corpse.* But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you

ONLY ONE MORE YEAR

left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deploration something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties, and fine social position, and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ, and shall enter heaven through His mercy, but, alas, alas, that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship!"

CHINESE IDOLS SURRENDERED.

IN a letter from North China, published in the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Aiken reports the blessed results of a visit home recently made by a teacher in the Boys' Day School at Pening. He says: The teacher went for a vacation to his home, two hundred miles north of Peking, beyond the Great Wall and toward Manchuria. Returning the first part of this month, he told us that his father, his mother, his sister, and his wife, who were all living in one house and who had previously been worshippers of idols, had learned from him the truth, 'slowly, slowly—a little each day'—and all wished to believe on Jesus, and that he had brought with him his father to stay here some weeks and learn the truth. He said that they *had thrown away all their idols*, including the burning of some paper upon which there were idolatrous images, or figures, which had been in the family two hundred years; in proof of which they brought down with them and presented to us a small metal box containing three wretched little idols. One of these, however, was quite nicely finished, and the whole would probably be worth what would be to them quite a good sum of money.

The women at home, we understand, are studying some Christian books which the teacher left with them, by the aid of such knowledge of the characters as he could give them, and having in his absences the assistance of an old teacher. The father here seems earnest and full of his new experience, and the teacher is going on with his school again, preaching frequently in the street-chapel when not occupied with his other duties; he also seems to be full of new life and hopefulness, as he well may be.

AN AFRICAN SHILOH.

AN attractive picture of a missionary's home is furnished by the Rev. William A. Fair, in a letter from Bassa, Liberia, to the *Spirit of Missions*. He writes: "We have cause for continual thankfulness. The Lord, through His blessing on our efforts here, has provided a comfortable home for us—a farm of forty-five acres, with dwelling 24x30 and two stories high, about fourteen miles from the sea, where mission work had never before been undertaken. *We have named our place 'Shiloh.'* Chiefly through the proceeds of our farm we have been enabled to support ourselves for the two years past, and for more than a year feed and clothe six little children of heathen parents.

"We have about five thousand coffee-trees on our land. The children do a good deal of the gathering and preparing of the coffee for market. This year we expect to realize $100 from our crop of coffee, and next year $200. We raise a considerable quantity of *eddos* and *cassada*—both good substitutes for Irish potatoes—sweet potatoes, and a few other vegetables, and this year, rice.

"Our dear friends, I know, if they were here, would enjoy a walk through Shiloh. There is a nice stream, with tall shady trees on either side. The hills and vales are covered with fruit-bearing trees, which, we trust, will soon yield abundantly. In their walk, too, they would see some of the various tropical fruits, which to people living in a temperate climate would be very tempting. Of course, as may be supposed, our means being limited, we have been obliged to work very hard and constantly. Many a day we have been very tired and sometimes sick from over-work and exposure; but believing our Heavenly Father has placed us here, we are contented and happy in our lot."

THE MONK'S VISION.

IN a recently-published volume of "Illustrations of Bible Texts," * Mr. C. H. Spurgeon relates the following legend, which though, of course, not true, serves, like the parables of our Lord, to convey a valuable lesson:

"There is a striking legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination. A monk had seen a beautiful vision of our Saviour, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor at the convent-gate. He would fain have lingered in his cell, transported with joy at the vision; but, under a sense of duty, he tore himself away from it to perform his humble service. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and heard a voice, saying, 'Hadst thou stayed, I would have gone. As thou hast gone, I have remained.'

"It is a blessed thing to go forth with the Master's message after having seen Him; it is delightful to meet Him on the way when we are going to tell His disciples; and it is inexpressibly pleasant to find Him in the assembly bearing the witness with us. To go from the Lord with the Lord is such an agreeable combination that it cannot be described, but must be personally experienced."

FAITH BY ANALOGY.

A REMARKABLE testimony, recently given at Bethshan, London, is reported in the current number of *Thy Healer*. At one of the regular meetings Mr. Arthur Weedon, of 11 Chestnut Terrace, Tottenham, rose and said:

"About six years ago I was, with some companions, bathing in the river Lea, and while diving, I cut my knee very badly. I had to go to the hospital, and was laid up for five or six weeks, and then I became an out-door patient. Then I became able to go to my work, but was given to understand that I should feel the effects of my wounds every twelve months as the time came round. Well, when August came round again, I was laid aside, and had to go to the hospital again. The doctor said he could do nothing unless I went in. I did so, and was there for six weeks, and then became an out-door patient. One Thursday, while waiting for the doctor, I broke my stick, without which I could not walk, and I had to lean against the brick wall for support. At this time I had never heard of healing by the Lord; but while thus leaning, the thought came to me—if I had trusted God to heal my soul, why should I not trust Him to heal my body? I determined to do so, and while thus trusting Him, I was able to walk away without seeing the doctor. When I got home my mother was surprised, and said, 'Why, Arthur, what are you going to do?' I sat down by the fire and took the bandages away, one by one, and threw them into the fire; and from that day to this I have not felt the least ill effects from the accident, and do not expect to feel any more. I went to work the next morning as if there had been nothing the matter with me. But I do not think I should have been better except on this condition, that I gave myself up wholly to God, to work for Him. He did it that men might see that there is power in the God of Israel."

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THE CRUELTIES OF HEATHENDOM.

JOURNALISTS whose hatred of England prompts them to misrepresent her dealings with Asiatic barbarism have written so much about the Burmese war that people are in danger of being deceived into believing that the Burmese dacoits are patriots giving their lives to liberate their country from foreign despotism. The following item, published by the *Indian Witness*, shows what is the character of these so-called patriots: "A poor old man of about seventy years of age was brought into the Civil Hospital at Kyoukse, not very long ago, the victim of rebel work. He had a few rupees—about fifty—saved, and he was tortured into giving this—his little all—up; and because he did not confess to the possession of more, his cheeks on both sides were slit from the corners of the mouth up to the ears and his tongue cut in two." Such things occur every day in Upper Burmah, and the English would have very little trouble from the dacoits if they did not interfere with them when they do such things.

THE LAST CITADEL OF HEATHENISM.

THE attempts recently made to effect an entrance into Thibet for commerce and the Gospel, which has unhappily failed, but which will surely be renewed, has directed public attention anew to that strange land. It is a country lying to the north-east of British India, between that country and China. Its area is about 652,000 square miles, and its population is estimated at 6,000,000. As, however, the country is closed to travellers, merchants, and missionaries, the number of inhabitants here given is chiefly conjectural. The Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, has recently published in his *Word, Work, and World* a series of papers on Thibet, from one of which, by Dr. A. T. Pierson, we extract the following details:

This almost unexplored country especially attracts attention as the main territory where as yet the Gospel has no foothold. It is called by the natives "Land of Bod." Lassa *god land* is the capital, and indeed the sacred metropolis of all countries where Buddhism reigns, as Rome is the capital of the Papacy. The inhabitants are Mongols. Polyandry is common, and *one woman may marry all the brothers in a family!* The language is mainly monosyllabic; the alphabet phonetic; it leads from left to right, and is evidently close akin to Sanscrit and Chinese, and has an extensive literature, mainly religious.

The principal interest that centres in Thibet is connected with the *Worship of the Grand Lama*, to whom even the Chinese Government pays homage, giving annually a sum equal to that paid by Thibet as tribute to China. Lamaism is an offshoot of Buddhism, and called by Thibetans "Buddha's Law."

There are two lamas, of equal sanctity, who consecrate each other, but Dalai-Lama is the supreme in power, and has his shrine at Lassa. According to popular notions, the Dalai-Lama incarnates Buddha-Sakyamuni, and is eternal and omniscient. When in his official dignity he sits cross-legged on five splendid cushions, over the altar, robed magnificently, and except that he moves his hands in blessing, is as motionless as a statue. Whatever emanates from him or is touched by him is supposed to be divinely potent. He is the supreme head of a hierarchy of ten grades, embracing a vast number of lamas, all of whom are monks, who live in lamaseries. *Prayer wheels* are everywhere seen, which turn out prayers and save indolent worshippers all exertion. Rich persons about to die call for lamas, who make a hole in the skull and let out the soul! and there are masses for the departed.

THE RESTORED EARTH.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Peter's Prediction—The Times of Refreshing—The Dislocation—The Curse to be Removed—Sterility Overcome—The Seasons Regular—Longevity Increased—The Purification of the Dead Sea—The Joy at the Lord's Coming.

AS respects the condition of the earth during the millennium among the many prophetical fore-glimpses, there is no prediction more remarkable than the summary given by the Apostle Peter, more especially as it is based on the second advent and reign of our Lord. Thus he said to the Jewish multitudes, who were gathered together at Solomon's Porch (Acts 3: 19–21) that "times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord (or the Father); and He shall send Jesus—who was before preached unto you—whom the heavens must receive until

THE TIMES OF THE RENOVATION

of all things which God hath spoken by the mouths of all His servants the prophets since the world began." These words clearly point *backward* to some catastrophe in the history of our earth, and they also look *forward* to a brighter era, when the feet of Messiah shall again tread the Holy Land, and He shall be invested by His Father (Dan. 7: 13, 14) with its kingship.

That the curse pronounced on the earth on the fall of Adam, and which was partially repealed after the Noahic deluge, will be completely removed at the Second Advent, is implied by

THE PREDICTED "RESTORATION

or renovation of all things." This fact was not, however, a novel revelation of the apostle, but rather it was only a summary of what had been previously declared by the Hebrew "prophets since the world began"—the only new revealed fact being as respects the Divine Personage by whom this restoration of the earth will be originated and introduced. Prominent among those seers of the Old Testament who referred to this renovation of the earth, were Isaiah, Ezekiel, Amos, Zechariah, and some unnamed Israelitish Psalmists.

The larger part of the earth is now so stony or rocky, that any capital expended on it would only entail its entire loss. But during the benign reign of Christ we learn that (Isa. 35: 1, 7) "the wilderness and

THE PARCHED GROUND

(literal) shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose: it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." Even that mirage which now mocks the thirsty caravans of the desert shall cease its deceptions, since the same prophet declares that "the parched ground, or mirage, shall become a (real) pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." Nor is this all, for to show how the primeval curse will be altogether repealed, Isaiah says (55: 13), "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree," so that thorns and thistles shall no longer exhaust the earth with useless vegetation.

In that glowing millennial Psalm, the sixty-

seventh, it is intimated that when the Gentiles shall universally join in the concert of praise to their Heavenly Father, "the earth shall yield her increase." For the full explanation of this prediction we are indebted to Amos, who says that so certain will be the process of the seasons that (Amos 9 : 13) "the days will come when the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes, him that soweth seed—and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall meet" with the richness and ripeness of their produce!

But even more than this; for not only will seasons follow

SEASONS IN REGULAR ROTATION,

so that one will gradually blend into the preceding so as to remove that uncertainty which is now the most glaring evil of agriculture, but it would appear from Ezekiel, that on the banks of the restored Dead Sea (Ezek. 47 : 12) will grow medicinal trees which will "bring forth new fruits according to his month," or in other words, every new moon will see a fresh crop of fruit. Nor is Ezekiel the only prophet to whom was revealed this fact, for about seven hundred years afterward it was communicated to the exile of Patmos (Rev. 22 : 1, 2), and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the Gentiles.

But, bright as this prospect of the Millennial age is, it would be darkened were life to be as brief and as uncertain as it is now. Happily, however,

LIFE WILL BE EXTENDED,

so that he that only reaches one hundred years will be regarded as a mere child. (See Isa. 65 : 21, 22.) And thus, as a result of their longevity, they "shall build houses and inhabit them, and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them: they shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of Thy people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." Thus will the long life of the patriarchal age be restored, and (Zech. 8 : 4) "There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for multitude of days" (margin). And, as the predicted renovation of the earth will not be confined to the Holy Land, but will extend throughout the wide world, so we may conclude that longevity will characterize the human race generally throughout the Millennium.

But the most unique of all the renovations of the earth is that which is connected with

THE RESTORATION OF THE DEAD SEA

to more than its primitive beauty and salubrity. Before the Divine penalty was inflicted for the heinous and shameless sin of the men of Sodom, the plain was (Gen. 13 : 10) "well watered every where, even as the garden of Jehovah, like the land of Egypt." But now nothing can exceed its wildness, awfulness, and sterility; and the Arabs, some probably of Moabite descent, avoid it, as a spot which visibly wears the stamp of the Divine displeasure and curse.

But, happily, like most of the Bible lands, Edom alone excepted, the Dead Sea has a bright future when the earth shall be renovated. The prophet Ezekiel (14 : 53–55) speaks of a period when "Sodom and her daughters [or villages] shall return to their former states." The cause of this wondrous improvement is indicated by Zechariah, who intimates that from a spring which will issue from beneath the rebuilt temple of the times of Messiah (Zech. 14 : 8), "living waters shall go out from Jerusalem—half of them toward the former [or Dead] Sea, and half of them toward the hinder [or Mediterranean] Sea."

No wonder, then, that with such brilliant prospects, when earth is redeemed from the Adamic curse, that the material "creation will, by a bold figure, be called upon" (Ps. 96 : 11–13) to "be glad: let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof: let the field be joyful and all that is therein," that then in response "all the trees of the field shall rejoice." And why all this jubilant feeling? Solely because Messiah, the Second Adam, "will come to rule the world with righteousness and the nations with His truth." For even the Holy Land, which (Lev. 26 : 34) now, "as predicted, enjoys her Sabbaths and lieth desolate," shall be (Num. 8 : 21) "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

WHEN CONDITIONS MEET.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for this Journal.)

THERE are moral forces in the world, brethren, just as there are physical forces in the world. About two years ago—not so long—I was walking on the railroad track just above my town with the pastor of our church. He was a younger man than myself. "Jones," he said,

"WE WILL HAVE A CYCLONE

this afternoon about two o'clock."

I said, "Have you gotten out your almanac yet?"

"I am not joking," he said; "don't you see how the wind has changed? Just now it was in our faces; now it's at our backs; in another minute or two it will be on our right, and then on our left. You look out about two o'clock."

Well, we went out and took dinner with my brother, and then he drove us into town in his buggy. We got back just about two o'clock. My brother was around at the back, and we heard him suddenly shout, "Look! Look! Look!" We ran out to the back door, and there was one of those fearful cyclones, carrying houses and trees and almost everything in its sweep. I stood watching it in its deathly course, and it passed just below us. It was just about four hundred yards wide, and looked like a thousand coal-burning engines chained together. I said to the pastor, "There's your cyclone."

"I will tell you why it had to come," he said; "because conditions met. Whenever conditions meet we will have a cyclone."

Now, brethren, I just want to say that wherever conditions meet you will have a moral cyclone that will uproot the evil of the whole community, and lay bare the giants of sin in the land. We don't want a small whirlwind or a little blow, but

A GRAND SPIRITUAL CYCLONE.

Let you and I go to work and get up conditions, and whenever they meet you will have a cyclone. I have seen a few of them. It is a grand sight to see a physical cyclone doing its work, but it is a grander sight to see a spiritual cyclone in operation. It is a grand sight to see the gray-headed old man, steeped in vice for seventy years, come to the stool of repentance, and throw himself on the mercy of God; and it is a grand sight to see a whole family gathered up and brought into the arms of the Church and heaven. What a grand thing to see conditions meet so that God can bless people in a spiritual cyclone! There are

TWO SIDES TO THE GOSPEL,

just as there are two sides to farming. God's side of farming is raining and shining; and man's side to farming is ploughing and hoeing and planting. There's many an old farmer now that would like to swap sides with God. He thinks it's so much easier to rain and shine than to plough and hoe. And it's much that way in religion. "O Lord!" says an old fellow, "if you will come down and quit uncleanness in me, I will do the blessing." I am so glad He won't do it—so glad He has fixed it so that you have to do the cleaning thing before He will bless you. I hear people say, "I think it is no harm to dance or play a game of cards or drink a dram." Let me tell you, since Jesus Christ took up His abode in my soul, I have drank all the whiskey and played all the cards and danced all I wanted. But, glory be to God, I have never wanted any of those things. The first man to-day is the man that dwells on religion. There is a man that does as he pleases, but he don't please to do anything but the clean thing.

I can't explain this, but, brother, come up higher. The reason these things are in your way, you need to get up a little higher. A great many people don't know

WHAT SALVATION IS.

Religion is not a gush or a sentiment or getting happy. Happiness is no more religion than my coat is Sam Jones. Salvation means loving what God loves and hating what God hates. It means: Lord God, I love the right because you love it, and because right is right; and I hate the wrong because you hate it, and because wrong is wrong. How shall I be brought into this state? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

I was at a place where there were

ONLY FOUR IN THE CHURCH.

Not enough to make a quorum to do business. So I went to a neighbor, and said, "*I'm mighty hard up for a few members.* I wish you would join the Church." He said, "I ain't fit. I curse sometimes, drink whiskey, get sort of tipsy." "That's why I want you. I know you're an honest man, and if you join the Church you will quit that, and I'm mighty hard up for a member." The upshot of the matter was that the man and his wife joined the Church. Some time afterward the man came to me, and said, "I have been in the Church three months, and I've got no religion; but I have not cursed any nor took a drink, but I am tired of being in the Church and having no religion; and I am going to pray and do my level best; and if God lets me live till I get home I will start family prayer; I will be a class-leader, if you like—just tell me; I'm in—*glory be to God!—I've got it right now!*" Whenever you surrender to God and say, "Lord, here I am, for time and eternity," blessings will come down upon you, and you will realize that you are a saved man in the arms of God. That's it.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

IN the course of some personal reminiscences recently published by Mr. Spurgeon, whose sermons appear week by week in this journal, he says: "A preserving Providence guides the lives of the Lord's people until they have finished their course. This may be ridiculed by modern sophists, who believe nothing but their own fancies; but those who behold the Lord everywhere present are not moved by their jests. It may encourage some faithful but trembling ones if I record an instance of the Lord's care toward myself.

"On Tuesday, October 26th, of this year, I preached at Bromley, in Kent, and travelled there and back in a hired carriage. While coming up one of our hills we came into

SHARP COLLISION WITH A HACK.

It was a great shaking, but we went on our way. I noticed that a wheel rattled; but there was no other apparent sign of mischief. The carriage stopped at the lodge, and I dismounted with my secretary. The coachman turned the horses round to go back to his livery stables, and there and then the carriage experienced *a remarkable collapse.* A wheel came off, another wheel seemed to be under the carriage, the springs snapped, and the forepart of the vehicle parted from the body of it. Why had not this happened before? We had turned two sharp corners safely; why were we not wrecked? A looker-on gave it as his reason—that *it was not to be, and so it wasn't.* Indisputably correct, but not all the truth. Our grateful impression was that a Divine hand had been fulfilling the word, 'He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.'

"Full of gratitude at an escape which was all the more memorable because of certain minute circumstances, which I need not here repeat, I was led to recall two or three other special preservations experienced within a short time. A man is immortal till his work is done, and when he reaches that point it little matters by what method he is taken home. We may travel with a holy fearlessness when we have prayed the Lord to preserve our going out and our coming in; for He will surely keep us till the hour comes when we shall return to the Father's house.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Vigorous Blow at Mormonism was Struck in the House on January 12th by the passage of the Anti-Polygamy bill, which it is proposed to substitute for the Senate measure. The House bill provides that the lawful husband or wife of any person prosecuted for polygamy is a competent witness against the accused, and further provides for the registration of all marriages, making it a misdemeanor for any person to violate the provisions relative to such registration. It abolishes woman suffrage in the Territory of Utah and dissolves the financial corporations known as the Church of Latter-Day Saints and the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, and the attorney-general is directed to wind them up by process of court. Polygamists are made ineligible to vote, and a test oath is prescribed to all persons desiring to vote that they will obey the laws of the United States, and especially the laws in respect to the crimes defined in this and the original Edmunds act.

The Passage in the Senate on Friday of the Inter-State Commerce Bill is an event the importance of which the public fully realizes. Indeed, it may be confidently affirmed that but for outside pressure the senators would not have passed it. The public, however, is by no means unanimous in approving it. In some sections there is apprehension that it will have a prejudicial effect on commerce if it becomes a law. That it is not a perfect measure, and that some sections will suffer from its operation the most zealous advocates of the bill admit, but they contend that it will not seriously injure any trade, while its general influence will be beneficial. The demand for some legislation of this character arose from the unjust discrimination of the railroads, resulting from interested persons gaining control of them. In this way monopolies, like the Standard Oil Company, have been able to build up an enormous trade through the advantage they gained over their competitors in the rates of transportation. The object of the bill is to compel the railroads to treat all shippers alike. As the abuse was recognized, the effort to remove it was approved. The real fight has been over what are called "the long and short haul clauses." Even under this bill the railroads are not compelled to charge ten times as much for carrying freight ten times the distance, but they are prohibited from continuing their present system of charging a higher rate for carrying freight a short distance than a long one. They cannot under the bill carry grain from Kansas to the coast for a smaller sum than they charge to carry it from Ohio to the coast. The bill leaves room for discrimination, but it imposes a limit. The other clause which excited opposition was the one prohibiting pooling. It does not forbid railroads to settle among themselves what uniform rate shall be fixed on the transportation of a commodity, but it prevents them from so pooling their earnings that a strong monopoly shall thrive while its competitors are frozen out. Thus the bill is designed in the interest of fair play, and so far it is to be commended. Whether its cumbrous machinery will effect its object, and whether its provisions will be evaded remains to be seen.

The Rejection of the Nomination of Mr. James C. Matthews, as Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia, seems to be agreed upon. The District Committee on Friday reported adversely on the nomination, and the Senate is little likely to reject the report. The fact that Republicans and Democrats are alike opposed to him has led to the inference that he is an unfit man for the post, and that the opposition does not spring from party feeling. On the other hand, lawyers assert that Matthews is well qualified, and that while he has had control of the office there has been no decrease in its efficiency. It is suspected that the apparent unanimity of opposition is due to the fact that Democratic senators dislike him on account of his color, and Republicans who do not object to a colored man being in office are annoyed that any colored man should be a Democrat, and are not willing that he should derive any benefit from the combination.

The Death of General William B. Hazen, the Chief of the Signal Service, occurred on Sunday. He had been in ill-health for some time, but no danger was apprehended. He attended the President's reception on Thursday, and caught a cold, which aggravated the disease of the kidneys from which he suffered. Diabetes developed on Saturday, and by Sunday noon it was evident that he could not recover. He sank rapidly, and died about eight o'clock. General Hazen was fifty-seven years of age, having been born in Vermont in 1830. The family removed to Ohio during his infancy, and he was identified with that State thereafter. He was admitted to West Point in 1851, saw some Indian fighting in Texas, in which he distinguished himself, and was made captain at the outbreak of the war in 1861. He took part in many important battles, and rose to the rank of colonel. After the war he travelled in Europe, and was with the Prussian army during the siege of Paris. In 1880 he was made Chief of the Signal Service by Mr. Hayes, but in that position he did not add to his fame.

The German Reichstag has Rejected the Appeal for the increase of the army demanded by Prince Bismarck, and has been dissolved. On January 14th the amendment limiting the action of the bill to three years instead of seven came to the vote, and was carried by 186 to 154. The chamber was about to proceed to the consideration of the next clause when Prince Bismarck rose and intimated that it was unnecessary. Taking a document from his portfolio, he read a decree of the Emperor dismissing the Reichstag. It had been prepared in anticipation of the adverse vote, or it may be that Bismarck has always the loaded weapon on hand to use when he may deem it advisable to terminate the existence of the Reichstag. The elections of the new Reichstag will take place on February 21st, and the time is sure to be one of intense excitement. The members knew perfectly well what would be the result of their action. Both Bismarck and Moltke in their speeches warned them that the Government intended to have the extra 41,000 men for seven years, as demanded, and would not submit to opposition. The blunt terms in which the warning was expressed may have had an influence in determining the result. The Reichstag could not with self-respect see itself degraded into a mere machine for registering the edicts of absolutism, and that was the position to which Bismarck assigned it. Even in the face of the hostile vote the enlistment is to commence as if the decision of the Reichstag had been in favor of the measure.

Lord Iddesleigh, Ex-Secretary of State of Great Britain, died suddenly on January 12th. He had called on Lord Salisbury to pay a farewell visit in his official character, Lord Salisbury having removed him from office, and was sitting in the ante-room when he was seized with apoplexy, and died in a few minutes. The deceased statesman, who was better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, was known to feel his removal from office acutely, and as he was a sufferer from heart disease, his chagrin is believed to have hastened his end. He was sixty-nine years old. He was at one time Mr. Gladstone's private secretary. He first attained prominence under Sir Robert Peel. The journals of both parties and the public generally speak of him with profound respect and deplore his death.

The Policy of the British Government in dealing with Ireland is having disastrous results. The landlords, encouraged by the firm attitude assumed by the Government, are pressing for the rents, and are making wholesale evictions. The number of paupers has increased with alarming rapidity. There are now more than *seven hundred thousand persons* wholly or partially supported at the public expense. This is an increase of about three hundred thousand over the number at this time last year. Most of them are evicted tenants. Twenty-five were evicted on one estate on Friday. One of them was a sick woman, who was carried out of the house, and was left in a dying condition in the yard. The police assisted in the eviction, and with loaded rifles pointed at the house, threatened to fire on the tenants if they did not vacate the house. Another woman vainly begged to be allowed to shelter her sick child in a hut. She was driven away, but a neighbor permitted her to put the child in a vacant pig-sty, which she did, protecting it from the bitter cold with straw. In one case the people in a house could not be dislodged, and the bailiffs set fire to the house. These atrocities occurred last week on the Winn estates at Glenbeigh, County Kerry.

An Ovation to Mr. Henry M. Stanley was tendered to him in London on Thursday last, previous to his setting out to rescue Emin Pacha. The freedom of the city was conferred upon the distinguished explorer. The ceremony took place in the council chamber of the Guildhall, and a most enthusiastic reception was accorded to the guest by a brilliant company. After the freedom had been conferred a banquet was given to Mr. Stanley at the Mansion House. Among those present were Cardinal Manning, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord Wolseley, Lord Napier, of Magdala; General Lord Chelmsford, and General Graham. Mr. Stanley, in replying to a toast, said that he had decided to take the route by way of the Congo River as the best and most expeditious for the relief of Emin Pacha. Passage might be forced by other routes, but he pointed out that after the caravans had passed along them all these routes would be closed, while the Congo would always be open.

Rev. M. Baxter will Preach next Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening in Philadelphia, in the City Institute Hall, corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, upon: "Coming great wars and earthquakes during the next thirteen years before the year 1900, great religious revivals, second advent of Christ, and resurrection and ascension of Christians, without dying; England's loss of Ireland and India, and conquest of Germany by France in 1887-89, changing twenty-three kingdoms into Daniel's predicted Franco-Roman Confederacy of ten kingdoms prior to the Napoleonic Antichrist's seven years' covenant with the Jews (Daniel 7 : 24, and 9 : 27); the spread of socialism, communism, nihilism, anarchy, spiritulism, culminating in the great tribulation and Antichrist's massacre of myriads of Christians during three and a half years, and then the millennium of one thousand years."

Mr. William Noble has Returned to America from his Australian tour. During his journey, which has occupied twelve months, he has held large meetings at various places in New Zealand, New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland. Numerous invitations to speak in several States awaited his arrival in America but having received despatches from England, informing him of the serious illness of Mrs. Noble, he has been obliged to decline them and hasten his departure home. He expects to sail for England on Saturday next by the Umbria. The only public engagement he has been able to accept was to speak at Frankfort, Pa., the place at which Mr. Gough was stricken down last year On Saturday last he paid a visit to Mrs. Gough at her home at Hillside, Mass.

The Rev. and Mrs. W. F. ReQua have Commenced work at McAllister, Ind. Terr. They write hopefully of their prospects of success among the Indians. Mr. ReQua preaches and visits over a circle around McAllister of considerable extent. At present he has to walk to all his stations, but hopes that in some way he may obtain a horse, which would save time and enable him to reach other stations Of course, as he anticipated, the privations and hardships attending his mission are extreme. Cold and exposure have caused illness in his family, and at times they have been *in want of food and fuel.* Any help that can be sent to him by his friends who encouraged him in his undertaking will be doubly welcome if sent at once while the severe weather continues.

Revival Services Are Being Held with Encouraging results at North Tiverton, R. I. The Rev. Arthur Jones, the young pastor of the Primitive Methodist Church in that place, commenced them two weeks ago, and the blessing of God has been upon them from the beginning. Meetings have been held every night, and conversions have taken place at every service. The work is spreading, especially among non-churchgoers.

The Rev. Sam Jones Commenced His Two weeks' mission in Boston, Mass., on Sunday last. There has been some anxiety about this work, the preacher's strong language and disregard of grammar being thought likely to obstruct his success in the "home of culture." Sunday's services, however, gave no indications of such effects. In the morning Tremont Church was crowded to the doors, and at night seven thousand persons tried to get into the People's Church to hear him.

The Eleventh Anniversary of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association was held on January 9th, at the Fayette Street Methodist Church, in Baltimore, Md. This is one of the most vigorous and efficient branches of the work in this country, and its influence reaches far and wide. The directors and other officials of the railroad speak in strong terms of the beneficial results of its work on the employés. The report of the past year is a most encouraging one, showing that the Association is growing rapidly and becoming increasingly useful. A new building for its use is about to be erected. The Association has purchased an eligible site, and has three thousand dollars in bank toward the cost of building. Mr. W. H. Morriss, the efficient General Secretary, is making strong efforts to raise the money still required to make the new building one worthy of its object.

"Knocking Out Satan" is the Caption under which Ben Hogan's meetings at Fresno, Cal., are described in the Fresno *Republican.* That journal, which is apparently better adapted to describe the pugilistic exploits in which Mr. Hogan formerly distinguished himself than his present occupation, nevertheless speaks in terms of praise of his earnestness and of the crowds that listen to him. It says: "Mr. Hogan speaks extemporaneously, and while he is not mindful of the rules of grammar, he is earnest, forcible, and logical. He draws his illustrations from every-day life and experience, emphasizes with easy gestures which at times are quite impressive. Notwithstanding his quaint, odd sentences and homely phrases, the good sense and magnetism of the man entertain and hold his audience, and leave behind a good impression."

An Objection to Prayer was Explained by a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania on January 12th. In moving that the custom of opening the House with prayer be dispensed with, he said he did not make the motion because he was opposed to prayer. The Legislature proposed to force upon the people a prohibition amendment to the Constitution, which would be an abomination in the sight of God, and it would be little less than sacrilegious to have the proceedings of a body which proposed to do this opened with prayer. God had sanctified the use of wine, and it would be an abomination to abolish its use. It would appear that the legislator was perfectly consistent. A man who desires the perpetuation of the liquor traffic, and at the same time believes in the efficacy of prayer, is quite logical in proposing to dispense with it (Mark 11 : 23, 24).

A Huge Crash at Niagara Falls is Reported. On Thursday last more than two hundred thousand cubic yards of limestone and slate rock fell out of the bank of the river, near Horseshoe Falls, on the Canada side. The mass fell with a tremendous crash, which was heard and felt for miles around. The break has considerably changed the appearance of the bank. The main rock is now a perpendicular wall. The tremendous weight of ice which has accumulated during the past three weeks with the steady frosty weather and low water was the cause of the break. The rock looked firm, and might have been expected to continue as it was for centuries, but a mere change of weather sufficed to cast it down. Those who scoff at the wonders which prophecy shows will occur in the near future, and tell us that the day of miracles is past, forget what boundless resources God has at His command which can produce marvellous results without resorting to miracle (II Peter 3 : 4–7).

A Boston Chinaman Expressed His Appreciation of the benefits of a church connection recently in characteristic terms. A Christian lady of that city, who has earnestly and prayerfully labored to carry the Gospel to the Mongolian laundrymen around her, at length succeeded in getting one of them to attend Sunday-school and church regularly. The man was attentive and well behaved, and the lady had great hopes of him. She tried to interest others in his welfare, too, and induced her friends to patronize his laundry. Visiting him at his home a few days ago, she received a warm welcome. John gave her to understand that he enjoyed very much attending the Sunday-school, information that was exceedingly gratifying. Anxious, however, to receive more practical demonstration of the influence of the school upon him, she asked him if he did not think it did him good. "Yi, yi!" came the convincing response, "washee fol le whole conglogation." The Chinaman's idea of getting good is not an uncommon one; unhappily, it is the motive of many a church connection (II Pet. 2 : 2, 3).

How Prisoners of War Escaped from Mexican prisons has been explained in connection with the death of Colonel L. Stanislaus Hargous, who expired at his home in New York two weeks ago. In 1846 and for twenty years afterward Colonel Hargous was the most prominent American citizen residing in Vera Cruz, Mexico. He carried on an extensive banking and shipping business, and accumulated a large fortune. When Colonel Hargous first settled in Vera Cruz there were a large number of Texas prisoners of war confined at the fortress of Perote, in Mexico. From time to time some of them escaped and reached Vera Cruz. They always found in Colonel Hargous a ready and generous friend, who aided them with his means and with the facilities which his shipping interest afforded for their escape to the United States. This he did at the risk of ruin to himself, and the risk was increased by the ungrateful carelessness of some of those whom he aided, who exposed his dangerous kindness through the New Orleans press. Notwithstanding this, Colonel Hargous continued the work, and through the help rendered by him many more prisoners were enabled to reach their homes. It is not of this form of "ungrateful carelessness" on the part of prisoners released from Satan's bondage that Christ has to complain. Too often their ingratitude is shown in silence, when they ought to declare everywhere what their Deliverer has done for them (Luke 8 : 39).

An Absent-Minded Bridegroom Caused Some amusement in a Georgia town recently. He had been regarded by his friends as a confirmed bachelor, and it surprised them to learn that he was going to be married. He seemed unable to realize it himself. His first blunder was made when the minister was performing the marriage ceremony. When it became his duty to place the ring on the bride's finger, he drew a silver quarter from his pocket, and handed it to her, to the consternation and confusion of all parties. That afternoon, when he embarked on the train with his bride for a tour, and the conductor came around for tickets, the groom found that he had bought only one ticket, forgetting that he had doubled his expenses and responsibilities that day. The forgetfulness in this case was simply amusing, but it becomes painful and injurious when it is displayed, as it too often is, by men who have entered into new spiritual relations. It is a common reproach against the Church that no difference can be seen in the habits and lives of men who have been converted (Eph. 4 : 22–25).

The Practice Known as "Swearing Off," which is common about New Year's, is the cause of many disappointments and much humiliation. An indulgence, a bad habit, or a weakness against which conscience protests, is apt to be broken off at the commencement of a new year and good resolutions formed. Then follows a period of struggle, and sometimes before the end of the first month of the year, the good resolutions are broken and the man is living as before. The editor of a contemporary states that he has received a letter from a subscriber who has suffered in this way, and who finding he had never been able to keep his resolutions, informed him that he had started this year without making any. The editor thinks the devil rejoiced at this result, as, while he likes the man who makes good resolutions and breaks them, he likes still better the man who does not make any. Possibly some of our own readers are in like case—disheartened and despairing. If there are any such we trust they will adopt the apostolic suggestion, which is a more excellent way than that adopted by our contemporary's correspondent (Jude 24).

A Monkey at Church Caused some Excitement for the officers on January 9th. When the janitor of Grace Church, Providence, R. I., opened the building for morning service a big, ringtail monkey from an adjoining dime museum presented himself and indicated an intention to remain. The janitor was opposed to the project, as the monkey would get no good from the service, and might disturb the congregation. He chased the animal from one part of the edifice to another, but could not catch him. The nimble creature climbed pillars, hung to cornices, and explored the highest parts of the grand organ. Six policemen and a number of the members of the church assisted in the chase, but without success. The policemen wanted to shoot, but the janitor objected. The creature was eventually captured by strategy. A number of tarts and candies were temptingly displayed, and the monkey, unable to resist the temptation, fell into an ambush. It is not to be supposed that the monkey had heard of the theories of the evolutionists, and was desirous of attending the service on that ground. It was doubtless a pure mischievous frolic on his part. As he was captured and removed Satan would have to find some other means of distracting the thoughts of the congregation, and he was probably successful, as he usually is (Matt. 13 : 19).

THE MASTER-KEY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good."—GENESIS 32 : 12.

The Great Difference between Two Races of Men—Possession or Non-Possession of a God—Jacob and Esau—Jacob Driven to his God by Trouble—How he Pleaded—God's Promise the Sinew of his Prayer—His Example—I. A Memorial—God's Words to be Cherished—General Gordon's Practice—No Monopoly in the Promises—II. God's Bond—Held by His Truth—By His Immutability—His Power—III. Our Plea—In Spite of Unworthiness—In Present Danger—How to Plead.

THE possession of a God, or the non-possession of a God, makes the greatest possible difference between man and man. Esau is a princely being, but he is "a profane person." Jacob is a weak, fallible, frail creature, but he has a God. Have you not heard of "the mighty God of Jacob"? There are many wise, careful, prudent men of the world who have no God; and truly these in the highest sense, like the young lions, do lack, and suffer hunger; for their highest nature is left to famish. Those who wait upon the Lord are often very simple, and devoid of ability and policy, but they shall not lack any good thing: their highest nature is well supplied from heavenly sources. This is the great

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO RACES

which people the world: I mean the sons of men who say in their hearts, "No God," and the sons of God, the twice-born, who have received new life, and therefore with heart and flesh cry out for God, even the living God. Because Jacob had a God, therefore he went to Him in the hour of his trouble. He did not know how he should escape from his injured and angry brother Esau. In fact, he believed that Esau was come on purpose to cut him up, root and branch: and so, after doing the best he could, Jacob looked to his best Friend and Helper, and cried unto his God. I am afraid that many professed Christians place their God afar off, and never dream of repairing to Him for practical succor in the hour of danger. Poor Jacob, in the calmer days of his life, had failed to walk with his God, as his father Abraham had done; but now a storm has overtaken him, and he flies to the Lord his God.

Dear friend, art thou in trouble at this time, and hast thou a God? Then go to Him in prayer at once, and spread thy case before Him. Hast thou a Rab-shakeh's letter in the house? Go, like Hezekiah, and spread it before the Lord. Hast thou a dying child? Then cry to the Lord as David did.

Make thou good use of thy God, and especially gain the fullest advantage from Him by pleading with Him in prayer. In troublous times, our best communion with God will be carried on by supplication. Tell Him thy case; search out His promise, and then plead it with holy boldness. This is the best, the surest, the speediest way of relief.

Beloved, we see that Jacob had a God, and that he made use of Him in prayer; but the point I want to call your attention to at this time is, that the stress, the force,

THE SINEW OF JACOB'S PRAYER

consisted in his pleading the promise of God with God. When he came to real wrestling with the Lord, then he cried, "Thou saidst." That is the way to lay a hold upon the covenant angel—"Thou saidst." The art of wrestling lies much in a proper use of "Thou saidst." Jacob, with all his mistakes, was a master of the art of prayer: we justly call him "wrestling Jacob." He said, "I will not let thee go." "Thou saidst" is a good grip with which to hold an honest man, and not less does it lay hold on our faithful God. This will have power over any person in whom is truth; for he that speaks truly will not run back from his promise. When we come to pleading terms with God, there is nothing that so helps us as to be able to quote the promise, and plead, "Thou saidst."

In handling my text, which was Jacob's prayer, I shall notice, first, that it ought to be *our memorial*; and, secondly, that it is *God's bond*; and, thirdly, that therefore we may make it *our plea*.

I. First, it ought to be

OUR MEMORIAL.

I mean, dear friends, that we ought to recollect, much more than we do, what God has said. The Lord has spoken often from the foundations of the world by His prophets, and in these last days by His Son; and we are bound to guard jealously every single word which He has thus given to us. He has preserved His own words in the Scriptures; let us also preserve them in our hearts. No subjects in the world can be so worthy of the consideration, the memory, and the reverence of man as those upon which his Maker has deigned to give instruction. The choicest communications ever made to human minds are those which have come from the great Father. I ask you, therefore, brothers and sisters, if I say not rightly that God's divine "Thou hast said" should be our memorial?

We ought to do this, first, with regard to what God hath said. You notice that Jacob puts it, "Thou saidst," and then he quotes the words—"Surely I will do thee good." It is an essential part of the education of a Christian to learn the promises. I always admire that fact in the life of

GENERAL GORDON,

who, whatever mistakes he made, was a grand believer, a very Abraham among us in these latter days—that he always carried with him that little book called Clark's "Precious Promises," which is an arrangement of the various promises of the Old and New Testaments under different heads. The General used to consult that collection of divine promises, and seek out that holy text which best suited his particular condition; then he sought solitude, and pleaded before the Lord that inspired Word, believing that it was true, and that the Lord would do as He had said. By faith he looked for an answer, and acted upon it. He went down through the Soudan alone, as you know, daring all manner of dangers because he believed in God. The heroism of his life grew out of his confidence in the promises. If we would be heroes, here is the food with which to sustain a noble life.

I would have all Christian people know God's promises. If you had in your house a number of cheques which you believed to be good, I do not suppose that you would long be unaware of their nature and value. Will you know your earthly wealth, and never consider your heavenly riches? In the Bible there are "exceeding great and precious promises;" shall it be said that some of God's children do not know what those promises contain? What a pity it would be for a trader to be short of money, and to have a draft, for a large amount, but not to know where to find it! It would be

A POOR WAY OF DOING BUSINESS,

would it not? Is it not a shameful thing to be dealing with God in a like slovenly fashion? Brethren, I would that we studied God's Word much more. If thou art well instructed in it, it shall be well with thee. "Surely," say you, "God, who spoke thus to Jacob, or thus to Daniel, or thus to Paul, finding me in the same condition, speaks also thus to me, for the promises are not of private interpretation. They are *not allotments hedged in for individuals*, but they are a wide and open common, which is the undisputed property of all believers. They are not confined to those to whom they were first spoken, but they reach also to us who are fellow-heirs with them."

Beloved, I say to you, one and all, study much the promises of God's Word! Have them at your fingers' ends. Remember what things God has said to men, and when He has said them, and to what kind of men He has said them, and discover by this means how far He has said them to you. Let this indeed be the forefront of your knowledge. If you cannot read the stars, yet read the promises. If you cannot study the stone book of geology, yet know the Rock of Ages, and the declarations engraven thereon. If you remain a stranger to the deep things of metaphysics and philosophy, yet at least know the household privileges of the family of God. Dear child, do know what your Father has said! It will be very sad if you do not. Happy heir of heaven, do you know what it is to which you are an heir according to the promises and the covenant!

II. Secondly, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good"—this is

GOD'S BOND.

Nothing holds a man like his word, and nothing so fully fixes the course of action of the Lord our God as His own promise. What a mighty thing, then, is a promise, since it is a bond which holds God Himself! How does it do so? I answer, it holds Him, first, *by His truth*. If a man says, "I will," it is not in his power, without a breach of truth, to refuse to make good his word. If a promise be made by one man to another, it is considered to be a matter of honor to fulfil it. Unless a man is willing to tarnish his honor, and disgrace his truthfulness, he will certainly do as He has solemnly promised to do. Learn, then, when you are praying to God, whether you be saint or sinner, to take the promise, and say, "O my God, thou hast bound Thyself to give me this blessing, for thou hast said that thou wilt do so, and I know Thou canst not lie! I am sure that Thou wilt do even as Thou hast said, for Thou art a God of truth!" The promise is God's gracious bond, since His truthfulness cannot be put in question.

But, next, he who enters into an engagement is bound to keep his word, or he is considered to be vacillating and changeable: the Lord is, therefore, held by His *immutability*. He is God, and changes not. We hear persons say, "I have changed my mind;" but God is of one mind, and who can turn him? Change is written upon all human things; but hearken to the Eternal—"I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Ages make no difference to Him. His promise is as fresh and unfading as when first He caused it to delight the eyes of His chosen. But sometimes men make a promise, and they are unable to fulfil it from want of *power*. Many a time it has cost honest minds great grief to feel that, though they are willing enough to do what they have engaged to do, yet they have lost their ability to perform their word. This is

A GRAVE SORROW

to a sincere mind. This can never happen to the Almighty God. He fainteth not, neither is weary. The Lord cannot possibly withdraw from His Word through inability; for "with God all things are possible." Therefore, go to Him in prayer, and take His promise, and say, "Lord, be pleased to help Thy servant, for I know that Thou canst deliver me, and I trust in Thee as God All-sufficient!"

Once more, the Lord's *wisdom* also holds him to His promise. Men make engagements thoughtlessly, and before long they realize that it would be ruinous to keep them. It is foolish to keep a foolish promise. Yet, because wisdom is not in us we make mistakes, and find ourselves in serious difficulties. It may so happen that a person may feel compelled to say, "I promised to do that which, upon more careful consideration, I find it would be wicked and unjust for me to do." Whatever justification an erring man may find in his folly to excuse him from fulfilling his rash promise, nothing of the kind can occur with God. He never speaks without knowledge, for He sees the end from the beginning, and He is infallibly good and wise. Therefore, again I say unto you, what a hold we have upon God because of His character!

I should not, however, complete my statement if I did not add that to go to God *through Jesus Christ*, is to use the best and most powerful of pleas. The great God will deny nothing to Jesus. For His sake He will give us all

things. When we bring His Son in the arms of our faith, and lay Him before the Father, we may have whatsoever we need. Let us not be slow to use this august plea. Let not our Lord Jesus have to say to us, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name."

III. So then, last of all, this may be, and this ought to be, in prayer

OUR PLEA,

as it was Jacob's plea—even this—"*Thou saidst.*" We may urge the gracious promise of the Lord as pleading against our own unworthiness. Listen to Jacob's cry, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant; but Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." Is not that splendid pleading? This must win the suit. If a man has made me a promise, he cannot refuse to keep it on the ground that I am unworthy; because it is his own character that is at stake, not mine. However unworthy I am, he must not prove himself to be unworthy by failing to keep his word. "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself." Everything hinges upon the character of the Promiser. Do you not see this?

This is also good pleading as against our present danger. See how Jacob puts it with regard to his own peril. He says, "Deliver me, I pray Thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." This reminds one of the plea of Moses, when he asked, "What will the Egyptians say?" If Israel were destroyed in the wilderness, what would Jehovah do for his great name? This is a prevalent argument.

Brethren, what is your present trouble? One sighs out because he knows not where to look for food and raiment. But there is a Word of the Lord for that need: "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." There is another, "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and another, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." Can you not go to the living God with these words of His upon your tongue, and beg Him to be as good as His promise? Say in so many words, "Lord, I am afraid that, if I am much longer without a situation, I shall not have shoes to my feet, nor bread for my children, and I shall be brought to a condition of utter penury; and yet Thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!' Lord, I plead that promise!" See whether the Lord does not deliver you.

Do you ask me, "Are you sure that God will keep His Word?" I answer, Yes.

I WILL BE BOUND FOR HIM

at any time, and in any place. Many children of God are in sore distress. I do not know how low He may let them go, but I do know that they shall never go lower than that word: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." I cannot say with David, "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread;" for *I have seen his seed begging bread*, and I expect to see it again. If the seed of the righteous misbehave themselves, they shall beg their bread as other people have to do. But I can say, "I have been young, and I am now in middle life; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken; no, not so much as once!" The Lord will not turn His back on His friends, nor suffer those who trust in Him to be forsaken.

I beg to bear my witness, as far as my experience goes, that the shortest way out of trouble is pleading with God. Straightforward makes the best runner. You may go round about, and round about, and round about, and come at nothing; but go straight to God about the business, and if He does not end it, then it is not to be ended, but is meant to go on, and work out a higher good. In any case, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." Try you that promise, and you shall find it cover you with armor of light.

Once more, as to future blessedness. Jacob used this argument, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good," as to all

HIS FUTURE HOPES,

for he went on to say, "Thou saidst, I will make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude." Not as much as he should, but still in a measure Jacob lived in the future. He lived under the influence and expectation of the covenant blessing. Now, brethren, what hope have you and I of getting to heaven? None, except that the Lord has said, "I give unto My sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish." All our hope of the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the reward which He will give His saints in the day of His manifestation—all our hopes of the crown of life that fadeth not away, and of the beatific vision—all depend on "Thou hast said." We, according to His promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth.

I have done when I have just mentioned, in as brief a way as ever I can, two or three of the things which God has said, and which I want some of you to plead.

Is there one here who wants to find salvation to-night? I invite you to go home, enter your chamber, shut to the door, get down your Bible, and open on this passage (Isaiah 55:7): "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

Now I imagine that I see you in your little room; and if you do as I wish you to do, you will read the words carefully and thoughtfully, and then say, "Lord, I am one of these wicked ones! This night I desire to forsake my way. I will have done with it. This night I desire, unrighteous as I am, to forsake my thoughts, and return unto Thee. Now, Thou hast said, 'I will have mercy upon him: I will abundantly pardon him.' Lord, have mercy upon me, and abundantly pardon me, for Thou hast said it!" When you have thus prayed, expect the Lord to keep the promise. When you look an honest man in the face, and say, "You promised it," you expect him to be

AS GOOD AS HIS PROMISE;

even so expect that God in Christ Jesus will fulfil His Word. Do not doubt. Believe God, and expect the pardon and the blessing.

Next, O tried child of God, I want *you* to go home, and open your Bible at Psalm 50:15. Put it down on a bit of paper, will you? Read, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Put your finger on that text, and then kneel down, and say, "Lord, here I am calling upon Thee! It is a day of trouble: deliver me, that I may glorify Thee." Believe that God means His promise, and is not trifling with you. On the other hand, do not trifle with His Word; but make business of it, and wait upon the Lord to have His promise made good.

Is there a poor soul here seeking salvation, who cannot get at either of these promises? Then go home, and look up John 3:18: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." Go and plead that, and say, "I do believe on Jesus Christ, and therefore I am not condemned. Lord, give me to feel the peace which comes of Thy justifying grace!" If that Scripture does not suit you, there is one more, upon which I myself lived for months in the day of my self-despair. It is found in Romans 10:13: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." I recollect getting hold of that passage, and feeling that it was a door of hope to my soul.

Dost thou believe that God speaks the truth? If thou dost, thou hast living faith within thee. Canst thou trust God to keep His promise? If thou canst, the work of grace has already begun in thy soul. Thou art no dead sinner any longer. Thou art not under condemnation. "He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life." Thou hast a measure of that everlasting life within thee at this moment, because thou hast a measure of faith in God. Oh, for power now to turn that faith to practical use by an earnest, pleading prayer! "Lord, do as Thou hast said!" Such a prayer will soon bring peace and rest to your soul.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

PROCLAMATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.*

THERE was presented a most extraordinary spectacle [on Sept. 4, 1870, at the Palais Bourbon, where the Legislature was sitting. It had been hurriedly convoked by the Empress on receipt of tidings from the front of French reverses]. A part of a regiment of the line had been brought hurriedly into the yard, and had formed across it, and were loading their muskets. Behind them and in the street, and rushing through the gates and up the front steps of the building, was a vast mass of excited people and the National Guard, who had fraternized—the guard having their muskets butt end upward, as a token of friendship. It was evident that there had been collusion between the people who were on the steps of the Palais Bourbon and the National Guard in the Place de la Concorde, on the other side of the river; for it was upon the signal of the people on the steps that the guard and the people broke through the military force that was holding the bridge. As the crowd mounted the steps of the Palais Bourbon it was received with terrific cheers and shouts of "Vive la Republique" and "Deposition." . . .

Leaving the Chamber, we went at once to the Hôtel de Ville. The number of people assembled there was enormous, and we found the same fraternization existing between them and the National Guard as elsewhere. The building had been invaded by the people, and all the windows fronting on the square were filled with rough and dirty-looking men and boys. Soon we heard a terrific shout go up. Rochefort was being drawn in a cab by a multitude through the crowd. He was ghastly pale; he stood up in the vehicle, covered with sashes of red, white, and blue, waving his hat in answer to the acclamations. As he was slowly hauled through the multitude to the main door of the Hôtel de Ville, the delirium seemed to have reached its height, and it is impossible to describe the frantic acclamations which were heard.

At precisely four o'clock and forty-five minutes in the afternoon, as I marked it by the great clock in the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, at one of the windows appeared Gambetta; a little behind him stood Jules Favre and Emanuel Arago; and then and there, on that historic spot, I heard Gambetta proclaim the Republic of France. That proclamation was received with every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. Lists were thrown out of the window, containing the names of the members of the provisional government. Ten minutes afterward Raspail and Rochefort appeared at another window and embraced each other, while the crowd loudly applauded them. During this time the public were occupying the Tuileries, from which the Empress had just escaped. Sixty thousand human beings had rolled toward the palace, completely levelling all obstacles; the vestibule was invaded, and in the court-yard, on the other side of the Place du Carrousel, were to be seen soldiers of every arm, who, in the presence of the people, removed the cartridges from their guns, and who were

* From *Scribner's Magazine*. It is written by the Hon. E. B. Washburne, who in 1870 was United States Minister to France. The protection of German citizens resident in France when the war with Germany broke out, was confided to him; he was therefore a very prominent person in Paris, and was notified by the Government of every change in the position of affairs. This article describes the stirring events which took place in Paris between June and September, 1870, and is illustrated with pictures of scenes in the streets and portraits of the Frenchmen who were at that time the leaders in public affairs. The magazine contains besides this, eleven articles, among them an interesting article on "The Babylonian Seals," by Dr. William Hayes Ward, and an able article on Socialism, by Francis A. Walker. It is profusely illustrated and is, typographically, all that could be desired. The unequivocal verdict of the public on its merits is the fact that 140,000 copies of the first number have been sold. Pp. 128. Price, 25 cents. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

Launching the Life-Boat.

greeted by the cries, "Long live the nation!" "Down with the Bonapartes!" "To Berlin!" etc. During all this time there was no pillage, no havoc, no destruction of property, and the crowd soon retired, leaving the palace under the protection of the National Guard.

Some discussion had been raised at the Hôtel de Ville about changing the flag, but Gambetta declared that the tri-color was the flag of 1792–93, and that under it France had been, and yet would be, led to victory. From the Hôtel de Ville Mr. Eustis and myself went back to the Chamber of Deputies, to find it still in the possession of the people. From there I returned to my legation, which I reached at half-past six o'clock in the evening. In a few brief hours of a Sabbath day I had seen a dynasty fall and a republic proclaimed, and all without the shedding of one drop of blood.

LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE melancholy incident reported in these columns last week is happily exceptional in the life-boat service. All that science has suggested has been applied, with the object of rendering these boats safe. A large measure of success has attended the effort, for a life-boat will live in a sea that would swamp any other craft. But as was shown in the wreck on the Virginia coast, safety has not yet been attained.

The life-saving corps are well aware of this fact, and they know that when they go out for the rescue of a shipwrecked crew they are putting their own lives in imminent peril. To their honor and the honor of humanity, be it said, that they are not deterred by the knowledge. As with the fire brigades of our great cities, so with the life-boats on our coasts, the service is never crippled by lack of men. The work of rescuing lives from peril has a fascination for men of noble character, and attracts brave souls to the ranks. They do not underrate the danger, perhaps few men know better than they just what the danger is; but they never shrink. They enter the boat eagerly, disinterestedly, with no hope of large reward; but seeing their fellow-creatures in peril, they venture their lives to effect their deliverance. It is a noble work.

Did we rightly estimate how much greater is the value of the soul than the body, and how infinitely more terrible is it for the soul to be lost, a calamity irretrievable, it might be said of the Lord's service as of the lifeboat service that there is no lack of men. Were that awful fact realized by the Church we should see no Christian man immersed in business, giving all his time and talents and energies to the work of accumlating a big fortune, contenting himself with attendance at church and occasional gifts as his conception of his duty. Every man would be laboring and praying for the one object, of rescuing perishing souls.

JENNY OF THE DUST-HEAPS.

(*See Illustration on page 45.*)

IT was hard work and repulsive work at that. All day long, from sunrise to sunset, Jenny Ingram was on the heap of refuse, sifting, sifting, sifting, wearily hour by hour. The contents of the ash-barrels and the sweepings of the streets —dirt of every kind was brought to this place and dumped there. The heap contained cinders, ashes, paper, bones, rags, and rubbish of all kinds. But the men who owned the heap knew how to make money out of rubbish, if only they had enough of it. Jenny was one of the troop of women and girls who helped them to make the money. The duty she and her companions undertook was to separate the heaps into their component parts.

The heap of filthy refuse after it had passed through their hands became a dozen smaller heaps, one of which was cinders, that laundresses would buy; another was rags, that brought a good price at the paper-makers; another was ashes, which brickmakers would pay for. Then there were medicine-bottles and other odds and ends that would find a market, while the residuum—the dirt pure and simple—could be disposed of to builders and road contractors.

But what filthy work it was! No one would work at it who was not hard-pressed for an occupation, and it was so poorly paid that the women had to live in tenement-houses, where four, and sometimes more shared a single room. There they lived amid moral filth far more injurious than the material filth that clung about their garments. Unhappily Jenny and her companions were not troubled about either kind.

Jenny's mother worked there. She was vaguely understood to have "seen better days," and she used to speak scornfully of the work; but she was glad to get it, for since her husband died nothing but that stood between her and starvation. And it enabled her to get the drop of rum which now was all she cared for in life. Jenny, however, knew nothing about those better days, and could not realize how delightful it must have been to live as her mother used to do, in a house all to themselves with a garden before it, in which real flowers grew. She had played about the heaps as a child, and was quite willing to work there as soon as she was big enough, and she had worked there ever since. No one concerned himself about her moral and spiritual welfare, so Jenny grew up in the scene of filth pretty much like the others, and was likely to end as her mother was ending, at a stage in which the only light and comfort was the daily modicum of rum.

But a hand was interposed, and Jenny's whole life was changed, as was that of many others. The change came suddenly. Jenny saw nothing in that morning more than in other mornings to indicate that it would bring the dawn of a new existence. She sallied forth before sunrise with her mother, a handkerchief tied about her head, to keep the dust out of her long, thick masses of hair, and the old piece of carpet tied round her waist to do duty as an apron. When they reached the wharf where the dust heaps were, they set to work on a new cargo just brought in by a tow-boat, a man shovelling the dirt while the women deftly sifted it and separated the materials.

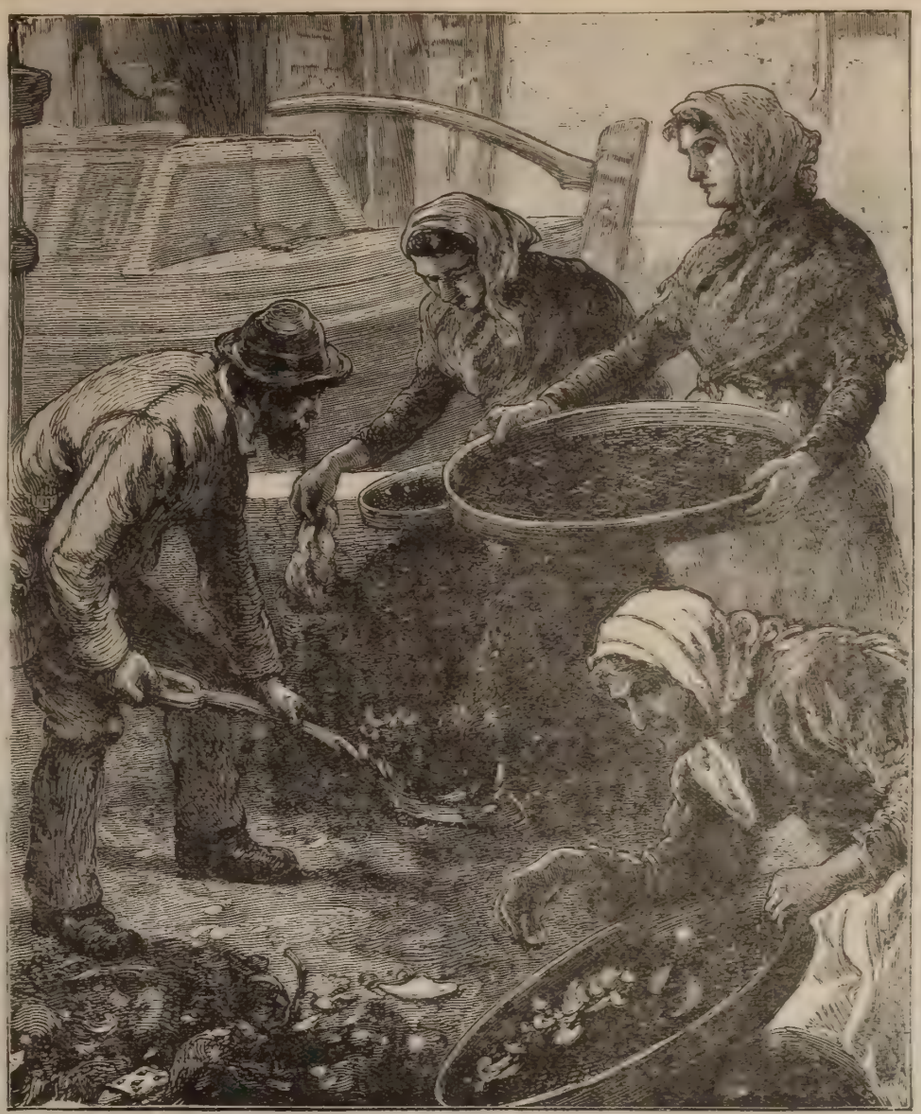
A little before noon, however, a visitor came He was a quiet, kind-looking gentleman with a soft, gentle, persuasive voice. He asked many questions about the work, their homes, and lives. Afterward he asked permission to sing to them, and such songs as he sang Jenny and the young ones never heard before. Nothing like those of the serio-comic vocalists which she had heard at the variety theatre once, on New Year's, when her mother took her for a special treat. Jenny could not understand the difference, but she stopped work to listen, and as she looked around for her mother, she saw she was listening too and crying.

"What's the matter, mother?" Jenny asked.

"Nothing," said the old woman, "only it carries me back to the old time, long before this, when I used to go to church. Listen, what's he saying?"

"You don't know me, do you? Well, I'll introduce myself," the singer said. "My name is Henry Pearson, and I hope we shall be better acquainted. You are having a hard life, with scarcely any pleasure, and I think I can help you to make it brighter. To make a beginning, I have brought an invitation for you. A very kind, motherly lady wants you to come and see her. There will be a real good tea and after that some singing and music. Nothing to pay, and there is no need to put on your best clothes. You will be welcome just as you are. Now here are some cards with the place and time printed on, and Mrs. Ranyard will be glad to see as many of you as will come; the more the better."

After Mr. Pearson was gone there was a consultation and about a dozen agreed to go. Pennies were put together and a cake of soap bought, no one among them possessing that article, but all agreeing that it would be necessary to persons accepting an invitation to tea. Jenny had a comb—an old one found among the ashes one day—and this was to be lent around, and so the toilets were made, and "*the dust fairies*," as they were satirically called, presented themselves at Mrs Ranyard's table.



Jenny's Dusty Occupation.

That was the beginning of a new life for Jenny and many such as she. Of all the good effected through the instrumentality of that noble, self-sacrificing woman, whose name is reverenced the world over, none ever returned more blessed results.

It was a light shining in a dark place, and it shone right into the hearts of the neglected and the outcast Henry Pearson continued his labors until he caught a fever while visiting among them. In three days he was dead. The girls gathered weeping about his grave, mourning over the loss of their faithful friend. Mrs. Ranyard, too, is gone, but the work goes on. Man dies, but his work, if it be work for God, is immortal.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 31.*)

A Physician Puzzled.

WHEN Simon Holmes quitted Edgar Atheling he walked away, silently praying for a blessing on the young man's mission. He had not gone far, however, before he saw one of the servants from the Hall and took the opportunity of asking how Miss Ethel was.

"Worse," said the man, laconically. "Sir Godwin said so, I heeard him. An' he said the Lunnon doctor was comin'."

"Dear, dear!" said Simon, as the man walked stolidly away. "I'll go up to the Hall and find out what it is." He turned off across the park by a short cut which he knew in the direction of the Hall, meditating as he did so on the strange changes which occurred in the condition of the sufferer.

He was startled out of his cogitations by the voice of Jacob Benson, the gamekeeper, whose footsteps on the soft greensward had given no token of his approach. "Mornin', Simon. It's a fine mornin', isn't it?" said he. "Quite like a summer's day. Goin' up to the Hall?"

"Good-mornin', 'keeper. It is glorious weather. Yes, I'm goin' to see Miss Ethel. Sir Godwin thinks she's worse."

Jacob Benson, the gamekeeper, or 'keeper, as he was called in the local vernacular, was a stout, strong-limbed, middle-sized man of thirty-five. He professed to be "a bit of an infidel," as he called it, a sort of sceptic on religious subjects. His infidelity, however, like that of many others gifted with much readiness of captious speech, was only skin-deep; and Simon Holmes had often pierced it with a home-thrust that not only made him wince, but accomplished a more notable victory in silencing his tongue.

"Goin' to see Miss Ethel, are yo'?" said he, drawlingly, in response to Simon's information. "Why I didn't know 'at you'd turned doctor. I heeard 'at Sir Something Somebody, M.D., was comin' down from London. Mebbe you're goin' to meet him for a consultation."

"Nay, marry," said Simon, with a good-humored laugh. "I should be a fifth wheel to ony cooach o' the sort, no doot. But Miss Ethel wants medicine an' advice from another quarter."

"Deary me!" quoth Jacob, in satiric wonderment, "what a good thing it is that she hez Doctor Simon Holmes handy to mak' up for it."

"Exactly," said Simon, with an emphatic nod, quite content to coincide. "Nut that I'se competent myself to answer her purpose; but she's gotten a notion that I can recommend her to a good Physician 'at can meet her case, and," continued the carpenter, with an exulting gleam in his gray eye, "I think I can.".

"Hey!" quoth the gamekeeper. "That's news! An' who's the doctor? an' what's his medicine? an' what's it for?"

"There's three questions all of a row," said Simon, with a smile, for he felt the opening he had been patiently angling for had now come. "Did you never hear your dear old mother sing—

'My life was sad, my heart was faint,
Sore was my sin-sick soul;
But Gilead's balm healed my complaint,
'Twas Jesus made me whole'?

All your three questions are answered there, Jacob; and when good old Hannah Benson's son goes to that Physician and gets that medicine, he may hope to be as good and as happy as his mother, and to join her where she's gone when the summons comes. Good-mornin', Jacob." So saying, the carpenter pursued his way to Aspen Towers. The gamekeeper whistled his two well-trained lurchers to his heels, and went his way to his master's preserves with something to ponder on that made him silent all the way.

"There, Jacob!" said Simon to himself, as he strode along, "I've given you a text; your mother's memory 'll preach the sermon. May your conscience mak' the application."

Sir Jarvis Mainwaring, whose arrival at Aspen Towers was thus announced, was one of the most eminent of the many eminent professors of the healing art in England or the world.

On two previous occasions he had visited Ethel Spofforth at heavy cost and charges, and had bestowed great attention on her case. If he had been a much sterner individual than he was, he could scarcely have helped feeling and manifesting strong interest in the young and beautiful, and forever uncomplaining, sufferer at Aspen Towers. With all his great skill, however, neither his prescriptions nor his counsels had done more than alleviate the more painful features of Ethel's mysterious disease, and to add to her comfort in other ways. This, however, was a precious gain, and quite compensated, according to the baronet's thinking, for Sir Jarvis Mainwaring's princely fee. But the root of the disease baffled all the doctor's wit to pluck out or even to find.

"Good-morning, Sir Godwin," said the physician, who was warmly welcomed by the baronet as he entered the hall. "I bring bright weather with me, at any rate; let us hope that is a good omen. How is the young lady this morning?"

"Much the same, Sir Jarvis. I think she is worse—weaker, you know, and less able to bear the strain than when you saw her last; but Ethel declares that she is better."

"Nay, nay, Sir Godwin," said the physician

cheerily, "your conclusion is not warranted by your premises. The opinions quoted are not of equal value. Miss Ethel is surely in a position to know better than you; and among all my patients I know of none less likely to deceive themselves. So I conclude that time, patience, and good nursing, with youth as a powerful ally, are doing what medical science seems unable to perform. I am candid, you see."

Sir Jarvis proceeded to take some refreshment. He had travelled from London by the night mail, and was prepared to do justice to his first substantial meal for the day. "By the way, Sir Godwin," said he, as soon as he began to be less interested in the good things set before him, "I have something very remarkable to tell you—something that I consider to be very remarkable, indeed.

"Just before I started for the North, by a stroke of good fortune this week's number of the *Lancet* came into my hand; and I was able by the aid of my reading-lamp to make my journey less tedious by dipping into its pages. Well, I read for a time, then dropped off into a brief nap; then I woke up and read again. Then after, as I imagined, I had exhausted every page, advertisement columns into the bargain, I threw it carelessly aside, and settled myself for a good two hours' sleep, by which time, as I reckoned, the train would pull up at Chilworth Station.

"My long nap was by no means a steady one. I was in that semi-wakeful condition that stupefies more than it refreshes, when I was suddenly roused by the porter's cry, 'Chilworth! Chilworth!' I felt so thoroughly unhinged that I determined to go into the waiting-room and get half an hour's refreshing sleep. The porter brought me my travelling-rug, and by and by I managed to get fairly to sleep. Straightway, as it seemed to me, I began to dream, in which, after passing through a few confused experiences, I found myself in the house of a dear old chum of mine, who was a fellow-student at Guy's Hospital, and who has devoted himself of late years to the study of electricity, especially in its action on the human body. He was very fond of this kind of thing in our student days. We looked on it only as an amusement, and used to chaff him a good deal, student fashion.

"Well, in my dream I seemed at last to become aware that he had perfected a new medical apparatus, which was supposed to supply a means of generating nerve force, or rather of stimulating the nerve centres, so that on the one hand these should be made to perform their office, and yet, on the other hand, should not subject the nerves of a weak patient to an unnatural and dangerous strain.

"Nothing would satisfy Dr. Greaves, so my dream ran, but that I must try the effect of a sharp shock upon myself. I suppose I have the uncomfortable couch to thank for that, for as soon as I laid hold of the instrument, I received a shock that thoroughly woke me up. I started to my feet, and distinctly heard myself say, 'That's the very thing, old friend. It will be of great use in special cases.'

"Your carriage had arrived, and as soon as I was 'on board,' I noticed that the careful porter had rolled up the discarded *Lancet*, and had thrust it under the leather strap that bound my portmanteau. I took out the journal again, and would you believe it? the first paragraph that caught my eye was headed, 'Dr. Feltham Greaves on Electro Dynamics in relation to Surgery.' I suppose I must have glanced my eye over it when I was half asleep, and by some occult process of unconscious cerebration, it had made its impression on my brain, and had produced the dream which I have just described to you.

"Of course I read the article now with fresh interest, and just as the carriage brought me within distant view of Aspen Towers, the thought suddenly flashed upon my mind, 'Miss Spofforth! the very thing!' Without an instant's pause, I bade the coachman drive back to the railway station. I sent off a message to my friend Greaves, and if the thing be within the limits of possibility, he and his apparatus will be down by this evening's mail. I feel so deeply interested in the matter, for the sake of this dear girl, and for the sake of medical science, too, that if you can give me a 'shake-down,' I'll stop and see the issue.

"Now, Sir Godwin, was it not truly remarkable? I call it very singular, very singular indeed. I positively do not know that I have met with anything more strange in the whole of my experience. What say you, Sir Godwin?"

"It is, indeed, very singular," replied the baronet, slowly and thoughtfully. There was a far-away look in his gray eyes, for they were fixed upon a scene which took place in the street of a Jewish city more than eighteen hundred years ago, when Jesus, looking into the sad face of an anxious father, said, "Be not afraid, only believe."

"Yes, Sir Jarvis Mainwaring, it is as you say, very singular, very singular indeed. But I humbly and modestly submit to you, and through you to all the learned faculty connected with your noble science, that neither 'unconscious cerebration' nor 'molecular movements,' nor all the phosphoric agencies secreted in the cranium can at all account for it. But if you will stoop a little; if you will step down from your high scientific pedestal, and will consult Simon Holmes, the village carpenter, I think he will be able to explain it, and give you clear testimony as to the reason why, and that without claiming any miraculous intervention in the case. I am afraid you will not be inclined to accept so humble and unlearned a witness as he; I will therefore refer you to that other Carpenter, who said, 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth,' and who also said, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' If you reject this witness, then it will forever remain, as you say, 'singular, very singular indeed.'"

Sir Jarvis Mainwaring proceeded to visit his young and interesting patient. He was agreeably surprised to find her wearing a bright and cheerful look, and with ever so faint a tinge of color in her cheeks.

"Well, Miss Ethel," said he, cheerfully, as he seated himself by her bed, "I declare you look brighter and better than when I saw you last; and I remember that even then you were brighter than I should have thought you could be, poor little pent-up prisoner that you are."

"Why, you see, Sir Jarvis," replied Ethel, "I get my cheerfulness from a source which is independent of circumstances, and being a prisoner, only serves to keep it steadier and to make it more."

"Well," said the physician, "I am willing to own that, whatever it is, it puts our skill completely into the shade, Miss Ethel. I cannot understand it."

"No; I suppose not. It has no relation to science, and even if I could make it clear to you, it is not likely that you, as a scientific man, would believe it. *I know*, however, that I am supported and cheered by God's love and grace. But for that this chamber would be, indeed, a prison; but while I am conscious that I am living the life appointed for me, I do not feel like a prisoner."

"Well, well," said Sir Jarvis, evidently conscious that she was getting out of his depth, and he might well have thought, above his height, too—"I envy your philosophy. It is not every bird that can sing in a cage. However, I do hope and believe we shall open your prison doors; so keep a good heart."

"Thank you, Sir Jarvis," said the maiden; "but I don't like you to call it philosophy. Call it the love of Jesus, please. *His* cage-birds can always sing, and sing their sweetest behind the wires. I believe that I shall get well again. Indeed, I may say that I know it."

"Oh, you know it, do you? Well, that, I imagine, is half the battle. Faith helps the doctor wonderfully. But what makes you feel so sure?"

"The promise of my faithful God," said Ethel, firmly and steadily:

> "'His every word of grace is strong
> As that which built the skies;
> The voice that rolls the stars along
> Speaks all the promises.'

Do you know, Sir Jarvis, I believe that my God has given me a mission to perform; and when the set times comes, His time, you know, He who sends me to do it will give me power to go."

The great physician listened, wondered, felt half taken captive by her "full assurance." He was bound to say something. "Well, Miss Ethel, I sincerely hope that you will soon recover. I really am not without faith that you will. I am going to try another method of cure, and if—"

"Don't trouble about the 'if,' Sir Jarvis," said she with a smile. "I can quite believe that my Heavenly Father has suggested to you what is the best thing to do. Only I wish you would give Him credit for it, and, perhaps, in your heart you do."

Sir Jarvis thought of his strange dream, and retired from her presence, saying to himself, "It is very singular, very singular indeed."

Of course, all this became the subject of conversation between Sir Godwin and his guest. As they sat beside the library fire after dinner, Sir Jarvis could not but refer to his conversation with the young invalid. "What an extraordinary notion Miss Ethel has got hold of," said he. "Of course, I could not possibly see things from her standpoint; but for the life of me, I could not but listen. There is such a transparent simplicity and genuine truth in the dear girl that it quite disarms one. I would not have disputed her position for the world."

"What are you referring to?" said the baronet.

"I refer to her simple faith in God," said Sir Jarvis. "The notion that she has received some inward gift that makes her happy; that she is a kind of ward of Divine Providence, who shapes and directs affairs in a way that specially concerns her. I have heard of people who profess to believe in that kind of thing, and I have not hesitated to set it down as mere superstition, where, indeed, it is not downright hypocrisy. But I have never seen such a development of it as in Miss Ethel. She is too good and real to deceive herself or other people; and I should say that superstition does not meet the case here, because of her native good sense, and the clearness and readiness with which she renders a reason for the hope that is in her."

Sir Godwin was silent for a moment or two, and then replied with a sigh, "I am often very much inclined to think that she has happened on the sunlight, and that we, excuse me for saying so, are living in the shadow." He was thinking just then of the voice that said, "Talitha cumi," long ago.

"Where do you think Miss Ethel picked up these ideas?" said Sir Jarvis, apparently disregarding the baronet's suggestion.

"From her mother, first of all," was the reply. "Of her, I must say, that life and faith were in beautiful agreement. From her nurse and waiting-maid, in the second place; and of her I am equally bound to say that she is sterling gold, faithful, high, principled, invaluable. From an old carpenter in the village called Simon Holmes, in the third place, and, perhaps, the chief place; and of him I am bound to say that he is a good man, estimable in all the relations of life; a plain working-man of great intelligence, unquestionable integrity, and honored by all who know him; half-worshipped, indeed, in Thorpe Aspen, where he is known the best. All this you must own is striking witness, and I must not leave out my darling herself. When I am with her she makes me feel, quite unconsciously to herself, that I am in the presence of something higher, nobler than I. I wish you could have a little chat with Simon Holmes. You would find in him what Diogenes, they say,

could not find even with the aid of his lantern, a *man*, and also a scholar learned in a lore that I fail to understand. He told me the other day," continued the baronet, with a smile, "that he regarded you as the instrument, tool, he called it, of Divine Providence, and that he believed that before you went away it would so appear."

The physician looked at his host with some surprise, and then his gaze fell upon the library table. There lay the *Lancet*, and he thought of the "unconscious cerebration" that had produced his dream. Was he, indeed, the tool of a Power whom he did not acknowledge, made to do the bidding of a God whom he did not know?

(To be continued.)

THE CALL OF ABRAHAM.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 30, Gen. 12 : 1–9. Golden Text, ver. 2.

The Turning-Point in Abraham's Life — The Degeneracy of the Antediluvian World—A Combination to Thwart God—Modern Anti-christian Associations—The Limits God Sets to Them—What was Required of Abram—Surrender of Everything—Abram's Departure —The Half-Way Halt—Communion Established—A Pioneer in Faith Life.

"Now, the Lord said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will shew thee : and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and be thou a blessing. And I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse : and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blest" (R. V.). Such were the words which turned the whole current of Abraham's life.

After the flood, although all the inhabitants of the world were the posterity of Noah, yet the knowledge of the true God had, little by little, died out from among mankind. God had commanded Noah, as He commanded Adam before him, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth" (Gen. 1 : 28 ; 9 : 1–7) ; yet we find His creatures

BENT ON REBELLION.

They conceived the idea of building "a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven." No diversity of tongues hindered them from complete unanimity of purpose ; the same self-love which causes enmity and strife was fed by this grand idea ; these people ignored the order of God, that they should disperse themselves over the world, and they combined to dwell together, saying, "Let us make us a name, *lest* we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." *Lest* God should have His way, we will combine to have ours! From first to last, in all circumstances, and all ages,

"THE CARNAL MIND IS ENMITY AGAINST GOD"

(Rom. 8 : 7). But God's right of authority could not be thus set at nought. Justice demanded that a terrible judgment should come upon man ; and no other blow than the one which came could have so effectually hindered his purpose. Until this time "the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech," but the God who has "made man's mouth" had perfect power over all the vocal organs, and He confused their language so that they could no longer "understand one another's speech," and thus it became easier to them to live apart. God's order is that man should be bound to Him. Ungodly men bind themselves into associations, with intent to overthrow governments, and to accomplish their purposes of ambition or of selfishness. The largest and most influential of these

SECRET SOCIETIES

at the present time is that which is formed of the Jesuits. But God is behind the scenes here. He says, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further" (Job 38 : 11). He says, "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces. . . . Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought ; speak the word, and it shall not stand" (Isa. 8 : 9, 10). The Jesuits may pull the strings behind nations and governments, but all the time God is silently at work, and He says to all who combine together apart from Him, as He said to Sennacherib of old, "I will put My hook in thy nose, and My bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest" (Isa. 37 : 29).

But the confusion of tongues did not break the haughty spirit of the people ; they remained still unhumbled, "For the people turneth not unto Him that smiteth them, neither do they seek the Lord of hosts" (Isa. 9 : 13). Thus it came to pass that, from the building of Babel till the call of Abraham—*i.e.*, during the space of between two and three centuries—history records no instance of

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Noah lived until within a year or two of the birth of Abraham, and about two hundred and fifty years after the building of Babel. How far he lived from Babel, or how much the confusion of tongues affected him and his household, we know not. There is no mention either of his lapsing into idolatry or of his continuing to preach after the deluge.

In any case Abraham, equally with his father Terah and his brother Nahor, was an idolater (Joshua 24 : 2). It is more than probable that the history of the flood, and probably, also, some traditions of Eden and of the fall of man, had found their way to Ur of the Chaldees, where Abraham lived ; but the privilege of personal intercourse with God was unknown to him. The first advance was, as it ever must be, from God's side. *How* God spoke to him we know not, but every one who knows what communion with God is will remember the ineffable sweetness and wondrous enlargement of soul which he experienced when it first dawned upon him, God is speaking to me. God's first communication was one of blessing, but it involved a surrender of the will. God said, "Get thee out of thy country"—*i.e.*, "give up all thy business prospects," "and from thy kindred"—which meant surrender of all His social status, "and from thy father's house"—surrender of all social and family ties! And what was left to him?

ONLY GOD AND HIS NAKED PROMISES.

"I will make of thee a great nation." Where and when was not revealed to him. "And I will bless thee"—but no description of the kind of blessing was appended to the statement. "And will make thy name great"—no word as to whether it should be in the present or in the future, nothing in hand, no guarantee, but the God whom he had come to know. Yet "by faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed ; and he went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. 11 : 8).

"BE THOU A BLESSING,"

spoken by the same authority which, in the days of the creation, commanded light to be, was Abram's sufficient warrant, and he took the step of faith. "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid" (Matt. 5 : 14). Abraham must at once cease to worship at the idol shrines, and must tell his reason why. Such a stand would run counter to the whole current of thought in his day ; he would be set down by the world as an ignorant fanatic, and in his own family be looked upon as a disturber of the peace. But God was with Abraham, and He rewarded his faith by making his wife, his aged father, and his nephew Lot, accompany him out of Ur of the Chaldees. "They came unto Haran, and dwelt there."

But this was but half way. A great many Christians get thus far—they leave off going to balls and theatres, but settle down into a comfortable family life, in which they live for themselves, forgetting that Christ died for us, "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again" (II Cor. 5 : 15). If we live unto Him, the question with us is not, "What is convenient?" but "What does Jesus want?" "Who does He want me to have in my house?" "How does He want me to educate my children?" "How does He want me to employ my time?" "What Christian work does *He* will that I shall do?" It is the privilege of every child of God, like his Master, to

"DO ALWAYS THOSE THINGS THAT PLEASE HIM"

(John 8 : 29), and so to walk in the light of His countenance, rejoicing in Him all the day (Ps. 89 : 15, 16). And if we are really yielded up to God, we delight to do His will as soon as we are sure of it ; *the only difficulty* is sometimes to find out what that will is. Often some members of the family hinder, as Terah seems to have hindered Abraham. After his death "Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran ; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan ; and into the land of Canaan they came." They had started before, but now they had reached the place of blessing, it was no longer a half-way place. Abraham now pleased God, and "the Lord appeared unto Abraham," communion was established between God and Abram. God renewed His promise to him, and Abram built an altar to the Lord. As yet,

THE BLESSING IN ITS FULNESS

lay in the future, shut up in the promises of God, but the joy of communion was in the present. Abram had a present God, present peace, and present joy, and he was a present blessing to the souls of those around him. But he had a greatness in the future as the "father of all them that believe" (Rom. 4 : 11) and the head of God's chosen people. God "*gave* him none inheritance in it [the land], no, not so much as to set his foot on : yet He promised that He would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him" (Acts 7 : 5). Was this to tantalize Abram? Surely not. Had Abram come into full and immediate possession of the land of Canaan he might have been, indeed, a greater man in his own eyes, he might have had more present honor from men, but he

WOULD NOT HAVE KNOWN GOD AS HE GOT TO KNOW HIM.

It is not in ease and comfort, but in straits and difficulties, that we come to know our God. Abraham was *a pioneer in faith life ;* he had no one and nothing to count on but God alone. There are many imitations of faith life. Many come to meetings and announce that they live by faith, and give the plainest hints possible that they expect those who are present to give them something. We cannot call this other than dishonest begging. It would be far better to beg outright and to be honest about it, than to profess to trust in God and to be all the time looking to man for help. Abram had no man to lean upon. Should God fail him, the course he had taken would be proved to be utter madness : a life of faith must have the solid Word of God to rest upon, or it breaks down.

We do not hesitate to say that a genuine life of faith is rare. But, on the other hand, we have known such cases as the following : A precious man of God who has given up business prospects and all else to devote himself to the Lord's work was invited by a rich lady to evangelize in a city in America. The work was largely blest. A friend said to this lady, "What did you give him?" "Why, he lives by faith," said the lady. "I did not think of giving him anything." How much there is of this want of consideration! Poor people, if they invite any one to visit them, almost always think of paying their expenses; but rich people, who have never known want, often forget to ask, "Lord, wouldst thou have me give this evangelist something?" God make us true in trusting and in giving.

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[The following beautiful poem, which was published in this paper over two years ago, is republished by request, with the earnest desire and prayer that it may be the means of leading some wandering, waiting ones into the fold of the Good Shepherd. J. E. J.]

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

Poor trembling lamb! Ah! who outside the fold
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art,
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and growing to thy inmost heart?
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou know'st not what—perchance may'st never know—
Shall find thee, when in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night!

For miracles like this who bids thee wait?
Behold "the Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come,'"
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would gently lead thee home.
Why should'st thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee!
Thou art His own. Would'st thou His beauty know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou can'st not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive:
More blest are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead,
I have no faith, and without faith, who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."
Not so. *The Shepherd does not ask of thee*
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him.
And this He meant in saying, "Come to Me."
In light or darkness, seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

—*Selected.*

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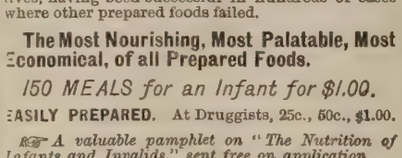

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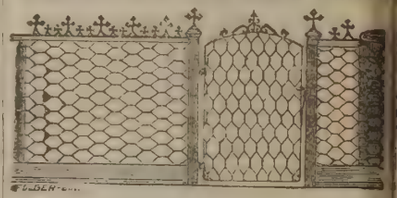

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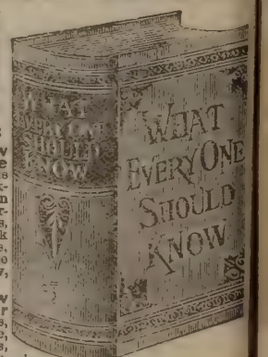

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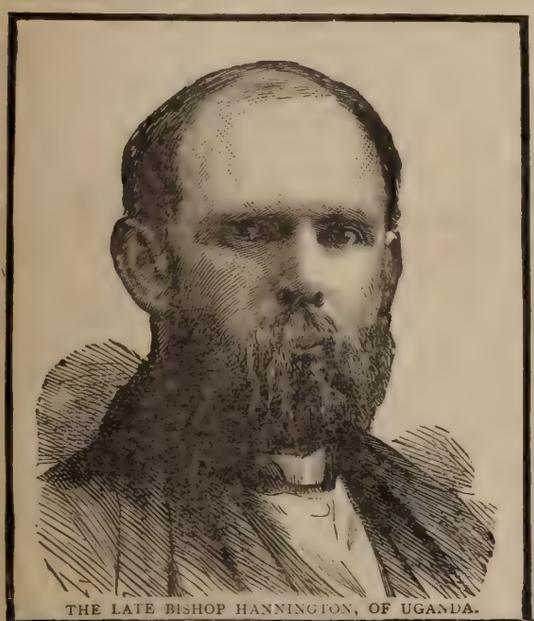

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A Costly Promise—Nearly Safe—The Pope and Dr. McGlynn—The Time of Settlement.

PURITY BEFORE POWER. By Rev. Sam Jones.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Newly Elected Senators—The Canadian Fishery Difficulty—European War Rumors—The English Cabinet Embarrassment—A Tragedy in London, etc.

SHORN, BUT NOT BEYOND HOPE. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

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PORTRAIT OF THE FRENCH PREMIER.

PICTURE OF THE MASON COLLEGE.

THE EMPTY CRADLE. (With Illustration.)

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE. (Cont'd.)

LOT'S CHOICE. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE REV. J. HOUGHTON, OF GOLBANTI.

The Late Bishop HANNINGTON and Rev. JOHN HOUGHTON—Scenes in Equatorial Africa.

THE LATE BISHOP HANNINGTON:
The Martyr of Uganda.

The Recent Uganda Massacres—Mr. Hannington Born in 1847—His Boyhood—Studies at Oxford—Graduates in 1872—Converted and Ordained—Stanley's Challenge—Goes to Africa in 1882—Return Home Through Ill Health—Consecrated Bishop in 1883—In Africa Again—The Thrilling Events which Ended with His Tragic Death.

NO event of missionary history has aroused deeper or more general sympathy than the recent massacres of native Christians described in this journal on January 13th. Although so many and so great conflicts have been won for Christ peaceably in the dark corners of the earth, there was nothing surprising in the fact that contact with barbarous tribes was followed by bloodshed and peril; but few were prepared for this sudden revelation in Central Africa, of patient faith and victorious endurance in the face of persecution, which proved that these African converts were supported of God as were the early martyrs. Such incidents appeal to the Church universal; they have a language of their own, and are understood in every country. They are full of inspiration for the future, although the present is overclouded.

James Hannington, the martyred Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, *whose portrait appears on our front page*, was born at St. George's, Hurstpierpoint, England, on September 3d, 1847, and ended his mortal career near Uganda in October, 1885 (the 29th it is supposed), at the early age of thirty-eight.

At the age of thirteen he was sent to a private school at Brighton, and two years later he entered the counting-house of his father's house of business in the same town, and here he remained more or less during the following six years, at the end of which period it was decided that he should, in due time, seek for ordination as a clergyman of the Church of England.

On October 22d, 1868, Mr. Hannington became a student at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. He soon established himself as a general favorite, but was not a very diligent or brilliant student, though in chemistry, botany, natural history, and general science he is said to have been well grounded. In 1870 he began a course of reading with the Rev. C. Scriven, Rector of Wivenhoe, on the wild north coast of Devonshire, where he studied with increased indications of success. On June 12th, 1872, he took his B.A. degree.

HIS CONVERSION

occurred, according to the entry in his diary, on July 15th, 1873, and his *ordination* by the Bishop of Oxford took place about six months later. He commenced his clerical career as Curate of Trentishoe, in Devonshire, and here he began to realize more than ever he had done, his union with Christ, and commenced that fellowship with Him which was sustained unbroken to the end.

When Mr. Hannington heard, early in the year 1878, of the manner in which the heroic labors of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill had been crowned by their violent death on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza, he was deeply moved. He felt within himself the stirrings of a strong desire to offer to fill the gap which their fall had made in the ranks of the little

CENTRAL-AFRICAN MISSION ARMY.

That desire slowly ripened, and developed into a definite purpose. It is *a significant fact* that the man who was himself to die a martyr's death was drawn to the field, not by the hope of reward, but by the example of men who had died in the work.

While waiting for an appointment to the Foreign Mission field he continued his home work with zeal. He was foremost in all temperance and philanthropic work, and in great request for missions in different parts of the country. In February, 1882, he received a letter from the secretary of the Church Missionary Society, saying: "It has been reported to me that you are willing to labor in the Foreign Mission field," and offering to afford him the opportunity he desired.

The Committee of the society was about to send a fresh party to Central Africa to re-enforce Mr. Mackay and the Rev. P. O'Flaherty, who held the ground at Rubaga, that latest city of martyrs, by the source of the Nile.

KING MTESA

was then alive; he whose bright, intelligent, thoughtful, though fitful, nature, had so attracted Speke when he visited his court in 1861, and whose qualities made so deep an impression upon Mr. H. M. Stanley, that he wrote, in 1875, a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, in which he "challenged Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda." On May 17th, 1882, Mr. Hannington and his party set sail, and reached Zanzibar on June 19th, and before the end of the month the journey to the interior was commenced. Of the incidents, perils, and providences of this journey we have no space to speak. On Christmas Day, at 8 A.M., the Holy Communion was celebrated in the heart of the great African wilderness, by a band of wearied and fever-stricken men, who for a while forgot their loneliness and their pains, as with praise and thanksgiving they celebrated the Saviour's dying love.

In February, 1883, the health of Mr. Hannington was completely broken down. A longer sojourn in Africa at that time would have been certain death. He therefore, in the hope of prolonging his life and doing more work, returned to England to recuperate, and in June, 1883, he appeared among his friends looking like an animated corpse. But with returning health the desire to assail once more the fortress from which he had been driven back came strongly upon him. For the next twelvemonth, however, he both preached and spoke upon platforms many times in behalf of the Church Missionary Society. On June 24th, in the parish church, of Lambeth, he was consecrated

BISHOP OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

On November 5th he once again set sail, and on January 24th, 1885, he arrived at Mombasa, on the eastern coast of Africa. For most of what follows we are indebted to his diary, which was kept with punctilious regularity, and which has recently been published. In this diary Bishop Hannington gives evidence of the consecrated and heroic spirit which led him to determine to go to Uganda, and to hurry thither at all costs along the shortest and most dangerous route. He had come to Lubwas, where a tributary sultan of King Mwanga holds sway, and was there met with insolent demands for guns and powder, and that he should stay for some days. Unawed by threats he proceeded to push his way laughingly through a crowd of soldiers, but afterward yielded to what looked like conciliation, and promised to stop for a day.

The real nature of the feeling toward him was, however, soon made manifest, when his guns were stolen, a sentry was appointed to guard and follow him, and he and his head man were violently attacked on a hill, whither they had gone to view the Nile in the distance. The bishop was thrown violently to the earth by a group of ruffians, stripped of his valuables, threatened with a club, hastily dragged by the legs over the ground, and, on regaining his feet, was brutally dashed against trees as he was hurried along at the rate of five miles an hour, till finally he was

IMPRISONED IN A HUT,

and told that there he would be kept while communications respecting him were made with Mwanga. Even while being dragged along in expectation of immediate death he sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "My God, I am Thine." The remainder of his narrative is concerned with the painful details of his detention up to the moment of his execution. He found himself at first in an unventilated and filthy hut (of which he gives a sketch), which, while suffering from great pain, thirst, and sleeplessness, he had to share with twenty other men and an unlimited supply of rats and vermin. Sometimes physical weakness would assert itself, as when, after enjoying the fresh air for a brief period, he burst into tears at the dreadful contrast of his prison-hut; but again he would recover his manhood and feel more in the "caged lion frame of mind." He appears to have been perfectly resigned to the will of God. Even his savage captors perceived how ill he was, and sent his tent for him to use in the daytime.

One afternoon, says the bishop, "to my surprise my guards came kneeling down, so different to their usual treatment, and asked me to come out; I came out, and there was the chief and about one hundred of his wives come to feast their eyes on me in cruel curiosity. For the moment my entire nature revolted, but I sat still, and presently read to myself Matt. 5: 44, 45, and felt refreshed." Afterward it became one of the fashionable amusements of the chief's numerous wives to come and gaze at the prisoner, who was presently attacked by the agonizing pains of rheumatism and by fever. All this time he was in suspense as to whether any message had been sent to the king or not, and, if so, as to the nature of the answer that had been returned. He became very broken down in health and spirit, but comported himself with Christian submission.

At length he learned that three soldiers had arrived from Mwanga; but what news they brought he did not know. On the eighth day of his imprisonment he made his final entry in the diary—in these words—"I can hear no news; but was held up by Psalm 30, which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

ON THAT DAY HE WAS SLAIN,

leaving behind this memorial of calm and holy devotion to the cause of Christ and to the welfare of the dark races of the dark continent.

As the Christian martyr was attracted to the field by the death of his predecessors, so God has raised up many to follow Bishop Hannington in the same work. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; there is no hanging back in fear, but volunteers in large numbers are offering themselves, undeterred by the danger. Already the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed and consecrated the Right Rev. Henry Perrott Parker to be *successor to Bishop Hannington*, and the new bishop is now on his way to Equatorial Africa.

THE LATE REV. JOHN HOUGHTON:
The Martyr of Golbanti.

Born in 1858—Conversion and Early Labors for Christ—Enters College—Commences His Ministry in 1881—Sets Sail with His Wife for Africa in 1884—Their Welcome—Visited by Bishop Hannington—Attack by Masai Warriors—Death of the Missionary and His Heroic Wife.

JOHN HOUGHTON, *whose portrait accompanies that of Bishop Hannington on our front page*, and who, like him, has gained the martyr's crown, was born at Shevington, England, on March 26th, 1858, and ceased from his earthly labor May 3d, 1886, at the early age of twenty-eight. His *conversion* took place at Denton, near Manchester, in August, 1873, when he was a little more than fifteen years of age, and he began at once to fit himself, by reading and study, for any Christian work to which the Lord might call him. Two years later he became a lay preacher, and so great was the success which he experienced, that he resolved to enter the ministry. Accordingly, in the year 1879, he commenced a two-years' course of college training, and obtained considerable distinction as a student. In 1881 he began his ministry under the auspices of the United Methodist Free Churches.

In response to an appeal for missionaries to go to the

GALLA COUNTRY, EASTERN AFRICA,

he offered himself, and was accepted, and Miss Annie Brown, to whom he was married in 1884, consented to accompany him in his sacred, though perilous, enterprise. After a short honeymoon spent at Lytham, and bidding farewell to

friends, on October 22d they set sail from London for Mombasa, where they safely arrived after a voyage of five weeks, and received a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Handford, Church of England missionaries, at Frere Town, and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, of Jomvu, with whom they stayed some months in order to learn the language.

The United Methodist Free Churches had three principal stations in Mombasa, the most important being at Jomvu, the second at Ribe, and the third at Golbanti among the Gallas. In the month of April, 1885, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton volunteered to take charge of the station at Ribe, with which place are associated the names of several devoted missionaries who have successively wrought and suffered in the glorious cause. Only a couple of days after their arrival the late Bishop Hannington paid them a visit of welcome.

In December, 1885, Mr. Houghton went to Zanzibar, a journey of one hundred and twenty miles, to obtain the assistance and protection of the British agent in his preparations for the establishment of the Galla mission, to which he was soon to remove, and on January 17th, 1886, he and his wife removed to Golbanti. The people of the place were pure heathens and very superstitious. The Rev. W. H. During having assisted the newly-arrived missionaries to become settled in their new residence, and introduced them to the natives and to their work, went to Ribe. They were not, however, absolutely alone. They were cheered by the presence of native Christians, among whom was Aba Shora, who for a long time had been known at Ribe and Jomvu as a truly Christian man, a bright illustration of the triumph of the Gospel over heathenism. Only about five weeks later a dark shadow settled upon the little community and filled the hearts of the missionaries with grave anxiety and sorrow, and many of the natives' homes with mourning, desolation, and woe, and which was, alas! to be the prelude of

DEEPER WOES YET TO COME.

The dreaded Masai warriors, who are noted for their cruelty and depredations, suddenly appeared in the very neighborhood of the mission, and with what intentions there was too good reason to understand. They burned down a number of huts, took away cattle, and killed between forty and fifty of the Gallas, among whom were four Christians, who attempted to resist the efforts of the marauders, one being Aba Shora himself.

The remainder of the story is soon told. The visits of the Masai became increasingly frequent, their demands extortionate, and their victims numerous; but still the noble missionary and his wife, calm and undaunted in the face of imminent peril, and strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus, went on with their work as though they had received an immunity from all danger. And their hearts were rejoiced by seeing that their labor was not in vain in the Lord. But the end was at hand. The morning of Monday, the 3d of May, broke peacefully over the little flock at Golbanti with no shadow of the dreadful tragedy which was to take place there before the sun should have reached its zenith in the sky. Presently a woman announced to Mrs. Houghton that the Masai were coming, and immediately fled to the forest close by. The warriors,

ARMED WITH SPEARS AND CLUBS,

approached the missionary's house, and were confronted by Mr. Houghton and his wife. Without allowing time and opportunity for a "palaver," one of the tall young Masai raised his spear and struck Mrs. Houghton in the side. The wound was mortal. The cruel and relentless strangers then attacked the helpless missionary himself, spearing him in the side, back, and in the neck, when he, too, fell in the road only a few feet distant from where the lifeless body of his noble wife was lying; and another martyr-spirit received an abundant entrance into the everlasting home of the blest.

THE PICTURES

on the first page represent scenes in African mission work. The one under Bishop Hannington's portrait depicts *the mode of travelling* in the enervating climate of equatorial Africa. Horses are rare and almost unknown, especially on the western coast, for the combination of heat and moisture speedily saps their health, and, therefore, the white man, when he wishes to travel, gets into a hammock, over which an awning is spread, to shield him from the scorching rays of the sun, and is borne onward on the shoulders of stalwart negroes. Ten miles is considered to be an ordinary day's journey. The picture immediately below Mr. Houghton's portrait represents

A FAMILY GROUP OF GALLAS

among whom Mr. Houghton spent his last days on earth. According to the account given by Dr. Kirke, British Consul-General at Zanzibar, the Gallas appear to be a remarkably fine race, full of untamed spirit and natural grace. The faces of many of them, especially the women, are strikingly handsome. Directly underneath this illustration is one which gives an accurate idea of

A CAMP PITCHED UPON THE BEACH

near Zanzibar. The situation is generally chosen which promises to be most healthy in itself, and which affords sea-bathing, cool breezes, and immunity from mosquitoes. *The other picture*, at the extreme left-hand corner, represents a Church Missionary Society's house in Eastern Africa.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Shoemaker's Love of Liquor.—Mr. Beuglas; speaking at a Mizpah Hall, observed: "There was in Glasgow prison not long ago a shoemaker, one of the best of his trade. He was engaged while in prison making a pair of boots, but as his sentence was a very short one, it was feared they would not be finished before his time of liberation. Just before the end of his sentence, a warder was trying to get him to hurry, that he might as nearly as possible finish his job before leaving. The prisoner turned, and said, 'Look here, give me money for drink, and I'll get drunk as soon as I'm out, and come back here and finish them.' That man was so fond of drink that he could not do without it. It was even sweeter to him than liberty."

An Alarming Dream.—Mr. Clarke Observed: "One night I had a fearful dream. I dreamed that Christ had come, and that I found myself all alone in the house of the friends with whom I am at present staying. I went into the room to look for my friends, but could find no one. I was alone. At length I rushed to my own room to look for my wife, but she also was gone. Thus I rushed about in despair, that Christ should have come, and all of them but myself thought worthy to be with Him. In the midst of my despair I awoke, and how glad I was to know it was but a dream. But what must be the state of those unprepared ones when the Lord shall come, as He shortly will do!"

A Consumptive Led to Christ.—Mr. William Davidson said: "A Christian woman told me of a young man, nineteen years old, who lived in the flat over that I occupy, and who was very ill. I at once said, 'I'll go and see him.' When I called I found him in a most wretched state, outwardly and inwardly. I saw at once he was dying of consumption, and expressed a hope that he was trusting to Christ for salvation. He told me he knew all about the Gospel, but he was no better; in fact, he got no practical good from his knowledge. I told him he must accept of Christ as a personal Saviour, and read several portions of the Word to explain what I had said. I called three days afterward, and found him much worse. After saying that he thought he would not get better, he said he would not care much if he was prepared for the eternal world. The third time I called I saw his countenance was changed, and he held out his hand to me, and exclaimed, 'Oh, I've given my heart to Christ, and He has pardoned me and made me so happy. I looked off to Him, and He came into my heart, and now my misery is all gone forever.' In a few days he passed away into the land beyond the river, saying, 'Oh blessed, blessed Jesus; how precious, how precious!'"

A Persian Attendant's Devotedness.—Mr. Marsh related that when Miss Fisk was working in Persia, she returned one evening after a hard Sunday's labor in the open air, and being quite tired out, sat down on a seat outside the house to rest. An attendant, seeing her, came up and sat down beside her, and putting the weary head on her shoulder, said, "Lean on me." But the lady strove to support herself. Then her companion looked lovingly down on her, and said, "If you love me, lean hard," and the lady, touched with her love, leaned upon her, and enjoyed a sweet repose. And as she was thus resting, the thought came into her mind, That is just what God wants us to do, to lean whenever we are tired and weary, and need His help; and when do we not need Him? We need Him every hour, and, praise the Lord, He is always able and willing to help us.

A Lady Thirty Years in Darkness.—The Rev. Mr. Ross observed: "In the year 1874 the Fisk Jubilee Singers visited this country. At this time a gentleman in London heard them singing the hymn, 'O, sing of Jesus, Lamb of God.' He listened with manifest pleasure to the beautiful hymn, and so pleased was he that he offered the singers a sum of money if they would sing that particular hymn wherever they went. They promised, and one night, when singing it in a meeting in Dublin, a lady came forward to the president at the close, and told him that she had been wandering in darkness for thirty years, but that night she got her eyes opened while they were singing the chorus, 'I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed through the blood of the Lamb that was slain.' The thrilling words had gone right to her heart, and revealed Jesus to her for the first time."

A Book "All About Love."—Captain Tupman remarked: "I heard an incident lately of how a servant-girl was brought to the Lord. A man was going from door to door selling books, and he went up to a house where this girl opened the door, and when the man offered his books for sale the girl first said she did not want any, and then she said, 'If you have got a book about love I will buy it.' 'Yes,' said the man, 'here is a book, and it is all about love from beginning to end,' and he handed her a New Testament. 'Is it really?' said the girl, becoming greatly interested, 'I will buy it, then.' The man assured her that there was nothing but love in it, and took his departure. The girl began to read it, and God was pleased to bless the reading of His own Word, and the next time the man came round he found the girl rejoicing in a Saviour's love. God's love is indeed a mighty love, and reaches down to bless all who will accept it."

A Young Lady's Anxiety.—A Christian worker said: "A friend of mine went to a minister of a certain large city not long ago, and said: 'I have a dear friend, a young lady, staying with me just now, and as she often comes to your meetings, I should like very much if you would speak to her about her soul.' The minister said, 'Yes; I have noticed her and would have spoken to her before, only she seemed a very superior young lady, and extremely reserved.' He promised, however, to speak to her on the first opportunity, and they separated, having each agreed to pray for her salvation. Next evening, when going into his meeting, the minister saw this lady standing outside with the singers; and, stopping beside her, he said, 'I have been praying for you, and so also has a friend; tell me, would you not like to give your heart to Jesus?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I should; that is what I came here for, and I put myself in your way all yesterday, that you might speak to me about Jesus as my Saviour; but you did not.' I asked her to come to the vestry for a moment; she did so, and before she left it again, she had found Christ and went home praising God."

JUBILEE OF SOULS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Jan. 23, 1887.*

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"—ISA. 60 : 8.

God's Architecture in Birds—Birds of the Bible—A Memorable Day at the Brooklyn Tabernacle—The Boundless Ocean of Mercy—Saved Souls Like Doves—I. Because They Fly Low—Photographs of Ragged Children—A Rose Bush a Thousand Years Old—II. They Fly for Shelter—From Storm and Enemies—Men Dogged by Sin—Christ the Shelter of the Soul—The Quackeries of the World—III. They Fly Home—Not Migratory—IV. They Fly in Flocks—All Ages—A Message from a Dying Girl—A Scoffing Equestrian.

WHEN God would set fast a beautiful thought He plants it in a tree; when He would put it afloat He fashions it into a fish; when He would have it glide the air He moulds it into a bird. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. The blackbird floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow-lark, with head of fawn and throat of velvet and breast of gold; the red flamingo flying over the Southern swamps like sparks from the forge of the setting sun; the pelican, white and black, morning and night tangled in its wings.

They seem not more of earth than heaven, ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all the American forests in search of new specimens. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of *God's architecture in a snipe's bill* or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities.

Musicians have with clefs and bars tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and the robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves; and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snow-birds. The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The

Birds of the Bible

are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest thou the goodly wings to the peacocks?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying: "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I watch, and am as a sparrow upon the housetop." "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord;" so says Jeremiah. And in the text Isaiah looks ahead and sees the gathering of many people unto Christ and the Church, and it makes him think of a flock of pigeons alighting on their coop, and all at once trying to get in at the window of the coop, and he cries out: "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" This is

One of the Memorable Days

of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On other Sundays we drop the net; to-day we haul it in. On other days we send out the invitations for a king's party; to-day we sit at the banquet. On other days we fight the battle; now we claim victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Ye who have toiled and contributed and prayed for the success of this institution, take unto your souls the grand satisfactions of this hour. To you, O men and women! is fulfilled the promise: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Wake up, O Church of God! and bring garlands and music, and let us celebrate our "harvest home."

Oh, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift sailing crafts, with compass and charts, and choice rigging and skilful navigators, and I tell them to launch away and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction and sails to the north; this to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbor of Heaven, and I shout to them from the beach: "Have you found the shore?" And they answer:

"No Shore to God's Mercy!"

Swift angels, despatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne and cry: "No shore! No shore to God's mercy!" Mercy! Mercy! I sing it. I preach it. I pray it. Here I find a man bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chains fall off and he is free forever. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth it cannot fathom; there is no height it cannot scale; there is no infinity it cannot compass.

When persons apply for membership into any society, the question is asked: "Who are they and where do they come from?" and as this multitude of people to-day present themselves for membership, it is right that we should ask: "Who are these that come as doves to their windows?" They are captives whose chains have been broken; they are soldiers who have enlisted for a thirty years' war. They are heirs of Heaven.

I. They Come as Doves

to the windows, first, because they fly low. The eagle darts up, as if to strike its beak into the sun. There are birds that seem to dwell under the eaves of Heaven; you see them as little specks against the sky, so far off that you cannot guess the style of their plumage or the shape of their bodies. They float so far away that if the hunter's gun be discharged at them they do not change their course. Not so with the doves or pigeons; they never take any high excursions. They fly around your roof and alight on the fence, and seem to dislike great altitudes. So these souls who come to Christ and to His Church to-day fly low. They ask no great things; they seek an humble place at the feet of Christ. They are not ashamed to be called beggars for mercy; they are willing to get down on their knees, and to crawl under the table, and to pick up the crumbs of Gospel provision.

There were days when they were proud and punctilious and inexorable and puffed up; but not now. The highest throne of earth could not tempt Mary away from Jesus' feet. Stoop, O pardened soul! if thou wouldst enter Heaven. A high look and a proud heart God hates.

Fly Low.

It is a mercy that thou canst fly at all. Remember all the years of thy sin; thy days of youthful wandering; thy days of manhood transgressions; thy sins—dark, brooding, deathful—sins against thy soul, against thy God.

In one of the benevolent institutions of Europe, where the destitute are provided for, the newcomers have their photographs taken while in rags before they are washed, so that they may always have in the picture a reminder of the degradation from which they were lifted; so, in this book, God keeps before thee a picture of thy former destitution and raggedness of soul.

It is an offended God before whom thou comest. Thou deservest His wrath. He scattered the one hundred and eighty-five thousand of Sennacherib's host in a night. He abhors sin. He will judge the nations. Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty. Fly low.

A thousand years ago an Emperor planted a rose-bush from which roses are plucked to-day. At the foot of the cross nearly nineteen centuries ago a rose was planted which blooms to-day; stoop down, if thou wouldst pluck it. Oh, for more of the child-like spirit! I rejoice in the belief that those who come to Christ to-day come aware of their sins and their wants, and have learned how to fly low.

II. Again: These persons who come to-day are like doves on their way to the dove-cot, because

They Fly for Shelter.

The albatross makes a throne of the tempest; the sea-gulls find their grandest frolic in the storm—their merriest hour seems to be that in which the surf of the sea piles most high. Not so with doves: at the first blow of the northeaster they fly to the coop. Eagle contends with eagle in mid-air, and vulture fights vulture on the bosom of the carcass; but doves at the first dash of the bird of prey speed for shelter from fiery eye and iron beak and loathsome talon. So to-day these souls come here for shelter.

Every one has a besetting sin; that

Sin is Always After You.

The robber watches you when you come out of the bank, sees in what pocket you put the money, follows you down the street, notices where you go to dine, and where you sleep, and what kind of a lock you have on your door; so there is some sin ever on a man's track. It goes with him to the store, it sits on the money-safe, it looks over his shoulder while he makes out the bill of lading, it goes out with him to dine, it walks home with him at night.

As to some dog that you do not want to follow you, but who persists, you say to it: "Back home with you!" You stone it away and start on. After a while, casually turning your eye, you find it close after you, with a sneaking look. Wherever you go, sin goes; where you stay, sin stays. You have watched the hawk above the barnyard; it sails around and around over the brood of chickens; around and around, now almost down to the flock, then back again, until at last it drops and seizes its prey. There is a hawk ready to pounce on every dove, and that is the reason that these doves come to-day to the windows—they want shelter in the grace of God and in Christian associations. They say: "If there is any power in your prayers, let me have them; if there be any virtue in good counsels, give them to me; if there be anything elevating in Christian associations, let me feel their influence." "Where thou dwellest I will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God." Open your doors, O Church of God! and let them come in "as doves to their windows."

Christ is the only shelter of

The Soul in Trouble.

What can you do without Him when sorrow comes? Perhaps at first you take valerian to quiet your nerves, or alcohol to revive your spirits; but have you found anything in the medicines or physical stimulants sufficient? Perhaps in the excitement of the money market or in the merry-making of the club you have sought relief. This world has no balsam for a wounded soul, no shelter for a bruised spirit. The dove in the deluge flew north, south, east and west, and it was all water, in which were the carcasses of the dead world, and the first solid thing the dove's feet touched was the window of the ark. So the soul in trouble goes out in one direction and finds nothing substantial to rest upon, and in another direction, and every whither, but there is no rest for the dove save the ark.

"Substantial comfort will not grow
In Nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil;
But where the Lord has planted
And made His glories known
There fruits of heavenly joys are found;
And there alone."

You lost a parent; some one said that it was in the regular course of nature that your father should expire.

Did that Comfort You?

You lost a child; somebody said that if that child had lived it might have turned out badly. Did that comfort you? You lost your property; they told you that riches were very uncertain. You knew that before. You were sick; they explained to you that the difficulty was in the

* At this service Dr. Talmage gave the right hand of fellowship to three hundred and forty-two new members. The total membership of the church is now three thousand seven hundred and two.

secretions or in the sciatic nerve. Did that soothe you? Oh, the *despicable quackery* of earthly comfort! But when Christ comes to the soul and says, "I took your estate because I wanted to give you more valuable treasures; I made you sick in body that your soul might be brought up to eternal health; I took your loved ones away because I have a better and brighter place for them in my own presence," then the wound heals, then the tears dry off the face, then God has become the everlasting portion of the soul.

Oh, the air is full of black wings and ravens' beaks! They join their wings of darkness until they shut out the light of the sun. They have fattened on the carcasses of men. Their clangor is horrible to the ear. Trouble and disease and death coming down on the wind. No wonder these souls have come for shelter "as doves to their windows." What does the pigeon in the coop care for the hawk in the sky?

Safe in Christ, safe forever. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but Thy lovingkindness shall never fail.

III. Again: These souls are like doves, because

They Fly Home.

Most of the winged denizens have no home; now they are at the north and now at the south, as the climate indicates. This year a nest in one tree, next year a nest in another tree. The golden oriole remains but three months of the year in Germany, and is then gone. The linnet of Norway crosses the ocean to find rest away from the winter's blast. The heron, the gold-finch, and the gross-beak are migratory. The cranes call each other together several days before going, choose their leader, arrange themselves in two lines, forming an angle, and are gone. But the pigeons alluded to in the text, summer and winter and always, have a home in the dove-cot. And so

Christ is the Home

of those who come to Him. He is a warm home; they rest under the "feathers of the Almighty." Christ tells us that chickens find not a warmer place under the wing of the hen than we in Him. He is a safe home; our fortunes may go down ten degrees below zero, the snows of trouble may fall, the winds of persecution may howl, the jackals of death may stalk forth—all is well, for "great peace have they who trust in God." From this home we shall never be driven out. The sheriff may sell us out of our earthly house, or the fires may burn it down, or the winds carry it away, but that home shall always be ours.

Men talk as though starting for God were putting out on a trackless moor, or wandering through the sands of a great Sahara. No, no; it is coming to the warmest and best of homes, "as doves to the windows."

IV. Again: These souls to-day gathering for membership are like doves, because

They Come in Flocks.

The buzzard, with dripping beak, fluttering up from the carrion, is alone. You occasionally look up against the wintry sky and see a solitary bird winging past. But doves or pigeons are in flocks; by scores and hundreds do they fly. You hear the loud whirr of their wings as they pass. So to-day we see a great flock coming into the kingdom. It is not a straggler trying to catch up with his regiment; it is a solid phalanx taking the kingdom. It is not a drop on your hand or cheek that leaves you in doubt whether it rains or not, but the rush of an unmistakable shower. It is not the raking up of the gleanings, but the tossing up of the full sheaves into the mow—"as doves to their windows."

There are all ages in this flock. Some of them are young, and the very first use they make of their wings is to fly into the kingdom. Some of them are old, and their wings have been torn with shot and ruffled with the tempest, and they had almost dropped into the sea. Some of them have been making a very crooked course. They dipped their wings in fountains of sin—they wandered near the gulf of perdition; but they saw their danger—they changed their course. They have come at last, "as doves to the windows."

I thank God that I have lived to see this day; to my dying hour I shall not cease to praise Him for this manifestation of His grace. Praise to Him, sun and moon and stars! Praise Him, Church militant on earth! Praise him, Church triumphant in Heaven! Let the Church beneath raise up its right hand of gratulation and the Church above reach down its right hand of joy, and while the two are clasped, let the elders of the Church put to our lips the wine of earthly celebration, and the cup-bearers of Heaven bring up out of the vaults of eternity the oldest wine, prepared by Him who trod the wine-press alone, and so let two worlds at once keep jubilee!

Who are these who come to us to-day? Many are young. Until Robert Raikes came, there was no organized effort for

Saving the Young.

We spent all of our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the fiery steed at the first jump, for when he gets full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement, and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible. It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop.

I went through the heaviest snow-storm I have ever known to see

A Dying Girl.

Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large round eye had not lost any of its lustre. Loved ones stood all around the bed, trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up; her father could not give her up, and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh," she says, "happy, happy, Mr. Talmage! Tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief, I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good-night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh, I wish that to-day my Lord Jesus would go through this audience and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on His brow!

But while a great flock this day comes to

The Dove-cot of Mercy,

the largest flock are going the other way. It is a very easy thing to tame doves. Go out with a handful of corn to feed pigeons, and they will fly on your shoulders and your hands, so tame are they. God has fed those who are before me with "the finest of the wheat," and yet you have flown from Him all your lives long. You have taken your clothes out of His wardrobe and your bread out of His hands. God's Spirit will not always strive. In the morning, after a severe night, you have gone out and seen the birds dead on the snow; so, after a while, God's mercy will cease, and the earth will be covered with the bodies of those who perished in the storm. That storm is coming. It will shiver the mast of pride; it will drive into the white reefs of death every cargo of sin. The cedars of the mountain will split in the hurricane, and the islands shall be moved out of their places, and the continents shall be rent asunder, and the hemispheres shall whirl like a top in the fury of that day. The mountains will be blasted and the beasts, in affright, be pitched from the cliffs in an avalanche of terror. The dead shall rush forth from their sepulchres to see what is the matter, and all those who despise God shall horribly perish.

Now, do you suppose that I can stand here and know that that day is coming without telling you about it? My last resting-place will probably be near yours. What if, when I get up in the resurrection day, I should see you rushing at me across the lots of the cemetery, and hear you cry: "Why did you not tell me of this? If it had not been for your neglect, I should have been on the way to glory." I cannot prepare myself for such a consternation. "Can you tell me

How Far it is to Hell?"

said a young man as, on Sunday, on horseback, he dashed past a good Christian deacon. At the next turn in the road the horse threw the scoffing rider, and he was dead. He wanted to know how far it was to hell, and found out without the deacon's telling him.

So thou art mounted on a swift steed, whose hoofs strike fire from the pavement as he dashes past, and you cry out: "How far is it to ruin?" I answer: "Near—very near!"

"Perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee!"

Oh, that my Lord God would bring you now to see your sin and to fly from it; and your duty, and help you to do it, so that when the last great terror of earth shall spread its two black wings, and clutch with its bloody talons for thy soul, it cannot hurt thee, for that thou art safe in the warm dove-cot of a Saviour's mercy!

"Come in! come in!
Eternal glory shalt thou win."

PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON'S ESCAPES.

AMONG some reminiscences recently published Mr. Spurgeon writes:

"Not very long ago my esteemed friend, Mr. Duncan, took me in his yacht to the harbor of Rothesay. It was arranged that I should preach there on the Sabbath, and on the Saturday we went for a ride, four of us. In descending a long hill, some part of the harness broke, the carriage ran upon the horse, and

The Horse Ran Away.

It rushed down the hill like a thunderbolt, and became altogether unmanageable. I have a distinct sense of the lamp-posts, which seemed to stand in the road, flying by one after another. All hands were occupied with the reins, our friends inside standing on the seat and helping as best they could. At the foot of the hill if the animal turned to the left we should find a very ugly descent, which would involve the turning over of the machine, and the probable death of us all.

"If the creature could be made to face to the right, there would be a rising ground, and this would stop his mad career. Which would it be? To my unspeakable relief, I found myself cool in the moment of peril, but my heart beat fast as we came to a standstill a little way up the hill on the right. Was there no overruling Hand in this? We all felt so at the time by a sort of natural instinct. Had we travelled without a mishap we should have been bound to adore the guardian care of God; but we were all compelled to do so as we quitted the carriage and looked at the ugly place down which we might so readily have fallen.

"A few years ago I set out on my annual journey to the South of France. I had at former times travelled by the first train; but upon this occasion I chose to start by the eleven o'clock train. I knew not *why* the choice was made; but some time before we reached Boulogne, we were detained on account of an accident on the road. An accident indeed it was, for we passed

The Wreck of the Early Train,

and learned that many had been injured by a collision. One bares his head in reverent gratitude, and worships the Lord, in whose hands are all the ways of His servants Unbelievers may say what they please, but he who is the immediate object of such deliverances is compelled to say, 'Surely, God was in this place.'"

A COSTLY PROMISE.

THE cost of fulfilling a sailor's promise appears on the books of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Company in an account recently closed. Thirty-three years ago the company needed a piece of land adjoining their road in Portland, Me., which was owned by James Mountfort. James Mountfort's brother Daniel had been a sailor, and had placed the widow and daughter of one of his shipmates in a house on the land, and had promised that they should have it free of rent as long as they lived. Daniel lost his life in a shipwreck, but his brother James, to whom the house was left, knew of his brother's promise, and for his brother's sake left the house in possession of the woman, rent free. When the railroad company wanted to purchase the land, James explained that the house upon it was let on a life-lease to the two occupants. The company asked to see the lease, but James said, "My brother gave no written lease, but gave his word for it as long as they lived, which was higher and stronger than any written lease could be." He offered to sell the land at a low price, on condition that the two women were not turned out of the house, and the company purchased it on those conditions. As they afterward desired to pull down the house, they were obliged to pay the rent of another place for the women to live in, and this they continued to do as long as they lived. The widow soon died, but the daughter lived for thirty years, and the company find that the payments made, with interest upon them, amount to $3808, which have been expended rather than the old sailor's promise should be broken. This was as it should be; but, if the two women had foreseen the death of their benefactor, and the sale of the house by his brother, they might have felt some diffidence about moving into his house. Their doubts would, however, have proved groundless, for the promise was kept. That is the difficulty with anxious Christians; they read God's promises, but they do not "move in;" all who appropriate them testify that God is faithful to the end (Joshua 23 : 14).

NEARLY SAFE.

IN urging his hearers not to rest satisfied with anything short of complete salvation, and not to suppose that because they repent they will be saved, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon remarked:

A Christian minister says, "When, after safely circumnavigating the globe, 'the Royal Charter' went to pieces in Moelfra Bay, on the coast of Wales, it was my melancholy duty to visit and seek to comfort the wife of the first officer, made by that calamity a widow. The ship had been telegraphed from Queenstown, and the lady was sitting in the parlor expecting her husband, with the table spread for the evening meal, when the messenger came to tell her he was drowned. Never can I forget the grief, so stricken and tearless, with which she wrung my hand, as she said, 'So near home, and yet lost!' That seemed to me the most terrible of human sorrow. But, ah! that is nothing to the anguish which must wring the soul which is compelled to say at last, 'Once I was at the very gate of heaven, and had almost entered in, but now I am in hell!'"

I remember a man coming to me in great distress of soul, and his case made a deep impression upon my mind. He was a man-of-war's man, with all the frankness of a British tar, but, alas! also with a sailor's fondness for strong drink. As we talked and prayed together, the tears literally rained down the poor fellow's weather-beaten face, and he trembled violently. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "I could fight for it!" Truly, if salvation could have been obtained by some deed of daring, he would have won it. He left me without finding peace, and the next day went back drunk, to join his ship; and I have never heard of him since.

Some are in the suburbs of the city of refuge. I warn you against staying there. Oh, what a pity is it that any should perish at the gates of salvation for want of another step!

He that makes but one step up a stair, though he be not much nearer to the house, yet he has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So he that taketh the first step of prayer by truly crying, "O Lord, be merciful unto me!" though he be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from off the world, and the miserable comforts thereof.

THE POPE AND HIS NEW YORK PRIEST.

THE Pope's suspension of Father McGlynn from the rectorship of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church because of his public advocacy of Henry George, the Socialist, as Mayor of New York, has been an exciting topic during the past week. Prophetic writers have long ago shown in their books from Revelation 17 that the Church of Rome is to become allied with Socialism at the final crisis of this dispensation, which the prophetic dates show to be about the period 1896 to 1900.

Hence, although Father McGlynn may be rebuked by the Pope at present for siding with the Socialists, yet the time is not far distant when a future Pope of the last days, and the Roman Catholic priesthood, as a body, will zealously advocate the whole programme of Socialism. Consequently, Father McGlynn is only ahead of his times and leading on in advance in the direction where all the priesthood in due time will follow him.

THE TIME OF SETTLEMENT.

THE preacher under the Old Testament dispensation found it necessary to caution sinners against supposing that if "sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily," it would not be executed at all (Eccles. 8 : 11). Dr. George T. Pentecost mentions in his *Words and Weapons* an instance of a man who needed and received the same lesson. He says: "An infidel, boasting in a published letter that he had raised two acres of 'Sunday corn,' which he had intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds: 'All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it will yield some seventy bushels to the acre; so I don't see but that nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work, however the priests or the Bible may say that work done upon that day never prospers.' To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies: 'If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he has read the works of its opponents, he would have known that the great Ruler of the universe does not always square up His accounts with mankind in the month of October.'"

A MISSIONARY AMONG WOLVES.

AN extraordinary experience with wolves is described in a letter recently received from Dr. A. Haegert, who is laboring among the benighted Santhals of India. He writes:

One Thursday we had our morning service at 4.15 A.M. After a cup of tea and a biscuit I left for Bethlehem. At 5.15 A.M. I passed Paharndi's jungle, where the cattle were trying hard to get a morning's meal by nibbling the grass. Near the cattle were two wolves; one walked all round, and the other went right in among the flock, and caught hold of a nice black goat by the neck. After a brief struggle he dragged her off to the neighboring jungle. Being pretty well mounted, I gave "Thomas" the spurs, and made straight for the wolves, shouting with all my might and brandishing my umbrella. But the wolf was not going to give up his prey; he kept on dragging her away till we came to close quarters. These wolves are the gentlemen at large in our jungles; they live on the fat of the land without increasing its prosperity. I hear they come daily stealing cattle. These wolves had never seen a lively missionary on horseback, and when I came too close they bolted, and I saved the goat out of a wolf's mouth. Riding on I again met the wolves crossing my path, as if they burned for revenge, and meant to fight me. Running away would never do; they were big, powerful brutes, of an alarming swiftness. So I charged them again with all speed, my only weapon being my umbrella. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," and I found this to be true with the wolves. Hid away among the trees were three or four shepherds chewing tobacco; hearing me shouting, they got up, and in real Santhal fashion charged the wolves from behind with their clubs. However, this was too much for them, and they bolted in hot haste.

I was vividly impressed with the scene before me. It was a picture of many a church and congregation. While the wolves were carrying off the goat, the flock kept on feeding as if the enemy was far away; and while death was among them the ministers were enjoying themselves.

After the wolves had left, I preached Christ to the shepherds. May the dear Lord save every one of them as I feel confident that He will.

Mr. Haegert, writing recently, says: "The Lord's work makes strides here. Since I left home in Nov., 1880, I have baptized two hundred and six men and women from forty villages, built a big church and a mission station twenty miles from here, beside attending many thousand patients, etc."

THE SOCIALIST SPECTRE IN CHICAGO.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

AN article is published in the New York *Herald* of January 17th under the startling title, "Chicago's Alarm—Her Citizens Thoroughly Scared by the Rising Spectre of Anarchism—To Become a Garrison City—Nearly a Square Mile of Land Offered to the Government for Barracks—Chicago Wants Twelve Companies of a Thousand Men Each—Scheme of the Commercial Club—Its Members Banded Together to Save their City from Fire and Bombs—Their Contempt of the Militia." It appears from this article that some wealthy citizens of Chicago have presented to the United States Government a square mile of ground at Highwood, twenty-five miles from Chicago, on the Milwaukee line of the Northwestern Railroad. This land is to be used as a garrison post for twelve thousand soldiers.

THE PANIC OF WEALTH.

The *Herald* adds: "The solid men of Chicago have taken alarm at the progress of Anarchism, and fear that it may develop a strength beyond the ability of either the police force or the State militia to cope with. Consequently, steps have been taken to secure the permanent establishment of a United State military force within convenient reach for effective use in case of necessity.

"The leading business men and property-owners have become alarmed at the rapid spread of Anarchism, and have deemed it necessary to take extraordinary action to protect life and property against the threatened danger. 'The city government,' says Mr. Henry F. Eames, one of the subscribers to the fund for the purchase of land for the proposed military post—'The city government is rotten. During the last disturbance here, and during a little disturbance at the stock-yards, the police and militia have proven entirely inadequate to suppress the demonstration of the Anarchist element. A repetition of these things would prove very disastrous. For that reason national troops within call are imperatively needed.' That discloses an alarming condition of affairs in an American city."

Interviews with prominent capitalists in Chicago by the *Herald* correspondents elicited confirmation of these views. While the millionaires were generally careful not to express fears of an Anarchist rising, they admitted that the subscriptions came in largely after the dynamite outrage in the Haymarket last May. They referred to the large proportion of German, Russian, and other European exiles among the population of the city, and evidently regarded a rising as being possible, though not probable. A man of any class objects to admitting that he is scared, and these millionaires are no exception

to the rule; but they regarded the location of a force of twelve thousand men in their vicinity as a wise precaution. It is not in the nature of a millionaire to part with money readily—perhaps, if he did acquire the habit he would soon cease to be a millionaire, as his poorer fellowmen are constantly placing in his way opportunities for the employment of money. The millionaire is by nature a cautious man. It is therefore safe to conclude that when a few of them spend about half a million dollars in the purchase of a tract of land which they immediately offer as a present to the Federal Government, that they have for their act some motive which seems to them cogent. The time and the circumstances combine to show that this motive is a desire to protect their persons and property from some serious danger.

Nor is it difficult, from their utterances and from the state of things in Chicago, to proceed a step further and define the danger which they apprehend. They attach a condition to the offer of the land to the Government. It is to be used for a garrison. As it is not a foreign invasion that is dreaded, the protection they seek must clearly be from domestic enemies. They dread the Anarchists, and they part with this large sum of money "lest a worse thing come upon them."

A DESPERATE RESORT.

That they will obtain what they desire appears probable. The United States Senate has already voted an acceptance of the gift, and in the House the resolution has been favorably reported. That the organization of the camp will avert the danger is not, however, so clear. In social disturbances and great revolutions armies have in the past proved very frequently a menace rather than a protection. Composed of poor men, allied by birth and early association with the poor, and leavened with a mass of pugnacious, dissolute, idle, and unprincipled men, who drift into the ranks to enjoy an easy life, promising authorized fighting and legalized murder, the army is liable to fight with the poor against the rich if it seems safe to do so. Thus, while a garrison at hand is the best means of protection available, it may, in a certain combination of circumstances, precipitate and aggravate the trouble instead of averting it.

THE OUTBREAK INEVITABLE.

All this, however, is a mere secular view of the situation and its perils. We are on surer ground when we turn to God's Word and read there the warnings uttered to prepare us for the things which are coming upon the earth. The last years of this dispensation are now close at hand. The focus lines of prophecy are tending to a point but little removed from this year of grace. In 1896—before another decade has been completed—the world will have entered the rapids of the Antichristian era, and the awful outpouring of tribulation will have commenced. Let not the people of the United States think that their beloved land will escape the storm. Mercifully removed from dynastic jealousies and the fierce conflicts of nations cooped up in limited areas, they will be spared some of the ills that will then afflict the peoples of crowded Europe; but religious persecution and the uprising of anarchy are, perhaps, more to be dreaded.

A MIGHTY COMBINATION.

The elements are gathered here for an awful explosion in both departments. Roman Catholicism, haughty, intolerant, relentless, has its grasp on the body politic. Again and again in recent years it has shown its power. The time is not yet ripe for it to cast aside the mask and attempt to crush the religious liberty of the nation; but it will come. The mutterings of the Communistic, Socialistic, Anarchic element of the population can be heard in every city. Secret societies, powerful combinations are learning their power, and are testing it. Riches and luxury flaunt themselves in the face of starving men, and Socialism gathers into its net daily crowds of discontented persons who are but slightly removed from desperation. What would the union of these two mighty forces mean? Let the Socialistic beast submit itself to the guidance of the scarlet-clothed woman of the Papacy, and then the much-vaunted liberty of the nation would be speedily strangled. And this is what prophecy clearly predicts. Happy are they who through Christ will escape that awful time, who, watching for the Bridegroom, hear the midnight cry and are caught up to meet Him in the air before the day of wrath.

PURITY BEFORE POWER.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for this Journal.)

"CREATE in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Then [and not till then] will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." Now, if David, with all his authority as King of Israel, with all the advantages and facilities he could command, needed this in order that sinners might be converted, I reckon we are free to admit we can do nothing until we get the thing he talked about. We have got no prestige, and very few facilities, and really

WE'RE NOT MUCH ANYWAY.

Suppose you were to buy a house and lot or an elegant residence, pay the money and get the deeds, and the day you were to go in the gentleman said, "Here's the key to eight rooms; I have reserved two rooms." "Didn't I buy the house?" "Yes." "Well, what do you mean?" "*I want to keep four tigers* in one room, and the other I want to fill with reptiles. I want them to stay here." You say, "Well, my friend, if you mean what you say I would not have your house as a gift. You want me to move my family into a house where one room is full of tigers and the other full of snakes!" Many a time we turn over our whole heart to God, and when He comes in we have reserved some rooms for the wild beasts of pride and the hissing serpents of iniquity.

Let me tell you, brethren, I won't ask God to come and live in a house that I won't let my family live in. Empty every room in the house, and then the heart is the centre of gravity to Jesus Christ, and He will come in and live with you. Religion will make the floor clean and the pillow-case shine as bright as snow in its purity and whiteness. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and filth is next to perdition. Spurgeon said: "There are three enemies that I have fought all my life—

DIRT, DEBT, AND THE DEVIL."

A clean heart likes clean hands and clean words and a clean life. Let us look at our hearts this morning. Is there lurking in the cells anything contrary to the Spirit of our divine Lord?

Some of you holiness people have got a clean heart, but you have not got a right spirit. You're clannish, and you don't like a fellow if he don't agree with you. Some of you will get up and get out of a church if the pastor don't preach to suit you. Now, the more religion a man has got the more he loves the pastor and the Church of God, and the more he will do for them. If you get too much religion to love your pastor and do your duty to your church, you may have a good deal of religion, but very little sense. A clean heart is one thing; a right spirit is another thing. It is a kind spirit, a forgiving spirit, a gentle spirit. That's it. Get a wrong spirit in you, and get it to dominating your life, and you are a ruined man as certain as God reigns in heaven. I recollect once

TWO BROTHERS IN MY CHURCH

fell out. They were both stewards, I think. I couldn't get them to settle it, all I could do. Then I tried to get them to fight it out, but *they wouldn't fight.* I didn't know what to do with them. Finally, when a revival broke out in the church, one morning I looked over, and they had each other in their arms hugging each other. I had a talk with one of them as soon as I could. I said, "You got sense; now I want to ask one question. How did you pray while you were feeling mad with that brother?" "Well," he said, "I've acted the rascal, but I haven't acted the fool. I haven't been on my knees since I got mad." I'll put up with a fellow acting the rascal, but when he gets to mixing things and acting the fool, too, he's getting in mighty bad shape then.

I made this proposition at a woman's meeting once: "Everybody that's mad with anybody stand up," and before they thought, about twelve jumped right up. I suppose if I was to put the same question here about fifty of you would jump up. You would if you answered the impulses of your heart. "Well," you say,

"YOU'D HAVE BEEN MAD, TOO."

Mad about what? Well, I've had a fight or two since I became a preacher. I thought it as much my duty to defend myself from assault since I became a preacher as before. I've been mad enough to strike a man or two. The last fight I had I got in the fire, and the sparks flew right off me, and I thought, God will turn me into hell forever. I made a vow. I said: "O Lord, I'll never get mad again with anybody, unless he treats me worse than I have treated you." See how God treats us. And the idea of a man that God has forgiven ten thousand talents *jumping on another fellow about a nickel* and beating him half to death. That's a poor business, ain't it?

And I'll tell you another thing. This getting mad is the poorest business in the world. Don't you know Jesus settled this question when He said: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." I said when I started in religion, when a man slandered me or injured me, "Why does the Lord tell me to pray for him? I wish the Lord would let me go for him and whip him. He'd stop then. But instead of letting me knock him down and stamp on him, I'm to pray for him." I hadn't gone very far when I found the Lord didn't want to protect the rascal that had injured me, but to protect me.

When Jesus wanted to conquer the world He walked up on Calvary and died for His enemies, and, thank God, Jesus will conquer this world yet, to a man. It is not simply the words you use, but the spirit of the man that uses the words that gives you influence with sinners. Somehow a fellow knows whether you like him or not. If a fellow thinks you like him,

HE'LL LET YOU SKIN HIM

from head to foot and take his hide to the tanyard, and he'll walk along with you all the way begging for his hide. I felt for a long time just like the fellow said he felt when his sweetheart accepted him. "Felt just like I had nothing again anybody in the world." If I had an enemy in this town I wouldn't let the sun go down until I had hunted him up and settled the question. Brotherly love and kindness. Where you find divisions and bickerings you will find there that the Church of God will never thrive.

KILLING A NEIGHBOR.

A man once bought a farm, and the neighbors said, "You can't live with your next-door neighbor. He is a terror to the settlement. That's what the other man sold out for He will torment you to death." The new man said, "If he fools with me, I will kill him." Well, they told the bad neighbor this, and it made him worse than ever. He would cripple his stock, and throw rocks at his children. There was not a mean thing in this world he wouldn't do. The new neighbor would send him quarters of sheep, and care for his stock, and give his children apples and books and kind words. One day the bad neighbor was coming home with a load, and he got stalled on a big hill; the new neighbor came and helped him out, and offered to do anything he could for him. The man dropped to his knees and said, "You said you were going to kill me, and you have knocked me cold and dead; and I'm going to make you the best neighbor you ever had in your life." You see, *if you kill a fellow with love you don't have to bury him.* Get the right spirit toward Christians, and you will soon get the right spirit toward sinners.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Policy of Retaliation on Canada in the fishery dispute was under consideration in both branches of Congress last week. Mr. Edmunds in the Senate and Mr. Belmont in the House reported bills authorizing the President to adopt such a policy. The bill introduced by Mr. Edmunds is the one most likely to pass. It provides that in case American vessels are any longer interfered with in Canada it shall be the duty of the President in his discretion, by proclamation to that effect, to deny to Canadian vessels any entrance into the waters, ports, or places of the United States (with such exceptions in regard to vessels in distress, stress of weather, or needing supplies, as to the President shall seem proper), whether such vessels have come directly from Canada or by way of some other port, and also, if he things proper, to deny entry into any port of the United States of fresh fish or salt fish or any other product of Canada coming to the United States. This question ought to have been settled by the diplomatists, without resort being had to retaliation. Whatever the merits of the dispute may be, retaliation is an objectionable mode of dealing with it. Two great Christian nations indulging in such childish proceedings present an undignified spectacle to the world.

A Large Number of United States Senators were elected last week. Among them were Charles B. Farwell, in Illinois; C. K. Davis, in Minnesota; M. S. Quay, in Pennsylvania; George Hearst, in California; Francis B. Stockbridge, in Michigan; A. S. Paddock, in Nebraska, and Frank Hiscock, in New York. These are all new men in the Senate. Several States re-elected their former Senators. Another term is given by Massachusetts to Senator Dawes, by Delaware to Senator Gray, by Missouri to Senator Cockrell, by Connecticut to Senator Hawley, by Maine to Senator Hale, and by West Virginia to Senator Camden. Probably the most important of all these elections, and the one that will have most momentous results in the country, is that of New York. The election of Mr. Hiscock to succeed Senator Warner Miller implies an approach to union between the two factions of the Republican Party in the State. The other two candidates, Warner Miller and Levi P. Morton, were supported respectively by the rival wings of the party, and the election of either would have caused an increase of animosity. The compromise on Mr. Hiscock and his consequent election may lead to a closing of the breach in other respects. This is a matter of national moment, because in the Presidential election the result will probably depend on whether there is harmony among New York Republicans or not. It is evident, however, that the nomination of Mr. Blaine would divide the party again, as it did three years ago. On that subject there is no approach to harmony apparent. Mr. Blaine's opponents seem as firmly opposed to him now as they were in 1884. All prognostications about the Presidency next year are therefore mere guesses until the nomination is made. The value of Mr. Hiscock's election consists in the fact that it shows to the Republican Party in the country how the solid vote of the party in New York may be obtained.

The New Labor Trouble is Affecting an Enormous area of the country and eighteen millions of the population. This is due to the strike of the coal-handlers along the New Jersey coast. The Philadelphia and Reading Company recently passed under new management, and one of the first things done was to reduce wages. The coal-handlers were reduced from twenty-two and a half cents an hour to twenty cents. Their work is to remove the coal from the cars to barges and schooners. The men struck, and the movement extended quickly to other coal companies, until it involved six, which together were employing three thousand men. These are now idle, and their idleness throws out of work the men engaged in the carrying trade and seventy thousand miners, who have now no empty cars to load. It also affects the population of six States, where the price of coal has been driven up from five dollars a ton to eight and ten dollars. As usual, the poor suffer most, as they buy their supplies in small quantities, and are now paying at the rate of *twenty dollars a ton*. This entails widespread suffering, and in many homes during the severe weather of last week it was impossible to have both coal and food. Great indignation is felt toward the companies for lowering wages, and precipitating a strike just at a time when the sufferers would be confined to the poorer classes, and when the rich who had not exhausted their fall supply of coal did not need to pay the advanced rates. The strikers were orderly until the companies attempted to supply their places with German laborers. An attack was then made on the new men, and the companies had to hire a gang of Pinkerton's men to protect them. These officers distinguished themselves on Thursday by shooting dead a boy of fifteen years old who, as they allege, jeered at them and threw stones.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley Set Out from London for the relief of Emin Pacha on Friday last. He told a reporter that the expedition would go by way of Zanzibar; that the enterprise would cost $100,000, and that it would leave Zanzibar composed of one thousand men. Of these eight would be English and the rest natives of Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley said he expected that news of the progress of the expedition would reach Europe by July. The Congo Free State has ordered the assembling of its entire flotilla on the upper part of the Congo River at Leopoldville by the end of March, with a view to aiding the Stanley expedition in the event of the expedition proceeding *vid* the Congo route.

The German Electoral Campaign has Commenced in earnest. The progressists have issued a manifesto calling upon their partisans to support only candidates opposed to absolute government and a sham constitution, warning them that otherwise tobacco and spirit monopolies and other evils will be introduced in Parliament. "We must make a stand," they say, "to maintain the foundation of the imperial constitution, especially universal secret suffrage." The Conservatives have also issued a manifesto, in which they say that the watchword of the struggle must be, "No parliamentary army, but an imperial army." The National Liberal leaders have issued an address severely censuring the action of the majority of the Reichstag and calling upon National Liberals to elect only men determined to make sacrifices for the security of the Empire against foes at home and abroad.

The Conservative Cabinet in England is Rejoicing in the energy of its new member, Mr. Goschen. He delivered two speeches at Liverpool last week, in which he exerted himself to prove that he is worthy of the confidence the Tories have reposed in him. In fact, as usually happens when political proselytes come to the front, Mr. Goschen is more conservative than the Conservatives themselves. Should he ever desire to return to his old friends his Liverpool speeches will certainly bar his way. Mr. Goschen appeared to know all about the two problems which are now puzzling English statesmen, and to be prepared to deal with them with a light heart. The Irish trouble he believes to be the work of agitators. He said they "are now treading on tragedy. They are increasing collisions between tenants and the law. They are lighting a blaze whenever they can and fanning the flame by agitation." As to the Bulgarian trouble, he solemnly assured his hearers that neither the Queen nor the Cabinet was supporting Prince Alexander nor intriguing for his return. This may be true so far as the Cabinet is concerned, but it is certain that the favor shown to the Prince during his recent visit to the Queen has been commented upon throughout Europe and has excited futile hopes in Bulgaria.

Daniel's Predicted Franco-Prussian War is evidently near at hand. We have constantly stated that according to Daniel 7 : 24 and 2 : 31 a triumphant ten-kingdomed confederacy of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, prefigured by the ten-horned wild beast and the ten-toed image, must soon be formed, in military antagonism to Germany and Russia, which do not belong to the ten kingdoms of the Roman Empire. And it must be formed by 1890—*i.e.*, about ten years before the End of this Age, which seems from the prophetic dates to be about A.D. 1900. The New York *World* of January 21st says: "The cue to the whole situation in Europe is that the founders of the regenerated German Empire, being all old men, intend to consolidate their handiwork before they die. They are determined to put an end once and for all to the danger of a French war of revenge, with which they are constantly menaced. This is a fact well known at every European court. The Germans are now ready. A fortnight ago every man in the imperial army had been armed with the new repeating rifle. The French are not so far advanced. It does not, however, appear that Germany can hardly be expected to wait until they are entirely ready and have concluded all their preparations. The general belief in the official circles of Europe is to the effect that the outbreak of hostilities is only a question of a few weeks."

Rev. M. Baxter will Preach again Next Sun- Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening in Philadelphia, where he preached last Sunday to large audiences. The services are held in the City Institute Hall, corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets. His subject is: "Coming great wars and earthquakes during the next thirteen years before the year 1900, great religious revivals, second advent of Christ, and resurrection and ascension of Christians without dying; England's loss of Ireland and India, and conquest of Germany by France in 1887–89, changing twenty-three kingdoms into Daniel's predicted Franco-Roman Confederacy of ten kingdoms prior to the Napoleonic Antichrist's seven years' covenant with the Jews (Dan. 7 : 24 and 9 : 27); the spread of Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, Anarchy, Spiritualism, culminating in the great tribulation and Antichrist's massacre of myriads of Christians during three and a half years, and then the millennium of one thousand years."

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or who will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A Letter Received Last Week from a Lady in a distant State describes an effort which deserves success, and is worthy of imitation. She informs us that in the village where she lives there are about twenty of "the Devil's papers" sold every Saturday for Sunday reading. She has resolved to try whether some of the Lord's papers cannot be sold, too, and is sending one of her children around to try what can be done. She thinks this journal would be sold, and is making the attempt with a few copies as an experiment. Most heartily do we hope she may succeed, and that not wholly from interested motives. God blesses THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the homes of the people, and the happiest results may be expected from its circulation. It will give us great pleasure to facilitate any of our readers in other towns who will engage in this work. Thousands of copies might in this way be sent every week as messengers of the Gospel into dark places. Persons who are too busy to undertake the work themselves may know of unemployed men or boys who could be engaged in it, making a profit for themselves and doing good at the same time. We know of cases in which a considerable sum has been earned every week by a canvass from house to house.

Nearly Ten Thousand Dollars Were Granted in books for mission work by the American Bible Society at its recent meeting. The volumes were consigned to Brazil, Mexico, Japan, and Russia. A special grant was made for the work among the Ojibwas of Michigan. About four hundred dollars was given to the Methodist-Episcopal Church for the mission in Sweden and Finland. A letter was read at the meeting from Dr. Gulick, describing his experience in Siam, where he has made arrangements for the circulation of Bibles and religious books. Over *fourteen* thousand volumes were issued by the Bible Society last month.

The Warner Institute in Brooklyn, the Object of which was described recently in these columns, is now completed, and is doing a very valuable and successful work in a district now becoming thickly populated. Mr. Warner is anxious to consolidate and extend its influence by organizing a branch Y. M. C. A. under its roof, forming a temperance society, and increasing its library. He is prepared to accept assistance or to dispose of the building at a low rate, considerably under its cost, to an association prepared to carry on the Christian work there. His desire is to make the building a centre of usefulness in the district, and he is ready to co-operate as may be deemed best with Christian clergymen and laymen with like aims.

A Testimony to the Good Influence of the Prohibition law in Kansas has been given by *forty-nine judges* in that State in answer to questions addressed to them by the Chicago *Daily News*. The replies show that the question asked by the people, Does prohibition prohibit? is answered overwhelmingly in the affirmative. Only five counties—Sheridan, Ford, Clark, Republic and Harper—pronounce the law unqualifiedly a failure; in Kingman it is frankly admitted that the law is "not enforced;" in Rush, Trego, Riley, and Clay, although the replies are rather in the nature of opinions, as are almost all of those above mentioned, instead of statements of observed fact, they are rather favorable than otherwise. With these exceptions the answers show a decrease in the use of intoxicating drinks in Kansas ranging from fifty to seventy-five per cent, and in crimes and offences growing directly out of the use of such drinks a decrease of fifty per cent.

A Remarkable Avowal of the late Senator John A. Logan is reported by a clergyman in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*. He says that in talking with the senator not long before his death, Logan said: "I have often thought that I would like to be in the ministry." I replied: "To have done that, general, you must have surrendered many ambitions." "That," was his noble reply—"that would be nothing. The end will come soon, and these things will then be seen to be worthless." I was convinced of his transparent honesty when he uttered these words, and believe that he simply spoke as he believed and felt.

A Congregation Imprisoned in a Chapel had an uncomfortable experience a few days ago. A press despatch from Norwich, Conn., dated January 16th, states that while the usual prayer-meeting was being held at the Methodist chapel at Preston, an unkind trick was played by some practical jokers of the neighborhood. They went to the chapel, and during the singing, when any noise they might make could not be heard, they closed the doors and securely fastened them from the outside. The trick was not discovered until the last prayer had been offered, and then it was found that the doors could not be opened. All the windows were nailed or frozen down, and for two hours the congregation was kept imprisoned, finally being released by an alarmed parent, who came rushing down to the chapel to see why his children had not come home. There was probably no serious aim in the pitiful trick; it was intended only to cause annoyance, but it was doubtless prompted by the devil, who would be very glad if he could shut Christians up permanently in their places of worship. They would then be withdrawn from the world, and his kingdom would not suffer loss through their teaching and example (Matt. 5 : 14-16).

A Physician Deranged by the Use of Cocaine is now in a critical condition. For more than twenty years past a very popular and successful physician has resided near Erie, Pa., and has had a large practice among the best families. About a year ago he was seized with a painful malady, which caused him intense suffering. He used the newly-discovered drug to allay his agony, and was enabled by its help to continue his duties. He has continued its use ever since, but a few weeks ago he noticed that it was having a most serious effect on his mind. He became nervous and excitable and was the subject of hallucinations. He imagined that he was beset by fairies and hobgoblins, and was in constant dread of being swallowed up by an earthquake. He tried to discontinue the cocaine, but was driven back to it by an irresistible craving. On Sunday, January 16th, he became completely demented, and the physicians attending him fear that even if he lives—which is doubtful—he will never recover his reason. It would have been better for him to have endured the pain, however severe, than to have resorted to an anodyne that works such fearful evil. Ministers and Christian workers have seen analogous cases in their work. Young persons in spiritual anguish on account of conviction of sin, sometimes under the advice of worldly friends, go into society and shake off their concern. The anodyne relieves their distress, but it is fatal to the soul, and prepares torture for the death-bed (II Cor. 7 : 10).

Two ex-Slaves Are Supporting Their Former owner in Wilkinson County, Ga. A local journal states that living in the neighborhood is a well-known citizen who before the war was very wealthy, owning large tracts of land and a large number of slaves. The war left him poor, and, acre by acre, his broad lands were sold, until they were all gone, to support himself and his family. A year or two ago he was afflicted with blindness, his family were all dead, and he was so poor that he was about to accept the hospitality of the county almshouse. At this juncture news of his sad condition reached two brothers, colored men, who were formerly his slaves. They had prospered since the war, had bought several acres of rich land, and built a good house. They took their former owner to their home, gave him their best rooms, provided for his wants as an honored guest, and made their people treat him with the utmost deference. Recently, however, they found that the old man was distressed by the fear that when he died he would be buried as a pauper. To ease his mind, the brothers have deposited a hundred dollars in the bank, to be held until the old man's death, when it is to be used for defraying the expenses of his funeral. Doubtless, gratitude for past kindness is the motive which has prompted the two colored men to this noble conduct. How few Christian men would be in need if every believer who knows what he owes to his Lord manifested like gratitude! He cannot do it directly as they are doing, but he can do it by helping his poor brethren, which was the way Christ Himself appointed (Matt 25 : 40).

The Separation of a Bridal Couple on Their wedding-day is reported by the Toronto *Globe*. It states that a few days ago, after a wedding at Courtland, the bride and bridegroom repaired to the railway station to go to St. Thomas to spend their honeymoon. A large crowd assembled at the station to see them off, and after the groom had assisted his wife into the coach of a Grand Trunk Railway train, he alighted upon the platform to shake hands with some of his friends. While he was doing so the train moved off with the bride. She arrived in the city, and upon telling her story to a fellow-passenger, he assisted her in hunting up friends. On the following morning the husband arrived in the city, and found his wife. The incident must have been annoying to both parties, but especially so to the gentleman, as it was the result of his own carelessness. He must have wished that he had paid less attention to his friends and more to his wife. When men enter into the bridal relation with the Saviour they do well to avoid leave-takings with their old associates, unless they can induce them to travel in the same direction (Luke 9 : 61, 62).

Two Stags Held Together by the Antlers were found last week in the woods near Waltham, Me. Two young men out driving saw at some distance what they believed was a deer, but as it did not run away as they approached, they thought they must be mistaken. Going to it, however, they found that it really was a deer, and alive, but unable to move. Its antlers were interlocked with those of another stag, which was dead, and had evidently been dead some days. They shot the live buck, but had to get a stout stake to pry the horns apart before the two animals could be separated. The two had evidently fought furiously, for the neck of the dead buck was broken. It was, however, a struggle in which the victor could make no use of his triumph. His enemy, though dead, held him tight to suffer days of torture from hunger and thirst, until the bullet put an end to his sufferings. It was a fate typical of that which befalls some men who fail to avail themselves of Christ's power to deliver. Hating and loathing the sins which were once their delight, they struggle with them and perhaps conquer; but unless Christ gives them liberty, the remainder of life is a perpetual bondage (Rom. 7 : 24, 25).

Killing a Girl to Drive Out a Devil is a Crime for which several persons are in prison in France. The London *Standard's* Paris correspondent writes to that journal that some young men are in prison in Morbihan for the murder of their sister. They belonged to the family of a miller, and were ignorant and superstitious. All the family were disliked by the neighbors, except the girl, who was a welcome guest in any of the houses. The brothers were jealous of her popularity, and declared that she was possessed of a devil. They repeatedly declared that it must be exorcised, and that they would do it at any cost. The fiendish fellows one day recently threw their sister down, and bored a hole in her forehead, while their mother knelt beside her, praying that the demon might depart through the hole. Of course the girl died, and now the brothers are to be tried for her murder. It would appear that if any of the family needed exorcism, it was the brothers, whose cruelty showed who it was that ruled in their souls. Had the girl really been possessed, she could not in any way have been delivered by them (Matt. 12 : 26). Demoniacal possession, whether in the form described in the New Testament or in the form common in our day, of wilful subjection to Satan's rule, has never yielded to any power but the name of Christ (Luke 10 : 17–19).

SHORN, BUT NOT BEYOND HOPE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven."—JUDGES 16 : 22.

Total Abstinence Compatible with Physical Strength—Not Sufficient to Form a Character—Samson's Moral Weakness—His Fall—His Recovery a Lesson for Backsliders—I. The Growing Hair as a Picture—A Proof that the Roots are Still There—The Christian Overcome—His Restlessness—His Hair Growing—Begins to Pray—II. As a Type—Shorn Churches, Pastors and Workers—Consecration Indispensable to Usefulness—III. As a Prophecy—Of Hope for Samson—Of Joy for Israel—Of Mischief to the Philistines.

LET me introduce the text to you. Samson was set apart from his birth to be the champion of Israel, to break the power of the Philistines who lorded over God's people. Everything in his bringing up had reference to his peculiar calling as the hero of Israel, the hammer of Philistia. He was to be a Nazarite from his birth. Among other things which concerned the Nazarite he never touched wine, nay, nor grapes, nor husks of grapes, nor anything that came of the vine; which goes to show that the greatest physical strength is attainable without the use of wine or strong drink. Whatever else overcame Samson, he was never overcome with drunkenness; and yet he greatly sinned, which goes to show that total

ABSTINENCE IS NOT ENOUGH

of itself to form a character. A Nazarite, in addition to abstinence from wine, also abstained from wearing the common appearance of men. He was not to have his hair at any time shaven or cut away; so that when Samson was grown up to manhood, he was covered with a shaggy mass of hair. He must have looked like the lion that he was. Those locks of his were the token of his consecration to God, the outward marks of his being set apart to be the servant of the God of Israel. Can you not see him with the terrible glory of his hair upon him?

Poor Samson was as weak morally as he was strong physically, and he fell a prey first to one evil woman, and then to another. Perhaps the extraordinary strength of his physical frame placed him under stronger temptation than is common to man; at any rate, he was peculiarly constituted, and seemed more like a wanton boy than a judge in Israel. Through this peculiar sin of his, the Philistines found opportunity to assail him. They tempted Delilah, whom he loved, to extract from him the secret of his great strength; and while he lay asleep upon her lap, the Philistine lords caused a barber to cut away the locks of his head. He awoke from his sleep shaven. Then he went out, and thought to fight the Philistines as before; but, to his surprise he found that his strength was gone.

THE LOCKS OF HIS DEDICATION

had been shorn; he was no longer the acknowledged servant of the Lord, and he was weak as other men Then the Philistine lords took him captive, bored out his eyes—for such is the expression in the margin of our old Bibles—gouged out his eyes, bound him to the mill, and made him work like a slave or an ass. Poor Samson, the hero of so many fights, now at last conquered by his own foolishness! To humiliate him they put him to woman's work, made hard so as to be the work of beasts. See what sin will do. See how the man who had fought God's battles suffers great loss, great pain, great disfigurement, great dishonor, and comes into a cruel and abhorred bondage through his sin.

That shaven man made a slave is the picture of very many who once were the avowed servants of God, and were valiant for the truth. They have given up their secret, they have told the world that which none should know but themselves, they have lost the locks of their dedication, and they are led captive by the devil at his will. They cannot see as they used to see, darkness shuts out all joy; they do not work for God as they used to work, for they are slaving for men, for poor, passing objects,

I begin thus upon the mournful key, because I want to speak of God's great goodness to backsliders, and of how He restores them; but I want to warn them, at the very outset, that

SIN DOES NOT PAY,

that whatever may come of it through God's mercy, yet it is an evil thing and a bitter thing to wander from the Lord. Though Samson's hair grew again, and his strength came back, and he died gloriously fighting against the Philistines, yet he never recovered his eyes, or his liberty, or his living power in Israel! Short and effective was his last stroke against the adversary, but it cost him his life. He could not again rise to be the man he had been before; and though God did give him a great victory over the Philistine people, yet it was but as the flicker of an expiring candle, he was never again a lamp of hope to Israel.

With that as a preface we come again to the text: "Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven." First, let us see what this growing of the hair pictures; secondly, what it specifically symbolizes; and thirdly, what it prophesies.

I. First, what

THIS GROWING OF THE HAIR

pictures. I think that this pictures the gradual restoration of certain among us who have backslidden from God. The hair was there upon Samson's head, though it had been cut short. Though the hair was shaved off, yet the adversary could not take the roots away. It was a living thing, and it would grow again. So is it with those who are the people of God. The devil can shave them very closely, and clip off their beauty, their strength, and their consecration; but a living something is still there that will grow again.

I will show you this hair in the process of growing. A man was once a member of a Christian church, godly and gracious. Satan has shaved him of all that was distinctive and religious. He has gone into the world; he has been put away by his brethren. His conduct was too inconsistent to allow of a continuance of his profession. But there had really been a change of heart, there had been a radical work of grace in his soul; and, therefore, after a while, he begins to be very miserable and uneasy. It is impossible for him to be happy among the Philistines, who have captured him. His gay comrades, who flattered themselves that they had got him fast this time, cannot make him out. He has fits of melancholy. He is evidently terribly uneasy in the ways of sin. Howbeit his hair begins to grow again. It has been shaved very cleverly, but the roots have not been extracted. He cannot rest in his sin; no true-born child of God ever can. Giant Slaygood may pick up a pilgrim on the road when he is faint and weary, but he can never pick the bones of a true believer. He will come out of the den of the giant somehow or other. What a pity that he should ever go into it!

Well, now notice that the man begins to drop in to hear a sermon. It is a long time since he was familiar with the house of prayer; but he finds himself here to-night

AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

He remembers when he used to be always here, and he almost waters the floor with his tears as he thinks of the happy days which he used to enjoy in the midst of God's people, when he welcomed the light of the Sabbath morning, and the way was never too long for him to come up to the place of his love. In those days the word of the Lord was sweet to him. He has not been for some time, but somehow he felt to-day that he must come again. How welcome he is! How glad I am to see him, though he looks so rough and grizzly, and half-shaved!

I am most of all encouraged with the fact that he begins to feel in his soul an anguish, and a bitterness, and an aching, and a craving, and a longing. I have great hopes of him now that his old feelings are returning. Oh, my dear brother, I was so sorry when you went astray; your backsliding has caused me many a pang of heart; but I begin to rejoice now as I hear you talk in that way, for I think that the text is coming true: "Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again"! And now, stop till our uneasy friend gets home to-night. Nay, perhaps it will come to pass before he quits this assembly. He begins to pray: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" You notice that Samson began to pray when his hair began to grow; and when they took him into that temple, where they wanted him to make sport for them, he breathed an earnest prayer to God that he might be strengthened but that once to do service to his people and his God. How earnestly do I invite you that have gone back from God and His ways to pray to-night that the Lord will return to you in mercy, fill you to the full once more with His Holy Spirit, and make the bones which He has broken to rejoice!

And if that prayer should go farther still, and you should say, "I will break off every connection that holds me to the paths of sin," this would be better still. If you were to cry, "I know

WHAT DREW ME ASIDE,

I will have no more to do with the evil which destroyed me," it would be a hopeful sign indeed. From our church-fellowship we sometimes find one drawn aside by one motive, and another by another; alas, the ways downward are as plenteous as the gates of death! How many are tempted with unholy loves! How many are seduced by the fatal cup! Ah, how many go aside through false doctrine, heresy, and the delusions of the day! How many are foolishly tempted by their own prosperity! They grow rich, and cannot afford to worship where once they did. On the other hand, how many are led aside by their poverty! They do not think that their clothes are good enough to come in—a piece of pride from which I pray that we may be delivered. Or, because they have come down in the world, and cannot spend as once they did, they forsake their brethren, and their Lord. For different reasons men go aside from truth and holiness; but it is a happy circumstance when they cry, "If I have been led away from Christ by anything sinful, I will give it up.

I think that is the picture which our text paints for us.

II. Now I am going to turn a little way round, still keeping the shorn champion well before us. In the second place, we have to see in our text what it specifically symbolizes—that is to say, this text is

A DISTINCT TYPE

of some one thing. You see that Samson's strength lay in his consecration. His hair was the token of his dedication to God. When he lost his locks, he did, as it were, lose his consecration; and when he lost his consecration, he lost his strength. On the other hand, the only way by which he could regain his strength was to re-establish his consecration; and of this the growing again of his hair was the type and token.

Well, now, I know some *churches* which performed a great work a hundred years ago, or fifty years ago, or less. They do nothing outrageous now; the question is, Are they doing anything? Their minister is an extremely learned man, and as polished as a looking-glass. Of course he never addresses himself to the vulgar, neither does he oppose the views of his cultured hearers. The church itself is highly respectable; no one ever questions its high respectability, or speaks of it without due deference to its prominent position. Yet it has ceased to be a power for good; it has no influence over the mass of sinners around it.

In the opinion of some persons Samson looked much improved when his matted hair was gone. He was more presentable; more fit for good society. And so in the case of churches, the notion is that they are all the better for getting rid of their peculiarities. You who are in the secret know better, and you will follow me while I sorrowfully seek a remedy for the unhappy

weakness which has fallen upon many communities which once were strong in the Lord. How is this church, all shaven and shorn, this poor, enslaved, and miserable concern, to be brought back to its old state? How is this Samson, that once was strong, to get its strength back again? Why, only by

LETTING ITS HAIR GROW

again. It must be consecrated to God again. The glory of God must take possession of the church instead of its desire to be fashionable and respectable; and when its locks grow again, its strength will come back.

Now, the same truth applies to every *preacher*. There are some preachers who are splendid men, and yet they are practical failures. You see in them wide knowledge, eloquent language, and yet nothing. They can speak so properly that a senate might sit with admiration at their feet; but when they have done, nobody is pricked in the heart, nobody is convinced of sin, nobody is led to behold the beauties of Christ. Yet in their youth these men were soul-winners, and were looked upon as champions for Christ. O Samson, how are we to make thee strong again? That preacher must begin again to serve God with all his heart. He must give up the idea of being a great man, or a learned man, or an eloquent man. He must give up the idea of charming the *élite*, and bringing together the fashionable, and must give himself up to glorify God by the winning of souls. When his hair grows again in that respect, we shall see what Samson can do. He will yet lay hold on the pillars of the Philistine temple, and bring them down about the heads of the lords. Give me a man perfectly consecrated, and I do not care much what he is. He may be rough, unpolished, and even illiterate; but if he be consecrated, the people will feel his power.

The same is true of every Christian *worker*. I have seen this demonstrated over and over again in daily life. If you are

WHOLLY CONSECRATED

to God, you will be strong. I do not say that you will by sincere devotion alone gain all the talents, and all the mental forces you might desire; but, believe me, force does not lie in these; these are like sword and spear, but the strength with which they are to be wielded lies elsewhere. You do not absolutely require great abilities; but you must have perfect consecration. Be thankful if you have javelin and shield, but go on without them if you have not been armed with them; for, to a devoted man, even a castaway bone will be sufficient weapon.

I know Christian people who used to spend an hour a day in prayer. The hour has dwindled into five minutes. They used to be constant at week-night services. They very seldom gladden us with their presence now; and they are not as happy as they once were. I can read this riddle. If a man were to reduce his meals to eating once a week, we could not warrant his health. I would not guarantee that, if a man never ate except on Sundays, he would grow strong. So I do not think that people who neglect the means of grace, and give up their consecration, can expect to be lively, happy, or vigorous. When the razor gets to work, and the hair of conscious, resolute devotion to God begins to fall on the floor, lock after lock, the strength is departing; and only as that hair begins to grow again, and spiritual consecration returns, can these people expect to be useful and strong in the Lord.

III. I will close with this further consideration.

WHAT IT PROPHESIED

when Samson's hair began to grow again. I wonder why these Philistines did not take care to keep his hair from growing to any length. If cutting his hair once had proved so effectual, I wonder that they did not send in the barber every morning, to make sure that not a hair grew upon his scalp or chin. But wicked men are not in all matters wise men; indeed, they so conspicuously fail in one point or another that Scripture calls them fools. *The devil himself is a fool*, after all. They do not go on cutting off his hair because they fancy that, once lost, the good man's strength is lost forever. Perhaps they said, "Now we have lashed him to the mill; the stronger he gets the more he can grind; therefore let his hair grow, and so he will be the more useful to us." Great was the foolishness of their wisdom; they were fostering their own destruction. Satan, also, is very cunning in getting hold of backsliders, but he generally manages to let them slip by his over-confidence in their wilfulness. Many a man have I seen come back to the dear Saviour on account of the oppression which he has endured from his master, the prince of darkness! If he had been treated well, he might never have returned to Christ any more; but it is not possible for the citizens of the far country to treat prodigals well; sooner or later they starve them, and oppress them, so that they run away home.

When Samson's hair began to grow, what did it prophesy? Well, first, it prophesied

HOPE FOR SAMSON.

I will be bound to say that he put his hand to his head, and felt that it was getting bristly, and then he put his hand to his beard, and found it rough. Yes, yes, yes, it was coming, and he thought within himself, "It will be all right soon. I shall not get my eyes back. *They* will never grow again. I am an awful loser by my sin, but I shall get my strength back again, for my hair is growing. I shall be able to strike a blow for my people and for my God yet." Now, if any of you have signs of restoring grace in your hearts, and you are coming back to your God and Saviour, be glad, be thankful. Do not hesitate to let your renewed devotion to God be seen by those round about you. Come along, brother, come along; your brethren wait to receive you! Come along, my wandering sister; all the people of God will welcome you!

What did this prophesy? Joy for Samson, but, also, *hope for Israel*. Oh, if any of the Israelites did get in to see him in prison, how they must have been cheered by the sight of his returning hair! So, my dear brothers and sisters, when we see in you some little signs of grace, and you are coming back, you do not know how cheerily we talk to one another. Why, at the elders' meeting, one of them said, "Our poor brother Jones was at the Tabernacle the other night. You remember him." "Yes, we do remember him, indeed." "Well, he was listening to our pastor; I was so

PLEASED TO SEE HIM."

Another brother also said, "I am glad to tell you that Mrs. So-and-so, the sister that went so sadly astray, was outside the chapel; and when I pressed her to come in, she wept, and said she wished she had never gone away. There is a good work going on there." We rejoice together, and we say, "Thank God, they are coming back again!" There is joy not only with the Great Shepherd, but with his friends and his neighbors when the lost sheep is restored to the fold. Do you not know that the Chief Shepherd calls His brethren together, and says, "Rejoice with Me; for I have found My sheep which was lost"?

Lastly, what did it prophesy? Well, it prophesied *mischief for the Philistines*.

They did not know it, but if they could have read the writing in Samson's heart, they would have understood that he meant to shave their nation quite as closely as they had shaven him. There was a storm brewing for Philistia. When a sinner who has gone astray is restored again, it means mischief to the kingdom of Satan. Oh, how he will serve his God! How he will try to bring back his fellow-sinners! Having had much forgiven, this man will love much, and will serve Jesus much. He will be one of your earnest Christian men, depend upon it. Woe to thee, Philistia, when Samson's hair grows again! Woe to the hosts of evil, when the backslider is restored!

There, I have put it all before you. I have tried to put the matter interestingly; but all the while my heart has been yearning over you that have gone aside. I long for your restoration, for your true conversion. If you have defiled yourselves, may you at once be washed! If you have wandered, may you at once be restored to Jesus and His Church, to the praise and the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved! Amen.

LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

BELOVED FRIENDS: In answer to many prayers I am raised up, and I am looking forward hopefully to a happy return to my pulpit. True, I am not strong, and may never be long free from my infirmity; but yet I hope to do good service, and at least to "hold the fort." For this I again beg the prayers of many friends, and once more I would say—if these sermons are of any service to you, please spread them by introducing them to fresh friends. Pardon me for repeating this, for I am anxious that I may do all the good I can while I am spared to publish these discourses.

Yours to serve, for Christ's sake,

C. H. SPURGEON.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE BLUES AND THE LANTERNS *

ALMOST every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood that in common parlance is recognized as "the blues." There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a northeast wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night before.

In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all, let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air, and the faces of cheerful men and pleasant women and frolicsome children will in fifteen minutes kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the key-board of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group, as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache and rheumatism and hypochondria go to see toothache, rheumatism, and hypochondria. On one block in Brooklyn lives a doctor, an undertaker, and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk on lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in.

This is a dark world to many people, a world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands, of persons upon whom you might have direct and immediate influence. "How? how?" you cry out. We answer: by the grace of physiognomy. There is nothing more catching than *a face with a lantern behind it*, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God, as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction.

You say, "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth-corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindliness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of the people you meet, and differing from other sermons in the fact that the longer it is the better. The reason that there are so many sour faces, so

* From "Shots at Sundry Targets," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. A collection of piercing and pungent thoughts compiled from his lectures and sermons. Pp. 656. Price, $2. Published by *E. B. Treat*, 771 Broadway, New York.

M. Goblet, Premier of France.

The "Cooper Union" of Birmingham, England.

many frowning faces, so many dull faces, is because men consent to be acrid and petulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition.

FLOWERS AND SEEDS.

SUBSCRIBERS who are interested in horticulture, and who are surprised to find that the editor of a religious journal cannot always answer inquiries which are sometimes puzzling even to a professional florist, may be glad to learn that much of the information they need is published in "The Floral Guide," issued by James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y. He also publishes "The Flower and Vegetable Garden," a book of over 200 pages, with hundreds of illustrations, which is prepared with the special design of helping amateur gardeners.

THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE.

(See Illustration.)

THE citizens of Birmingham, England, owe a debt of obligation to Sir Josiah Mason, the extent of which they realize more fully each year. A man of rare mechanical skill and ingenuity, his works gave employment to a large number of men, and increased the prosperity of the town; but it is by his public gifts, which cost him *over two million dollars*, that he is chiefly remembered. Prominent among them was a large orphanage, and another, of a cognate character, is the Science College, a picture of which appears on this page.

Mason was the son of a Kidderminster carpet weaver, in very poor circumstances, and was employed in his boyhood by a baker, who sent him through the Kidderminster streets every morning to sell hot rolls. The lad was anxious to get on, but there was very little opportunity in that occupation. He thought he would try his fortune in Birmingham, the metropolis of that district. He went there in 1815, and worked at anything he could get to do. He was at one time a shoemaker, then a toymaker, then a jeweller, then a maker of pens and split rings, and then an electro-plater He accumulated an enormous fortune, chiefly in the last-mentioned trade, and determined to devote the bulk of it to charity. Recollecting the struggles of his youth, he resolved to lend a helping hand to others in like circumstances. The Science College was built and endowed for the purpose of giving boys and young men of capacity technical education.

His own words about it in the title deed are: "And the said Josiah Mason hath dedicated a portion of the wealth so acquired in *erecting* and *endowing* at Erdington, near Birmingham, an Orphan Asylum for boys and girls; and, being deeply convinced, from his long and varied experience in different branches of manufacture, of the necessity for and benefit of thorough systematic scientific instruction, specially adapted to the artistic requirements of the Midland districts, and particularly of the boroughs of Birmingham and Kidderminster, hath determined to devote a portion of his remaining property to the foundation of an institution wherein such systematic scientific education may be given."

Many a deserving boy now sees his way open to become useful and prosperous through the instruction to be had at the Science College, who but for that might have been compelled to pass his years as a wage-earner, dependent on the caprices of employers. Birmingham is a radical town, in which one may hear some strong words spoken very frequently about the wealthy and the aristocratic classes, but it would not be safe for any speaker denouncing millionaires to speak disrespectfully of Sir Josiah Mason, the giver of the Science College and the Orphanage.

THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER.

(See Portrait.)

OUR sister republic across the sea complains bitterly of her lack of capable statesmen. That she does not complain without cause may be inferred from the fact that Rene Goblet, the Amiens lawyer, whose portrait appears on this page, is now premier. Out of the ministerial crisis of a few weeks back this man has been evolved. He was the only one among the opponents of the Cabinet possessing the small modicum of capacity necessary for the formation of a ministry. The President and the French Legislature have taken him largely on faith; for though M. Goblet has filled some prominent offices in his day, he has never shown any remarkable genius or given proof of brilliant statesmanship. He is, moreover, suspected of being an ally of Clemenceau, who is the leader of the radical section, which in France is more fierce and desperate, probably, than in any country of the world. How much there is in common between the two men cannot be certainly stated, but M. Goblet evidently agrees with the radical leader on religious questions. Possibly the character and conduct of the Roman Catholic priesthood in France may be responsible for this attitude, and the anti-clericalism he has displayed may be founded on dislike of the priests rather than of the religion which many of them disgrace.

M. Rene Goblet is fifty-nine years of age, having been born at Aire-sur-la-Lys in 1828. He has sat in the Chamber of Deputies since 1876. He was also a member of the National Convention of 1871.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

(See Illustration on page 61.)

"WHAT'S wrong wi' George? He's looked all day as if he'd lost a fortune." The question was asked by one laborer of another, as they quitted the scene of the day's labors and saw the man they called George going on ahead of them at a furious rate.

More than one had noticed George's gloomy face that day. He was never hilarious, but was uniformly cheerful, with a quiet happiness that seemed to pervade his entire being—a good, kind, pleasant companion, whose acquaintance was always acceptable to his fellow-workmen. Intelligent, too, and, since he quitted drinking, a very valuable man to his employer. All day, however, George had been taciturn, answering questions in monosyllables, and while he worked with more than his usual ardor, was apparently anxious to work by himself. This was so unlike George's usual course that it was sure to attract notice.

"He's in some trouble," said the workman addressed. "I saw that first thing; but I don't know what it is. He ain't a man you can question."

"That's so; but he's a good sort. I like him, and I am sorry if he's got on the ragged edge."

YES; there was no doubt about George being in trouble. His face showed that as he hurried homeward. Anxious he was, too, and in suspense. The fact was that when he left home that morning his only child, a little girl some fifteen months old, was lying dangerously sick. The doctor was there, and he shook his head. "While there's life there's hope," was the only encouragement he would give, and George knew how much that was worth. The child lay motionless, whether asleep or insensible they could not say. Her face was flushed, her throat pulsating, and her breathing irregular. There were a few breaths, then a pause, which it was agonizing to notice; for would there be another breath? They could not be sure. But after the pause the breathing would begin again, and then after a few more breaths another pause. George and his wife watched in an agony. But work must be done. George tore himself from the side of the little cradle at the usual time for leaving, and went sorrowfully to his labor. There was no good-by kiss this morning, no

little clinging arms hugging his neck, no bright little face struggling with the utterance of "Pappap-papa." A silent pressure of his hand on his wife's shoulder as she bent over the cradle and a nod, and then he was gone. What would his coming home be?

He walked rapidly now, but as he entered the street in which his home was, his steps slackened. George was afraid. Terrible as the suspense had been all day, the strong, bearded man trembled as he was approaching knowledge. Certainty might be worse than suspense. But what was the use of lingering? It could not change the fact, whatever it might be. The man braced himself up, and went forward to learn whether the light of his life still shone or had gone out in the darkness of death.

He opened his door noiselessly and stepped inside. There was no need to ask. *There was the empty cradle*, and his wife sat not far off, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. "When—" George began huskily. He could get no farther; but his wife understood.

"About noon," she said. "She never opened her eyes after you left. She just quietly stopped breathing—never struggled at all. The loveliest smile came over her face when it was all over. Come up and look at her."

The Empty Cradle.

George went, and the sturdy man and his wife wept together over the little bier on which lay the treasure which millions of dollars could not have bought of them. They came down again, and George flung himself into his chair and looked despairingly at the empty cradle. His wife saw that blank look on his face, and knew what it meant. The manly heart within was bleeding. She went to him, leaned on his shoulder, and wept. She could not console him, but she could remind him that he was not alone in his grief.

It was a touching sight, and one that appealed strongly to the warm, sympathetic heart of the Christian pastor who entered at that moment. It was not an easy task on which he was entering. Resignation, acquiescence in the will of God, were far away from both hearts. How could he bring them near? There was no other issue which promised peace and comfort. Yet rebellion, the sense of being hardly used, was written plainly on George's face. "The Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me" were the words he would have spoken had he broken silence. It was hopeless, and the pastor felt that it was.

"Let us pray," he said briefly. George and his wife looked up in surprise and as if the thought of prayer had not occurred to them in their sorrow. But they knelt down, and the prayer ascended to God. When they rose the work was done. Their hearts were filled with "the peace of God which passeth understanding." Their loved one was with God; that was the thought that was the balm. What an ineffable idea! With God! The father and mother were Christians, and had often sung "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Their child was there. What unutterable bliss must she be feeling now! And they were going, too. A few more years and they, too, would be with God, and the little, gentle, loving spirit would surely welcome them then. She was not lost—*only gone before.*

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 47.*)

A Lecture in a Carriage.

THE famous physician was no bigot. No one ever said that of Sir Jarvis. His mind was open to the reception of truth, and he had lived long enough in the world to know that a theory which his reason rejected as false, which was diametrically opposed to his conception of the truth, might still be worth examination, and might, when thoroughly analyzed, be found to contain a germ of truth. All false systems, false creeds, and false philosophies have a truth in them; if they had not, they could not live. They would die and become putrid if they did not hold some little truth, which acts as the preserving salt. Sir Jarvis, knowing this, was not disposed to reject utterly the idea of his interesting patient. True he was not conscious that God was directing him—did not believe it, in fact. But how was it that this fortunate series of events occurred? He did not know. Ethel had given him her explanation, and he pondered over it, not rejecting it, not accepting it, but studying it with interest. Probably there was nothing supernatural in the affair, he said to himself, but there might be a natural reason for it. None knew better than Sir Jarvis that there are mental forces in operation which are a mystery still to the wisest men. A man thinking intently of his friend, who is separated from him by thousands of miles of land and sea, learns afterward that his friend felt the influence of his thought, and probably receives a letter from him, saying that he is moved or impelled or disposed to write him, and his correspondent sees by the date of the letter that the moving influence operated at the very time that he was intently thinking of him. Who can explain it? We have yet much to learn, and thinking of this, and other mental phenomena, Sir Jarvis sat up late into the night.

In the course of the next day Dr. Feltham Greaves, the electrical specialist recommended by Sir Jarvis Mainwaring, arrived at Aspen Towers, bringing with him the appliances which, as he firmly believed, were destined to be a powerful ally in expelling disease and in bringing back to the flow the ebbing tide of strength and life.

All honor to the men whose noble powers of mind and whose high attainments are engaged in the nobler work of alleviating human suffering, and of redeeming the sick and afflicted ones from the cruel grip of dire disease and the peril of an untimely death. If they would but place themselves under Christ's guidance, and labor as stanch and faithful allies and servants of the Good Physician, how vastly grander, even than now, would their glorious triumphs be!

Once, twice, thrice was Ethel subjected to the gentle but subtle and potent forces now brought to bear on her mysterious disease. It did not seem as though any sure results would follow. But Dr. Greaves was an enthusiast. He had perfect faith in the course of treatment he was pursuing; and he added to his faith patience, and let patience have her perfect work. Then there came a favorable sign or two, slight but real. Then, little by little, it was seen that the stern grip of paralysis was relaxing, and tokens of returning vital force appeared that could not be misunderstood.

It was slow and tedious work at first; but the tedium was wonderfully lessened by the constant advancement to assured success. Fingers could be moved; then the hands obeyed the action of the wrist. Then the arms could be raised; and then the lower limbs began to act responsive to their owner's call. The icy bonds were slowly melting, and medical skill and wise dietings aided in the task. Of course Sir Jarvis Mainwaring could not stay to watch the process of cure; but, assured of its fair promise, he rose early one morning and retired from the scene with his well-earned cheque in his pocket-book, and, sooth to say, a warm, glad feeling at his heart.

As the carriage which bore him to Chilworth station passed the front gate of Simon Holmes's garden, that good man and true was standing there, and he ventured to ask the coachman the question that was next his heart. "How is Miss Ethel this morning?"

"Better, Simon!" curtly replied coachman Smailes in jubilant tones. Sir Jarvis was struck with the eager way in which the question was asked. He at once recollected the name mentioned by the coachman as the one Sir Godwin had used, and guessed that this was his patient's humble friend. He was much taken with the fine intelligent countenance of the village carpenter, and called upon the coachman to stop.

Simon was dressed, not in his ordinary work-a-day attire, but in his Sunday suit of decent black, and with his stout oaken stick in his hand was evidently going on a journey. As Sir Jarvis

put his head out of the carriage, Simon lifted his broad-brimmed hat in respectful greeting. His impressive features, especially his lofty brow and long gray hair, gave him quite a patriarchal look.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Simon, respectfully, expecting a rebuke for addressing the coachman at such a time. "There isn't a soul i' Aspendale that won't eat their breakfast better for hearing good news about the young lady; an' as I'm goin' through the dale to Chilworth, I thowt I would like to tell 'em as I went, let alone that such news as that would be better than brek'fast or dinner to myself."

"To Chilworth, are you, carpenter?" said Sir Jarvis, pleasantly. "Then jump in and let me act the good Samaritan for once. You can tell the news when you come back, and it will sharpen the good folks' appetite for dinner or for tea."

Like a sensible fellow as he was, Simon did as he was told, and took his seat opposite, as if to the manner born. Sir Jarvis was more willing than he would have cared to own to know more of Miss Ethel's peculiar "philosophy," and as Simon was the Gamaliel at whose feet she sat, he seized the opportunity to study it a little further. "I'm glad to be able to give you a lift," said he. "It's a stiffish walk to Chilworth for a man of your years."

"I's varry much obliged to yo', sir. I can't manage it quite so briskly as I used to; but I expect I should ha' been picked up either by the miller's cart, or by some farmer's wagon going to 'liver corn at Chilworth station. I sartainly didn't expect to do the journey i' this style;" and Simon surveyed the luxurious appointments of the baronet's brougham with an admiring eye. Then turning at once to more important matters, he continued, "Excuse me, sir, for makin' so free, but, aboot Miss Ethel; she's goin' to get better, isn't she?"

"That's a statement and a question," said Sir Jarvis, with a smile. "The question I can understand; but what makes you say 'she's going to get better?'"

"Why, I'll tell yo', sir. Me an' my 'Becca, that's my wife, and Nance, that's my dowter, an' Miss Ethel herself, hev' all been at work asking Him that says, 'Ask, an' it shall be given you,' to give her back her health, both for her sake an' her father's sake, but mair especially for her brother's sake, that she may bring him back again. But, mebbe—"

Here the carpenter paused. He had a strong objection to anything like the exposure of other people's misdoings, and he was not sure how much his listener really knew. "Oh, yes, I know," said Sir Jarvis, fully appreciating his motives. "If you could save that young prodigal it would be a grand thing."

"Wouldn't it?" said Simon, bringing his broad hand down upon his knee with a slap that startled the dignified medico. "My word! It would mak' ivery angel i' heaven shoot a extra halleluia! An' Miss Ethel's goin' to do it, thenks to you, sir, an' the good God that's showed yo' hoo to raise her up!"

"The Lord that showed you how." Sir Jarvis was fairly startled at the thought. He could not get away from it; his singular dream, and all that it had led to, came back into his mind. Was he really an instrument in the hands of God for the work of answering these people's prayers? Anxious to draw out his companion on these subjects, he inquired, "Don't you think that it is very strange and mysterious that this dear young lady, who is too good to do harm to anybody, should be made to suffer so much and so long?"

"Yis, sir," said Simon. "There's no doot aboot that. But it didn't come by chance. That's where faith i' God comes in. Sorrowful days an' wearisome neets were appointed to her, a great many on 'em, bless her! But then, you see, sir, they *were* appointed. They were all the pairt of a plan. What the entire plan was we can't tell, though we're getting a bit of a inklin' aboot sum on it. As for the rest, we just ha' to leeave it, as we ha' to leeave a good monny things i' this wo'ld besides. There isn't a lad that goes to school, that doesn't wonder what for he's to get off this or larn that. But the schoolmaister knoas, an' he just goes on teachin' him as though he understood all aboot it. An' what are we all, I should like to knoa, but just lads at a school? It's gi'en to you an' sitch as you to be i' t' fost class, and mebbe you stand at t' top on't, but, between you an' t' schoolmaster, there's a mighty gap, excuse me, sir, after all, an' you're soon browt up plump ageean a mystery.

"I recollect goin' some years back to see a ribbin factory i' company with a clever fello' with a lot of gumption aboot machinery an' sitch as that. There was one piece o' clockwork or something like it that interested him amazin'ly. There was a lot o' wheels an' threads spinnin' aboot i' all directions, an' for the life of 'im he couldn't understand it. 'I should like to see into that an' examine it a little bit,' he said to the foreman. 'You can't do that,' the man said; 'it's all connected with something i' that big chest that's kept locked.' 'Let me look in,' says my friend. Says the man at once, 'The maister hez the key.' That settled it. Noo, sir, it flashed upo' my mind like leetnin' that's just the answer to all oor questions aboot a mystery that perplexes us, *The Maister hez the key.* You see, t' ribbins was all right an' beautiful, though the chest was shut an' we couldn't understand it. An' so God's works an' workin's are all right, all of 'em, though we can't mak' 'em oot. It's grand to think that they aren't at the beck an' call o' poor blunderin' mortals. All's right, sir, all must be right, don't yo' see, because t' Maister hez the key."

"Then you really believe," said the physician, who felt that he must content himself with inquiries, "that God has full control, and exercises it over all the events of every life, and influences you and me to serve His purposes?"

"Believe it?" said Simon, with a look of unfeigned wonder, "of course I believe it, an' so do you, don't yo'? I shouldn't ha' gi'en you credit, or, rayther, discredit, o' thinkin' 'at we're all of us livin' happy-go-lucky like, wi' no more plan nor purpose then flints hev when they're skelled up oot of a farmer's cart. You don't suppose, do yo', that you could ha' done Miss Ethel sitch a good turn this visit if He hadn't put yo' up to tryin' a new thing that you scarce heeard aboot until yo' com' to the varry spot w'ere it was wanted? My 'prentice lad Dick's just gone to put a cooat o' paint on Sir Godwin's park gates. Noo, do you think that t' lad fancies that pot o' paint's jummled itself togither to the right color? He hadn't knowledge anuff to do it hisself, so I did it afore I sent him off. He was busy aboot something else until he had to go, an' when *he* was riddy *it* was riddy, an' he's just usin' what was provided for him. An' that's what you an' t'other London doctor's doin' at the Hall this minute. Efter all, we're none of us no better than 'prentice lads. Our business is to be good lads, an' to do as t' Maister tells us. Excuse me for being so bold."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Sir Jarvis; "I am very glad to hear your views upon these subjects. But you must admit that they have puzzled wiser heads than either yours or mine."

"No doot, no doot. These things is often hid from the wise an' prudent, an' at the same tahme they're revealed unto babes. There's Miss Ethel, for instance, she knows that the cup she hez to drink is of her Heavenly Father's mixin'. She drinks it with a submission, an' a patience, an' a contentment that's beautiful to see. You've been among 'em a good deal; ha' yo' iver seen ony o' the wise heads that's made less of a wry face than she hez? It's nobbut a bee that can suck honey oot of a thistle-floo'er, an' that's the little quick-wing that hez t' sweetest store o' good things when winter storms blow keen. After all, I can't help thinkin' that Miss Ethel's is the wiser head, an' she believes in a Father's care, God bless her! Long may she do so. We can't do better, sir, than follow the 'babe's' example."

"You were saying," said Sir Jarvis, who felt that matters were getting serious and that the atmosphere of the carriage was rather hot, "that you've been praying for Miss Spofforth's recovery. Tell me, now—you seem to be a sensible and intelligent man—do you really believe that the natural course of things can be altered by doing that kind of thing? Can you for one moment imagine that the laws of nature are to be interfered with in that fashion?"

"The laws o' natur'!" said Simon, fixing his gray eyes on the physician's face with a mixture of rebuke and wonder on his features. "If they are 'laws,' I suppose Somebody must ha' laid em doon. You can't ha' laws without a lawmaker. An' if He can mak' sitch things as them, it surely isn't ower mitch to imagine that He can control 'em. You don't suppose that He's meeade an engine that runs away with Him or from Him, an' that He can't stop or slacken it if He's so minded. An' as for t' natural coorse o' things, as yo' call it, if things do go in a 'coorse,' why, Somebody must ha' chalked it oot for 'em an' started 'em off; a Somebody that keeps 'em in it an' at it all the tahme. A man is a fool that can say when he sees all the motions of natur', an' sees hoo they all fit one into another like spooakes in a wheel, an axle in a naff, an' a ball in a socket, 'at there's no God, as David said afore you an' me were born. You might just as well draw them front blinds doon, an' lean back i' your seat an' listen to the noise o' the wheels, an' watch the coorse o' the carriage, an' say, 'There isn't a driver, nobbut a hoss!' Noo, if you just call oot to Smailes he can slacken or quicken pretty much as he likes, an' even whip t'cooach roound an tak' yo' back again if he wants. If you beleeave that the Somebody who drives things along the ordinary coorse o' natur' hez less poo'er accordin'ly than Smailes the coachman, or hez less care and kindness for them He carries, I must just tak' the liberty o' sayin' I don't beleeave yo'—there! An' you may set mé doon on the highway if you like for bein' so plain spokken."

Sir Jarvis Mainwaring, M.D., F.R.S., etc., really had not the courage to say that he did mean it. He did not care to face another rebuke from the man whose faith in God was so well based. He preferred to remain under the imputation of double-dealing, and was not sorry, perhaps, when their arrival at Chilworth station put an end to the situation. The physician took the next train to town, thinking of the Somebody who guides the course of things; the Charioteer who, with unseen bit and bridle had driven him through his singular dream, and had then put him into double harness with Dr. Feltham Greaves to draw Ethel Spofforth along the ordinary course of things toward health and strength.

There was no doubt in the mind of the great physician nor in the mind of those who ministered to the patient sufferer that she was tending in that direction. She grew better daily, and it was almost possible to see an hourly advance.

With improved health, too, came an increased longing for her brother's moral and spiritual recovery. She and the godly carpenter had entered into a holy league, and thrice a day their prayers rose to heaven, that the wanderer, far as he had wandered, might be brought back again to home and God. For this, as they both believed, the maiden had been raised from a bed of death.

At times the faith of the fair girl would droop, but her purpose never wavered for an hour. On such occasions she would seek the carpenter's cottage, or induce Nancy to fetch him to the Towers, in order that she might catch an inspiration from his noble philosophy and his lofty faith. "Is it possible now?" she said one day to him. "At times I cannot think it is."

"To be sure it is, miss," Simon answered with a smile. "As soon as ivver a bod closses its wings it drops. Nowt so nat'ral. Impossible's a wod that poor mortals ha' offen to use when it's aboot something that *they're* consarned

in. But wi' God it's different. 'With God all things are possible.' We must get hode o' that an' keep it. There was a great man once 'at said that wi' the lever he could move the wo'ld, wi' all its weight; if he could only find a spot to set it. You hev the lever; it's faith; an' you hev a spot to set it; it's the rock of God's omnipotence; an' you don't want to move a wo'ld, only a blunderin' lad that you want to move a bit nearer to God and Thorpe Aspen. What do you think, yourself, noo? Is it over much to hope for?"

"Oh, no, no, Simon! It's only my poor foolish fears that speak. Thank you, dear friend. Harold will come home, and that will be 'just as I expected,'" and the sweet maiden laughed at her own fears.

"That's right, Miss Ethel. That's right. Leave it all to God. When I'm makin' a cart-wheel, it would be a queer thing if one of the spokes could say, 'I can't get into that hole i' the naff. It's impossible.' If it did I should just point t' end on it a bit to give it a start, an' then I should tak' the great hammer an' in it would go like all t' rest on 'em. You an' me are nowt but tools an' instruments, an' it would be odd if the Almighty couldn't manage us and employ us to do His work as well as I can manage a cart-wheel. Let us do His will an' trust Him, an' lean on Him, and lean hard."

(To be continued.)

LOT'S CHOICE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 6, Gen. 13 : 1-14. Golden Text, Matt. 6 : 33.

Abram Managing His Own Life—His Schemes for Self-Preservation—Going to Egypt to Avoid Famine—Prevarication About His Wife—Lot Affected by His Inconsistency—The Strife of the Herdmen—Abram's Magnanimity—Lot's Selfish Decision—His Rapid Degeneracy—Unexplored Territory of Promise—Abram's Life of Fellowship.

ABRAM was not faultless; man of faith though he was, he sometimes acted without getting God's counsel. As long as he continued in the land of promise, his communion with God was fresh and constant, the Lord appeared unto him, and he built altars unto the Lord. But by and by he came into new and unexpected circumstances, and without waiting to ask God's direction, he

ACTED ON HIS OWN JUDGMENT,

left the land of promise, and went down into Egypt. By this very act he implied that the God who had called him out of idolatry, and from his own land and people, had either not the power or not the will to feed him when the food supply of the land where he was sojourning failed. His descendants discovered later that God has granaries in heaven; "He sent them bread from heaven to eat," and Elijah learned that God could turn the ravens into stewards of His bounty. It is here that so many of us fail—we do not turn and ask God what we shall do, we do what we think to be the best thing to do under the circumstances, and do not give God the chance to do better for us than we can devise. At all times His ways are higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts.

Abram having taken his own way, got down altogether on to a human level. Having provided for his sustenance, he provided against possible danger, and, lest he should be slain for his wife's sake he resorted to prevarication, and called her his sister, and not his wife. Outwardly, all seemed, for a time, to go well with him, and he became rich. But the charge of God, "Be thou a blessing" was meanwhile suspended, and, instead of his bringing blessing and the knowledge of God into Pharaoh's house, "the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarai, Abram's wife." After a while his duplicity was discovered, and he left Egypt,

LEAVING NO SAVOR OF GOD BEHIND HIM.

Once more on true ground, once more in the will of God, we hear of Abram again calling on the name of the Lord. Although he had been guilty of declension God was not changed toward him; yet Abram could not get right with God until he came "unto the altar which he had made there at the first." There is no way back to God but the way of confession, and the precious blood of Christ.

"None of us liveth to himself;" if we are not a blessing to those around us, we are a hindrance to them. Every person in a religious meeting who is occupied with God is an untold help to that meeting; every one who is engaged in criticising those who speak and pray creates around him an atmosphere which grieves the Holy Spirit of God. A restful spirit in a home, *i.e.*, a person who is one with the will of God all the time, whether it be master, mistress, child or servant, is an unspeakable blessing; the influence of that one affects the whole house, and, on the contrary, every Christian in a house who is restless, dissatisfied, uncertain about the will of God, creates an atmosphere similar to that of his own spirit. We can only be a blessing to others as far as we are ourselves in the current of God's blessing. It is wonderful how a mother finds her children much more patient and amenable to discipline when she herself is resting in the Lord.

ABRAM'S DEFECTION TOLD ON LOT:

he as well as Abram had grown rich in Egypt, and then arose a difficulty, "the land was not able to bear them that they might dwell together. Some of the unemployed of London, had they lived in those days, might have helped them by relieving them of some of their cattle and setting up in business for themselves at a sufficient distance. But the thought of giving away what they had does not seem to have occurred to either of them. Their herdmen attempted to take matters into their own hands and fight it out. Lot did not demur at letting them do so, but Abram had the mind of God, and said: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou depart to the right hand, I will go to the left." The Canaanite and the Perizzite were looking on to see how men of God settled their differences. Abram was the elder, and, surely, had Lot acted aright he would have referred the choice back to his uncle. But Lot had seen that uncle in two instances provide for his own interests—once in going down to Egypt to escape the famine, and once in disowning Sarah. Lot had some knowledge of God. In the New Testament he is called "just (or justified) Lot" (II Pet. 2 : 7), but

HIMSELF WAS FIRST IN HIS EYES

and God second. The divine order is: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6 : 33). Abram was doing this, but Lot was not. The young man deferred neither to God nor man, but chose for himself. He "lifted up his eyes," not to God, but to the well-watered plains, and he saw in them a prospect of increasing riches and greatness, saw himself a large cattle-owner, doing an extensive business, saw, in the near distance, a large family well settled, and himself a great man. "Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan" (the best for himself) "and Lot journeyed east." It was not long before he forsook the country, and, giving up the life of a pilgrim and stranger upon earth he "dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom," although "the men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." Lot had many servants, yet,

FOR THE SAKE OF HIS OWN GAIN,

he demurred not to remove them from the holy influence of Abram to the proximity of the men of Sodom. Impurity had reached such a height in Sodom that it has given a name to the most loathsome sin even up to this day, yet, rather than be a poor man Lot exposed his people to the contaminating influence of this vile city. Are there no members of churches in our day whose hands are unclean by having to do with the liquor traffic, which, while it is making them rich, is slaying its hundreds of thousands? We have heard of some such who own houses of ill-fame, and live upon the proceeds of the shame of our fallen sisters, and who, nevertheless, are members of churches. O God, are such things done in the name of Christ?

Lot's separation from him was a blessing to Abram, although a curse to Lot himself. "The Lord said unto Abram after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward and eastward and westward. For all the land thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." Free from the half-hearted Lot, Abram could better take in the greatness of God's promises. How often have we been hampered by contact with those who were not willing to go all lengths with God. We have dreaded a rupture with them, perhaps, yet, when God has brought it about, it has been one of the greatest blessings to us. There is a vast territory of God's promises which, as yet, the Church of God has but timidly touched, a northward and southward, an eastward and a westward which we have not explored; but God is calling men and women of faith

TO VENTURE OUT UPON IT

in believing prayer. "All the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed forever." Abram never possessed the soil, he and his sons "all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth" (Heb. 11 : 13). All that they had, they had by faith, and yet in the present they had God, a real living God with whom they communed, and who guided and cared for them in the minutest way, and who led them "to desire a better country, that is, an heavenly, wherefore He is not ashamed to be called their God." This life of faith is for us also; we have in ourselves no stock of holiness or wisdom, of physical strength, or of aught else, yet the provision of all these things which we have in God and hold by faith, to draw on when the need arises, is far greater than the little horizon of our experience can include. "Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee." The response of Abraham to this glorious declaration of God was to move his tent, and to dwell in the plains of Mamre which is Hebron (fellowship), and he "built there an altar unto the Lord." A life of faith is

A LIFE OF FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

He manifests Himself to His believing ones as He does not unto the world, and thus lets them know His mind and enter into it. Those who live a life of faith in God cannot rejoice in any holiness, power, or wisdom of their own, or in themselves in any way, any more than Abram could rejoice in the possession of the promised land; rather, like him, can they rejoice in the lack, for in Christ dwelling in them they have His holiness, the life of Jesus manifested in their mortal bodies (II Cor. 4 : 10), and consequent continuous fellowship with Him. They can say with Paul, "*I* have been crucified with Christ yet I live, and yet no longer I but Christ liveth in me, and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me" (Gal. 2 : 20 R.V.).

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LITTLE THINGS.

BY LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

It was only a little word,
But God alone may know,
How it saved a soul from the downward path,
And a life of shame and woe.
It was only a little word,
Yet its cruel, stinging smart,
Estranged a friend who had loved us long,
And wounded a faithful heart.

It was only a glance from an eye,
By sympathy filled with tears,
But its memory clings, like the perfume of flowers,
Whose fragrance grows sweeter with years.
It was only a scornful look,
And a haughty, contemptuous air,
But it maddened a soul that was seeking for help,
And hurried it on to dispair.

It was only the touch of a hand,
But it helped the fallen to rise;
And the Saviour smiled as its record was made,
In the book that before Him lies.
It was only a little thing,
Just to pass on the other side,
But it gave into Satan's power, a soul
For whom Christ, the Lord, had died.

Oh, the little things of life,
Scarce noticed along our way,
May jewel a crown, or condemn a soul,
In the light of the judgment day.
Whatsoever ye do! O, hear it!
Do all to the glory of God;
If you seek the reward of the faithful,
You must follow where Jesus has trod.

Greenville, Conn.

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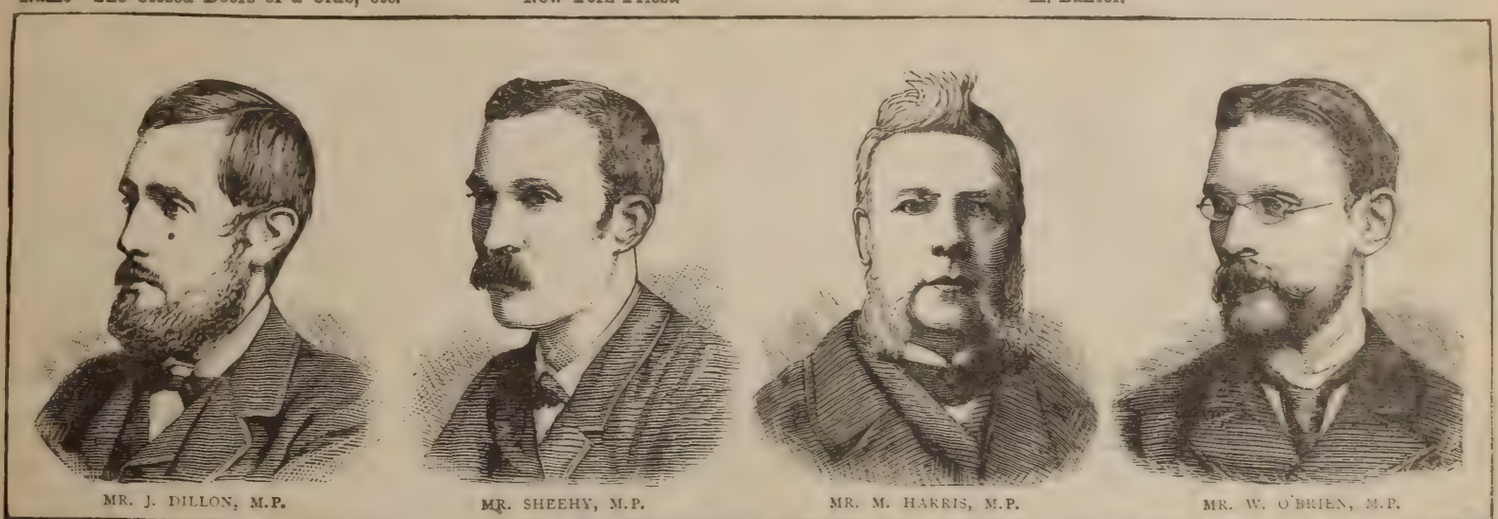

MR. J. DILLON, M.P. MR. SHEEHY, M.P. MR. M. HARRIS, M.P. MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P.

The Four Irish Leaders of the "Plan of Campaign"—Scene at their Recent Arrest.

THE ARRESTED IRISH LEADERS.

A CABLEGRAM announcing the arrest of the four Irish members of Parliament, who are conducting "the plan of campaign," has already been published in our news columns; we are now enabled to publish portraits of the arrested men, and a picture of the scene at their capture.

The Plan of Campaign.

as some of our readers are aware, is a device to embarrass the owners of estates in Ireland, who are demanding higher rents than the tenants and their friends in the National League think they ought to pay. There are courts to which tenants so situated may appeal, but very frequently they have not the funds necessary to enter suit in those courts; it was therefore proposed by Mr. Dillon and his colleagues that the tenants should combine and form a fund for common defence. This he called the plan of campaign. He proposed that in all cases in which a landowner declined to make the reduction in rents demanded of him, his tenants should offer him a certain sum proportioned to the total market value of the produce of their holdings. If he declined to accept that sum in full discharge of rent, the tenant should deposit it in the hands of trustees and notify the landlord of the names and addresses of the trustees, who were authorized to pay it over to him on his application. If the owner proceeded to evict the tenant, the trustees were to turn the money into a general fund established to defend tenants in the law courts, and keep them from want. The four men, whose portraits appear on the first page, acted as trustees in such cases, and it is for doing so that they have been arrested and are being prosecuted. When the arrests were made, the police seized the money and books in the possession of the prisoners. The men were placed under bonds, and ordered to refrain from receiving more money for the purpose, which the courts describe as conspiracy to defraud.

MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.

IN the eyes of the Irish people the triumvirate of patriotic leaders who have a claim on their allegiance consists of Michael Davitt, Mr. Parnell, and John Dillon. The last-named is now Member of Parliament for East Mayo. He is the son of John Blake Dillon, one of the rebels of '48, and was a surgeon in large and lucrative practice before he took to politics. He was born in 1851, and is therefore now thirty-six years of age. He was educated at the University of Dublin, and is a fully qualified licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland.

He is a tall, delicate man, with decidedly consumptive tendencies. Serious illness compelled him to resign his seat in the last Parliament, when he departed to recruit his health on the farm of his brother in Colorado. He has jet black hair, and large, calm, contemplative eyes. He has the reputation of saying the most violent things in a most melancholy monotone. He is an impassioned and determined intransigant, and was the most extreme and daring spirit of the Land League struggle, as he is now conspicuous for his defiant persistence of purpose as a Nationalist leader. In the discussions in Parliament which preceded the Coercion Act of 1881, he occupied a prominent position.

MR. D. SHEEHY, M.P.

THIS leader, who sits in Parliament for South Galway, was born at Broadford, Limerick, in 1844, and is therefore forty-three years of age. His father was a well-known business man at Mallow, who was highly respected and very successful. His son David, *whose portrait appears on our front page*, after receiving a liberal education at the Jesuit Seminary at Limerick, and the Irish College, at Paris, in 1867, joined his father as partner in the establishment, and upon his shoulders at the present time are devolved the responsibilities and anxieties of a considerable commercial enterprise. He is a brother of the Father Sheehy who was one of the late Mr. W. E. Forster's suspects. He was taken into custody with his colleagues, Messrs. Dillon, Harris, and O'Brien, on the occasion of the police raid at Loughrea, illustrated on the first page.

MR. M. HARRIS, M.P.

ANOTHER of the arrested leaders is Mr. Harris, Member of Parliament for East Galway. He is now fifty-seven years old, having been born of humble peasant parentage in 1830. He has advanced in life from a journeyman slater to a road contractor and a master-builder. He has been more or less prominently connected with every Irish political movement since he was eighteen years old, and in every one of them he has been, for undaunted daring, what, in French revolutionary times, would have been called a "Member of the Mountain." He was one of the Young Irelanders in the early days of the Home Rule movement in Athlone. Latterly, he has been a most pronounced Land Leaguer, and, more conspicuous still, one of the traversers in the famous case of the Queen *vs.* Parnell. Mr. Harris is described as having a fierce eye and a bitter tongue—qualities not uncommon in the Irish Parliamentary party.

MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P.

THE fourth portrait on the first page completes the quartette of the political prisoners. It is that of Mr. W. O'Brien. He was born at Mallow, in 1852, and is now thirty-five years of age. He received his education at the Diocesan College, Cloyne, and the Queen's College, Cork. He is recognized both by friends and opponents as a great power in Ireland. He is the editor of *United Ireland*—the official organ of the Parnellite Party—a weekly paper with a large circulation throughout Ireland, conducted with remarkable skill and vigor. Mr. O'Brien, who is justly described as an Irreconcilable, is physically a tall, slim, weakly-built man, with a decidedly intellectual cast of countenance. The energy with which he has entered into the struggle in Ireland, the arduous labor he has performed, and the intrepidity with which he denounces his opponents are alike remarkable in a man of his physical constitution. He is one of the ablest and most active of Mr. Parnell's lieutenants. The bitterness infused into personal relationships in Parliament through the policy pursued by his party, is said to be exceedingly distasteful to him; but he accepts readily all the penalties of the position, which often include social ostracism, in the belief, mistaken or otherwise, that he is thereby serving the interests of Ireland.

Before Mr. O'Brien was appointed editor of *United Ireland*, he was on the literary staff of the *Freeman's Journal*. It was in 1883 that he was elected by South Tyrone to represent it in Parliament, and the contest, ending in his victory, was remarkable for the fact that the Solicitor-General stood against him. At the time of his candidature he was awaiting trial for a bitter libel on Lord Spencer; but the trial came to nothing, through the disagreement of the jury. He is a graduate of that Irish Parliamentary College, her Majesty's Prison, for he was imprisoned for six months under the Coercion Act. During this time he was permitted to leave the prison daily on parole, accompanied by a warder, to visit his mother, who was suffering from consumption in an advanced stage. She died only a day or two after her son was released.

THE RAID AT LOUGHREA.

(*See Illustration on first page.*)

PURSUANT to "the plan of campaign" a Nationalist rent office was opened in December at Loughrea, where it was known that a large number of tenants would be likely to avail themselves of its facilities. The expectation was fulfilled. No sooner were the offices opened than men came in with the money refused by the landlords as insufficient, and the coffers of the Nationalists were filling. The law officers of the Government, however, had been consulted, and gave it as their opinion that "the plan of campaign" was a conspiracy to defraud.

In ordinary circumstances that opinion would be valid. Very short work would be made of such an arrangement made, for example, in this country. Any man who owns houses here would have no difficulty in obtaining legal power to enforce his demand that his tenants should either pay the rent agreed upon, or vacate the houses. If they combined to resist the demand the courts would speedily crush such a combination. It was therefore not to be wondered at that the landowners of Ireland should have invoked the law for their protection. An Irish Nationalist, himself, would, if he had been in America and owned a house, have done precisely the same thing.

It is the exceptional circumstances in which the Irish land question is just now situated which give to the defence of the case extenuating features. The tenants claim that the rents are so high that they cannot get enough produce from their farms to pay for food and clothing if they pay the stipulated rent. They also object to leave their farms, which political economists cannot but regard as an unreasonable position to occupy. But political economists do not recognize sentiment, while the Irish tenants cannot, or will not bow to the decrees of logic or political economy. Thus there is a deadlock which has presented a stubborn front to English statesmen.

The dictum of the Government law officers was duly put in force at Loughrea. The police made a raid on the Rent Office, seized the books and papers, which contained a record of the sums of money, due for rent to the landlords, which the tenants had deposited, in the hands of the trustees, in accordance with the "plan of campaign," and the sum of $405, which had just been received from the tenants of Lord Clanricarde was impounded. The crowd of peasants outside the house naturally became alarmed and angry, but though numerous threats were uttered, the armed police force was strong enough to prevent any outbreak of mob violence. The four trustees, whose portraits appear on the first page, were arrested on

A Charge of Conspiracy.

and in the terms of the legal document served upon them were required to "show cause why informations should not be taken, and why you and each of you should not be sent for trial, for that you, with others, within three months last past intending to injure owners of farms in Ireland, let at rents to tenants, did unlawfully conspire, combine, confederate, and agree to solicit large numbers of such tenants in breach of their contracts of tenancy to refuse to pay and not to pay to the said owners of such farms the rents which they, the said tenants, were and might become lawfully bound to pay, and which the said owners were and might become lawfully entitled to be paid under the said contracts of tenancy, against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity." Upon Mr. John Dillon, the same day, a copy of the order of the Queen's Bench was also served, calling upon him to give bail in £2000 to be of good behavior, or in default to go to jail for twelve months.

Bail was promptly furnished, but Mr. Dillon evidently holds a different definition of good behavior from that held by the Government. In a speech subsequently delivered he said: "I gave bail to be of good behavior, and I told them so in court, because I say that *the best behavior I know of* to-day is to carry out the "plan of campaign." I gave bail to be of good behavior because I mean to continue to the best of my ability the behavior which I have observed for the last two months, believing, as I do, that no man in Ireland who pretends to-day to be a representative of the people of Ireland is of good behavior, or is doing his duty by his country and his constituents, who does not raise his voice and use his utmost exertions to save the people from ruin and starvation."

At the Trial

a remarkable proof was given of the ability of the Irish leaders, and they showed that the skill for which Irish lawyers have been noted for many generations still survives. Mr. Dillon and his

fellow-defendants had the audacity to call as witnesses for their defence the very men who were prosecuting them. The object was to prove that the rents were excessive, and Mr. Dillon suspected that these Government officials believed them to be excessive, and that they had privately remonstrated with the landowners. One of these witnesses was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a prominent member of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, and the Secretary for Ireland. Under examination he admitted that the Government themselves brought pressure to bear upon the landlords who did not reduce their exorbitant rents. Sir Michael admitted that the improvement in the condition of the country was the result of the abatements made by good landlords, of the pressure put upon bad ones by the Government, and of the dispensing with the power exercised by county court judges. The charge against Dillon and others was that they confederated to bring pressure upon landlords to abate unjust rents. Thus it was proved that Dillon and his colleagues had only done in one way precisely what the Government had done in another. The defence was as triumphant as it was amusing.

Mr. John Dillon has commenced an action against Inspectors O'Brien and Davis, to recover £2000 damages for malicious prosecution and assault, and £1000 damages for the seizure and retention of moneys and documents in connection with the arrest of himself and his three friends.

All this contention is inexpressibly sad. Christian men, in whatever way their sympathies go, whether with the Nationalists or the landowners cannot but be depressed. Landowners who enforce rents which mean starvation to the tenant, and tenants who appeal for relief not to the God of the poor, but who trust in lawless and riotous acts to effect their deliverance, both need to be taught of Christ. His law, if obeyed in spirit and in truth on both sides, would remove the trouble, and landowner and tenant, instead of hating each other, would recognize each other as brethren, and strife would cease in the land. In Ireland, as in every other country, the one cry of every Christian heart should be, "O Lord, let Thy kingdom come." Oh for the time when He shall rule whose first Advent was heralded by the proclamation, "On earth peace and goodwill to men." The heart of the true man echoes the cry of one who, under the sight of the misery around him, said: "How long, O Lord, how long? We are tired of the reign of Cæsar; we are beaten down with it; who will help us now to establish the reign of Christ?"

The New Ministry in France is Already among the breakers. Its financial plans are threatened with rejection, and M. Goblet feels himself so completely pledged to them that his resignation is expected to follow defeat on that question. There appears to be no indisposition on the part of the people or their representatives to vote the required millions for the War Department, but there is a wide difference of opinion as to how the money shall be raised. General Boulanger, who is at the head of the War Department, as he was in the former ministry, appears to have arranged to hold his position permanently. He has shrewdly held aloof from the financial problem. He frankly declared that all he wanted was the money for the army, and he would leave to his colleagues the duty of providing it. The general's popularity in the country is growing rapidly, and he is spoken of everywhere as "the coming man." M. Rochefort recently said: "General Boulanger is more valuable to France than a thousand ministries. He must be kept at the head of the army. If the present schemes of reaction prevail and the attempt is made to form a Cabinet without him, then thirty thousand workingmen will march on the Elysée, the troops will fraternize with them, and we shall see what we shall see." In the present condition of France a successful general would have little difficulty in grasping supreme power, as did the first Napoleon.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Two New Trophies for Christ.—Mr. M'Farlane said: "This summer I was in a town not far from Liverpool. I heard of Gospel meetings being held there, and so I went. After the service was over one evening, I went into a side room where some young women were assembled. A lady asked me to speak to two of them about Christ. I did so, and found that both, being deeply convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit, were desirous of becoming Christians. I pointed them to the Lamb of God which taketh away not only their sins, but the sin of the world. I am glad to say that both accepted the Saviour that night, and then the lady told me that both were members of her class, and that for a long time she had been praying earnestly for their conversion."

Turned Out of Doors.—Dr. Lindsay Remarked: "I remember the case of a young girl who suffered bravely for Christ's sake. She came to a Gospel meeting which I was conducting, and was touched by the story of the cross, and led by the power of the Holy Spirit to give herself to Christ. She went home full of joyous thoughts of her newly found Saviour, and when she made known to her parents, who were wicked, godless people, her changed state they turned her out of doors at a late hour of the night, and she had to pass the night on a cold, damp stair, because she was counted worthy to suffer for righteousness' sake. She held bravely on her way, trusting in God, and is a light in the home to which a gracious Providence has led her."

A Baffled Emperor.—Mr. Marsh said: "When Chrysostom was brought up before the Emperor, the potentate thought to frighten him into obedience to him, and said, 'I'll banish you.' 'No, you can't,' said Chrysostom, 'for you can't banish me from Christ.' 'Then I'll take your life,' cried the irate monarch. 'You can't,' was the reply, 'for in Christ I live and have my being.' 'Then I'll confiscate your wealth.' 'You can't,' was still the response, 'for in Christ I have all riches.' 'At least,' the tyrant said, 'I shall cause you to lose all your friends, and you will be virtually an outcast.' 'But you cannot,' Chrysostom exultantly replied, 'for I have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' Is it not sweet when to our own souls, as He was to His servant Chrysostom, Christ is all and all?"

A Fearful Vision of Fiends.—Mr. Love said: "I once went to visit a member of my Bible-class who was in an infirmary, and after we had spoken together for a few minutes, she raised herself on her elbow, and pointing to an empty bed, she said with a shudder, 'A woman died in that bed last night, and oh, what a fearful end she had! About half an hour before she passed away she threw her arms about, and shrieked wildly that she saw fiends about her bed coming to drag her soul to hell, and then, with a fearful scream she passed away to render an account of the deeds she had done in the body.' The young girl lay back on her pillow exhausted with her fearful story. I compare the miserable death-bed of the sinner out of Christ with the calm, quiet death of the child of God who only falls asleep in Jesus. Such incidents as this make us sad, but they make us more earnest in praying for the unconverted."

Two Barmaids and Their Admirers.—A gentleman devoted to evangelistic effort, observed: "A missionary in the course of his visitations called at a liquor saloon in London, and was talking to the two barmaids about their souls, when one of them, who was young, and had only been a few months at the trade, was visibly affected. While thus engaged two young men came in, and after giving their orders, began to talk in a most unseemly manner. For some time no notice was taken of their conversation, but at one more than usually coarse expression, the young girl, with tears starting to her eyes, and her face flushed crimson, walked away to the other end of the saloon. Then the missionary turned to the young men, and addressing him who had last spoken, said, 'Let me see your tongue!' The young man was astonished, and asked with surprise, 'What do you mean? why should I do any such thing?' 'Because,' said the missionary, 'when the doctor looks at the tongue of a patient, and sees it coated and furred, it is a sign that there is foulness and disease inside, and from what I have just heard from your lips I am sure that in your case there is foulness and disease within.' The conversation which followed, it is believed, led to the young man seeing the evil of the life he was living."

Won by a Little Girl.—"There was a Little girl whom I knew about four years and a half old, who had the misfortune to lose her mother Many visitors called to comfort her father, and one party expressed a desire to see his little daughter Mary. She was sent for, and came into the room with her nurse. When she was playing quietly about, she surprised the company by looking up into the face of one of the gentlemen and saying, 'Do you love God?' The gentleman thus suddenly questioned was confused, and made no reply. But this little girl's father had also heard it, and he remembered that she had been the constant companion of his wife, who had taught her to love and reverence God; and when he saw her clear blue eyes turn upward and heard her say, 'Do you love God?' it smote him to the heart; and that very night he gave himself to God, and is now heartily engaged in pointing the grief-stricken and the weary to the divine Comforter and Friend."

Sudden Death at a Ball.—A Worker Related: "There were two brothers, the one saved, and the other unsaved. The Christian thought it was his duty as a servant of the Lord to speak to his brother about his soul. He did so, and his brother seemed much affected by his words, but as he had an engagement at a ball that night, he declined to settle the matter then, but promised as soon as he returned to look after his soul's welfare. He went to the ball, met his friends, and in the course of conversation soon forgot all about his brother's serious words. The music began; the dance was being formed, and he with the others went to take his place; but just when about to take the first step his brain reeled, he turned half round, and fell lifeless to the floor. The time of repentance was now past. He neglected his last opportunity, putting it off until a more convenient season; but that season never came, and he was summoned unprepared to give an account of the deeds done in the body. 'Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.'"

A Mother's Jump.—Mr. A. F. Warden Related this incident? "We were standing on the platform of one of our Northern stations, when the warning cry of the porter, 'Stand back! stand back, there!' bade us beware of the oncoming express. In the hurry and excitement of the time and place, a little girl had strayed away from her mother's care, and somehow as the people stepped back from the edge of the platform, the little one's foot slipped, and she fell off right between the rails. On came the roaring, rushing train Women screamed, men turned thir faces from the sickening sight, when a woman burst through the crowd, dashed by those who tried to hold her, and with a look of desperation, jumped off to where the child lay. Snatching it up, she tossed it out of danger. But alas! another second and the buffer caught the devoted mother as she tried to jump out of the way, and the mangled remains bore a silent testimony to the power of a mother's love. She had given her own life for her child's. It was with moistened eyes and saddened hearts that we pursued our journey, wondering if that girl, when she reached womanhood, would forget her mother's sacrifice or scorn the love that prompted it. Cruel and heartless as such conduct would seem, yet thousands of men and women are guilty of far greater ingratitude when they despise the love of Christ, who died for them."

IS CHRISTIANITY A DELUSION?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Jan. 30, 1887.

"He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."—EZEKIEL 21 : 21.

The Delusions of the Ages—The Delphic Oracle—The Importance of a Comma—Modern Delusions—Christianity Charged with being a Delusion—What It has Accomplished—Great Minds Enthralled by it—Illustrious Believers—Its Influence on the Arts—Its Beneficent Influence—Mourners Comforted—Lives Transformed—Deathbeds Tranquillized—A Mighty Powerful Notion.

TWO modes of divination by which the King of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it, decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of

A Vast Number of Deceits

practised upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century, Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and one hundred thousand disciples came forth to follow her.

The Delphic Oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the pythoness seated in the Temple of Apollo, uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them. A general going forth to battle, consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle, or killed in the battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle in such words that, if you put the comma before the word "never," it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never," it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the general was: "Go forth, return never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle. So

The Ancient Auguries

deceived the people. The priests of those auguries, by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals or nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves, and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829, a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and playing his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his discipleship. And so in all ages, there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations, and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been transpiring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day

Two Hundred Million Dupes.

It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific; the Melanesia, and the Micronesia, and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian Archipelago; and Borneo and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wiles. In the Fiji Islands, where there are one hundred and twenty thousand people, one hundred and two thousand have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on, and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped, it will swallow the globe. Supposing, then, that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose this morning to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And in the first place, I remark, that this delusion of the Christian religion has made

Wonderful Transformations

of human character. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech, and unclean of action, drunken, and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and genial and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer-meetings and churches, so complete is the delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was, as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night. Tremendous delusion!

Admiral Farragut,

one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and, seated not long before his death, at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States Government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin-boy, and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself, and locked the door. He said, 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world and die of a fever in a foreign hospital?'

"'Oh, no!' I said, 'father, I will not be that; I will tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.' 'No, David,' my father said; 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter-deck or command.'

"My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said, then, 'I will change; I will never swear again, I will never drink again, I will never gamble again;' and, gentlemen, by the help of God, I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another captive of this great Christian delusion! There goes Saul of Tarsus, on horseback, at full gallop. Where is he going! To destroy Christians. He wants no better play-spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon, and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the street; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in '65 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the six thousand years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion. Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity, it

Overpowers the Strongest Intellects.

Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible—*John Milton. Patrick Henry*, the electric champion of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." *Benjamin Rush*, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist — what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." *Isaac Newton*, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out,

"The Sublimest Philosophy

on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." *David Brewster*, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over bows his head, David Brewster saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days!" President *Thiers*, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God in whom I am glad to believe." *David Livingstone*, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead, they find him on his knees. *William E. Gladstone*, the strongest intellect in England to-day, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, goes to the house of God every Sabbath, and often, at the invitation of the rector, reads the prayers to the people. Oh, if those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

Beside that, I have noticed that

First-rate Infidels

cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. *Goethe*, a leading sceptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that, in a weak moment, he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." *Rousseau*, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes me."

Voltaire, the most talented infidel the world ever saw, writing two hundred and fifty publications, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he could have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But, no; in his last hour he asks

for Christian burial, and asks that they give him the sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon these first-rate infidels—you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity. *Thomas Paine*, the god of modern sceptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine,

The Paragon of Bible Haters

Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day, and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England, and brought her to this land—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion. But, no. In his dying hour he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy.

Powerful delusion, all-conquering delusion, earthquaking delusion of the Christian religion. Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent architecture, so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of

The Finest Buildings

in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the churches and cathedrals of all Christendom. Yes, this impertinence of the Gospel, this vast delusion is not satisfied until it projects itself, and in one year gives, contributes, six million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to foreign missions, the work of which is to make dunces and fools on the other side of the world—people we have never seen. *Deluded lawyers*—the late Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the ex-adviser of the Throne, spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, once the Secretary of State of the United States, an old-fashioned evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed Church. John Bright, a deluded Quaker. Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian. The cannibals, in South Sea, the Bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams, and the three thousand missionaries of the Cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph, when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchre. What a delusion!

Yea, this delusion of Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to

Those Who are in Trouble.

Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well, and when he is prosperous; but this religion comes to a man when he is sick, and says: "You will be well again after a while; you are going into a land where there are no coughs, and no pleurisies, and no consumptions, and no languishing; take courage and bear up." Yea, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor, and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to the bereft, and it talks of reunion before the throne and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes. That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again.

Shovel Him Under!

The soul is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank, obliteration. Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying, instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life, until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted, and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy they could only look ecstatic. Palace gates opening, they thought; diamonded coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying, actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that, although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks, they could not turn on their dying pillow, at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable, they sprang to their feet, and shouted, "Mother, catch me, I am coming!"

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital, and I bring into that hospital the

Deathbeds of Christian People,

and I take you by the hand this morning, and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions. I ask, "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My deathbed is a bed of roses." "Dying Dr. Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am

Going to the Front."

"Dying telegraph-operator on the battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." O my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep! Oh, if infidelity and if atheism and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion,

Give Me the Delusion!

The strong conclusion of every man and woman in the house is that Christianity producing such grand results cannot be a delusion. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, an hallucination cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common-sense convince you that a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you, "What is

The Most Sensible Thing You Ever Did?"

you would say, "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God." But there may be others here who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience, they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer-meeting, when he said, "On my way here to-night, I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him, 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' 'Now, the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket, I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is

A Mighty Powerful Notion;

it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion, too; lots of people are getting religion now.'"

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yea, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnoon or midnight!

REV. EDWARD McGLYNN,

The Deposed Roman Catholic Priest.

(*See Portrait on page 76.*)

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been stirred up in New York during the past few weeks by the conflict between Dr. Edward McGlynn and his ecclesiastical superiors. It has been found necessary to invoke the assistance of the police at St. Stephen's church where Dr. McGlynn formerly officiated, and they have had some difficulty in protecting his successor from insult if not from ill-usage. It is but fair to Dr. McGlynn to state that he does not appear to have encouraged the excitement but has rather counselled submission to the authorities of the Church.

The trouble has arisen out of politics. During the campaign of last fall Dr. McGlynn, the popular parish priest of St. Stephen's, acted as one of Henry George's lieutenants, and at some of the meetings which were held to promote Mr. George's election to the mayoralty of New York Dr. McGlynn made earnest and effective speeches. It was evident from his utterances, that Dr. McGlynn not only supported Henry George as a man but indorsed his opinions. Now, the Pope and the Propaganda hold such principles as those of Mr. George, especially those of a Socialistic character, in detestation and abhorrence, and, therefore Dr. McGlynn was called upon by his bishop to dissociate himself from Mr. George's canvass, and to cease advocating Socialism. He thought fit to disregard this order, whereupon his disobedience was reported to Rome. Dr. McGlynn was summoned to appear there and explain himself, but again he disobeyed. The result has been that he has been deposed from his pulpit in St. Stephen's and is threatened with expulsion from the priesthood.

Students of prophecy, as we pointed out last week, perceive that the attitude of the Pope will eventually cause him or his successor some embarrassment. It will involve the disagreeable result known to politicians as "eating crow." The prophecies clearly show that the Roman Catholic Church will in the last days become Socialistic, and will advocate the doctrines which Dr. McGlynn is now punished for holding.

Dr. McGlynn is fifty years of age, having been born in New York in 1837. He acquired the rudiments of education in a public school and after his course there, was sent to Rome, Italy, to study in the college of the Propaganda. He afterward became acting Vice-President of the American College in Rome. In 1860 he returned to America and became military chaplain of the Central Park Hospital. On the death of Dr. Cummings he was promoted to the priesthood of St. Stephen's, where he remained until his deposition a few days ago.

A MAN ARRESTED FOR A NICKEL.

A WRANGLE at an elevated railroad station in New York caused some excitement on January 18th. Boxes are placed on the platforms, and passengers are required to purchase tickets in the station, and drop them in the box as they go to the train. On Tuesday night a passenger handed the ticket clerk a dime, receiving back his ticket and a nickel. In going to the platform, he dropped the nickel into the box instead of his ticket. The gateman told him to drop his ticket into the box, too; but the passenger refused. He said five cents was the proper fare, and as he had dropped the nickel into the box, that was sufficient, and he would keep the ticket for another ride. The gateman refused to let the man pass, and took off his coat, preparatory to throwing him down-stairs. The passenger dared him to lay hands upon him, and drew his revolver to defend himself. A policeman was then sent for, and the passenger was arrested. He will probably be taught that in travelling by the Elevated Road exact and implicit obedience to the rules is the only way to avoid trouble. That lesson applies equally to the journey of life. The tendency is very common to evade God's laws and ordinances, and to do something else which the doer thinks is just as good or better. Cain tried that plan when he offered fruit in sacrifice instead of a lamb, but God rebuked His perversity (1 Sam. 15 : 22).

A FOOLHARDY SAILOR.

AN experiment with sharks has been attended by fatal results at Key West, Fla. A local journal states that an English sailor who visited that place recently "scouted the idea of sharks biting a man, and to prove that they never did bite one he set out to swim across the bay and back. He had not gone two hundred feet when he was dragged under, and he hasn't reappeared yet to continue the argument." The sailor gave the best possible proof of the sincerity of his belief, but he must have bitterly regretted for a few brief moments that he had not been better informed. There is reason to fear that a doctrinal error now much in fashion may be similarly but infinitely more disastrous. It is a noteworthy fact that the men who are the most zealous opponents of the doctrine of eternal punishment are the men most in danger of ascertaining in their own persons what its duration really is. When Christian men deny the existence of a world of hopelessness the result is not so deplorable as it is when it is denied by men who will test the matter personally (Matt. 25 : 46.)

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S DIAMOND RING.

A CITY missionary in London, whose work was principally among the liquor saloons in the East End, on one occasion entered a house much frequented by members of the prize ring. As he entered, the landlord told him there was a large number of P.R's. in the large room upstairs, and advised him not to go up. But as he thought it his duty not to miss an opportunity, he walked into the room. At first he felt at a loss how to proceed, but recovering himself, he commenced distributing tracts. This seemed rather a good joke to the assembled "bruisers," who rolled them up into pellets, and pelted each other with them. The missionary was about to retire, when he noticed sitting slightly apart an oldish-looking man, with a badly disfigured face, drinking liquor from a silver prize cup; but what struck him most was a large diamond ring which he wore. The missionary, as he was passing his table, bent down, and said, "What a beautiful diamond, isn't it?" The man (who was an ex-champion) responded, "I got it from Lord —— when I beat the 'Slasher;' he had £1000 on me, and I won it for him, and he gave me this by way of gratitude. Isn't it a beauty? worth £100 at least." By this time the greater part of the occupants of the room had gathered round, and the missionary looking up, said, "Friends, I have to tell you of a gem of greater value than that, a pearl of great price that may be yours for the accepting," and taking out of his pocket his Bible, he preached the Gospel to them. He did not see any effect of his work then, but the landlord told him afterward that they had been quieter that day than ever before, and that on leaving each one smoothed out his tract and took it with him.

THE CLOSED DOORS OF A CLUB.

AN admission into the Century Club of New York is being so eagerly sought at the present time that a prominent journal of the city endeavored last week to save its readers from disappointment and unavailing trouble, by publishing an article, describing its rules and methods. It states that the club, as its name implies, was originally composed of one hundred members. Its circle was enlarged some years ago to six hundred. That list has long been complete, and there is always a numerous list of candidates who have for years been waiting the vacancy that is only occasioned by death or resignation. It is seldom, comparatively, that there is a resignation, for the reason that the membership is considered valuable, on account of its difficult attainment. In times of depression this club does not suffer from loss of members by resignation, because every effort is made to maintain his membership by the unfortunate, as he is aware that the vacancy will be immediately filled, and he can hope for no chance of reinstatement, except by re-election, after weary waiting for a vacancy to occur. What a blessing it is that the same rules do not apply to the household of Christ! The highly esteemed privileges of the Century Club sink into nothingness beside those of Christ's true church, yet all are invited to membership and "still there is room" (Luke 14 : 22, 23).

666 IN BOULANGER'S NAME.

IT is not unreasonable to expect that active participators in the political revolutionary movements of the Final Crisis, out of which the Great Antichrist's ten kingdoms are to be developed and confederated, may themselves, or at least some of them, have the prophetic number 666 contained more or less exactly in their own names, inasmuch as the Great Antichrist's name is emphatically to contain it in Greek (Rev. xiii., 18). Thus while Ναπολεοντι, the dative, inscriptive form of the future Antichrist's name, *Napoleon*, will be the principal fulfilment of 666, it is nevertheless singular that a subordinate and collateral fulfilment seems to exist in *Gladstone's* name in Greek: for

Γ3 λ30 α1 δ4 σ200 τ300 ο70 ν50 η8 = 666.

In Britain one of the ten prophetic kingdoms Mr. Gladstone has done more than any other man to transfer power from "the Classes to the Masses," and has been the cause of far-reaching political agitation, and changes tending to separate Ireland from England, which is prophetically necessary to the development of the ten kingdoms. His friends and foes will alike admit that his introduction of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and Home Rule proposals have caused the greatest political excitement that this generation in England has known. Similarly it is observable that in the Greek letters of General Ernest Boulanger's name 666 can be found, if E, the initial of his Christian name, *Ernest*, be prefixed to his surname as follows:

Ε5 β2 ο70 υ400 λ30 α1 ν50 γ3 ε5 ρ100 = 666.

There may be a hidden intimation and secret suggestion intended to be conveyed to us in this fact that General Boulanger is a *man of destiny*, fated to be a great factor in the conflicts and revolutionary changes in the map of Europe, which are to issue in the formation of the ten prophetic kingdoms prefigured by the ten toes of Daniel's symbolic Image, and the ten horns of the apocalyptic wild beast, which are eventually to "give their power and strength to the Napoleonic Antichrist during the final 3½ years from 1897 to 1900."

It is superfluous to remark that as the Greek and Hebrew languages in which all the letters of their alphabets have a numerical value, and especially as Greek is the language of the Apocalypse in which the prophecy of the number 666 is given, therefore the letters of the name must be changed into Greek letters as in the foregoing instances.

A MISSIONARY NEAR A BATTLEFIELD.

IN a letter from the East Central African Mission field, published in the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Ousley relates the perils that threaten him and his work. He says that he received warning in October last that the tyrant King Umzila was coming with an army of ten thousand men, and all white men would do well to fly. He writes: "After prayers I went to the large kraal near by, and found the people preparing to flee to the Bay at once. So we decided that we had better leave for Mongwe with all possible haste. Gathering together a few changes, etc., only what four boys could well carry, we proceeded to Mongwe. Though advised by a Portuguese not to return to Kambini, I went back the next afternoon, having left Mrs. Ousley at Mongwe. I was told that there had been a skirmish between the two armies, and that there would be a battle later in the day. I was also told that the enemy were only a few hours from our station.

"Just as we were retiring to rest the news came that a battle had been fought. Mr. Richards and I went down to the landing and saw several soldiers, who confirmed the report. Two men had just crossed who were wounded in the battle. Whether our mission stations will be spared we cannot yet say. If they are we can only rejoice and return thanks to the Preserver of our lives. We can hardly make ourselves believe that He whose servants we are will allow the work already begun here in the interests of Christ's kingdom to be so soon ended. We need your prayers that we may be daily guided of our Father above."

A GRATEFUL MINISTER.

AN extract from a letter recently received from a friend in Georgia, has given so much encouragement to ourselves, that we publish it in the hope that it may encourage others who are working for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our friend writes of a clergyman to whom he introduced the paper some years ago, and whose subscription is renewed: "Dr. H—— says that he cannot under hardly any circumstances allow his copy to cease coming. He declares most earnestly, that through my inducing him to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD five or six years ago, he and his family have received more benefit religiously than from all other causes combined, and that the paper has been a source of great comfort and sunshine."

Speaking for himself, our friend says: "Next to my Bible I had rather be without any work in my family library than THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To my own knowledge many persons, and, among them, preachers of the Gospel, have testified that their prospects and powers of usefulness have been greatly enlarged by the paper. It is doing, and I have an abiding faith that it will continue to do, a most glorious work in opening the eyes of many a household, as it has done in the past. May God's Spirit attend it." To which we most devoutly add "Amen."

A SUFFERER FROM INSOMNIA CURED.

AN interesting testimony from a lady who suffered from that most distressing malady—insomnia, which generally culminates in lunacy, is published in the current number of *Thy Healer*. The lady—Mrs. Reeve, of Mayford, says: "You may remember the distress of mind, arising out of sleeplessness, which I suffered twelve months ago; but God was so good to me that I praise Him now for the bitter tears and restless nights—yes, for every one of them.

"The Lord healed me. You made arrangements for me to stay a week, but I could not, for I was so restless I was afraid I should disturb everybody in the house. I then made a *resolution to throw myself under the train*, but never had the courage to do it. And now I praise God for the deliverance He gave me. I don't think I knew what a wink of sleep was for six or seven

weeks, and yet there was sometimes a peace in thinking of that Psalm about the Lord giving His beloved sleep, and I thought it would come, but thought again, 'Yes, but I am not His beloved,' and I was miserable. I was worse after getting home; but one night we went to bed as usual—perhaps it was about a fortnight after my return—and I slept. When I woke, my husband said, 'You have been to sleep?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'praise the Lord.' After that I got better, for which I thank God."

THE COMING ANTICHRIST FORESHADOWED BY NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

[Being the closing remarks of an address at the Chicago Conference by Professor Morehead, of Xenia University, Ohio.]

St. Paul's "Hindering Power" that Restrains Antichrist's Development is the Civil Power of the State—Antichrist will Arise out of the Social Disorganization of the Civil State Like Napoleon Bonaparte out of the former French Revolution, when Atheism was Enthroned in Notre Dame—Social Chaos Already Commencing—Antichrist to Sit in the Temple at Jerusalem—Designs of Napoleon the Great to Conquer Syria and Restore the Jews to Jerusalem.

When shall Antichrist appear? Not until a something that now "restraineth" be removed. Already in Paul's day the mystery of lawlessness was working. Already the germs of a wide defection were planted—germs of continuous and unsuspected growth, whose huge development should be the revelation of the man of sin. The fatal process marked by the apostle is this: The mystery of lawlessness working forward into apostacy, and apostacy culminating at length in the Antichrist. But an unseen power lays its hand upon the process. There is a time appointed for his manifestation, a time neither to be antedated nor postponed. The restraining power, whatever it is, is in God's hand, and not until His set time is come can the malignant

Upbursting of Godlessness

break upon the world. For the apostle assures us that the check holds "until he who restraineth now be taken out of the way."

To the query, *What is the restraining power*, two answers are returned. One is, that it is the Holy Spirit in the Church, an opinion which has a scriptural basis, but which does not fall within the limits of the present discussion. The other is, that it is *the fabric of human policy, the moral and civil order of society, divinely constituted authority*, in short, THE STATE. This view does not antagonize the other just mentioned; it is, in fact, its correlative and counterpart. The name given to the Antichrist seems to justify this opinion. He is the "Lawless One" in whom all law is discarded, all moral order is dethroned. The German commentator, Luthardt, says: "When the unseen yet withholding influence of the civil power with its moral and divine order of things is powerless to restrain increasing lawlessness, then the end is near, is come." Upon the ruins of shattered States and kingdoms the vast empire of Antichrist is built. The revolutionary condition of society out of which the Antichrist and his dominion arise is clearly indicated by Daniel, vii., 2, who says that the four winds of heaven brake forth upon the great sea, and the beasts arose. Out of the same unstable and agitated element the beast of the Apocalypse issues forth. The sea, t ɔn by the winds, is the graphic image of nations and peoples in

Commotion and Revolution.

And this disrupted state of human society plainly hints at the withdrawal of the check, the overthrow of the dam which holds back the antichristian flood. History affords at least one illustrious example of the malignant process through which the world will travel to the man of sin—the French revolution. There was first the preparatory stage, in which widespread attacks were made on religious faith and existing political institutions; the revolution followed which overthrew Church and State, society and religion, royalty, nobility, clergy, laws, customs, everything, and then

Out of this Social Chaos Came Napoleon

and his empire, with the conquered subordinate and confederate kingdoms of Westphalia, Naples, and Rome. We have but to imagine this revolutionary condition spread over the whole "prophetic earth" to have an exact picture of the times when the hindrance is taken away, and Antichrist's road is ready, and the great Kaiser shall come!

Is this to be the final outcome of the boasted progress and civilization of our modern era? The science, discoveries, "culture;" the energy, activity, and splendid achievements of the age, are they all to terminate in worldwide godlessness and the man of sin? Pessimism, this view is called, and pessimists, they who advocate it. One whose love for men is deathless, whose power is matchless, has said: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." How was it in the days of Noah? The whole world in revolt against God, and true piety reduced to a family of eight souls. Impossible to be realized in our enlightened times, is it said? We have but to remember that less than one hundred years ago, in the most highly cultivated and intellectual country of Europe, in France, society was so wrecked and chaotic, and

Atheism Was Exalted

to such a height of proud impiety, that the world witnessed the audacious spectacle of a prostitute enthroned on the high altar of Nôtre Dame, saluted and worshipped under the title of the "Goddess of Reason." We have but to remember that at this very time there resides in the city of Rome a man whom one half of Christendom itself honors and adores as the vicar of Christ, the vicegerent of God, infallible, and sole possessor of the keys of the kingdom of heaven—a man who is borne along "in solemn procession on the shoulders of consecrated priests, while sacred incense fumes before him, and blest peacocks' feathers full of eyes wave beside his moving throne, and every mortal near uncovers, kneels, and silently adores." We have but to remember that even now there exists a positivist calendar in which each day is appointed for the "cultus" of some man distinguished in art, literature, or philosophy.

There are principles now at work in our modern society which, if left unchecked, will soon make the advent of the Antichrist not only possible, but certain. The lawless drift is already on us, precursor of worse to come.

Who does not perceive that the forces are already loose in the world that tend to the disintegration of the whole social fabric? Who does not perceive that the ax is already aimed at the chief hoops which bind together the staves of the civil polity? Socialism, nihilism, anarchy, naturalism, materialism, humanitarianism, spiritualism—restlessness and discontent everywhere—is it any wonder that already men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking for the things about to come upon the earth? We have only to suppose the portentous movements of the time grow and gather head until the hindrance is gone, the barrier thrown down, and then? Yes, what then? Then cometh the Antichrist, the devastator of the world! The Lord help us to watch and be sober!

I conclude my remarks on this subject with the following three observations: 1. That the Fathers regarded the Antichrist as *a single person*, and as associated with Satan in some mysterious way, is susceptible of demonstration. Besides those named in the preceding essay, the following may be mentioned: Tertullian, Cyprian, Victorinus, Cyril of Jerusalem, Jerome, Chrysostom, Hillary of Poictiers, Ambrose, Ephrem Syrus, Andreas of Cæsarea, John Damascene, Abbot Joachim. The same opinion is encountered in the following writings: Epistle of Barnabas, Apostolic Constitutions, second of the Clementine Homilies, De Consummatione Mundi, Disputation of Archelaus and Manes, Recognitions of Clement. The "Noble Lesson" of the Waldenses, of the twelfth century, contains the like belief of a future personal Antichrist.

2. What is meant by the Man of Sin *sitting in the "temple" of God?* In Josephus, Philo, the Septuagint, and the New Testament, a distinction is made between *hieron* and *naos*. The former (*hieron*) is the name commonly given to the cluster of buildings on Mt. Moriah. The latter (*naos*) designates the temple proper, the sanctuary where the Divine Presence dwelt. Into this most sacred part of God's dwelling-place does this proud oppressor thrust himself as if he were its divine occupant

But what is meant by this *naos*, this "temple of God?" The term may be used figuratively for the church (1 Cor. iii., 16, 17; vi., 19; Eph. ii., 21, 22). In these ethical passages, describing spiritual privilege, blessing, and destiny the body of Christ, the invisible church indwelt by the Spirit of God, is undoubtedly the subject. But how the Antichrist who is a man and not an abstraction, can in any proper sense be said to take his seat in this temple does not appear. Wherever the word *naos* is applied to a material structure in the New Testament the reference uniformly is either to

The Temple at Jerusalem,

or to some heathen shrine, like the temple of Diana—never in a single instance to a place of Christian worship, such as St. Peter's at Rome (Matt. xxiii., 16, 17; Luke i., 9; Acts xix., 24, etc.). The Scripture usage of the word would lead us to the conclusion that either it is *the Jewish Temple* to be restored in the future and rededicated to God, or some pre-eminently sacred place like it, in which the Antichrist is to take his seat. The connection of the Adversary with Israel in the last times, as Daniel and John appear to indicate, seems to favor this view. Time alone will tell.

3. Is the Antichrist to be a Jew? So many think, basing their opinion on Gen. xlix., 17; Jer. vii., 16; Dan. xi., 47, 37, etc. These passages, however, are by no means decisive, and may be satisfactorily explained as relating to another subject altogether.

The argument that the Antichrist must be a Jew in order to be received by the Jews has little weight. History records one instance at least when they hailed a great Gentile soldier as their deliverer, and sang his praises in the loftiest strains. In 1806, Napoleon made overtures to the Jews, and took them to some extent under his protection. He invited them to hold their Sanhedrim in Paris, and in March, 1807, seventy-one doctors and leading men of the nation assembled in that city and formed themselves into a national council, the like of which had not been held for more than seventeen hundred years—not indeed since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. (See "Forty Coming Wonders," pp. 86, 87). Drumont in his recent book on the Jews in France alludes to the same fact.

As Napoleon had vast designs touching the founding of an Eastern empire, the part which the Jews were to take in his schemes, and Jerusalem and Palestine likewise, may appear from the following: "*Bonaparte made an appeal to the Asiatic and African Jews to rally to his banner, and promised to give them the Holy Land, and restore Jerusalem in its ancient splendor.*" Groetz, "History of the Jews."

The *Moniteur*, published in Constantinople in 1799, said: "*Bonaparte has caused a proclamation to be published, in which he invites all the Jews of Asia and of Africa to assemble themselves under his flag, in order to re-establish the ancient city of Jerusalem. But it is not only to give the Jews their Jerusalem that Bonaparte has conquered Syria. He has larger designs. He aims to conquer Constantinople!*" Mon. 1799, p. 187. The time was not yet come, and so Napoleon failed. ONE IS COMING, HOWEVER, WHO WILL NOT FAIL; UNDER WHOM ISRAEL WILL COME INTO THE TRIBULATION, AND BE SAVED AT LENGTH BY THE PERSONAL APPEARING OF THE LORD JESUS.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Innovation in the Methods of the House in dealing with important measures was witnessed on Thursday, when the River and Harbor Bill came up for final action. The Committee of the Whole had recommended instead of the bill the passing of a substitute introduced by Mr. Nelson, of Minnesota, proposing to apply a gross sum of seven and a half millions to the purposes of the bill. This prevented the discussion of the various items of the original bill. Then the House rejected the substitute and passed the bill as it stood. This was a dexterous plan to avoid submitting the items to separate votes, and the motive will be clearly understood by the people.

Senator Blair's Motion Proposing to Add an amendment to the Constitution, giving the suffrage to women, was before the Senate on January 25th. This motion has been set aside by so many Congresses without a direct vote on its merits, that the National Woman Suffrage Association now holding its annual Convention in Washington was elated on learning that the Senate had voted to discuss it. Its disappointment was proportionately great when, instead of the two thirds vote necessary to send the joint resolution on its way, only sixteen Senators voted for it, and thirty-four cast their votes against it. The record of pairs and absentees shows that twenty-four Senators are in favor of woman suffrage, and forty-one against it.

The Retaliation Bill Against Canada Described in these columns last week passed the Senate on January 24th, with only one dissenting vote—that of Mr. Riddleberger. Its character was explained by Mr. Ingalls, who said "that the measure was distinctly one of retaliation. It was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a fish for a fish, an insult for an insult, a wrong for a wrong. It was a declaration to Great Britain that she would continue these practices at her peril, and that if they were persisted in they must be enforced by war. England had always been a ruffian, a coward, and a bully among the nations of the earth; insolent to the weak, tyrannical to the feeble, and cringing and obsequious to the strong. Her history for centuries has been a record of crimes against the human race in Ireland, in Scotland, in Wales, against the Roman Catholics, against the Boers of South Africa, against the Hindoos, and the Chinese. Wherever there has been a feeble, a weak, a helpless nation, Great Britain has been there for the purpose of rapacity and plunder and conquest." When such expressions fall from the lips of a United States Senator, they excite contempt for him and sympathy for the citizens of Kansas, who sent him to Washington. Surely that great Western State must have among its people some man who has read history, who has studied the Bible, and who has enough patriotism to refrain from language that disgraces his country. It is a pity that such a man was not sent to the United States Senate instead of Ingalls.

The Death of General Charles P. Stone, which occurred on January 24th, removes one of our most remarkable men. He was conspicuous in the Civil War, having previously served with distinction in the Mexican War. He was a daring and brilliant soldier, but his recklessness led to disaster to the army and disgrace to himself. His blunder in risking a battle at Balls Bluff in October, 1861, in which the Union troops were defeated was punished by a long imprisonment in Fort Lafayette. On his release he returned to the army, and continued to serve until September, 1864, when he resigned on account of illness. He subsequently entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt who made him a Pasha. In that position he detected the designs of Arabi Pasha, and foresaw the trouble they would bring upon the country. He warned the Khedive against him, and with his usual impetuosity offered to shoot Arabi. He returned to America four years ago. His latest work was in superintending the erection of the Bartholdi Statue in New York Bay. General Stone was sixty-four years old when he died.

Trade was Paralyzed in New York and the adjacent cities last week by the enormous strikes in operation. Beside the coal-handlers' strike, the longshoremen's strike was injuriously affecting business. Owing to a dispute with the Old Dominion Steamship Company, nearly twenty thousand longshoremen working for other lines went on strike. These men have no quarrel with their employers, but have left their work to show their sympathy with their brethren on the Old Dominion dock, and by practically putting an end to all the carrying business of the water-freight companies to force the Old Dominion Line to concede the demands of their employés. This is a logical outcome of the motto of the Knights of Labor: "An injury to one is the concern of all." The laborers claim that they know their own business better than any one else can do, but to outsiders it appears that their principle is being pushed to an extreme suicidal to their cause. Their present action is not unlikely to unite the capitalists against them, to lead fair-dealing employers to the conclusion that they are just as liable to suffer from strikes as are harsh and unjust employers, and, more than all, to lose them the sympathy of the public. On the other hand, it would seem that the best way for the laborers who have no grievance to manifest their sympathy with their brethren would be not to quit work, but to do extra work that they may be able to contribute to the support of those who are on strike.

The British Parliament was Opened on Thursday last. The Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor in the Queen's absence, referred in ominous words to Irish affairs. It implied a resort to coercion. The speech said: "The condition of Ireland still requires your anxious attention. Grave crimes in that country have happily been rarer in the last few months than during the similar period of the preceding year, but the relations between the owners and occupiers of the land, which in the early autumn exhibited signs of improvement, have since been seriously disturbed in some districts by organized attempts to incite the latter class to combine against the fulfilment of their legal obligations. The efforts of the Government to cope with this evil have been seriously impeded by the difficulties incident to the method at present prescribed by statute for dealing with such offences. Your early attention will be called to proposals for the reform of legal procedure, which seem necessary to secure *prompt and efficient administration of the criminal law.*" Mr. Gladstone, in criticising the speech, referred in forcible words to the recent evictions. He said "that he greatly lamented the fact that the Queen had not expressed regret at the recent lamentable evictions in Kerry. The poor people thus treated were unable to pay their rents, and the attempt made at the last session to relieve such cases had been frustrated by the Government, although Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had been exercising pressure upon the landlords with the view of modifying the proceedings in cases of necessity. But despite this evictions have continued, and nobody can tell how many more are in store." A significant fact indicating the state of public opinion on the Irish question was that Mr. Goschen, the Liberal politician, who has separated from Mr. Gladstone on account of the Irish policy, and has accepted office under Lord Salisbury, was rejected by the people of Liverpool, where he tried to get elected as Member of Parliament. He is now without a seat in the House, and some one will have to resign to make room for him.

A General European War was Impending in December last. The fact was disclosed on Thursday last when Lord Randolph Churchill explained to the British House of Commons his reasons for resigning the important office he held in the Cabinet. Lord Randolph said the Government's naval and military expenditures exceeded one hundred and fifty-five million dollars without counting the large supplementary estimates. He resigned because he was unable to acquiesce in the Government's extravagance, having pledged himself to a policy of retrenchment and economy. Then he added: "I also objected to the Government's policy of useless interference in the affairs of other nations. The policy of this country should be peaceful everywhere. The Government's estimates were too great for a time of peace." When Lord Randolph wrote to the Premier protesting against the heavy expenditures and intimating his intention of resigning if they were not reduced, Lord Salisbury explicitly defended the estimates on the ground that war was probable. He wrote: "*The outlook on the Continent is so very black that it is not too much to say that the chances are in favor of a war at an early date.* When once it has broken out we will not be secure from being involved. Therefore we cannot accept the responsibility of refusing supplies which the War and Navy Ministers have declared necessary." This letter was dated December 22d, 1886, and being addressed to a confidential colleague may be regarded as an accurate presentation of the Premier's view of the situation at that time. Lord Randolph said that after receiving that letter, he wrote his resignation, and he added, "I have seen no reason since to regret the step I took."

Prince Bismarck Made a Frank Speech to the Prussian Diet last week. Speaking of his recent defeat in the Reichstag, he said "that the different federal governments of Germany had, by the Constitution, transferred an essential portion of their rights to the Emperor. The Emperor, the Chancellor said, was not in a position to relinquish any of these rights to the Reichstag, especially not to a Reichstag which showed so little confidence in the federal governments as the body lately dissolved had manifested." The Chancellor has given an emphatic denial to the statement of the London *Daily News*, that the relations of Germany and France are strained, and that the two nations are on the verge of war. General Boulanger also contradicted it. The Bourses of Europe, however, showed that the rumor was widely credited, despite the denials. Possibly the financiers paid more attention to the enormous purchases of war material by the two governments than to the pacific utterances of the statesmen.

Rev. M. Baxter will Preach Next Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening in Library Hall, Newark, N. J., upon: "Coming wars and earthquakes during thirteen years before the year 1900, great religious revivals, second advent of Christ, and resurrection and ascension of Christians without dying; England's loss of Ireland and India, and conquest of Germany by France in 1887–89, changing twenty-three kingdoms into Daniel's predicted Franco-Roman Confederacy of ten kingdoms prior to the Napoleonic Antichrist's seven years' covenant with the Jews (Daniel 7:24, and 9:27); the spread of socialism, communism, nihilism, anarchy, spiritualism, culminating in the great tribulation and Antichrist's massacre of myriads of Christians during three and a half years, and then the millennium of one thousand years."

The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Y. M. C. A. of New York has been issued and shows remarkable progress. It is a marvellous record of usefulness for the past year. There are now eight buildings in various parts of the city occupied by branches of the Association, besides the large Central Building, where this work is prosecuted, the same general plan being followed in each. During the past year 7728 young men have been connected with the Association and its branches as members, and 5297 now hold membership tickets. The current expenses at all the points was $46,708.40, of which the members' fees paid $17,961.91. Income from rents and $32,352.09 contributed by older members and friends made up the balance of outlay.

An Attempt to Aid Discharged Female Prisoners desiring to reform is being made in New York. A meeting was held last week in Grace Chapel, East Fourteenth Street, to organize the work. It is proposed to open a lodging house on or very near the East River, in the vicinity of Twenty-sixth Street, and to give temporary shelter to every woman coming from the islands who will come to them. The managers also propose to open a laundry and a sewing-room in the house, to give employment to the women. The women will receive wages for their work, and out of their earnings will pay a small price for their board and lodging, and as soon as practicable they will be sent to permanent situations. The name of the new home is to be the Riverside Rest, and is to have a capacity of fifty beds. It is estimated that $7000 will cover the expenses of the house for the first year, and of this amount enough has already been guaranteed to warrant the managers in beginning work at once.

A Daughter Pronounced Dead by her Physicians was marvellously restored recently in answer to prayer. A sea captain, speaking last week at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, said: "For your encouragement I want to tell you about my daughter. Last time I was here I asked your prayers for her. She was near death when I came here. While praying here she sank very low. Her pulse stopped. The doctors at her bedside said she was dead. But God saw fit to spare her. He raised her up. She is now restored, and to-day goes home to her family. Brethren, I have talked loud about trusting in God, but I have never had such a lesson along that line as in this trial. Brethren, I thank God for this meeting. It has been a blessed place for me."

A Man's Hat Cost a Life in Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 25th. A group of people were standing on a pier at the Columbia Docks, when a sudden gust of wind blowing from the land carried the hat from a man's head into the East River. The man instantly plunged into the water after it and was able to swim for a few minutes, but the cold water soon chilled him and a heavy block of ice struck his head, and he sank. The captain of a tug brought his boat up to the drowning man and succeeded in getting him aboard. But he was chilled to the heart, and before the tug reached the South Ferry the man was dead. It seems a marvellous thing that any man should be so foolish as to imperil his life for the sake of a hat, but his folly was trivial compared with that of men who endanger their immortal souls in their race for wealth (Mark 8 : 36).

Two Days on a Barren Rock without Food or shelter were passed by a shipwrecked crew recently. On January 15th the schooner Charles Graham sailed from Bermuda for Halifax, N. S., with five men beside the captain on board. On approaching the Canadian coast the schooner was enveloped in an impenetrable fog and no observations were possible. To make matters worse a furious gale began to blow, and the schooner ran before it with all sails close reefed. Suddenly the cry of "breakers ahead" was raised, and before the ship's course could be changed she crashed upon them with a terrific shock. Looking up, the crew saw towering one hundred feet above them the rock called Dover Castle, about a quarter of a mile from shore. In the crash the masts had broken and the foremast fell over against the rock. This made a bridge over which the crew crept to a ledge half way up the rock. After resting there for breath they climbed to the summit of the crag. The captain was the only man missing. When last seen he was going to his cabin to try to save something and begged the crew not to leave him, but they paid no attention to his appeal. Had they remained they would have gone down, for no sooner had they made good their escape than they saw the ship fall to pieces and sink. A pitiless hail was falling and the men walked about on that bleak rock, fearing to go to sleep, from Monday night to Wednesday morning. By that time the sea had calmed a little and they were rescued by boats from the land. The incident may be commended to the notice of all in danger of spiritual wreck. Those who were saved owe their safety to making prompt use of the means providentially and most wondrously provided. The lost man missed the opportunity through concern about his property (Heb. 2 : 3).

A Startling Revelation of the Camera is Recorded in a photographic journal. It states that a photographer recently took a photograph of a child that was seemingly in good health and with a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. "The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye." Another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of small-pox. In neither case was there any suspicion that disease was present until the camera revealed it. So many a man who considered himself morally and spiritually sound has been appalled when he has seen his state as revealed in God's Word (Rom. 7 : 7).

A Fight was Stopped by a Bishop a few Days ago in Fargo, Dak. Ter. A gentleman staying in the leading hotel of that town says, that on a recent evening a loud noise in the lobby caused him to leave his room hastily to investigate. He found a large crowd collected, in the middle of which were two men fighting like tigers. No one interfered and the blows fell rapidly. Just as the struggle was at its height a gentleman entered the lobby. No sooner did he realize what was going on than he dropped his satchel and overcoat and rushed single-handed into the scuffle. He seized one of the maddened men by the shoulders and dragged him struggling out of the crowd, receiving, as he did so, several heavy blows. Emboldened by this courageous act the crowd seized the other man, and both were held until peace was declared. Then the man who had carried off the first pugilist was recognized as Dr. Walker, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Dakota. The bishop at no slight risk to himself had earned the blessing pronounced by his Master on peacemakers (Matt. 5 : 9).

A Banker was Held as a Hostage by Miners at Helena, M. T., last week. The company in New York, which works the Gregory Mine near Helena, telegraphed the manager to close the works, as the treasury was empty. He with a young man who was visiting him, and who is the son and partner of a banker interested in the mine, went to the works and notified the miners. The latter learning that the treasure was empty became concerned about the two months' wages then due them. After consultation they seized the banker and informed him that he would be held as a hostage until the wages were paid. There were over three hundred men there and the two men were powerless. Eight men were detailed to watch him by day and another eight by night, and he was kept a close prisoner. He telegraphed to his father in New York announcing his detention and asking that the wages, amounting to seventy-five thousand dollars, be sent, or the consequences to himself might be serious. Though the banker had but a small share in the mine he promptly advanced the money, and his son was released. The act causes no surprise. The surprise would have been if, having the means of rescuing him, he did not use them. We should have wondered what motive more powerful than parental affection could have influenced him. Thus the world has reason to wonder that the Almighty God suffered His Son to agonize and die, and the motive is still more marvellous "He so loved the world" that He spared Him not (John 3 : 16).

A Surprising Legal Decision Affecting Thousands of families was rendered last week by Judge Spencer of Buchanan County, Mo. He declared that minor children of naturalized American citizens are not made citizens of the United States by the naturalization of their fathers. The decision has created great excitement throughout the State, and particularly in St. Louis, where thousands of such persons have exercised the elective franchise. If the decision stands they are aliens and will have to declare their intentions and wait five years before exercising the rights and privileges of citizens. The decision will, however, probably be reversed and the status of the father will settle the status of his children as heretofore. As the question is an important one, the persons affected by it will doubtless press for an authoritative decision. In Christ's kingdom there is no doubt about the law of the case. The children of parents who are members of it do not inherit membership; each one must come himself and seek admission through Christ (John 8 : 33–36).

BRIEF NOTES.

MRS. C. S. WHITNEY, during the last few months, has held very successful meetings in villages in the vicinity of the Hudson, and in Tioga County, New York State. In one place she gave three addresses on a single Sunday.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Collections in New York so far reported amount to about $48,000, and there are over twenty churches yet to be heard from. The total is expected to be $52,000.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York has now taken possession of its new and handsome building at 7 East Fifteenth Street, a picture of which was published in this journal on December 31st, 1885. It has the gratification of entering upon the new premises unburdened by debt.

A Convention of Christian workers for Bible study and conference commenced on Monday last at the City Temple, East Eighty-six Street, between First and Second avenues, New York. The meetings are held at 3 o'clock and 7.45 P.M., each day. Rev. A. B. Simpson, Dr. John E. Cookman, and Rev. Halsey Moore are among the speakers. Special evangelistic services will be held next week.

Mr. D. L. Moody will be fifty years of age on Saturday next. It is proposed to celebrate the jubilee by raising a testimonial among his friends here and in Great Britain, which shall be made an endowment fund for his schools at Northfield. A letter from the committee describing the project in detail was received too late for insertion this week. The treasurer of the fund is Mr. James Talcott, 108 Franklin Street, New York. Subscriptions may be sent at any time during the current year.

Rev. J. D. Re Qua, of Rochester, N. Y., has been holding union meetings at Brasher Falls, N. Y. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches joined in the work. Much good has been done. In eight days there were over ninety seekers at the altar, and many made a profession of faith. At the concluding meeting, notwithstanding a heavy snowfall, large numbers of persons attended, and testified to the benefits received. Mr. Re Qua has returned to his home at 182 Meigs Street, Rochester, N. Y., but the work at Brasher Falls is being continued by the pastors.

A Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference, at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers; Seventy-five cents bound in cloth.

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THE BEST BREAD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I am that bread of life."—JOHN 6 : 48.

Jesus the Tree of Life—Bread Useless in the Tomb—The Bread that will Make the Dead Live—Jesus the Living Bread—I. Meets the Wants of the New Life—Ideal Bread—Sufficient—Special Sweetness—II. Must be Received—Theories not Nutritious—Augustine's Child Teacher—III. Death from not Feeding—IV. Those who Feed Blessed—Doctrines for Swine.

YOU will observe that our Lord here speaks concerning Himself. He speaks not of His words merely, nor of His offices, nor of His work, but of Himself. "I am that bread of life." And herein He teaches us all to fix our eye mainly upon His blessed person, and to think of Himself first and foremost. He is the centre and soul of all. There is a tendency about us all to get away from Jesus, and to look rather to the streams than to the Fountain-head. Why are we more taken up with bits of glass that sparkle in the light than with the sun himself? That tree of life, in the midst of the Paradise of God—we forget to eat of that; and we wander to the borders of the garden, to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree of the knowledge of good and evil. I wish that our ministry—that mine especially—might be tied and

Tethered to the Cross.

It was *Himself*, my brethren, that our Lord set before His hearers as the bread of life; He did not mention anything of doctrine, or of precept, or of ordinance, but Himself. He says, "I am that bread of life." Of Him, therefore, let us think.

But now, when I have to preach upon a subject like this, I find it necessary to begin a little way from the text. "I am that bread of life." Bread, brethren—bread is for living men and women, but bread is of no use in the tomb. And so, at the opening of my discourse, some of you might say, "Bread is

Intended for Living Persons;

it is for men and women who are quickened. How can we feed upon Christ, for we are dead in trespasses and sins?" You speak most truly; but yet I have a marvel to relate which meets the case. Hearken! That would be a strange kind of bread, would it not, which being put into a dead man's mouth, would make him live? Yet such is the bread that came down from heaven, whereof if a man eat he shall live forever.

The Lord Jesus Christ is living bread. Bread such as we get from the baker is in itself dead; and if you put it to dead lips, there are two dead things together, and nothing can come of the contact. But our Lord Jesus Christ is living bread; and when He touches the dead lip of an unregenerate sinner, life comes into it. He brings life even to those who are dead in sin. He says, "Young man, arise," and he sits up upon the bier. He takes a little girl by her hand, and says, "Talitha cumi—Maid, arise," and she sits up in her bed. He calls to Lazarus, who by this time stinketh, and He says, "Lazarus, come forth," and he comes forth, wearing his grave-clothes. Oh, what a wonderful Christ this is, who is not only bread for the living, but life for the dead! Pray, you who can pray, that He would come here just now, and be life to those who are in the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, that they may live.

I. With that to start with, I now make the first observation upon the text itself, which is this—Jesus Christ exactly meets all

The Wants of the New Life.

When a man is born again to God, and gets a new life, he has new wants, new desires, new pains, new longings. He enters upon a novel condition, full of new needs and cravings; the Lord Jesus Christ exactly meets the new case. As the key fits the wards of the lock, so does Christ fit the new heart and the right spirit. He knows how to touch the secrets of our soul, and supply our most mysterious necessities.

According to the text, the Lord Jesus Christ is the ideal bread—the ideal supply of man's soul-hunger. There are different theories of what we ought to eat. One person tells us that, if anybody suffers from rheumatism, he must eat so many pounds of meat in a day. Other doctors have vehemently said, "You must not touch meat. It will heat you if you do. You must keep to a strictly vegetable diet." I believe that these learned persons know one as much as the other about it; and probably the whole of them put together know so little that a very small round nought might encompass all their certain knowledge as to health and disease. But there is one thing we do know, that the bread which the Israelites ate in the wilderness, the manna, was

The Best Sort of Food.

It was God's own invention; and He who created man best knew what nutriment he would require. Well now, what that manna was to their bodies—the ideal food of man, which had nothing in it injurious—that our Lord Jesus is to the soul. In Him is life for men, and no disease or death. In the manna there was no adulteration, it was a perfectly pure food; such food is the Lord Jesus Christ to the spiritual life. He is the bread that came down from heaven, He is the true meat. If our souls live upon Christ, and nothing else but Christ, He will breed no disease within the heart; He will not distort the judgment; He will not inflame the imagination; He will not excite the passions. As certain silk-worms have their silk colored by the leaves on which they feed, so if we were to feed on Christ, and nothing else but Christ, we should become pure, holy, lowly, meek, gentle, humble; in a word, we should be perfect even as He is. What wonderful meat this must be!

The Lord Jesus Christ is not only the ideal bread, but He is in Himself

A Sufficient Bread.

That manna which the Israelites ate in the wilderness was all that they really wanted. They called the manna "light bread;" but what should the food be for those who were always on the march but light, and easy of digestion? Our Lord Jesus is simple in doctrine; but what else do we wish for, even we who are wayfaring men, and all too apt to err? My brethren, if we do but get a hold of Jesus Christ, and feed on Him, He is sufficient for us—sufficient for gigantic labors, sufficient for anguish, and grief, and sorrow. If you feed on Him, He will build you up, not in one direction only, but in all ways; for ye are complete in Him—thoroughly furnished unto all necessities. Christ Jesus meets all the wants of all His people with a divine sufficiency.

And then there is in Christ what there is in manna—a sweetness all its own. I cannot tell you exactly how the manna tasted. Some of them said that it tasted like wafers made with honey. The Jewish notion is that it tasted according to every man's own taste; so that, if he preferred this flavor or that, the manna had that flavor to him, and thus it was to each one a personal and peculiar delicacy. This I know—that there is a sweetness about my Lord which is precisely that which delights *me*. I cannot communicate it to you, for you

Must Each One Taste

for himself. When Jesus said, "I am that bread of life," He meant, "I am that choice bread, that satisfying bread, that delicious bread, the like of which was never found elsewhere."

Furthermore, it was bread *suitable for the wilderness*. When they were in the wilderness, it was much better for the tribes to eat what they called "light bread" than for them to be filled with the meat that they had in Egypt, or even the old corn which they enjoyed when they came into Canaan. Manna was suitable food for the climate, and for their condition; and the Lord knew it. So the most suitable meat for us in this vale of tears is Christ Jesus. Jesus is all the bread that you need while you are on your way to heaven and God.

What I have to say on this point further is—try it, dear friends. I would be very practical on this point, and say earnestly, taste and test. If you wish to know this bread that came down from heaven, and how satisfying, how suitable, how sweet it is—try it. Poor sinner, if you can eat this bread you will not be hungry any more! Feeding upon the glorious doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, you will find that His flesh is meat indeed, and His blood is drink indeed.

II. But, secondly, in order that Jesus may meet all our soul's wants, we

Must Receive Him.

Bread cannot possibly sustain the body unless it be eaten. You know, dear friends, you might be hungry to-night, and hear about bread, and then be doomed to wait till to-morrow evening without having any of it to eat; that would be a tantalizing business, would it not? Suppose that you should go to a baker's window, and stand there for an hour, and stare at the bread, I do not think that the sight would fill you much. No, you must eat, or else there might be tons of bread within reach, and yet you would die of famine. You might be buried in a grave of bread, and it would be of no use to you. Even manna would not nourish you unless you ate it. You must receive food into yourself, or it is not food to you. The Saviour Himself, if you do not receive Him by faith, will be no Saviour to you. Mark that.

Here is a brother who never eats bread, but instead of eating he studies the theory of nutrition, and he is ready to discuss with any one the whole system of digestion and assimilation. He has a theory that bread should always be baked in a certain way, and he feels bound to discuss, and discuss, and discuss, till all is mouldy.

Here comes in the inquiry—

How Do We Receive Christ

into us as we take bread into our bodies? First, by believing everything that is revealed about Him. The Father's witness, and the Holy Ghost's witness, and His own witness concerning Himself—we have all these in God's most holy Word. Take the Book, and read it. Augustine, after years of tossing to and fro, found peace with God by hearing a little child say, "Take, and read." I suppose that the child was singing to itself, and hardly knew what it was saying as it repeated to itself the two words—"Tolle, lege; tolle, lege; tolle, lege." "Take up, and read." That voice struck the ear of the perplexed thinker as though it were the voice of God, and he took the Scripture, and read the Scripture, and no sooner had he read it than he found Christ. I would entreat each one of you to do this, in order that you may find rest for your soul.

Then, next, trust Him for yourself. That is *the* point—the hinge of the whole business. He is a Saviour. I believe *that*; but I go further, and resolve—He shall be *my* Saviour. May I say that? Yes, for I am permitted to do so, inasmuch as He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." Scripture saith that He is exalted on high to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins. Therefore, I look to Him to give me repentance and remission of sins. I trust to Him in that respect, and He is mine. He has said, "It is finished." The atonement is finished, and I believe that it is finished for me. A prominent point about the offering under the old law was that the person who came with the sacrifice

Laid His Hands on It,

and said, "This is mine." You must do the same with Jesus. Lay your hands on Him, and say, "This is mine. This sacrificial death is for me."

"Oh, but," says one, "suppose He is not mine. What if I were to take Him to myself without warrant?" Suppose such a thing for one moment; yet He would be yours. If I was hungry, and I ate a bit of bread, and after I had eaten it somebody said, "It is not yours," I should reply, "Perhaps not, *but how will you take it from me?* It has nourished me, and refreshed me; it is mine, and none can deprive me of it." There is the point, you see; if you take Christ Jesus into yourself, the devil himself may say you had no right to Him, but he cannot

take away that which you have eaten. They say that possession is nine points of the law; and I should think in the case of eating that it is the whole ten points, or any other number of points, for there is no getting re-possession of that which a man has actually eaten. Get Christ, and Christ is yours—yours by a kind of possession, which will never be disputed before the courts of heaven.

Furthermore, to feed upon Christ means to meditate much upon Him—to think much of Him. But time flies so quickly that I cannot dwell upon these points as they deserve to be dwelt upon. Oh, live near the cross! Build your house on Calvary! Frequent Gethsemane! Listen to the groans of your pleading Lord! Be much with a dying Christ. Be much with a risen Christ. Be much with a reigning Christ. Be much in anticipation of a coming Christ. For the more you are with Him, the more will your soul be filled with satisfaction, and influenced to sanctification.

III. Now, thirdly—and this shall be but a word or two—notice this solemn fact: not to feed upon Christ is the sure mark of death.

A Terrible Fact!

The Lord Jesus Christ has said it—"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." A great preacher, but he does not feed on Christ! You have no life in you. A forward professor, but he does not feed on Christ! You have no life in you. A very knowing theologian, and a clever controversialist; but he does not feed upon the incarnate God! There is no life in you. A daring speculator in modern thought, but he does not care, he says, for the blood of Christ; he even sneers at the mention of it! You have no life in you.

If anybody were to say to me, "I have a man at home who stands in my hall, and has stood there for years, but he has never eaten a mouthful of bread all the time, nor cost me a penny for food," I should say to myself, "Oh, yes, that is a bronze man, I know, or a plaster cast of a man. He has no life in him, I am sure; for if he had life in him, he would have needed bread." If we could live without eating, it would be a cheap method of existence; but I have never found out the secret, and I do not mean to make experiments. If you are trying it, and have succeeded in it so far that you can live without Christ, the bread of life, I fear your life is not that of God's people.

Oh, my dear hearer, once a professor, once a church-member, if you have given up Christ, and you get on well without Him, you have no life in you! The dead can do without bread, but the living cannot. Jesus tells us, "I am that bread of life," and if you are doing without Him you are doing without the bread of life, and the reason is that you are without life itself.

IV. Next, and the fourth head, shall be with equal brevity—

Those Who Feed

upon Christ are supremely blessed. They shall never hunger. They shall hunger after more of Jesus, but not after anything else besides Jesus. I was greatly pleased some time ago to hear a gentleman say, who had tried to preach another doctrine, that a certain neighborhood which he spoke of was so impregnated with what was called "the Gospel" that he could not succeed with his speculations. He said that if men once drank this Gospel doctrine it made them so bigoted in their love for it that the most clever person could not get them out of it. I thought to myself, "This witness is true." An enemy declared it, and it was therefore all the more striking.

The subtlest deceivers may try as long as they please, but when we have once fed upon Christ they cannot get us off from Him. They call us away from Him; they proffer us all manner of novelties; but in vain: "Try our thought! Try our science! Try our purgatory! Try our larger hope!" But we hear the pails rattle, and we hear the swine clamoring, and we are not anxious to taste the mixture, or unite in the festival. We are not so selfish as to steal this new wash from those whom it delights. Let those have it who can feed on it; but as for ourselves, we mean to feed on

The Bread of Heaven.

The Gospel is to us such satisfying bread that all the rest is draff. Every true child of God is so far a bigot that he prefers the bread of his Father's house to the husks of the far country. He cannot give up the Gospel, and he will not, for it satisfies his whole being. What more does he want? Why should he make a change?

Brethren, feeding upon Jesus we have an immortal blessedness; we shall never die. If we have fed on Christ, we shall fall asleep, but it will be in Jesus. Some whom we love have lately fallen asleep; they will awake with Him in the morning. But we shall never die. We shall only pass into a higher stage of life; for that food on which we feed shall be in us the pledge of an immortality equal to the immortality of the Christ who has become our bread.

V. I had much more to say to you, but the time has gone. All that I will say further is this. If any of you desire to have Christ, you may depend upon it that you may have Him, because bread is

Meant to be Eaten;

Jesus is provided to be received. What is the use of bread if it is never eaten? If you go to the Orphanage, you will see a large batch of bread there kept upon the shelves. It must not be eaten the first day, you know, it would go too fast, and would not be very wholesome for the youngsters. It must get rather staler by being kept a little while. Now, suppose that I were to go down there, and say to the baker, "Lock that door; I want to keep that bread. I am going away to Mentone, and I shall take the key with me, that I may save that bread." Suppose I were to do so, and come back in a couple of months' time. Should I say to myself, "I have saved that batch of bread"? I am afraid that it would turn out to be very bad economy. Let us go and look at the loaves which we have kept from use! Come away at once! The sight is not pleasant. Decay and corruption have fallen upon what we have hoarded. It would be a poor matter for the bread.

Why, it is the very end of bread, the object of bread, the portion of bread, to be eaten. It is honored in being eaten; it would be degraded by being left to grow stale and mouldy. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ is never so famous a Christ as when sinners come and feed upon Him. This precious bread must be eaten, or it has not answered its design.

I know a brother here who wanted to take a certain shop in a wide street, but his wiser friends said, "Do not take that shop for a baker's. It is not in

A Good Eating Locality.

You must open a shop in one of the streets where there are plenty of poor people, who will buy the bread every morning. Make it good and cheap, and it will not stop long on the shelves." I noticed in the newspaper that a certain drink-shop was "in a good drinking locality." I am sorry that there are such localities. But, assuredly, a good eating locality must be the very place for vending bread. I think that this Tabernacle stands in a good eating locality. Many are here now who are hungry after Christ, and it is a blessed fact that they may have Him, and feed upon Him without stint.

And what is the price? The price? The difficulty with all other traders is to get you up to their price; but my difficulty is to get you down to mine—for the bread of heaven is *without price*. Even if you offer a farthing, I cannot take your bid. You may have all for nothing, and have it at once; but not a penny can be accepted from you. The Gospel provides a full Christ for empty sinners, pardon on earth and bliss in heaven, and all for nothing. Take it as a free gift, and it is yours. What would you pay? What could you pay? Did Israel pay for the manna? It would have been an insult to God to imagine it. Go your way, and bless the name of the Lord, for this is the Gospel—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN OX-LIKE MAN.*

ROBERT OWEN on one occasion visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family grave; Owen, addressing him, said, "There is one advantage I have over Christians, I am not afraid to die. Most Christians are afraid to die; but if some of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment." "Well," said his companion, "you say you have no fear in death; have you any hope in death?" After a long pause, he answered "No!" "Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute; he has fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear" (II Sam. 3 : 33).

Restored Jewels.

Rabbi Meir was from home, and during his absence his two sons died. His wife laid them upon the bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. On her husband's return she thus addressed him, "Rabbi, I would fain ask thee one question. Some time ago a Person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now He demands them back again; should I give them to Him?" "That is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which you should not have thought it necessary to ask. Wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best when restoring them to acquaint you therewith." She then led him to the bedside, and took off the covering from the bodies. "Ah! my sons, the light of mine eyes," he said, "I was your father, but you were my teachers." The mother, too, wept bitterly. At length she said, "Rabbi, we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping. See, the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord" (Job 1 : 21).

The Living Concordance of the Senate.

Daniel Webster, when a mere a lad, read with such power and expression that the passing teamsters who stopped to bait their horses, used to get "Webster's boy" to come out under the trees and read the Bible to them. Those who heard Mr. Webster, in later life, recite passages from the prophets and Psalms, say that he held them spellbound, while each passage, even the most familiar, came home to them with a new meaning. It was from his mother's training that Webster derived this love for and familiarity with the Scriptures. She observed another old fashion of New England in training her son. She encouraged him to memorize such scriptural passages as impressed him. The boy's retentive memory and his sensitiveness to Bible metaphors and the rhythm of the English version stored his mind with Scripture passages. So conspicuous was this trait of his character that when he was in the United States Senate his colleagues nicknamed him "The Concordance."

A Captive Eagle Set Free.

An eagle had been confined under cover for many years, and no one had seen it even attempt to escape. Perfectly subdued, apparently unconscious of its native power, it remained inactive, and, to all appearance, contented. But its owner was about to leave for a far country,

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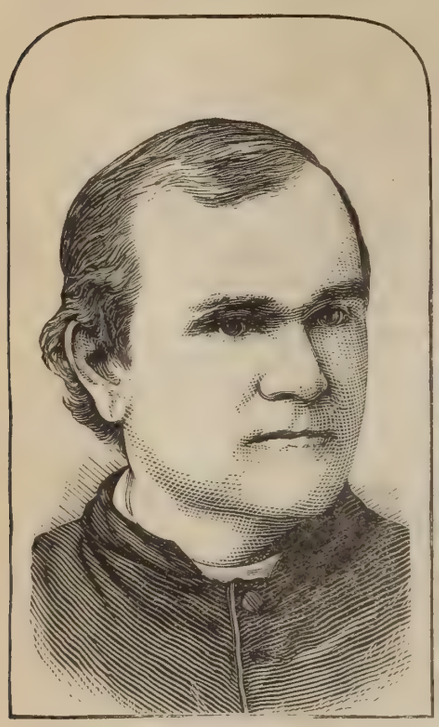
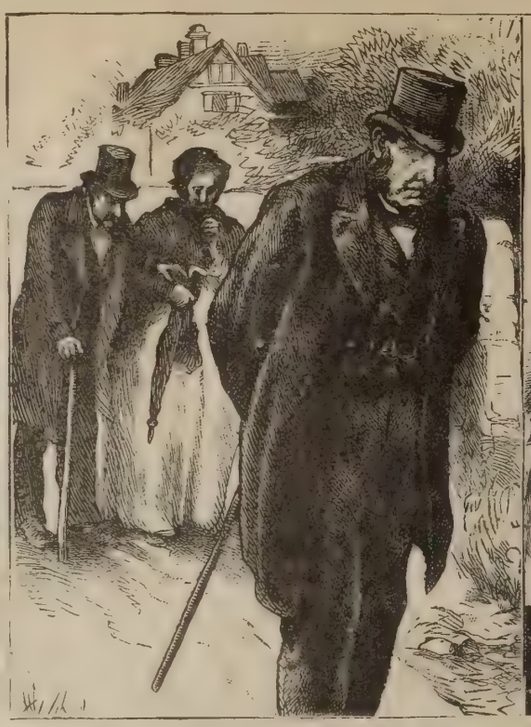
* From Anecdotes Illustrative of Old Testament Texts. A book invaluable to preachers and Sunday-School Teachers. Pp. 328. Price, $1.50. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 714 Broadway, New York.



Dr. McGlynn, the Deposed Priest. (See page 69.)



A Discontented Hearer.

Poor, but Rich in Faith.

never to return. He could not take the eagle with him. "I will do one act of kindness before I go," said he, and unloosed the chain from the captive bird. The bird continued to walk the usual round which had been the length of its chain, unconscious that it was free. Neighbors and children looked on in surprise and pity. The discovery came in a few moments. The slow rustling of a wing was heard. It was stretched, and then folded. Anon it was stretched to its full extent, and then softly folded again. Then, slowly and cautiously, the eagle expanded both wings and looked up into the sky. One effort to mount, then another, and the wings have found their lost cunning; and upward, higher and speedier he mounted, until he soared right out of sight. Hast thou, O child of God, been pinioned long to the cares and toils of earth, so that thy wings of faith and love have lost their power to rise? Thou mayest soar again, "His grace is sufficient for thee."

A CLERGYMAN'S TWO HEARERS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

Standing one Sunday in summer near an old church in the country I watched the dispersion of the congregation. I was interested in noticing the friendly feeling that pervaded the little flock in which every one seemed to know the others, and to take a brotherly interest in them. It was so different in the city where the worshippers, on leaving the door, went their several ways without a sign of acquaintance with each other. The faces, too, of the gathering were worthy of study. There was in most cases an absence of the eager, anxious, hunted expression which those wear who walk paved streets.

Only one really moody, saturnine face did I notice in the whole crowd, and, strangely enough, the man to whom it belonged was the best-dressed person there. A big, portly man he was with a heavy watch-chain and a general look about him of wealth and prosperity. Yet he was evidently depressed and discontented. In striking contrast to him was a man behind who was making slow progress, with the aid of a stick and his wife's arm. The man was clearly suffering pain — rheumatic pain, I judged, by the twinges which each step produced. But, apart from the pain, his countenance almost shone with the light that proceeds from a soul that draws its sustenance from above.

"A good man, that," said my friend the clergyman, as he joined me. "One of the Lord's poor, rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom."

"Yes," I said, "I inferred that from the expression of his face. I was noticing the contrast between his appearance and that of a man who passed me a few moments ago."

"Ah, the squire you mean! Yes, there is a contrast, and as great a one in their characters. It depresses me to hear the squire talk. He is a thoroughly discontented man, yet he is surrounded with luxury. I sometimes think that the best thing that could come to him would be financial ruin. But he is in the Lord's hands and He will do what is best."

"And the other man, what of him?"

"You shall see. We will call on him this afternoon. I should like you to see what religion can do for a man. It is everything to him; he has scarcely anything else yet he and his wife are thoroughly happy. I tell you God can satisfy a man without worldly aid. There are days when there is not a dollar in the house, and, I believe, nothing to eat but bread, but I never hear him repine. His is a life of faith and peace and joy."

We went to the little cottage that afternoon. It was very poor as my friend had said. The broken floor and the absence of ordinary furniture showed that the man could not be much poorer. He said he could do but little work now, but God was very good to him, and he was thankful for many mercies. We found him seated near his wife who was reading to him about their Father's house in which there are many mansions, and I could see that he was rejoicing in the certainty of the glory to be revealed. It was a lesson never to be forgotten. Since then I have often thought of the two cases—the one whom earthly good could not satisfy, and the other who was abundantly satisfied with heavenly gifts.

THE SUSPECTED HOSPITAL PATIENT.

(See Illustration on page 77.)

"There is no hope for him anyway, and if he did live he would have to live in State's prison," said an angry man, as he stood looking at the mangled form of a human being, laid on a hospital table, to the surgeon who was making an examination. "You see he was caught in his own trap. He was my clerk, and he knew there was a lot of money in the safe. He made up his mind to have it, and he got it, but it has cost him his life. He must have found out the combination, and got the safe open, planted the money somewhere, and then tried to cover up his tracks by blowing up the safe, to make it look like a burglary. It needs a professional hand to work that trick successfully. This man blundered, and he has blown himself to pieces. If I knew where he had put the money I should not care if he died. It serves him right."

"That is not the way to talk now, sir," said the surgeon. "I shall do my best for this man, whether he is a criminal or not. If I can patch him together I shall be glad; if you want to prosecute him when he is well, you must do it. That is no affair of mine."

"Oh, I'll prosecute him fast enough. He has got nearly ten thousand dollars hid away somewhere. It was a cunning trick, but it will not pay with me. I suspected him right away, and the police agree with me. I hope you will bring him through that I may make him unload."

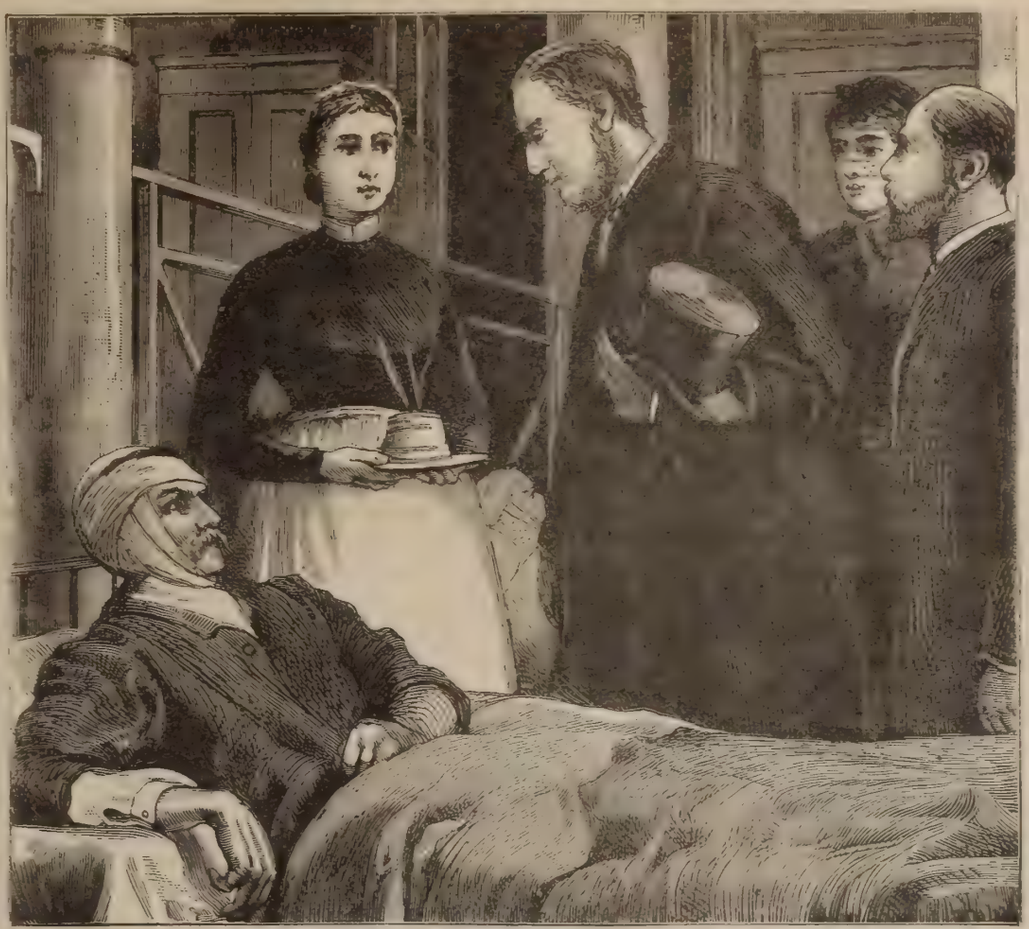
The surgeon went on with his almost hopeless task, and Mr. Carter went away. He was, as he often boasted, a self-made man, having risen from nothing until he could write his cheque for a million and have it honored. He could forgive any wrong-doing except robbery. The man who stole a quarter of a dollar from him he would pursue with savage vindictiveness, which nothing but the most severe punishment of the thief could appease. Those who knew him best did not dispute his assertion that he was "a self-made man," and hinted behind his back that the finished work did no credit to the maker. Kindness, benevolence, and mercy had been left out of the man, they said, and the less he boasted the better.

To the surprise of every one in the hospital, the patient, battered and mangled as he was, showed signs of recovery, and, after a critical period, when death semed very near to him, he became conscious and spoke feebly. The surgeon expressed his conviction that he would get well now if all went satisfactorily, and there were no relapse. He had said nothing in the hospital about the robbery, and the suspicions entertained against the patient, but he insisted on his being kept quiet, and forbade any one being admitted to see him.

One day, however, while the surgeon was absent and his assistant, who knew nothing of the circumstances, was on duty, Mr. Carter called. He had been there several times before, but had not been permitted to see the patient. This

time he was so persistent, and the sufferer was so much better, that he was allowed to go to his bedside. Not till then did the sick man know that he was suspected of the robbery. His story was clear enough. He said that "passing late at night the office in which he was employed he saw men, evidently burglars, moving around. He made his way in through a door that he found open, but the men had concealed themselves; he was groping around for matches to light the gas when an explosion occurred, and he knew no more until he came to himself in the hospital. If there had been a robbery it must have been done by the men whom he saw, and who returned after he was hurt."

"And you expect me to believe that, do you, Whatmore?" said Mr. Carter. "No, sir! I have lived too long in the world for that. You've got to tell me where that money is, and then I may let you down lightly. If not, we'll see what a term in State's prison will do."



The Clergyman's Good News for a Hospital Patient.

The man's agitation was extreme. That night his life was despaired of. The surgeon on his return found him raving wildly, and heard from the nurse what had occurred. Somehow, he could not believe the man to be guilty, and felt a sympathy for him. The next day he called on a clergyman with whom he was well acquainted, and, telling him the story, begged him to visit Whatmore if he should recover again sufficiently to talk. There was a marvellous vitality in the patient which in this crisis stood him in good stead. In a few days he was able to converse again, and the clergyman was sent for. He listened to the story and was convinced of Whatmore's innocence.

"I believe you are right," he said to the surgeon, as he went out. "The man does not talk like a guilty man. I will see what can be done. His distress is terrible."

The days passed, and Whatmore's case was a continued source of anxiety to the surgeon. The patient had relapse after relapse. No sooner did his physical condition improve than his mind reverted to the charge against him, and he sank into delirium, and his wounds became inflamed.

"It is of no use," said the surgeon, as he stood at the bedside one day. "I am not having a fair chance. This man will surely die or go demented."

"He was delirious all night," said the nurse who stood near with an inkstand in her hand while the surgeon made his usual record. "He is talking all the time about the money, and praying that God will either clear him or take his life. It is pitiful."

At that moment the clergyman who had visited Whatmore before was seen making his way to his bedside. He was accompanied by his wife, who looked compassionately on the sufferers as she passed through the ward. There was an eager expression on the clergyman's face which the surgeon noticed, and instinctively he stood aside to let him approach the patient.

"I have brought you good news, Whatmore," he said. "You are cleared. Even Carter admits that he was wrong. The burglars tried to pass some of the stolen money and were arrested. It is a clear case. You have nothing to do but to get well."

As he spoke every eye was turned upon him. The nurse and the surgeon listened with delight. But Whatmore seeemed scarcely able to realize it. Raising himself with difficulty on his elbow he looked intently in the clergyman's face.

"Is it really true, sir?" he asked. "I am not dreaming, am I? I have dreamed it sometimes while I have been lying here, and have waked up disappointed."

"Oh, no; it is quite true! Now, I will just kneel down and thank God with you for the vindication."

"Do, sir," said Whatmore: "I have prayed for this when I have been able, but I almost despaired at last. It is many years now since I put my trust in Him, and I could not understand this. Thank God He has not let me be put to shame. He is 'a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'"

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 63.*)

Tim the Cobbler.

IN a small cottage, not far from the gates of Aspen Chase, dwelt an odd character known throughout the whole of Aspendale as Tim the Cobbler. The cottage itself was built so that the gable end abutted on the main road, which ran through the centre of the village. On the lower floor was a large window extending almost from side to side of the cottage. In this were placed a number of bootlaces, heel and toe plates of various sizes, strips of leather, and other matters connected with Tim's calling, together with a few boots, shoes, and slippers, more or less the worse for wear, and which had been brought by the villagers for repairs.

A long, broad window shutter was suspended by hinges from the outer sill of Tim's cottage. It was not allowed, however, to fall into a perpendicular position against the wall, for Tim's wife, being, like John Gilpin's, of a thrifty turn of mind, had persuaded her spouse to supply it with a couple of legs, also fastened by hinges. By the aid of these the broad shutter, fixed in a horizontal position, did duty as a table or stall, on which were spread sundry small articles for sale. These were of a very miscellaneous character, and included nuts, fruits, flowers, vegetables, bottles of lemonade and ginger beer, and an assortment of candies. Among the rest were scattered such small matters connected with her husband's time-honored craft as shoestrings, buttons, buckles, and whatnot. Sally Crouch was not at all particular as to her stock in trade, so long as she could "turn an honest penny," to quote a favorite phrase of her own.

"Poor fooaks," she used to say, "mun live, an' Tim an' his lapstun' can't allus manage to keep the wolf from the dooar." Tim Crouch was a great politician. Though he had not the "gift of tongues," he certainly had a gift of tongue, and he put that to such constant use that there was evidently no reason why, like Tennyson's brook, his "chatter, chatter, chatter," should not "go on forever." Tim's shop was a sort of rendezvous for such of the villagers as had any spare time on their hands; and when Jacob Benson, the gamekeeper, Peter Prout, the miller, who did not belong to any political party, and Sam Vause, the blacksmith, whose politics were always on the side on which "the chance of beer did most preponderate," got together for argument, the cobbler's shop became a perfect pandemonium. It must be said, however, that, owing to his eloquent "gift of the gab," Tim generally came off triumphant. On those rare occasions when he was fairly driven into a corner, so that his tongue could no further avail him, he used to seize his lapstone, place a thick piece of leather on it, and hammer away at such a rate that his antagonists were literally beaten out of the field. The defeated trio would retire in a huff, and then the victor would drop his hammer, rub his stubbly black hair, which could scarcely have been cropped any closer, and say with a contemptuous smile of superiority, "Tim Crouch is a great deal more than a match for all on 'em put together."

Hither to the cobbler's shop, one raw and misty winter night, came Jacob Benson. "Hollo!" said Tim, as the gamekeeper stepped inside, "ah thowt 'at yo' weren't cummin' ageean, 'keeper." It must be explained that on the very last occasion of Jacob's visit, the lapstone logic had prevailed, and Jacob had retired in a passion, declaring that he would never come within earshot of the "thumping wind-bag" any more. "Sit yo' doon," continued Tim. "What's the news?"

"News!" said Jacob, in serious tones, "I've news that'll mak' your hair stand on end. Leastwise it would do if it was long anuff ever to lay doon." So saying the gamekeeper placed a small cutting-board across a pail that stood near the stove, in which certain balls of wax were floating to keep them moist for use, and sat down.

"I declare I've had quite a turn," he continued. "You know that stiff bit o' coppice just behind Aspen Garth, at the corner o' the larch plantation? Well, I've been watchin' that spot a good while. There's been a good deal of poachin' goin' on there lately. Last night I saw Nick Ste'enson, Chivey, you know, at least I could ha' sworn it was him, creep into the coppice, an' mak' for the wood side. Whether he got scent o' me or not, I can't say. I missed him an' went home in a bit of a temper."

"A big bit, I expect, if t' truth was known, size of a lump o' chalk," put in Tim with a laugh.

"We ain't got a worse poacher i' this neighborhood than he is," persisted Jacob. "Says I to myself, I'll nab yo' next tahme, my man, as sure as a gun. So to-night I went an' hid myself in a thorn-bush just by the hedge between t' coppice an' t' paddock. Well, I waited aboot an hour or so, an' began to think I'd ha' missed him. Then I hears somebody speakin' quietly to a dog. Lookin' through my bush, I saw as well as the mist would let me, a man peering through the hedge into the paddock. I was sure o' my man, cock sure.

"'Yis, Maister Chivey,' says I; 'you're in for it this tahme as sure as my name's Jake Benson. I'll mak' yo' stop if I ha' to wing yo' for it.' I rushes out meanin' to seize him by the collar, when the rascal clubbed his gun an' aimed a cracker at me that would ha' made me see stars if it had hit me. I ducked, an' down I fell all my length on the slippery grass. Then he jumps the hedge an' runs for it, an' I efter him. We crossed the paddock as though we were runnin' for t' Doncaster cup. Then I lost him. The mist was settlin' doon, an' I lost scent. Thinks I, he's gotten into t' stack-yard, an' will be dodgin' among t' stacks. Suddenly I popped round a hay-stack partly cut, an' in the corner I saw a man crouchin' down. Just as I stooped to seize him he jumps up, looks me straight i' the face, wi' such a pale pitiful look, an' says, 'Benson! for heaven's sake, let me go!' 'I couldn't ha' held a week-old rabbit, an' off he went into the darkness like a shot. Whoever do you think it was?'"

"Why, Chivey, to be sure!" said Tim with a grin; "an' he's chiveyed you ageean an' no mistak'."

"Tim Crouch! as sure as I'm a livin' sinner, it was no other than Alfred Atheling! Him as is wanted for forgerin', 'bezzlement, an' half murderin' a p'liceman!"

From this it will be seen that Madam Rumor, true to her lying tongue, had as usual added largely to the poor boy's offences, and was likely enough, by and by, to lay wholesale murder to his charge.

"Well, I *am* blowed!" said Cobbler Tim, speaking under his breath. Then, as if the odd expletive had exhausted his powers of speech, he sat with his arms extended and the wax-thread taut between, and looked at the gamekeeper in dumb surprise.

"To think that he should ha' ta'en to poachin'!" said Benson, in a tone that indicated his opinion that there was positively no deeper depth into which humanity could fall. "I shouldn't ha' thowt it possible. I allus took him to be a good sort of a lad, barrin' bein' a bit wild, but this caps all."

"Poachin'!" said Tim, contemptuously. "Not he. He hez ten thoosan' tahmes mair sense. You're not on it there, 'keeper. Ah see ezac'ly hoo it was. Chivey Ste'enson was the man you saw fost. It was Chivey that tried to club yo' wi' his gun. It was Chivey that gat ower t' paddock hedge an' ran. Then you missed him. Depend on it, he nivver went near t' stackyard; he wadn't be sitch a dodderin' idiot. It wad be runnin' inte t' roondhoose. He gav' yo' the slip, 'keeper, an' i' seekin' him, you com' slap on to young Atheling. But what was he aboot? Ah reckon he was home-sick, an' com' to have a look at t' owd Garth ageean. Poor beggar! He's browt his pigs to a fine market an' no mistak'."

It will be seen from this that Tim was not without a good deal of shrewd discernment, and the tone in which he said "poor beggar," betokened true feeling, though the expression was anything but complimentary.

Benson was much impressed by Tim's expression of opinion, and now that Alfred was relieved from the crowning odium of being a poacher, the gamekeeper began to think of him with some favor.

"Mebbe that is it," he said. "I'll warrant it is, poor lad. Tim, what had I better do?"

"Do?" said Tim, who, as a thorough-paced Radical as became his craft, had a natural antipathy to the law as represented by constables, policemen, magistrates, etc., "why, keep your tongue still, to be sure, old fellow, an' let the poor lad go."

"Why, I'd rather do that," said Benson. "He was a very nice young fellow. His brother Robert's one of a thoosand; and his mother—right you are, Tim, you an' me 'll niver give her more heartaches than she's gotten already. We'll keep a still tongue aboot it, as you say. Silly lad! noo that I know he hezn't been poachin', I seems to pity him. It's enough to mak' one agree wi' Simon Holmes, as it's a pity the lad ain't a religious character."

"A religious character!" said the cobbler, in sarcastic tones. "Ah don't knoa se mitch aboot that. All isn't gold that glitters. There's characters as is religious, an' there's characters as isn't; an' ah'll tell yo' what it is, ah'll finnd yo' them as isn't, that's a precious lot better than them as is. That's all ah've gotten to say on that subject. I ain't mitch opinion on 'em myself."

Strange to say, the gamekeeper, who as we have seen rather prided himself on being heterodox, was inclined to take up cudgels for the orthodox belief. "Why, as for that, Tim, I hain't so sure," he said. "If I was asked who I think to be the best characters in Aspendale, I should say Simon an' Becca Holmes, Mrs. Atheling, and Mr. Robert, an' some others, an' if my owd mother had been alive, I should ha' putten her i' the list, an' they're all religious fooaks. What do yo' say to that?"

"Say? why I says this," said Tim, preparing for the fray. "Look at Crimpley the grocer. He goes ivery Sunday to a chapel at Chilworth, 'cause Thorpe Aspen Church isn't good anuff for him; an' he hez prayers in his oan hoose, an' makes a deal to do aboot religion in his talk, and yet—Sally! come here!"

Sally came from her kitchen in answer to this call—her hands all white with flour; she was in the first stage of preparing the household bread. "Noo, Tim, what d'yo' want? Don't keep me botherin' here." "What was amiss wi' them corran's you got at Crimpley's t'other day?" he asked. "Short weight by nearly two ounces," quoth Sally, "but I took good care he had 'em back." "What did yo' finnd i' your tea-caddy, when I complained 'at the tea was like drinkin' senna, owd lass?" he further inquired. "Sloe leaves," said Sally. "Old Crimpley's a limb o' Satan, for all he's a chapel-goer. Thorpe Aspen Church is good anuff for me, an' a lahtle o' that goes a long way—but there, I hain't religious." There was a strong distillation of satire in the last words, and thereupon Sally went back to her breadmaking.

"There's a religious character for yo', Jacob," said Tim, triumphantly. "They're all alike!" As if to give prompt denial to his words, the door opened at that instant, and Simon Holmes appeared with a pair of boots in his hand that needed repairs.

"What's all alike, Tim?" said the carpenter, with a smile. "Not your boots, it's to be hoped, for these ha' com' off the welts before they're half worn."

The cobbler was taken aback; but as he did not by any means lack courage, and would not show the white feather before Jacob Benson, he said boldly enough, "Why, religious fooaks. We've been talking about Jonas Crimpley."

"Why, *he* isn't religious fooaks, is he, Tim? He only weears one hat," said Simon.

"Yis," retorted Tim, quickly, "but he weears two feeaces under it."

"Still he isn't religious fooaks, Tim, he's nobbut one, though he may hev' as many feeaces as a chotch clock," replied Simon, keeping Tim to the mark.

"Why, I was just mentionin' him as a specimen, yo' knoa," quoth the cobbler, "just to give t' 'keeper a idea o' what my opinion is aboot 'em—nut that there isn't exceptions, an' mebbe ah sudn't ha' te go far te finnd yan."

Simon was proof against the implied compliment. "Oh, that's it!" said he, innocently. "You pick oot one that you knoa, or think, at ony rate," said he, checking himself, "isn't up to the mark, an' then say that none of 'em are. I've heeard fooaks talk aboot bad logic, and I fancy that's a specimen, whether Jonas Crimpley is or no. But that's neither here nor there," he said, changing his tone, as if he was tired of the subject. "Ha' yo' gotten ony apples i' your apple-chaim'er?"

"Yis, a few bushels," replied the cobbler; "what mak's yo' ax?" "Why, I was wonderin', noo, if you had a chance o' sellin' 'em, whether you can warrant 'em soond an' sweet." Cobbler Tim began to hope that Simon Holmes had been deputed to make a bid for the apples, which he wished to sell in readiness for his Christmas rent.

"Oh, they're all right!" said he, "ah'll warrant there isn't monny weeasters among 'em."

"Is there one, Tim? Is there one?" said Simon, seriously. "Why, yis, it's varry likely there may be one, mebbe two, but that's neeather here nor there."

"Isn't it?" replied the carpenter. "Tak' my advice, Tim. Empty the lot into the pig-tub, for if there's a rotten red streak among 'em, they're a bad lot. I'se sorry for yo'. I doot yo' can't spare 'em ower weel."

"What i' the wo'ld are yo' talkin' aboot, Simon?" said the cobbler. "Ah tell yo', that spite o' one or two bad 'uns the lot is as sweet an' as soond as if they were still upo' t' trees."

"I'se glad to hear it, Tim, an' I'll try to get yo' a customer for 'em. Noo don't forget that 'religious fooaks' may be soond an' sweet in a general way, even when yo' kno' that there's a sprinklin' o' rotten 'uns. But I did think you had mair sense, Tim, than to pick up a rotten apple and say, 'They're all alike. You mustn't tell fooaks so, or you'll fail to sell your stock."

"That's a good un!" said Jacob Benson, who had not at first caught the carpenter's drift. "That's upset your apple-cart, Tim, an' no mistake," and the gamekeeper laughed heartily.

This was more than Tim could well stand; he looked round for his lapstone, afraid that he might be driven to that last resort: but resolved on a desperate effort to regain lost ground. "Why, you can't deny," said he, "that there's a good monny precious specimens o' the sooart ah meean all aboot. If you do, you're walkin' through the wo'ld wi' your eyes shut. They're as common as toadstools an' a'most as poisonous," and the cobbler made a wry face to express his disgust.

"I nivver denied it," said Simon. "There's ower monny that is not what they owt to be, more's the pity. But talkin' aboot toadstools. Will yo' nivver eat mushrooms 'cause some are so plaguey like 'em? Look here," he continued, pointing to a bad half-crown that the cobbler had nailed to his window-sill. "There's a good few o' these aboot, but if I was to offer you a half crown oot o' my pocket, an' say, 'Here, Tim, here's something for yo',' I reckon yo' wouldn't say, 'No, thank yo', they're all alike.' Coonterfeit coin, neighbor, is a proof that there's

some of the genuine article aboot somewhere. An' then what aboot these boots? Surely there's them that can cobble better than you, for if they 'are all alike,' then accordin' to present appearances, we shall hev' to go barefoot." Here he lifted up the defaulting pair. "Tim," he continued, seriously, "you are too shrewd a man to believe such nonsense, and like ninety-nine oot o' ivery hundred talkers agin religion, you know you don't mean what you say."

Before Simon Holmes had finished, Tim Crouch had rubbed his stubbly hair, had seized his hammer and lapstone, and as Simon Holmes and the gamekeeper traversed the darkened road together, they could hear the sharp rap-tap of the cobbler's strokes on the victimized leather. As the two parted at Simon's gate, the gamekeeper said, "Tim's at it yet, Simon."

"Ay, Jacob," said he, "lapstone logic is a thing you can hammer out for ony length o' time; but I expect he'll spoil the sole."

(To be continued.)

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 13, Gen. 15 : 5-21. Golden Text, ver. 1.

Lot Captured in War—His Deliverance—A Neglected Opportunity—Abram Rejects the Spoils—Money that Bears the Mark of the Beast—Abram's Trouble—Laid before God—The Reiterated Promise — Abram Trusting against Appearances—The Faith that Pleases God—A Sign Given—Sarai's Plan to Help the Promises Along—Thirteen Years of Silence—Communion Renewed.

WHILE Lot increased in riches, and doubtless also in prestige with the abominable men of Sodom, Abram grew in his acquaintance with God. Lot, from having pitched his tent toward Sodom, forsook his tent and his pilgrim life, and came to dwell in Sodom (Gen. 14 : 12). He thus became involved in the troubles of the city. War broke out, and Lot was taken prisoner. When this news came to Abram he lost no time, but "armed his trained servants" and went to the rescue. God watched over him and his possessions; he had no quarrels of his own to avenge, and thus was

At Liberty to Help Others

out of their difficulties. God was with him, and he recovered Lot and all that he possessed. This would have been a good opportunity for Lot to renounce his worldly associations, sacrifice his business prospects, and return to Abram's tent. But the love of the world had too great a hold on Lot. What would people think if he were to abandon the style in which he lived; would he not lessen any influence for good which his position gave him? Such are the arguments which worldly believers use nowadays, and, no doubt, Lot had some such thoughts in his heart some thirty-eight hundred years ago. The fact is, rich men *like* to be rich, and men of position *like* to be somebody, and the idea of pressing this position into God's service is but an excuse to keep what they do not want to part with. So Lot returned to his unblest possessions, while Abram met with Melchizedek, "the priest of the Most High God," and was blessed in the name of the Lord.

The King of Sodom offered Abram all the spoils which he had taken from the enemy, but he found the uncle a man of very different spirit from the nephew. Lot accepted what the world could give him in Sodom; Abram would "not take from a thread even to a shoelatchet," that the King of Sodom might not have it to say, "I have made Abram rich." Some religious societies are not very particular as to *how* they get money for their churches, halls, preachers, etc. Begging, raffling at church bazaars, concerts, even dances are got up to enrich the funds of religious societies. Is this done in the name of Christ? Shall the world say, "*I* have made Christ's cause rich"? Not more than one five hundredth of our national income goes to missions, so that there is not much ground to say that the world is enriching the cause of Christ. But the money obtained by such means as we have mentioned is best kept in the world, for the mark of the beast is upon it.

While Abram lived thus before God, God's communion with him and his with God was constant. "The Word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy Shield, and thy exceeding great Reward."

Abram was at Home with God.

A question had long been occupying his mind, and now, just when God had been speaking to him, he presented his difficulty to Him. "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus? . . . Behold, to me Thou hast given no seed: and, lo, one born in mine house is mine heir." There are times when God's children question Him without first making sure that they are in full communion with Him, and then no light comes upon them, and they are tried and disheartened. God is always willing to set His children at rest, but they must not come to Him like pettish children, *demanding* to be satisfied, but with a spirit which rests in Him and in the confidence that all He does is well, recognizing that all difficulty comes from their lack of understanding Him. Three times already had God made promises to Abram which touched his descendants (Gen. 12 : 2, 3, 7; 13 : 14-17), and yet, although some years had elapsed since the promise was first made, he had no child, and he and his wife were growing old. God was about to show him that He is

Above all Natural Law.

Thus, year after year had passed by, and the fulfilment of the promise had become, from a human point of view, absolutely impossible. God's answer to Abram's question was but a reiteration of His former promises; there was nothing more for sense to rest upon than before. God said: "This [*i.e.*, Eliezer] shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir. And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them. . . . So shall thy seed be." God had before spoken of Abram's seed as the dust of the earth—numerous, but earthly; now He spoke of a shining light giving seed which was to be as heaven upon earth. "They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham; . . . they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham" (Gal. 3 : 7, 9). "Abraham believed God; and He counted it to him for righteousness." Three times in the New Testament are these words repeated (Rom. 4 : 3, 6; Gal. 3 : 6; James 2 : 23), which shows how God prizes a heart which will trust Him against all appearances. It is easy to trust God when we see some probability of the accomplishment of His promises; but to go steadily on trusting that our "house" shall be saved (Acts 16 : 31), while every day some of the members of that house are going further away from God; trusting on for blessing in Christian work, while we see in that work so many things which need to be altered, and do not see that alteration taking place, though we have trusted the thing over into God's hands—this is faith, and this pleases God. Yet faith is not a rash self-assertion. There are some who, without any balance, or renunciation of themselves, think that God is pledged to support them in *their* views of things, and who get grievously disappointed when what *they* have thought faith seems to be unresponded to. We are

Created to Enter into God's Thoughts,

not to pioneer Him or bring Him into ours.

A fourth time God assured Abram of His promise regarding the land, and Abram asked, "Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" God prescribed a sacrifice, and Abram took a heifer, a she-goat, and a ram, each three years old, and a turtle-dove and a young pigeon. Each of these, except the birds, he divided, in the midst. Nothing happened, but Abram waited on. It was with God he was dealing, and it was not for him to hurry God. Would that we all could learn this lesson! As the day wore away the birds of prey which had attempted to interfere with the sacrifice ceased to trouble Abram. When we take a position of faith, then is the time that the enemy tries to harass us, especially if our faith is long tried. As the sun went down Abram fell into a deep sleep, and "an horror of great darkness fell upon him;" it was a sleep from outward things, but not too deep for him to hear the voice of God, who explained to him the future of his descendants and the reason of His delay in giving him the land—because the iniquity of the Amorites, the present possessors, was "not yet full." But this was not all; Abram's long waiting time was not in vain, "a burning lamp passed between those pieces," the sign he had desired was given him; and "the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram" to give the land to his seed.

To those who have not known what it is to tread out upon the promises of God and to find themselves alone there without support from the faith of others, it will occasion no surprise that Abram's

Faith Sometimes Failed

him. His wife had not the same simple confidence in God which he had, and to her it seemed the most sensible thing to *do* something toward the fulfilment of God's promises. She had no hope in herself that she could bear a child, her husband was about eighty-five years old, and so she cast about to find out what was the best thing to do. It was no uncommon thing among the tribes around for the kings and princes to have concubines from among their servants. This was not the law of God, but in spite of that, Sarai suggested to Abram that he should thus take Hagar, her Egyptian maid.

Abram Did Not Ask God;

he took for granted that if Sarai, the chief party concerned, could suggest such a thing, there could not be much harm in it, and he thought it might be that in this way a son should be born to him. God needed no such help from Abram. True, a son was born, but family trouble and disagreement broke out, Hagar and Sarai both suffered, and, worst of all, Abram himself, by this act of unbelief, instead of expediting matters, just retarded the fulfilment of God's promise, and for thirteen years we hear no more of God's communing with him. Thirteen years' silence on the part of God was indeed a severe reproof. Oh, how it teaches us to keep our place with God, and not to meddle with the fulfilment of His promises!

At the end of thirteen years God once more spoke to Abram (the renewal of communion always begins on the God side). He said, "I am the Almighty God," as though to imply, "There is no need to help *Me*;" "walk before *Me*"—"not before Sarai, nor before your own judgment, but before Me"—"and be thou perfect"—"there will be no slips while you are dealing with Me." And then God gave to Abram the covenant of circumcision, a covenant which admitted of

Something on Abram's Side

—he and his descendants were to be marked in their flesh as God's; and there came, with the covenant of God, a wealth of promise to Abraham, and the new name "Abraham," instead of "Abram." "I will make My covenant between Me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly, . . . and thou shalt be a father of many nations," etc. (Gen. 17 : 2-14, 19-21). God keeps covenant, God is to be depended upon, God binds Himself to keep His Word.

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"COME UNTO ME."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — Matt. xi., 28.

Jesus is waiting to welcome the weary,
Worn with the world's fruitless striving for peace,
Tired with a night-watch that knoweth no morning,
Sick with a heart-ache that earth cannot ease.

Jesus is waiting—He standeth and knocketh,
Calling in love upon each one oppressed—
"Come unto Me, sinner, weary and laden,
I will refresh you and give you My rest.

"Long have you striven to find it without Me,
Sought it in feelings, emotional, vain;
These have all failed you, and still you are restless,
Seeking to purchase what nought can obtain.

"Will you not come? You need no preparation:
Stay not to think, but come just as you are;
Bring nothing with you, for love giveth freely,
Peace—perfect peace—that no sorrow can mar.

"Doubting and troubled one, can you not trust Me?
Able to save you from every ill,
Able to lead you through conflict to glory,
Able to say to life's storm, 'Peace, be still!'

"Oh! I am yearning to see you unburdened,
Death did I suffer that you might be free;
Will you not come? and by life-consecration
Try to win others, and bring them to Me?"

—*Charlotte Murray.*

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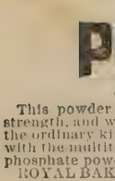

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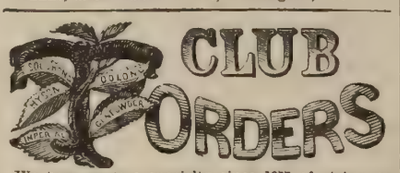

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PRINCE BISMARCK.

Ancestry — His Mother—School-life—University Career—Enters Court Circles in 1835—Military Services, and Election to the Diet in 1847—His Political Power — Installed Ambassador to Frankfort in 1851, St. Petersburg in 1859, and Paris in 1862 — Forms a Cabinet — Attitude toward Austria—The Victory at Sadowa in 1866—War Declared by France in 1870—The Great Victory of Sedan—King William Proclaimed Emperor—An Attempt on Bismarck's Life in 1874.

Among the statesmen of Europe there is no figure more conspicuous than that of the Chancellor of the German Empire, *whose portrait appears* on the first page of this number. During the past two decades his influence has exercised a power in European affairs greater than that of any other man. Nor has it diminished; at the present moment, when all Europe is vaguely apprehensive of war, and a solemn hush of expectancy seems to have fallen upon the nations like that which weighs upon nature before the bursting of a thunderstorm, all eyes are turned upon him with the consciousness that on the course he may take during the next few months hangs the issue of peace or war. He is an extraordinary man whose life and character well repay study.

The Bismarck Family

was known in Stendal more than six hundred years ago, but the first Bismarck of note was Rudolf von Bismarck, who, though distinguished as a member of the Guild of Tailors, took a prominent part in the management of matters political and social affecting his native town, and, having quarrelled with the clerical authorities, died under the ban of excommunication.

In the sixteenth century the Bismarck estates at Burgstall, adjoining Stendal were coveted by the Margrave John George, who was passionately fond of hunting, and complained that the family's rights over the forest interfered with his convenience, so that finally the Bismarcks were compelled to exchange their ancestral seat for other properties granted to different branches—the branch to which the Chancellor belongs, receiving Schönhausen, the agreement being signed in 1562. There, from that time, fathers and sons have successively lived, some distinguishing themselves in war, others in diplomacy, and others again leading the quiet, unexciting life of plain country gentlemen. There lived Carl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Bismarck, an ex-captain of the Prussian Body Guard, and his wife, Louise Wilhelmina Menken, the daughter of a highly-reputable Privy Councillor, and there on April 1st, 1815, was born their third son, Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck, *whose portrait is given on our frontispiece*, and who is now in the seventy-second year of his age.

Bismarck's Mother

was a very superior woman. She combined a rare proficiency in the accomplishments and refinements of the highest society with an equally rare proficiency in every branch of domestic economy; and, more than this, she was *a Christian woman*, full of zeal, but free from bigotry. She exercised a powerful influence upon the formation of the mind and principles of Otto in the earliest and most plastic period of the boy's life.

His early years were not passed in his ancestral home as Schönhausen, but at Kniephof, Pomerania, where his father possessed a second estate, to which he removed shortly after the boy's birth. Numerous reminiscences have been published of Bismarck's

Youthful Career,

many of which show that the traits which have made the man remarkable were present in the boy. One of these was *his restlessness*; he could never bear to sit quiet at meals, and was eventually relegated by his parents to a side-table which he had all to himself.

One day in 1820, an officer, Major von Schineling, was dining with his father and mother, and having been wounded in a recent campaign, still wore his arm in a sling. The little boy gazed at him earnestly for some time, looking alternately at the Iron Cross on his breast and his bandaged arm, and suddenly jumping off his seat, planted himself before the officer, with his legs wide apart, and his hands on his hips, and asked abruptly, "Was it a shot from a cannon ball?" (*See Illustration No. 1 on first page.*)

When he was six years old the little Otto was sent to school at Berlin, where his elder brother was already studying. There he remained until his seventeenth year, when he was sent to Gottingen University, where he presented himself in 1832 in company with some young Mecklemburg noblemen, with whom he had just taken a pedestrian tour in the Harz Mountains. The party celebrated their arrival by a wine supper in Bismarck's new quarters. During the evening a bottle was thrown out of the window, for which offence Bismarck was summoned to appear before the Dean. He immediately obeyed, walking through the streets in his dressing-gown, and accompanied by a huge English hound. The Dean, astonished at such an apparition, and alarmed by the dog, who had sprung forward to protect his master, asked, "What do you want, sir?" Bismarck answered, "I don't want anything; what do *you* want with me?" showing the citation which he held in his hand. (*See Illustration No. 2.*)

Bismarck was first ordered to put the dog out of the room, next fined five thalers for illegally keeping the animal, and then mulcted still further for the affair of the bottle.

In 1838 Bismarck served a year of military service, and, during that period, as in his student days, distinguished himself by the wildness of his living, and the rough character of his practical jokes, rather than by earnest application to work. In 1839 his mother died, and from that time Bismarck appears to have chiefly lived in the country with his father. However, he did not neglect his military duties, serving both with the Landwehr Cavalry and the Uhlans, and taking occasional holiday trips to France, and even to England, though for true enjoyment he seems to have preferred the desolate shores of the North Sea. In 1845 his father died, and Bismarck received as his portion Schönhausen, in addition to Kniephof and Jarchelin, which had fallen to his share when he Pomeranian estates were divided on his brother's marriage four years earlier. Two years later he married Fraulein Johanna von Puttkamer, a lady nine years younger than himself, whom he loved devotedly. It is a curious fact that her family objected to the match on the ground that the future Chancellor was a madman.

Bismarck now began to take part in public life, became a Dyke Inspector, was subsequently elected a Deputy in the Saxon Diet, and had a seat

In the First United Diet.

Once launched on the stormy seas of political life, Bismarck showed himself a fearless speaker, denouncing the opinions of those who differed with him in a bold and hectoring manner, which astonished the Deputies, who winced under his biting irony. He was soon recognized as one of the ablest leaders of the Conservative Party, and fought sturdily against the Democrats, joining to his stanch loyalty a rigid Prussian particularism, which led him to vigorously combat that very union of Germany which he has been since so instrumental in achieving. It was not at that time the unity of Germany that he disliked, but union under Austria, which would in those days have been the only unity possible.

His talents were next tested in a diplomatic sphere. In the year 1851, he was installed as

Ambassador to Frankfort.

He mainly devoted his energies against Austrian influence, using to counteract it his social, as well as his political, influence, and, loyally aided by his gifted wife, made his house one of the most hospitable in Frankfort.

It was in 1857, during a brief visit to Paris, that Bismarck first met Napoleon III., and formed the acquaintance which was destined to end so fatally for the Emperor. His letters to his wife at this date showed that he was unfavorably impressed by the French capital, the Emperor, and the people. Two years later he was appointed minister to Russia, which post he held until 1862, to the satisfaction alike of the Berlin Government and the Czar. At this time his opposition to Austria was the cardinal feature of his policy, and he strongly advocated an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France against her. It was with this idea in his mind that, in May, 1862, he sought and received permission to transfer his services from St. Petersburg to Paris. He remained there until September, 1862, when he was summoned to Berlin to become

Prime Minister.

Bismarck now had in his hands the power which he had long coveted, and set himself to the task of raising Prussia to the first rank among European nations. Then began the strife between the Cabinet and the Parliament, one of the most remarkable political struggles which have ever occurred in history.

Suddenly, in January, 1864, a long-continued feud with Denmark regarding the sovereignty of

The Schleswig-Holstein Duchies.

broke out afresh, and, to the astonishment of Europe, Prussia, and Austria, joined forces to crush the unfortunate Dane. The result of the war showed clearly how efficient was the military organization for which King and minister had fought so strenuously, and people began to think that the minister might be successful, after all. When the peace preliminaries were signed, in August, 1864, Bismarck went with the King to Vienna, and after a brief holiday returned with renewed vigor to his Parliamentary conflict. The Deputies once more rejected his army bills, and declining to vote the Budget containing the expenses of the Danish war, once more Parliament was prorogued, and he declared that he would govern without it.

The time had now arrived for

The Supreme Struggle with Austria

for the first place in Germany. Bismarck recognized the fact, and shrewdly and promptly chose his time. The Dane had been forced to relinquish his hold on the duchies by his two powerful foes. He now could sit still and see those foes grapple with each other in a struggle for the plunder. In June, 1866, Prussian troops, in defiance of Austria, occupied the Duchy of Holstein, and Austria found herself braved by Prussia on one side and attacked by Italy on another. On June 15th war was declared with Austria and her allies, Hanover and Saxony, and Prussia struck hard and sharp. Moltke, under Bismarck's inspiration, had been long preparing for this life-and-death struggle, and had brought the army into a condition of perfect machine-like discipline. The campaign was short and decisive. On July 3d Bismarck, sitting on his horse on the battle-field of Sadowa, saw in the retreating legions of Austria the realization of the hopes and aspirations of fifteen years of toil and struggle. Peace was signed on July 26th, 1866, and henceforth Prussia's supremacy in Germany was recognized.

Bismarck lost no time in gathering the fruits of Sadowa, and while taking part in the triumphal festivities at Berlin, in which he was now regarded as a popular hero, he was busily completing his scheme for the reorganization of Germany, which attained its fulfilment in the formation of the North German Confederation, with Prussia as its recognized head. Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and other disobedient Principalities were annexed, while offensive and defensive treaties were concluded with Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Baden, and Bismarck devoted himself afresh to the great work of consolidating the numerous Teutonic fractions into one homogeneous whole.

War with France.

was an inevitable result of this consolidation. Already that fact had been foreseen by the Prussian statesman, and preparation made for it. Napoleon III. had missed his opportunity. If when war was declared between Austria and

Prussia he had gone to Austria's assistance there would have been no Sedan. But Bismarck's skilful diplomacy had precluded this alliance, which would have been fatal to his policy. Seeing that the way of Prussia involved a conflict both with Austria and France, he had carefully laid his plans to engage his two foes separately. Napoleon was outwitted as well as outfought. He realized his mistake too late, and attempted to retrieve it before German unity was achieved. His opportunity came in 1870. Prussia had nominated a Hohenzollern prince for the throne of Spain, and, in deference to French remonstrances, had withdrawn him. France wanted now a virtual apology in addition. This King William refused, and on July 13th turned his back on M. Benedetti at Ems. Two days later Napoleon III. declared war.

The events of the campaign which followed are too fresh in the memory of this generation to need recapitulation here. On September 1st, after a series of crushing defeats, the French army was surrounded at Sedan, and Bismarck, from his post near the King on the field of battle, saw the last obstacle to German unity removed. (*See illustration No.* 3.) On the following day Napoleon himself craved an interview with his victorious foe, and Bismarck hurried from the field to meet him. They met in the high road, and Bismarck greeted the fallen monarch with the respect of a magnanimous enemy (*see illustration No.*4), just as though he were in St, Cloud. Napoleon bade him be covered, and asked for the King, and then inquired whether any quiet place could be found. A cottage was at last discovered, and in a room, ten feet square, with a deal table and two rush-bottom chairs, Bismarck and the Emperor sat for an hour, and the fate of the Third French Empire was sealed.

Napoleon hoped that his surrender would have ended the war, but it was not to be. The French people, maddened by disaster, refused to treat on terms satisfactory to the victor, and Paris was besieged. At Versailles Bismarck installed himself and his whole staff of Councillors and Staff in a villa, and there conducted both the internal and external affairs of his country, as calmly and coolly as though in his ministry at Berlin. On January 18th, 1871, the topmost stone was placed upon the edifice of German unity which Bismarck had built up with so much care when in the Galérie des Glaces of the Grand Monarque, the

Proclamation of the Empire.

took place, and King William of Prussia became Emperor of Germany, amid the deafening *Hochs* of his victorious army, and Bismarck's long and arduous labors were crowned with success.

The man and the father, however, were not wholly absorbed in the statesman. Bismarck's son Herbert was lying wounded at Mars-la-Tour, and thither the illustrious statesman hurried to visit him. (*See illustration No.* 5.)

It was not to a life of ease and inactivity that Bismarck returned after his triumph over France. His conflict with the Romish Church and with the socialists have kept his life in continual turmoil. Nor was personal danger over for him when he had quitted the field of battle. One such danger was escaped on July 13th, 1874, when, while staying at Kissingen, a man named Kullman shot at him, and Bismarck narrowly escaped death. That the German people, however discontented they might be, did not approve of assassination, was manifested by the ovation he received when it was seen that the diabolical attempt to kill him had failed. (*See illustration No.* 6.)

It is gratifying to learn, on the authority of a writer who claims to have personal knowledge of Prince Bismarck's private life, that the great chancellor is a man of piety. He and his beloved wife are most careful in the religious training of their family, and on several occasions Bismarck has broken his usual reticence to express his implicit faith and dependence on God and his profound conviction of the truth of Christianity.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Expecting Christ's Return.—**A Worker,** speaking at a recent meeting of the imminent Second Coming of Christ, said: "There is an aged minister living in Glasgow, who, though he is very old, thinks that Christ may come again before he dies, and every night before going to bed he draws up his window-blinds that he may, should Christ come that night, catch the first sight of Him as He descends through the air accompanied by His angels. 'Blessed are they whom the Lord shall find watching.'"

No Time to Argue With Satan.—**Mr. Calder** remarked: "An aged man was once tempted to do a certain piece of very sinful work, but by God's help he was able to overcome the temptation. Still Satan tempted him, and tried to persuade him to sin, but the old workman said, 'No, Satan, I'll not do it; and I have no time to argue with you, so just leave me alone as I have another job to attend to.' But yet Satan would not let him go, but continued to tempt him; then the man lost patience, and cried, 'Get ye gone, Satan; I am going to have a feast with my Father,' and he knelt down and prayed to God. Then the temptation was completely removed from him, and he was enabled to go about his customary work. Now, whenever that old man is tempted, he goes right to Jesus, his Almighty Friend, and has the temptation taken away at once."

A Stolen Jug of Beer.—**A Temperance Advocate** observed: "Not long ago a boy was arrested for stealing a jug of beer. He had not drunk it himself, but had run off home with it. When inquiries were made, it was discovered that he had stolen the drink for his father, who lay at home helplessly intoxicated. He was a clever mechanic, and earned good wages, but he spent them all on strong drink. His wife, who had been a clean, tidy, good, moral young woman previous to her marriage, had been so influenced by her husband's example that she, too, had taken to drink, and was now a worse drunkard than her husband, and when some friends went to look for her, they found her in one of those drinking saloons in company with five of the worst women in the city. How could a boy brought up in such a moral atmosphere fail to be depraved? Accustomed from his earliest days to such scenes, he formed mistaken ideas of right and wrong. That man by his selfish passion for drink ruined for time and eternity not only himself but his wife and his child, and one day before the great white throne their blood shall be required of him."

Crossing a Swollen Stream.—**The Rev. Mr. Ross** said: "I know a minister who tells the following story about himself: 'When I was a very little boy I had occasion to make a journey of some length in company with my father. We lived in the Highlands, and the journey lay over a stream which came down from the hills. On setting out we crossed this stream, stepping from stone to stone, and so got over almost dry-shod; but when we were returning we found the stream greatly swollen, there having been rain in the interval, and what had in the morning been a small stream was now a roaring torrent. At first my father hesitated to attempt to ford it; but, gathering courage, he took me by the hand, and we stepped into the stream. As we advanced, the water gradually rose to my knees, to my waist, to my neck; we were then in the middle of the stream, and as I looked round and saw the water on every side, my heart failed me, my strength gave way, and I felt myself losing my feet. Just then my father looked down, and seeing my state, said, "Johnnie, do you see that white mark over there?" "Yes," I said. "Then keep your eyes on it, and don't look from it." I did as I was told, and soon, under the careful guidance of my father, I reached the other side in safety. And is it not much the same with the Christian? Though we in a way trust in Christ, yet when we look around us and see the cares, trials, and temptations of this life, we are apt to be troubled and lose our footing—our faith. But just then the voice of our Father comes, saying, "Fix your eyes on the mark in front—on the blessed Lord Jesus," and walking in faith, looking unto Jesus, and with our Father's tender care, we shall soon reach the other side in safety.'"

A Conference of Rats.—**An Earnest Worker** related a fable: "I once heard a temperance fable, and I think I can't do better than give it to you. Once the rats all met in solemn conclave to decide how to get the bait out of the trap without injury to themselves. They had lost so many of their number by heedlessly rushing into the trap tempted by the bait, that they had come to the conclusion that some plan must be devised that would allow them to obtain the cheese with greater safety to themselves. At first, all were nonplussed, but at length an old gray rat rose, and suggested that one paw should be used to hold down the spring, while the other scraped out the bait. This device rather pleased the majority, and was about to be adopted when there hopped forward a rat with only three legs. 'One moment,' said he, 'that plan has been tried already, and though for some time it may succeed, yet by familiarity one becomes careless, and sooner or later snap goes the spring. Then are you indeed fortunate if you escape even as I am. Suppose,' continued he, 'that you try leaving it alone, and you will find you can get on well enough without it.' That is the only safe way to deal with sin."

Some Children Nearly Poisoned.—**Some Years** ago there was a party of young children, and the people who gave the party had a fine large garden full of gooseberry bushes and other fruit bushes. The children got liberty to take as much fruit as they wanted; but they were specially warned against eating any of the fruit of a large laburnum tree which grew in the garden, being told that it was extremely poisonous. All the children promised obedience, but no sooner were the adults out of sight than four or five left the fruit bushes and stood looking up into the tree. Nor did they stop there; they climbed up, got of the poisonous fruit, and did eat. Yes, although it had a most disagreeable taste, yet because it had been forbidden them, they thought there must be something peculiarly good about it, and that the older people wished to keep it all to themselves. But they soon found out that they had done wrong, for they were very sick and some just escaped death. So when we get Christ's commands in the Bible, we should obey them, and not begin to reason as to whether it will be for our benefit or not. God knows best, and if we are His then He will order all things for our good. And if we do forsake God and follow our own judgment, we shall find when too late our sad mistake."

Mary, the Miner's Daughter.—**Mr. William**son observed: "Some time ago a miner with his little girl was passing an open-air meeting, where the Gospel was being declared. A word from the speaker's lips touched his heart that had long been closed against the Sun of Righteousness. He tried, as many do, to banish the solemn thoughts, but failing to do so, at a late hour he went to his little girl's bedside, and, waking her gently, he said, 'Mary, will you pray for your drunken father?' When the little one was fairly aroused from her slumber, she sat up in bed, and putting both her tiny hands together, she prayed in childish words that the Lord would save him. 'Now, father,' she said, 'give me my Bible, and I will read a bit for you.' She opened the Bible, and read, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'What does it mean by whosoever, Mary?' he asked. 'My teacher told me that it meant everybody who likes. I know it means me at any rate, father, and I am sure it must mean you, too.' 'Go to sleep, Mary,' he said; 'I understand it now.' There that rough collier, kneeling by the bedside of his little Mary, who seemed to him a God-sent messenger, asked forgiveness, and received the pardon of all his sins."

PILLARS OF SMOKE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 6, 1887.

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?"—CANTICLES 3 : 6.

The Wonderful Architecture of Smoke—Bible References to It—Typical of the Church—The Smoke of Martyrdom—Persecutors not all Catholics—Bancroft's Indictment of Protestant Persecutors—Historical Massacres—The Evangelist and the Gamblers at Ashtabula—The Complaint from the Theatres—Smoke a Symbol of Beauty—Spires of Churches as Moral Thermometers—A Beatific Institution—Perfumed Smoke—President Lincoln's Calculation—The Arbiter of Nations—A Symbol of Speed—That Last Universal Blaze.

THE architecture of the smoke is wondrous, whether God with His finger curls it into a cloud or rounds it into a dome, or points it in a spire, or spreads it in a wing, or, as in the text, hoists it in a pillar. Watch it winding up from the country farmhouse in the early morning, showing that the pastoral industries have begun; or, see it ascending from the chimneys of the city, telling of the homes fed, the factories turning out valuable fabric, the printing-presses preparing book and newspaper, and all the ten thousand wheels of work in motion. On a clear day this vapor spoken of mounts with such buoyancy, and spreads such a delicate veil across the sky, and traces such graceful lines of circle and semicircle, and waves and tosses and sinks and soars and scatters with such affluence of shape and color and suggestiveness that, if you have never noticed it, you are like a man who has all his life lived in Paris, and yet never seen the Luxembourg, or all his life in Rome and never seen the Vatican, or all his life at Lockport and never seen Niagara. Forty-four times the Bible speaks of the smoke, and it is about time that somebody preached a sermon recognizing this strange, weird, beautiful, elastic, charming,

Terrific and Fascinating Vapor.

Across the Bible sky floats the smoke of Sinai, the smoke of Sodom, the smoke of Ai, the smoke of the pit, the smoke of the volcanic hills when God touches them, and in my text the glorious Church of God coming up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke.

In the first place, these pillars of smoke in my text *indicate the suffering* the Church of God has endured. What do I mean by the Church? I mean not a building, not a sect, but those who, in all ages, and all lands, and of all beliefs, love God, and are trying to do right. For many centuries the heavens have been black with

The Smoke of Martyrdom.

If set side by side you could girdle the earth with the fires of persecution. Rowland Taylor burned at Hadleigh; Latimer burned at Oxford; John Rogers burned at Smithfield; John Hooper burned at Gloucester; John Huss burned at Constance; Lawrence Saunders burned at Coventry; Joan of Arc burned at Rouen.

Protestants have represented Catholics as having a monopoly of persecutors, but *both Protestant and Catholic* have practised infamous cruelties. The Catholics, during the reign of Hunneric, were by Protestants put to the worst tortures stripped of their clothing, hoisted in the air by pulleys with weights suspended from their feet, then let down, and ears and eyes, nose and tongue were amputated, and red-hot plates of iron were put against the tenderest part of their bodies.

George Bancroft, the historian, says of the State of Maryland: "In the land which Catholics had opened to Protestants mass might not be said publicly; no Catholic priest or bishop might utter his faith in a voice of persuasion; no Catholic might teach the young. If a wayward child of a Papist would but become an apostate, the law wrested for him from his parents a share of their property. Such were the methods adopted to prevent the growth of Popery."

Catholicism as well as Protestantism

has had its martyrs. It does seem as if when any one sect got complete dominancy in any land, the devil of persecution and cruelty took possession of that sect. Then see the Catholics after the Huguenots. See the Gentiles after the Jews in Touraine, where a great pit was dug and fire lighted at the bottom of the pit, and one hundred and sixty Jewish victims were consumed. See the Presbyterian Parliament of England, more tyrannical in their treatment of opponents than had been the criminal courts. Persecution against the Baptists by Pedo-Baptists. Persecution of the Established Church against the Methodist Church. Persecution against the Quakers. Persecution against the Presbyterians. Under Emperor Diocletian one hundred and forty-four thousand Christians were massacred, and seven hundred thousand more of them died from banishment and exposure.

Witness the sufferings of the Waldenses, of the Albigenses, of the Nestorians. Witness St. Bartholomew's massacre. Witness the Duke of Alva driving out of life eighteen thousand Christians. Witness Herod, and Nero, and Decius, and Hildebrand, and Torquemada, and Earl of Montfort, and Lord Claverhouse, who when told that he must give account for his cruelties, said, "I have no need to account to man, and as for God I will take Him in my own hands." A red line runs through the Church history of nineteen hundred years, a line of blood. Not by the hundreds of thousands, but by the millions must we count those slain for Christ's sake. No wonder John Milton put the groans of the martyrs to an immortal tune, writing:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

The smoke of martyrs' homes and martyrs' bodies if rolling up all at once would have eclipsed the noonday sun, and turned the brightest day the world ever saw into a midnight. "Who is she that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?"

Has Persecution Ceased?

Ask that young man who is trying to be a Christian in a store or factory, where from morning to night he is the butt of all the mean witticisms of unbelieving employés. Ask that wife whose husband makes her fondness for the house of God, and even her kneeling prayer by the bedside a derision, and is no more fit for her holy companionship than a filthy crow would be fit companion for a robin or a golden oriole. Compromise with the world and surrender to its conventionalities and it may let you alone, but all who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Be a theatre-going, card-playing, wine-drinking, round-dancing Christian, and you may escape criticism and social pressure. But be an up and down, out and out follower of Christ, and worldling will wink to worldling as he speaks your name, and you will be put in many a doggerel, and snubbed by those not worthy to blacken your oldest shoes. When

The Bridge at Ashtabula

broke, and let down the most of the carload of passengers to instant death, Mr. P. P. Bliss was seated on one side of the aisle of the car writing down a Christian song which he was composing, and on the other side a group of men were playing cards. Whose landing-place in eternity would you prefer—that of P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, or of the card-players?

High Hats at Theatres

A great complaint comes from the theatres about the ladies' high hats, because they obstruct the view of the stage, and a lady reporter asked me the other day what I thought about it, and I told her that if the indecent pictures of actresses in the show windows of Brooklyn and New York were accurate pictures of what goes on in many of the theatres, night by night, then it would be well if the *ladies' hats were a mile high*, so as to completely obstruct the vision. If professed Christians go to such places during the week, no one will ever persecute them for their religion, for they have none, and they are the joke of hell. But let them live a consecrated and Christian life and they will soon run against sneering opposition.

For a compromise Christian character an easy time now, but for consecrated behavior, grimace and caricature. For the body, thanks to the God of free America, there are now no swords or fiery stakes, but for the souls of thousands of the good, in a figurative sense, rack and gibbet and Torquemada. The symbol of the domestic and social and private and public suffering of a great multitude of God's dear children, pillars of smoke. What

An Exciting Scene in India

when, during the Sepoy rebellion, a regiment of Highlanders came up and found the dead body of one of General Wheeler's daughters, who had been insulted and mauled and slain by the Sepoys. So great was the wrath against these murderers that the Scotch regiment sat down, and, cutting off the hair of this dead daughter of General Wheeler, they divided it among them, and each one counted the number of the hairs given him, and each took an oath, which was executed, that for each hair of the murdered daughter they would dash out the life of a bestial Sepoy. But as we look over the story of those who in all ages have suffered for the truth, while we leave vengeance to the Lord, let us band together in one solemn vow, one tremendous oath, after having counted the host of the martyrs, that for each one of those glorious men and women who died for the truth an immortal soul shall live, live with God and live forever.

But as I already hinted in the first sentence of this sermon, nothing can be more beautiful than the figures of smoke on a clear sky. You can see what you will in the contour of this volatile vapor, now enchanted castles, now troops of horsemen, now bannered procession, now winged couriers, now a black angel of wrath under a spear of the sunshine turned to an angel of light, and now from horizon to horizon the air is a picture-gallery filled with masterpieces of which God is the artist, morning clouds of smoke born in the sunrise, and evening clouds of smoke laid in the burnished sepulchres of the sunset.

The beauty of the transfigured smoke is a divine

Symbol of the Beauty

of the Church. The fairest of all the fair is she. Do not call those persecutors of whom I spoke, the Church. They are the parasites of the Church, not the Church itself. Her mission is to cover the earth with a supernatural gladness, to open all the prison-doors, to balsam all the wounds, to moss all the graves, to burn up the night in the fireplace of a great morning, to change iron handcuffs into diamonded wristlets, to turn the whole race around, and whereas it faced death, commanding it, "Right about face for heaven!" According to the number of the spires of the churches in all our cities, towns, and neighborhoods, are the good homes, the worldly prosperities, and the pure morals, and the happy souls.

Meet me at any depot the world over, and with my eyes closed, take me by the hand, and lead me so that my feet will not stumble, and without my once looking down, or looking on the level, take me to some high roof or tower and let me see the tops of the churches, and I will tell you the proportion of suicides, of arsons, of murders, of thefts. According as the churches are numerous are the crimes few. According as the churches are few the crimes are numerous.

The Most Beautiful Organization

the world ever saw or ever will see is the much-maligned Church, the friend of all good, the foe of all evil, "fair as the moon and clear as the sun." Beautiful in her author, beautiful in her mission, the heroine of the centuries, the bride of Christ, the queen of the nations!

Men may desecrate it, as Cromwell when he stabled his cavalry horses in St. Paul's Cathedral; or break off the image of Christ, as did the iconoclasts in York Minster; or hurl against it august literary antipathies, as did Gibbon; or plot its overthrow, as do some in every community whose pride and hate and debauchery

are reproved by the Ten Commandments which it thunders, and the Sermon on the Mount which it breathes. But it will stand as long as the earth stands, the same unique and

Wonder-Working and Beatific

and miraculous thing for which God decreed it. Small wits tax their brain to say things that will put her at disadvantage, but many of them will send for its condolence when dying, and their children will be gathered up under its benedictions after the parental curse has been removed. Through her gates will march all the influences for good that shall ever reach our world. Take her membership as a mass, not speaking of the acknowledged exceptions, they are the noblest, grandest, kindest, best men and women of the ages But for them the earth would long ago have been a burned-out volcano. They have been the salt that has kept the human race from putrefaction insufferable either to human or angelic olfactories.

You lying and hypocritical world, shut up those slanders about the Church of Christ, an institution which, far from being what it ought to be, and never pretending to be perfect, is five hundred times better than any other institution that the world ever saw or ever dreamt of. The highest honor I ever had, and the highest honor I shall ever receive, and the highest honor I ever want is to have my name on her records as a member. At her altars I repented. At her sacraments I believed. In her service let me die. From her doors let me be buried. O Church of God! Thou home of the righteous! Thou harbor from tempest! Thou refuge for the weary! Thou lighthouse of many nations! Thou type of heaven! I could kiss thy very dust with ecstasy of affection.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my toils and cares be given
Till toils and cares shall end."

"Perfumed Smoke,"

says Solomon, in the words following my text. Not like the fumes coughed up from the throat of a steam-pipe, or poisoned with the gases of chemical factories, or floating in black wrath from the conflagration of homesteads, or sulphurous from blazing batteries, but sweet as a burning grove of cinnamon or jungle of sassafras, or the odors of a temple censer. "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense?" Hear it, men and women everywhere, that the advance of the genuine Church of Christ means peace for all nations.

Victor Hugo, in his book entitled "Ninety-three," says, "Nothing calmer than smoke, but nothing more startling. There are peaceful smokes, and there are evil ones. The thickness and color of a line of smoke make the whole difference between war and peace, between fraternity and hatred. The whole happiness of man or his complete misery is sometimes expressed in this thin vapor which the wind scatters at will." The great Frenchman was right, but I go further, and say that as the kingdom of God advances like pillars of smoke, the black volumes belching from batteries of war and pouring out from portholes of ships will vanish.

Lincoln's Calculation.

A distinguished general of the late war told me recently that Abraham Lincoln proposed to avoid our civil conflict by purchase of all the slaves of the South and setting them free. He calculated what would be a reasonable price for them, and, when the number of millions of dollars that would be required for such a purpose was announced, the proposition was scouted, and the North would not have made the offer, and the South would not have accepted it if made. "But," said my military friend, "the war went on, and just the number of millions of dollars that Mr. Lincoln calculated would have been enough to make a reasonable purchase of all the slaves, were spent in war, besides all the precious lives that were hurled away in the two hundred and fifty battles." In other words, there ought to be some other way for men to settle their controversies without butchery.

The Church of God will yet become

The Arbiter of Nations

If the world would allow it, it could to-day step in between Germany and France and settle the trouble about Alsace and Lorraine, and between Russia and Bulgaria, and between England and her antagonists, and between all the other nations that are flying at each other's throats, and command peace and disband armies, and harness for the plough the war horses now being hitched to ammunition wagons, or saddled for cavalry charge. That time must come, or, through the increased facility for shooting men and blowing up cities and whelming hosts to instant death, so that we can kill a regiment easier than we could once kill a company, and kill a brigade easier than we could once kill a regiment, the patent offices of the world more busy than ever in recognizing new enginery of destruction, the human race will, after awhile, go fighting with one arm, and hobbling with one foot, and stumbling along with one eye, and some ingenious inventor inspired of the archangel of all mischief, will contrive a machine that will bore a hole to the earth's centre, and some desperate nation will throw into that hole enough dynamite to blow this hulk of a planet into fragments, dropping like meteoric stones on surrounding stellar habitations.

But this shall not be, for whatever I let go,

I Hang On To My Bible,

which tells me that the blacksmith's shop shall yet come to its grandest use when the warrior and the husbandman shall enter it side by side, and the soldier shall throw into its bank of fires his sword, and the farmer shall pick it up a ploughshare, and the straightest spear shall be bent into a crook at each end, and then cut in two, and what was one spear shall be two pruning-hooks. Down with Moloch and up with Christ! Let no more war-horses eat out of the manger where Jesus was born.

Peace! Forever roll off the sky the black pillars of smoke from the Marengos, and Salamancas, and Borodinos, and Sedans, and Gettysburgs of earth! And right after them, roll into the heavens the peaceful vapors from the chimneys of farmhouses and asylums and churches and capitals of Christian nations, and, as the sunlight strikes through these vapors they will write in letters of jet and gold all over the sky from horizon to zenith: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men!"

While thinking of these things I looked out from my window, and the wind was violently blowing. And I saw from many chimneys the smoke tossed in the air, and whirled in great velocity, volume after volume, fold after fold, and carried on the swift wind were the great pillars of smoke. And helped by Solomon in the text I saw

The Speed of the Church

symbolized. Do you realize the momentum the Church of God is under? Why, the smoke of a chimney on the top of Mount Washington, when the wind is blowing sixty miles the hour, is slow as compared with the celerity of good influences. For fifty-nine centuries the devil had it his own way among the nations. Nearly all the great missionary movements have been started within the century, and see what one century has done to recover the world from fifty-nine centuries of devastation. What great revivals! What mighty churches! What saved millions!

From the ruins of Babylon and Assyria and Nineveh, and the valleys of the Nile, confirmations have been exhumed proving to all fair-minded men that the Bible is

The Truest Book Ever Written.

The mythologies of Egypt were found to have embodied in them the knowledge of man's expulsion from Paradise, and the sacrifice of a great emancipator. Moses' account of the creation, corroborated by the hammer of Christian geologists; the oldest profane writers like Hiromus, Helanicus, and Berosus, confirming the Bible account of ancient longevity; Tacitus and Pliny confirming the Bible accounts of destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah; Tacitus and Porphyry telling the same story of Christ as Matthew and Luke told; Macrobius telling of the massacre of children in Bethlehem, and Phlegon sketching at the crucifixion.

It is demonstrated to all honest men that it is not so certain that William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis," or Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha," as that God, by the hand of prophet and apostle, wrote the Bible. All the wise men in science and law and medicine and literature and merchandise are gradually coming to believe in Christianity, and soon there will be no people who disbelieve in it, expect those conspicuous for lack of brain or men with two families, who do not like the Bible, because it rebukes their swinish propensities.

The time is hastening when there will be no infidels left except libertines and harlots and murderers. Millions of Christians where once there were thousands, and thousands where once there were hundreds. What a bright evening this, the evening of the nineteenth century! and

The Twentieth Century,

which will dawn in thirteen years from now, will, in my opinion, bring universal victory for Christ and the Church, that now is marching on with step double-quick, or, if you prefer the figure of the text, is being swept on in the mighty gales of blessing, imposing and grand and majestic and swift like pillars of smoke.

Oh, come into the Church through Christ the door, a door more glorious than that of the Temple of Hercules, which had two pillars, and one was gold, and the other emerald! Come in to-day! The world you leave behind is a poor world, and it will burn and pass off like pillars of smoke. Whether the final conflagration will start in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, which, in some places, have for many years been burning and eating into the heart of the mountains; or whether it shall begin near the California geysers, or whether from out the furnaces of Cotopaxi, and Vesuvius, and Stromboli, it shall burst forth upon the astonished nations, I make no prophecy; but all geologists tell us that we stand on the lid of a world, the heart of which is a raging, roaring, awful flame, and some day God will let the red monsters out of their imprisonment of centuries, and New York on fire in 1835, and Charleston on fire in 1865, and Chicago on fire in 1872, and Boston on fire in 1873, were only like one spark from a blacksmith's forge as compared with

That Last Universal Blaze,

which will be seen in other worlds. But gradually the flames will lessen, and the world will become a great living coal, and that will take on ashen hue, and then our ruined planet will begin to smoke, and the mountains will smoke, and the valleys will smoke, and the islands will smoke, and the seas will smoke, and the cities will smoke, and the five continents will be five pillars of smoke. But the black vapors will begin to lessen in height and density, and then will become hardly visible to those who look upon it from the sky galleries, and after awhile from just one point there will curl up a thin solitary vapor, and then even that will vanish, and there will be nothing left except the charred ruins of a burned-out world, the corpse of a dead star, the ashes of an extinguished planet, a fallen pillar of smoke.

But that will not interfere with your investments if you have taken Christ as your Saviour. Secure heaven as your eternal home, you can look down upon a dismantled, disrupted, and demolished earth without any perturbation.

"When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shake the earth below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or who will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A BOY DYING TO SAVE HIS FRIEND.

A SINGULAR drowning catastrophe occurred recently in Philadelphia. Two boys, playmates, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, went to the Schuylkill River on January 22d. A park guard warned them that it was dangerous, but as the ice at the edge was three inches thick, and they saw many people there, they went forward. A boy who passed them shortly afterward heard one of the boys bantering the other, and daring him to cross to Belmont Island, a distance of about twenty-five feet. The second boy was unwilling to venture, though he could swim, while his companion could not. Finally, the first boy went forward, but before he had gone many steps the ice broke beneath him, and with one loud cry for help he fell in. Immediately his companion ran to his assistance and bravely plunged into the icy river. Neither of them was seen again until the next day when the river was dragged, and they were brought up dead locked in each other's arms. What the boys did not know was, that although at the edge of the river the ice was three inches thick, it was not one inch thick in the middle, owing to the action of the current having worn it away from below. It is a similar want of knowledge that leads to spiritual catastrophes. When Satan is tempting the young to their ruin, he shows them that the first steps are safe, and they do not know that the ground further on, which looks equally substantial, is undermined (Prov. 14 : 12).

AN UNRECOGNIZED BROTHER.

A ROMANTIC meeting took place in a convent in St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago. For some weeks a young man, twenty years of age, has been searching that city for a certain family. At length he found them and told a strange story. He said that fifteen years ago he and his sister, both young children, were living with their parents in Southern Illinois. His mother died, and his father, wishing to go to new scenes, broke up housekeeping and gave his two children away. The boy was given to a machinist in Alton, Ill. He did not know who had his sister, but after fifteen years he discovered that she had been given to this St. Louis family and now he demanded to see her. His request was denied at first, but after long pleading he was permitted to visit her at the convent, where she was being educated, on condition that he did not make himself known as her brother. He went and faithfully observed his promise. The girl talked to him as a stranger, while the young man yearned over her in a way she was unable to understand. He hoped that she would have recognized him, and her failing to do so caused him bitter disappointment. Recognition and reunion may come in time, and then the girl will grieve over her coldness at that meeting. It may be hoped that then both will be led by their experience to see the sin and ingratitude of all who fail to recognize in Christ their Elder Brother, and may give their hearts to Him who came to His own and they received Him not (John 1 : 11).

AGNES, THE DEFORMED TEACHER.

IN a letter, published in the *Missionary Link*, from Miss McLathrop, is the following description of the work of a zealous Hindoo convert : On visiting one of our schools in Allahabad, I noticed a poor working-girl, deformed from spinal disease. I knew from her dress, poor as it was, that she was a Christian child. She told me her name was Agnes, and that she was fourteen or fifteen years old ; but she was very small, and as ignorant as any of the Hindoo girls. I inquired about her, and found she belonged to so low a family that *no church was willing to recognize her*. This girl, hearing a school was opened within her reach, determined to attend it, although the teacher was a Hindoo girl. She was always present, and so diligent, that from knowing nothing, she made rapid progress and learned to *love her Bible*. Some weeks ago she asked me if she might open a school near her house, as many women and girls wished to learn. Some, she told me, she had been teaching ever since she knew enough to do so! Two days ago I went to see what progress she was making, and found *thirty-three women and girls* sitting outside on the ground, as their little mud hut would not hold so many. Agnes was moving among them like a queen, and evidently much beloved and respected. A sister is helping her. I do not know when I have felt more encouraged than in seeing what this young girl is now, remembering how short the time is since she was perfectly ignorant.

A MERCHANT'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

AT the anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, celebrated on January 24th, the following testimony was given to the young men as an encouragement to renewed effort. It was from a well-known merchant in New England now retired from business :

To me the Association was a friend in need ; the turning of a new and bright page in life, the opening of a door of hospitality and welcome. I was a stranger, just from New England, come to take a clerkship in a dry-goods house. I was boarding at the Cortlandt Street Hotel, and had a small, cold room, on the top floor ; I was lonely in the midst of crowds ; the hotel and streets were teeming with beggars, and at night from Canal Street down Broadway was a dangerous place ; my predecessor (a book-keeper) had been ruined by gambling, and had appropriated the firm's money ; what new and strange temptations were around me and among them the voice of the siren !

The Association was a new world into which I was ushered, and friends, most helpful, welcomed me, and have remained true to this day. Some of them have largely shaped my course in life.

I there made acquaintances who were of service to me in many ways ; men whom I should probably never have met but for my connection there ; one gentleman, for instance, sought me out, and desired my services at a salary more than double that I was receiving.

The Association did a work which no other organization could do for young men. Certainly my career was influenced by it in a marked manner. The Boarding-House Committee afforded me a home more congenial than the hotel ; to this I invited a young member of the Association (also a clerk in a wholesale store) the first time we met ; the result was, he came, and also to the church I attended, was converted, and is to-day a Doctor of Divinity.

A MAN'S SEARCH FOR A NEIGHBOR.

AN uncle and nephew made an astonishing discovery in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago. In 1867 an Englishman came to America to search for his brother, to whom he was deeply attached, but who had been lost sight of for some years after coming to America. The Englishman searched for him through New York and the Eastern and Middle States without success. He then dispaired of discovering him, but having conceived a liking for this country, he decided not to return to England, but to live here for the remainder of his life. Accordingly, in 1875, he bought a house and settled down in Sands Street, Brooklyn. A few days ago he had occasion to mail a letter to a friend in the same city, and wrote his name and address on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. The inscription attracted the notice of the letter-carrier who delivered the letter, owing to the name, which was an uncommon one, being the same as his own. He communicated with the writer, and found that he was his uncle. The letter-carrier was the son of the Englishman's brother who had been so long and persistently sought for. The two men had been living for twelve years within two blocks of each other, and neither knew it. It is remarkable that so long a time should have passed without the discovery being made. That was probably due to the two men being so engrossed by their own affairs, as dwellers in cities necessarily are, that they had no opportunity of getting acquainted. It is a sad fact, however, that the two men might have attended the same Brooklyn church for the same length of time without discovering their relationship. The lawyer who asked Christ, "Who is my neighbor?" has left many descendants (Luke 10 : 29).

HOW GENERAL GORDON DIED.

A CHARACTERISTIC letter from the Mahdi, describing the capture of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon, which has fallen into the hands of the British Consul at Zanzibar, was published last week to the New York *Herald*. It is dated April 28th, 1885, and announces the taking of Khartoum on January 29th. In the course of his letter the Mahdi said, "Though thinking to obtain safety by entering their enclosures and shutting the doors, they (Gordon's troops) were met face to face and hewn with swords and stabbed with spears until their cries were terrible. They were cut in pieces at once there upon the ground. Then the troops of God fell upon the rest of the people, who had shut their doors, fearing a like fate. They were taken up and killed properly. None were left but little children and slaves. But as to the enemy of God, Gordon, though we had warned him and talked kindly to him, that he might return to God, yet he never did so, because his miserable state was foreordained by God. Because of his foolishness he was removed by God to the place of His wrath, which is a bad place to remain in. The end of this guilty people is that they were cut off, which—thanks be to God—befalls those who are to receive fire as their reward, while light is reserved for those who shall receive heaven as their dwelling-place."

A ZENANA LADY AT A BRAHMO SERVICE.

ONE of the devoted ladies who are working in the homes of the women of India has sent to the *Indian Witness* an interesting account of a religious service conducted by a Brahmin, which she recently attended. The following extracts from her narrative show the kind of teaching now given in India by the native preachers :

While we were teaching the daughters of a Brahmin, his wife came in with two garlands of fragrant white flowers which she put round our necks, inviting us at the same time to a prayer-meeting for women only, to be held at their house on the following Saturday. The service was held in the court-yard, under a canopy, two tall flags with Bengali texts on them flying on each side. The preacher, a grave, fatherly old man, was seated in front on a small carpet with a musical instrument, with but one string, lying by his side. There were fourteen women present, including five from his own family. Our pupil, Sharala, a fine-looking girl of seventeen, sat near us, from time to time replenishing the incense-cup. The solemn, ascetic-looking preacher, the earnest, expressive faces of the women, the smoke of the incense, the dismal sound of the *cithar* and *conch* and the monotonous voice of the officiating *padri* made it a strangely impressive scene.

The service commenced with a hymn, the preacher leading with the *ektara*, and his wife accompanying him on the *cithar*. In his prayer he mentioned the sinless life of Christ, and asked God to make us like Him, pure and holy. After the conclusion of the prayer, he said : "Let us withdraw our thoughts from the world and examine ourselves," and there was silence for five minutes. The drift of the sermon which followed was asceticism : 'we must strive to live the true *Bairagi* life, care for nothing in this world, give up all our earthly possessions, husbands, wives, children, houses, lands, etc. ; we must grind all these down to nourish our souls as wheat is ground in a mill to sustain our bodies. After the sermon, which was a very long one, with a good deal of repetition, the women were asked to pray. P——, one of our former pupils, was the first one. The preacher's wife prayed next, pleading for help and guid-

ance, and there were a few others who prayed after her. At the close they said: "We offer these petitions bowing at Thy feet," and they all touched their foreheads to the ground. The preacher prayed for the two Christian sisters who, for the love of Christ, go about from house to house seeking to do good, and asked for a blessing on their work. The service concluded with the benediction very much like the form used in our churches. When the women arose, they bowed at each other's feet and kissed one another. We were wondering if we were going to have this ceremony performed on us, but they came and shook hands only.

A DISCHARGED NURSE.

IN a recent address Rev. Sam Jones said:

God save me and save you from the fatal mistake of thinking that I can do anything. The most severe tests and trials of an evangelist result from the fact that people will depend on him. Quit looking to me. Look to God. The good work of God is preceding any effort of yours. God is working ahead of us. Let us follow close after God and work in earnest.

Just a few years ago, one morning in our family room, I was sitting reading just after breakfast. There was a little nurse girl there, about sixteen years of age, and I heard my wife say to her, "Sally, you may go this morning, and tell your mother I don't want you any longer." I read along a minute or two, and then I looked. The girl was standing with the big tears running down her cheeks. She looked at my wife, and said, "Mrs. Jones," and the lip began to quiver. "Mrs. Jones, please, ma'am, don't turn me off. I know I'm the poorest servant you ever had, but let me stay with you and I'll try and do better." I got in to beg for the poor girl just as hard as I could, and I thought to myself if the Lord should come down here and say, "You may go; I don't want you any longer," I would do just like that poor girl—I would fall down at His feet, and say, "Please, Lord, don't turn me off; I know I'm the poorest servant you ever had; but please, Lord, I'll try to do better." Let me live and die in God's service. But God won't turn you off. Go to work; let's do what we can for the glory of God and for the good of our fellow-men.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

Fourteen Years Until the End of the Age.

The Preacher Predicts Wars, Earthquakes, Revolutions, Pestilence, Massacres and Other Terrible Things, and Describes in Graphic Terms How Christians Are to be Caught Up in the Air Amid Great Consternation in Society.

[The following report with the above heading appeared mainly in the *Plaindealer* daily newspaper of *Cleveland, Ohio*, on Nov. 15, 1886.]

THE Rev. M. Baxter, editor of the *Christian Herald*, London, England, delivered a series of discourses yesterday, morning, afternoon, and evening, in the Mission Church, on the corner of Ohio and Brownell streets. His subjects were: "Coming Great Judgments," "End of the Age," and "Coming of Christ." All quotations, biblical and otherwise, pertinent to his subject, he has on his tongue's end. His delivery is rapid though distinct, speaking with a broad English accent. He wears a full beard, slightly mixed with gray, and a thick growth of brown hair. Mr. Baxter is a thorough believer in Gabriel and his horn and according to his theory the good Christians will have to begin to make preparations for the ascension heavenward, as that event is likely to occur not later than fourteen years from date. Ascension, or any other kind of robes will not be required by the favored ones, the speaker claiming that inasmuch as Elijah dropped his mantle before he went to heaven, all earthly clothes will be left behind by the aërial excursionists.

The speaker predicted wars and revolutions of a colossal order during the next two or three years in Europe, resulting in the extension of France to the Rhine and its victory over Germany. In 1890 or '91, he said ten kingdoms will be formed out of the existing twenty-three, and he quoted some prophesies, found in Daniel 7: 24, and ii., 35, where the prophet saw

Ten Horns

that grew on the forehead of a strange beast: from these great horns a little horn will rise, little in regard to the kingdom it represents, but destined after a few years to become the monarch of the world. Three and a half years of cruelty and persecution will follow, and millions of Christian people will be massacred throughout the world. This he thinks will occur between 1897 and 1900. A test of the truth of his assertions he held, will come ten years before the final end, when the ten kingdoms referred to by Daniel as the ten horns must be formed. The little horn, he said, represents the Antichrist, who will be a Napoleon, and will form a covenant with the Jews, according to Daniel 9: 27, seven years before the End, and will lead them back to Palestine. He thought it rather strange that the Jews rejected the Messiah when he did come, after the overwhelming proofs in the prophecies that Christ was the true Messiah, but he explained it by saying that when the Jews called upon their chief priests and rulers of the synagogues, they merely explained Christ's coming by saying to their congregations: "You are getting beyond your depth; these are things you cannot understand."

"So it is," said the preacher, "that many mistakes have been made, and in the same way people neglect the prophecies now about Christ's second coming. People ask

How Do We Know These Things?"

He quoted as partial proof the second and third verses of chapter eleven of Revelation: "But the court which is without the temple leave out and measure it not, for it is given to the Gentiles; and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months. And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophecy a thousand two hundred and threescore days clothed in sackcloth." The treading under foot of Jerusalem, by the Mahommedans, began in 637 of the Christian era. "A thousand two hundred and threescore days" means the same number of years, which refers to 1260 years of the Mahommedan Antichrist from 637 to 1897, and from thence the 3½ years' slaying of Christian witnesses until 1900. Then also the 1260 years of the Papal Antichrist were calculated by Matthew Henry, the great commentator, to be from 606 to 1866, with thirty years of troubles and wars culminating in 1896, leaving about 3½ years to finish the century with the massacre of the Christians. Before the ten kingdoms are properly formed by 1890–91 there must be great wars and revolutions in Europe, such as have never been known. The great powers after the war will unite in a ten-kingdomed confederacy — namely, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Bulgaria-with-Roumania.

Then the Antichrist

will arise, and according to the 8th chapter of Daniel, we are to look for his coming in the East, and becoming king of Syria. At a later period when he becomes emperor of the ten kings of the ten kingdoms, Christianity will be unpopular, the Antichrist will decree its suppression, churches will be burned, and Bibles destroyed.

"Though the European wars have not yet begun," said the speaker, "you will all admit that when they shall begin, it will be a corroboration of what I predict; you will therein perceive a clear and striking sign that we are closing upon this dispensation, and when Antichrist shall enter into an agreement with the Jews, when that covenant is made, it will show that there are but seven years left to the end of the age. Then, the truth will strike everybody like a bombshell and like dynamite. This end of the age is to take place

Six Thousand Years After Adam

and Eve's days which is also at the end of three hundred and sixty years from Luther's reformation. We now stand in the most critical and momentous position on the chart of time. Wars, earthquakes, revolutions, and pestilence are near at hand; but there is a brighter side to all this gloom, the resurrection of the saints and the translation of the pure Christians." He then quoted from chapter 17 of Luke, dwelling particularly on the passages: "I tell you, in that night there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. Two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field, the one shall be taken, the other left. And they answered and said unto Him, where, Lord? And He said unto them, wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together."

"The eagles referred to," said he, "are the Christians who are to be

Taken to the Sky.

The Jews have always held that there are three heavens. The third is that wherein the heavenly throne of God is located, the second is the firmament of the stars, the sun and moon, and the first is the aërial heaven. Then it is the first or the lower heaven where the saints will be caught up in one meeting point, one rendezvous, from all parts of the earth, from the north, the south, the east, and the west. Christ will probably come in that part of the heaven above Jerusalem, where the people will meet him. Some of them being in different parts of the globe, will have to make an aërial journey of thousands of miles. The very prospect is awe-inspiring and thrilling. As the eagle is the king among birds, so will the translated Christians be kings among others."

Mr. Baxter then pictured the condition of society when the flight to heaven is to occur. He spoke of the consternation in households, where members of the family will be missed in the morning. How Mr. So-and-So will fail to come down to breakfast, how, after ineffectual efforts to awaken him by knocking at his door, others will fear that he has committed suicide, how they will force an entrance into the room, and find everything untouched, no signs of the missing man but his clothing, for no garments will be taken to heaven, as no earthly clothes will be required there. "That sort of thing," he said, "will happen in many homes. It will create

Great Confusion in Society.

Imagine a locomotive engineer being suddenly caught up to heaven; the engine rushes along at full speed without him, a collison following, and some passengers hurled headlong into eternity. Or it may be a pilot of a boat, or a driver of a vehicle, that is caught up to heaven; or a surgeon, just as he is cutting off the limb of a patient, leaving him on the table to bleed to death. The time is not distant, either; it will all come to pass in a few short years."

Mr. Baxter then discussed the question of the dead saints rising to heaven. "Will they be seen by human eyes?" asked he. "Will the tombstone be cast aside? Will there be a disarrangement of the grave or sod, or will they rise unperceived?" He quoted 1st Thessalonians iv. to the effect that the dead Christians will be raised before the living ones are caught up to meet Christ in the air. "Few people are

Really Longing for It.

They are not ready to go at once, and it will require a Christian of great faith who will declare himself ready to take his flight to the skies."

He pictured a cold, wintry night, with hail, rain, and snow falling, dwelling on the fortitude and self-resignation required to take a journey to heaven in such weather. "This," said he, "is just where the faith comes in, and 144,000 wise virgins will be waiting with beaming countenances ready and willing to be caught up to heaven."

Mr. Baxter seemed to impress his congregation with the truth of his remarks. The hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," was sung with a will, and at its close all knelt down for fervent prayer.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Two Earthquake Shocks Were Felt on Sunday morning about four o'clock in several cities of Indiana and Illinois. They caused considerable alarm, but did no damage to life or property. At Terre Haute the shocks were accompanied by a heavy rumbling sound. Houses were shaken severely, causing the windows to rattle and chandeliers to sway perceptibly. Similar experiences are reported from Evansville, Ind., Springfield, Centralia, and Hillsboro, Ill. The disturbance was noticed at St. Louis, Mo., and Louisville, Ky., but the shocks were so slight there as to be barely perceptible. Persons in high buildings and those walking in the streets felt them distinctly, and recognized the cause.

The President Signed the Inter-State Commerce Bill on Friday last. It is understood that the delay in affixing his signature was not due to any opposition on his part to legislation of that character, but to doubts about the constitutionality of some of its clauses. Apparently those doubts have been set at rest. The five commissioners who are to regulate its operation were not chosen last week, but they will be nominated in time for the Senate to confirm them before it adjourns. It may be hoped that the right men will be chosen. Hundreds are pressing for a nomination, but it may be doubted whether there are more than a score of men in the United States qualified for the position. It will be a grievous thing if the capacity of the bill for the national benefit should be neutralized by the incapacity or perversity of the men who will apply it. The measure is of so elastic a character, and so much is left to the discretion of the commissioners, that their selection is one of the most responsible duties the President has had committed to his hands.

The Attempt to Prevent Senators and Representatives taking payment as lawyers from corporations interested in Congressional votes, which was made by Mr. Beck, failed in the Senate on Friday. A silly and innocuous substitute offered by Mr. Hoar was passed in its place, to save appearances. It simply prohibits any legislator appearing for a railroad against the United States, if such member shall have reasonable cause to believe that measures specially affecting the interests of such railroad are pending before Congress or about to be so pending during his term of office. Mr. Hoar must have a poor opinion of his fellow-legislators if he thinks that legislation is necessary to prevent their accepting counsel fees in such circumstances.

The Divergence of Opinion in the Democratic Party on the subject of the tariff found expression last week in a letter from Speaker Carlisle to Mr. Randall, on the bill introduced by that gentleman for dealing with the surplus. The letter, though couched in friendly terms, states explicitly that the section of the party to which the Speaker belongs will oppose the bill, but is prepared to treat for a compromise. A large number of instances are pointed out by Mr. Carlisle in which the duties would be positively increased by the bill. In the matter of internal revenue the Randall proposals are still more objectionable to the Morrison Democrats. They are, however, willing to vote for a reduction of the duties on tobacco and fruit-brandies in certain cases. It is evident, however, that the Speaker and his friends would prefer having the tariff remain in its present state than to have Mr. Randall's bill passed.

An Appalling Railroad Accident Occurred on Saturday on the Vermont Central Railroad. The express train to Montreal, which was crowded with passengers tempted by reduced rates to attend the ice carnival, was approaching the Woodstock Bridge, which crosses the White River near West Hartford, Vt., when four coaches left the track. This, it is supposed, must have been caused by a rail being broken through the intense cold. The coupling with the forward part of the train broke, and the four cars fell into the gorge, fifty feet below. The stoves ignited the cars, and the flames soon spread to the bridge, which was consumed. Over forty persons are believed to have been burned to death and about thirty were injured, some, it is feared, fatally. The scene of the burning cars, with their living inmates, whom it was impossible to save, was heartrending.

The Gigantic Strike in New York and the adjacent cities of 'longshoremen and freight handlers was maintained last week without any sign of yielding on either side. Over forty thousand—report says sixty thousand—men are now idle, and the circle is widening. The Old Dominion Company, whose action precipitated the strike, must have already lost a sum compared with which the two and a half cents they were anxious to save is contemptible. What the men have lost in wages it is grievous to think of. The folly of continuing the strike becomes more evident daily. The directors of the company are naturally unable to realize how much difference so small a sum as that in dispute makes to the life of their employés, and the men whose obstinacy is so bitterly condemned have been so long treated as mere brutes, that now they are showing the disposition of brutes. The injury to business and the suffering entailed on the poor, who are now unable to obtain coal, are so serious that arbitration ought to be insisted upon in the public interest.

Burning Cities and a Destroyed Civilization are among the possibilities of the future, according to Mr. Henry George; and in expressing the opinion, he confirms the belief long ago arrived at by students of prophecy. The Rev. M. Baxter and other commentators have explicitly declared that prophecy indicates as one of the most terrible features of the general convulsion which is now near at hand, the uprising of communism and socialism overturning the order of society and producing anarchy. Henry George from his standpoint perceives the same event. He said in his journal last Thursday, in reference to the strike: "I think it a fight in the dark, the blind push of men squeezed past endurance. I think it *the first passive form of a civil war, which steel-clad forts and armor-plated ships cannot guard us against—the kindling of passions and the arraying of forces that, roused to full energy, may give cities to the flames and destroy our very civilization itself.*" There are in all our cities numbers of men who not only perceive that the event is coming, but wish for it. At a large meeting held in New York last week one of the speakers was loudly applauded when he expressed the hope that such a tremendous crisis would soon come upon this country that social revolution must follow, and the now mute hatred of the people would make itself heard in no unmistakable terms. The platform of the meeting was "No Henry George, no Powderly, no Knights of Labor—nothing but downright revolution, social as well as political, with steady, bloody strife." Whether men go to their newspapers or to prophecy to learn what is coming on the earth, they arrive at the same conclusion.

War Rumors Produced a Panic in Financial circles in Europe on Thursday last, which has not been equalled since Black Friday. The scenes in the Bourses of Paris, Berlin, and London are described as of the most intense excitement. Every one holding securities made a mad rush to sell, and prices fell with astonishing rapidity. On the surface there appeared little reason for the panic. War rumors have been in circulation for a long time, and there was reason to believe that Bismarck would encourage them just now, for the purpose of influencing the elections to the Reichstag. In spite, however, of this explanation, the eagerness to sell could be explained only on the ground that moneyed men believed that war was imminent. The immediate cause of the panic was a report that within eight days an imperative demand would be made by Germany upon France, which the latter nation could not concede with honor. Pacific assurances came from illustrious personages, but they were not credited.

An Appeal to General Boulanger to Resign voluntarily was made last week by a section of the French press. The plea was based upon the fact that Germany dislikes Boulanger, dreads his influence, and may make his prominence a pretext for war. That there is reason for this attitude is evident from a letter published a few days ago by a friend of Boulanger's, in which the writer said: "He believes the time has come and that France is able now to vanquish Germany. He sees himself at the head of France, winning back her glory, and nothing but the satisfaction of reversing the scene of Sedan and of taking a sword from the head of the German army will ever content him." An observation made by M. de Freycinet, the ex-Premier of France, is equally significant. That statesman said: "Whatever opinion may be entertained of General Boulanger's character, it is no longer time to discuss his influence. It is absolutely necessary to stand by him and support him."

Another Wholesale Massacre is Reported from the Soudan. By an arrangement with England an Italian garrison was sent to occupy Massowah, with the object of holding the surrounding country. On Tuesday of last week the Italian Prime Minister informed the Chamber of Deputies that a large part of the force had been annihilated, and re-enforcements must be promptly sent out. He described the disaster as the result of an attack by hostile Arabs on a combined force of Italians and Abyssinians. Later reports, however, aver that it was the Abyssinians who fell upon the Italians and massacred them. Of the five hundred Italians engaged, less than fifty wounded men were all that escaped, and Massowah itself is threatened with capture.

Rev. M. Baxter Expects to Preach Next Sunday morning and afternoon in Cooper Institute, New York City. His subject will be: "Coming great wars and earthquakes during the next thirteen years before the year 1900, great religious revivals, second advent of Christ, and resurrection and ascension of Christians without dying; England's loss of Ireland and India, and conquest of Germany by France in 1887–89, changing twenty-three kingdoms into Daniel's predicted Franco-Roman Confederacy of ten kingdoms prior to the Napoleonic Antichrist's seven years' covenant with the Jews (Daniel 7:24 and 9:27); the spread of socialism, communism, nihilism, anarchy, spiritualism, culminating in the great tribulation and Antichrist's massacre of myriads of Christians during three and a half years, and then the millennium of one thousand years." Last Sunday Mr. Baxter preached in Library Hall, Newark, N. J., where he had large audiences.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now mission stations in America in the following cities: *Philadelphia*, Pa.; *Warsaw* and *Peru*, Ind.; *St. Paul*, Minn.; *Omaha* and *Lincoln*, Neb.; *Orangeville* and *Ottawa* and *St. Andrew*, N. B.; and *Charlottetown*, P. E. I., in the Dominion of Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening and Sundays in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $25.50. They are as follows: Philadelphia, Pa., $1; Stayner, Ontario, Canada, $1; Salem, Mass., $1; Providence, R. I., $1; Seaward, Me., $2; St. Catherine, Ontario, Canada, $1.50; Golden Lake, Ontario, Canada, $3; Bridgton, Me., $1; East Saugatuck, Mich., 50 cents; Detroit, Mich., 50 cents; Philadelphia, Pa., 50 cents; Dundas, Ontario, Canada, $5; Lakeville, Cal., $6; Edom, Va., 50 cents; Black Creek, Ontario, Canada, 50 cents; Homer, Ill., 50 cents. Many applications endorsed by friends of this journal in whom we have confidence have been received during the past week or two from colored ministers, who say how much they need such a journal as this, to take the place of the library they are unable to obtain. These applications, though we are unable to comply with them now, are preserved, and will not be overlooked if funds to cover the expense should be sent to us.

Dr. Talmage Conversed with Two Murderers in the condemned cells of the Tombs last week. An evening contemporary says: "Dr. T. De Witt Talmage visited the Tombs to-day. He talked with Smith and Driscoll, both under sentence of death. He was listened to attentively, and after he was through speaking, he took his handkerchief from his coat pocket and wiped his eyes. Some of those who had heard him did likewise." An effort is being made to induce Dr. Talmage to remove to Chicago, where the pulpit recently occupied by Dr. Scudder is offered to him. Those who know Dr. Talmage best believe that there is little probability of his quitting the Presbyterian Church, or of his leaving Brooklyn. The services now being held by Dr. Munhall and Professor Towner in the Brooklyn Tabernacle are being much blessed, especially among the young people.

A Deeply Interesting Religious Centenary was celebrated in London on Saturday last. It was exactly one hundred years ago on that day that the Rev. Samuel Provoost, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, and the Rev. William White, Rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, were consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury Bishops of the American Church. It was that same Provoost who as bishop received George Washington after his inauguration as President in New York, and it was he who conducted then the solemn services of prayer and thanksgiving. The centennial service last week was held in the same chapel of Lambeth Palace in which Bishops Provoost and White were consecrated a century ago. Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, while participating in the celebration, stood where Provoost had once stood. This was Dr. Potter's first public appearance as a bishop since his full accession to that rank. Bishop Lyman, of North Carolina, also taking part in the service, stood where Bishop White had knelt when he was consecrated. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Durham, St. Albans, and Rochester also took part in the celebration. The name of the President of the United States was inserted in the usual prayer for the Queen by the archbishop.

The Captain and Crew of a Wrecked Ship owe their lives to the heroism of one of the sailors. On January 27th the schooner Johnson, laden with iron from New York for Stonington, was struck by a storm and driven on the rocks near Plum Island. She was leaking badly, and the men were unable to free her. The sea broke over her continually, deluging the sailors with water, which froze upon them. At last only one man was able to move, and all gave themselves up for lost. Then James Butler, one of the crew, bravely determined to risk his own life in the effort to secure rescue for his companions. Plunging into the sea, he swam for Plum Island, reaching shore with considerable difficulty. Then managing to creep to the lighthouse, he secured assistance, and all the men were taken off the wreck and taken to New London, where they were carefully treated in hospital. It would have been incredible that any of the men in that perilous position should have failed to avail themselves of the help which their companion had secured at the risk of his life; yet that is precisely what is being done by sinners who neglect the salvation which Christ purchased by His blood (Heb. 2 : 3).

A Clergyman in Deshabille was Extricated from his embarrassment at the last moment recently in Connecticut. The *Times* of Hartford, Conn., says that on Sunday, January 30th, a prominent clergyman, whose fits of abstraction have frequently brought him into trouble, had just entered his pulpit when, to his utter astonishment, he discovered that he was minus the regulation collar and tie. He had forgotten to put them on before leaving home. It would never do to stand up before his congregation and expose his bare neck, neither would it be just the thing to deliver his discourse with coat collar turned up to his ears. Just then a messenger stepped up to the desk with a Sunday notice to be read. A happy thought struck the parson. His mishap was explained, the messenger kindly loaned his neck gear, and the services proceeded. The clergyman's vexation was natural, but he would have had better reason for distress if his attire had been immaculate and his sermon slovenly. That has happened with some preachers, and they cannot be rescued by a chance messenger. Such men show a lamentable disregard of the apostolic injunction (1 Tim. 4 : 15, 16).

A Chicago Bank Clerk is Having a Holiday under very delightful circumstances. He has been at his desk regularly for several years without relief, his position in the bank being one of great responsibility. Two weeks ago his cousin, who has inherited an enormous fortune, called in to see him, and found him showing unmistakable signs of overwork—his head between his hands, and looking very pale. "Come and take a trip with me to Europe; I will pay your expenses," said the millionaire. The poor fagged clerk admitted that he would enjoy it, and that he needed rest and recuperation, but he knew that he could not get leave of absence, and he could not afford to resign. He therefore reluctantly declined the tempting offer, and being pressed, stated his reasons. His millionaire cousin said nothing, and left the bank. A few hours later he returned, and placed in the hands of the clerk a deed of gift, which he had just recorded, endowing him with a block of real estate on Adams Street, worth $120,000. The clerk's resignation was promptly handed in, and on January 31st the two cousins started for Europe. There was this difference between the bank clerk and those devoted Christians who resign positions of emolument to devote themselves to the Lord's service, that the former was put in possession of a fortune, while the latter rely on the Lord's promise that He will supply all their need. Whatever the world may think, his future is not so safe as theirs (Mark 10 : 29, 30).

A Marriage by Proxy is Reported in Chicago journals as having taken place on January 29th. Some time ago Miss Nina Van Zandt expressed her intention of being married to August Spies, who is lying in prison under sentence of death, for his connection with the Anarchist murders. The sheriff forbade the match, and gave orders that the lady should not be admitted to the prison. It is now stated that the marriage has been performed by proxy. A party of his friends called upon the condemned man on January 28th, and witnessed his signature to a document, giving authority to his brother, Henry Spies to act for him. Outside the prison Miss Van Zandt joined the party, and they repaired to the house of Justice Engelhardt, under whose advice they were acting, and who performed the ceremony. Henry Spies answered to the name of August Spies, and under this name was married to Miss Van Zandt. As marriages made by letter or telephone are valid, possibly a marriage by proxy may be so, but it would be decidedly unsatisfactory to have such arrangements come into vogue. The solemn promises of the marriage service should be made by the persons who are to fulfil them, and the fulfilment cannot be done on either side by proxy. This fact appears to be forgotten by many who, in making a profession of faith, avow their belief that they have become members of Christ's bride. Neither gifts of money, nor observance of ordinances, nor priestly mediation can relieve them of actual personal service (Ps. 49 : 6, 7).

A Joyful Farewell to a Citizen of Wellsburg, N. Y., was accorded by the community a few days ago. A man who held an important office in the village appears to have succeeded to a truly marvellous degree in rendering himself unpopular. By a series of acts, some of which seem to be wanton outrages on public feeling, he excited the indignation of his neighbors. It became known that at last he was contemplating removal to another place, and general satisfaction was manifested at the news. A meeting was called, which unanimously agreed on a resolution respecting it. The preamble recited the facts and proceeded: "And whereas the said —— proposes to remove from our village, *resolved, that we are heartily glad of it, and hereby tender a vote of thanks and sympathy to the community that accepts him as a resident.*" On the day of his departure the village bells were rung, and there was a general holiday. It may be supposed that if the citizens could have expelled the man they would not have waited for his voluntary departure. But they had no such power, so they had to wait. It is not so with the man who is troubled by the presence of Satan in his heart. He can be expelled by any man who sincerely wishes to be rid of him and calls upon Christ for aid (Luke 10 : 17, 18).

BRIEF NOTES.

BEN HOGAN, the converted pugilist, is laboring at Woodland, Yolo County, Cal. The Yolo *Democrat* describes the meetings as extremely interesting. Much good appears to attend the work. Professor Chase, of San Francisco, is assisting Hogan.

Rev. George C. Needham conducted services last week in Cleveland, O. The meetings were held in Music Hall Chapel, which was densely crowded. An afternoon Bible reading was held on Sunday in the Christian Association Building. The attendance was large, every seat in the room being occupied.

A weekly meeting of Christian workers for prayer and conference has been commenced in New York by the Committee of the Cooper Union Evangelistic Services. The meetings are held every Thursday at four P.M. in the parlor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner of Twenty-second Street. All Christian workers are invited.

The annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York State is to be held at Utica, February 17th–20th. Professor J. C. Little, D.D., Syracuse University; E. B. Monroe, New York, and Russell Sturgis, Jr., Boston, are some of the speakers. Mr. Ira D. Sankey is to lead the singing. Further information can be secured from Rev. George A. Hall, State Secretary, Y. M. C. A. Building, New York City.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is anxious to increase the library established by him at his native place, New Castle, Pa., in the handsome Y. M. C. A. building which he has erected and presented to the town. He will be very glad if his friends in this country are as kind and generous in this matter as some of his friends in England. Without a word of solicitation, upon simply hearing of the need of books, such friends as Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Lady Cairns, wife of the late Lord Chancellor, Lord Kinnaird, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and the London Tract Society sent valuable donations of books. Should any friends in the Eastern States desire to help in this good work they may send the books to 76 East Ninth Street, New York, where they will be properly marked with the donor's name, and forwarded to New Castle, Pa.

A Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference, at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers; Seventy-five cents bound in cloth.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. Any one who sells five hundred copies may thus earn five dollars weekly. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. Address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE UNKEPT VINEYARD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."—SONG OF SOLOMON I: 6.

Salubrious Sorrow—A Personal Complaint—I. Christians Forgetting their Heavenly Calling—Not Idlers—Unconsecrated Labor—The Work Neglected—The Rivals of the Bible—The Exchange Trenching on the Closet—The Vineyard of a Wicked City—A Discontented Preacher—Opportunities Entail Responsibility—The Remedy—A Happy Change—II. Christians Taking Other Work—The Plots Neglected—The Heart—The Family—A Preacher's Vicious Sons—When Men Should not be Made Keepers—The Neighbors.

THE text is spoken in the first person singular; "They made me." Therefore let the preaching to-night be personal to you, dear friends: personal to the preacher first, and then to each one of this mixed multitude. May we at this hour think less of others than of ourselves! May the sermon be of practical value to our own hearts! I do not suppose that it will be a pleasing sermon: on the other hand it may be a saddening one. I may bring unhappy memories before you; but let us not be afraid of that holy

Sorrow Which is Health

to the soul. The text is the language of complaint. We are all pretty ready at complaining, especially of other people. Not much good comes of picking holes in other men's characters; and yet many spend hours in that unprofitable occupation. It will be well for us, at this time, to let our complaint, like that of the text, deal with ourselves. If there is something wrong at home, let the father blame himself; if there is something ill with the children, let the mother look to her own personal conduct as their instructor. Do not let us lend out our ears, but let us keep them at home for our own use.

Let us make the text practical. Do not let us be satisfied to have uttered the language of complaint; but let us get rid of the evils which we deplore. If we have been wrong, let us labor to be right. If we have neglected our own vineyard, let us confess it with due humiliation; but let us not continue to neglect it. Let us ask of God that holy results may flow out of our self-lamentations, so that before many days we may begin to keep our own vineyards carefully by the grace of God; and then we shall better carry out the office of keeper of the vineyards of others, if we are called to such an employment.

I. First, then, let me begin with

The Christian Who Has Forgotten

his high and heavenly calling. In the day when you and I were born again, my brethren, we were born for God. In the day when we saw that Christ died for us, we were bound henceforth to be dead to the world. In the day when we were quickened by the Holy Ghost into newness of life, that life was bound to be a consecrated one. For a thousand reasons it is true that, "Ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price." The ideal Christian is one who has been made alive with a life which he lives for God. This you will not deny. Christian friends, you admit that you have a high, holy, and heavenly calling!

Now let us look back. We have not spent our life idly: we have been forced to be keepers of the vineyards. I hope I am not addressing anybody here who has tried to live without employment and labor of some kind. No, we have worked, and we have worked hard. Most men speak of their wages as "hard-earned," and I believe that in many cases they speak the bare truth. Many hours in the day have to be spent upon our occupations. We wake up in the morning, and think of what we have to do. We go to bed wearied at night by what we have done. This is as it should be, for God did not make us that we might sport and play, like leviathan in the deep. Even in Paradise man was bidden to dress the garden. There is something to be done by each man, and specially by each Christian man.

Come back to what I began with. In the day when we were born again, as many of us as are new creatures in Christ Jesus,

We Began To Live

to God, and not to ourselves. Have we carried out that life? We have worked, we have even worked hard; but the question comes to us—What have we worked for? Who has been our master? With what object have we toiled? Of course, if I have been true to my profession as a Christian, I have lived and worked for God, for Christ, for the kingdom of heaven. But has it been so? And is it so now? Many are working very hard for wealth, which means, of course, for self, that they may be enriched. Some are working simply for a competence, which means, if it goes no further, still for self. Others work for their families, a motive good enough in its way, but still only an enlargement, after all, of self. To the Christian there must always be a far higher, deeper, purer, truer motive than self in its widest sense; or else the day must come when he will look back upon his life, and say, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard"—that is, the service of Christ, the glory of Him that bought me with His blood—"have I not kept."

It seems to me to be

A Terrible Calamity

to have to look back on twenty years, and say, "What have I done in all those twenty years for Christ? I have had talents: how many of those talents have been used for Him who gave them to me? I have had wealth, or I have had influence. How much of that money have I spent distinctly for my Lord? How much of that influence have I used for the promotion of His kingdom?" You have been busy with this notion, and that motive, and the other endeavor; but have you so acted that you will then judge yourself to have well lived when your Lord and Master shall come to call you to account? Ask yourself, "Am I an earnest laborer together with God, or am I, after all, only *a laborious trifler*, an industrious doer of nothing, working hard to accomplish no purpose of the sort for which I ought to work, since I ought to live unto my Lord alone?" I invite all my fellow-servants to take a retrospect, and just to see whether they have kept their own vineyards. I suppose that they have worked hard. I only put the question—Have they kept their own vineyards? Have they served the Lord in all things?

I am half afraid to go a step further. To a very large degree we have not been true to our own professions; our highest

Work Has Been Neglected,

we have not kept our own vineyards. In looking back, how little time has been spent by us in communion with God! We say that it is "heaven below" to commune with Christ; but do we do it? We profess that there is no place like the mercy-seat. How much are we at that mercy-seat. We often say that the Word of God is precious—that every page of it glows with a heavenly light. Do we study it? Friends, how much time do you spend upon it? I venture to say that the bulk of Christians spend more time in reading the newspaper than they do in reading the Word of God. I trust that I am too severe in this statement, but I am afraid, greatly afraid, that I am not. The last new book, perhaps the last sentimental story, will win attentive reading, when the divine, mysterious, unutterable depths of heavenly knowledge are disregarded by us. Alas, my brethren, too many eat the unripe fruit of the vineyards of Satan, and the fruits of the Lord's vines they utterly despise!

Think of our neglect of our God, and see whether it is not true that we have treated Him very ill. We have been in the shop, we have been on the exchange, we have been at the markets, we have been in the fields, we have been in the public libraries, we have been in the lecture-room, we have been in the forum of debate; but our own closets and studies, our walk with God, and our fellowship with Jesus, we have far too much neglected,

Moreover, the vineyard of holy service for God we have too much left to go to ruin. I would ask you—How about the work your God has called you to do? Men are dying; are you saving them? This great city is like a seething caldron, boiling and bubbling up with infamous iniquity; are we doing anything by way of antidote to the hell-broth concocted in

That Caldron?

Are we indeed a power working toward righteousness? How much good have we done? What have I done to pluck brands from the burning? What have I done to find the lost sheep for whom my Saviour laid down His life? Come, put the questions, and answer them honestly! Nay, do not back out, and say, "I have no ability." I fear you have more ability than you will give an account of with joy at the last great day.

I remember a young man who complained that the little church over which he presided was so small. He said, "I cannot do much good. I have not above two hundred hearers." An older man replied, "Two hundred hearers are a great many to have to give an account of at the last great day." As I came in at yonder door this evening, and looked into these thousands of faces, I could not help trembling. How shall I answer for this solemn charge, for this enormous flock, in that last great day?

You Have All a Flock

of some kind, larger or smaller. You have all, as Christian people, somebody for whom you will have to answer. Have you done your Master's work in reference to those intrusted to you? O men and women, have you sought to save others from going down into the pit? You have the divine remedy; have you handed it out to these sick and dying ones? You have the heavenly word which can deliver them from destruction; have you spoken it in their ears, praying all the while that God might bless it to their souls. Might not many a man among you say to himself, "I have been a tailor," or "I have been a shop-keeper," or "I have been a mechanic," or "I have been a merchant," or "I have been a physician, and I have attended to these callings; but mine own vineyard, which was my Master's which I was bound to look to first of all, I have not kept?"

Well, now, what is

The Remedy

for this? We need not talk of our fault any more; let us make each one his own personal confession, and then seek amendment. I believe the remedy is a very sweet one. It is not often that medicine is pleasant, but at this time I prescribe for you a charming potion. It is that you follow up the next verse to my text. Read it—"Mine own vineyard have I not kept. Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" Get to your Lord, and in Him you will find recovery from your neglects. Ask Him where He feeds His flock, and go with Him. They have warm hearts who commune with Christ. They are prompt in duty who enjoy His fellowship.

Hasten to your Lord, and you will soon begin to keep your vineyard; for in the Song you will see a happy change effected. The spouse began to keep her vineyard directly, and to do it in the best fashion. Within a very short time you find her saying, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines." See, she is hunting out her sins and her follies. Further on you find her with her lord in the vineyard, crying, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out!" She is evidently keeping her garden, and asking for heavenly influences to make the spices and flowers yield their perfume. She went down to see whether the vines flourished, and the pomegranates budded. Anon, with her beloved, she rises early to go to the vineyard, and watch the growth of the plants. Further on you find her talking about all manner of fruits that she has laid up for her beloved

Thus you see that to walk with Christ is the way to keep your vineyard, and serve your Lord.

II. Now, I turn to the congregation in general, and speak with the man who has

Taken Other Work,

and neglected his own. He can use the words of the text—"They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." We know many persons who are always doing a great deal, and yet do nothing; fussy people, people to the front in every movement, persons who could set the whole world right, but are not right themselves. Very eminent men are these! I suggest to our highly-gifted friends that it is possible to be looking after a great many things, and yet to be neglecting your own vineyard. There is a vineyard that a great many neglect, and that is their own heart. It is well to have talent; it is well to have influence; but it is better to be right within yourself. It is well for a man to see to his cattle, and look well to his flocks and to his herds; but let him not forget to cultivate that little patch of ground that lies in the centre of his being. Right principles are spiritual gold, and he that hath them, and is ruled by them, is the man who truly lives. He hath not life, whatever else he hath, who hath not his heart cultivated, and made right and pure.

Have you ever thought about your heart yet? Oh, I do not mean whether you have palpitations! I am no doctor. I am speaking now about the heart in its moral and spiritual aspect. What is your character, and do you seek to cultivate it? Do you ever use the hoe upon those weeds which are so plentiful in us all? Do you water those tiny plants of goodness which have begun to grow? Do you watch them to keep away the little foxes which would destroy them? Are you hopeful that yet there may be a harvest in your character which God may look upon with approval? I pray that we may all look to our hearts.

Now, pass over that point, and think of another vineyard. Are not some people

Neglecting Their Families?

Next to our hearts, our households are the vineyards which we are most bound to cultivate. I shall never forget a man whom I knew in my youth, who used to accompany me at times in my walks to the villages to preach. He was always willing to go with me any evening; but I did not need to ask him, for he asked himself, until I purposely put him off from it. He liked also to preach himself much better than others liked to hear him; but he was a man who was sure to be somewhere to the front if he could. Even if you snuffed him out, he had a way of lighting himself up again. He was good-natured and irrepressible. He was, I believe, sincerely earnest in doing good. But two boys of his were well known to me, and they would swear horribly. They were ready for every vice, and were

Under No Restraint.

One of them drank himself into a dying state with brandy, though he was a mere boy. I do not believe his father had ever spoken to him about the habit of intoxication, though he certainly was sober and virtuous himself. I had no fault to find with him except this grave fault—that he was seldom at home, was not master of the house, and could not control his children. Neither husband nor wife occupied any place of influence in the household; they were simply the slaves of their children; their children made themselves vile, and they restrained them not! This brother would pray for his children at the prayer-meeting, but I do not think he ever practised family prayer.

It is shocking to find men and women speaking fluently about religion, and yet their houses are a disgrace to Christianity. I suppose that none of you are as bad as that; but, if it be so, please spell this text over: "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." The most careful and prayerful father cannot be held accountable for having wicked sons, if he has done his best to instruct them. The most anxious and tearful mother cannot be blamed if her daughter dishonors the family, provided her mother has done her best to train her up in the right way. But if the parents cannot say that they have done their best, and their children go astray, then they are blameworthy.

If any of my hearers exercise no parental discipline, nor seek to bring their children to Christ, I do implore them to give up every kind of public work till they have first done their work at home. Has anybody made you a minister, and you are not trying to save your own children? I tell you, sir, I do not believe that God made you a minister; for if He had, He would have begun with making you a minister to your own family. "*They* made me the keeper of the vineyards." "They" ought to have known better, and you ought to have known better than to accept the call. How can you be a steward in the great household of the Lord when you cannot even rule your own house? A Sunday-school teacher, teaching other people's children, and never praying with her own! Is not this

A Sad Business?

A teacher of a large class of youths who never has taken a class of his own sons and daughters! Why, what will he do when he lives to see his children plunged into vice and sin, and remembers that he has utterly neglected them? *This is plain dealing; but I never wear gloves when I preach.* I know not where this knife may cut; but if it wounds, I pray you do not blunt its edge. Do you say that this is "very personal?" It is meant to be personal; and if anybody is offended by it, let him be offended with himself, and mend his ways. No longer let it be true of any of us, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Besides that, every man who knows the Lord should feel that his vineyard lies also round about his own house. If God has saved your children, then, dear friend, try to do something for your neighbors, for your work-people, for those with whom you associate in daily labor. God has appointed you to take care of those nearest home. They say *the cobbler's wife goes barefooted.* Do not let it be true. Begin at home, and go on with those nearest home. Manifest Christian love to your neighbors. It is a great pity that yonder Christian man, living in a very dark part of London, comes to the Tabernacle, and does good in our societies but never speaks a word for Jesus in the court where he lives. Poor stuff, poor stuff, is that *salt which is only salt when it is*

In the Salt-box!

Throw that kind of salt away. We want a kind of salt that begins to bite into any bit of meat it touches. Put it where you like, if it is good salt, it begins to operate upon that which is nearest to it. Oh, my beloved fellow Christians, do not let it be said that you reside in a place to which you do no good whatever! I am sure if there were individual, personal work on the part of Christians in the localities where they reside, God the Holy Ghost would bless the unanimous action of His earnest, quickened Church, and London would soon know that God has a people in the midst of it.

You and I must cry mightily to the Holy Spirit to help us to live really and truly the lives which our professions demand of us. A day will come when all church-goings and chapel-goings and preachings and singings and sacraments, will seem fluff and useless stuff, if there has not been the substance of real living for Christ in all our religiousness. Oh, that we would rouse ourselves to something like a divine earnestness! Oh, that we felt the grandeur of our heavenly surroundings! We are no common men! We are loved with no common love! Jesus died for us! He died for us! He died for us! And is this poor life of ours, so often dull and worldly, our sole return? Behold that piece of land! He that bought it paid His life for it, watered it with bloody sweat, and sowed in it a divine seed. And what is the harvest? We naturally expect great things. Is the poor starveling life of many a professor a fit harvest for Christ's sowing his heart's blood? Is this all the result? O Lord, was there ever so small an effect from so great a cause? You might almost need a microscope to discover the result of the work of grace in some people's lives. Ought it to be so? Shall it be so? In the name of Him that liveth and was dead, dare you let it be so? Help us, O God, to begin to live, and keep the vineyard which Thou Thyself has given to us to keep, that we may render in our account at last with joy, and not with grief! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE DESERTER.*

DANIEL J. MORRELL took the mother of a runaway soldier to see President Lincoln, in Washington, to plead for the life of her darling boy, who had been court-martialed, and was to be shot in a few days. Lincoln first upbraided my friend for subjecting him to such an ordeal, but the poor woman was already in the room, sobbing as if her heart would break, and there was no help for it. Lincoln conducted her to a seat, asked a great many questions, learned that the boy had returned to work at Johnstown, and provided for his mother and sister from his earnings, giving as an excuse for leaving the army, that it was lying idle on the banks of the Potomac, and he knew it could not move until spring.

The President mused a few moments, apparently undecided what action to take. Even the woman held her breath for the time, and awaited in silence the word which was to rejoice her or doom her to misery forever.

"Well, I don't believe it would do him any good to shoot him, do you, madam?" asked Father Abraham of the mother, in a tone of inquiry so natural that one would have thought he was actually in doubt upon the subject himself, and wanted the opinion of the person who knew the boy best.

The mother was speechless. During the inquiry the President had been rolling a small strip of paper into a ball. He handed this to Mr. Morrell, saying, "Read that when you get out, Daniel, but mind you don't tell Stanton."

Mr. Morrell beckoned the woman to the door, placed her in the carriage, read the slip, and ordered the coachman to drive at once to the office of the Provost Marshal. Here is what he found in that tiny strip: "P.M. Washington—Send Private Johnston, Company B, Ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, to his regiment. A. L."

That is the kind of thing that took our trusting hearts and gave this wood-chopper of Illinois such power as all the hereditary monarchs of the world can never hope to acquire.

Jennie of Lucknow.

It was strange that I should stumble upon a monument in the cathedral to Major Hodson, whose grave I had seen in India. He lies with Havelock and Lawrence in the pretty little English cemetery at Lucknow, poor fellow, and here his friends and neighbors away in quiet Lichfield have commemorated his valor. How well do I remember my visit to that historic burial-place in far-off India, and the impression made upon me as I stood beside the tombs of the heroes who fell in the days of the great mutiny!

For six long months Sir Henry Lawrence and his devoted band were shut up in Lucknow, and surrounded by fifty thousand armed rebels. The grounds, which I should say are about thirty acres in extent, were fortunately encompassed by an earthen rampart six feet in height. You need not be told of the heroic resistance of the two regiments of British soldiers and one of natives, nor of the famous rescue. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, and month after month, the three hundred women and children, shut in a cellar underground, watched and prayed for the sound of Havelock's bugles, but it came not.

* From An American Tour in Britain, by Andrew Carnegie. Pp. [illegible]. Price, paper covers, 25 cents. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

A Convoy of Slaves Crossing the Desert.

Death was the least of the fears of those poor women night after night as the days rolled slowly away. One night there was graver silence than usual in the room ; all were despondent and lay resigned to their seemingly impending fate. No rescue came, nor any tidings of relief. In the darkness one piercing scream was heard from the narrow window. A Highland nurse had clambered up to gaze through the bars and strain her ears once more. The cooling breeze of night blew in her face, and wafted such music as she could not stay to hear. One spring to the ground, a clapping of hands above her head, and such a shriek as appalled her sisters who clustered around ; but all she could say between the sobs—"The slogan ! the slogan !"

"Few knew what the slogan was. "Didna ye hear? Didna ye hear?" cried the almost demented girl, and then, listening one moment that she might not be deceived, she muttered, "It's the Macgregors Gathering, the grandest o' them a', and fell senseless to the ground. Truly, my lassie, the 'grandest o' them a',' for never came such strains before to mortal ears. And so Jessie of Lucknow takes her place in history as one of the finest themes for painter, dramatist, poet, or historian, henceforth and forever."

A CONVOY OF SLAVES.

(*See Illustration.*)

The picture on this page represents a convoy of slaves in the *Soudan*, and gives an idea of the misery entailed on these wretched creatures by the greed and cruelty of the traders. A traveller thus describes the journey as he saw it :

The lives of these slaves may be divided into three distinct periods, dating from the time of bondage. At Shaka, they are well treated, for, like the cattle they resembled, the better their condition the better the price they fetched The second period was entered upon when they were disposed of to the slave-dealers, and this was the time of hardship, suffering, and cruelty. Packed and loaded with cha ns, they started on the caravan journey across the Desert—a journey marked at every stage by hunger, thirst, disease, and death. The stillness of the Desert was only broken by piteous appeals for water and wailings of despair. With burning fevers, parched throats, and sunken eyes, they dropped by the way ; and the only act of mercy shown them by their owners was in the crack and flash of the pistol—the murder which put an end to their earthly wretchedness. Such was the journey across the Desert ; those who survived it entered upon the third and final period of their career, and this was one of comparative ease. They were retailed to private individuals and employed in domestic servitude, which in Egypt does not mean either hardship or misery.

WINNIE'S GIFT.

(*See Illustration on page 93.*)

It was a dreary life that little Lottie Grenville led. It was true that her room was tastefully furnished, that the prettiest pictures decorated the walls, that her sofa was the most comfortable that money could buy, and that a servant and governess, both the most gentle and amiable that could be found, were devoted to her exclusively. Enough to have made her happy and contented, some will say, but she was not. The fact was that a little over ten years back when Lottie was a baby, a careless nurse had dropped her, and the sharp edge of a fire-guard had injured her spine, so that Lottie, though eleven years old, had never walked. She had grown and had learned to read and write and draw, and was very smart in those and other matters, but she would have been very glad to barter all her skill, and the beautiful room and all her comforts, if she could have run about and played like other children.

"You ought to be very thankful, Lottie," said a pious friend of her mother's, who always made it a matter of duty to visit the invalid whenever she came to the house ; "you ought to be very thankful to God for all His mercies. What a lovely room you have, and so many nice things around. I think I could be very happy up here."

"I think you would get tired if you were always here, Miss Whitney," said Lottie, in her usual quiet, sententious manner.

"Oh, no, I think not, because I should feel that it was God's will for me to be here, and if a tired feeling came I should just pray to Him and He would take it away. It is wrong to fret, you know, Lottie."

"Lottie must not be scolded, Miss Whitney," said a childish voice behind the lady. The voice belonged to Winnie, Lottie's younger sister and stanch friend, who had heard the last words and the sigh which was Lottie's only answer to them. She had more courage than poor afflicted Lottie, and resented the fault-finding implied and expressed in Miss Whitney's words. "A hard, unfeeling old thing," was Winnie's opinion of that good lady, and just then she was angry enough to have assailed her with the uncomplimentary dictum. "Lottie is a very good girl," was what she did say ; "she can't help feeling dull, and you'd feel dull, too, Miss Whitney, if you could not go to play if you wanted to."

"You are only a child, Winnie," said Miss Whitney. "You do not understand. I have been telling Lottie it is God's will for her to lie here, and she must bear it cheerfully."

"Don't believe it," was Winnie's curt response. "It was that horrid nurse who did it. I think God is sorry for her, and don't mind if she does fret now and then. If Jesus was here now, He'd cure her, perhaps. He'd come and see her anyhow, and He would not scold her either."

"Don't speak so, Winnie," Lottie put in, "Miss Whitney is very kind to come. She had been here ever so long before you came. It is very good of her."

"It is not good to scold you, I know, and you don't deserve it." And Winnie, having fared as those generally do who meddle in strife

that belongeth not to them, whisked out of the room. At the foot of the stairs she was suddenly caught up and kissed by a stalwart gentleman in clerical garb, who had a very warm affection for the impulsive child.

"Oh, Mr. Venn!" said Winnie, "do go up and drive Miss Whitney away. She is scolding Lottie for saying perhaps God had forgotten her. I don't wonder Lottie thinks so sometimes; do you?"

"Come into this room, Winnie, and tell me all about it."

Winnie complied gladly, for troubles seemed to vanish in telling them to Mr. Venn. This one surely did. Mr. Venn had a suggestion to make. Lottie had toys and pictures and books in endless variety, but he knew of something that she had not. There was a store that he passed every day in which there were kept on sale all sorts of birds, squirrels, white mice, and live creatures of many kinds. Mr. Venn had seen there that morning a little Persian kitten. He would have bought it at once for Lottie, but that would have spoiled Winnie's pleasure.

"Oh, that's just lovely!" she said, clapping her hands in ecstasy. "I'll buy it, I have a whole dollar saved. Won't Lottie be glad!"

Mr. Venn would take her with him to buy it, and Winnie was soon ready and trotting eagerly by his side. The kitten was put in a little basket, and the two friends returned with the treasure. Winnie relapsed into unusual silence for a block or two. At last she said:

"Mr. Venn, may I ask you something?"

"Certainly, my dear, what is it?"

"Lottie will be delighted with the kitten; it's a real beauty, but, if it isn't wicked I have thought of something that will make it still better. She really does think what she said that Jesus doesn't care for her like He does for me and other children that don't have to lie up. Now, couldn't she think that Jesus sent her the kitten. She knows I love her, but she's kind of doubtful about Him. You see I could give my money to Jesus that you paid the man instead of giving it to you, and then it would be Jesus' money that bought the kitten."

"You are a little Jesuit," said Mr. Venn, laughing. But he could not but see that there was a grand motive underlying Winnie's scheme. Surely the Saviour must have put it into the child's heart.

Arrived at home, pen and paper were in requisition, and a little label was prepared by the clergyman and his little friend. On it was written "Jesus loves you." It was attached by a blue ribbon to the kitten's neck, and that night after Lottie was asleep the kitten after being fed to a state of repletion was put back in the basket, and taken into her room. Winnie was on hand in the morning, and when Lottie was laid as usual on her sofa, and inquired what that basket was, it was Winnie who handed it to her, and then hurried out of sight to hide her tell-tale face. She stayed long enough, though, to see that both her desires were accomplished.

Winnie Acts as Proxy.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 79.*)

Unwelcome Recognition.

THE mystery of Alfred Atheling being seen in the vicinity of Aspen Garth after he was supposed to have fled the country was still unexplained. The game-keeper pondered over it as he walked homeward after bidding good-by to Simon Holmes. Whatever Alfred's motive might be, so long as it was not poaching, which, in the game-keeper's eyes, was a crime of the deepest dye, Alfred's purpose was no business of his, and he resolved to keep to his agreement with the cobbler, and say nothing about having seen the young man.

Crouch's explanation was really the true one. The desire to look once more on the familiar scene, to catch a glimpse, perhaps, through an uncurtained window, of his mother's face grew unsupportable to Alfred Atheling. He might be caught, arrested, and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years; he did not close his eyes to the risk, but he felt that he must go. The desire was remarkable, for he had never felt so drawn before. The fact was that Alfred had received a sharp lesson lately. He was like the prodigal son conscious of his degradation, and like him, too, wanted to go home.

He had been able in his retirement beneath the roof of Ned Saltmer to earn sufficient money to provide him with that welcome shelter and with more than frugal fare. He was possessed of very considerable literary gifts. For many years he had used his pen to composition, not for payment, but for pleasure Quite an accumulation of such articles had lodgment in his memory, so far, at least, that they could be readily reproduced by care and pains. He set himself to work at this. He wrote short stories, brief sketches, light essays, and these had sterling merit, and were written in a lively style. For these he was able to find a market, and they were published under a fictitious name without disclosing his identity.

Had it not been for the upbraidings of his conscience, upbraidings that refused to be silenced, and for the fear of detection and its probable consequences, that embittered his daily life, he might have faced the future even on the new lines whereon his sin and folly had compelled him to move. But wrong-doing has always a terrible power to trammel and disturb the wrong-doer, to darken his horizon, and to take all the enjoyment out of life, even at a long distance from the time and place of his transgressions.

One evening, as he was taking a brisk constitutional after a long day's labor at his desk and papers, he met with an incident that forcibly and cruelly reminded him of the constant perils of his position. He was rounding one of the shady corners of Victoria Park, when he was suddenly accosted by a well-remembered, and, therefore, unwelcome voice.

"Hallo, Atheling, old fellow! Why, who would have thought of seeing you so far east? I should have imagined that I was the only unlucky West-ender condemned to wander in these uncongenial regions. I am here, however, for my sins. How are you, old friend?"

The speaker was an acquaintance with whom he had often played the fool in the days when that employment took up the major portion of his time; a boon companion of his own and Harold Spofforth's, with whom they had consorted in such engagements as had helped to bring our young fugitive to his present pass. His name was Cecil Osborn.

"Oh, I'm all right!" said Alfred, with an assumption of ease and gaiety which he certainly did not feel. "What in the world brings you into this quarter of the modern Babylon?"

"Fact is, Atheling, I'm in a fix. Overrun the constable, you know, been going the pace too vast; vacuum here, yon't you see?" and the speaker slapped his pocket for further explanation. "My old nurse, bless her dear heart, furnishes me with a temporary Alsatia. By the by, now I come to think of it, you were under a cloud, weren't you? What was it? Oh, I remember smashing a peeler or something of that sort; saw it in the papers! Confounded bore those papers are; 'Absconded! A reward

offered!' By George! You should not tempt a poor beggar, hard up as I am, 'pon my word, you shouldn't."

And verily, yea verily, this boon companion and comrade, who could grip hands so easily and warmly, and drink his friend's health so heartily, this jolly good fellow, positively viewed our young outlaw with covetous eyes, and Alfred Atheling felt sure that just then Mr. Cecil Osborn valued his friend and his friend's friendship at a price!

At that moment, a policeman, together with another individual in plain clothes, were seen pacing the gravel walk, and approaching them with a slow and, as they thought, a cautious step. Ordinarily this would have meant nothing, and in reality it did mean nothing to either of them; but to our brace of simpletons, each with his own secret to hide, it meant much. "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth," and both alike were anxious to go their way.

"Well, ta-ta," said Cecil Osborn. "I must be going. Where are you hanging out?"

"Oh, I shall drop on you again, sometime, I dare say," was the reply, and turning on his heel, Alfred sought the shelter of Ned Saltmer's cottage by a very devious route so as to reach it unobserved. He was a good deal flurried, and as soon as he arrived at his own apartments, he heaved a deep sigh of relief that was quickly followed by another sigh of trouble and concern. "Now, what am I to do?" he said, "I cannot, must not, stop here any longer. I'll go abroad."

So startled was he by this sudden interview with the quondam friend that he could not sleep. He spent the night in laying plans for his departure, and rose unrested and ill at ease. By that morning's post he received a cheque for certain contributions to the *Popular Reader*, and as he needed to make some purchases, he went to the bank on which the cheque was drawn to get it cashed. As he came out from thence, he pushed the swing door open somewhat suddenly and vigorously, much to the surprise and discomfort of a stalwart policeman who was standing in the lobby, and who got the full effect of that "movement on flank."

"Hi, there! Heasily! Heasily!" said he "I'm not quite as 'ard as hiron. I'll charge you with 'sault an' battery."

"I sincerely beg your pardon," said Alfred, lifting his face toward the speaker. In these days Alfred Atheling usually wore a downcast look.

It was as much as he could do to maintain his composure, for lo, the two eyes that were looking on him from lowering brows were the eyes of Police Constable Tugwell, whom he had left in Harold Spofforth's dressing-room, with a lock turned on him to keep him there! Again he stammered, hardly knowing what he said—"I'm sure I beg your pardon!"

Tugwell looked at him with a sudden interest. He evidently suspected. Luckily for Alfred, he wasn't sure. Alfred moved away as rapidly as he dared, trying to choose a pace consistent with haste but not with fear. It was as much as he could do to refrain from looking round; and at every step he took he expected to feel a hand upon his shoulder, and to hear Police Constable Tugwell's stern command to stop. It was long before Alfred was able to look back upon that day without a "creep crawly feeling," and the sensation of the pressure of a policeman's digits on his arm.

Tugwell was cautious. Had he been more cautious on the former occasion Alfred would not have escaped. Tugwell had learned a lesson. He entered the bank, and stood at the counter, a man in authority. "Will you inform me what was the name of that gentleman who's just left the bank? Tallish young man, with blue heyes. Just gone hout," said he.

He was told that he was a stranger there, but that the name upon the cheque that he had presented was Ralph Ravensworth. Mr. Tugwell was not much the wiser for that. "It was the very man, I'm a'most sure!" said he, as he left the bank to look along the street in the direction Ralph had taken. "If it is 'im, I should just like to ha' nabbed him."

Honest Tugwell was not to have that indulgence. Alfred had made the best of his opportunities, and for the present at least was in safe quarters. But it was now more than ever certain that he must go. Without further delay, he gathered together the little substance that belonged to him, and set his face toward a far country. In America he thought he might be absolutely safe, and hoped, not without warrant, that the pen of Ralph Ravensworth would maintain him there.

It is needless to say that Ned Saltmer and Madge were sorry to part with him. His genial ways, his Yorkshire sympathies, his ability to talk "East Ridin," and so to make music in the ears of the home-loving couple, and especially his appreciation of Madge's housewifery, had endeared him to them both. There was also that other tie, always strong on the part of well-constituted natures—they had befriended him greatly in the "day of his calamity," and so seemed to have a permanent share in him. On the evening before he set out on his contemplated long journey, Ned asked him to give him ten minutes' conversation in his own room. Alfred wonderingly, and in truth apprehensively, consented. It was his fate to carry about with him always an accuser in his breast, and that led him to be always on the alert for an accusation from otherwhere.

"Why, now," said Ned, coming to the point at once, "it's just here. You've trusted me, an' I've trusted you; an' I don't think that either on us is ony the woss for that."

"Indeed, I'm grateful, from the bottom of my soul," said Alfred, warmly. "You've been a true friend to me."

"I want to be, an' I will be," said Ned. "If you believe it, give me your hand on it." Needless to say it was heartily gripped. "Now, then, all's clear sailin'," said Ned. "The long an' the short of it is, Mr. Alfred Atheling, *I know you*. I knew you i' the coffee-house the first day I saw you in London."

Alfred looked at him in dumb surprise, and thought what a fool's paradise he had been living in, so far as his notions of seclusion were concerned.

"I don't wonder," said Ned, "at your looking like that. It'll make no difference to me. I'm a Chilworth man, I am, an' I used to be journeyman wi' Simon Holmes o' Thorpe Aspen. He was buildin' a new farmstead for Farmer Holroyd, o' Aspen Grange, leastwise for Sir Godwin Spofforth, his landlord. Don't you remember when you used to be hevin' your holidays, how you used to come when we was hevin' dinner, an' tell us tales, whoppers they was, some of 'em; an' crack jokes till we a'most died o' laughin'?"

Alfred's face had become red and white by turns, and all the while honest Ned Saltmer was speaking he thought how entirely he had been at his mercy. Still, his confidence was not shaken, and he replied with a smile—"Now you mention it, I call it to mind. Those were merrier days than these," and as he spoke Alfred sighed heavily.

"Never mind," said Ned, misunderstanding the origin of that sigh. "You ha' no cause to trouble that I knows you. I liked you then, an' I like you now, an' so does my Madge. An' seein' that you're under a cloud, as you said yourself, I don't mind sayin' that me an' Madge is a good deal troubled about yo'; more especially as you ha' been so down i' the dumps these last few days. You've no call to fear that there's any danger of our lettin' out anything we know. I ain't goin' to ask where you are goin', because that might look suspicious-like, an' most likely it's best we shouldn't know; an' I ain't goin' to persuade you not to go, because I think it's quite likely you're right to move away. But I be goin' to say this, an' what I says I means—whenever you want a corner to set down in, or a plain man to do a friendly turn, an' a good little woman to mak' you welcome, Number fourteen Woodstock Street, Victoria Park, is the spot for you. Will you give me your hand on it?"

They were very honest and genuine tears that stood in Alfred's eyes as he looked in Ned's face, took again the proffered hand, and said, "I will, Ned, and thank you from the bottom of my heart. If ever I need a refuge I'll seek it with you."

It was a few days after this conversation that Alfred, starving with home-hunger, ventured to find his way to Aspen Garth, to snatch a glimpse of the hearth around which were gathered those who, now that a great gulf lay between him and them, were dear to him as life, ay, dearer, for it was more for their sakes, their name, their reputation, than for his own personal safety, that he shunned what he fully believed would be his if he surrendered—a convict's fate.

Protected from observation by the early winter dark and the thick mist that lay upon the ground, he had seen the dear old room with its cosy ingles, its flickering beech logs, whose flames lighted up each well-remembered picture on the walls. He had seen the calm, sad features and silver hair of his mother as she sat in her accustomed chair. He had seen the brighter, cheerier face of sister Clara, and the frank, open countenance of his brother Edgar. He did not see Robert, his good, noble, large-hearted elder brother. He gazed through the window until his face seemed glued to the pane, until the vision was blurred out by scalding tears. He felt as though he must rush in and steal one last embrace. But then came the thought that, by doing so, he should make them partakers of his peril, and possibly bring them within reach of the law, for not surrendering him to the justice he had defied.

While still he lingered, uncertain what to do, he was alarmed by approaching footsteps, and sped swiftly to the stackyard to hide from view Then it was that Jacob Benson, in hot pursuit of "Chivey" Ste'enson, mistook him for the poacher, and stretched his hand to take him. Fearful of being recognized, Alfred had crouched into the angle of the haystack made by the knife to supply the cattle with fodder. With an involuntary appeal upon his lips, he sprang out into the darkness with a darker night within him, and fled away, away from home and friends, to meet an unknown future on a foreign strand.

But the bitter cup he was called upon to drink had not yet received all its unpalatable ingredients. As he sped along the Chilworth road he overtook the poacher who had been the quarry that Jacob Benson would fain have brought down. That worthy, in his turn, mistook him for the keeper in hot pursuit. He turned on Alfred with an oath, and laid his hand upon his gun to defend himself.

Alfred was taken by surprise, and stood in silence for a moment. That moment was sufficient for Chivey to recognize him. Alfred's face was ghastly white, and even through the night the poacher saw that it wore a hunted look. The poacher could sympathize with that; he had had to run many a gauntlet of keepers, policemen, and keepers' men. Only the rough side of his human kindred had been turned toward him, or he might have been other and better than he was. A sudden impulse of sympathy with a brother outlaw made him lower his gun and say as he stood aside to let the young man pass, "Gan yer ways, for all me—hawks sudn't pick oot hawks' een."

Stung to the quick by the humiliating claim of fellowship, Alfred did not stay to recognize the better feelings that prompted it, but passed on into the deepening shadow, the very incarnation of shame and humiliation. He hastened to Liverpool, and took ship for New York. There he hoped to enter on a new career, and to live a nobler and a better life. He resolved to write home as soon as he had landed, and say that much, at any rate, to sow the seeds of hope at home. Thanks to the pious principles which had always been in the ascendent at Aspen Garth, the young prodigal felt a real yearning after better things. Ere he left his native land

he had vowed that, by the help of God, he would

"Build a new life upon a ruined life,
And make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream."

It is a worthy object, but in such a case as his, can it be attained? That question Alfred Athelng asked himself full oft, and feared even while he hoped. That fear well guarded may haply help him in his task.

(*To be continued.*)

ABRAHAM PLEADING FOR SODOM.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 20, Gen. 18 : 16-33. Golden Text, Heb. 3 : 3.

The New Names—Abraham's Faith Wavering—His Desires for Ishmael—Unbelief Yields to Faith—A Message for Sarah—God's Confidential Friend—The Investigation of Sodom—The Secrets Unveiled—Abraham's Interest in Sodom—His Intercession—Receives All he Asks—Lot Blessed by Financial Ruin.

WHEN God gave Abraham "the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had when he was in uncircumcision" (Rom. 4 : 11, R. V.), He changed his name from Abram (the father of elevation) to Abraham (the father of many nations). God called him by a name which was, in itself, a fulfilment of His Word of promise. But not only so, God also changed the name of Sarai (contentious), to Sarah (princess), implying that she should be mother of a royal race. "Sarah shall her name be, . . . and she shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her." For a moment the eye of Abraham was off his God. He looked at Sarah, considered the possibility of such a thing, and "fell upon his face and laughed, and said in his heart, Shall a child be born unto him that is an hundred years old? and shall Sarah, that is ninety years old, bear?" Nature said, "Impossible," faith says, "With God all things are possible" (Matt. 19 : 26). Abraham thought he saw an easier way than that which God proposed, "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" God was ignoring Ishmael, just as

He Ignores All Our Attempts to Mend His Ways.

But Ishmael was dear to Abraham, and he had taken for granted that the promises would be fulfilled in him; but this was not God's thought; it would have defeated His purpose, and have played into the hands of Abraham's unbelief. So He said, "Sarah, thy wife shall bear thee a son, indeed, and thou shall call his name Isaac —(*i.e.*, laughter); and I will establish My covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with his seed after him." It was not in vain that Abraham had pleaded for Ishmael, "As for Ishmael, I have heard thee; behold, I *have* blessed him, . . . and I will make him a great nation." Blessing was in the tents of Abraham, and, probably, at this very time, Ishmael knew the God of his father, and he *was* blest, but not with the covenant blessing.

It was not long after this that the Lord appeared again to Abraham. His moment of

Unbelief Had Passed Away

and in the New Testament there is no record of it at all, on the contrary, we are told that, "being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead, when he was about one hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb; he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that what He had promised, He was able also to perform." Faith looks at soul, body, circumstances, through what God is, what God says, and what God is able to do. Unbelief looks at God's promises through what *we* are, what *we* feel, what our former experiences have been. Unbelief measures trial, temptation, disease with what *we* are, faith measures all these things with what *God* is. With Abraham,

Faith Had Now Superseded Unbelief,

and thus could God commune with him. God appeared to him in the form of three men, to whom Abraham offered hospitality, and with whom he was perfectly at his ease. The men inquired for Sarah, who was within hearing in the tent, and when God, through them, confirmed His promise that Sarah should have a son, she laughed at the apparent absurdity of such a thing, and God said, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Sarah denied that she laughed, thus adding untruth to her unbelief. This, too, is not mentioned in the New Testament. God overcame the sin in Sarah, and the Holy Ghost thus testified of her, "Through faith also Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she

Judged Him Faithful Who Had Promised."

Jesus came "not . . . to condemn the world; but that the world, through Him, might be saved" (John 3 : 18). He is "the Mediator of the New Covenant" (Heb. 12 : 24), which speaks, not condemnation, but pardon. He came "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," therefore are the sins of men of old not mentioned in Heb. 11.

Having delivered their message, the men rose up, and looked toward Sodom, and "Abraham went with them to bring them on the way." God was about to judge the wicked city of Sodom, but He would not do it without taking a man into His counsels. Before He destroyed the world by a flood, He took Noah into His counsels, and now He says, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?" God treated Abraham as

A Confidential Friend,

and He gives two reasons for so doing: one is the greatness which should distinguish Abraham in fulfilment of His promises, the other is Abraham's faithfulness to God, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him." God's faithfulness to man and man's faithfulness to God must go together. It is true that we can do nothing of ourselves, but

We Can Meet the Grace of God

which enables us to do His will. When He worketh in us to will and to do, we can either co-operate with Him or resist His working. God confided to Abraham, "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous; I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto Me; and if not, I will know." Surely, Abraham must have held his breath while this searching investigation was going on. No sons of Belial could be brought forward to prove that the cry which had entered into the ears of God was a false one. No bull's-eye lantern or earthly detective was needed to discover and make known the truth. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" (Ps. 94 : 9). What fearful

Secrets Were Unveiled

in that silent, severe, uncompromising scrutiny, only the day of judgment will declare! Blighted lives, affections trampled upon, innocence betrayed, the strong taking brutal advantage of the weak—such were the things which called down fire and brimstone out of heaven, for God could not suffer them in His creation.

"The men" went on their way—all unsuspected by the wicked men of Sodom—"but Abraham stood yet before the Lord." He had

Interests in Sodom.

Lot, who was not only his nephew, but one of his spiritual children, lived in Sodom, and Abraham trembled for him. He knew that Lot was a justified man, a child of God, and yet how could Abraham justify his worldliness? He looked away from Lot to the God who had brought himself out of idolatry, and said, "Wilt Thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt Thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous which are therein? That be far from Thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from Thee; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Fifty! Abraham was altogether out in his estimate. But could Lot have dwelt over twenty years in Sodom, and yet have had

No Fruit for God Among the Men of Sodom?

Fifty in about twenty years would have been but a small number of conversions. But man sees not as God sees. Sodom had no such salt as Abraham imagined, and, by and by, he awoke to the ghastly fact that in all that city and the cities of the plain there was but one man whom God could call His own, and that one was the worldly Lot! God's answer was clear and decisive, "If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes." Abraham reduced the number by five, then by ten, then again by ten, until at last he said, "Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once, Peradventure ten shall be found there, and He said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake!" All that Abraham asked was granted—the city was destroyed—but the one righteous man was saved. "And it came to pass, when God destroyed the cities of the plain, that God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when He overthrew the cities in the which Lot dwelt" (Gen. 19 : 29). God would have us to be intercessors. But

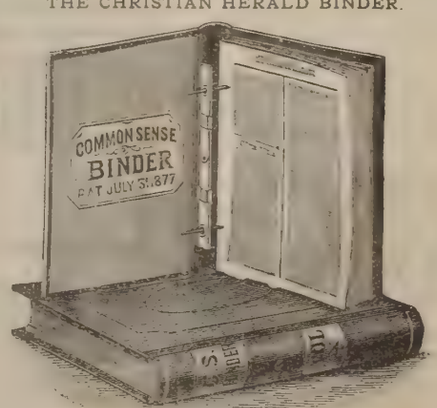
True Intercession

is not the attempt to compel God to do what *we* want, or what *we* think right. Abraham wanted God to save Sodom, which was the greatest curse on God's earth; this was not God's thought, it was better even for the wicked men of Sodom that they should not live to add to their wickedness, and it was necessary that God's holiness and His hatred of the loathsome sins of the wicked city should be demonstrated to all time. But why should Lot, who was righteous, lose all his possessions? Because God knew that they were weaning his heart from the God he knew, and so hindering his usefulness, that when he did attempt to speak a word for God to his sons-in-law, it was a thing so unusual and unlooked for, that "he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law." Prayer in the Holy Ghost is

A Getting Hold of the Thought of God,

and so an asking in the will of God; and then, against all seeming, and all discouragement, there is praise to God for the answer. In the utter stripping of Lot of all his temporal possessions, a fuller answer was given to Abraham's prayer than he had either asked or thought.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.



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"GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED."

PHILIPPIANS iv, 19.

Not what I *want* myself, dear Lord,
But what I *need*, O give to me;
I thank Thee I can trust Thy word,
That as my *need*, my *gift* shall be.

I place my trembling hand in Thine,
And love Thee, trust Thee, as Thy child;
Content with Thee to walk alone
Through gloomy paths and deserts wild.

And though the way be dark and cold,
Still am I safe, dear Lord, with Thee;
My feeble steps Thou wilt uphold,
For Thine own arms encircle me.

And giving all my life to Thee,
No longer have I any care;
Thou hast prepared a home for me,
And Thy own hand will lead me there.

—*Selected.*

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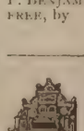

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THE VERMONT RAILROAD DISASTER ON FEB. 5.

The Make-up of the Train—Starting from White River Junction—The Engineer's Narrative—The Fall from the Bridge—The Burning Cars—A Passenger's Story—A Brakeman's Jump—The Bridge on Fire—The Roll of the Dead—Parting of a Father and Son—A Husband's Suicide.

THE appalling railroad disaster on the Central Vermont Railroad on Saturday, February 5th, has sent a thrill of horror through the country. Since that dread calamity at Ashtabula in December, 1876, in which the eminent Gospel singer, Mr. P. P. Bliss, and his wife, and about one hundred and twenty other passengers lost their lives, there has been nothing of a like character so terrible as this. On the first page is a picture of the scene with which we here give a brief description of its prominent features.

The Train

to which the accident occurred was made up at White River Junction, Vt., from two trains, one of which came from Boston and the other from Springfield, Mass. When it started on its journey to Montreal, it consisted of six cars, made up, as is customary, with the combination baggage and express car next to the engine, then the combination mail and smoker, with the first passenger car, all of which came from Boston over the Boston and Lowell Road; then followed the passenger and sleeping cars from Springfield, the sleeper being the St. Albans. Attached to the rear of the train was the Pullman sleeper Pilgrim. The train was more than an hour late, and did not leave the junction until ten minutes past two in the morning, and should have reached Montreal soon after eight o'clock. On account of the special rates to the Montreal Carnival the number of passengers was unusually large, many persons taking advantage of the reduced fare, to make the

Trip to the Dominion

on business and pleasure. So extensive was the demand for accommodations that all the berths on the sleeping car Puritan were taken long before the Boston section reached Hartford. Fifteen persons occupied berths in the sleeping car St. Albans. The ordinary coaches were well filled, and inquiries which have been made since the disaster indicate that there must have been ninety-one persons in all on the train, of whom twelve were employés of the road.

About four miles from White River Junction is West Hartford, a small hamlet on the White River. The population consists of farmers, whose homes are quite widely scattered. At this point the Central Vermont Railroad crosses the river obliquely. The track is fifty feet above the water, which, at this point, is eight feet deep. The bridge is a wooden one, resting on abutments of gray granite near the banks, and on three piles of the same material in the middle of the river. It is six hundred and fifty feet in length, the longest of its character in the country. The river was frozen on Friday night, ice to the thickness of two feet having formed on it, and the thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero.

The Engineer

of the wrecked train in giving evidence at the official investigation on February 7th, said that he made no effort to make up lost time, and slowed up as usual before reaching the bridge. He noticed nothing unusual until he was past the middle of the bridge, when a sharp stroke of the alarm-bell caused him to apply the air brakes and look out. Then he saw the rear end of his train topple over

From the Bridge to the Gorge,

fifty feet below. Two sleeping cars and two passenger coaches had become detached from the forward part of the train. They left the track before reaching the bridge, and bumped along the cross-ties until the coupling broke, and then the first car fell on its side and over the bridge, dragging the others with it to the frozen river below. A broken rail has been found where the cars left the track and a broken axle. It is supposed that either the break of the axle caused the car to leave the track, or that the broken rail caused the shock that broke the axle.

The baggage and mail cars, with the engine, crossed the bridge in safety. As soon as possible the train was stopped, and the railroad employés and a few passengers in the smoking compartment of the mail car went to the relief of those in the wreck. The descent of the steep embankment was speedily made, and when they arrived where they expected to find the detached portion of the train they discovered the four cars bottom up on the ice. Flames immediately burst forth.

Vain Efforts at Rescue.

The scene at the bridge was awful. Mingled with the uproar of the fire were the cries of the imprisoned passengers, crying "Help! Help! Help!" The few passengers who were in the "smoker" and the employés of the railroad and the mail service were struck dumb at the terrible sight before them. The most collected men rendered what little service was possible, but the heat of the fast-burning cars drove them away before much could be accomplished.

A Passenger's Story

of his experience gives a vivid idea of the scene. John Shull, a printer of New Haven, in company with Louis B. James, the son of the editor of the Thomaston *Express*, went to Springfield on Friday and took the through train there for Montreal to attend the carnival. The sleeper in which they were was put into the train at White River Junction. Shull says that while the train was being made up there he fell asleep. When he awoke shortly afterward he perceived that the car was off the track. "I recognized that it was," he says, "by its bumping on the cross-ties. Of course I had no idea that we were on a bridge. The curtain on my window was down. I had hardly made out the point about the car being off the track when I felt the car turn over. The turning gave me a feeling of nausea. Then I lost consciousness, for how long I don't know, but when I came to I found that the window which before was at my side was now over my face and some feet above me. Some car timbers lay across my chest and pinned me into a very uncomfortable position. I was lying on my back, and, as I said, with the opening over my head. I struggled desperately and finally was able to punch my hand through the glass of that window, giving myself some severe cuts in the arms. I could hear some noise outside, and soon I heard somebody walking on the side of the car over my head.

"You must remember that the car was now lying on its side. I yelled for help with all the strength I had. The man overhead came to the window, wrenched it open, and, as he did so, let a bushel or two of snow fall in on me. The snow nearly suffocated me. I could not yet make another outcry. I was nearly mad with anguish, and the more so, as the man, after listening for a few seconds at the window, walked away from me. After freeing myself from the snow I called out again and again for help. I could now see from where I lay that

The Car was on Fire,

I was only three berths from the stove. The timbers about the stove were blazing slightly every minute, and the smoke was reaching me All this while I had seen nothing and heard nothing of James. Nobody answered my cries for help, and I had just barely room for breathing under the big beams or whatever it was that pressed on my chest. Just as I was despairing a man heard my cries, opened the window, and pulled me out on to the ice of the river. The cars and the bridge were then burning. The man who pulled me out helped me look for James. We pulled all the furniture we could reach through the window and worked until the flames were right beside us, licking up the berth next to mine. Then we had to go. Afterward I learned my assistant was the son of Judge Vesey, of Vermont. I was soon told it was silly for me to wait around for the body of my friend James. Even if the body were found nobody could recognize it. It was seven o'clock before I could get anything to put on my bare feet. James's body had not been found when I left."

A Brakeman's Jump

for life was one of the thrilling incidents of the disaster. George Parker was acting as brakeman on the train, and was in the forward passenger car just before it went on the bridge. Suddenly he heard a sharp snap and felt a jar. He rushed forward, and, looking out from the rear end of the smoker, saw the four rear cars enter the bridge *off the rails* and jumping up and down on the ties and cross timbers. Thinking the whole train would be hurled from the bridge, he jumped and rolled down the bank to the river

"About half way across," said he, "I saw the rear car make a sharp pitch to the right and drop into the shadowy abyss like a meteor, dragging three other cars with it. I saw the engine and two cars keep on, witnessed the fiery plunge of the other cars, heard them grind and thunder on the rocks and ice below, and then I ran to arouse the neighborhood. When I returned flames were bursting forth from the passenger cars, and five minutes later they were all on fire. I assisted in helping people out of the two sleepers and then looked on and saw the poor fellows cremated alive. I heard them cry piteously for help and could not offer them any aid on account of the great heat."

Train and Bridge Burning.

The fire, according to best accounts, first appeared in the wreck of the second passenger car. It spread to the others with frightful rapidity. At its height the flaming pyre made a sight of sickening horror. From all parts of it came heart-rending cries that died away in death all too slowly. Of near a hundred passengers who went down with the wreck, only thirty gathered around the dreadful bonfire. The flames leaped up to the bridge above and soon spread to the further shore, and the blazing timbers dropped to the ice below. Before this stage was reached most of the rescued had walked, or had been carried, to the single farm-house within sight of the wreck. Few were able to make their way unassisted. Two or three died on the way. As soon as the flames had subsided sufficiently the work of recovering the bodies from the wreck was begun. Most of the remains are so charred as to be unrecognizable. The body of Pullman Car Conductor Burgess was one of the first taken out.

Upon the receipt of the news at St. Albans President J. Gregory Smith, General Manager Hobart and the other officials started a special train to the scene of the accident. Physicians were taken in at St. Albans and intermediate stations, and all that was possible was done to relieve the suffering of the injured. The scene of the disaster is a sparsely settled country, but people in the vicinity lent all possible aid. Hundreds from all quarters visited the scene of the accident, which is now a desolate waste. Work upon the ruins was kept up all day, but the work of recovering the bodies was necessarily slow. Some undoubtedly fell into the water when the heat of the burning cars and bridge timbers melted the ice, and were carried away by the current.

The Dead and Missing

cannot be counted with absolute accuracy. Of the former the remains are so charred as to be in many cases beyond identification, and even the surgeons are unable to be sure whether a heap of burned flesh represents two or three bodies. A most careful revision, however gives the following estimate of the number of persons on the wrecked train and how accounted for: There were brought to Windsor on the Connecticut River Road, 36; to White River Junction on the Boston and Lowell Road, 37; taken on at White River Junction, 6; trainmen, 12. Total on train, 91, accounted for as follows: Injured, per surgeons' official list, 36; dead bodies recovered, surgeons' count, 32; known to have gone north on trains, 12; known to have returned home, 5. Total, 85. Six are still unac-

counted for. These figures may be changed by the probable presence of children without tickets on the train, who have not yet been heard from.

A Pathetic Parting

of a son from his father is among the sad incidents reported. One of the first passengers to escape from the burning wreck was Clovis Maignet, a French-Canadian boy, living in Shaewigan, Canada. He was with his father, David Maignet, on their way from Holyoke to their home. The boy sat three seats behind his father in the third car from the rear. He was dozing in his seat when he felt the car shiver. This motion was kept up for a few seconds and then the car dashed over the bridge upon the ice. By hard work the boy succeeded in getting out of one of the car windows. He at once went in search of his father, and discovered him, by the light of the burning wreck just above him, pinned down by a part of the top of the car, which had fallen directly across his chest and legs. The old man was as firmly held as if in a vise. Clovis rushed to his father's assistance, and spoke words of encouragement to him.

The father was very cool under the circumstances, and told his son to help him out as soon as possible. The boy seized his father and struggled with all his strength to extricate him, but in vain. The flames were approaching rapidly. "Clovis," said the father, "run and get an axe or a saw," but the boy could not find either. "Pull me out, then," said the father, "even if you have to break my legs to do it." The boy tugged away with all his might, but could not stir his father an inch. With wonderful coolness the father gave himself up to his fate.

"It's no use, my boy," he said. "There is no hope for me. Leave me and save yourself. But remember the dying words of your father. Always be a good boy. Farewell, my son; I will meet you in the other world."

The flames were then so close at hand that the boy could remain no longer.

A Husband's Suicide

was one result of the maddening spectacle. Soon after the accident a man was noticed leaning on the edge of one of the cars and calling to his wife, saying, "Mary, are you there?" No answer came, and then he would lean back and moan in his anguish. When Mr. Lee looked for him again he was gone, and it is supposed that he jumped into the wreck and perished with his wife.

Many other heart-rending incidents are reported. The awful calamity separated for all time even those who were side by side a few minutes before. One man escaped while his companion was pinioned firmly by timbers across his foot, and before he could be extricated he was burned to death. It was a terrible scene. In such circumstances death is very awful. Still, in any circumstances death is deeply solemn; and it lies before every one in the near or far future. Whether by sudden catastrophe like this, or by disease, farewell must be said to the world and the soul enter upon eternity. Happy are they to whom death has no terrors in whatever shape it comes. To those who have through Christ entered into that peace which passes understanding, who through His blood have been accepted of God and are washed and purified, death is only the gate of life. They go to be with Him, "which is far better."

The Testimony of a Defaulter to the Truth of the warning of Scripture of the fatal results of sin was mentioned on February 1st in the course of a trial in a Canadian court. A witness identified the handwriting of a letter written by Blackstone, the Portland defaulter, in which the writer, after confessing to the theft of $75,580, said: "They say I stood high in the church. That's a lie. I have not attended church for two years. I have had too great a weight of sin on my conscience. Let no man tell me that the wages of sin is not death. Instead of being an exile and a fugitive from justice, I might to-day, if I had not gone wrong, been a bank cashier."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Saved From Tripping.—Mr. J. G. Forbes Said at a recent meeting: "One day as I was going along the street I saw a number of girls playing with a rope on the pavement. As I came up they let the rope lie flat on the ground with the apparent purpose of allowing me to pass; but just as I was about to step over it they drew it tight two or three inches above the ground, and had I not been too strong for them and kicked it out of their hands, I should have fallen. So Satan and the people of this world are continually laying traps for Christians, and, while seeming to help them are but enticing them to their ruin. But, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, He either removes the temptation, helps us, by lifting us safely over it, or making us strong in His strength, enables us to firmly face and resolutely overcome it."

Made Rich Through a Bank Failure.—Another worker remarked: "Not long ago, I met a very old gentleman who had at one time of his life been a very rich man. He had in his youth been a most earnest Christian, but as he increased in this world's wealth, and got fine houses, horses and carriages, he, although still a Christian, was not so energetic in his Master's service; his time was more taken up with his business. By and by there came a great bank failure, one of the most extensive of the city banks came down, and he being a large shareholder lost all he had; but when he was thus made poor the Lord came to him and comforted him, and he felt happier and drew closer to the Lord than he had ever done in his greatest prosperity, and he praises the Lord for his seeming misfortunes."

The "Three Courses" Open.—The Same Gentleman observed: "I remember a friend of mine telling me the other day that he had been speaking to an anxious soul; and the anxious one had said to him, 'What must I do?' 'There are three things, and one of them you must do,' was the reply. 'The first is you may turn over a new leaf, but though you do so and keep the new leaf perfectly clean, what are you going to do about the past? You cannot efface it, and there it will remain to condemn you. Secondly you may remain as you are, and then you are surely lost. Or, best of all, you can come to Christ, and the whole thing is finished at once. Your past sins are all blotted out, and your future secured. You are safe for time and for eternity.' The last-named course was adopted, and the anxious soul entered into rest."

Afraid of the Wild Cats.—Mr. J. Gilbert Forbes said: "Once my father and I (I was a very little boy then) were driving along a country road which led through a thick forest; there was nothing but trees on every side, and the night was intensely dark, and I became very much afraid, especially as there were a number of wild cats in a hill in the neighborhood, and I expected every moment that one of them would jump out and seize me. I seemed to have completely forgotten the presence of my father, until he turned to me, and said, 'Don't be afraid, I'll take care of you,' and then all the fear left me at once, and I felt quite secure because I was along with him. So when things grow dark all around them, many Christians begin to think of the dangers and difficulties to be encountered, and look at their own feebleness; but when the Lord's gracious 'Fear not for I am with you, and nothing shall harm you" falls upon their ear, they are comforted and enabled to conquer in the strength of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us."

Return of a Prodigal Daughter.—An Evangelist remarked: "A lady whom I knew had five sons, all of them ministers of the Gospel. Yet, though she was thus blessed by her sons being all in the ministry, strange to say, she had a daughter—an only daughter—who had gone far astray. And it was the constant prayer of that good old lady that her wandering child should be brought back; and for the last years of her life the door of her house was never shut; she was always expecting her daughter's return. And if the neighbors asked her if she were not afraid to leave her door open all night, especially as she lived in such a quiet part of the country, she would answer, 'I have given my house, door and all, to the Lord, and He is quite able to take care of His own; besides, I expect my daughter home some day soon, and I am keeping the door open for her. I have asked God to give me back my daughter, and He has never yet disappointed me in anything I asked from Him.' Well, one night she was roused from sleep by some one kissing her, and when she opened her eyes she saw bent over her the tear-stained face of her daughter, as she stood weeping by the bedside. She had come to the door that night, and trying the latch and finding it open, had known that that meant a welcome. She had slipped softly in, and up to her mother's bedroom, where the sight of her mother sleeping calmly and peacefully had completely broken her down, and from that night she was a changed woman."

A Leap Into the Chasm.—A Worker Said: "There is a story of ancient Rome, that right in the middle of the city in the forum, there was caused by an earthquake, an enormous chasm so deep that no one could see the bottom, and such that no matter how much material was thrown into it, it swallowed it all up and refused to be filled. The Romans consulted the oracles, and were told that there the chasm would remain until the most precious thing among the Romans would be cast into it, upon which it would close, and from that time the progress of Rome would be one steady march forward. For some time the Romans were much perplexed to find out what was the most precious thing they possessed, but one of them named Curtius said, 'Why, do you not all know that the most precious thing in Rome is its youth and valor,' and arming himself and mounting his steed, he sprang into the chasm, which immediately closed over his head. The legend is typical. Sin had caused a great chasm between God and man, and no matter what sacrifices were thrown into it, it swallowed them up, leaving the gulf of separation the same as ever. It required that the most precious thing in all God's universe should step into the breach, and by the sacrifice of Himself reconcile God and man, and, to-day, thanks to the love of Jesus, there is now no separation but a straight road to salvation and to God through the body and blood of Christ."

A Fall Through a Trap.—Mr. Calder said: "Yesterday, in my place of business, one of the boys engaged with us fell down a trap, and was very badly injured. I rushed down and got him in my arms, but he was unconscious; and as I bathed the blood from his face and otherwise tried to restore him, I heard the first words he moaned, which were, 'Thank God I'm not killed yet; but it is dark here; we must get up, up into the light.' At length he was sufficiently recovered to recognize me, and then he seemed somewhat reassured, and consented to lie still till the doctor should come. When the doctor came he said there was not much to be feared, that he was more frightened than seriously hurt, and if we were careful there was no danger. Meanwhile he had again relapsed into unconsciousness, and was constantly reiterating the one word, 'When? When? When?' And it was not until this morning, when we had sent the other lad to inquire for him, that we learned what he meant. The lad on calling was told by the injured boy's sister that though he was improving he was still partly unconscious, and continued to moan, 'When? When? When? Oh, when shall I meet Jesus?' I had been speaking to him some few days before about his soul, and had told him to think of his mother now dead, but who, in life, had often prayed for him; and when thus suddenly stricken down, his first thought had been about Him who had died for him. He is now out of all danger, but I have hope that this seeming accident will be blessed to the saving of his soul."

THE RANSOMED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 13, 1887.

"Ye are bought with a price."—1 CORINTHIANS 6 : 20.

The Cost of the Heavenly Mansions—The English Crown Jewels in the Tower of London—The Crown Jewels of Eternity—Instalments of their Cost—I. Christ's Ignominious Birth—Amid Uproar and Squalor—The First Night out of Heaven—II. The Scene in Quarantania—Conflict with Satan—Napoleon's Coat of Mail—A Powerful Temptation—A Protected Sailor—III. The Sham Trial—A Divine Sympathizer—A Dying Chaplain—IV. Death the Last Instalment—The Purchase Power of the Five Wounds—The Lost Cable.

YOUR friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the fresco, the grass-plots, the fish-ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself, or you say aloud: "What did all this cost?" You see costly apparel, or you see a high-mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value. The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you what it is all worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up, in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundin s, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and

What has Actually been Paid

for it. I cannot complete in a month or a year the magnificent calculation; but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went into London Tower to look at the crown jewels of England. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that to-day I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once at least and see *the crown jewels of eternity*, behold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price." Now, if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by instalments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid. And I have to tell this audience that "You have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different instalments.

The First Instalment

paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill, there was *a very bedlam of uproar* when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people, many thousand people were crowded; and amid ostlers and muleteers, and camel-drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden, the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie—hath the whelp in the lion's lair.

The exile of heaven lieth down upon the straw. *The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse!* One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Cæsar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then, last of all, to the stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem, and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, oh Mary, no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which is brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly affections put back the covering from

The Babe

that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in.

The second instalment paid for our soul's clearance was

The Scene in Quarantania,

a mountainous region full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts; so that you must now, the traveller says, go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and pray, and it was there that this monster of hell, more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself, met Christ.

Hunger must have agonized every fibre of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men

Hungry as Christ

was a-hungered, and, if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said: "Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you or me under those circumstances, we would have cried: "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication; but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. Oh ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted.

We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made; but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of that coat of mail: "Put it on now yourself and let us try it;" and with shot after shot from his own pistol the Emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward. I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the heart of Christ we may all now wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended Me and wear it for yourselves. I will see you through all trials, and I will see you through all temptation."

"But," says Satan, still further to Jesus, "come and I will show you something worth looking at," and after a half-day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the Temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the Temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy and have a strange disposition to jump; so, Satan comes to Christ with

A Powerful Temptation

in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the Temple they look off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms. "Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the Temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present, if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you India; I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a humiliation it must have been.

Go to-morrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin-cellar in the Fourth Ward, New York. "No," you say, "I would not bemean myself by getting in such a contest." Then think of what the King of heaven and earth endured when He came down and

Fought that Great Wretch

of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on the top of the Temple. But I bless God that in that triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having Himself been tempted, He is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled in the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "*Don't send that boy up;* he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then rose, hand over hand, and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done, he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him: "Why did you go down in the forecastle before you went up?" "Ah," said the boy, "*I went down to pray.* My mother always taught me before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh, that is the New Testament," he said, "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well that boy was protected! I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us, and Christ beneath us, and Christ above us, and Christ all around us, nothing shall befall us in the way of harm. Christ Himself, having been in the tempest, will deliver all those who put their trust in Him. Blessed be His glorious name forever.

The third instalment paid for redemption was

The Saviour's Sham Trial.

I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in the Tombs Court of New York as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled Him into the court-room at two o'clock in the morning. They gave Him no time for counsel. They gave Him no opportunity for subpœnaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the court-room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, two o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently, Christ entered the court-room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at Him! No one to speak a word for Him. I lift the lantern until I can look into His face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, Himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court-room comes up and smites Him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for the sentence! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of th court between condemnation and sentence; but what cares this judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let him die," says the judge, and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want—His blood. Hand him out here to us. Away with Him! away with Him!"

Oh, I bless God that amid all the injustice that may be inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did

Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court-room, in every home, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment, I will protect those who are trampled on." And

When Christ Forgets

that two-o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then He will forget you and me in the injustices of life.

Some of you want deliverance from your troubles, God knows you have enough of them. Physical troubles; domestic troubles; spiritual troubles; financial troubles. You have been gathering them up, some perhaps for five, or six, or seven years, and you have divided them into two classes: Those you can talk about and those you cannot talk about; and as those griefs are the most grinding and depressing which you cannot mention, you get condolence for the things you can speak of, while you get no condolence for the things that you cannot. In your school days you learned how to bound the States and could tell what rivers and lakes and mountains ran through them. If you were asked to-day to bound your worldly estate you would say it is bounded on the north by trouble, and on the south by trouble, and on the east by trouble, and on the west by trouble, while rivers of tears and lakes of woe, and mountains of disaster run through it. What are you going to do with

Your Troubles?

Why do you not go to the theatre and have your mind absorbed in some tragedy? "Oh," you say, "everything I have seen on the boards of the stage is tame compared with the tragedy of my own life!" Well, then, why do you not go to your trunks and closets and gather up all the mementoes of your departed friends and put them out of sight, and take down their pictures from the wall and put in the frame a harvest scene or some bright and gay spectacle? "Ah," you say, "if I should remove all these mementoes of my departed friends, that would not take away the killing pictures that are hanging in the gallery of my own heart."

Well, if that does not help you, why do you not plunge into society and try to wash off in worldly gayeties all these assoilments of the soul? "Oh," you say, "I have tried that! but how can I hear other children laugh when my children are silent? How can I see other happy families when my own happy family is broken up? Trouble, trouble!" But do you gain anything by brooding over your misfortunes, by sitting down in a dark room, by a comparison of the sweet past with the bitter present? "No; that makes things worse." But I have to tell you to-day that the Christ of all sympathy presents Himself.

Is there anybody in this house that can get along without sympathy? I do not think I would live a day without it. And yet there are a great many who seem to get along without any divine sympathy. Their fortune in the counting-room, or in the store, or in the insurance company, takes wings and flies away. They button up a penniless pocket. They sit down in penury where once they had affluence, and yet there is no

Jesus to Stand by Them

and say: "Oh, man, there are treasures that never fail, in banks that never break! I will take care of you. I own the cattle on a thousand hills, and you shall never want." They have no such divine Saviour to say that to them. I do not know how they get along. Death comes to the nursery. One voice less in the household. One less fountain of joy and laughter. Two hands less to be busy all day. Two feet less to bound through the hall. Shadow after shadow following through that household, yet no Jesus to stand there and say: "I am the Shepherd. That lamb is not lost. I took it off the cold mountains. All's well." Oh, can you tell me the mystery? Can you solve it? Tell me how it is that men and women with aches and pains and sorrows and losses and exasperations and bereavements, can get along without a sympathizing Christ? I cannot understand it.

But I come here to say this morning that if you really want divine sympathy you can have it. There are two or three passages of Scripture that throb with pity and kindness and love. "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee." "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly Shepherd leads the sick and wounded of the flock! When all the other trees of the orchard fail, God has one tree of fruit for His dear children. Though the organ wails out its requiem, there comes afterward a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle-march, a coronation, a victory. Do you not want the sympathy of Jesus? I offer it this morning to every man and woman in this house; you need Him. Oh, how much you need Him! There was

A Chaplain in the Army

wounded unto death. While lying there on the field he heard at a great distance off some one crying out in great pain: "Oh, my God!" and he said to himself: "I am dying, but I think, perhaps, I could help that man. Although I can't walk I'll just roll over to where he is." So he rolled over in his own blood, and rolled over the bodies of the slain, and rolled on until he came to where the other man was dying, and put, as it were, his wound against that wound, and his sorrow against that sorrow, and helped to alleviate it. And so it seems to me that Jesus Christ hears the groan of our sorrow, the groan of our poverty, the groan of our wretchedness, and comes to the relief. He comes rolling over sin and sorrow to the place where we lie on the battlefield, and He puts over us the arm of His everlasting love; and I see that arm and hand are wounded; and as He puts that arm over us I can hear Him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Oh that you might feel this morning the power of a sympathizing Jesus!

Further, I remark the

Last Great Instalment

paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. About fifteen summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was the day when the carnage of Calvary was enacted. It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be sombre that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King.

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a death-bed making faces and scoffing. But

Christ in His Last Hour

cannot be left alone. What! pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking His tears, do you want to drink His blood? They came up closely, so that, notwithstanding the darkness, they can glut their revenge with the contortions of His countenance. They examine His feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood, and wipe them on their garments.

Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for His holy heart. Had He not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn Him down and trampled Him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks, and champed their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood. Had a Roman officer called out for a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of the spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers,

There Comes a Voice

crashing through, loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groan of the dying Son of God. Look! What a scene! Look, oh world, at what you have done! I lift the covering from that maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and Christ's left hand—that *bought both your hands* with all their power to work and lift and write. When the nail went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot—that *bought your feet*, with all their power to walk, or run, or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple—that *bought your brain* with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side—that *bought your heart* with all its power to love and repent and pray. Oh, sinner, come back!

If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and you say: "I can't come now. I'll come after a while. There is no haste." But if he is in want and trouble you say: "I must go right away. I must go now." To-day Jesus stretches out before you two wounded hands, and He begs you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. Oh, that to Him who bought us, we might give all our time, and all our prayers, and all our successes! He is so fair, He is so loving, He is so sympathizing, He is so good, I wish we could put our arms around His neck and say: "Thine, Lord, will I be forever."

When the Atlantic Cable was Lost

in 1865, do you remember that the Great Eastern and the Medway and the Albany went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in the water. After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then with great excitement they took one end of the cable to the electricians' room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted, and the rockets flew, and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was done, and the continents were lashed together. Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath, we have come searching down for your soul. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again we have thought you were at the surface, and began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin.

To-day we come with this Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness, and oh, if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel!

YEAR-DAY FULFILMENT OF DANIEL AND REVELATION IN 2595 YEARS,

i. e. 2520 years—the "seven times" (or 7 × 360 year-days) in Daniel iv. 16 and 75 years (or 1335 minus 1260 year-days.—Daniel xii. 7–12).

B.C. 695 665 635 605 575 545 515 485 455 425 395 365 — 1st Time of 360 Years.
335 305 275 245 215 185 155 125 95 65 35 5 — 2d Time of 360 Years.
A.D. 55 85 115 145 175 205 235 265 295 325 355 — 3d Time of 360 Years.
385 415 445 475 505 535 565 595 625 655 685 715 — 4th Time of 360 Years.
745 775 805 835 865 895 925 955 985 1015 1045 1075 — 5th Time of 360 Years.
1105 1135 1165 1195 1225 1255 1285 1315 1345 1375 1405 1435 — 6th Time of 360 Years.
1465 1495 1525 1555 1585 1615 1645 1675 1705 1735 1765 1795 — 7th Time of 360 Years.
1825 TO 1900 — 75 Years.

The 2520 Years, *i. e.*, the "seven *times*," or *years* of 360 year-days each (Levit. xxvi. 28; Daniel iv. 16), measure the duration of the Jewish nation's chastisement by the predominance of the four successive Gentile Empires of Babylon, Medo Persia, Greece and Rome—the four wild beasts and four parts of the prophetic Image (Daniel ii. 37–45, vii.)—and have a primary and secondary fulfilment;—(1.) About 695 B.C. after Hoshea's reign the ten tribes of Israel were carried captive into Assyria, 2 Kings xvii. 23; and about A.D. 1825 the European revolutionary epoch ended which paved the way for the restoration of the Jews and the downfall of the Gentile Powers. (2.) From 620 B.C. in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar's father, we may date the full establishment of the Empire of Babylon and the captivity of the two tribes of Judah, and thus the full Jewish restoration and end of the 4th Gentile Empire should be about A.D. 1900.

The 2300 Years (Daniel viii. 14) began in 445 B. C. (Artaxerxes' 20th year), with the decree for Nehemiah to restore Jerusalem and its temple (Nehem. ii.), and ended in 1855–6, when religious liberty was decreed in Turkey by the Treaty ending the Crimean war, and the Jews began to return to Palestine.

The 490 Years, or **70 Weeks** of years (Daniel ix. 24–6), commenced about 445 B.C., along with the 2300 years. There were 69 weeks or 483 years "unto Messiah the Prince," when Messiah entered Jerusalem as a Royal *Prince* (Matt. xxi. 5) about A.D. 36–8, after which Messiah was cut off. There will also be a future literal-day fulfilment of the 69 weeks as 483 *days* from a future decree "unto Messiah's" Second Advent. (The 70th week of seven years will begin 7 years before this dispensation ends, by (ver. 26) "the Prince that shall come" (a Napoleon) making a seven-years' Covenant with the Jews—Dan. ix. 27).

The **ASCENSION** of the **Man-child** (Rev. xii. 5) in its year-day fulfilment was the Ascension of Christ about A.D. 36–8 whom the Dragon had sought to devour (Matthew ii. 16), and who (with His saints, Rev. ii. 27) is to rule all nations with a rod of iron (Rev. xix. 15; Psalm ii. 9).

Seal 1 (A.D. 38 to 323). The Christian Church in its primitive zeal and purity (Rev. vi. 1, 2).
Trumpet 1 (250 to 365). Northern hailstorm of Gothic invasions upon Roman Empire (Rev. viii. 7).
Satan's downfall (Rev. xii. 9) had its year-day fulfilment in downfall of Paganism in 323.
Seal 2 (323 to 565) Discord and Corruption in the visible Church after it was nationalized.
Trumpet 2 (365 to 412) Renewed barbarian irruptions, and the sack of Rome (Rev. viii. 8).
Trumpet 3 (412 to 476) Poisoning of channels of instruction by heretical teachers (Rev. viii. 10).
Trumpet 4 (476 to 612) Extinction of Western Emperorship, 476, or eclipse of Eastern Empire.

The 1260 and 1290 and 1335 Years begin in midst of 2520 years.—Daniel xii. 7, 11, 12.

Seal 3. Spiritual famine and corruption of Church—565 to 1073.

Trumpet 5 begins in 612 with Mahommed's preaching. This Saracen Woe, or Mahommedan wars of conquest, lasted twice 5 prophetic months (Rev. ix. 5–10), or 300 years from 637 to 937.

Trumpet 6 began about 1064, when the Turks crossed the Euphrates. This Turkish Woe continued twice a year & month & day (Rev. ix. 15), or 792 years, until 1855–56, reaching its height in 1460.

Seal 4. Spiritual desolation of Church from 1073 to 1438 during the hottest Papal persecution (Rev. vi. 7, 8).

Seal 5 (1438 to 1793). The Martyrs, under the altar in heaven, cry for vengeance.

The Papal and Mahommedan Antichrists during 1260 years (Dan. vii. 25; xii. 7; Rev. xi. 2, 3; xii. 6; xiii. 5) prefigure the Personal Antichrist (a Napoleon) during the final 1260 literal days. The Pope's chief power lasted 1260 years, from 529-65, when Justinian made him Head of all the Churches, until 1789-1825, when his temporal power was greatly shaken by European Revolutions. Mahommedanism's power lasts 1260 years, from 630–37 to 1890–97.

Revelation x. 6 describes Luther's Reformation from Popery about 1517–45, at which period the Angel declares "there will be *a time, i. e.* (360 year days), no longer," *i.e.*, there will not be so long a period as 360 years until the End comes.

The 7th Head of the Wild Beast (Rev. xvii. 10, 11) denotes the Napoleon dynasty, "wounded to death" at Waterloo and Sedan, but yet to be "healed of its deadly wound." The Greek letters of the inscriptive dative, *N*50, *α*1, *π*80, *ο*70, *λ*30, *ε*5, *ο*70, *ν*50, *τ*300, *ι*10 (*Napoleonti*), amount to the number 666 (Rev. xiii. 3, 18).

The two Testaments the two symbolic witnesses (Rev. xi.) prophesy in sackcloth (under oppression and affliction) during the 1260 years of Papal and Mahommedan dominancy. They were openly destroyed for a brief season at the French Revolution, the symbolic "great earthquake" (Rev. xi. 13; vi. 12).

Seal 6 (1793 to 1895) opens with French Revolution. Then 144,000 watchful Christians sealed (Rev. vi.).

Primary termination of the 2520 yrs. and 1260 yrs. (7 times and 3½ times.)

The Seven Vials (Rev. xvi.) began in 1790. The 1st caused the outbreak of anarchy and atheism in Catholic France. The 2d (1793–4) caused terrific bloodshed during the Reign of Terror. The 3d (1795) corrupted the channels of education. The 4th (1802–15) made the despotic Bonaparte a scourge to the nations. The 5th (1815) brought upon France defeat and disappointment. The 6th (1825 to about 1895–6) began to destroy the Turkish Empire, and will end with the FIRST ASCENSION of 144,000 Christians (1 Thess. iv.; Rev. iii. 10; xiv. 4), about 2 years and a fortnight after the Seven-years' Covenant between the Napoleonic Antichrist and the Jews. The 7th consists of the 3½ years' Great Tribulation, ending with the SECOND ASCENSION about 7 years and 2½ months after the Covenant (Matt. xxiv. 31), and is simultaneous with 7th Trumpet and 7th Seal. Then the Battle of Armageddon will be fought, the unrepentant are slain, Christ descends and the Millennium of 1000 years begins (Rev. xix., xx.).

FUTURE LITERAL-DAY FULFILMENT OF DANIEL & REVELATION IN 2595 DAYS

during the Final Seven Years, Daniel ix. 27 (or 2520 days), and 75 days (or 1335 minus 1260 days). Daniel xii. 7, 12.

The exact calendar dates of these seven years and of each month in these years can be written down here opposite each year and month as soon as Napoleon (then a King in or near Syria) shall make his seven-years' covenant with the Jews, for the commencement of his covenant seven years will be the commencement of these seven years (probably sometime about 1893).

FIRST YEAR. SECOND YEAR. THIRD YEAR. FOURTH YEAR. FIFTH YEAR. SIXTH YEAR. SEVENTH YEAR. 75 DAYS. (1335—1260.)

The 2520 days, *i. e.*, the seven years of Daniel's last week of years (Dan. ix. 27) will begin with a **SEVEN YEARS' COVENANT** between "the Prince that shall come" (a Napoleon who will afterwards become Antichrist) and many Jews (Dan. ix. 26, 27; xi. 22, 23) and will end with Christ's descent after 75 days more upon Mt. Olivet at Armageddon (Zech. xiv. 4; Rev. xix. 19). In Prophecy a month contains 30 days, and a year 12 months, or 360 days (Rev. xii. 6, 14; xiii. 5). Before these 7 years Cæsar's Roman Empire will have become divided into exactly 10 allied kingdoms, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and Bulgaria, ruled by 10 Sovereigns (the 10 horns of Dan. vii. 24), and then the Antichrist Napoleon, an 11th little Sovereign, will have arisen and become King of Syria. The Covenant will cause great sensation and wide-spread preaching of the Second Advent midnight cry (Matt. xxv. 6), and agitation and controversy among Christians (Rev. xii. 2).

The 2300 days (Dan. viii. 14), *ie.*, 6 years, 4 months, and 20 days, begin with the restoration of the sacrifices in a rebuilt temple at Jerusalem between 8 and 10 months after the Covenant, and end with the cleansing of the sanctuary at the end of the 1290 days.

In about 1 or 2 years after the Covenant, Napoleon is to conquer the King of the South (Egypt), but in a second later expedition is to be turned back by the ships of Kittim. In a third attack, he will overrun Egypt towards the midst of these seven years (Dan. xi. 25 to 42).

ASCENSION of the Man-child or translated body of 144,000 Watchful Christians at Christ's Advent in the air, and resurrection of the righteous, about 2 years and from 1 to 3 weeks after the Covenant (Revelation xii. 5; xiv. 1–5; iii. 10; Matthew xxv. 10; 1 Thess. iv. 16).

Seal 1.—Great Revival next ten months among Christians on earth and new converts. Three messages preached by them and probably by persons from heaven (Revelation vi. 2; xiv. 6–11).

Trumpet 1. Storms of hail, blood and fire burning up all grass in final 4 months of 3d year. **Satan's downfall** personally to this earth issues in the 3½ years' Persecution (Rev. xii. 7–13).

Seal 2.—Universal sanguinary warfare for 7 months before midst of 7 years (Rev. vi. 4).

Trumpet 2.—3d of sea becomes blood, 3d of fish and ships perish in months 1 and 2 of year 4.

Trumpet 3.—3d of fresh waters become bitter and kill many in months 3 and 4 of year 4.

Trumpet 4.—Literal eclipse of third part of sun, moon and stars in months 5 or 6 of year 4. (Rev. viii.)

The 1260, 1290 & 1335 days begin in midst of week of 7 years.—Dan. xii. 7–12, &c.

Seal 3.—A period of dreadful famine for 18 months from midst of fourth year.

Trumpet 5 begins about the end of the 8th month of 4th year, when the bottomless pit will be opened and emit a great smoke. The Woe of literal locusts for 5 months begins about one month later (Rev. ix).

Trumpet 6 introduces the woe of destroying horsemen, who slay the 3d part of men during a year and month from beginning of 12th month of 6th year.—(Rev. ix).

Seal 4. A period of great mortality & pestilence, and persecution, during all 6th year.

Seal 5. During all 7th year. More martyrs slain. A great Revival begins in 3d mo. of 7th year (Rev x.).

On the 1st day of 7th month of 4th year, Napoleon, having become Emperor of the Ten Kingdoms and their 10 new kings elected by universal suffrage, has his image the abomination of desolation (Matt. xxiv. 15; Dan. xi. 31; Rev. xiii. 15; xvii. 12, 13; 2 Thess. ii. 4) set up in the Jewish Temple. Then ensues the 3½ years of GREAT TRIBULATION and PERSECUTION (Dan. vii. 25; xii. 7; ix. 27; Rev. xi. 2, 3; xii. 6, 14; xiii. 5; Matt. xxiv. 15, 21; Mark xiii. 19; Dan. xii. 1), in which Napoleon, healed both of his dynastic and personal "deadly wound," will exercise "power over all nations, and all the ungodly upon the earth shall worship him," and he shall "make war with the saints and overcome them for 42 months" (Rev. xiii. 1–8). Atheism, idolatry and massacre will reign supreme, and Christendom become like a hell. Tens of thousands of Christians will be beheaded for refusing to worship Napoleon's image or receive his mark, which the Romish Church and Pontiff—the two-horned figure, will everywhere enforce (Revelation xiii. 11–18; xx. 4) especially throughout the ten kingdoms—Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt and Bulgaria. After the 3½ years Napoleon and the False Prophet perish at Armageddon (Zech. xiv.; Rev. xix.).

Two fire-breathing witnesses, Elijah (Mal. iv.) and another prophet, visit the earth and preach, clothed in sackcloth, during this 3½ yrs. (Rev. xi.). At its end they will be killed, and after lying dead for 3½ days raised up & ascend to heaven.

Seal 6 begins about end of 7 years. Great earthquake and darkness. Then 144,000 Jews sealed.

End of the 7 yrs., Dan. ix. 27, and 3 yrs., Dan. vii. 25, xii 7; Rev. xi. 2, 3, xii., xiii.

Of the **Seven Vials** (Rev. xvi.) the first five will be fulfilled during final month of these covenant 7 years. The 1st torments Napoleon's worshippers with grievous sores. The 2d turns all salt water into blood. The 3d turns all fresh water into blood. The 4th (10th to 22d day) makes the sun scorch men with fire. The 5th (22d day) covers France with darkness. The 6th (30th day of final month) begins to dry up the literal Euphrates. The 7th (1332d day) brings the last crushing strokes of judgment. The **Second Ascension** of living Saints (Matt. xxiv. 31; Rev. vii. 9; xiv. 16), including 144,000 Jews, occurs (with the 7th Trumpet and 7th Seal) 4 or 5 days before the Lord descends, about the 1335th day, on Olivet, at Battle of Armageddon (Zech. xiv.). The ungodly are then slain, the Jews and heathen converted, and Millennium of 1000 years begins (Rev. xix., xx.).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Veto of the Dependent Pension Bill was sent to Congress on Friday. It has received the almost unanimous approval of the press. Journals opposed to him on personal grounds, and those with few exceptions which are opposed to him on political grounds, as well as those who support him, commend his course. This does not arise from any indisposition to support soldiers and their dependents who are in poverty through personal incapacity to earn a living, when that incapacity results from service in the army during the war, but from the conviction that the bill is so loosely worded that a considerable part of the immense sum of money appropriated by it would go to persons who have no valid claim upon the nation. The President intimates his belief that the bill would effect this, and also that it is really a "service pension" which, if precedents of previous wars are followed, ought not to be passed for ten or twelve years yet. He reminds Congress that 561,576 pensions have been granted since the war, and that 365,763 are still being paid, and that the total amount paid out for the purpose since 1861 is $808,624,811. That the new bill would have involved an outlay far in excess of the five millions estimated is conceded, but the amount would not have been an objection if the people were convinced that it would go to men who deserve it.

The Senate Passed Two Bills Appropriating money for coast defences on February 7th, and they were sent to the House and referred on Mr. Holman's objection to the Appropriation Committee. It is unusual for the Senate to originate an appropriation bill, but in this case there has been so strong a desire manifested in the country for prompt action, and the bills are so sure to be re-modelled in the House, that they passed the Senate without discussion. The bills call for the expenditure of *twenty-one millions*, of which part is to enable the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy to purchase from steel manufacturers rough-turned and tempered steel in forms suitable for heavy ordnance, and part to erect an army gun factory at the Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, N. Y., and a naval factory at the Washington Navy Yard. This does not imply an apprehension of war, but a desire to afford protection to our harbors and ports, which at present lie at the mercy of even a small power possessing a navy.

The House Bill of Indemnity to the Chinese for the Rock Springs, Wyoming, outrages in September, 1885, was finally accepted by the Senate on Thursday, and sent to the President Mr. Edmunds explicitly told the Senate that it was a better bill than that which was sent to the House. The difference between the two was that the Senate appropriated a sum not to exceed $150,000 as compensation to the Chinese who suffered by mob violence, the amount to be determined by a commission appointed by the President; while the House adopted the simple course of accepting the moderate estimate of the losses fixed by the Chinese Government, and appropriating the exact sum to be distributed among the sufferers or their representatives at the discretion of the Chinese Government. The sum is $147,748.74. Congress is to be congratulated on doing an act of justice, though it would have been more to its credit if it had not taken a year and a half to do it.

The Great Strike of 'Longshoremen and Coal handlers in New York came practically to an end on Friday. A few companies still have difficulties with their men, and the Old Dominion Company is permanently boycotted, but the deadlock of business on the water-front has been broken. The crisis of the struggle came when an effort was made by the Knights of Labor to add the engineers, who work stationary engines, and the brewers to the number of men on strike. That step would have affected seventy-five thousand persons, and have caused inconvenience in every house where there is an elevator, and suspension of every business to which steam-power is indispensable. Before deciding on their course a committee of the engineers waited on Mr. Corbin, of the Philadelphia and Reading Company, to endeavor to effect a settlement. Ultimately, the conference assumed the character of an arbitration Mr. Corbin representing the companies, and the engineers representing the Knights of Labor. On Friday an agreement was reached acceptable to the men, and they were requested to return to work. Mr. Corbin agrees to pay the old rate of twenty-two and a half cents instead of the reduced rate of twenty. The Knights claim to have won the victory, but it is probable that many of them will fail to regain their old places at present, and there is still a possibility of the strike, though formally "declared off," being renewed in part.

The Pope's Intervention in the German Electoral struggle is causing general surprise in Germany, and much indignation in France. He has cast in his lot with his old enemy, Prince Bismarck, and will throw the whole weight of his influence in the constituencies in favor of the candidates pledged to vote for Prince Bismarck's policy. When contrasted with his recent policy in German affairs and his attitude on the Irish question, the Pope's action seems inexplicable. It is suspected that Bismarck has made a bargain with him by which the price of the Pope's support is to be paid in further concessions in the May laws.

The Impending Catastrophe is thus Discoursed upon by the New Yorker *Staats Zeitung* of February 5th: "Boulanger is master of the situation in France. Germany cannot now accord time to either the Minister of War, Boulanger, or to the Minister of Marine, Aube, who is striving with the same activity to accomplish the same design, nor permit them to carry these plans into execution, if she does not wish to behold France in a condition of absolute superiority to herself. If Boulanger's designs should at no distant day receive the approval of the Chamber, as, according to Freycinet's declarations, can no longer be questioned, before the close of the year 1887, France will possess an army increased at a time of peace to five hundred and forty-five thousand men. With an expenditure of two hundred millions of francs in fortifications, melinite granades, and a better repeating-rifle added to this, with an expenditure of four hundred millions of francs, Aube will have organized a fleet of cruisers and torpedo boats of such strength and efficiency, and in such numbers, as England herself does not possess. But *the question of the repeating-arm has undoubtedly the chief importance, while in this the improvement has made the greatest progress, and is most visible.* Germany, it is true, has got ready the materials for a repeating-rifle. From considerations of economy, however, and in order to utilize a very considerable stock of old rifle-barrels, she has retained the old calibre of *eleven millimetres.* The new *French repeating-arm*, on the other hand, possesses not only a *longer range*, but a more *dangerous reach*, while it has a bore of scarcely *eight millimetres*; the latter is considered of very material influence in a weapon intended for rapid discharge, by reason of the *circumference of the cartridges* carried by the men. If Germany does not obtain a repeating-arm of equal value, in order not to lose wholly the advantage of superior discipline and efficiency in her soldiery, her officers, and horses, she must resolve upon incurring *a sacrifice of life* in comparison with which her last military experiences were *mere child's play.* There are abundant reasons for Germany to come to a decision before France is in a position to carry out the colossal designs of Boulanger and Aube. While one may shudder at the thought of the appalling results of the *impending catastrophe*, it is far better, in any event and as soon as possible, to familiarize one's self with the thought." [It is remarkable that a German paper should thus foresee a danger of Germany's defeat.]

Irish Affairs Occupied the Attention of the British Parliament during nearly the whole of last week. It is the custom of the House of Commons to present an address to the Queen in reply to her speech delivered at the opening of Parliament. Mr. Parnell on Monday proposed to incorporate in the address these words: "The relations between the owners and the occupiers of land in Ireland have not been seriously disturbed in the cases of those who granted to their tenants such abatements as were demanded by the prices of agricultural and pastoral produce. The remedy for the crisis in Irish agrarian affairs will be found, not in an increased stringency of criminal procedure, or in the pursuit of such novel, doubtful, and unconstitutional measures as those recently taken by Her Majesty's government, but in such reform of the law and system of government as will satisfy the needs and secure the confidence of the Irish people." His proposal was opposed by the Conservatives and their Liberal allies, and after a spirited debate it was rejected on Friday by a majority of 106, the vote being 352 to 246. The Conservative government is now regarded as committed to coercion, and there are grave fears of serious trouble ahead.

Two Full-page Parallel Diagrams are Printed opposite each other on pages 102 and 103 of this number. That on the left shows *the year-day* fulfilment of the principal prophecies of Daniel and Revelation within the final 2595 years, especially in connection with the 1260 *years* of the *Papal* Antichrist in the Western Roman Empire and of the *Mohammedan* Antichrist in the Eastern Roman Empire. The diagram on the right exhibits *the Literal-Day* fulfilment of most of the same prophecies within the future and final 2595 *days* especially in connection with the future 1260 *days of the personal infidel Antichrist's* power over both the Western and Eastern Roman Empire at the end of this dispensation. The best modern students of prophecy now admit these two fulfilments—year-day and literal-day—of the chronological dates and of the seals, trumpets and vials. The two diagrams are prepared by the Rev. M. Baxter, and are also printed in his "Coming Wars."

The Rev. M. Baxter had Good Audiences in Cooper Union last Sunday at his three services. The room was hung with a map of the Roman Empire and nineteen large oil paintings of scenes described in prophecy. One is a copy of Martin's vivid and grandly realistic painting of "The Day of His Wrath." Another is a picture of Nebuchadnezzar's image symbolizing the world-empires of Daniel 2 : 31–45; a third is a beautiful picture of millennial peace (Isa. 11 : 6–9), etc., etc. The congregations listened with close attention to Mr. Baxter's expositions, and at the close, when an opportunity was given for questions, several persons rose and mentioned difficulties which they wished to have explained, and stated various points on which they held views at variance with the preacher. His meetings next Sunday will probably be in a hall in Harlem.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now mission stations in America in the following cities: *Philadelphia*, Pa.; *Warsaw* and *Peru*, Ind.; *St. Paul*, Minn.; *Omaha* and *Lincoln*, Neb.; *Orangeville* and *Ottawa* and *St. Andrew*, N. B.; and *Charlottetown*, P. E. I., in the Dominion of Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening and Sundays in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y. Received with thanks $2 from G. L. Packard.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of $20.50. They were as follows: From Philadelphia, Pa., $4; Des Moines, Iowa, $5; Riverside, Ill., $3; Jacksonville, Fla., $2; Rock City, Ill., $1; Manitou Springs, $2.50; Lockport, N. Y., $2; Sacramento, Cal., $1.

A Novel Method of Defence for a Ship is that with which Bishop Taylor's new steamer is to be equipped. It is nothing but a hose and nozzle for throwing a stream of water sufficient to repel a fleet of attacking canoes, wetting down the enemy instead of killing them. It is most devoutly to be hoped that this application of Christian principles to warfare will prove a success.

Work on the Presbyterian Churches of Charleston, S. C., which were injured by the earthquake has been commenced. The Restoration Fund, for which Dr. Junkins has labored with indefatigable energy, now amounts to $22,000. The architects and contractors have discovered that the First Church, which was believed to be so injured as to necessitate its being rebuilt from the foundations, can be restored. The congregation are delighted at being able to save their historic old building. The saving to the Repair Fund will be considerable. Work is commenced on the First and Second churches, and will soon be on Westminster Church.

A Notable Instance of Divine Healing is Reported by the Pittsburg *Despatch*. It occurred, says that journal, in the Stark County Infirmary, near Canton. Several years ago the daughter of a widow, Mrs. Ann Ammerman, of Alliance, was admitted to that institution, being an invalid and in destitute circumstances. Mrs. Ammerman entered the infirmary with her daughter, and served faithfully as an attendant to her, which service was deemed equivalent for the keeping of both. Medical skill proved of no avail for the girl, and her gradual dissolution was expected. Hearing about her case, a young lady of Canton, Miss Ella Holm, who had been cured of a serious injury by prayer some time ago, began, with other believers in the treatment, to pray for Miss Ammerman. The result of this faith treatment, it is claimed, has so far cured Miss Ammerman that from being a bed-fast invalid, scarcely able to move, she to-day can walk about her room.

A Detective Policeman of Baltimore, Md., Related his remarkable experience on Sunday, February 6th, at a meeting in Washington, D. C. He said he had been a very wicked man; he had lead a harum-scarum life, and taken "no stock in Christianity." On the 26th of March, 1879, he went after a man into the Maryland Institute, where Mr. Moody was preaching. He had been detailed to watch for pickpockets in that great throng. There he met an old barkeeper, who said, "I've sold my old saloon, and I'm now a doorkeeper here." Just then some friends came up and carried him to a seat. A hymn-book was put into his hand, and soon he began to hum with the hymn time. Then, when Mr. Moody explained the simple tidings of the Gospel, he accepted the promises of the Gospel and became a Christian. The devil said as plain as could be, "It is impossible for you to live a Christian life and be a detective." He thought, well, if I can't be a detective, I can go back on the street cars or go to laying brick again. Then he said, "Now, Mr. Devil, you sha'n't fool me. I'm going to take a stand." He then narrated how he was received at the City Hall. The chief had his head against the mantel, and the men all stood around. He said as soon as he went in, "Boys, I've made up my mind to lead a new life. I have given my heart to God in the Maryland Institute. I ask you not to make fun of me." And they did not make fun of him, but gave him their best wishes. The devil followed him to his home, and urged him not to tell his family, but he stood right in the middle of the floor and told them he had given his heart to God, and his wife followed his example. He had proved the devil to be a liar when he said that no one could be at the same time a detective and a Christian, for he was still a detective, and for eight years he had been a Christian, and he now had the confidence of his chiefs and the good-will of his associates.

A Thirty-three Years' Imprisonment Has been ended by a pardon in Michigan. In 1854 a man in Stockbridge, Mich., who killed another, was sentenced to State prison for life. The confession made recently by one of the witnesses at the trial showed that the crime was not premeditated, and was really manslaughter rather than murder. The prisoner, therefore, received a pardon from Governor Alger. He states that during the first eight years, from 1854 to 1862, he was kept for long periods in solitary confinement, and always the first three years with a nine-pound weight around his leg. After that he had better usage, and looking back at it now he says that he was tolerably well treated, being known as an exemplary prisoner. Now that he has recovered his liberty he finds that his family, wife, sons, and daughter are all dead. His property is gone, and the world is so changed and his spirits so broken that he has neither strength nor ambition to struggle for a livelihood. He is not so happy as he was when in prison. It is not so with Satan's captives. When Christ releases them their joy and happiness cannot be marred by outward circumstances, and an eternity of bliss is before them (Isa. 61 : 1-3).

A Ship was in the Possession of Scorpions and centipedes for two days during a recent voyage from Port au Prince to Philadelphia. The captain of the schooner Harvey, which arrived in Philadelphia on February 8th laden with logwood and cedar, says that when the vessel had been but a few days out a large number of centipedes and scorpions, apparently many thousands of the most poisonous kind, were discovered crawling about on the deck. The crew, all of whom were negroes, became terror-stricken, and climbed up into the rigging and refused to come down when commanded by the captain. They stayed aloft for two days, only coming down to get something to eat, and then to hasten back. A large Newfoundland dog which remained on deck was bitten by the venomous creatures and died in great agony. After the reptiles had held full sway over the vessel for two days a gale came up and the heavy seas which washed over the vessel swept them into the sea. Those that were not swept overboard died from the cold. It is thought that the reptiles got aboard the vessel in the cargo, which was much decayed. If any man had volunteered to go down and rid the ship of its venomous invaders, the crew would have blessed him as a deliverer; but when this world was in a worse state than this ship, and Christ came and gave His life to rescue it, He was hated and persecuted, betrayed and crucified (Acts 3 : 13-15).

A Two Hundred Dollar Casket for a Parrot was ordered from an undertaker last week in New York. The order came from a widow, who said it was her intention to keep the casket in her parlor until such time as she herself should die, when mistress and parrot were to be placed in a common grave. The parrot was then being embalmed, and was of the common green variety. "Make it as good as money can buy," was the direction of the eccentric old lady, and the order was duly forwarded to the Rochester factory, where General Grant's coffin was made. It is to be of the choicest rosewood, mounted with solid silver trimmings and ornaments, while, within, the lining will be of heavy tufted pink satin of the richest variety. A heavy plate-glass top will permit the inspection of the dead bird, and a solid cover will screw on to protect the glass panel when the final burial takes place. The reason for this extraordinary expenditure was explained by the widow. She said that many years ago in India the parrot saved the life of her husband by giving the alarm when some natives were creeping to his bedside to murder him as he lay asleep. The bird was petted ever afterward, and is now to have costly obsequies. Having saved a life, no expenditure is thought too great as an evidence of gratitude. Christian men are not so grateful, though they have far more reason. Christ's cause would not lack funds nor Christ's poor lack food and clothing if believers, remembering that they owe eternal life to Him, showed their gratitude with their money (1 John 3 : 16, 17).

The Heiress of a Great Estate Starving in a garret is a romantic report published by the Chicago *Tribune*. It states that the Countess Von Steinman, a noble widowed lady of Saxony, Germany, has been searching for years for her son or his heirs, and the search has ended at Detroit, Mich. A quarter of a century ago a young student in the university at Berlin became enamored by the daughter of a poor tradesman, and married her. He was the eldest son of Count Von Steinman, and heir to a fine estate and millions of dollars. After his marriage he went to his father and told him what he had done. The old Count having previously, with immense effort, succeeded in arranging for a marriage between his son and a noble lady of Dresden, was exasperated by the disclosure, and drove his son away with a curse. He never forgave him, but being dead now, his widow has been seeking her son, whom she tenderly loved. The son died twelve years ago in Milwaukee, Wis., and his wife is dead also, but their daughter has been found in Detroit in abject poverty, living in an unfurnished garret, in want of the commonest necessaries of life. The change in her lot will be a very wonderful one, but a still greater change is occurring daily all around us. Christian men and women poor in this world's goods and despised in society in dying go to inherit mansions prepared for them in heaven (James 2 : 5).

BRIEF NOTES.

MAJOR COLE is holding united revival services in Sedalia, Mo. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, are all engaged in the work, and the city is stirred to its centre and all classes are affected. The *Ministerial Alliance* reports over thirteen hundred accessions to church fellowship since Major Cole began work in the city.

Mr. Charles B. Martin, of Weatherford, Tex., is making an effort to influence the people of his town for good. He has opened a reading-room, established the nucleus of a Sunday-school, and is trying to organize a temperance society. Persons having religious or temperance journals to give away would materially assist him in his work by mailing them to him.

Rev. Dr. Munhall commenced services yesterday, which will be continued for ten days, in the rooms of the Y.M.C.A. of Brooklyn. His mission at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle has been successful beyond precedent. He is anxious now to speak to the young people of the city, who, as Dr. Munhall perceives, are now surrounded by terrible temptations from which Brooklyn has until recently been comparatively free.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond is holding services for children in the Washington Heights M. E. Church, N. Y. On Sunday the building was crowded with a juvenile congregation. His theme was the sacrifice of Christ and the ingratitude of the world. He pictured the crucifixion of Christ vividly, and showed the children a crown of thorns, which he said he had brought from Jerusalem.

Rev. George C. Needham's labors in Cleveland, Ohio, are being signally blessed. The Cleveland *News and Herald* says that the places in which he and Mrs. Needham hold their meetings are crowded to suffocation. On February 6th four services were held. In the morning Mr. Needham preached before a large audience in Music Hall, in the afternoon he was at the Friendly Inn and the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in the evening he delivered another eloquent sermon at Music Hall.

Rev. John Dooly's work at the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York, is becoming increasingly useful among working people and those who are habitually non-churchgoers. Mr. Dooly has a rare capacity for organization and setting people to work. His society of "King's Daughters" is now busily engaged in getting up libraries for Sunday-schools in the Far West and South. Any person having books suitable for the purpose will do good by presenting them to the society for distribution.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN, OR MAY BE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?"—JOHN 11 : 37.

Tears Drawn by Love—The Argument of the Bystanders—I. A Vain Argument—Grief Increased by Self-Reproach—Gets no Explanation—Inconsistent with a Child-like Spirit—II. A Vile Argument—A Specious Dilemma—III. A Fair Argument—Making Idols of Physicians—How to Deal with Unsaved Friends—IV. A Full and Faithful Argument—Divine Disinfectants—Putrid Men Savable.

"*Jesus wept;*" it does not mean that He shed a tear or two, but that His tears flowed freely. Such is to be gathered from the original word. He wept copiously and continuously, till He became the observed of all observers. He was deeply affected, and His tears were the fit expression of His intense emotion.

Love Made Him Weep;

nothing else ever compelled Him to tears. I do not find that all the pains He endured even when scourged or when fastened to the cruel tree, fetched a single tear from Him; but for love's sake "Jesus wept." At first I feel inclined to say "Behold, how He wept!" and then I check myself, and borrowing my language from the bystanders, I cry, "Behold, how he loved Him!" The Jews recognized, even with their unfriendly eyes, that His tears were drawn from Him by love alone. From this Rock of our salvation no rod but that of love could bring forth water-floods.

I should like to begin my sermon with that thought deeply fixed upon our spirits, if we are indeed the people of God—that Jesus loves us—loves us unto tears. Inasmuch as He loved Lazarus when Lazarus was dead and in the tomb, let us herein behold how He loved us when we were dead in trespasses and sins. See how He loves us though, perhaps, our spirits may be dull and dead; and how He will love us even when we come to die. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." He loves us so that He will love us when we die, even as He loved Lazarus at the grave's mouth.

Let us turn away from our preface, which we have found in the context, to look at the text itself. While there were some who thought only of the love of Christ when they beheld His tears, there were others standing by more full of reasoning, who argued, "Could not this Man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?"

I. First, I see in the text

A Vain Argument.

It is an argument about what might have been if such-and-such a thing had been. It is a very common thing to hear people thus talk: "If so-and-so, then so-and-so." Such talk is always vain, because it leads to no practical result. What was the use of saying, "If Jesus had been here, then Lazarus would not have died," when Lazarus was already dead? The thing is done, and cannot be undone; what is the use of asking about what once might have been but now cannot be? Yet have I seen strange sorrows wrung out of these suppositions. Perhaps the bitterest griefs that men know come not from facts, but from things which might have been, as they imagine. The sisters of Lazarus did this. Each said, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

In a more unbelieving way the Jews did it, and said, "Could not this Man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Yes, and so you say, "Now, if I had gone to so-and-so, this would not have happened; and then the other might have happened; and a third thing probably would have occurred; and then how different it would have been from what it is now!" You blame yourself for steps which were not only innocent, but wise and right; but now that you see the consequences of them, you begin to imagine that they were not innocent, and not wise, and not right, and you fret to think that you took such steps.

I have known some go a great deal further than vainly accusing themselves; they have even accused God. They say, "Why was moral evil admitted into the world? Why were men and women constituted as they are? Could not God, who is omnipotent, have so arranged things that there should have been no sin and no sorrow?" What

A Fine Mess

we get into when once we begin arguing over those points, and conjecturing what might have been under other circumstances! You see, dear friends, these things will not be, and cannot be; and, therefore, what is the good of our worrying over what is not, and cannot be? I will plough, but if there be no field, excuse me. I shall not plough the sea, or the mist. I will get to work on anything that is practical, but I will not break my heart over fancies

I call this a vain argument, in the next place, because, even though we raise the question about what might have been, and we push it until we begin to think that it ought to have been, still unbelief will never get an explanation of it from the Lord. In the chapter there is no explanation given to the Jews of why Jesus, being able to open the eyes of the blind man, and able to keep this person from dying, yet did not keep him from dying. An explanation was given by the Lord to His disciples by His assurance that it was for the glory of God. That explanation you will get. You have received it already. If you are God's child, and He has denied to you what you think He might as well have given you, if He has permitted you to suffer under a calamity which you think He might have averted, He will give you no other explanation than this which He gives you now without any pressure at all—namely, that it is for His glory. If it be for His glory, is it not

For Your Advantage?

If you are not satisfied with that answer, do not expect any other. "Why have I been bereaved of my children?" "Why have I been ill so many years?" "Why did I fail when I hoped to reach wealth?" "Why did I break down in the examination when I might have obtained a degree?" It is an idle piece of business to demand the reasons of unavoidable trials. It is mere dreaming to guess what would have been if such another thing had been. "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter;" let that content thee.

Once, again, I call this a vain argument, because it cannot benefit you to pry into this thing which the Lord has hidden from you. You are fostering self-conceit in calling God's providence to your bar. You are practically sitting upon a throne, and making God to be the prisoner at your bar. You are weighing over again what He has already weighed in the scales of wisdom. This will never do. A child-like spirit is infinitely healthier as it is infinitely holier than the spirit of questioning. I shall beg you, therefore, brethren, to forbear from prying into those secret things which belong to God only. Your profit lies in the direction of abstaining from such speculations. Do not talk about what might have been, and should have been, interfering with the good which God has given you by pining after what He has denied. Oh, could you know as He knows, and then love as He loves, you would act as He acts! Believe in Him, and sit still at His feet, and talk no more about what He could have done, or might have done, or what you fancy He should have done, lest evil come of it.

II. Secondly, as I have spoken upon a vain argument, I will now speak of

A Vile Argument;

for I believe these Jews intended a piece of evil argument against the Christ of God. They put it thus: this Man says that He opened the eyes of the blind, and all the people think that He did; but if He did so, why did He not prevent His friend, whom He evidently loved, from dying? Either He has a want of power, which will prove that He did not open the eyes of the blind after all, but that it was an imposture; or else, if He has such power, and does not use it for His friend, He does not love him, and these tears are a mere pretence. He could have saved this man's life, and now He stands here and weeps because he is dead.

Thus the adversary would put the believer in our Lord upon the horns of

A Dilemma.

We are not gored by either horn, for we know a way of escape therefrom. Still you see the drift, and this is often the drift of Satan's arguments. Your brother, your mother, your child, your friend—these are dead. You sent to Jesus, you cried to God, you importuned for the precious life; and yet they are dead. Well, then, there must have been a want of power on the part of God to save life.

You see the drift of the specious reasoning; is it not a vile argument? Let us unveil the falsehood of it. Suppose that Jesus is willing to open the eyes of the blind, and does open them; is He therefore bound to raise this particular dead man? If He does not see fit to do so, does that prove that He has not the power? If He lets Lazarus die, is it proven therefore that He could not have saved his life? May there not be some other reason? Does Omnipotence always exert its power? Does it ever exert all its power? May there not be

Some Great Reason Why

Christ should open the eyes of the blind, and yet should not step in to prevent the death of Lazarus? We can see that there may be many such reasons; but it is easy, when you wish to argue against Christ and the Gospel, to forget a good deal. You can shut your eyes where it is inconvenient to see, and then you can rush on blindly like a mad bull.

On the other hand, if they say, "If Christ can prevent Lazarus dying, and He does not do so, there is a want of love in Him;" is it so? Is that fair argument? It is not true as a matter of fact; nor will it be thought to be true by our faith. It may be infinite love that wounds, that chastens, that afflicts. There is as much love in the Father when He wields the rod as when He gives the kiss; as much love in the Saviour when He permits Lazarus to die as when He raises Lazarus from the grave. Ay and it is possible that the less pleasing deed may be the more greatly charged with love! The greatest blessings come to us in the guise of sorrows. I should not wonder if the death of Lazarus was the passing of Lazarus into a higher state of spiritual life than he had ever enjoyed before. I should think that Lazarus rose into the higher life in the very highest degree; and so it was Christ's love to Lazarus that let Lazarus die, and it was a calumny altogether that he died because Jesus had a want of love toward him. It is Christ's love that has let some of you be ill and poor. It is Christ's love that has suffered you to be despised and down-trodden. It is Christ's love that has let you remain in affliction, because the divine benefit that has come of it is more to your profit than the thing itself could ever be to your loss. So the vile argument may well be driven away, whatever shape it takes in our minds.

III. We shall now proceed very briefly to notice what is

A Very Fair Argument.

If you take the text, and press the malice out of it, it is true. "Could not this Man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Yes, it is true. Jesus Christ, by what He has done, has proved His power to do anything. I need not enlarge upon the point, but I will put it before you. There is not a life which He cannot preserve. You may cry to Him about your sick ones. You are permitted to do so. Even if they are given over by the physician, I counsel you to go to Jesus about them, though it is far *better to go to Jesus before you consult the physician.* We often make a mistake about the use of medicines by using medicine first. We

should first go to the Lord, that we may be guided as to what medicine shall be used, and what means shall be employed, and trust in God to bless the means used for restoration.

We may make idols out of physicians as much as the heathen make idols out of blocks of wood. Medicines are right enough in their place for healing, even as bread is right for nourishment; but as men live not by bread only, so are they not healed by medicine only. Before we eat bread, we ask God's blessing on that bread; let us seek

A Blessing on Medicines

whenever we use them. We are not healed by the physician, but by that God who works according to His own will and pleasure. Let us then believe that the Christ, who has done this and that for other sick folk, can do the same for those whom we bring to Him, and let us leave their cases in His hands.

But take the text spiritually. I want you to believe that Christ can preserve us spiritually from death. Are we forced by our employments into the society of the ungodly? Does Providence call some of you workingmen to toil side by side, or even at the same bench, with infidels? The Lord Jesus can cause that you shall not be injured by them. He can give you spiritual health and strength, even when you seem to be under the most deadly influences. He that opened your eyes, when you were blind, can keep you alive now that you can see.

Beloved, what a mercy it is that we can look back upon Christ's having opened the blind man's eyes, and see the same thing in ourselves! Here is a blind man whose eyes Christ opened. It is yourself. He was

Able to Give You Sight,

and can you not transfer the argument to others? If the Lord Jesus Christ could give *you* sight, He can give others sight. If He opened *your* blind eyes, He can open the blind eyes of your children, of your unconverted father, your unsaved brothers, your unsaved sisters. Some seem to have inherited a nature more wild than common; their heart does not appear to be a heart of flesh, but a heart of stone; yet Jesus, who dealt with this strangely blind man—blind from his birth—can deal with those strange sinners, those sinners of a scarlet hue, who develop in their lives more of desperate viciousness than you see in others. Take them to Him, believe on account of them, and be fully convinced that no case is beyond the power of the living Saviour.

For my part, I never can or will despair of the salvation of one of my fellow-creatures now that I am myself saved. I know that there were certain traits in my character, and certain elements in my disposition, which make my conversion to Christ to be more remarkable than that of the conversion of anybody else, and so I shall have hope concerning the most blasphemous, the most obstinate, the most unbelieving. This glorious Man who, in the days of His flesh, opened the eyes of one born blind, which thing had never been known before, can come and deal with the very chief of sinners—ay, with sinners that are dead in sin—with sinners that lie rotting in their lusts, and He can make them to be saints! This is a fair argument.

IV. But, now, lastly, they had never thought of

The Faithful Argument

from the text. All they said was—This Man, who has opened the eyes of one born blind, could have prevented Lazarus from dying. That was fair argument, but it was not full argument, and it never occurred to them to go further, and inquire, "Now that Lazarus is dead, cannot this Man raise him from the dead?" I fear a great deal of our religion is of that kind. *But what a mercy it would be if God would give some Christians sixpennyworth of common-sense!* Oh, if some people could but believe what I am sure is true—that true religion is sanctified common-sense—that there is about the religion of Jesus Christ that which is just as practical as if our life were to be spent in keeping shop! There is a mathematical truthfulness about our holy faith as well as a lofty, eagle-winged aspiration. So then they should have argued thus: "Jesus Christ, who opened this blind man's eyes, has come to a corpse in its grave, and He is able to make it live."

Friend, is there laid upon your mind at this time some poor sinner who is dead in trespasses and sins? You cannot get at Him. You do not know how to make Him feel or think. There does not seem to be a vital spark anywhere about Him, and you know not how to deal with Him. Believe that the Gospel is meant for such a case as this, and that the living God, in Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit, can meet with this clay-cold dead heart.

"Oh, it is worse than that," say you, "it is worse than that! The person I am thinking of is put out of society, and is too corrupt to be spoken with." Yes, I know what you mean. Perhaps you speak of

A Fallen Woman.

We are always more eager to bury the fallen women than the fallen men. A man, of whom we must say with Martha, "By this time he stinketh," may still be tolerated in society; but if it happens to be a woman that sins, they cry, "Bury her out of sight. Roll the stone to the mouth of the tomb. We never speak to her, or mention her." If you have an anxiety on your soul about a person who is thus shut out from society, I want you to believe that Jesus can bring out the buried and corrupt.

"Oh!" say you, "but it is not merely that the person I think of is buried away, but the case is really one which may not be described. He hath been dead four days. He has gone so far that his crime is unmentionable." I know the case. Yet you may mention it before the Lord; in His presence no harm will come of it. I do not read in the Gospel narrative of anybody being distressed by the odor when the sepulchre of Lazarus was opened. When Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone," He knew that He had

Divine Disinfectants

ready to hand. He knew what He did. When you seek after gross sinners, prudent people say, "Well, if you go after such people as that, your own character will be injured before long." The Lord will prevent any harm coming from it, for He can speak to the most corrupt sinner, and say, "Live," and he shall live, and then the corruption is no more. Wherefore let us drive out of our minds the notion that any sinner is too far gone for Christ to save him. I used to hear in my youth about a "day of grace," and about persons having passed that day of grace; but I do not believe it. As long as you are in this world I am bidden to preach to you, for the Gospel message is to be proclaimed to every creature, and I dare not draw vain distinctions about a day of grace. If you are so bad in your own esteem that there never lived a worse man or a worse woman out of hell, yet still believe in Jesus Christ. My Lord

Loves to Save Great Sinners,

even as He delighted to bring from the grave the long-dead Lazarus, that he might be received into the bosom of his family, to be the joy of the house, and the glory of Christ.

I have not gone too far; I am sure that I have not. Nay, I could not go too far. The shoreless, bottomless love of my great Lord—I wish I had the tongues of men and angels to tell of it. You have not sinned beyond His power to save you. He is a great Saviour, a mighty Saviour, and His precious blood can remove all your death and corruption. When I think of those whom He has saved, I argue, "Could not my Lord Jesus, who opened the eyes of the blind, make these dead sinners live?"

I will tell you something else. If you yourself to-night are that dead sinner, I say to you, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, "Thus saith the Lord, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "I cannot," says one, "I am dead." I know that you are, but if the Lord speaks to you, you will live; *and He does speak to you by this voice of mine.* I speak to you *in His name.* Thou careless sinner, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, consider thy ways! Thou dead sinner, in the name of Jesus, live! His Spirit has gone with the word which I have spoken. The thing is done in some who have heard me, and will be done in others who will read these words. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, forever and ever! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

PRECIOUS NEWS AT A MIDNIGHT SUPPER.*

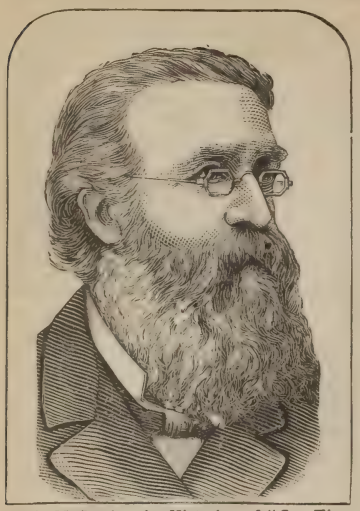
THE writer had four sons in the service during the War of Secession. John S. Copley, the eldest of the four, was killed in the battle of South Mountain, in Maryland, on September 14th, 1862. Of his death I was able to answer, "It is well." The next in age was Albert, a member of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. In character he was like his brother—a good man and a sincere Christian. At the battle of Stone River, in Tennessee, he was wounded by an exploding shell and captured. He and his fellow-prisoners were put on board a train and carried southward nearly to the border of Florida. There they were turned back to be taken to Richmond, because some Union forces had in the mean time come near to that part of the Gulf States.

Although not mortally wounded, twelve hundred miles of continuous travelling was more than he was able to bear. When the returning train got as far as Knoxville, Tenn., he was taken off and put into a hospital. There he wrote me a short letter giving the above facts. He spoke hopefully of his recovery; but very soon afterward another letter from some one there informed me of his death. But that was all. I wrote to his captain and to General James S. Negley, then in command of his division. Both returned kind replies but could give me no information subsequent to his capture.

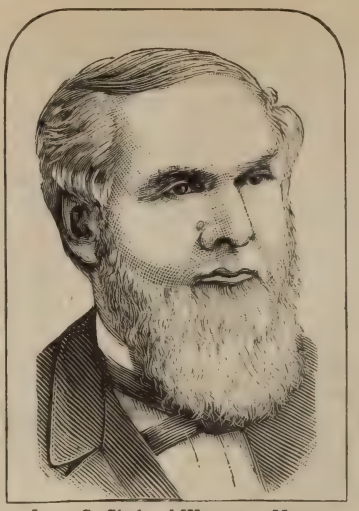
During the war, as many people will remember, a band of generous men and women organized for the purpose of giving a good meal to every regiment which passed through Pittsburg, no matter what the hour might be. A few weeks after Albert's death I learned that a regiment in transit from West to East would be at the City Hall that night about midnight. I lived in Alleghany City at the time, and had no active part in that good work, but still I felt that I must go over that night and see the boys.

When I entered the hall I found them around the long tables to the number of ten or twelve hundred, all highly pleased, as if they enjoyed their bountiful warm supper. I stood near the entrance and looked on until they were through and had begun to gather into groups, then I walked down among them but spoke to none until I noticed a good-looking young man standing alone. I went to him and entered into conversation. He told me he was a member of an Ohio regiment, and that he belonged to the Army of the Cumberland. "Did you ever meet any of the men of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "we lay for some time alongside of that regiment, and I got acquainted with a good many of the boys." "Did you know a man named Albert Copley?" He started at the question, and exclaimed, "Albert Copley! Why, I was lying beside him in the hospital when he died." He then told me that he was captured at the same time, that they travelled all that round in the same car, that he dressed Albert's wound daily as well as

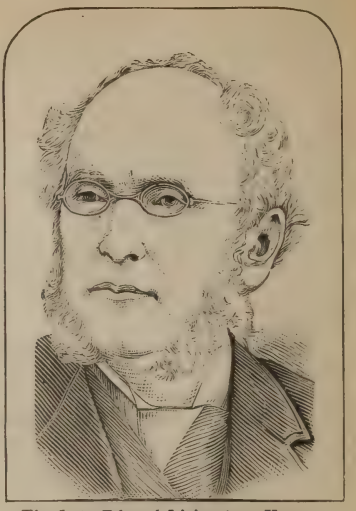
* From "Gathered Sheaves," a collection of papers contributed to various journals by the late Josiah Copley. Pp. 370. Price, $1.50. Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph & Company*, 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



Justin McCarthy, the Historian of "Our Times."



Jonas G. Clark, of Worcester, Mass.



The Late Edward Livingstone Youmans.

he could, that before reaching Knoxville he himself took sick, that both were put into the same hospital, and occupied couches side by side. He said Albert was in a fair way of recovery until erysipelas set in which soon terminated in death. He spoke of his resignation, cheerfulness, and hopefulness, and of his gratitude to his nurse who had been very kind to him. I inquired if he knew anything of his grave, but he did not, for he was too sick to attend his funeral.

Now what shall we say to all this? If you ask why I went over at all at that unseasonable hour, I cannot tell you. And when I got there was it chance that led me to the only man among ten or twelve hundred, who was able to give me the information for which I so earnestly yearned, and for which I had besought the Lord? They who please may think so and say so; but I feel that it would be wicked in me to do either.

JUSTIN McCARTHY,

The historian of our own times, whose works are widely read in this country, and who a few days ago arrived here on a visit, is a many-sided man. He is not only an historian, but an editor and a member of Parliament. Probably Mr. Parnell has had no more valuable aid from any of his supporters than Mr. McCarthy. Though not an orator, he can give wise counsel, and brings to the Irish party in the House qualities much needed—moderation, learning, and common sense.

Mr. McCarthy was born in Cork in 1830. Having learned short-hand, in 1847 he became a reporter on the Cork *Examiner*, then edited by John Francis McGuire. In the troublesome times of 1848 Mr. McCarthy, John Pope Hennessy, and others, started the Cork Historical Society, every member of which subsequently joined the Young Ireland movement. In 1852 Mr. McCarthy was engaged on the Liverpool *Northern Times* as reporter, and subsequently contributed to its editorial columns. When the paper failed, in 1860, he went to London. His first employment was as Parliamentary reporter for the *Star*. Mr. McCarthy is a good French, German, and Italian scholar, and he soon began to write for the columns of leading magazines. One of his articles in the *Westminster Review* attracted the attention of John Stuart Mill. An introduction followed, and young McCarthy stood on the stepping-stone to fame. He became editor of the London *Morning Star*, a paper in which John Bright had a large interest. In 1868 he visited this country and wrote a series of articles for the *Galaxy*. He also delivered lectures in the principal cities of the Union. In 1871 he accepted a call from the London *Daily News* as Parliamentary leader writer. Mr. McCarthy is the author of a number of novels. The work which brought him fame was "The History of Our Own Times," published in 1878.

JONAS GILMAN CLARK.

To Mr. Jonas Gilman Clark, of Worcester, Mass., is due the credit of originating the magnificent and philanthropic project now in course of realization which bears his name—Clark University. His appropriation of a million dollars of his fortune to the purpose, with, we understand, the intention of adding to the endowment as occasion may suggest, is a princely beneficence.

Mr. Clark is a native of Worcester County, Mass. He was born at Hubbardstown, on February 1st, 1815. His father was a farmer, and his first industrial employment was in agriculture at home. After that he made carriages, an occupation which he changed for the manufacture of tinware. He had been a dealer in hardware some time, when, in 1849, he made up his mind to go to California. There he became wealthy, as the result of selling hardware, paints and oils, furniture, and miners' outfits. Investments in real estate in and about San Francisco also added to his present and prospective gains. Mr. Clark went East in 1864, where he turned his gold into greenbacks, and made investments in New York and Boston.

When Mr. Clark returned to his native town, after spending some time in Europe, he built there a Town Hall and library building, spending fifty thousand dollars in this way.

THE LATE EDWARD L. YOUMANS.

Edward Livingstone Youmans, whose portrait appears on this page, was the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and was regarded in Europe as the representative American savant. He was born at Coeymans, N. Y., on June 3d, 1821, and was, therefore, in his sixty-sixth year when he died on January 18th. At the age of thirteen he was attacked by ophthalmia, and for some years *was totally blind*. Surgical assistance eventually brought him some relief, but his sight was always defective. His sister, Anne Eliza Youmans, devoted herself to his assistance, and read and experimented for him, while he wrote with a machine which he himself invented.

Professor Youmans published in 1852 his "Class Book of Chemistry," which had a great circulation, and was translated into Spanish. In 1872 he established the *Popular Science Monthly*.

EDITH MAY'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

(*See Illustration on page* 109.)

Edith May was in a difficulty. Her heart was drawing her in one direction while her conscience and her sense of duty drew her in an opposite direction. Three years ago when her dear mother lay dying she gave a promise that it was difficult to keep.

"Edith," the mother said, "I should not grieve so much about dying, for I know that I shall go to be with Jesus, but I am leaving your papa and the boys just as they need me most. I cannot think what they will do without me."

"I cannot fill your place, mother," Edith said, between her sobs, "but I will do my utmost to comfort papa and take care of the boys."

"Thank you, my love, God will help you. The burden will be a heavy one for your young shoulders, but if you look to Him you will be able to bear it. You can do much to relieve your papa of the household worries; he knows nothing of them, for I have kept them to myself, and now they would be a torture to him. And the boys—I cannot bear to think of their going away from home into temptation through being comfortless here. You can make home bright for them all, and my place will not be empty. Your promise comforts me, my love, in my darkest hour. Think of that afterward when you are being tried; it will comfort you to remember that your mother thanked you and blessed you from her heart with her latest breath."

It was three years ago that Edith listened to those grateful words, and through all that time the remembrance of them had been her stay and support. She had grown a beautiful woman, large, fair, gentle, Madonna-like, with perfectly rounded form and soft, silky hair, and deep gray eyes of marvellous clearness and purity. They had been in some respects troubled years, for her father was fastidious and exacting about his home comforts, and her brothers at first defied her authority, and even now when she had won their respect and love they could not be controlled by her as they were by their mother.

But that was not Edith's severest trial. There was one which her mother did not suspect, but which she foresaw. In that time which now seemed far away when she stood beside her mother's dying couch, Edith had already prom-

ised herself to one in all respects worthy of her. He had gone away to a distant city, inspired by her love, to win wealth and fame, hoping to return soon and claim her as his bride. She ought to have informed him of her solemn promise, but she could not deny herself the pleasure of his letters, nor could she cast out of her heart the love she bore him. Now the difficulty had come.

One morning the mail brought her a letter addressed in the familiar handwriting. Edith laid it aside and attended to the duties of the breakfast-table, promising herself the pleasure of reading it later in the privacy of her own room. As soon as she was free she opened her letter and read. Then she saw the mischief that her silence had done. Her lover had thought to give her a pleasant surprise. His success in his profession had been greater than he had told her, and he had bought and furnished a home that was worthy of her. Everything was ready for her reception, and he waited only for her to fix the day of their marriage.

She sat long with the letter in her hand lost in thought. Her duty grew clearer the longer she thought, but it was very hard. She rose at last and threw herself on her knees. It was so that this conflict must be fought as others had been, though none had been so hard as this. She prayed long and earnestly, not for wisdom or light, but for strength. After all, that is the greatest need of our poor weak nature. Reason and conscience, if they are not perverted, will generally indicate the right course; it is the will that fails. But none ever go to God for strength and come away empty-handed. When Edith rose it was with a sad heart but with a firm resolve to do the right. Self-sacrifice for the good of others was demanded of her, and she was ready to render it.

Edith opened her Bible to get comfort from the pages to which so many have gone in times of trial. Was it a coincidence or a providential direction that, opening the book almost at random, her eyes fell on the thirty seventh Psalm? "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." No way was visible to any such result, but the poor suffering girl could obey and wait, and this she did. She wrote to her lover plainly and decisively, blaming herself for her neglect to inform him before of her promise, sparing him all the pain she could, but carefully impressing upon him that there was no hope. After this she went about her daily duties, and none who looked upon her that day knew how fierce a battle she had fought and won.

Edith had made the sacrifice and rigidly refused to let her thoughts wander to that home which had been prepared for her by loving hands. But as with Abraham on Mount Moriah, God intervened when the spirit had bent in submission. It was some six months after that struggle and victory, that Mr. May asked Edith to come into his room for some private conversation. He was a hard, undemonstrative, and unsympathetic man, but on this occasion he unbent as he took his daughter into his confidence. He began by telling her how he had observed her effort to fill her mother's place, and how well she had succeeded. For this he thanked her in no measured terms. This, however, was only the prelude. He thought it due to her, he said, to give her the earliest intimation of a change in his condition. A lady of eminent Christian character, refined and amiable, had consented to become his wife, and, in short, Edith must prepare to abdicate the position she had filled with so much success.

Edith May's Dilemma.

Mr. May evidently expected a protest or, at least, a manifestation of reluctance. He little knew the joy his announcement gave to Edith's heart. In the same place in which her victory had been won over herself, in which she had chosen duty and relinquished love, she knelt and thanked God for His wonderful goodness.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 95.*)

Following Clues.

ROBERT ATHELING had undertaken a task much more formidable than he had imagined. It was, as he found, no easy task to find one man among the four million persons in London. He wisely endeavored, however, to prepare the way for the prodigal's return even before he found him. With this object he visited his brother's employer, Hudson Harvey, Esq., whose anger Alfred would naturally dread.

Mr. Harvey received Robert with marked coldness in the first instance, for he was with good reason very wroth with the young wrongdoer, who had rendered such an ill-return for all his kindliness and trust. But Mr. Harvey was a just man—a man of warm sympathies—and it was not long before he estimated his ingenuous visitor aright and treated him with confidence and respect.

"The facts of the case, Mr. Atheling, are just these," said he, "I had for some months felt grieved and dissatisfied with your brother's negligence and inattention to duty. I gently remonstrated, and then sharply rebuked him—not with much result, I am sorry to say. But I remembered my poor boy's affection for him as his tutor, and bore with a course of conduct which I certainly should not have borne from anybody else. Then came errors and deficiencies in his accounts, for which he accounted in a lame and unsatisfactory way. At last, on examining matters closely, I discovered that a sum of several hundred pounds, which I had intrusted to him on the morning of a day on which he had asked for a holiday, had never reached the bank at all. On the first sign of discovery, your brother took himself off, and there the matter stands at this day.

"It is very painful for me to say it, and for you to hear it; but the facts are too clear for doubt, and your brother is a guilty and dishonored man. The matter is in the hands of the police, and though I deeply sympathize with you and your aged mother, I don't see how I can further interfere."

"Believe me, sir," said Robert, "I do not desire to suggest that you should do anything but what is right. All that can be asked of you, in case my brother is found, is to be merciful as the prosecutor, and to help me to minimize the consequences of his sad offence. One thing I can do, one thing I am commissioned by his mother to do; that I am sure you will agree to for the sake of the good name of his relations. Kindly inform me what the deficiency is that is fairly traceable to his misdoings, and let me give you a cheque for the full amount. That, at any rate, is quite consistent with your freedom of action in the interests of public justice."

"I am quite willing," said Mr. Harvey, "to do as you wish, and, further, I am quite ready to promise that so far as lies in my power I will endeavor to lighten the punishment meted out to him. If I can honorably save him from imprisonment, I will."

There was something so honest and transparent about Robert Atheling that Mr. Harvey "took to him," as we used to say, asked him to lunch, and, finally, of his own accord, he intimated that the offer of a reward for Alfred's capture should be withdrawn. "As far as I am concerned," said he, "your brother shall have another opportunity of redeeming his character."

It may be well imagined that Robert Atheling returned to his quarters much relieved in

his mind as to one portion of his mission to town.

Clearly, the next step was to find the prodigal, and communicate the good news to him, so that if, as Robert hoped, he had begun to repent, his return might not be so dreadful as Alfred would naturally imagine. In that effort Robert was less successful, for, as we know, Alfred had quitted London, and was on the sea, bound for America.

Many a weary tramp about the London streets he had with Joss his faithful dog at his heels. He was glad now that Joss had succeeded in accompanying him, for he was lonely, and Joss was company to a certain extent. The two together visited Alfred's old boarding-house, and his various haunts, and spent much of his time in the crowded streets eagerly scanning the faces of the throng for the one dear familiar face so like his own. He went back every night weary and disappointed to recommence his search in the morning.

At length he had the good fortune to come across Mr. Cecil Osborne, the young gentleman whom we last saw "in difficulties," seeking to elude his financial enemies by courting the seclusion of the Victoria Park. That "friend" of the absent one ventured his opinion that he was still hiding somewhere in that Eastern region. It was not much of a clue, but still it was worth following. Indeed, there was no filament of possibility, however fine, that Robert would have rejected, so bent was he on the honest and earnest prosecution of his enterprise. Having found his way to the locality indicated he resolved to take up temporary quarters there. Nothing was more natural than that he should enter a coffee-house to make inquiries after decent lodgings, and possibly to find them in the eating-house itself. Here he did find what he sought, and abode.

In this respect fate, or, rather, Providence, was kinder to him than he knew. He had happened to fix upon the restaurant favored by Ned Saltmer, and as he often sat there drinking his coffee and planning new schemes, he and that worthy artisan met under the same roof. With Robert was the ever faithful and intelligent Joss, whose memory was as clear and strong as ever. He had received many a morsel at Ned's hand when that honest carpenter was in Simon Holmes's employ. He had come to know the customary dinner hour, and had paid his visits with unerring regularity. Ned, like all other good and honest men, was fond of dumb animals, and had treated Joss with peculiar favor. So having eaten salt with him, as the Arabs say, Joss counted him a friend for life. He recognized the bluff artisan instantly, and barked a kindly "How d'ye do," placing his forepaws the while upon his knee, and wagging his tail as though grateful to fortune, that it had found at last something that was worth wagging for. The recognition was not mutual, though, true to himself, Ned gave the dog a kindly pat or two.

Robert Atheling fixed his eyes directly on the collie's new-found friend. "Excuse me," said he, "my dog seems to know you, and, strange to say, I seem to be familiar with your face. Didn't you use to work for Simon Holmes, at Thorpe Aspen, some time ago?"

"Nowt so sure," said Ned, who instantly remembered both the owner and his dog. "I helped to put a new roof on your barn, Mr. Atheling, and to put up a new shed in your paddock. But I shouldn't ha' thowt that you would ha' remembered me. Well, this *is* rich!" said he, as a thought suddenly came into his mind, and slapping his knee in his excitement. "Why, it was in this here very house, not so long since, that I met your bro—"

Here Ned's remark came to a sudden and untimely end. It dawned on him that he might be doing Alfred an ill turn. But he could not call back what he had already said; and as for turning Robert off on a wrong scent, plain, straightforward Ned had not the art to do it. "I give him joy that's awkward at a lie," says the poet Young; and though Ned was nimble enough at his trade, he would have sorely bungled at a falsehood, not being "practised to deceive." He simply sat staring at Robert Atheling with his mouth open, and said nothing.

"My brother Alfred?" cried Robert, starting from his seat. Then, crossing the floor, he laid his hand on Ned's shoulder, and said with a tremulous earnestness not to be mistaken—"For Heaven's sake, man, tell me all you know!"

There was a few moments' pause. Ned was reading his companion's heart; not by any means a difficult task, for there it was, in his eyes, both eloquent with a brother's deepest, truest love.

"I hope he won't get into trouble if you should chance on him," said Ned, questioningly.

"No, I think not, now; I hope and believe not. I want to save him *from* trouble. I want to save his mother's life. She is breaking her heart over him." His voice faltered as he spoke.

Ned's heart was very tender, and Robert Atheling's anxious and weary tone cut right into the middle of it. "I don't know where he *is*," said Ned. "But I know where he was. You come along with me."

Nothing loath, for in very sooth he was willing to go anywhere on this errand, Robert followed him out of the coffee-house, accompanied by Joss.

"Madge, my lass," said Ned, when they had entered his cottage, "this is Mr. Robert Atheling, of Thorpe Aspen. He's the brother of the young chap that lodged here." Then, seeing that a cloud was gathering on her sonsy face, he hastened to add, "He means no harm, lass, but good, nowt but good, as a brother should. His mother's breaking her heart for the lad, an' she wants him back."

Madge was not by any means at ease. She was dubious and unconvinced, and scented danger in the air—danger to her young favorite, whose safety she had pledged her word to guard, so far as it should lie within her power. Then her husband told her that he knew their visitor, that he was really Alfred's brother; and Robert explained to her truthfully what his errand to London was, and how it had grown out of the promise he had made by his dying father's bed. Madge could not resist this. She felt intuitively that home with his mother was the place where her late lodger ought to be. Robert's story softened her to tears. She showed him into the parlor where there were still some little matters belonging to the absent one, all of which he handled with trembling fingers and a full heart. Among the rest there was a small *papier mache* writing-case. On the inside the cover was written in well remembered characters, "Ralph Ravensworth," and underneath were these words, "For life, I wonder?"

"No, my brother, no, I pray God!" said Robert, unable to restrain his tears; for he read in it the assumption of a new name, and a doubt, mingled with a great longing, as to whether he would ever again be able to claim his own.

"He promised us," said Ned, "that if ever he needed a shelter he would come here." "An' welcome he'll be as the flowers in May," chimed in Madge. "Whatever he's gone an' been an' done, the poor young fellow is all right at heart."

"If you will let me have these rooms," said Robert, "I'll pay you well. To live in the very house where the poor lad dwelt will give me heart and hope."

"But you'll give 'em up, if he comes back again," said Madge, stoutly. "They're promised to him, you know."

"Ay, I'll give them up," said Robert, who could not help smiling at her fidelity to Alfred's interest, smiling, too, at the thought of his coming back. In a little while he and Joss were installed as lodgers, and the young man felt cheered and strengthened by the thought that he had secured two faithful allies in Ned Saltmer and his buxom spouse. It soon appeared as if Joss had clearly understood that the honest couple had been taken into partnership, for he attached himself to Ned and Madge and Robert promiscuously; now going with Ned for a saunter, now trudging with Madge to market, and now following at the heels of Robert on his weary tramps through the dreary London streets.

One morning Robert received a letter from his brother Edgar, requesting him to call on a certain corn merchant whose great warehouse for some distance lined the borders of the Thames, and who, for many years, had purchased the corn and other crops that had been raised at Aspen Garth. After breasting for awhile the human waves that rolled through the roaring metropolis, Robert found himself in one of the narrow, busy streets hard by London Bridge. Hoisted high on the front of a tall warehouse he saw the name he sought, Ephraim Hartgold, Corn Merchant.

In response to his inquiry, a stout, pleasant-faced individual came from an inner office. "Well, friend," said he, "what is thy business?" Like the question the speaker's tone was brisk and prompt. "It concerns a consignment of corn from the Athelings of Aspen Garth," said Robert, readily taking the cue of the merchant. "An honored name," was the reply, "I am at thy service. Follow me." As Robert followed him into the inner office, he was more than ever struck with the firm step and erect deportment of the merchant whose white hair betokened that its owner was fast approaching the allotted term of threescore years and ten.

Ephraim Hartgold was a Quaker of the real old-fashioned type. He wore the broad-brimmed hat, the collarless coat, the drab breeches and gaiters, and the voluminous white neck cloth which was the good old mode and fashion among his sect in the days when George the Third was King. The old-fashioned pronouns, too, "thou," "thee," and "thy," did unflinching duty in common conversation. He possessed, also, all that sterling character for uprightness and integrity which has ever marked that peculiar people. The immediate business in hand was very soon dispatched, although nothing could surpass the careful and methodical way in which the merchant went about it.

"And now," said he, "that we have finished the matter of business which brought thee here, I would fain induce thee to favor me with a visit to Sharon Lodge. Thy father and I have had business relations from the time that he succeeded his father to the heritage of Aspen Garth. He was a good man and true, the ideal of probity and the soul of honor; and I count it no small honor that he accounted me his friend. It would make me glad if the same relationship may be continued in the person of his son."

"It is very pleasant to me," said Robert, "to hear you speak thus of my honored father. I have often heard him speak with equal warmth and respect of yourself. I need scarcely say that I, too, should be glad to inherit your friendship and confidence, as it has fallen to me, too soon, to become the heir of Aspen Garth."

"Thou wilt follow in thy father's steps, young man; they will lead to the same holy place. 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,' and his heritage shall dwell in 'peace.' Give me thy promise that thou wilt visit Sharon Lodge. My wife Keturah and my daughter Ruth will give thee a true Friend's welcome there."

"Excuse me just now, Mr. Hartgold. The fact is, that I have sorrowful business in hand at present. I feel that I may make it known to you. I am searching for a brother of mine who has got himself into serious trouble and is a fugitive." Forthwith Robert told the merchant the whole sad history, and solicited his advice.

"I wish I could give thee a helping hand," said Ephraim Hartgold, thoughtfully rubbing his beardless chin. "Hast thee advertised for the youth in the public papers?"

"Yes, over and over again, and as clearly as I dared," replied Robert."

"I fear thy search may be a long one," said the merchant. "As for advertising, even with a view to restore lost money, it seems to be ineffective; at least so it has been in my case, for I could not find an owner. Some time ago I picked up a bag of gold. It was left behind in a public conveyance by two young men—the worse for liquor, I thought—who suddenly left the vehicle to hail a comrade in the street. I discovered their loss as soon as they had left, and hastened after them. But the crowd in Regent Circus was so great, and something especial was to be seen, I think, that I quite lost sight of them. By the way," he continued, looking earnestly at Robert, "now I come to think of it, the younger of them certainly bore a marked resemblance to thyself. I remember at the time being struck with something of the kind; thou art greatly like thy father, Robert Atheling."

Robert looked at the speaker with intense interest Had he here found another clue? "Indeed!" said he, "and what of the money? Did you never find the owner?"

"No; as I was saying, I gave notice to the police. I advertised in the newspapers. In short, I did all I could to put the matter right. The bag is at this moment locked safely up in my oak cabinet at Sharon Lodge. It is contained in a brown canvas-bag with the letters 'H. H.' printed on it in black ink, and is tied with a piece of green tape."

"H. H.!" said Robert, leaping to his feet. "That would stand for Hudson Harvey, Alfred's employer! Oh, can this be true?"

"Thou hast some reason for surprise," said Ephraim. "Come with me to Sharon Lodge."

Robert eagerly complied. Oh, if it were true! If his brother had not embezzled the money after all!

(To be continued.)

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 27, Gen. 19: 15–26. Golden Text, ver. 17.

Lot Honored in Sodom—His Place in the Gate—Neutrality Impossible—The Timeservers—Lot's Hospitable Courtesy—The Outbreak of Persecution—Judgment Commencing—The Message to Lot—His Words Ridiculed—The Influence of an Inconsistent Life—A Time of Urgency—Lot's First Recorded Prayer—Judgment Restrained by Prayer—Miseries of Half-Hearted Believers.

MANY believe that of the three men who appeared to Abraham, one was an incarnation of the Lord Himself, and the other two were angels. In any case, when "the men turned their faces from thence and went toward Sodom, . . . Abraham stood yet before the Lord," and two angels, or messengers, only came to Sodom. It was evening, and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom. This was the place of judgment, and therefore of judicial power and of honor. While Abraham would not take from Sodom or its king "from a thread even to a shoelatchet," Lot grasped at the worldly advantages which he could acquire, though it might be from God's enemies. While Abraham would have nothing to do with Sodom but in the way of rescue, deliverance, or intercession, in accordance with God's Word, "Be thou a blessing," Lot became silently a curse to Sodom, for his very presence, his very acceptance of honor at their hands made him, in fact, to countenance the deeds of the men of Sodom.

We Cannot be Neutral,

we are every moment either taking part with God or against Him, "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad" (Matt. 12: 30). It was God's reproach against Jerusalem that, far from being a blessing to Sodom and Samaria, she justified these her sisters in all her abominations, and was "a comfort to them" (Ezek. 16: 51, 52, 54). "Again, God reproaches the prophets of Israel that they strengthen the hands of evil-doers" (Jer. 23: 14). It was so with Lot. Though he "vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds," "was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked" (II Pet. 2: 7, 8), yet neither in his life nor in his testimony was he a power for God, and, consequently, his influence told against God instead of for Him. Lot could not, or would not, relinquish his own selfish ends, and so he sacrificed the souls of his wife, children, and servants, who might otherwise have been saved, to his miserable desire to be a great man!

How Many Lots Have We In Society?

When Lot saw the angels, thinking them to be strangers, as they were in the form of men, with gentlemanly courtesy he rose to meet them, and "bowed with his face toward the ground," and urged upon them to accept of his hospitality. At first, they said, "Nay, but we will abide in the street all night." In that eastern climate such a thing was not uncommon. But Lot knew the horrors of the streets of Sodom (almost rivalled now by the streets of our large cities), and he "pressed upon them greatly," and they yielded, and entered his house, where he treated them with lavish hospitality. Little did Lot know that that was the last feast he should ever make or should ever share. Little did he think that these messengers had come to destroy the city, and that the riches, honor, reputation, position, for which he had

Sacrificed His Peace

of mind and the souls of his family, were now slipping out of his grasp forever! "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God" (I Tim. 6: 17).

The men of the city found out sooner than Lot did, that the men who had entered his house were no fellows of theirs, and open persecution broke out. Now Lot must take his position. He first attempted a compromise. Strange to say, in the filthy atmosphere of the wicked city. his daughters had remained pure up to this time; now he decides to turn them on the streets! Was there nothing better to be done? Oh, had Lot remained in communion with God, he could have trusted God to save his children, but Lot was no man of faith like Abraham, he could not count on God, and now,

In a Time of Trial, He Was Utterly Powerless.

The scorn of the men of Sodom added to his trouble. "*This fellow* came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge." His terrible compromise did not stay the persecution. But his guests now began to move—a hand of power was put forth out of the door to pull him in, and then blindness fell upon the wicked men who were so soon to be destroyed. Judgment had commenced already, "they wearied themselves to find the door," but without avail, for God was preventing them.

Meanwhile, within the house, the judgment message was being spoken, "the men said unto Lot, Hast thou any here besides? son-in-law, and thy sons, and thy daughters, and whatsoever thou hast in the city, bring them out of this place; for we will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord; and the Lord hath sent us to destroy it."

For the first time in his life, Lot attempts to preach; but a message from God on the lips of the money-loving, world-loving, honor-loving Lot was so out of place that it fell powerless, like "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." He said the truth, but no life of separation unto God, power with God, or testimony for Him, backed up his words. Lot spoke with members of his own family, the very men who had married his daughters, "Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this place." But why, if the place was so wicked, had Lot dwelt here so long? Why had *he* countenanced all this evil? Why this sudden change? "he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law."

Men Judge by Deeds More Than by Words,

and Lot had the untold bitterness of knowing that his own undecided life had involved those dear to him in a fate worse than his own, and it was forever!

The morning broke; little sleep had visited Lot's home, and "the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city." Lot lingered; all his hopes were crushed, the object for which he had lived was shattered to fragments; he had no heart to flee; but the angels used compulsion, laying hold upon, and hurrying him, with his wife and daughters, away from the doomed city. Once without the walls, the angels said, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain, escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." The mountain? but Lot had left his horses and asses and camels behind, he had not so much as a servant to carry any baggage! Lot had been used to luxury, and so he pleaded, "Oh, not so, my lord; behold now, thy servant hath found grace in Thy sight, and Thou hast magnified Thy mercy which Thou hast shown unto me in saving my life; and I cannot escape to the mountain lest some evil overtake me, and I die; behold, now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one! Oh, let me escape thither (is it not a little one?), and my soul shall live!" It is Lot's first recorded prayer, and it was heard. If he had prayed for his children, might he not have been heard? but he lived for self. The prayer was granted, but the Lord said, "Haste thee, escape thither; for *I cannot do anything* till thou be come thither." "I cannot!" Does God speak thus? Yes; for

He Had Heard the Prayer of Faith

from faithful Abraham, and God allowed Himself to be bound! Dear child of God, He is just as much bound by that prayer in faith which you made when His promise for your wife, or husband, or child came home to you in such power, when some flash which you knew to be from His own Spirit lit up some work in which you waited to know His will, and now He has undertaken to bring it about, He "cannot" do other than He has promised.

"The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." Then it was that the work of destruction began. With the light of day the heavens glowed with fiercer light, and fire and brimstone poured down like hail, setting houses, tents, men, women, all on fire. It was a kind of foretaste of "the fire which never shall be quenched." Thus God showed His hatred of sins of impurity. Had Abraham slept? We know not, but when he rose early in the morning, and went to the very spot where he had communed with God only twenty-four hours before, "lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." But

"God Remembered Abraham,"

and that smoke did not hide beneath it the one righteous man which was found in Sodom.

Lot's end was a sad one. Maybe he did come to know more of God as he dwelt in a mountain cave, driven thither by fear of dwelling in Zoar; but we never learn of his becoming a blessing to others. "He that loveth his life shall lose it." There is no life more miserable, more ignoble than the life of a half-hearted believer, a man who accepts salvation from God, but caters for himself in things earthly, and does not yield himself a living sacrifice to God. He shuts himself out from all the wondrous depths of grace and love with which God floods the hearts and lives of those who fully yield to Him, and fully accept Him to be their all.

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ASSURANCE.

It may not come to us as we have thought,
The blessed consciousness of sins forgiven;
We may not hear a voice that shall proclaim
Our title clear to the sweet rest of heaven.

We may not see a light upon the path
Above the brightness of the noonday sun,
Whose radiance shall reveal out names enrolled
As ransomed by the Lord's Anointed One.

Not thus may the sweet knowledge come to us,
That all is well with us for evermore;
Not with a flash of glory on the soul
To call pass into life through Christ the door.

But like the winter merging into spring,
Or gently as the trees put forth their leaves,
May come to us the impulse of that life
Which God bestow on those sin truly grieves.

If we are conscious of a firm resolve
To follow Jesus as our constant guide;
In prosperity or in distress,
Our hearts cling closely to the Crucified;

If we are not ashamed to have it known
That in His service is our chief delight;
Though we may never feel the ecstasy
Which those attain who reach the mountain height;

Yet, if the hour of secret prayer be sweet,
When we hold converse with a friend divine,
And dear the time when with His "own" we meet,
For as the promise stands, "They shall be mine."

—*Selected.*

The above is published in leaflet form, and will be furnished to any one for general distribution at twenty five cents per hundred, by addressing
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In Mr. Spurgeon's sermon which appeared in this paper Jan. 20, he mentioned the fact that General Gordon always carried with him a little book called **Clark's "Precious Promises,"** an arrangement of the various promises in the Old and New Testaments, under different heads, which the General used to consult, and seek out that holy text which best suited his particular condition. In answer to many inquiries, I would say that I will send the book, bound in handsome cloth, gilt edge, for 50 cents, postpaid. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

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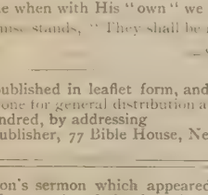

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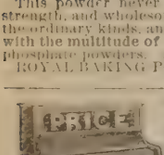

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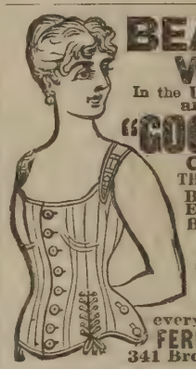

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MR. HENRY M. STANLEY.

British Honor to an American Citizen—What Citizenship Did for an Apostle—The Ceremony in London—Stanley's Programme—The Attempt to Rescue Emin—What Emin has Done—His Connection with General Gordon—The Terror of the Slave Hunters—Brief Summary of Stanley's Eventful Life.

IT was a deeply significant ceremony which took place recently when Henry M. Stanley, *an American citizen*, was with quaint forms and ancient customs invested with the citizenship of London. *Never before had that much-coveted honor been conferred on any journalist.* Wherever Mr. Stanley goes in future, he will be able to claim the protection of the British, as well as the American, Government. He may be in situations in which the former may be of greater service to him than the latter, and then he will doubtless use the privilege conferred upon him. The possibility of such an occasion arising will remind Bible-readers of one of the most thrilling passages of apostolic history. When in Jerusalem the chief captain commanded that Paul be scourged, and the officer was binding him with thongs preparatory to the infliction, Paul used

The Privilege of Citizenship

(Acts 22:25). Immediately the officer acquainted the chief captain with the fact, and gave him the friendly warning: "Take heed what thou doest; for this man is a Roman." He knew well enough that it was not safe to deal with a Roman citizen as with other men. The chief captain, doubtless aware that Paul was a native of Tarsus, was incredulous, but thought it best to question him. The result was significant: "Then straightway they departed from him, which should have examined him, and the chief captain also was afraid, . . . after he knew that he was a Roman." At Philippi, too, a similar result followed Paul's declaration of his citizenship (Acts 16:37). It is possible that Mr. Stanley will meet with citizens of London abroad, who may say truthfully, as the chief captain said to Paul: "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," and Stanley may say, "But it was *given* to me as a mark of respect." Unhappily, the recent murder of Bishop Hannington, and other events, show that the savages have little respect for England's power, so the great American citizen may derive no benefit from the honor conferred upon him; but, such advantages as it gives, he now possesses.

Another significant feature of the honor was the fact that English citizens had unusual reason for conferring it. They understand from recent dreadful experience the character of the undertaking which Stanley has accepted. When General Gordon was shut up in Khartoum, and the British Premier was at last shamed into sending an expedition to rescue him, the most famous English general was placed in command, and the flower of the English army, was sent to fight under him. The issue was a fruitless expenditure of blood and treasure—a miserable lamentable failure. Now that another brave man is in peril, and humanity calls for his deliverance, it is an American citizen, whilom a newspaper reporter, to whom the task is committed, and he goes out with the conviction of the civilized world that if any man can succeed it is he. Not a titled, pensioned general, with his breast ablaze with ribbons and stars and medals, the favorite of sovereigns this time, but a plain American citizen, with grit and intrepidity. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London honored themselves in honoring him. At

The Ceremony,

as shown in the illustration on the first page, Mr. Stanley was accompanied by the philanthropic Christian, *Baroness Burdett-Coutts*, and her husband, who are his warm friends, by Cardinal Manning, Generals Lord Wolseley, Lord Napier, of Magdala, Lord Chelmsford, Sir Gerald Graham, and many other famous persons. The Lord Mayor of London presided, and the city Chamberlain read from an illuminated scroll the record of Mr. Stanley's great achievements, which formed the justification of the London magnates for conferring the unusual honor upon him. At the conclusion of the reading, a copy of the scroll was handed to Mr. Stanley, with the certificate of his freedom, and the two were placed in *a magnificent casket of gold*, the gift of the City of London.

Mr. Stanley's Reply

to the address was modest and manly. He said: "I am preparing a new expedition into the centre of that little-known continent for the relief of an Egyptian officer, who is at present in somewhat straitened circumstances, and environed by breadths of unknown territories populated by savage tribes. The borders of these unknown lands are occupied by some peoples actively hostile to his retreat, or to any communication with him; others are hostile through sheer barbaric ignorance, and passively opposed to the advent of any strangers in their midst. To break down both active and passive hostility requires means of opposing a defensible front, otherwise the beleaguered chief, while retreating, might be only leading his sorely tried followers to that frightful doom which overtook Hicks Pasha, on the road to El Obeid." And he added: "I accept the scroll and casket with a full and grateful heart. They will be significant to me of the esteem in which I am held by the good citizens of London, and will be treasured and valued as a testimony of duty conscientiously performed by me. They will stimulate me to still further exertions, and honorable performance of whatever duties may in the future fall to me."

A Banquet in His Honor

was given later in the day, and at this Mr. Stanley spoke, entering more into detail respecting the plans of his expedition. He said: "If the expedition took the central (or Masai) route it would have in front Uganda with 150,000 warriors. In the days of Mtesa, the father of the present King Mwanga, it would have been very easy to have negotiated for a safe passage through his territory. It was even likely that Mtesa would have said, 'I will go with you, or, if you wish, we will go and take the white man and bring him to you.' But Mwanga, the son, was a person of very different disposition; he got drunk upon *bhang*; he had already distinguished himself by the atrocious murder of Bishop Hannington; and the sight of a valuable convoy going to Emin Pasha would, of course, excite his cupidity. If, on the other hand, the expedition took the south-western route, it would encounter the valorous and brave Wahuma, who were the aristocrats of that part of Africa, who furnished the royal blood of all the chiefs in Equatorial Africa, and who would bar the way to Emin Pasha. The King of the Belgians had solved the difficulty by offering the steamers of the Congo State, and consequently it was proposed to go by

The Congo Route.

On the one side there was the river to float down and take these women and children straight to the Atlantic without any trouble, with the prospect of being hospitably received all the way. This would be a month's journey, or forty days at the utmost, to the sea. The other route would involve twelve hundred miles of march through combative tribes, against whom women and children would have to be guarded. This statement of facts put the matter in a nutshell, and people could judge as to the best route."

Having thus discussed the difficulties and perils of the various routes which had been suggested for the relief expedition, and observing that they were not going to annex anything, nor excite the people of Africa, nor endanger the safety of the missionaries, nor arouse the susceptibilities of the Germans, Mr. Stanley proceeded: "If we can avail ourselves of transport by steamer from Zanzibar to the Congo, the relief of Emin Pasha might be effected in four comfortable months. The women and children will be brought down the Congo and return to Egypt. From the Congo side if I try to reach Emin Pasha the route is perfectly open. On the other hand, you know that these women and children will have to take twelve hundred miles of march, escorted by the expedition, in order to reach the Indian Ocean. When the expedition is ready, if the steamer is at Zanzibar to convey us to the Congo, we propose to take that route, but if it is not there we propose crossing the mainland, striking inland, and not returning until we bring news of Emin, *unless we fall in the attempt.*

On January 21st all arrangements were completed and

Mr. Stanley Set Out

from Charing Cross Station, London, for the interior of Africa. He was going first to Brindisi, and thence to Suez. A large number of reporters and distinguished persons gathered at the railway station to witness Mr. Stanley's departure. (*See Illustration on first page.*) Among those present were United States Consul-General Waller, Mr. Charles T. Russell, United States Consul at Liverpool, and General Sir Lewis Pelly. On behalf of the reporters of London, Mr. Williams, ex-President of the Press Club, presented to Mr. Stanley a pocket night compass carried by the former in the Soudan campaigns while serving as a special correspondent. *Mr. Stanley's last words*, in reply to an inquiry by a reporter, were: "I will return as soon as I can. Give my kindest regards to my friends in America, Belgium, and England." As the train moved out of the station Mr. Stanley was lustily cheered.

The Object of the Expedition

is, as has been said, the rescue of Emin Pasha, the friend and coadjutor of the late General Gordon. He is a German physician who was attached to General Gordon's staff thirteen years ago when General Gordon occupied the position which Emin now holds. An accomplished linguist and naturalist, Emin's time was fully engrossed during the four years he occupied the post of medical officer to the Government. For not only was he accumulating great scientific collections, and writing elaborate "papers" for the learned societies, but he was repeatedly sent by Gordon on diplomatic missions to Uganda and Unyoro, tasks in which he acquitted himself with such remarkable ability that when Gordon succeeded to the governor-generalship of the Soudan, Emin Bey (as he had by this time become) was selected for the vacant office. His new duties were by no means light. The vast district watered by the White Nile and its tributaries, which he undertook to rule, was inhabited by savages who brooked no foreign lord, and by black sovereigns too intent on hating each other to pay much attention to the white governor whom Gordon had sent to be their master. He worked entirely in the civilizing spirit of his chief. He rooted out the slave trade from a huge province, and he has made a good start in civilization with the docile natives under his sway. He has given them a postal service, taught them to submit to taxation for the purposes of regular government, and, above all, he has set them to work. But a few years ago the sole industry of these people was cutting one another's throats.

The province in which he is lies just north of the Albert Nyanza, a long way south of Khartoum, and it forms a wedge of civilization between the Nile slave-hunters and their brethren on the East Coast. It is precisely because of his being

A Terror to the Slave-Hunters

which this situation has made him, that Emin Bey stands in need of relief. He is kept in strict quarantine by the Arab traders, for fear the disease of freedom should spread, and when they are ready they may move down and sweep him out as they have swept out Stanley Falls. They have been *closing in upon him for years*, and news of him has come only at rare intervals through their iron ring. He was heard from in 1882, and again in the next year, which he passed, "the world forgetting," if not "by the world forgot." He was living, he said, "as if there were no Egypt, no Khartoum, no Mahdi."

In 1885 he gained a victory over the slave-hunters. Last July he wrote to Dr. Junker to say that his position was one of extreme distress, that gunpowder was scarce, and that the behavior of his troops did not inspire him with so much confidence as before.

It is realized that there is no time to be lost; according to Dr. Junker, all will be over with Emin Pasha if he is not relieved within five months. Another European is with him, the Italian explorer Casati, and there are *women and children in his camp*. It would be premature to say that he personally is to be brought off; for, after all, he may not consent to leave. He has written as Gordon might have written of his sense of the true uses of his life. "*If I die, who will take this work up?* I think only of that. I am too much needed here to think of leaving my post. Time is wanted, but from the seed I have tried to sow doubtless good fruit will spring up."

Of Stanley himself, who has gone out on this work of mercy for the rescue of the brave Emin, it is unnecessary to write much. On August 13th, 1885, his portrait and life appeared in this journal. In brief summary it may be said here that he was born in 1840, in poor circumstances, became the adopted by a distinguished American citizen, served in the Confederate service, subsequently, after being a prisoner of war, entered the Union army, took part in the battles of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Pittsburg Landing, became a war correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and after the war continued his services on that journal. In October, 1869, the proprietor, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, offered to send him to the interior of Africa to find Dr. Livingstone, the Christian missionary-explorer, who had been so long lost to the ken of the civilized world that he was believed to be dead. Stanley tramped across Africa searching for him, and eventually found him, relieved his pressing needs, gave him news of the civilized world, and carried despatches home from him. Stanley's was the last white face on which Livingstone ever looked, for before he had completed his journey fever and fatigue did their fatal work, the brave missionary lay down to die. He breathed his last while on his knees in prayer, surrounded by faithful black followers, on May 4th, 1873, little more than a year after Stanley parted from him. Stanley afterward took up the work of exploration which Livingstone left unfinished, and, aided by the King of the Belgians, has established the Free State of the Congo.

A Remarkable Series of Medical Experiments conducted by eminent French physicians are interesting the scientists of Europe. They have also a fascination for the detective police and judges of the courts. They are efforts to discover the resources of hypnotism. The results arrived at so far are similar to those produced by mesmerism, but of a more exact and reliable character. Dr. Charcot who is the leader in the study recently had a conference with a delegation of a society of medico-legal experts, who consulted him as to the possibility of a will being signed unconsciously by a person under hypnotic influence. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald*, describing the circumstance, says that Dr. Charcot experimented on a girl before the delegation. She firmly refused to sign a paper presented to her, but signed it under hypnotic influence, and afterward could not remember having done so. Another girl in the hospital of Salpetrière, being suspected of having committed a theft, indignantly denied the charge, but while sleeping under the hypnotic influence confessed her guilt, and revealed the place where the property was hidden.

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Cabman's Idea of Wealth.—A Missionary remarked at a recent meeting: "I remember a cabman in London coming to me in a state of delight one day, and saying, 'Oh, sir, I have good news for you; I have found the Saviour!' And I asked him something which I rarely ask any one. 'I am heartily glad to hear it; but how did you feel when you let the Saviour in?' I said to the poor fellow, who stood wondering how I was going to congratulate him. 'Feel,' he exclaimed, 'I felt so rich—so rich, as if I had got a thousand cabs and horses.' Ah, this is how the poor fellow could count his riches. I say poor, but he was spiritually rich, for all are rich who love Christ; for 'God is rich unto all them that call upon Him.'"

Drowned in a Sewer.—A Man Related His experience as follows: "It is now two years since I first trusted Jesus. Some men were at work in a sewer, when a dreadful storm came on. Some one ran to warn them of their danger, and cried: 'There is a flood coming, come out!' The men hastened out, knowing how dangerous it is in these large sewers when a rain storm occurs. But two men were unwilling to leave their work, and when the warning voice again was heard calling, 'Come out, the flood is coming,' they replied, 'There is time enough yet.' But there was not time, for when they would have escaped, the flood came rushing down upon them, and they were both drowned. When I heard of the sad fate of those two men, I reflected that there is no time but the present 'now' which is positively available for safety."

"Are You God's Wife?"—An Evangelist Remarked: "A lady in America one day came across a little girl looking into the window of a large confectioner's shop. She was peering in so earnestly, pressing her little nose against the window-pane, that she thought she would give the child a little treat, so went into the shop and bought some candies. Coming out she offered them to her, but the little girl was very poor, dirty, and badly dressed, and could not understand how a stranger should be so kind to her, and instead of accepting the gift she moved back a bit, as much as to say, 'it is not for me; there must be some mistake.' The lady assured her there was no mistake, that they were really for her; then she stretched out her hand and took them. The lady expected that at least she would say, 'thank you,' but the child seemed completely overcome, and looking up into the lady's face, said, 'Please, ma'am, are you God's wife?' She had heard that God loved the poor, and she knew that very few rich people did, and as that lady had been so kind to her, she thought she must be almost God."

Lost in the Mountain Mists.—Mr. J. G. Forbes remarked: "A few years ago I was in the Highlands, and set out for a ramble over the hills. Suddenly there settled down upon the hills a thick mist, which completely obscured everything, and made it almost impossible for me to find my way back. For some time I was completely nonplussed, not knowing which way to return; then I remembered that down that hill there ran many little rills which, joining each other, formed streams, and these in turn flowing together at the foot of the hill formed a small river. I knew if I reached one of these rills and followed it, I should be brought safely home. Soon I came upon one, and to make sure that I should not lose it I got right into the middle of it and waded along. I walked in the direction the water was flowing, and followed it faithfully, turning neither to the right hand nor the left; and did it take me home? No. It took me all wrong. It led me down the other side of the hill, and it was long before I walked round, and at last reached home. This little incident, I think, shows us a deep spiritual truth. Some people think it is no matter what religion we may have if we be earnest in it, the more assiduously we follow a wrong course the farther it takes us from the right. God has given us His glorious Gospel with full directions how to find our eternal home, but many ignore these directions, or treat them with contempt, and then say, 'I have done the best I could with the imperfect knowledge I had, and surely God will not punish me for failing to do that which I knew nothing about."

A Bite of an Apple.—Mr. Marsh said: "There were two little boys in one of the streets in Dublin lately. One of them was eating an apple, which the other seemed to be eyeing enviously, and at length said to the other, 'I say, boy, give us a bite!' The little fellow with the apple seemed a generous boy, and at once handing him the apple, said, 'Take one,' which was soon done, and the remains of the apple handed back. But the possessor of the apple did not look at all satisfied, and after wriggling about for a minute or so, said to his friend, 'Here, take *a bigger bite*.' And, comparing great things with small, that is just what Christ has to say to some Christians. He asks them to come and take of His grace. They come, take a little bit, and are about to go away, and He has to call them back and tell them to take a more bountiful supply; there is plenty for all, and it's a fine thing to have a good appetite in the midst of plenty."

An Unwise Signalman.—Mr. Alexander Nar- rated the following: "At Alexander, there were in our meeting one night two signalmen. At the close of the meeting I spoke to them about their souls, and one of them gave his heart immediately to the Lord, but the other refused, and while acknowledging his need of salvation, said he was not ready to give up the world. I tried to show him his meanness in expecting to sneak into heaven after having spent his whole life in the service of Satan; but he seemed to be wedded to worldly pleasure, and would not be constrained to give it up. During the next few days I frequently met him, and always saluted him with the question, 'Have you given yourself to Christ yet?' but the answer was still the same, 'Not quite yet.' About a week or so after that meeting he and his companion were at work as usual, and his companion made an earnest, and it proved to be his last, effort to persuade him to accept Christ, but in vain. That day this man, who thought he had plenty of time yet, was taken suddenly and seriously ill. On his way home he lost consciousness, and before the close of the day he died, having never recovered his reason. This is another illustration of the insecurity of life. The man who goes blundering on toward eternity with his eyes shut and unprepared, is less wise than one who would attempt to walk between precipices blindfolded."

An Old Man's Pathetic Story.—Another worker related: "A number of workmen joiners were engaged in the same yard when one of them, a young man, taking a bottle of spirit from his pocket, took a drink, and then, as he offered it to one of his companions, said, 'That's the stuff to make you work!' An old man who had been working a short distance from them looked up at this and said, 'Yes, that's the stuff to make you work!' 'Of course it is,' said the younger man, 'and you know it, William.' 'Yes, I know it,' was the soft reply; 'it is making me work now in my old age when I might have been resting. When I was a young man I was earning good wages, and looked forward to a happy and prosperous life. But after a bit I began to take a little drop; at first only now and again when I was specially tired or overwrought, and I found that it really did seem to give fresh strength for a time; but soon I was as tired as ever, and had to have recourse to the bottle again, and soon I found I could not do without it, and took it regularly, besides at odd times. Soon my home was lost, my family destitute, and I became an outcast. And now though I have given up the drink I still feel the effects. The money which I wasted during my prodigal years is all gone, and now when I am old and unfit for work, and might have been living on the fruits of my labor, I am obliged to work.'"

DEMENTIA DRAMATIZED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 20, 1887.

"And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard."—1 SAM. 21 : 13.

Why David Feigned Insanity—Dementia often Majestic—Wise Men Playing the Fool—I. Those who in a Crisis Take their Case out of God's Hands—David's Former Confidence—The Engineer on the Alleghanies—Winds Driving Vessels Different Ways—Interfering with a Pilot—A Philosopher's Epitaph—II. Those Eternally Wrecked by Theological Technicalities—Mysteries Outside Theology—A Fool in a Shipping Office—III. Those who Barter Eternity for Time—Bonds in a Dying Man's Grip—IV. Those who Procrastinate—A Life of a Minute.

THERE is one scene in the life of David that you may not have pondered. You have seen him with a harp playing the devil out of Saul; with a sling, smashing the skull of Goliath; with a sword, hacking to pieces the Philistines; with a sceptre, ruling a vast realm; with a psalm, gathering all nations into doxology; but in my text, you have *David playing the fool.* He has been anointed king, yet he is in exile and passing incognito among the Gathites. They begin to suspect who he is, and say: "I wonder if this is not the warrior King David? It looks like him. Is not this the man about whom they used to make poetry, and about whom they composed a dance, so that the maidens of the city, reeling now on one foot and now on the other, used to sing: 'Saul has slain his thousands, but David has slain his tens of thousands?' Yes, it is very much like David. It is David." David, to escape their hands,

Pretends to be Demented.

He said within himself: "If I act crazily then of course these people will not injure me. No one would be so much of a coward as to assault a madman." So, one day, while these Gathites are watching David with increased suspicion, they see him standing by the door running his hands meaninglessly up and down the panels—scrabbling on the door as though he would climb up, his mouth wide open, drooling like an infant. I suppose the boys of the streets threw missiles at him; but the sober people of the town said: "This is not fair. Do you not see that he has lost his reason? Do not touch this madman. Hands off!" So David escaped; but

What an Exhibition

he made of himself before all the ages! There was a majesty in King Lear's madness after Regan and Goneril, his daughters, had persuaded him to banish their sister Cordelia, and all the friends of the drama have been thrilled with that spectacle. The craziness of Meg Merrilies was weird and imposing, and is the most telling passage in Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering." There was a fascination about the insanity of Alexander Cruden, who made the best concordance of the Bible that the world ever saw—made it between the madhouses. Some time ago, while I was visiting the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island, *a demented woman* came up to me and said, in most tragic style:

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants His footsteps in the sea
> And rides upon the storm."

But there was nothing grand, nothing weird, nothing majestic, nothing sublime about this simulation on the part of David. Instead of trusting in the Lord, as he had on other occasions, he gathers before him a vast audience of all generations that were to come, and standing on that conspicuous stage of history, in the presence of all the ages, he impersonates

The Slavering Idiot!

"And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled at the door of the gate, and let his spittle fall upon his beard."

Taking the behavior of David as a suggestion, I wish to tell you how many of the wise, and the brave, and the regal sometimes play the fool. And, in the first place, I remark, that those men as badly play the fool as this man of the text, who *in any crisis of life take their case out of the hand of God.* David, in this case, acted as though there were no God to lift him out of the predicament. What a contrast between his behavior, when this brave little man stood up in front of the giant ten feet in height, and this time, when he debased himself, and bedraggled his manhood, and affected insanity in order that he might escape from the grip of the Gathites. In the one case he played the hero. In the other case he played the fool. So does every man who, in the great crises of life, takes his case out of the hand of God.

The life of the most insignificant man in this house is *too vast for any human management.* One time, returning from the West, I very easily got on the locomotive while passing over the plains, and talked with the engineer; but coming on toward the Alleghany Mountains, I thought I would like to sit on the locomotive as it came down from the mountains amid that most wonderful scenery on this continent. I asked the engineer if I might ride, but he courteously denied me, for there the grade is so steep and so winding and so perilous, that he must not have any one on the locomotive who may divert his attention when eye and hand and foot and brain must be concentred, ready for the most sudden emergency. Well, my friends, life is so steep and so perilous and so exposed to sudden surprises, that none but the Lord Almighty can guide and engineer it, and our disasters come from the fact that

We Want to Get Up and Help

the Lord to manage the train. Keep off the engine! Be willing to let God pull you where He wants to pull you. You have no right for an instant to surrender your sanity and manhood as David surrendered his. Put your trust in God, and He will take you through and over the mountains.

I stood on the beach, looking off upon the sea; and there was a strong wind blowing, and I noticed that some of the vessels were going that way, and other vessels were going another way. I said to myself: "How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another direction?" I found out, by looking, that it was the difference in

The Way they had the Sails Set.

And so does trouble come on this world. Some men it drives into the harbor of heaven, and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends upon the way you have your sails set. All the Atlantic and Pacific oceans of surging sorrow cannot sink a soul that has asked for God's pilotage. The difficulty is, that when we have misfortunes of any kind, we put them in God's hand, and they stay there a little while; and then we go and get them again, and bring them back.

A vessel comes in from a foreign port. As it comes near the harbor it sees a pilot floating about. It hails the pilot. The pilot comes on board, and he says: "Now, captain, you have had a stormy passage. Go down and sleep, and I will take the vessel into New York harbor." After awhile the captain begins to think: "Am I right in trusting this vessel to that pilot? I guess I'll go up and see." So he comes to the pilot and says: "Don't you see that rock? Don't you see those headlands? You will wreck the ship. Let me lay hold the helm for awhile for myself, and then I'll trust to you." The pilot becomes angry, and says: "I will either take care of this ship or not. If you want to, I will get into my yawl and go ashore, or back to my boat." Now we say to the Lord: "O God, take my life, take my all, in Thy keeping! Be Thou my guide; be Thou my pilot." We go along for a little while, and suddenly wake up, and say, "Things are going all wrong. O Lord, we are driving on these rocks, and Thou art going to let us be shipwrecked." God says: "You go and rest; I will take charge of this vessel, and take it into the harbor." It is God's business to comfort, and it is our business to be comforted.

Herbert, the great thinker, philosophized about himself, philosophized about this world, philosophized about everything, then in his dying moments asked that only one word might be cut upon his tombstone, and that word "*Infelicissimus*"—most unhappy—descriptive of the state of the lives and of the deaths of those who take their case out of the hand of God. The only appropriate inscription for their banqueting hall and their equipage and their grave and the wall of their eternal prison-house—"*Infelicissimus.*" In drooling, moral idiocy, they are scrabbling at the door of their happiness, which never opens; miserably playing the fool.

Again, I remark that all those persons play the fool, as certainly did this man of the text, who allow

The Technicalities of Religion

to stop their salvation. David was wise about a great many things, but his cuttings up in the text for a little while eclipsed his character. And I know wise men and great men, competent for all other stations, who are acting a silly and foolish part in regard to the technicalities of religion. They ask us some questions which we cannot answer categorically, and so they burst into a broad guffaw, as though it is of any more interest to us than it ought to be to them. About the Atonement, about God's decrees, about man's destiny, they ask a great many questions which we cannot answer, and so they deride us, as though we could not ask them a thousand questions that they cannot answer, about their eyes, about their ears, about their finger-nails, about everything.

A Fool can Ask

a question that a wise man cannot answer. Oh you cavilling men! Oh you profound men! Oh you learned men, do please admit something. You have a soul? Yes. Will it live forever? Yes. Where? You say that Jesus Christ is not a divine Saviour. Who is He? Where will you go after you leave your law books and your medical prescriptions and your club-room and your newspaper office—where will you go to? Your body will be six feet underground. Where will your soul be? The black coat will be off, the shroud on. Those spectacles will be removed from your vision, for the sod will press your eyelids. Have you any idea that an earthly almanac describes the years of your lifetime? Of what stuff shall I gather the material for the letters of that word which describes your eternal home? Shall it be iron chain or amaranthine garland? The air that stirs the besweated locks of your dying pillow, will it come off a garden or a desert? Oh quit the puzzling questions and try these

Momentous Questions.

Quit the small questions and try these great questions. Instead of discussing whether the serpent in Eden was figurative or literal, whether the Mediterranean fish did or did not swallow the recreant prophet, whether this and that, and the other thing is right or wrong, come and discuss one question: "How shall I get rid of my sins and win heaven?" *That is the question for you.* Yea, there have been men who have actually lost their souls because they thought there was a discrepancy between Moses and Professor Silliman—because they could not understand how there could be light before the sun rose—the light appearing in verse 3 of Genesis, and the sun appearing not until verse 16—and because they do not know how the sun could stand still without upsetting the universe, and because they had decided upon the theory of natural selection. *A German philosopher* in dying had for his chief sorrow that he had not devoted his whole life to the study of the dative case. Oh when your immortality is in peril, why quibble? Quit these non-essentials, my dear brother. In the name of God, I ask you in regard to these matters of the immortal soul, that you do not play the fool.

What is that man doing over in Bowling

Green, New York? Well, he is going in for a ticket for a transatlantic voyage. He is

Quarrelling with the Clerk

about the spots—the red spots on the ticket—and he is quarrelling about the peculiar signature of the president of the steamship company, and he is quarrelling about the manner of the clerk who hands him the ticket. How long has he been standing there? Three weeks. Meanwhile, perhaps, twenty steamers have gone out of port, and I hear the shriek of the steam-tug that could take him to the last vessel that could bear him to his engagement in London. Still he stands in Bowling Green discussing the ticket. What do you say in regard to that man? You say he is a fool. Well, in that very way are many men acting in regard to the matters of the soul. They are cavilling about the Atonement, the red spots on the ticket—about the character of the minister who hands them the ticket—about whether it has a divine or human signature, and meanwhile, all their opportunities for heaven are sailing out of the harbor, and I hear the last tap of the bell announcing their last chance for heaven. Go aboard! Do not waste any more time in higgling and carping and criticising and wondering, and, in the presence of an astounded heaven, playing the fool.

I go still further, and say to you that those men play the fool who undertake to

Pay Eternity for Time.

How little care do we bestow upon the railroad depot where we stop twenty minutes to dine. We dash in and we dash out again. We do not examine the architecture of the building, nor the face of the caterer. We supply our hunger, we pay our money, and we put on our hat and take our place in the train. What is that depot as compared with the place for which we are bound? Now, my friends, this world is only a stopping-place on the way to a momentous destination, and yet how many of us sit down as though we had consummated our journey, as though we had come to the final depot, when our stopping here is as compared with our stopping there as is twenty minutes to twelve hours—yea, as the one hundredth part of a second compared with ten thousand million years!

Would Spain sell us Cuba for a bushel of wheat? Would England sell us India for a ton of coal? Would Venice sell us all her pictures for an American school-boy's sketch? Ah! that would be a better bargain for England, Spain, and Venice than that man makes who gives his eternity for time. Yet how many there are who are saying to-day, "Give me the world's dollars, and you may have the eternal rewards! Give me the world's applause, and you may have the garlands of God. Give me twenty, or forty, or sixty years of worldly successes, and I don't care what becomes of the future. Go away from me, God and angels, and all thoughts of the future!" But

Where is Crœsus

and Cleopatra, and Æsopus, who had one dish of food that cost one million four hundred thousand dollars; and Lentulus, who had a pond of fish worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; and Scaurus, who bought a country seat for twenty-nine million dollars; and Tiberius, who left at death a fortune of one hundred and eighteen millions one hundred and twenty thousand dollars? Where are they?

What is the use of your struggling for that which you cannot keep? As long as you have clothes, and food, and shelter and education for yourselves and your children, and the means for Christian generosity,

Be Satisfied.

You worry, and tug, and sweat, and wear your self out for that which cannot satisfy. Whole flocks of crows' feet on your temples and cheeks before they ought to have come there. You are ten years older than you ought to be, and yet you cannot take along with you into the future world even the two pennies on your eyelids to keep them shut after you are dead. And yet you hold on to this world with the avidity of the miser who persisted in having his bonds and mortgages and notes of hand in the bosom of his dressing-gown while he was dying, and in the last moment held his parchment in such a tight grip that the undertaker after death must almost break the man's fingers in order to get the bonds away.

Men are actually making that choice, while there are others who have done far differently. When they tried to bribe with money Martin Luther, some one said, "There's no use trying to do that—that Dutch beast cares nothing for gold." When they tried, by giving him a cardinal's hat, to bribe Savonarola, he stood up in his pulpit and cried out, "I will have no red hat save that of martyrdom, colored with my own blood." These men chose Christ amid great persecutions; but how many there are in this day, when Christianity seems to be popular, who are ashamed of Christ and not willing to take the hardships—the seeming hardships—of His religion! And, alas! for them, for long after the crash of the world's demolition they shall find that in all these years they were turning their backs upon the palaces of heaven, scrabbling on the door of this world's treasure house, the saliva of a terrific lunacy on their lips—horribly and overwhelmingly playing the fool.

Once more, I say to you that those men play the fool who, while they admit the righteousness of religion, set it down for future attendance. Do you know how many times

The Word "Now"

occurs in the Bible? Over two hundred times. One of the shortest words in the Bible, and yet one of the grandest in meaning and ramifications. When does the Bible say is the best time to repent? Now. When does the Bible say that God will forgive? Now. When does God say is the only safe time to attend to the matters of the soul? Now. But that word "Now" melts away as easily as a snowflake in the evening rain. Where is the "now" of the dead of last year? the "now" of the dead of last month? the "now" of the dead of last week? the "now" of the dead of yesterday? Time picked it up in its beak and flew away with it.

Swammerdam and other naturalists tell us there are insects which within the space of one minute are born, fulfil their mission, celebrate their nuptials, and die; but this wonderful "now" is more short lived than they. It is a flash, a stroke, a glance. Its cradle is its grave. If men catch it at all, it is with quick clutch. Millions of men have lost their soul immortal because they did not understand the momentum and the ponderosity of that one word. All the strategic powers of hell are exerted in trying to subtract from the energy and emphasis of that word. They say it is only a word of three letters, while there is a better word of eight letters—"to-morrow." They say, "Throw away that small word and take this other grand one;" and so men say, "Give us 'to-morrow' and take away from us 'now;'" and between those two words is

The Appian Way of Death,

and a great multitude throng that road, jostling and elbowing each other, hastening on swifter and swifter to die. For how much would you walk the edge of the roof of your house? For how much would you come out on the most dangerous peak of the Matterhorn and wave your cap? You say, "No money could induce me to do it." And yet you stand to-day with one foot on a crumbling moment and the other foot lifted, not knowing where you will put it down, while the distance between you and the bottom of the depth beneath you no plummet can measure, no arithmetic calculate, no wing of lightning cleave. And yet the Bible tells us that unless a man has a new heart he cannot get into heaven; and some of you are not seeking for that new heart. In Mexico sometimes the ground suddenly opens, and a man standing near the gap can see down an appalling distance. But, oh, if to-day, at your feet, there should open the chasms of the lost world, how you would fling yourself back and hold the pew, and cry, "God save me—now! now! now!"

I greet you to-day, my brother, in the very gate of eternity. Some of us may live a longer and some of us may live a shorter time; but, at the longest, life is so short that we all stand

On the Door-sill

of the great future. The next step—all the angels of God cannot undo the consequences. Will your exit from this life be a rising or a falling? The righteous go up. The Saviour helps them. Ministering spirits meet them. The doors of Paradise open to receive them. Up! up! up! Oh, what a grand thing it is to die with a strong faith in God, like that which Stonewall Jackson had when, in his expiring moments, he said, "Let us cross over the river, and lie down under the shade." But to leave this world unpreparedly is falling—falling from God, falling from hope, falling from peace, falling from heaven—swiftly, wildly, forever falling.

So it was with one who had been eminent for his intelligence, but who had omitted all preparation for the future world, and had come down to his last hour. He said to his wife, seated by the bedside, "Oh, don't talk to me about pain; *it is the mind, woman*, it is the mind! Of all the years of my life, I never lived one minute for heaven. It is awfully dark here," he whispered, "it is awfully dark. I seem to stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf. I shall fall! I am falling!" And with a shriek, as when a man tumbles over a precipice, he expired. Wise for this world, about all the matters of his immortal soul he was, his life-long, playing the fool.

I will take the case of some one in the building to-day, and ask you what you think about that case. He has been all his

Life Amid Bibles

and churches, so that he knows his duty. Christ has offered to do all for that man that a divine Saviour can offer to do for a dying soul. Heaven has been offered him, yea, been pushed upon him, and yet he has not accepted it, and to-day he sits deliberately allowing his chances for life to go away from him. What do you say of that one? "Hallucinated," says one; "Monomaniacal," says another; "Playing the fool," says another. Oh, how many there are taking just that position! There is such a thing as pyromania, an insanity which disposes one to destroy buildings by fire; but who would have thought that there was a pyromania of the immortal nature, and that any one could be so struck through with that insanity as to have a desire and disposition to consume the soul?

I cannot consent to have you lose your souls. Come with me, and as in the summer time we go down to the beach and bathe in the waters, so to-day let us join hands and wade down into the summery sea of God's forgiveness. Roll over us, tides of everlasting love, roll over us! Dear Lord, we knock at the door of mercy, not as the demented knock, not knowing what they want, but knocking at the door of mercy, because we want to come in, while others run their meaningless hands up and down the panels, and scrabble at the gate, in the presence of God, and men, and angels, and devils, playing the fool.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle was Thronged on Tuesday, February 15th, with spectators to witness the marriage of Miss Edith Ellwood Talmage, the third daughter of the pastor, to Mr. Allan Edloe Donnan, a young merchant of Richmond, Va. Admission to the Tabernacle was by ticket, but owing to the dense mass of people desiring to be present a large number of ticket-holders were unable to gain an entrance. The body of the church had been specially reserved for private friends. The marriage ceremony was performed by Dr. Talmage, assisted by his brother, Rev. Dr. Goyn Talmage, of Port Jervis. After the ceremony there was a reception at Dr. Talmage's residence, to which four hundred persons were invited. Among the distinguished guests were General W. T. Sherman, ex-Senator Colquitt, Cyrus W. Field, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Clinton B. Fisk.

PEACE MADE AT THE ALTAR.

A FAMILY feud was ended by a marriage in Kentucky recently. It is now ten years since an Ohio farmer removed to Kentucky and settled near Newmarket. Soon after his arrival he had a quarrel with a neighbor over a piece of ground. There was a protracted and costly lawsuit which the Ohio man won. The enmity increased between the two families, and there were several shooting affrays which resulted in serious, but happily not fatal, wounds on both sides. No opportunity was lost by either party to do the other an injury. Last Christmas, however, the Ohio man's daughter, who was being educated at Cincinnati, came home for the holidays and accidentally met the son of the Kentucky man who is in business in St. Louis, and who was also home on a visit. The two fell in love and after several meetings in Cincinnati they decided on being married and notified their respective parents. The old people had the good sense to see that it would be ridiculous to keep up the quarrel any longer in the circumstances. They met and were reconciled, and the two fathers went together to Louisville to attend the wedding, which took place on Wednesday, February 2. The Christian world might profit by their example. Feuds between churches and individuals are incongruous when they acknowledge a common bond of union in Christ (Eph. 2 : 14, 16).

A SLEEPY DRIVER.

A SLEEPING man on the edge of a precipice had a narrow escape from death in Georgia recently. The *Enquirer* of Columbus, Ga., of February 1st, states that a man who resides in Americus has had an experience he will never forget. He mounted his buggy late at night to drive home. Being very tired, he went to sleep, and allowed the horse to manage things his own way, as was his custom when he was tired. Instead of pursuing the usual route, the horse took a nigh cut up the railroad. The travelling was good until an unfinished trestle was reached. The animal carried the buggy and its contents to the end of the trestle, and was forced to halt. There he stood peering into the darkness on a precipice forty feet high, when the man awoke and comprehended the situation. As it was too dark to extricate the horse and buggy from the perilous position, the tired man was compelled to wait five hours for daylight. He did not sleep during all those five hours, tired as he was. There are many men whose whole life is like that journey. They close their eyes, silence their conscience, and let their appetites and passions carry them along the perilous road. Unhappily, very few of them awake before they plunge over the precipice to death eternal (Eph. 5 : 14, 15).

AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOR.

A WONDERFUL witch is declared to be living in Pennsylvania. A dispatch from Williamsport to the New York *Sun* states that in Lancaster County there is a woman, said to be eighty-five years old, whose house is the resort of persons for twenty miles around, who are in any kind of trouble. "She will, for a fee, give an applicant a charm to ward off lightning from his buildings, confound his enemies by bewitching them, making their wells run dry, or bringing any dire punishment upon them that the applicant will pay for. She will undertake the job of stunting the growth of a baby, destroying a rival's beauty, separating man and wife, or settling lovers' quarrels. Husbands take their wives, fathers their children, and young men their sweethearts to her for treatment for all ills and the removal of evil spells, and to obtain charms that will be potent in love and business. If a child is deformed, demented, blind, tongue-tied, or unnaturally afflicted in any way, it is taken to her at once. In her healing operations she uses no medicines, but depends upon her 'charms,' which consist of breathing on the afflicted parts, waving the hand over them, accompanied by a few muttered words, the purport of which no one understands. The condition without which she will not consent to operate on an applicant is implicit faith in and reverence for the operator." When that condition is complied with results follow which science cannot explain. It is evident, however, that the people are cured not by the woman but by their own faith, which would have cured them just as certainly if it had been exercised in a piece of wood or an image of stone or a bottle of Lourdes water. The sad fact is that men are willing to believe even to credulity, yet they will not believe on Him who can give salvation for soul and body (Mark 11 : 22–24).

A LAWYER RETAINED.

A DETECTED thief's cool proposal disarmed a lawyer's anger recently. A Texas journal states that an Austin lawyer, returning recently to his office after a brief absence, found a tramp there stealing some law books, which he intended to pawn. Seizing the intruder by the collar, the lawyer exclaimed: "You scoundrel, I'll have you sent to the penitentiary!" "Let go my neck, colonel," said he. "If you are going to have me tried, I reckon I'd better engage you as my lawyer, as you have the luck to be on hand." Whether the thief would have had a zealous advocate if the case had gone to trial may be doubted, but he was saved from the risk by the lawyer laughingly releasing him. The thief, however, evidently thought it would be to his interest. Not so wise are they who, knowing themselves to be guilty before God, and knowing, too, that they must appear at the judgment-seat, neglect the offer Christ makes to be their Advocate with the Father (1 John 2 : 1).

A CONSUMPTIVE EVANGELIST HEALED.

THE following testimony of a young man's healing, related recently at Bethshan, is published in this month's number of *Thy Healer*:

"I have not studied the subject of divine healing, but I know the Lord, and, having a very strong wish to become an evangelist, which so moved me that I could not resist it, I went to Captain Smith, who is the Secretary of the Evangelization Society, and told him what my desire was. 'But,' he said, 'you look so ill.' Then I told him the truth—that my lungs were affected—that I suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs and had thrown up much blood. 'But,' said Captain Smith, 'it is death to you, when in such a state, to go out preaching, and especially to go out as our men do, and work as they do; but,' he added, 'I will give you a note to Dr. Kidd, and you can go and consult him.' 'Well,' I thought to myself, 'I will go somewhere else than Dr. Kidd's for healing. If the Lord wants me to preach, He must heal me.' I then went to my room and in prayer said, 'If Thou, Lord, wilt have me preach the Gospel, heal my lungs.' It was on a Saturday morning that I saw Captain Smith, and it was on the Saturday afternoon I went to the Lord; and when I presented the note to Dr. Kidd, on Monday morning, the doctor examined my chest, but did not discover anything wrong. He examined me the second time, and then said, 'I can hardly believe what you have told me; you are as sound as a bell.' 'I can explain that, doctor,' I said, and I related to him what I have told you."

This young man has been preaching for the Evangelization Society now for two years.

A COURAGEOUS CHAIRMAN.

A LECTURE was delivered recently in India by a native teacher, in which he sketched the characteristics of the only religion which, in his opinion, had any chance of succeeding with the native races. The *Indian Witness* gives a report of this lecture, with the remarks of the chairman, Sir Charles Atchison, who, with remarkable penetration, put his finger on the weak point of the lecturer's argument.

"The religion of the future in India," said the lecturer, "must be one which will 'call out the mysterious faculty of faith,' which is the characteristic, *par excellence*, of the Hindu nature; 'and which shall discover and worship a divinity in mountain, river, tree; in man and animal; in fire, wind, and sky; in every striking object of nature.' It will also be conspicuously ritualistic; for, rites, ceremonies, symbols of all kinds, parables, and allegories, bells, vestments, incense, flowers, and ornaments have an indescribable charm for the Hindu mind.' It will be emotional, exuberant, ecstatic, inebriatic; for 'a monotheism of reserve and respectability, a cold, polite, formal religion will never suit the Hindu race.'"

Sir Charles Atchison said: "There have been national religions which have decayed, and I do not think that mere national sentiment and unity will be found to be an element of permanency in any religion. What strikes me is this, that *what we require* is not only to have the true monotheistic idea, but we require to grasp the truth in the relation of that idea to the individual mind. We are required not only to know the true God, but to know His relations to the individual soul; and that *religion which shows how the life which is besmirched with evil can be purified*, how the proud heart can be humbled, how the wicked will can be made wholly pure and righteous—in proportion as a religion strikes the truth in regard to these relations, that religion promises to be not only the religion of India, but the religion of the whole world."

A MISSIONARY'S HOME IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

A LETTER from Rev. W. F. Re Qua, received a few days ago, describes the early experiences of the self-sacrificing missionary and his devoted wife in their new sphere. Those experiences have been severe, as they expected—more severe, we may hope, than any that are to come. Still, their faith sustains them, and they are anxious to press forward with the work to which Mr. Re Qua believes himself called. An attractive opportunity has been afforded him to return to a more civilized sphere, but it has been declined, and he is still at McAllister, Ind. Ter.

"We have been housekeeping," writes Mr. Re Qua, with a cheerfulness that is wonderful in the circumstances—"We have been housekeeping in a room twelve feet by fourteen, which was supplied with more ventilating crevices than were necessary for health and comfort. We have battened them up now with paper, which has made it a little better, but in some of the severe cold weather lasting a week at a time we have suffered. But a house is building for our occupancy by the kindness of a citizen, who says he will donate one hundred dollars of its cost and give us time to pay the rest; this seemed to be absolutely necessary, as no house could be had to rent, and if there were, the rents are so high here that we should soon pay in rent as much as it will cost to build. I have preached twice every Sunday except one since coming here, and many times on week days. A number have made a profession of faith in Jesus, and among them some Indian young men. I am only waiting until the Lord shall send us means for a conveyance to go to the interior among the blanket or wild tribes. So intense is my longing to go that I have to pray for grace to wait. I shall need a little tent to camp out nights in the trips, as I shall often be many miles from any habitation. Well, dear reader, if you could only see the interest manifested among the Indians in our coming to them, how glad they appear, it would touch your heart.

"My wife also engages in evangelistic labor as before, with much acceptability, as health and family cares admit, and is now about organizing a W. C. T. U., which is much needed for work among the coal miners, many of whom get liquor from the smugglers. We have been driven to the Lord in prayer for our present needs, and He has come to our rescue through kind friends, readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which was timely, as it helped to pay for fencing around the house and to pay for having some land broken for a garden, which, if we can get seeds and fruit-trees, will greatly help toward a living, as vegetables are very expensive. *Apples, peaches, pears, strawberries, raspberries,*

blackberries, and *grapes* grow finely here where they have been tried.

"We are trusting Jesus for all, and our faith has not once been daunted, for it 'stands in the power of God.' We have been much encouraged in our labors by recent remembrances, for which we sincerely thank readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

PROPHESYING WAR.

The Rev. Mr. Baxter Says France Will Conquer.

IRELAND TO BE FREE.

JEROME NAPOLEON THE COMING ANTICHRIST. THE END TO BE IN 1900.

[*With the above head-lines the New York Herald, the leading daily paper in America, gave in substance the following remarks, in its issues on February* 13 *and* 14, 1887 :]

THE Rev. M. Baxter, lately arrived from England, has come over to tell Americans that they have got just about thirteen years more in which to be wicked and paint things red, and then will come the fireworks. He is the editor of the London *Christian Herald* and a prophet.

A *Herald* reporter had a long conversation with the prophet in his office in the Bible House, New York, last evening, and the reporter has made up his mind to leave off cigarettes, give up all his bad habits, and join a church in hopes that he will be ticked through the millennium that is to begin in 1900 and last for a thousand years.

All the Signs.

Mr. Baxter looks like a prophet. He has a full beard, a thoughtful eye, and a crop of brown hair.

"It is a certain thing that there will be a great European war within a year or two," said he.

"How do you know?" asked the reporter.

"Because Daniel's Prophecies of a ten-toed Image and a ten-horned Beast in his second and seventh chapters foretell that about ten years before the End Cæsar's Roman Empire will be revived within ten political divisions, and this can only be effected by a general European war."

The End Not Yet.

"And how do you locate the date for the end of the world?"

"Not the literal end of the world—we don't believe in that—but the end of this dispensation and the beginning of the millennium. There are several dates that show the end will come in 1900, the period predicted by Matthew Henry, the great commentator, nearly two centuries ago. Perhaps the most simple and generally accepted is the Biblical statement, that as it took six days to make the world and there was a seventh day of rest, the world will last for six days of a thousand years each, and a seventh day of a thousand years that shall be the millennium. Chronological records show that there were about 4100 years from Adam to the birth of Christ, so that in the year 1900 A.D. the 6000 years will be fulfilled."

France to be Victorious.

"What will be the nature of the European war?"

"It is the war that is now brewing. France will conquer Germany and extend her possessions to the Rhine. The conflict will not be confined to these two nations, however. It will be a general European conflict, as the twenty-three countries that now exist within Cæsar's Roman Empire must be resolved into ten; the five in the western or Latin half being Britain, France, Spain, Italy, and Austria, and the five in the eastern or Greek half being Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and the Balkan States. They will be in one confederation and will be all kingdoms, so that the Republic of France and Queen Victoria's reign have but a little longer to run. When that war occurs it will be the fulfilment of the first great sign."

"What will Become of Ireland?"

"It must be separated from England, as it was not in Cæsar's Roman Empire. Just what sort of government Ireland will have we do not know, but she certainly will have a Parliament of her own in Dublin. All this is prophesied by the ten-toed image and the ten-horned wild beast of Daniel 2 and 7. But then comes the little eleventh horn, signifying a rising king that waxes great and strong. The Beast is crimson, showing the red republic communism, and so on. That eleventh king will be the head of the communists. He will first come into power somewhere in Asia Minor, then become King of Syria, and will enter into a covenant with the Hebrews in Palestine, and later on will become Emperor of the Roman Empire. He will get his power through the communists and the Roman Church that will side with them, and then for about a year the Pope will have great temporal power, until the Emperor, 'the wilful King,' overthrows him. Then he will rule the whole world."

"Who will this Be?"

"In Revelation 9 : 11 it is stated that 'his name is in the Greek tongue *Apollyon*,' that is, Napoleon, probably Jerome, the present head of the Bonaparte family, as in appearance he exactly answers to the description in Daniel 8 of a king of fierce countenance, etc. He will be the Antichrist, and will persecute Christians, killing thousands of them by the guillotine during the three and one half years of tribulations all over the world."

"Will this country suffer?"

"The labor organizations will continue to grow stronger and stronger until within ten years from now they will overturn the Government and take the power into their own hands. Then will come famine, pestilence, earthquakes and terrible troubles, until the second coming of Christ, when the earth will be nearly depopulated and the righteous and their future descendants only left to enjoy the millennium of a thousand years."

Dr. McGlynn "Too Previous."

"Who will be the last Pope?"

"Probably Cardinal Lucien Napoleon. The course taken by Dr. McGlynn in espousing the cause of Socialism is the same course that will be taken by the Pope in several years' time. Dr. McGlynn is only a little ahead of the times. The Church of Rome is ultimately to side with the Socialists, and in return to be supported by them, as prefigured in Revelation 17."

"Are your prophetic ideas entertained to any extent among the clergy?"

"Those can hardly help but see the truth of the matter who study the prophecies, but, fearful of ridicule, they are timid about expressing their opinions on the subject."

A Prophet of Woe.

[*The same newspaper gave the following report on February* 14, *of the lecture :*]

The upper lecture hall of Cooper Union was filled yesterday by a crowd of curious people, attracted by an advertisement announcing that the Rev. M. Baxter, an Episcopal clergyman, would reveal a direful future for the world during the next thirteen years.

By an ingenious computation of dates and periods of time, based upon Revelation and the prophecies of Daniel, Mr. Baxter has reached the conclusion that the millennium will begin in 1900. In order to accomplish all the events prophetically called for it is a necessity to pile up such a series of misfortunes in the next thirteen years that no man not morally conscious of deserving salvation can look to the immediate future with the least satisfaction. In the first place, a tremendous European war is to begin, not later than 1889, resulting in the conquest of Germany by France and a general shaking up of other nations, until, within the limits of the former Roman Empire of the Cæsars, only ten kingdoms will remain. These are the nations typified by Daniel's ten-horned Beast. Great Britain is to lose Ireland and India, while France is to gain Belgium, Luxembourg, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, and Tunis, and such parts of Baden, Wurtemburg, and Bavaria as are not absorbed by Austria. Of course the present German Empire is to be practically wiped out.

Then will rise the Antichrist, who must be a Napoleon, whose name is taken from *Apollyon* in Revelation 9 : 11 and 13 : 18. By adding up the numbers attached to the letters of this name, care being taken to spell it "Napoleonti," in Greek characters, the number of the Beast, 666, is obtained. He will first be King of Syria for two or three years before establishing his authority over France. Prince Jerome, Mr. Baxter thinks, will be the Beast, for his character answers to that prophesied for the Antichrist. He will make a covenant with the Jews about 1893 for about seven years, mentioned in Daniel 9 : 27, and as the present dispensation will end seven years (seven years and two and a half months, to be precise) after that covenant is made, we shall have an exact date for the beginning of the millennium.

About 1895–6 will occur the second coming of Christ. Mr. Baxter, desiring to avoid minute precision, fixes the time as within two years and one week to two years and three weeks after the date of the covenant with the Jews. At the second coming 144,000 waiting Christians will be caught up alive into heaven.

About 1897 will begin the three and a half years of "great tribulation" described in Revelation, preceded by several months of universal war. The horrors of this time no tongue can tell. An English artist has feebly given a foretaste of them in a choice selection of highly-colored illustrations, which yesterday adorned the walls of the lecture-room, and no adequate idea can be given of what the world has to suffer without seeing these pictures; indeed, people of artistic tastes and sympathies felt in looking at them strong premonitions of agony, and were almost willing not to wait for the realization.

The lesson taught by these prophecies was to prepare for the second coming of Christ at once, and not to delay an instant.

A JAPANESE PRIEST CONVERTED.

THE Rev. J. B. Hail, writing from Osaka, Japan, to the *Missionary Record*, gives the following report of a testimony which was given publicly at Gobo by Wasa San, formerly a Buddhist priest :

"I was given, at an early age, to the priesthood (Buddhist). I was raised in a temple, and was diligently taught the doctrines and the ceremonies and ritual of the sect. I at last completed my course so far as to receive authority from my bishop to take charge of a temple. I received a call to the temple where I was raised, and had charge also of five others. I was *clothed in silks and crapes*. I prayed for the people and got lots of money for it. When any one died I read prayers for them and wrote a new name for them, and got well paid for it. But some of my friends said I was taking money from foolish people and professing to have power by praying for them to deliver them from purgatory. The worst of it was my conscience told me they were right. Besides, I did in secret those things which I preached against openly, and my conscience accused me daily, until at last I resolved to quit the priesthood.

"The Kocho being a friend of mine, through him I received the permit to quit. But now, having thrown up my temple, and with it Buddhism, I was lonesome, and, as I had always been a worshipper, my heart was *hungry for God*. I must have something to worship. But what? I had no faith in Buddah, none in Shinto. I was without God and without hope. At that time I came to Tanabe on business and stopped at the 'Kiyohechi Hotel.' That same night [providentially, as Peter went to Cornelius, Acts 10] the missionary came with Yamamoto San and put up at the same house. I heard the talking and came in and inquired about Christianity, and was told to read the New Testament. I finally got the same and read it, and *found the God I sought*. While a priest I could dress in silk and live on the fat of the land; now I am comparatively a poor man, but am happy with it all. Formerly I taught error and taught men to worship idols. Now I know the true God and rejoice to teach the truth."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury, which has been frequently rumored of late, was definitely announced on February 16th by the publication of a letter from Mr. Manning to the President. That letter decisively negatives the reports current that Mr. Manning's retirement was due to a disagreement between him and the President. The Secretary evidently quits the cabinet with reluctance, and solely on the ground of physical inability to perform the duties of his office. Although he has happily recovered to a considerable extent from his serious illness of last year, Mr. Manning is manifestly sincere in saying, "There is an exhausting round of daily administrative tasks which, however subordinate and clerical, an efficient Secretary of the Treasury cannot or should not evade. These are tasks beyond my present strength." It is understood that this breakdown of health is largely the result of the Secretary's conscientious effort to attend personally to matters usually left to the care of assistants. The President, in accepting the resignation, expresses profound and obviously sincere regret, and is unstinted in his praise of Mr. Manning's work. The resignation is to take effect on April 1st. Up to the close of last week no nomination of a successor had been sent by the President to the Senate.

The Anti-Polygamy Bill Finally Passed the Senate on Friday, and was sent to the President. The conference report elicited strong protests from several Senators, who contended that it was not constitutional, and that it was an act of confiscation. Mr. Edmunds, in reply, said that the bill provided for the payment of all the debts of the emigrating company and the return to the stockholders of their investments, and that it was only the residue of the property, for which there was no claimant, that was to be escheated for the use of the common schools. The stringent provisions of the bill, if honestly administered, will go far to wipe out the blot of polygamy from the country.

The Nomination of a Successor to the Late General Hazen, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, was sent to the Senate on February 15th. The President has selected Captain Adolphus W. Greely for the post. The appointment causes some surprise, as it involves a promotion from a Captaincy to the rank of Brigadier-General. It is, however, in one sense a regular promotion, as Captain Greely is next on the line, and has been identified with the bureau for eighteen years. The public cannot but be gratified by the nomination, for Greely's services and sufferings have not been forgotten, and deserve to be rewarded. It will be remembered that he was in command of the Arctic expedition which was located at Lady Franklin Bay, and which endured the horrors of starvation at Cape Sabine. His portrait and life appeared in this journal on August 21st, 1884, shortly after he and his surviving men were rescued. It may be hoped that the nomination will be confirmed by the Senate. That body owes Captain Greely some such compensation, for when he was starving at Cape Sabine it aided and abetted Senator Sherman in his attempt to delay the dispatch of an expedition for his relief.

The River and Harbor Bill, which Passed the House by an astute trick, has been increased in the Senate. The "amendments" added there call for an expenditure of nearly three millions, bringing the total amount to be appropriated by the bill up to $10,385,300. One of the worst features of it is that in one or two cases the items are merely first instalments on new work. The result will be that if an honest, economical Congress should ever be elected, it will have to decide whether more money shall be spent in completing comparatively useless works or whether the money already spent shall be wasted. Possibly, now that the Senate has added large items to the bill, there may be an opportunity for completing the debate which was cut off in the House, and an attempt made to reduce the total.

The Danger of Stoves in Railroad Cars in cases of accident, which was shown in the Vermont disaster on February 5th, as it has been in former calamities, has at last led railroad managers to consider the possibility of devising some other mode of heating the cars. An experiment is to be tried with steam on the New York Central and Hudson River Road. In the system to be tried, a main steam-pipe runs from the engine under the whole train. This pipe is tapped under each car, and the steam is taken into what practically amounts to a number of radiators in the car. Peculiarities of the system are the devices for joining the main pipe at the ends of cars. The coupling pieces are of metal, are packed with plumbago, and by telescoping into each other secure a joint which the inventor claims is perfectly air tight.

Remarkable Progress in Rebuilding the City is reported from Charleston, S. C. The *News and Courier* states that during the five months which have elapsed since the earthquake much has been done to restore the city to its former condition. The damages by the earthquake were roughly estimated at $5,000,000. The aid so lavishly and generously poured into Charleston has enabled those who could not do so with their limited means to rebuild their houses, while others who were able have also not been idle. Since the night of the 31st of August, 1886, the city has *risen from its ruins*. Remunerative work has been furnished to over five thousand home mechanics, while over fifteen hundred mechanics from abroad have arrived, many of whom will make Charleston their home. Of the $800,000 subscribed by citizens in the various States, $200,000 has been applied to the restoration of churches, $100,000 to rebuild the hospitals and almshouses, and the balance to erecting homes for those who would otherwise be homeless.

The Coming War in Europe Appears to be regarded as inevitable by the trans-Atlantic correspondents of American journals. The correspondent of the New York *Times*, whose observations and predictions have hitherto proved remarkably accurate, expresses his conviction on the subject without ambiguity. He says, after mentioning a number of isolated facts: "So, looking over the continent and seeing the bustle of martial preparations among the little as well as the big, everybody getting hastily ready to fight and nobody knows how a fight is to be prevented. All are agreed that if a single spark is struck *the whole heavens will be ablaze from Armenia to Finland*. Looking from the vantage ground of an insular standpoint, it is impossible to profess much hope that peace will be maintained." In France there was manifested last week a disposition to hope that Bismarck's attitude was merely assumed to scare the electors into electing Government candidates, but in Alsace, where the German is understood better, there is no such error. There every household is hurried with preparations for war, houses in Metz, Colmar, and Pfalsbourg being crowded to the attic with provisions, while business is said to be practically suspended. What the spark may be that will fire the combustible mass cannot be pointed out, but it may be a small one, and it is not without significance that such a spark is descried in the intimation given by Russia last week, that she has determined under certain probable circumstances to occupy Bulgaria.

The Trial of the Irish Members of Parliament whose portraits appeared in this journal on February 3d commenced in Dublin on Tuesday of last week. They pleaded not guilty to the charge of conspiracy to induce tenants to refuse paying their rents. The Crown then proceeded to swear in a jury for the trial of the defendants. Several Catholic jurors, including one named O'Brien, were ordered to stand aside. Counsel for the defendants protested, and for a while there was much commotion. Mr. O'Brien, one of the defendants, declared he would rather be sent to jail at once than be submitted to a trial before a jury composed so unfairly. Protests were made in the House of Commons on the same subject, but a motion respecting it was peremptorily suppressed by the Speaker.

The Case of Dr. McGlynn is a Prominent Subject of discussion in Roman Catholic councils at the Vatican. It would appear that he is condemned there rather for insubordination than for advocating socialism. A special correspondent of the New York *Herald*, cabling to that journal from Rome, says: "Father McGlynn's published defiance has not lost him the personal sympathy of his Roman friends. I have discussed his case with many ecclesiastics here, and there is only one opinion as to the mistake he has made. It is universally thought in Rome that the matters for which he has been removed from his charge went beyond the limits of social or political economy, and his coming is confidently expected. If he comes he will have a fair hearing. Nearly all the ecclesiastical authorities are quite disposed to treat him not only with justice, but with indulgent kindness."

The Celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee has already commenced in India by the release of twenty-five thousand inmates of prisons, being one third of the total number of prisoners in that country. On February 16th in all the chief cities of India imposing *fêtes* were held in commemoration of the jubilee. The celebration lasted three days. In all the Christian churches and in the native temples and mosques thanksgiving services have been held. In the newly-acquired territory of Burmah the jubilee was celebrated by a parade of troops and the firing of salutes. Sir Charles Bernald, Chief Commissioner, in the presence of the native officials, ex-King Theebaw and Chief Tsawbwa, made a speech, in which he reviewed the successful reign of the Empress Queen. He warmly greeted the Chinese officials present, assuring them that the interests of China would be protected. Robes were presented to six native priests, and minor titles were conferred upon a number of Burmese officials. In England it is a significant fact that there is less enthusiasm about the celebration than was expected. One prominent journal invited its readers to vote on the best way of celebrating the jubilee, but declined to go on with the voting when it was found that a large majority of votes were being cast for the proposal that the best way of celebrating the jubilee would be to invite her Majesty to abdicate.

The Rev. M. Baxter Delivered Three Discourses on prophecy last Sunday in Cosmopolitan Hall, Broadway and Forty-first Street, New York. There were good audiences at each service. His exposition, which clearly showed the indication of prophecy that in the coming struggle between France and Germany the issue of the last war would be reversed, caused a marked sensation among his hearers. His remarks were listened to with deep attention, and the questions addressed to him for further light at the close of his sermon proved that he had been closely and intelligently followed by his hearers. Mr. Baxter announced that two conferences would be held in the same building this day (Thursday), when ministers of the city and neighborhood would deliver addresses.

A Revival Work Has Been Commenced in Tennessee through God's blessing on the reading of this journal. A woman in the backwoods of Tennessee, writing to a friend who had sent her the HERALD, says: "I cannot express my thanks to you for sending me THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was so much company for us during the cold weather; we could read when we could do nothing else. I think the neighborhood generally has been benefited by your act of kindness to me. It has been the means of arousing some Christians to active work, and has been the cause of *several small revivals* at home. You sent me the paper as a present, not knowing or thinking of the good it might do others. That is the way our lives are made up; a small act of kindness sometimes brings in a rich reward. I hope to do something for you that will give you as much genuine pleasure as the paper has given us."

The Death of Bishop Greene, of Mississippi, on February 13th, deprives the Protestant Episcopal Church of one of its most venerated and beloved leaders. The venerable bishop was in his eighty-ninth year, having been born at Wilmington, N. C., in 1798. He was ordained in 1820. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina, of which he was a graduate, in 1837, and was elected first Bishop of Mississippi in 1849. Bishop Green was one of the founders of the University of the South at Suwanee. His gentleness and saintly character won for him the respect of the whole church, and when, in 1868, the Southern bishops appeared for the first time in nine years at the General Convention, it was Bishop Green's wise and delicate words that removed all acrimony and unbrotherly feeling.

A Girl Precipitated from a Toboggan Slide in Chicago sustained serious injuries on Friday last. She and her lover visited the slide, and after watching the toboggans for some time, resolved to make the trip. The girl insisted on steering, though warned that it needed strength and coolness. All went well until about half way down the incline, when the speed became so great that the girl lost all control of the toboggan, and it ran against the side rail of the slide. The force of the collision threw the girl completely over the rail to the ground below. In falling her head struck the wire of the electric light, cutting a gash that extended from the eye to the back of the head. Her right arm was broken in three places, and her left arm dislocated. The girl was taken to the County Hospital. Her injuries are such that, if she escapes death, she will be disfigured for life. She is not the first who has started on a downward path believing that it is easy to guide the course, and has been ruined. Many a soul has been lost by similar self-confidence (Prov. 28 : 26).

The News that the Large Ocean Steamship Wisconsin of the Guion Line was aground off Fire Island caused some excitement in New York on Wednesday of last week. She was known to have on board about one hundred and fifty passengers, the English mails, and a valuable cargo. The sea was very rough, and the life-saving corps made several unsuccessful attempts to reach her. Life lines were shot toward her but fell short, and a boat that was sent to bring off passengers was capsized after making only one trip on which but six were brought off. No injury was done to the ship except the loss of her rudder and stern-post, and at the next tide she floated off, and was towed into port. Seafaring men are puzzled to account for the accident, as the Captain of the Wisconsin took an observation only sixteen hours before she ran aground, and the course he laid out then, which should have taken him fifteen miles further south, was strictly followed. One naval officer explained it on the ground that the Captain had not made sufficient allowance for the strength of the current, which is variable at this time of the year. He said, "A captain never can know his course exactly, particularly near land. He must lay a course to avoid running risks as much as possible, and then cast his sounding-line when he comes near a coast." That appears to be a very good rule as to ships, as it certainly is in the voyage of life. There would not be so many of the spiritual disasters which bring reproach on the cause of Christ if Christian men were more careful to "avoid risks," and more frequently tested their present position instead of relying on past assurance (II Cor. 13 : 5).

A Life was Risked to Save a Nickel in New York last week. A belated traveller, desiring to go up-town on February 16th, attempted to steal a ride on the Elevated Railroad. Rather than go upstairs and pay the five-cent fare, he climbed one of the pillars under the Cortlandt Street station, and attempted to squeeze his body between the track and the platform. The aperture was too small, and the man was caught between the iron girders, and was unable to go forward or backward. His head and shoulders projected over the track, while his legs dangled in mid-air. Seeing a train coming, he shouted, and his cries alarmed the officials, who signalled to the engineer to stop. The engine was but a few yards away when it was brought to a stand. The man's life was only just saved. The press reports say that, though not intoxicated, the man had been drinking. That is probable, as we cannot conceive of a man in his sober senses endangering his life to save a nickel. His folly, however, was not so besotted as that of men who risk their souls to become millionaires (Matt. 16 : 26).

An Enslaved Man was Set at Liberty in Greenville, S. C., on February 9th. A dispatch to the New York *World* from Charleston states that a colored man living near Greenville heard that his brother, whom he had not seen since the war, when he was a child, was being held in slavery by a man in a lone farmhouse on the other side of Hog Back Mountain. He immediately started in search of him, and found him at length in utter ignorance of emancipation. The farmer had kept him secluded, and prevented him holding any communication with his friends. He was made to work hard, was often whipped, received no wages, few clothes, and was scantily fed. He is a large-framed man, with a dull unintelligent look, unable to read, and with not the slightest suspicion of being a free man. His master had taken advantage of his ignorance to keep him in servitude. How many captives of Satan are similarly held! They think the chains of evil habit or past sins cannot be broken, and do not know that Christ has already wrought their deliverance and offers them liberty (Gal. 4 : 4, 5).

A Man was Drowned in a Gutter in New York on Friday night. As a German resident was hurrying home through the storm about nine o'clock he stumbled over some object in the gutter at Forty-seventh Street and Avenue C. He stooped to find out what it was, and to his horror discovered that it was the body of a man. He notified a policeman, who summoned a physician, but it was too late, the man was dead. There were no bruises on him, and his watch and valuables had not been disturbed; it was evident, therefore, that in crossing the gutter he must have fallen, and being stunned, and falling face downward, was drowned before he could recover consciousness. The water was but a foot deep, but it had proved sufficient to destroy life. Had the man been on some cliff that overhung the sea, or on the brink of a mighty river, he would have been more careful; but he was heedless in walking near a common gutter that he could easily step across. Many spiritual calamities come in the same way; Satan's most successful pitfalls are those into which men fall when they are off their guard (I Cor. 10 : 12).

A Wife Committed Suicide to Avoid Disgrace in Boston last week. About a year ago she was married to a young sailor, and the couple went to live with the husband's brother in Boston. The sailor was frequently away on his voyages, but when at home he and his wife lived happily, and were evidently extremely fond of each other. During his last voyage, however, a young man who had known the wife before her marriage called upon her, and afterward visited her several times. Her sister-in-law viewed these visits with suspicion. On Thursday last she accused her of being unfaithful to her husband, and declared her intention of denouncing her to him when he returned. The accused wife protested that she was innocent, but knowing how difficult it would be to disprove such a charge, she dreaded her husband's return. All that night she lay awake weeping and bemoaning her cruel position, until by morning she was almost demented. She went out and bought poison, took it, and died, declaring her innocence and her entire devotion to her husband with her last breath. It is a pity that there was no one at hand to point the distressed woman to God. Had she been living in communion with Him she would not have been so disturbed by a false accusation, but would have committed her cause to Him who judgeth righteously, and waited for Him to vindicate her (Ps. 37 : 40).

BRIEF NOTES.

THE New York Bible Society presented 45,524 Bibles to immigrants arriving at Castle Garden last year.

A revival is reported from the Presbyterian Church in Annapolis, Md., which has been holding evangelistic services with good results. Already many persons have been gathered into the church, and the end is not yet.

Promises and money to the amount of $29,007 have been received toward Mr. Moody's Birthday Memorial Fund for his Northfield work. The treasurer of the fund is Mr. James Talcott, No. 108 Franklin Street, New York.

Immense audiences have been drawn to hear Mr. Moody in his evening meetings at the Western Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and in the afternoon for Christian workers at the Lincoln Avenue Congregational Church, in the north division of the city.

Ben Hogan's work at Woodland, Cal., has been much blessed. A letter to us from the Young Men's Christian Association of that city says: "Mr. Hogan has improved wonderfully the past four years; he is a very forcible and energetic speaker, and we as an association wish him prosperity and happiness wherever he may go."

A Faith Home, named "Beulah," has recently been opened in Grand Rapids, Mich. This Home was dedicated on February 10th. The founder of this Home is Mrs. Dora G. Griffin, who has herself been healed of eighteen years' partial blindness in answer to prayer. The Home is now open to the sick and suffering whom the Lord shall send. For further information address Mrs. D. G. Griffin, 91 Baxter Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The White Cross Society of New York City, the Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa, President, will hold its second annual meeting in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, West Eleventh Street and Waverley Place, Sunday evening, February 27th. Several new tracts, envelope size, of the White Cross series have been issued by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. at $1 and $2 the hundred. The Society is growing rapidly, and doing good work in New York.

The annual session of the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association commenced on February 18th in Dwight Hall, of Yale College. The programme included prayer by the Rev. Dr. Barbour, of Yale; addresses of welcome by President Dwight and D. C. Huntington, President of the Yale branch of the association, and addresses by Mr. Elbert B. Munroe, who gave to Yale the funds necessary for the erection of Dwight Hall. A large number of colleges are represented.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now mission stations in America in the following cities: *Philadelphia*, Pa.; *Warsaw* and *Peru*, Ind.; *St. Paul*, Minn.; *Omaha* and *Lincoln*, Neb.; *Orangeville* and *Ottawa* and *St. Andrew*, N. B.; and *Charlottetown*, P. E. I., in the Dominion of Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening and Sundays in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

CHRIST'S WORK NO FAILURE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law."—ISAIAH 42 : 4.

Dearth of Human Leaders—What to Do when all Fail—The Lord's Servant—A Permanent Presence—His Work—Success Assured—I. The Truth to be Considered and Believed—A Very Marvellous Enterprise—Undertaken with an Imperfect Tool—His Way of Working—His Gentle Spirit—Napoleonic Imperturbability—II. An Enjoyable Truth—The Finished Work—The Work Yet to be Finished—Bad Raw Material—Good News for Blind Prisoners.

PREVIOUS verses at the close of the forty-first chapter indicate the utter failure of the hope of man from man. God Himself looked, and behold "there was no man; even among them, and there was no counsellor, that, when I asked of them, could answer a word." How often it is so in human history: man fails to find leadership and help in man! Great men are raised up now and then, and the tendency is to make idols of them, and so to trust in an arm of flesh. These die, and then their fellows look out in the Church, and in the world, for other men upon whom they may dote after the same manner; but it sometimes happens that they look in vain; none arise whom they can elect for leaders. Just now I think it is so in more departments than one. Look where you may, where will you see the man

Who is Equal to the Crisis?

Somehow, in the providence of God, every hour has, in due time, had its man; but if our hopes are fixed in men, we must feel at this time sorely pressed.

In expounding the one verse which I have selected for a text, I shall need to open up the whole passage. Follow me, therefore, with opened Bibles, and obey the first word of the chapter, which is, *Behold*. Our great comfort is that the Lord Jesus Christ is always to be beheld. He ever lives and ever works for His people. We must view Him not merely as one who appeared upon the scene years ago, but as still living. He died in the heat of the battle, but He rose again to secure the victory. We do not found our hopes of a brighter future upon a dead Saviour; our hopes for the future of the world, and for the accomplishment of God's gracious purposes hang upon one who ever liveth, and is at this time in the place of vantage, carrying on His great work and warfare at the right hand of God. At the commencement of my discourse, I beseech you, dear brethren, to look to Jesus Christ the ever-living Worker. If you have been troubled and fretted by peering into these gloomy times and perceiving nothing that can raise your spirits, I pray you look about you no longer, but look up! There *He* sits at the right hand of God, even the Father, the appointed man, the glorious, chosen Deliverer.

The text declares concerning our Lord that "He shall not fail nor be discouraged." This leads us to consider what is the work which Jesus Christ has undertaken, in which He will not fail nor be discouraged. Our text directs us in this matter, for it tells us that He has come to "set judgment in the earth," and that "the isles shall wait for His law." The earth is to be delivered from misrule and sin, and men are to be submissive to his instruction and direction. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged;" but He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.

As for the Lord's Second Coming, shall the world grow darker and darker till He comes? There are passages of Scripture and

Signs of the Times

which may be taken to indicate it. On the other hand, shall the age grow brighter and brighter till He appears to bring the perfect day? Through the preaching of the Gospel shall there yet be periods in which multitudes shall be converted, and whole nations shall be saved? There are texts that look that way, and many a brave worker hopes as much. It seems to me pretty clear that truth and righteousness are to win the day upon the earth; the idols are to be abolished, war is to cease, and the great Jehovah is to be called "the God of the whole earth." This polluted earth is to be cleansed, and this round planet of ours, which to-day is darkened by sin, shall yet shine out, like a new-born sun, in all the pristine light which beamed from it when first it came from its Maker's hands. The Lord shall reign over all mankind, and a period of peace and rest and holiness shall be the fruit of His blessed sway. The Lord Jesus will not rest till He has subdued all things unto Himself, and put down all the spiritual wickednesses which now tyrannize over the world.

I do not think it necessary for me to go further into detail as to all that

Our Lord is Resolved

to do. What I have to say is this, whatever He has undertaken, He will perform; whatever commission He has received He will fulfil. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged" till all His work is done. Brethren, we get doubting sometimes. We ask, Is it all right? Are matters moving on? Behold Him who is at the head of all affairs, the director of the high politics of heaven, the great one upon whose shoulders rests the business of God in the salvation of men! Behold Him, and be comforted. You and I may fail; shame on us if we do! We may be discouraged; it will be our sin if we are; but *He* shall not fail nor be discouraged till He shall have wrought out every point of the promise of grace, and shall have accomplished every iota of the eternal purpose of love.

I. First, let this truth be considered and believed. Will you now thoughtfully turn it over in your minds? It is certainly

A very Marvellous Enterprise

which our Lord Jesus Christ has undertaken. The salvation of a single soul involves a miracle. The salvation of myriads upon myriads of the human race: what shall I call it but a mountain of marvels? Those of you who love your fellowmen often mourn your powerlessness with a single individual. What hard work it is to deal with our own countrymen! How are we baffled by their poverty, their ignorance, their misery, their sin! You have only to battle with a single vice, drunkenness, to wit, to feel what a monster is to be overcome. Only think for a moment of the social impurity of this city, and you are sick at heart as you remember it. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ has come to cleanse this Augean stable; and He will cleanse it. The stream of the river of life shall run through the foulest parts of the earth till even those horrible regions like the Dead Sea shall be reclaimed.

The task is rendered the more severe because our Lord Jesus at this present works largely by a church, which is a poor and

Faulty Instrument

for the accomplishment of His purpose. I sometimes think there are more difficulties connected with the Church than with the world; for the Church is often worldly, faithless, lethargic, and, I was about to add, inhuman. Might I not almost say as much, for she seems at times well-nigh destitute of tender sympathy for the lost and perishing? If a man has to do a work, he says to himself, "Give me good tools, at any rate. If I have to strike a heavy blow, do not trouble me with a broken hammer. If I have to write, give me a pen that will not hinder my hand." But, alas! the Church is too often false to her Master's purpose, and traitorous to His truth. Yet, brethren, the Lord will largely do His work and accomplish His good pleasure by such means as these. He will not fail nor be discouraged. The disciple may sleep, but the great Saviour agonizes over men. Let this battalion and the other waver as it may, He who holds the banner in the very centre of the fight will never be moved; He will hold the field against all comers. Yet, brethren, it may be that at times we fear that the Gospel is not prospering nor fulfilling the purpose for which God hath sent it. Looking back on past history, and looking out upon the present state of affairs, we are afraid that things are not going well. Possibly this may arise out of our Lord's way of working, which is so different from what our minds would choose. It is written in the second verse, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street." You are in an awful hurry, are you not? But He is never in haste. You would

Make a Great Stir

and noise, I know, but Jesus will not thus spread the Gospel. You would go out and fight all the enemies of truth, and set clamor against clamor, cry against cry; but "He shall not strive." You would shout and rage and rave; but He shall not cry. You would advertise to the ends of the earth; but He shall not cause His voice to be heard in the street.

When Mahomet commenced his enterprise he announced that Paradise was to be found beneath the shadow of swords, and numbers of brave men rushed to the battle; they swept everything before them, and stained continents with blood; they carried the name of Allah and Mahomet over Asia and Northern Africa, and seemed intent on conquering Europe; and yet the work done will not endure. The prophet and his caliphs did, indeed, strive and cry, and cause their voices to be heard in the street; but Christ's system is the very reverse of that; His weapons are not carnal. Behold His battle-axe and weapons of war! Truth divinely strong, with no human force at the back of it but that of holiness and love; a Gospel

Full of Gentleness

and mercy to men, proclaimed not by the silver trumpets of kings, but by the plain voices of lowly men. The Gospel seeks neither prestige nor patronage from the State; nor does it ask to be advocated by scholastic sophistry, or human eloquence. It does not even aim at becoming predominant by force of the learning or talent of its teachers. It has neither pomp to commend it, nor arms to enforce it. You, ardent spirit that you are, are all in a hurry; you are going to push the Church before you, and drag the world after you. Go and do it! But if the Lord works not after your fashion, be not greatly surprised; for it is written, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street."

Note well the spirit in which He works. He is gentleness itself, and that always: "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." You cannot work in hot haste in this spirit. Gentleness makes good and sure speed, but it cannot endure rashness and heat. We know reformers who, if they had the power, would be like bulls in a china-shop; they would do a great deal in a very short time. But the world's best Friend is not given to quench and bruise. Here is a bruised reed, and it is of no use to anybody; you cannot even get music out of it, much less lean upon it; yet He does not break it. Here is a smoking flax, a wick with an offensive smell, containing very little heat, and no light; yet He does not put it out.

But He will not fail nor be discouraged any the more because of His gentleness. Nay, let me tell you, brethren, it is the quiet man, the meek man, who is always hard to be turned aside from his purpose. When a man is passionate, and easily excited, you have only to wait a while, and he will cool down; perhaps chill down below zero. These

Fiery Fellows

will be easily managed by the devil, or somebody else, after the flame is over. Give me a man who deliberately makes up his mind, calmly sets to work, and patiently bears all rebuffs, and I know that what he sets himself to do will be done. He will work in God's way, and will not put forth his hand to snatch a premature success at the expense of principle. He is quiet because he is sure, patient because he is strong, gentle because he is firm. The man who cannot be provoked is the man who cannot be turned.

As you look at our blessed Master, patient and immovable amid all the battle and the strife,

you may assure yourself that He will not fail nor be discouraged. I do not admire Napoleon, except in the matter of his cool courage, but for that he was noteworthy. They always represent him in the midst of the battle with folded arms. His eagle eye is on the conflict, but he is motionless as a statue. Every soldier in the imperial army felt that victory was sure, for the captain was so self-possessed. If he had been hurrying to and fro, rushing here, there, and everywhere, and making a great fuss about everything, they would have inferred that defeat was impending. But see him yonder!

All is Well.

He knows what he is at. It is all right, for he does not strive, nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard; he is calm, for he can see that all is well. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged."

II. I want you to give me a few minutes while I say, let this truth be believed and enjoyed. I want you to enjoy the fruit of this truth, and to be made glad by it. First, enjoy it by recollecting that Jesus has finished the work for His people; that first work wherein He brought in everlasting righteousness, and bore the penalty of human guilt, and laid the foundation whereupon should be built the temple of God. Jesus has done all things well. He persevered in His life labor till He could say, "It is finished." From the hour when as a child He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" all through the contradiction of sinners, and the weakness, and the poverty, and the shame in which His life was spent, you never see about our divine Master any indication of failing or of being discouraged. He determined to go, for our sakes, to death and the grave, and to bear the shame of our sin and the curse of our guilt, and even to be put by the Father into darkness on our account. He set His face like a flint; and like a flint His face remained to the bitter end. He never turned aside. Let us bless Him this day for His persevering love. It is not a half-finished salvation that we behold on yonder bloody tree; it is not an incomplete redemption that we see in that rising again of Jesus from the dead.

Perfect People.

The next reflection which I want you to enjoy is this—He will finish the work in His believing people. He will not fail nor be discouraged until He has completely saved you and me. If I had been my own saviour I should have given up the work long ago. We meet now and then with supposed perfect people, but the most of us dare not whisper the word perfection. When I have overcome a whole body of sin, and have risen to be somewhat like my Lord, it seems to me as if a new body of death were formed about me. I kill one dragon, and lo, his body yields a crop of monsters. My evil nature seems to have *coats like an onion*, and when I have taken off one of them, it only lays bare another quite as offensive. Will it not be so to the end of the chapter? You may be growing better; I hope you are, but I shall be all the more hopeful that you are so if you fear that you are growing worse. If you think less and less of yourselves, it is probably true that you are growing in grace; but if you think more and more of yourselves, it is highly probable that you are growing in pride. *There is a great difference between being puffed up and being built up.*

I can clearly see that I shall fail and be discouraged if salvation rests with me; but here is my comfort—*He* will not fail nor be discouraged. If my Lord begins with me, He will never be beaten off from His purpose What bad stuff is our humanity! What wretched

Raw Material for Sainthood!

It must be hard, treading and pounding such gritty clay; and I wonder not that both the hands and the feet of the great Worker were sorely wounded, since He had such clay to deal with. When He fashions us on the wheel, and we begin to assume somewhat of the form which He intends for us, yet we crack and spoil when we come to the oven, and all His work upon us seems lost. He has to grind us down again, to a powder, and begin with us again *de novo*, and fashion us once more. He will do it, brother. He will do it, sister. He has not grown weary of the work, neither is He discouraged by all our ill behavior. Before He began He knew all about it. Had He not been

A Far-seeing Christ,

able to foresee all our shortcomings and backslidings, He might have been surprised into weariness; but He says, "I knew that thou art obstinate;" and again, "I knew that thou wouldest deal very treacherously." He foreknew all our ingratitude, backsliding, unbelief, and unworthiness, and therefore He will not fail nor be discouraged till His work in us is done, and we are fit for heaven.

Again, dear friends, He will finish His work by His people. Whatever the work is that is to be done by the Church, He will not fail nor be discouraged until it is performed. I do not know whether any of you have noticed in my text a very singular thing. If you have the Revised Version, the margin will give you some rather singular information. The text might be read thus: "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench: yet He

Shall Not Burn Dimly

nor be bruised." Though He deals with bruised reeds and smoking flaxes, yet He Himself is not crushed, nor does His light become a mere glimmer. To my mind, this is a deeply interesting use of words, and should not be allowed to slip. Christianity, just now, they say, is a mere smoke, the old fashioned doctrine, especially, burns very dim. Do not you believe it; the light of Jesus shall not darken or grow less. Those souls that can see His light will tell you that His face shines still like the sun. There is a glory about Him that is undiminished and undiminishable. He does not glimmer, and He is not crushed. He is no reed; His enemies will one day find that He carrieth a rod of iron. *You* may smoke like the flax, *you* may be broken like the reed; but He will never glimmer nor be a crushed reed, even to the end; wherefore comfort one another with these words.

And to conclude, I should not have treated the text properly if I did not say that it has in it great comfort to those of you who are as yet outside of the Church of God, and are not numbered with His people. Will you kindly read the sixth and seventh verses? "He shall not fail nor be discouraged," till He has done, what?—the divine will, and this is a part of it: "To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house." "Oh," say you, "I cannot see Christ!" He

Has Come on Purpose

to make you see. Turn your sightless eyeballs this way. Breathe this prayer, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And if He saith: "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" answer, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." In one single moment Jesus Christ can take the scales from a blind man's eyes and let in such a flood of daylight that he shall see heaven itself. Lord, do it this morning. Oh, dear hearts, will you not each one cry, Lord, do it to me? Are you saying that, my friend? He will do it. He loves to hear a blind man's cry. Do you not remember in the New Testament how often He stood still when He heard a blind man's cry? Poor blind soul! cry to Him now. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, He will come to you, and save you.

"Ah!" saith one, "but I am worse than that, I am shut up in prison." Kindly read the seventh verse again: "To bring out the prisoners from the prison." You are miserable, without hope, shut up in an iron cage. He has come who will not fail nor be discouraged; he has come on purpose to fetch you out of the cage.

Ask Him to Break the Bars

in sunder. I see Him lay His pierced hand to that iron bar. You have filed it a long while, and it has broken the teeth of your file; you have tried to shake it in its place, but you could not stir it in the least. See what He does! He plucks bar after bar out of its place, as if they had been so many reeds, and you are free. Arise and take your liberty! The Son of God has made you free. If thou hast trusted Him, He has broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder; thou art free, enjoy thy liberty. Leave thyself with Him. Go thy way, for as thou hast believed so shall it be unto thee. To the name of Him that will not fail nor be discouraged be glory forever and ever! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

MARGARET'S VISION OF ANGELS.*

OUR dear, precious Meg is dead and buried. She died just one week ago, and was buried yesterday in the churchyard here, just under the walls of the little gray church. It was by her own request that she was laid there instead of being taken down to the family burying-place. She had been quite bright for two or three days, even coming once to the dinner-table. That afternoon she had a long private talk with her mother. I went into the room unwittingly to bring Margaret some late violets I had found in the garden; and, as I did so, I heard my aunt say, in a tone of cheerfulness, "Dear daughter, you are fanciful. The doctor says you are better. We hope you will be able to be married before long."

"But something here tells me a different story," said Meg, laying her hand on her heart. "Dear mother, will you not promise it shall be as I desire? That can do no harm."

"Oh, yes, I promise," said my aunt; "but I shall see you go thither to be married first."

My poor aunt was soon undeceived. Betty was worn out, and lay down, but I did not; I felt so sure that something would happen before morning. It was a mild, bright, moonlight night, with a soft, intermittent breeze sighing among the trees. The sound did remind me of soft, downy wings hovering near; and as the cloud-shadows passed over the grassy slope, I almost fancied them the shadows of those same wings. It was just at the turn of the night when I heard Sharpless come quickly out of Margaret's room and knock at my aunt's door. Betty heard it, too, and was up in an instant. When we went in we found Meg sitting up in bed, her head supported on her father's breast. Her eyes were fixed with a strange, mysterious brightness, as on some wonderful and glorious sight; while on her face lay—ah, how well I knew it!—that awful gray shadow that never falls but once—the shadow cast by the wing of death. She never looked at us as we came in, or showed any consciousness of our presence, till her mother, taking her cold hand, said tenderly:

"Dear love, what do you gaze at?"

"Angels," whispered Margaret, "bright angels."

"Don't disturb her," said my uncle, hoarsely. "Let her be."

We stood around in silence, till the old white-haired vicar, whom Mrs. Miles had sent for, kneeled down and said the commendatory prayer. Then all at once Meg reached out her hands with a bright, happy smile, as of a tender little babe that sees its mother coming.

"I am ready—take me," she said, and in a moment she was gone.

My poor aunt fainted, and revived only to fall into fits of the most violent weeping. Betty was like one turned to stone. At last, however, I won her to tears, and she wept herself to sleep. I could not sleep, and as it grew light a little I

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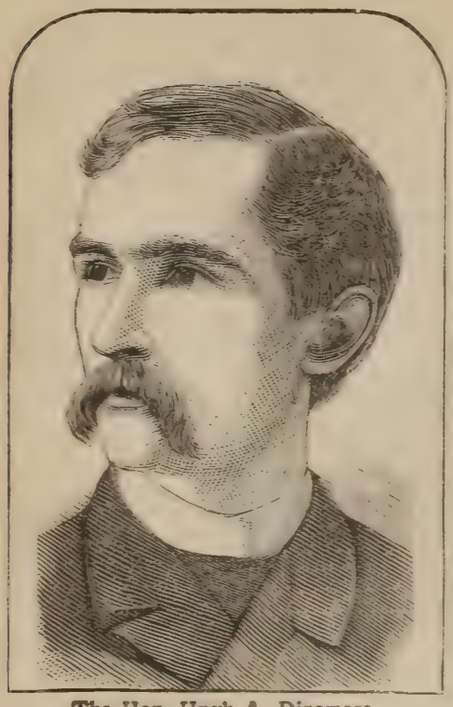
* From the Diary of Mrs. Dorothea Studley. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. Pp. 406. Price, $1.50. Published by *Thomas Whittaker*, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.



The Hon. Hugh A. Dinsmore.

A Class in a Persian Mission School.

went down to walk on the terrace that the cool air might refresh my burning forehead. I had been there but a few minutes when Chesterton came up the avenue, riding at full speed, his horse all in a foam and his groom hardly able to keep up with him.

"Tell me how was it," he said. "Why did no one send for me?"

I told him there was no time—that my aunt had apprehended no immediate danger, nor even the doctor.

"She was an angel, a white dove," he said, "and God hath taken her home lest she should smirch her fair plumage by contact with such a carrion kite as I have been all my life. But I am a changed man, Dorothy," he added. "My dearest Margaret hath showed me the way, and gone before me; and by God's grace the poor remainder of my days shall be passed as she would have it." And with that he fell to weeping, and I could but weep with him. Surely if darling Meg's short life has been the means of saving this soul, she hath not lived in vain.

THE HON. HUGH A. DINSMORE, U. S. Minister to Corea.

(*See Portrait.*)

IT is but recently that Corea, so long known as "the Hermit Nation," has consented to hold communication with the world outside its borders. It is a peninsula of Eastern Asia, on the extreme north-west of the Chinese Empire. A very limited intercourse with Japan and with China, which claims but cannot enforce suzerainty over it, is all that the Coreans know of foreign nations. Now, however, the doors have been opened, and it has become the duty of President Cleveland to select a fit person to represent the United States in this comparatively unknown land. The gentleman on whom his choice has fallen is Mr. Hugh A. Dinsmore, of Arkansas, whose portrait appears on this page.

Hugh Anderson Dinsmore was born in Benton County, Ark., December 24th, 1850. He is therefore thirty-seven years of age. His early years were passed in poverty, the result of the war, but he studied diligently, and was rewarded with the appointment of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Benton County, which he held for several years. After completing his period of office he went into partnership for the practice of law at Fayetteville, Ark. In the fall of 1878 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney. He was twice re-elected to this office, which he held three consecutive terms. In personal appearance Mr. Dinsmore is tall and vigorous-looking. We may hope that in his character and conduct the benighted Coreans may see not only the beneficent influence of civilization, but the blessedness of divine knowledge.

A MISSION SCHOOL IN PERSIA.

(*See Illustration.*)

EXPERIENCE has proved that the most fruitful form of mission work in heathen lands is that of the schools. Persia is no exception to this rule. Since 1870 there has been earnest and continuous effort to reach the children of Persia, and with marked success. The Presbyterian Board and the Protestant Episcopal Church have been conspicuous in this enterprise. There is less difficulty in instilling into the minds of the children the principles of Christianity, and the work of overcoming native prejudices is less formidable than with the men and women. The people, too, were desirous in many cities to have their children taught by the missionaries, so that work along this line has prospered. At Teheran the boys' school opened with forty pupils, and in 1874 a girl's school was opened with seventeen pupils. At Tabriz there are seventy-nine pupils of the two sexes. In all throughout Persia there are fully three thousand children now receiving Christian teaching. The picture on this page is of a fairly representative class of Persian children.

A REMARKABLE REVIVAL.

The Gospel Army in Lincoln, Neb.

A REMARKABLE movement is reported from Lincoln, Neb., as the result of God's blessing on the work of the Gospel Army, of which Rev. M. Baxter is president. The Lincoln *Daily News* of February 11th thus describes it:

The Gospel Army has now been in our midst a little over four weeks, and to quote the language of their captains, "We have come to stay till the strongholds of sin and Satan are pulled down and the name of Jesus be honored and glorified in every home, workshop, and store of this city." Judging from appearances, they will have a hard fight of it, as the opposing forces are strongly entrenched, powerful, and defiant. We observe one thing, however, viz.: that the prejudice against their methods which at first showed itself has now almost entirely disappeared, and Christians of nearly all denominations are bidding them "God-speed," and some, the Methodist in particular, are even uniting with and giving them substantial aid.

The soldiers attract considerable notice and some comment as they go about the streets, singly or by twos, wearing a bright red ribbon on their caps, with the words "Gospel Army" printed there in gold, and at night a parade is made through the principal streets, the drums keeping time while the soldiers sing some of their lively marching songs. During the past week the procession has been headed by a soldier carrying a handsome red satin banner bearing the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord," and this, we are informed, was presented by the ladies to Captain George Smith. At first there were no ladies in the ranks of the army, but of late two or three sisters, or "hallelujah lassies," have been brave enough to fall into line and parade with the boys.

The attendance on the services has been good from the start, and during the mild weather the old Baptist church, which the army has leased for three months, has been full to overflowing. Captain John Byers, the doughty Scotchman from Omaha, leads the meetings, and talks with great earnestness and much power, speaking from a wonderful and varied experience.

The meetings during this week have been unusually successful, the church being far too small to hold the crowds that come. In fact it is estimated that about as many people are turned away unable to gain admittance as finally fill the church, so that even standing room is at a discount. Captains Byers and Smith direct the movements of the soldiers, who sing with great earnestness and work with remarkable zeal to get sinners to the "penitent form." They have been assisted by Messrs. Edwards and Clay Cox of the M. E. Church, the latter singing with marked effect several stirring Gospel solos.

Altogether since the meetings began one hundred and twenty have professed conversion. The plan of work of the Gospel Army is to preach the Gospel to the poorer classes, those whom the churches do not reach. We understand that many "hard cases" have already been saved. The army is anxious to secure larger quarters, but find it impossible to get a large and permanent hall at present.

A DEPRAVED SAILOR'S DEATH.

(*See Illustration on page 125.*)

"How far does your religion go, Spencer?" The question was put by the captain of a ship to a strongly-built man of some forty-five years of age, of intelligent face, strongly marked with lines of care and sorrow. "I have a request for

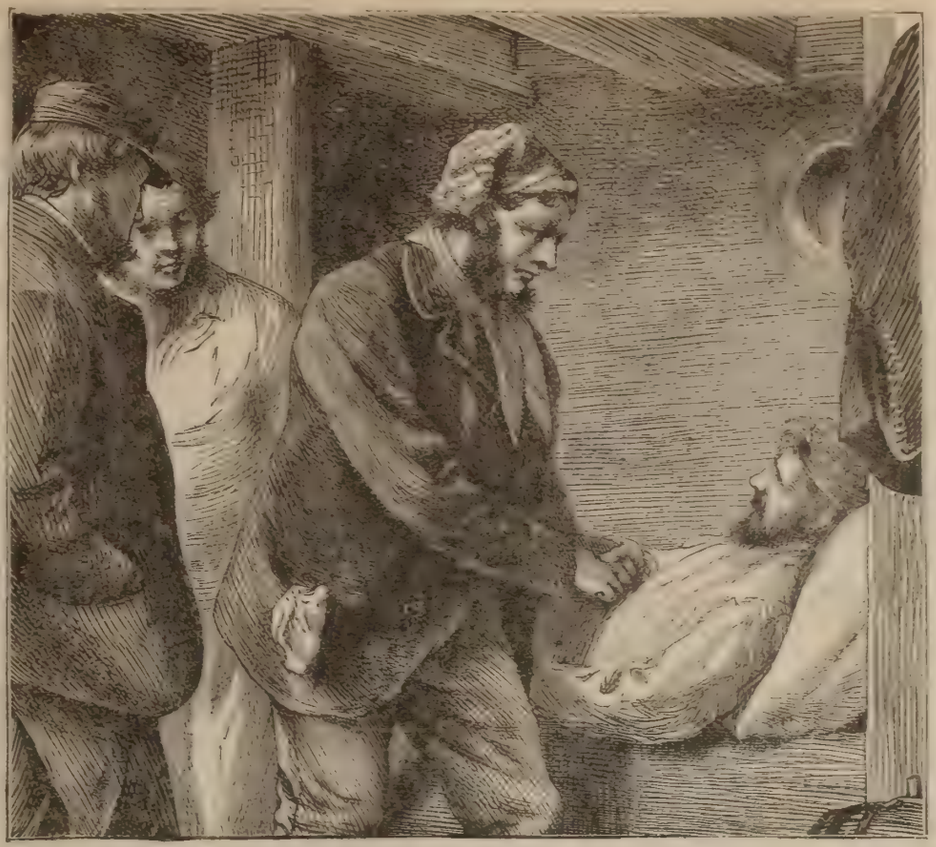
you from that wretched fellow Boyd. It is about over with him, and he wants to make a confession and ask your forgiveness. From what he said to me just now I judge that no ordinary man in your circumstances could forgive him; but religious men sometimes do things that other men would not do. I shall not blame you if you refuse—I should refuse myself; but I give you his message, and you can do as you like."

"Well, captain," said Spencer, "I can't answer right off. It will need a big effort. I'll go and pray, and I hope God will give me strength to do it. The man has desolated my life, but I could forgive him for that. The hard thing is that he has behaved cruelly to those I love better than my life; he has made them miserable for years, and that makes it hard to forgive. He married my daughter, as pretty a little woman as ever you saw, sir, kind, gentle, delicate, and sweet-tempered. Yet that great hulking brute behaved like a savage to her. When I saw on her neck and breast great bruises which his fists had made I prayed that I might never see him again lest I might kill him, and I should never have come aboard this ship if I had known that he was here. God has kept me from attacking him, and He has supported me when he has taunted and jeered at me as you heard him a week ago, and I have not laid a finger on him; perhaps He will help me to forgive him. I'll try."

"You are a good man, Spencer," said the captain. "There must be something in religion, or it could never work such a wonder."

About an hour afterward Spencer was taken by the ship's surgeon to the hospital cabin where the dying man lay. A bloody bandage was about Boyd's head, covering an ugly wound which he had received two days before from one of the sailors, who had caught him stealing from his chest, and the pallor of his face showed more clearly below it. Boyd was evidently dying, and there was not a man on board, or a being on earth, unless it was the gentle, loving wife who had suffered most at his hands, who would grieve when he died. He had sounded the lowest depths of depravity in the course of his thirty years of life. Dishonesty and lying were almost virtues compared with the meanness and vileness of some of his offences. No one had ever known him who had not suffered at his hands. Good men, deceived by his glib hypocritical cant, had thought him pious until their money had been borrowed or stolen by the contemptible villain. Fawning on the wealthy and the strong, coarse and brutal to the weak, false, cunning, cowardly, unprincipled, a man after the devil's own heart, Boyd had done his master's work in the world from boyhood to middle age. He was going to that master now to receive his wages of eternal misery, and was making, with characteristic craft, one last, clumsy effort to escape the consequences of his misdeeds. All this Spencer knew; but as a follower of Him who is kind to the unthankful and the evil, his duty was plain.

"Can you forgive me, Spencer?" Boyd said, as the wronged man came to his bedside. "I have not many hours to live, the doctor says, and I dare not die without your forgiveness. I don't deserve it, I know. I have—"



Boyd Forgiven by his Christian Father-in-law.

"Say no more," said Spencer, holding out his hand, which Boyd grasped eagerly. "My forgiveness is given freely through God's help. Now you must ask God to forgive you. It is awful to think of dying without that."

"Will you kneel down and pray for me?"

"That I will, gladly," said Spencer, and he knelt and pleaded for the wretch whose sands of life were fast running out. Afterward he tried to get him to pray for himself and to accept the salvation which is offered to the vilest. It was of no use. Terror at the thought of judgment and unavailing remorse tortured him, and he "found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." The foolish hope which Boyd had clung to for years, that he could serve the devil all his life and cheat him at last by repenting on his death-bed, failed him now. The mental excitement irritated the wound in his head and brought on delirium. He died that night shrieking intermingled prayers and curses, and his body was cast into the deep, and none who saw his death and none who knew him and heard of it could have any ground of hope for him. A sorrowful conviction forced itself on all that he had "gone to his own place."

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

The Perils of the Deep.

WHILE Robert Atheling was searching the city for his brother and smoothing the way for his restoration, Alfred was on the Atlantic on his way to America, hoping there to begin a new life.

There came to him now something of the buoyancy which is the natural and rightful heritage of youth, but which he had sold for those unwholesome viands concocted by Pleasure's deceptive hand. He was already planning his course of action. He saw himself safely landed. He saw in the not distant future competence and character coming at the call of his ready and diligent pen. He would write to Aspen Garth and let them know this—that he meant to live a nobler and worthier life.

If only his conscience would be quiet; if only he could wipe out with the sponge of oblivion all his evil past! But we cannot so easily dispose of our yesterdays, and ever the way upward from wrong to right is steep and trying and rough for the traveller's feet. Still, if it is boldly tempted and wisely dared, in the might of God's forgiving grace, the brave though tired toiler will win the breezy table-lands and sunlit heights of honor and of truth. But neither can we carve out the sure course and bent of our to-morrows, and Alfred Atheling must go where Providence directs his steps. We will not forget that he is held to Aspen Garth with golden links, that "golden chain" of which the poet speaks, by which earth is bound around the feet of God.

The ship in which the young man sailed, a sailing ship, chosen for economy and for the smaller risk of observation and discovery, was called the Boadicea. It had only one thing in common with its brave namesake—it was destined to come to a sad and untimely end. It was an old, unseaworthy vessel, and, like many other craft sent out to sea with a reckless disregard of peril, it was far more likely to reach the bottom of the Atlantic than the harbor of New York. Alfred's observant eye soon took in the unpleasant fact that he and his shipmates in the Boadicea were floating in a mere "tinder-box," and that stress of weather was likely enough to end their voyage in mid-ocean, so frail were the planks between them and death.

Captain Lanyon, a rugged and stalwart old salt with grizzled hair and honest face, had himself been deceived as to the sea-going qualities of his vessel, and he had not been at sea a week before he rued the day that ever he set foot on board. His wrath and anxiety were all the greater because he had on board his adopted daughter, a fair, sweet girl whom he loved as his own soul.

"My lassie isn't mine, according to law," the skipper told Alfred, "but, according to love there's no two in the world that have a better right to each other. Is there, Inez?" One flash of his "lassie's" dark eyes gave answer enough to that question.

"I found her on the sea," continued the captain, in explanation of the relation between him and Inez. "She was fastened to a small raft on which there was also an old negro. He was so far exhausted with hardship, exposure, and privation that he died a few hours after he was brought on board. I asked him the name of the child and where she came from. His answers were very indistinct, for his mind was wandering. I managed to hear him say, 'Missee is massa's darlin'. On de ole plantation, massa say, "Cuffee, tek' care ob Inez." Tell him—Cuffee did—till—till—' and then the poor faithful fellow died and carried his secret to his grave among the sand and sea-shells many a fathom deep. And little Inez was left alone, a waif, without any link to bind her to any human being under heaven," continued the captain. "She could not talk plain, and what she could say was in some foreign lingo that nobody could understand. I somehow took her to my heart at once, and now for nearly a dozen years I've

nourished her and cherished her, and I've had my reward."

His goodness had been well repaid, for the charming lassie, little more than a child in size and movements, loved him, honored him, half worshipped him with all the warmth of the southern climate in which she was born; for from the south her brilliant eyes, her raven tresses, and her dusky features had most assuredly come. Since the death of her mother, as she had called the captain's wife, little Inez had been doubly dear to Captain Lanyon, and was, indeed, the apple of his eye. From the beginning of this voyage the girl had "taken to" Alfred Atheling, and Alfred had heartily responded, glad enough of some companionship that might help to drive dull care away.

The artless girl won his sympathies. He put forth all his skill to interest and amuse her, and so the early days of their slow voyage passed pleasantly enough. Then came a serious change in the weather, and the captain began to fear whether the cranky Boadicea would ever outride a storm.

One evening Alfred and Inez were together in the cabin. Alfred was drawing clever comic caricatures with his pen, eliciting ripples of laughter from his young companion. The ship was rolling and tossing heavily, and as Alfred thought, was laboring and complaining beneath the strain. The light-hearted maiden had no thought of peril, but Alfred became seriously anxious and afraid. He was just about to go on deck to seek some assurance from the skipper, when Captain Lanyon himself came down the companion ladder with an alarmed look upon his face.

"Mr. Ravensworth," said he, for we must not forget that Alfred had assumed that name, "I want a word with you." The look on his face and the tone of his voice made Alfred's heart leap into his throat.

"I'll be back in a moment, Inez," he said, and went forth to hold serious talk with the skipper, outside the cabin door.

"We are going to see the last of this confounded old tub," said Captain Lanyon; "Heaven grant she may not see the last of us. She has sprung a leak, and by the way the water is rising in the hold, I don't believe the pumps can keep it under."

"What shall we do with Inez?" inquired Alfred, his first care being for the maiden whose merry laughter was still sounding in his ears.

"That's what I want to say," said the skipper, as well as he could, for a certain choking sensation that sadly interfered with clear articulation. "We shall have to take to the boats, I fear, and it is as well to be prepared. While I am seeing to that, will you make my darling your special care? Let her get her warmest clothing. Poor child! It will be hard lines for her. Help her so far as you can to prepare for roughing it. I shall have the boats well provisioned, so that if the worst comes to the worst, we can lower them at a minute's notice. Then we can only commit ourselves into the hands of God."

"To the hands of God!" thought Alfred, as he returned to the cabin. He felt as though those unclean hands of his, that sin-soiled heart, that wasted life of his, formed but a poor warrant for hoping that His hands would care for him. He did not know the mercy of God. He tried to pray, but it did not seem as though he could. Then he thought of the dear little maiden in the cabin and the dreadful peril that menaced her. "I can pray for her," he said. "God in mercy spare the child!" He felt the better for it, and well he might, for, as the Hebrew proverb has it, "Who prays for another petitions for himself."

Inez had intuitively divined the presence of danger; and when Alfred informed her that they might have to take to the boats, the little maiden neither paled nor trembled. She cheerily and briskly set about making her preparations with a quiet calm which touched Alfred to the soul.

She was then persuaded to try to sleep. Still quiet and self-contained, she repeated her nightly prayer. Then lying down on a large, comfortable rug which Alfred spread for her in a corner of the cabin, she slumbered as only they can slumber on the brink of peril who are conscious of a heavenly Father's care. Alfred softly stole away so as not to disturb her slumbers, and went on deck. His alarm deepened as he noted the roaring of the wind and the growing violence of the sea. He could hardly keep his feet on the reeling deck, and the noise of the creaking timbers fell heavy on his heart. He was met by the captain, who spoke to him in slow and serious undertones.

Captain Lanyon said to Alfred, with evident anxiety, "I am afraid the crew is not to be depended on. There's a spirit of disaffection which threatens to be serious. You will do your best for Inez?"

"At the risk, and, if need be, the cost of my life," said Alfred, grasping the captain's hand, and looking all he felt.

"Then take this pistol," responded Captain Lanyon, "and show a bold face. Keep your eye on me."

The men continued to labor at the pumps, and every effort was made to keep the cranky craft afloat, but there was a dead silence among the men, and they made signs to each other that boded mischief. So the long, long hours of the tedious night wore on, and Alfred, who had taken a long turn at the pumps, was wearily watching for the dawn. When the gray light began to show, Alfred's heart failed him at the sight of the still lowering sky and the still angry billows that beat heavily against the trembling ship.

"The water gains on us," said one of the sailors, emphasizing the remark with a coarse expression. "It's all up with the crazy old tub, an' it's no use pumping any more," and he folded his arms as one who should say, "I shall pump no more."

As Alfred looked on the faces of the men, some of them, at any rate, he read the fact that the peril from a lawless and reckless crew might be greater than even from a raging sea and a foundering ship, and quite as pitiless.

"I'll pump no more!" said another sailor with an oath, following the example of his comrade, and releasing his hold upon the handle; and in this act of open disobedience he was followed by the rest.

"Lower the boats!" cried Captain Lanyon, coming aft to direct operations. "Lower the boats, my men. We may save ourselves, the ship must go."

"Avast there, skipper!" said a brawny fellow with a fierce, defiant look upon his face. "That's a job—that's a job that needs primin' for. Before we lower the boats, we'll raise the rum-cask," and so saying, he strode toward the gangway, bent on getting at the spirits, which would have ruined all. Captain Lanyon drew a pistol from his breast, leaped in front of the companion-ladder, and stood before the ringleader with his pistol cocked and ready.

"Stand back," he shouted, "or I'll fire. I'll have no mutiny here. Go to your post. Boys," he said, as the leader slunk back from before the pistol and the captain's flashing eye, "please God, we'll all be saved yet, but not if we've got to have any drunken men on board. It's of no use," he added, as he saw on one or two faces signs of dissent. "I've stove in the rum-casks, and you could not get any if you went down. Besides, we've no time nor strength to spare. I'm going to have the boats lowered, and any man that don't obey orders is guilty of mutiny, and I know what to do with him."

The men hesitated a moment, not knowing their strength. Two or three were desperate enough to defy the captain, but they did not know how the others would go. The captain settled it.

"There is to be a fight, is there?" he said. "Well, I'm ready. Every man who has got enough sense to stand by his captain, come here." Atheling, pistol in hand, promptly took his place by the captain's side, and two sailors, Joe Hewitt and Will Trounce, stepped from the scowling crew and joined the two men aft. Hewitt held a heavy iron bar in his hand, while Trounce was armed with a formidable knife.

"Lower the boats," called out the captain again. The sailors looked at the determined four and then at each other. It was only for a moment, and then they went to their duty. It would have been madness to attack four armed men in such a crisis. They filled one of the boats and pulled away, leaving the other for the captain, Atheling, Hewitt, and Trounce, who, putting Inez in and seating themselves, soon left the ship empty. Scarcely were they clear than the Boadicea dipped stern foremost into the sea, and in a few moments the swirling waters hissed and boiled and eddied where the rotten craft had gone down, a victim to the shameless and murderous cupidity of the villainous owners who had sent her out to sea, and put in peril nearly a score of lives. It will be an evil hour for all their tribe when God maketh inquisition for blood!

The two boats containing the crew of the hapless Boadicea had each, by the captain's foresight been provided with a compass as well as with stores; and the steersmen were directed to keep as far as possible in the track of the liners in hope of rescue. Nothing could surpass the calm trustfulness of the gentle Inez, as she sat in the stern of the boat, warmly wrapped under an outer covering of tarpaulin, which kept her from being drenched by the spray of the angry waves. Alfred leaned over her and spoke a word or two of encouragement. The old skipper looked his gratitude, and said, "Inez, dear lassie, knows that we are in the hands of our heavenly Father."

Good keeping that, either on land or sea. As the dim dawn gave way to morning and a clearer light, the wind lowered a little, and the long ground swell of the Atlantic resumed its normal, stately flow. It was winter time, however, and Alfred and the captain feared lest Inez should not have powers of endurance equal to the continued strain. During the day the two boats kept together, and the men in the other boat seemed willing now to trust themselves to the guidance of Captain Lanyon, who had so far saved them from a cruel fate.

Measured rations were served out, both of food and water, as there seemed every probability of a long and trying probation before a chance of rescue came. Already the heart of Alfred was sick with the fear that it might never come at all. Inez, perilous as their situation was, showed no fear. As the sun went down and the stars came out she lay back looking up into the sky, and in the darkness they thought she must be asleep. Presently all were solemnized by the sound of her voice singing in clear, sweet tones:

> "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
> The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
> When other helpers fail and comforts flee
> Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me."

Not a word was spoken as the other verses of Lyte's charming even-song floated melodiously over the waters, until the last words were uttered and a deep, sonorous "Amen" came from manly throats.

Alfred Atheling's hand grasped the small white hand that lay outside the tarpaulin, and he whispered, "Thank you; it is good to be near one whose faith is strong."

"Look," said Inez, "how clear and bright the stars are. Do you know, they always seem to me as if they were the lamps of the angels keeping watch, and held up by them so that they may the better look down into the night; or are they the eyes of the angels themselves? they look so sweet and kind."

"There's a better Light than theirs looking down on us, my darling," said the skipper, looking upward first, and then into the dark orbs of Inez, "and that is the Eye of the good God that's over all."

Alfred Atheling looked and listened. At first he felt as though he dared not look up, lest from the Holy Place that Eye should look through him then and there. And yet at that moment there was that within him on which that Eye doth always look with delight, a softened penitence, a silent hunger after goodness, a deep craving for a higher and a nobler life in God's service. And still the stars shone down, softly and sweetly, like the benediction which Heaven smiles down on the "one sinner that repenteth."

(To be continued.)

ABRAHAM OFFERING UP ISAAC.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 6, Gen. 22 : 1-14. Golden Text, ver. 8.

Abraham's Removal—Resorts to Deception Again—Weakness in his Strongest Quality—Isaac Born — Ishmael's Jealousy — The Unwedded Mother's Usual Fate—God-given Names Prophetic—Anguish the Fruit of Unbelief—The New Trial—Prompt Obedience—Led by Faith not Reason—A Painful Question—A Prophetic Answer—The Provision.

AFTER the destruction of Sodom Abraham removed to Gerar, and there once again fell into his old sin of denying his wife, and a second time was put to shame before those who knew not God. It was again fear for his own safety which led Abraham into this sin. "The father of all them that believe" was acting in unbelief! Oh, how we learn from this that, but for the grace of God, we may fail where we are most strong, that we cannot trust to ourselves a moment, but only to His

Keeping Power.

God kept His promise; within a year from the time when the three men appeared unto Abraham, Sarah, who was over ninety years of age, bore Abraham a son. Before his birth God had named him Isaac, which signifies "laughter." Abraham had laughed when God told him he should have a son in his old age, Sarah, too, had laughed, and with both it had then been a laugh of incredulity; but now Sarah laughed with joy, and said, "God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me." Now Abraham knew by sense what he formerly knew by faith—that God "calleth those things which be not as though they were" (Rom. 4 : 17). But in the midst of all the joy of Isaac's birth, a trial was in store for Abraham.

Something was Wrong

and out of course in Abraham's household. His union with Hagar was neither of faith nor of obedience, and God would take measures that the wrong thing should be righted. When Isaac was weaned Abraham made a great feast. There was one present there who could not, and did not, rejoice. In the bitterness of his heart, in seeing himself supplanted as Abraham's darling son, Ishmael mocked. It was very natural; up to this time he had been the centre of regard, had been looked upon as the heir to all that Abraham possessed, and now all eyes were upon the infant Isaac, and the poor lad Ishmael, no doubt, felt himself grievously wronged. Sarah saw it, and made a demand which seems cruel in its severity; yet Sarah had the mind of God when she said, "Cast out this bondwoman and her son; for

The Son of the Bondwoman

shall not be heir with my son, with Isaac." It would have been easy just now for a terrible breach to have come into this family circle; Abraham might have reproached his wife for heartless tyranny, and have shielded Hagar and Ishmael. But in the anguish of his soul he went to God, and God settled the matter. He said unto Abraham, "Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bondwoman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called. And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he is thy seed." By the very name He gave to Abraham, "Father of many nations," God had constituted the descendants of Abraham "nations," and, therefore, his sons heads of nations. Whatever name God calls His children by, it is prophetical; He cannot say more than He means.

The trial was a terrible one to Abraham, but in no other way could the wrong thing brought about by his unbelief be set right. It would have been easy to say Sarah suggested his taking Hagar, but Abraham sought no excuse; as the head of the house, God held him responsible. His heart must have deeply suffered, but here was a call to trust Hagar and Ishmael with God, and he rose to the occasion, and, with his usual promptitude, as soon as he knew the will of God, he "rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed." Where? Nature would say, "To despair and death;" faith would say, "Into the hands of the God who loved her." Abraham had stood this severe test of his faith and obedience; he had committed into God's hands those who were so dear to him, had, at God's command, cleared his house of all the results of his unbelief.

But a man or woman of God not only goes on "from strength to strength," but also from trial to trial. Our Lord's contest with the devil in the desert only prepared Him for the pressure which comes out in the words, "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" (Matt. 17 : 17). And that pressure prepared Him for Gethsemane, and Gethsemane for the cross. It was not all suffering; "Jesus rejoiced in spirit," knowing that He always did those things that pleased God (John 8 : 29); He could not but have a joyous heart;

But the Trial was also Constant.

Thus it was also with Abraham. Long years had he waited for the fulfilment of God's promise; all human probability of its fulfilment was at an end when his son Isaac was born; now the promise was fulfilled, was he to rest on his oars and see nothing but joy and sunshine? No, the trial of our faith is "much more precious than of gold that perisheth." Isaac was grown up, probably about twenty-five years of age, when "God did tempt (or try) Abraham." Abraham was at this time in real communion with God, for God is the first to speak, and he replies instantly, "Behold here I am." The communication which followed must have been startling to him, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." How often, when something of the will of God which involves great sacrifice on our part has dawned upon us, we have argued with ourselves, "This is a mistake; God can't mean this; why, this would stop all my work for Him!" Sometimes a scheme which seems likely to be very fruitful for God, something for which we think He has been training us for years, something on which we had set our hearts, and that we believe, for God's sake, is suddenly demanded of us.

Now Abraham acted without questioning. He knew the voice of God, and that God could not make a mistake. The promises were God's, and God was responsible to bring them about. He had once made a great mistake by attempting to help God to keep His promises; now he would believe. "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called:

Accounting that God was Able

to raise him up, even from the dead: from whence also he received him in a figure." Yes; in Abraham there was no drawing back, no procrastination; he "rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son," the great burden of his secret purpose known only to him and God, and he "clave the wood for the burnt offering" which was to consume his best beloved on earth! Three days the firm step of the old man trod on, until God showed him the chosen spot, and then, laying the wood of the burnt offering upon Isaac (wondrous type of Jesus bearing His cross), he went with him to the spot, taking "the fire in his hand, and the knife." One severe trial came in the question of Isaac, "My father, . . . Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb," was the prophetical answer of Abraham. God will provide.

Faith was Strained to the Utmost;

had he listened to reason for a moment he would have argued, "How can the promises of God be fulfilled if Isaac dies?" His heart would have rebelled, and he would have looked on God as a tyrant, who had given him a son, who was all the more dear because he had waited so long for him, and because his birth was so marvellous, only to take him away, who had awakened this parental love only to dash it to the ground. But Abraham did not see God through the circumstances, but the circumstances through God. He could trust where he could not understand, and he knew that God would provide. He did not know *how* God would act, but He who had brought about the birth of Isaac could also raise him from the dead if needful. The man of faith did not falter; with his own hands he built an altar, with his own hands laid the wood in order, with his own hands bound that well-beloved son, with his own hands laid him on the altar. Was not this enough? No, not yet; he stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son; even thus far was he sustained by God.

It was Enough.

God saw the true heart which could trust Him to the full, and in an instant God *did* "provide Himself a lamb, caught in the bushes, for a burnt offering." The command sounded out from heaven, to be obeyed so readily by Abraham, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me." The purpose of every trial is to bring out how much we value God, and how far we can trust Him. Theory never produces faith, it is when we are tried that we are put to the proof whether our knowledge of God is a mere theory, or

Whether it can Stand the Fire.

"Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is" (1 Cor. 3 : 13). "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you" (1 Pet. 4 : 12). A tried Abraham became a blessing to all generations of men after him; a tried Moses, a tried David, a tried Daniel have brought out on record the mightiness and love and grace of God, and their experience helps thousands every day. Thank God, it is worth the while to stand the trial of our faith.

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SHUT IN.

"I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top." *Psalm* cii., 7.

"And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." *John*, xvi., 32.

Shut in, shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world, and its want and sin;
Shut in from its turmoil, care and strife,
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain;
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with dreams of days gone by,
With buried hopes that were born to die;
Shut in with the hopes that have lost their zest,
And leave but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
Patience and Grace all pain to meet,
With Faith that can suffer and stand and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great!

Shut in with Christ! Oh, wonderful thought!
Shut in with the peace his sufferings brought;
Shut in with the love that wields the rod;
Oh, company blest! shut in with God!

—*Selected.*

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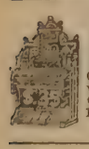

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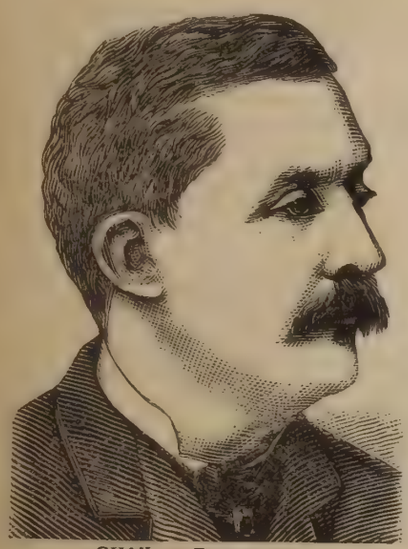

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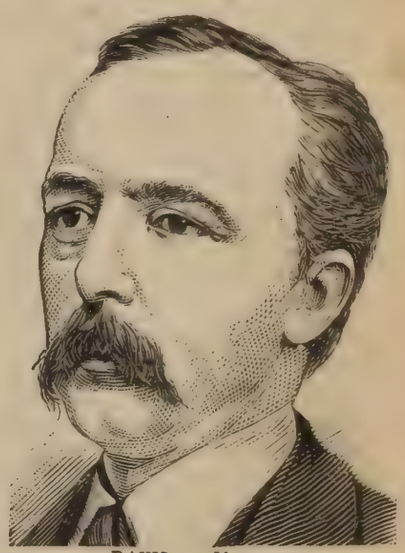

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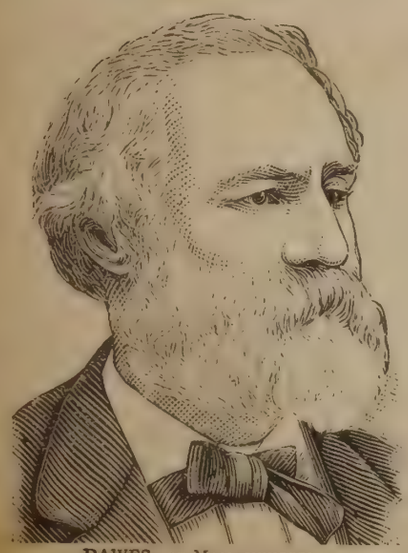

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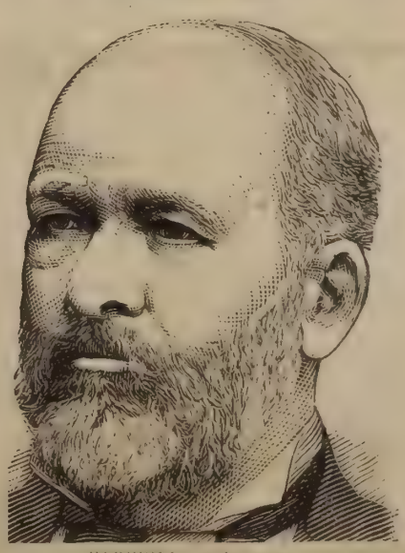

FARWELL, OF ILLINOIS.

STOCKBRIDGE, OF MICHIGAN.

SEVEN NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATORS.

THE HON. FRANK HISCOCK,
Senator-Elect from New York.

OF all the Senatorial elections of this year, the one in which the nation at large was most vitally interested was that of a successor to Warner Miller in New York. Politicians everywhere were watching it with the conviction that it would show more clearly than any event up to this time what may be expected in the Presidential struggle of next year. Experience in late years has proved that, so evenly balanced is the power of parties in the country, New York gives the casting vote for President in the Electoral College. What that vote may be in 1888 largely depends on whether the Republican Party in the State is united, as it was in supporting Garfield in 1880, or divided, as it was on the candidacy of Blaine in 1884. So fierce and acrimonious has been the feeling between the two sections of the party during the past two years that there seemed little probability of reconciliation. The election of a Senator consequently had a double importance. It would show whether the sections were drawing together, and it would also be an indication as to the future, because the influence of the newly-elected Senator would be a potent one. A virulent partisan would be sure to widen the breach, while a man approved by both sections would work for peace. The latter is the result that may be expected from the election of the genial man whose portrait is at the head of the group on our first page this week.

Frank Hiscock, while belonging to the Stalwart section of the party, has never been so extreme in his opinions and conduct as to excite the animosity of the Half-Breeds. At the time of his election he represented the Twenty-fifth District of New York in the Forty-ninth Congress. He is fifty-three years of age, having been born in Pompey, N. Y., September 6th, 1834. He received a good academic education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1855. Beginning practice in Onondaga County, he rapidly rose into prominence as a keen lawyer and good speaker, and was made district-attorney of the county. In this capacity he served from 1860 to 1863. In local and State politics he became a prominent figure, and, among other distinctions, was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1867. His first election to Congress was in 1878, and the Republicans of his district re-elected him to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, and Forty-ninth Congresses.

From the beginning of his Congressional career Mr. Hiscock has been popular with his fellow-members, and his ability has made him a party leader in the House. He was one of the most prominent candidates for Speaker of the Forty-seventh Congress. It is eminently gratifying that a man of experience and ability is to be sent from the Empire State to the United States Senate as a colleague for Mr. Evarts. The representation of New York in that chamber will now, at least, be respectable.

Mr. Evarts, notwithstanding his imperfections, is a statesman of acknowledged eminence, and of Mr. Hiscock, even those who do not agree with him admit that in mental force, experience, and capacity for legislative work he is well equipped, and that he has an unblemished personal reputation, and in his career in the House has won and has deserved the respect of all parties for his candor, courtesy, and fairness as well as for his unquestioned ability.

COLONEL MATTHEW S. QUAY,
Senator-Elect from Pennsylvania.

THE successor to John I. Mitchell's seat in the Senate is a man well known in the political circl s of his State. He is best known as a practical politician, having been Chairman of the Republican Committee, and in that position has shown marked aptitude in managing political combinations. He is regarded as a strong ally of the Cameron section of the party, but in his new position, honorable and responsible as it is, he may properly be expected to sever those ties and act independently and with due recognition of the claims upon him of the whole State.

Matthew Stanley Quay is fifty-four years of age, having been born at Dillsburg, York County, Pa., September 3d, 1833. He was named after General Matthew Stanley of Brandywine Manor, Chester County. He is descended on both sides from one of the oldest Scotch-Irish families in the State, his ancestors having settled in Chester County in 1715. In 1840 his father, who was a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, removed to Beaver, and the son, after several years' preliminary study, was sent to Jefferson College, Canonsburg, where he graduated with distinction at the age of seventeen years. Proceeding at once to Pittsburg, he commenced the study of law. Before he had completed his studies he travelled in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, where he taught school and lectured, afterward completing his legal studies at Beaver. In 1854 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1855 appointed Prothonotary of the county. He was re-elected in 1856 and in 1859. This position he resigned to accept a lieutenancy in the Pennsylvania Reserves, then organizing for service.

In August, 1862, he was selected to command the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, nine months' service, and continued in command until asked to serve as State Agent at Washington. His resignation had been accepted prior to the battle of Fredericksburg, yet he went with his regiment into the battle, and by distinguished bravery there won complimentary mention in general orders. He filled the place of State Agent with satisfaction, and in 1863 was made Military Secretary by Governor Curtin. In 1865 he resigned to take a seat in the Legislature, to which he had been elected by Beaver and Washington counties. He served in the House with distinction, and was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

In 1869 Colonel Quay was Secretary of the Republican State Committee, of which he was subsequently made chairman. For a long time he was editor of the Beaver *Radical*. In 1873 he was Secretary of State under Governor Hartranft, and he advertised the new constitution in every newspaper of note in Pennsylvania. This cost the State a large sum of money, but it made Mr. Quay many stanch friends. The office he is now holding is that of State Treasurer. Mr. Quay is an ardent Protectionist.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY,
Senator from Connecticut.

SENATOR HAWLEY is already well known in the United States Senate, having sat there since 1881. He is sixty-one years of age, having been born at Stewartsville, Richmond County, N. C., October 31st, 1826. Until he was eleven years of age, was educated at the little log school house in Cherau, N. C. At this time he removed to Connecticut with his parents. He entered the Sophomore Class at Hamilton College in 1844, and was graduated in 1847. As a student he held high rank. He is a trustee of Hamilton College, and one of its Doctors of Laws.

After his graduation he read law at Cazenovia, N. Y., taught school for two winters, and then studied law at Hartford, where he began what proved to be a remunerative practice in partnership with a well-established lawyer.

Hawley first became prominent in politics in 1850 during the exciting agitation about the Fugitive Slave Law. In 1856 he worked for Fremont and Dayton. The Hartford *Press*, of which he became proprietor in 1856, and which was merged in the *Courant* in 1857, was the field for his first journalistic and literary work. He is still one of the proprietors.

Upon the outbreak of the war, Hawley was the first man in Connecticut to enlist. He served as Captain in the battle of Bull Run. In 1864 he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In August, 1865, a "general officer's regulation sword" was presented to him by his friends in compliment to his good soldiership. The succeeding month he received promotion to the rank of Major-General of Volunteers by brevet.

Upon his return from the war, General Hawley was elected Governor of Connecticut. He filled a vacancy in the Forty-second Congress, and at the succeeding election was elected to the House of Representatives, and again to the Forty-sixth Congress. In 1881 he was elected to the Senate.

THE HON. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS,
Senator-Elect from Minnesota.

THE successor to Samuel J. R. McMillan is a man of superior ability as a lawyer and debater. He was born in Jefferson County, N. Y., in 1838, and is therefore forty-nine years of age. After acquiring the rudiments of eduction he went to study at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis., an institution now extinct, the experiment tried there not being found promotive of longevity in the life of a college. Carroll College was a notable instance of co-education in the United States. The girls did the cooking, and the boys provided the meat and groceries. After graduating, at nineteen years of age, Mr. Davis studied law, first in an office and afterward at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, where he received his diploma in 1857. Last July he delivered the address to the graduating class at the seat of learning where he earned his degree of LL.B. He is said by those who know him to be a man of singular force of character, a powerful reasoner, and a vigorous and convincing speaker. In 1868 he had removed to St. Paul, where he was appointed United States District-Attorney. He succeeded in winning the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and became very popular. They nominated him for Governor in 1873. He was elected, and gave the State an excellent administration.

HENRY L. DAWES,
Senator from Massachusetts.

SENATOR DAWES now enters on his third term in the Senate. It is a curious fact, which seems almost ludicrous, that he owes his election to Democratic votes. The Democrats in the Massachusetts Legislature, realizing that it was impossible to elect a member of their own party to the Senate, wisely exercised their right of choice by choosing from among the Republican candidates the man whom they felt would uphold the honor of the old Bay State. While the Republicans were divided and were casting fruitless ballots, the Democrats took the question in hand, and settled it to the general satisfaction by re-electing Senator Dawes.

The venerable statesman is now seventy-one years old, having been born at Cummington, Mass., October 30th, 1816. He was graduated from Yale College, began life as a school-teacher, and edited two country newspapers. At the same time he fitted himself for the legal profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1842. He began his public career in 1848 as a member of the lower branch of the Legislature, and was returned in 1849 and 1852. In 1850 he was a member of the State Senate. He was elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress in 1858, and was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty second, and Forty-third Congresses. In 1875 he declined to be a candidate for election to the Forty-fourth. In the House of Representatives he served ten years as Chairman of the Committee on Elections, commencing with the Thirty-sixth Congress—during the most important years in the history of the country—through the war and reconstruction period. He was also many years Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

In 1875 Mr. Dawes was elected to the national Senate to succeed Charles Sumner, whose unexpired term had been filled by William B. Washburn. He took his seat on the 4th of March, 1875, and was re-elected on the expiration of his term in 1881. In the Senate Mr. Dawes has served on the Committee on Public Buildings

and Grounds. He was appointed on a special committee to investigate the Indian disturbances in the Indian Territory, upon which he made a valuable report. The entire system of Indian education due to legislation was created by Mr. Dawes, and is a result of his personal work.

CHARLES B. FARWELL,
Senator-Elect from Illinois.

THE successor to the late Senator John A. Logan is the millionaire merchant and ex-Congressman, Charles B. Farwell. He is a native of Painted Post, N. Y., and is sixty-four years old, having been born July 1st, 1823. At fifteen, after completing his studies at the Elmira Academy, he removed from New York State to Illinois, where he worked on a farm and assisted in the survey of the public lands. In 1844 he made his residence at Chicago, and began business as a banker and real-estate agent. He prospered, and became a prominent man in the city. He was elected clerk of Cook County in 1853, and again in 1857. After completing his second term of office Mr. Farwell devoted his energies to business. He was appointed a member of the Illinois State Board for the Equalization of Taxes in 1867. The next year he was made chairman of the Board of Supervisors. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives in 1870, and was re-elected in 1872. While in Congress he served with ability on some of the leading committees, and was chairman of that on Manufactures. He was not a speech-maker, but was always active and influential in shaping legislation.

The ex-Congressman and member of the Senate is nearly six feet in height, is stout, and has a large, round, full head. His forehead is broad and high. His eyes are a clear blue-gray. The lower part of his broad face is hidden by a grown and gray full beard and mustache. Mr. Farwell has the reputation of being a very generous man. It is stated that he has never been known to turn a deaf ear to any legitimate appeal for charity.

FRANCIS B. STOCKBRIDGE,
Senator-Elect from Michigan.

AMONG the most notable absences from the Senate in the next Congress will be that of Omar D. Conger, of Michigan, whose place will be taken by Francis B. Stockbridge. The newly-elected Senator was born in Bath, Me., in 1826. At the age of twenty-one he went to Chicago, and was employed as a clerk at a lumber dock. He saved some money, joined some lumbermen at Saugatuck, Mich., started a mill or two, and in 1850 went to Saugatuck to live. He was unsuccessful in business, but he did not give up, nor relinquish anything of his energies, though he had a hard struggle. The tide turned in 1868, and Mr. Stockbridge began to prosper. About this time he became interested in politics and felt an ambition to go to the Legislature, and he was elected to the Michigan House of Representatives in 1869, and made a good record. In 1871 he was chosen State Senator, and ever since he has been engaged in politics.

It is a noteworthy fact that as his prosperity increased Mr. Stockbridge set himself to the task of redeeming his commercial character. Though the Bankruptcy Court had freed him from responsibility for the debts he incurred in two disastrous business ventures, he sought out every man who had unsatisfied claims against him and paid every dollar with interest. He is now reputed to be worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One secret of his popularity in Michigan is that he has helped hundreds of men in business and aided scores in other ways —some, perhaps, who were undeserving. There is a saying in Western Michigan that Stockbridge is on everybody's note and everybody's bond.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Words of a Dying Queen.—A Christian gentleman, speaking at an evangelistic meeting, remarked: "When Queen Mary of England was lying on her death-bed, news of the capture of Calais was brought to her, and so much was she affected by it that it hastened her death, and but a few minutes before she passed away she turned to one of her attendants and said, 'After my death the word Calais will be found written deep on my heart!' Similarly should it be with the Christian. On his heart there should be stamped not only in death but throughout life the name of Jesus, and we should strive to live so that we may not disgrace that name—the name of the King whom we serve, and the Saviour who has redeemed us even with His blood."

An Idiot's Reason Restored.—The Rev. Mr. Haslam said: "A poor idiot boy was in the habit of attending our mission. He was first attracted by the singing and the organ, being passionately fond of music. We thought that the meeting had no other attraction for him, but one night at the close I found him kneeling at a bench with his head buried in his hands. I seated myself by his side, and told him how Christ had taken his place. I repeated it two or three times before he raised his head, but then, when urging him to give his heart to Christ, he slowly looked up at me as if the truth were dawning upon his poor, dulled brain, and then quickly springing to his feet he exclaimed while he ran from the hall, 'I will, I will, I will.' And, strange to say, yet true, he came back with his reason restored, and his faith in God more firmly fixed."

Story of a Soldier's Wife.—Mr. Robertson observed: "I was passing along one of the streets of Glasgow recently, when a hand touched my shoulder, and looking round I saw a woman who said, 'Mr. Robertson, why do you never come to see me?' I had never seen her before to my knowledge, and told her so, when she said, 'I wish you would call upon me to-morrow afternoon and speak to me about my soul, for I am afraid I am not saved.' The next afternoon I was sitting in her house retailing the old, old story of Jesus and His love. After I had unfurled the blood-stained banner of God, we knelt in earnest prayer, and after rising from our knees this was her story: 'I am a soldier's wife, and ten years ago I was in India. I mixed much with a number of officers' wives there who were Christians, and I, not to be an odd one, professed to be saved too. I was simply trying to hide myself from God in keeping company with these religious women, for in reality I knew nothing of Christ as a Saviour until to-night. Year after year these thoughts have rankled in my mind, giving me no real rest or peace.'"

Running Away from a Converted Draper.— Mr. Judd remarked: "Unconverted people often feel very much troubled when they come into close contact with a godly or holy person. I remember when I was yet unconverted, I knew a young man, a draper's assistant, and he was, even before his conversion to Christ, a sober, upright, morally good young man. When I heard of his conversion, I said he was good enough before. What need had he of conversion? and I wondered what possible difference it could make in him. Now, he and I were very great friends, and we used often to spend the evening together, and I, in spite of his conversion, still liked him very much; yet from the time of his conversion I never went to see him, and if I chanced to meet him, as I often did, I went down one of the side streets—just bolted down that I might avoid him. One day, coming home from the bank where I was employed, I came upon him close to the house where I resided. There were no streets convenient to sneak down; I had either to go forward and meet him, or turn right back. I hesitated for a moment, and then turned back and walked as fast as I could to the first street, went down it and took a roundabout way home. I even visited his house, taking care to go when he was out, and sat there in fidgets lest he should return. And why was I thus afraid to meet him? Because I knew he would ask me about my soul, and the devil who had possession of me knew that if he met the Lord Jesus his reign was over; and he wished to keep me a close prisoner that I might not have the opportunity of choosing to serve Christ. But the time came when I exchanged the chains of Satan for the glorious liberty of Christ."

A Pool Among the Mountains.—Mr. J. G. Forbes related: "On the top of the Mourne Mountains in the North of Ireland there is a clear, cool pool of water. The hill on which it is situated is very high and steep, and when you have labored to the top you feel very tired, hot, and thirsty, especially if it be a warm day. How gratefully you drink of the clear, cool water, and you think that if you had met with it half way up the hill the ascent would have been much easier completed. The peculiar thing about this well is that on the warmest day in summer the water is always cold, almost ice cold; and on the coldest day in winter the water will not freeze, but is exactly the same all the year round. The well is a spring, or rather a running stream which suddenly emerges from the earth, showing itself at this place, and immediately disappearing. When I looked at that I thought, should this not teach Christians a lesson? Should not brotherly love springing from Christ flow constantly, refreshing all with whom we come in contact, and leave us clear and calm, loving and kindly affectionate one toward another."

A Profitable Disappointment.—A Minister observed: "A gentleman came to me one Sunday night and said, 'I intend to sit under your ministry.' Before parting with him I inquired, 'Are you saved?' 'Thank God,' he replied, 'I don't need saving.' I was rather taken back at his evident presumption, but answered, 'Are you not a sinner?' 'No, sir, I am not.' 'Will you do one thing for me?' I then asked. 'As I mean to take you for my spiritual adviser, I will do anything you wish,' he replied. And then I asked him to read a chapter of the Bible every day. He promised, and took his departure. A month or so passed away, and I again had an opportunity of speaking with him on this subject. I inquired how he was getting on in his spiritual life. 'Not so well as I thought I should,' he replied, sadly; 'I am not so satisfied with myself as I used to be.' 'I thank God for that,' I replied. A few weeks afterward he entered my study, and laying his head on the table he exclaimed, 'Oh, sir, I am lost; I am lost.' He had looked into God's law and had seen himself as in a glass. He there laid all his righteousness aside, and Christ graciously clothed him with His own spotless robe."

Wages for the Devil's Servants.—A Christian worker said: "There was a young man, the son of respectable and wealthy parents, well educated, and, up to a certain time, of stainless reputation. He was employed as teller in an important bank, and at first acquitted himself to the full satisfaction of his employers; but, gradually, he was led into bad company, first, to the theatre, then to the ball-room, and, lastly, to the gambling saloon. He spent and lost more money than he could afford, and not daring to ask his father for more, and confess his evil ways, which had now become so sweet to him, he took some money from the bank, at first little—just enough to pay off his most pressing debts and enable him to win back enough to repay all. But he did not win, and soon he again dipped into the coffers of the bank; nor was that the last time; again and again was the same thing done, until he was too far involved to think of recovery. Then, realizing that all was lost, he took as much as he could lay his hands on, and disappeared. But he was tracked, apprehended, and brought back; and now he is reaping the reward of his sin and folly in prison. The devil often pays his servants an instalment of their wages in this life."

THE SWELLING OF JORDAN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 27, 1887.

" If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—Jer. 12 : 5.

The Minor Trials of Life—Napoleon's Reproof of an Atheist—Lessons from Experience—Christ Needed in Small Annoyances—Indispensable in Overwhelming Trial—Over-Confident Persons Yielding to Insignificant Temptation—Mighty Temptations to Come—The Vexations of Change—Meeting the Great Change without Christ—A Poet's Epitaph in Westminster Abbey—Goethe's Dying Prayer—The Coming Storm—The God-Lighted Lamp—A General in a Hospital—Departed Friends not Submerged—The Heavenly Echo—A Child Saved by a Dog.

Not in a petulant but in kindly terms I must complain that a wrong has been done me, and the cause of honest journalism, by

A Pretended Sermon

that is going the rounds of hundreds of papers with my name appended, a sermon entitled " Frauds Detected ;" text, Numbers, ch. 32, v. 23 : " But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord : and be sure your sin will find you out." *Not one sentence of that pretended sermon did I preach.* If this were the only offence of the kind I would not speak of it. Such a fraud is not only a wrong to me but to the gentlemen who, at these tables, Sabbath by Sabbath, take accurate report of what is said and done ; and is a gross wrong to the newspapers which give every week my sermon in full to their readers, and often at great expense to themselves. The only fault I have to find with the newspaper press of this country is, that they treat me too well. But I cannot be made responsible for entire sermons not one word of which did I preach ! But now I turn from personal explanation to the more important subject of the text.

Jeremiah had become impatient with his troubles. God says, " If you cannot stand these

Small Trials

and persecutions, what are you going to do when the greater trials and persecutions come? If you have been running a race with footmen and they have beaten you, what chance is there that you will outrun horses?" And then the figure is changed. You know in April and May the Jordan overflows its banks, and the waters rush violently on, sweeping everything before them. And God says to the prophet, " If you are overcome with smaller trials and vexations, which have assaulted you, what will you do when the trials and annoyance and persecutions of life come in a freshet?" " If in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

I propose, if God will help me, in a very practical way to ask—if it is such a difficult thing to get along without the religion of Jesus Christ when things are comparatively smooth, what will we do without Christ amid the overpowering

Disasters that may Come

upon us? If troubles, slow as footmen, surpass us, what will we do when they take the feet of horses? and if now in our life-time we are beaten back and submerged of sorrows because we have not the religion of Jesus to comfort us, what will we do when we stand in death, and we feel all around about us " the swelling of Jordan"?

The fact that you have come here, my brother, my sister, shows that you have some things you believe in common with myself. You believe that there is a God. There is not an atheist in all this house. I do not believe there ever was a real atheist in all the world. Napoleon was on a ship's deck bound for Egypt. It was a bright starry night, and as he paced the deck, thinking of the great affairs of the State and of battle, he heard two men on the deck in conversation about God ; one saying there was a God, and the other saying there was none. Napoleon stopped and looked up at the starry heavens, and then he turned to these men in conversation and said, " Gentlemen, I heard one of you say there is no God ; if there is no God, will you please to tell me who made all that?" Ay, if you had not been persuaded of it before, you are persuaded of it now ; for the shining heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth shows His handiwork.

But you believe more than that ; you believe that there was a Jesus ; you believe that there was a Cross ; you believe that you have an immortal soul ; you believe that it must be regenerated by the spirit of God, or you can never dwell in bliss eternal. I think a great many of you will say that you believe it is important to have the religion of Jesus Christ every day of our life, to smooth our tempers and purify our minds, and hold us

Imperturbable Amid Annoyance

and all the vexations of life. You and I have seen so many men trampled down by misfortunes because they had no faith in Jesus, and you say to yourself, " If they were so easily overcome by the trials of life, what will it be when greater misfortunes come upon them—heart-breaking calamities, tremendous griefs?" Oh, if we have no God to comfort us when our fortune goes, and we look upon the grave of our children, and our houses are desolate, what will become of us? What a sad thing it is to see men all unhelped of God going out to fight giants of trouble ; no closet of prayer in which to retreat, no promise of mercy to soothe the soul, no rock of refuge in which to hide from the blast! Oh, when the swift coursers of trouble are brought up, champing and panting for the race, and the reins are thrown upon their necks, and the lathered flanks at every spring feel the stroke of the lash, what can we do on foot with them? How can we compete with them? If, having run with the footmen, they wearied us, how can we contend with horses?

We have all yielded to temptation. We have been surprised afterward that so small an inducement could have decoyed us from the right. How insignificant a temptation has sometimes captured our soul! And if that is so, my dear brother, what will it be when we come to stand

In the Presence of Temptation

that prostrated a David, and a Moses, and a Peter, and some of the mightiest men in all God's kingdom? Now we are honest ; but suppose we were placed in some path of life, as many of God's children have been, where all the forces of earth and hell combine to capture the soul? Without Jesus we would go down under it. If already we have been beaten by insignificant footmen, we would be distanced ten thousand leagues by the horses. Ah! I don't like to hear a man say, " I could not commit such a sin as that. I can't understand how a man could be carried away like that." You don't know what you could do if the grace of God lets you. You know what John Bunyan said when he saw a man staggering along the street, thoroughly embruted in his habits. He said, " There goes John Bunyan but for the grace of God." I can say when I see one utterly fallen, " There goes De Witt Talmage but for the grace of God." If we have been delivered from temptation it is because the strong arm of the Lord Almighty has been about us, and not because we were any better than they. It is a great

Folly to Borrow Trouble.

If we can meet the misfortunes of to-day, we will be able to meet the troubles of to-morrow ; but suppose now if through a lack of the religion of Jesus we are overthrown by small sorrows, does not our common-sense teach us that we cannot stand up against great ones? If we cannot carry a pound, can we carry a thousand pounds? If we are discomfited coming into battle with one regiment, a brigade will cut us to pieces. If we are unfit to cope with one small trial, won't we be overcome by greater ones? If the footmen are too much for us, won't the odds be more fearful when we contend with horses?

I thank God that some of His dear children have been delivered. How was it that Paul could say, " Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ; poor, yet making many rich ; having nothing, yet possessing all things"? And David, the Psalmist, soars up into the rock of God's strength and becomes thoroughly composed amid all his sorrows, saying, " God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountain shake with the swelling thereof.

But my text suggests something in advance of anything I have said. We must all quit this life. However sound our health may be, it must break down ; however good our title may be to houses, land, and estates,

We Must Surrender

them. We will hear a voice bidding us away from all these places. We will have to start on a pilgrimage from which we can never come back. We will have seen for the last time the evening star, and watched the last summer cloud, and felt the breath of the spring wind for the last time. Hands of loved ones may be stretched out to hold us back, but they cannot—go we must. About all other exits and changes we may trifle, but not about this. Stupendous moment of life-quitting. Oh, when the great tides of eternity arise about us, and fill the soul and surround it, and sweep it out toward rapture or woe, ah! that will be " the swelling of Jordan" !

I know people sometimes talk very merrily about the departure from this life. I am sorry to hear it But men do make fun of the passage from one world to another Byron joked a great deal about it, but when it came he shivered with horror. Many an infidel has scoffed at the idea of fearing a future world, but lying upon his pillow in the last hour his teeth have chattered with terror. I saw, in Westminster Abbey, an epitaph a poet ordered to be put upon his tomb :

" Life is a jest,
And all things show it ;
I thought so once,
But now I know it."

I thought how inapt that, in a place of sepulchre, men should try their witticisms. A great German having rejected Christ, in his last moment said, " Give me light, give me light!" Oh, we may be smart with our witticism about the last hour, but when it comes, and the tides are rising, and the surf is beating, and the winds are howling, we will each one, my brethren, find for himself that it is " the swelling of Jordan" ! Our natural courage won't hold out then. However familiar we may have been with scenes of mortality, however much we may have screwed our courage up, we want something more than natural resources. When the north-east wind blows off from the sea of death, it will put out all earthly lights. The lamp God-lighted is

The Only Lamp

that can stand in that blast. The weakest arm holding that shall not be confounded ; the strongest one rejecting that shall stumble and die. When the Jordan rises in its wrath, the first dash of its wave will swamp them forever. We feel how sad it is for a man to attempt this life without religion. We see what a doleful thing it is for a man to go down into the misfortunes of life without Christian solace : but if that be so, how much more terrible when that man comes face to face with the solemnities of the last hour! Oh, if in the bright sunshine of health and prosperity a man felt the need of something better, how will he feel when the shadows of the last hour gather above his pillow! If, in the warmth of worldly prosperity, he was sometimes dismayed, how will he feel when the last chill creeps over him? If while things were comparatively smooth he was disquieted, what will he do in the agonies of dissolution? " If in the land of peace, in which he trusted, they wearied him, what will he do amid the swelling of Jordan?"

Oh, I rejoice to know that so many of God's children have gone through that pass without a

shudder! Some one said to a dying Christian, "Isn't it hard for you to get out of this world?" "Oh, no," he says, "it is easy dying, it is blessed dying, it is glorious dying!" and then he pointed to a clock on the wall, and he said, "The last two hours in which I have been dying I have had more joy than all the years of my life." A general came into the hospital after the battle, and among the wounded there was

One Man Dying,

and the general said, "Ah! my dear fellow, you seem very much wounded. I am afraid you are not going to get well." "No," said the soldier, "I am not going to get well, but I feel very happy," and then he looked up into the general's face and said, "*I am going to the front.*" Oh, I have seen them, and so have you, go out of this life without a tear on their cheek! There was weeping all around the room, but no weeping in the bed; the cheeks were dry. They were not thrown down into darkness, they were lifted up. We saw the tides rising around them and the swelling of the wave. It washed them off from the cares and toils of life; it washed them on toward the beach of heaven. They waved to us a farewell kiss as they stood on deck, and floated down further and further, wafted by gales from heaven, until they were lost to our sight—mortality having become immortality—

"Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!"

What high consolation to you that your departed friends were

Not Submerged

in the swelling of Jordan! The Israelites were just as thoroughly alive on the western banks of the Jordan as they had been on the eastern banks of the Jordan; and our departed Christian friends have only crossed over—not sick, not dead, not exhausted, not extinguished, not blotted out, but with healthier respiration, and stouter pulses, and keener eyesight, and better prospects, crossed over, their sins, their physical and mental disquiet, all left clear this side, an eternally flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all human and Satanic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of congratulation with all the bereaved in the consideration that our departed Christian friends are safe!

Why was there years ago so much joy in certain circles in New York when people heard from their friends who were on board the City of Brussels? It was thought that vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea; and when the friends on this side heard that the steamer had arrived safely in Liverpool, had we not the right to congratulate the people in New York that their friends had got

Safely Across?

And is it not right this morning that I congratulate you that your departed friends are safe on the shore of heaven? Would you have them back again? Would you have those old parents back again? You know how hard it was sometimes for them to get their breath in the stifled atmosphere of the summer; would you have them back for next summer? Didn't they use their brain long enough? Would you have your children back again? Would you have them take the risk of temptations which throng every human pathway? Would you have them cross the Jordan three times in addition to crossing it already, and cross it again to greet you now, and then cross back afterward? for certainly you would not want to keep them forever out of heaven. If they had lived forty or fifty years longer, would they have been safe?

"Pause and weep, not for the freed from pain,
But that the sigh of love would pull them back again."

I ask a question, and there seems to come back the answer in

The Heavenly Echo.

"What, will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again." "What, will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again." "What, will you never weep again?" "Never — weep — again." "What, will you never die again?" "Never—die—again." Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank! Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us half way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm-groves of heaven.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

But there is one step still in advance suggested by this subject. If this religion of Christ is so important in life and so important in the last hours of life, how much more important it will be in the great eternity! I need not stand here and argue it. There is something within your soul that says now, while I speak, "I am immortal; the stars shall die, but I am immortal." You feel that your existence on earth is only a small piece of your being. It is only

A Mile to the Grave,

but it is ten thousand miles beyond. The slab of the tomb is only the milestone on which we read of infinite distance yet to be travelled. The world itself will grow old and die. The stars of our night will burn down in their sockets and expire. The sun, like a spark struck from an anvil, will flash and go out. The winds will utter their last whisper, and ocean heave its last groan; but you and I will live forever! Gigantic—immortal. Mighty to suffer or enjoy. Mighty to love or hate. Mighty to soar or to sink. Then, what will be to us the store, the shop, the office, the applause of the world, the scorn of our enemies, the things that lifted us up, and the things that pressed us down? What to John Wesley are all the mobs that howled after him? What to Voltaire are all the nations that applauded him? What to Paul now the dungeons that chilled him? What to Latimer now the flames that consumed him? All those who through the grace of Christ reach that land will never be disturbed. None to dispute their throne, they shall reign forever and ever.

But alas! for those who have made no preparation for the future. When the sharp-shod hoofs of eternal disaster come up panting and swift to go over them, how will they contend with horses? And when the waves of their wretchedness rise up, white and foamy, under the swooping of eternal storms, oh, what will they do "amid the swelling of Jordan"?

If I could come into your heart this moment, I would see that many of you, my friends, had

Vowed to be the Lord's.

I know not what sickness it was, or what trial; but I verily believe there is not a man in the house but has some time vowed he would be the Lord's. It might have been at the time when your child lay sick you said, "O Lord, if Thou wilt let this child get well, I will be a Christian." Or it might have been in some business trouble, when you have said, "O Lord, if Thou wilt let me keep my property, I will be a Christian." You kept your property, your child got well, the peril passed. Are you a Christian? We say, "O Lord, do so, and I will do so." The darkness passes, the peril goes away. We are as we were before, or worse; for oh, how often I have seen men start for the kingdom of God, come up to within arm's reach of it, and then go back farther from God than they ever were before, dropping from the very moment of their privilege into darkness forever! Oh, how ungrateful we have been!

A Rescue by a Dog.

There was a steamer on one of the Western lakes heavily laden with passengers, and there was a little child who stood on the side of the taffrail, leaning over and watching the water, when she lost her balance and dropped into the waves. The lake was very rough. The mother cried, "Save my child! Save my child!" There seemed none disposed to leap into the water. There was a Newfoundland dog on deck. He looked up in his master's face, as if for orders. His master said, "Tray, overboard, catch 'em!" The dog sprang into the water, caught the child by the garments, and swam back to the steamer. The child was picked up by loving hands, the dog was lifted on deck, and the mother, ere she fainted away, in utter thanksgiving to that dog, threw her arms around its neck and kissed it; but the dog shook himself off from her embrace, and went and laid down as though he had accomplished nothing. Shall a mother be grateful to a dog that saves her child, and be ungrateful to the Son of God who, from the heights of heaven, plunged into the depths of darkness and suffering and woe that He might lift us up out of our sin and place us on the Rock of Ages?

Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the infinity, the horror of our ingratitude! Don't you treat Jesus like that any more. Don't you thrust Him back from your soul. He has been the best Friend you ever had. You will want Him after awhile. When the world is going away from your grasp, and all the lights that shine on your soul are going out, and the friends that stand around you can do you no good, and you feel your feet slipping from beneath you—oh, then you will want Him—the loving Jesus, the sympathetic Jesus, the pardoning Jesus—to stand close by you, and hold you up "amid the swelling of Jordan!"

DR. TALMAGE ON THE EARTHQUAKE.

AT his Friday evening talk, last week, Dr. Talmage said: "What a rough time this old earth is having! The earthquake day before yesterday in Southern France, hurling 2000 people into some other existence, is only one of a series of volcanic agitations. Geologists tell us our planet has been in convulsions ever and anon since it was born, and it does seem to me as though it had been in chills and fever without end—now so cold it chattered with the white teeth of glacier, and now hot until the hemispheres seemed afire. 'Firm as the everlasting hills' should be rejected as a figure of speech, for the hills are neither firm nor everlasting.

"The people assembled two nights ago at Nice, France, to celebrate a floral scene in which they pelted each other with bouquets. A beautiful carnival, entitled the battle of flowers, was followed by the falling of hills and a tumbling of catastrophes that might be called

The Battle of Horrors.

Two or three years ago our climate was all disturbed and frenzied by what were called electric showers in the sun. Every little while a comet shoots through our night with enough force to obliterate us with one sweep of its tail. Caracas down, Lisbon buried, Java cracked open. Charleston terrorized, and San Francisco again and again frantic; it is evident that God has no special controversy with any city or any land, for all lands have felt the tread of the earthquake. My impression is that there will be no long-continued cessation of these subterraneous attacks, but

A Greater Frequency

of them until *the planetary demolition.* It is a shaky, rheumatic, epileptic old world, and it will die in one of these stupendous fits. It is a poor place to make permanent investment. There is

Caged in the Centre of this World

an old lion of destruction, and he will not rest quiet much of the time, and he plunges against the bars of his cage. Last August he put one paw against the Western Hemisphere and that made everything rattle from Florida to New York, and now he puts his paw against the Eastern Hemisphere and France and Italy rock from side to side. No one can chain the raging internal monster or bid him lie down except the One who made the lions crouch before Daniel in the Babylonish cavern."

Referring to the Millennial period (predicted in Isaiah 11:6–16, and other passages) which will be inaugurated *after the Second Coming of Christ*, Dr. Talmage said: "All forces, brutal, atmospheric, aquatic, volcanic, shall yet be in complete accord with the redeemed human race. and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

THE END OF THIS AGE ABOUT A.D. 1,900,

Or within a Year or so of it, as Shown by the 6,000 Years and the Year-day Fulfilment of the Prophetic Dates of 2,520, 2,300, 1,335, 1,290, 1,260, 396, and 360 Years.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

Meaning of the Expression "End of the World"—The Future Literal-Day Fulfilment of Certain Prophetic Periods in Daniel and Revelation—The Probable Date of the End of the Present Age—I. The 6,000 Years from the Creation Indicate It—Bishop Russell's Opinion—The Early Prevalence of this View—The Terminating Focus of the Chronological Dates of the Bible—Archbishop Usher's Miscalculation Rectified—A Tabular View of the 6,000 Years—Remarks Explanatory of the Periods.

THE expression "End of the world," in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, where the question was asked, "What shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the world?" does not signify the annihilation or demolition of our material earth, but simply means the End of this Age or Dispensation—that is to say, the end of the world socially, politically, and ecclesiastically, but not materially or physically; for the Greek word *aioon* there translated *world* means *age*, or *economy*, or *dispensation*, and does not mean the solid earth or globe, for which the Greek is *gee* or *kosmos*.

The ablest prophetic expositors hold that certain prophetic periods in Daniel and Revelation, which are spoken of as being so many *days*, will not only be literally fulfilled at the Final Crisis as *days*, but that they also have a figurative precursory fulfilment as so many *years*—their longer *year-day* fulfilment being a rehearsal on a larger scale of their ultimate *literal-day* fulfilment; so that the 2,520 days or seven *times* (*i.e.*, seven years), the 2,300 days, the 1,335 days, the 1,290 days, the 1,260 days or 3½ *times* (*i.e.*, 3½ years), the 396 days or the year and month and day and hour, and the 360 days or a *time* (*i.e.*, one year)—mentioned respectively in Daniel 4:23, 8:14, 12:12, 11, 7; Revelation 11:2, 3, 12:6, 14, 9:15, 10:6—are all fulfilled as 2,520 years, 2,300 years, 1,335 years, 1,290 years, 1,260 years, 390 years, and 360 years, although they will also have an ultimate

Literal Refulfilment, as so Many Days.

The Scriptural authority for taking prophetic periods of *days* typically to signify just so many *years* is found in Numbers 14:34, where the Lord Himself declared the forty days during which the spies explored the Promised Land to signify also forty years of their future wanderings in the desert. He said, "After the number of days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, EACH DAY FOR A YEAR, shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years." Again, Ezekiel was commanded to lie on his side for forty days, to typify forty years' chastisement of the Jews. "Lie again upon thy right side, and thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days, I HAVE APPOINTED THEE EACH DAY FOR A YEAR (Ezekiel 4:6).

Two of the following periods—namely, the 6,000 years, and 2,500 years or Jubilee of Jubilees—differ from the other dates of 2,520, 2,300, 1,335, 1,290, 1,260, 390, and 360 years, in respect of their not being obtained by the application of the year-day principle, as the others are.

It is important to notice, that although the End of this Dispensation seems indicated by these prophetic dates to be about the end of this nineteenth century, and that therefore the future seven years' Covenant between the future Syrian King Napoleon and the Jews (Daniel 9:27) which is to be made seven years and 75 days before the End, may be expected to be made as soon as about 1893, yet if the Covenant is made later, the End of this Age will be proportionately later.

I. The 6,000 Years

from the creation of man are on good grounds understood to terminate in the Second Coming of Christ and the Millennium. It is a belief of great antiquity that the SIX DAYS of creation foreshadowed the six periods of a thousand years each, during the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian dispensations, and that the SEVENTH DAY of rest typified the seventh period of a thousand years of the millennial dispensation. This idea was entertained among the Jews long before the birth of Christ; and Scripture warrant for it has been afforded by the statement that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years" (II Peter 3:8), and that "there remaineth therefore a rest (*sabbatismos*, a keeping of a Sabbath, a Sabbatical septenary) to the people of God" (Hebrews 4:9). This seventh period of a thousand years—the Millennium—is shown in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Revelation to commence with the resurrection of the righteous, the Advent of Christ, the chaining of Satan, etc.; and after its termination the battle of Gog and Magog, the resurrection of the wicked, and the burning of the earth take place.

Bishop Russell

says on this subject: "The tradition that the earth, as well as the religious state of its inhabitants, is to undergo a great change at the end of 6,000 years, has been found in the writings of Pagans, Jews, and Christians; because six days were employed by Almighty God in the creation of the globe, after which He rested on the seventh day; and as with Him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, it was concluded by the Cabalists and Jews that the world was to continue 6,000 years; and on the conclusion of this period there would succeed a Sabbath of a thousand years of corresponding length, a Millennium of rest and of peace. This idea has been traced in the Sibylline oracles, in the poems of Hesiod, in Plato, and prevailed long before the birth of Christ, relative to a momentous change which is supposed to await the earth after a period not exceeding 6,000 years. We find this expectation expressed by the Chaldeans, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans—orators, poets, philosophers; and the only difficulty we experience in the examination of the records collected from the literature of ages is to account for so great unanimity of sentiment where we cannot discover any source of information, or any authority which so many different writers would consent to acknowledge for a conclusion so remarkable."

The Infidel Historian Gibbon

testifies to the prevalence of this opinion during the first four centuries of the Christian era. He says (chap. 15):

"The ancient and popular doctrine of the Millennium was intimately connected with the second coming of Christ. As the works of the Creation had been finished in six days, their existence in the present state, according to a tradition * which was attributed to the prophet Elijah, was fixed to six thousand years. By the same analogy it was inferred that this long period of labor and contention, which was now almost elapsed, would be succeeded by a joyful Sabbath of a thousand years; and that Christ, with the triumphant band of the saints and the elect who had escaped death, or who had been miraculously revived, would reign upon earth till the time appointed for the last and general resurrection. So pleasing was this hope to the mind of believers, that the *New Jerusalem*, the seat of this blissful kingdom, was adorned with all the gayest colors of the imagination. A felicity consisting only of pure and spiritual pleasures would have appeared too refined for its inhabitants, who were still supposed to possess their human nature and senses. A city was therefore erected of gold and precious stones, and a supernatural plenty of corn and wine was bestowed on the adjacent territory. The assurance of such a millennium was carefully inculcated by a succession of fathers, from Justin Martyr and Irenæus, who conversed with the immediate disciples of the apostles, down to Lactantius. Though it might not be universally received, it appears to have been

The Reigning Sentiment

of the orthodox believers." Gibbon further states that after the fourth century this view began to decline, the Papal corruptions completely obscured it; but since the great revival of religion at the time of the French revolution of 1793, increased attention has been given to the prophecies regarding the Millennium, and the views of the Primitive Church respecting it have again become prevalent.

There is another striking type meriting observation in this connection. As God concluded the six days of Creation by forming the *literal body* of the first Adam out of the dust of the earth, and breathing into it the spirit of life, so, at the conclusion of the 6,000 years, at the second coming of Christ, God will, by His resurrection power, raise to life and form the mortal dust of His deceased saints into the *mystical body* of the Second Adam—the glorified church of Christ—and breathe upon them the Holy Spirit in immeasurable abundance.

This expectation of the second advent of Christ at the end of 6,000 years acquires additional importance from the fact that they appear from

The Chronological Data of the Bible

to terminate somewhere about A.D. 1,900, for the birth of Christ was about 4,100 years after the Creation. All the periods that make up this 4,100 years are explicitly stated in Scripture, excepting one interval of about 60 years, from Cyrus' first year B.C. 530 until Artaxerxes' reign (Nehemiah 2), and the length of this interval is decided by Rollin's Ancient History, and the Histories of Herodotus, Xenophon, Prideaux, etc. The commonly received Chronology of Usher, which has usually been adopted in the marginal references of Bibles, places Christ's Nativity about the year 4,004, but the recent researches of Clinton and others show that Usher missed out at least 100 years out of the whole period of the Judges, making that period to be about 350 instead of 450 years, as stated in Acts 13:20. Usher gives B.C. 1,444 in Joshua 14 as the date of the dividing of the land of Canaan and the beginning of the period of the Judges, and B.C. 1,094-5 in I Samuel 12 as the date when the era of the Judges ended, and Saul was made king. Now this gives only 350 years as the period of the reigns of the Judges, whereas Paul said, in Acts 13:20, "He divided their land to them by lot, and after that, He gave them Judges about the space of four hundred and fifty years (450), until Samuel the prophet; and afterward they desired a king, and God gave them Saul by the space of forty years, etc." Later chronologers, avoiding the errors of former writers, and basing their computations upon the statements of Scripture, arrive at the closing years of this nineteenth century as

The End of the 6,000 Years.

Thus the 6,000 years have been computed by the subjoined writers, who have carefully traced and examined each link in the chronological chain to terminate at the following points of time: about 1870 by Rev. Dr. Seiss, in his valuable lectures on the "Last Times," and by Rev. Dr. Mahan, in his "Palmoni;" about 1872 by Rev. C. Bowen, whose tables were published in 1851 in Elliott's "Horæ Apocalypticæ," and by Rev. James Scott, in his "Millennium Vindicated," and also by Edward Flower in his "Wonders of Divine Arithmetic," and by P. H. Gosse, in "The 6,000 Years;" about 1875, by Rev. W. Thurman, in his "Sealed Book of Daniel Opened;" and 1881 by R. Brothers, in his "True Age of the World" (published in 1794), and by Sylvester Bliss, in his "Sacred Chronology;" about 1897 by Thomas Lidyat; about 1905 by Ribera.

Matthew Henry, the Commentator

whom the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon calls "the Prince of Commentators," maintained in the Chronological Index to his large five-volumed Commentary on the whole Bible, which he began to publish about A.D. 1,700, that the year A.D. 1,900

* This tradition was that "the earth should be 2,000 years without the law, 2,000 years under the law, and 2,000 years under the Messiah." One or two hundred quotations to the same effect, from the fathers and other writers, are given in Taylor's "Voice of the Church."

would probably be the commencement of the Millennium of 1,000 years, which consequently he computed to extend from 1,900 to 2,900. But he predicted that the three and a half years Slaying of Christ an Witnesses, their "*almost utter extirpation*" (as he explained Revelation 11 : 7-14 to signify) would be just previous to A.D. 1,900. His remarks are quoted more fully among our observations further on respecting the 1,260 years.

The subjoined table of the Scripture periods shows that the 6,000 years terminate about A.D 1,900 ; and that we have, in fact, almost arrived at

The Saturday Midnight

of the world's week of 7,000 years. The six days are nearly ended, and the seventh day of 1,000 years about to commence. The correctness of the following chronological table can be verified in a few hours by referring to the Scripture passages quoted.

The Bible Chronology of the 6,000 Years.

Anno Mundi.	Before Christ.			
0	4100	(1)	Creation of Adam to the close of Noah's Deluge. (Genesis 5 and 8 : 13, 14.)	1656
1656	2444	(2)	Close of the Deluge to the Call of Abraham to Canaan. (Acts 7 : 6, Genesis 11 : 10 to 32, 12 : 1-5.)	427
2083	2017	(3)	Abraham's Call to the date of the Exodus. (Exodus 12 : 40, Galatians 3 : 8, 17.)	430
2513	1587	(4)	The Exodus to the Distribution of the Land. (1 year Numbers 10 : 11 to 13 : 25, and 45 yrs. Joshua 14.)	46
2559	1541	(5)	Dividing of the Land to the end of Samuel's Judgeship. (Acts 13 : 20 ; Joshua 14.)	450
3009	1091	(6)	Reigns of the Kings Saul, David, and Solomon 40 yrs. each, and Rehoboam 17 years, Abijam 3, Asa 41, Jehoshaphat 25, Jehoram 8, Ahaziah 1, Athaliah 6, Jehoash 40, Amaziah 29, Azariah 52, Jotham 16, Ahaz, 16, Hezekiah 29, Manasseh 55, Amon 2, Josiah 31, Jehoiakim 3 years, when the 70 years of the captivity of the Jews commenced in the 3d or 4th year of Jehoiakim's reign according to Jeremiah 25 : 11, 12, and Daniel 1 : 1. (All these Kings' Reigns are given in 1 Kings 11 : 43, to II Kings 25.)	494
3502	597	(7)	The 70 years' captivity from Jehoiakim's 3d or 4th year until Cyrus' first year. (II Chronicles 36 : 21 to 23 ; Jeremiah 25 : 11, 12.)	70
3572	527	(8)	Cyrus' first year to the commandment to rebuild Jerusalem in King Artaxerxes Longimanus' 20th year. (Nehemiah 2 ; Daniel 9 : 25.)	82
			(Cyrus 7 years—Ahasuerus and Artaxerxes (Ezra 4 : 6, 7) 7 years—Darius (Ezra 6 : 1) 36 years—Xerxes 12 years (see Rollin's Ancient History)—Artaxerxes Longimanus 20 years.)	
3655	445	(9)	Daniel's 69 weeks or 483 years commencing in Artaxerxes Longimanus' 20th year B.C. 445, and reaching "unto Messiah the *Prince*" when He rode as a *Prince* into Jerusalem and was "*cut off*" a few days later, about A.D. 38. (Daniel 9 : 25, 26 ; Nehemiah 2.)	483
4100			Total from the Creation of Adam to the Crucifixion of Christ A.D. 38	4138
			Add for the rest of this Christian Age or Dispensation 1862 years from A.D. 38 to 1900	1862
			Total from the Creation of Adam to the End of this Age in A.D. 1900	6000

The following remarks are explanatory of the periods comprised in this table :

(1) The 1656 Years

consist of the generations from Adam to the close of the Flood which are given in Genesis 5 and 8 : 13, 14, as follows : Adam to Seth, 130 years ; Seth to Enos, 105 years ; Enos to Cainan, 90 years ; Cainan to Mahalaleel, 70 years ; Mahalaleel to Jared, 5 years ; Jared to Enoch, 162 years ; Enoch to Methuselah, 65 years ; Methuselah to Lamech, 187 years ; Lamech to Noah, 182 years ; Noah to the close of the Flood (Genesis 8 : 13, 14), 600 years. These intervals altogether amount to 1,656 years.

(2) The Period of 222 Years

between the Flood and Terah's birth is given in Genesis 11 : 10-23, as here subjoined. The Flood to Arphaxad, 2 years ; Arphaxad to Salah, 35 years ; Salah to Eber, 30 years ; Eber to Peleg, 34 years ; Peleg to Reu, 30 years ; Reu to Serug, 32 years ; Serug to Nahor, 30 years ; Nahor to Terah, 29 years. Total amount, 222 years. The further period of **205** years (which added to 222, makes **427** years) is shown thus : Terah did not beget Abraham until he was 130 years old, as is shown by Genesis 11 : 32, 12 : 4, for when he died, at the age of **205** years, Abraham, who then migrated to Canaan, was 75 years old.

(3) The 430 Years' Sojourning

(Exodus 12 : 40) of Abraham and his posterity commenced with Abraham's going forth to Canaan, Genesis 12 : 1-5 (2,048 B.C.), when God made a covenant with him (Galatians 3 : 17), and ended with the Exodus, after which the Law was given at Sinai (Exodus 19 : 1). Dr. Hales renders Exodus 12 : 40 according to the Masorite, Samaritan, and Septuagint versions, "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel (and of their fathers) which they sojourned in the land of Egypt (and in the land of Canaan) was 430 years."

(5) In Acts 13 : 20 we read, "He gave unto them Judges

About the Space of 450 Years

until Samuel the prophet" (including, of course, Samuel's judgeship) : and this approximately corresponds with the periods mentioned in the Book of Judges, and is held to be the correct account by Clinton, Hales, Cunninghame, Bliss, Bowen, Shimeall, etc. It is noticeable that there is thus exactly 580 years from the Exodus to the fourth year of Solomon, when the temple began to be built, and any definition of this period as being 480 years must be a mistake for 580 years.

(6) This Period of 494 Years

consists of the reigns of the kings from Saul, David, Solomon, Rehoboam, etc., to Jehoiakim's fourth year, which are given in Kings and Chronicles as follows : Saul, David, Solomon, each 40 years, Acts 13 : 21, II Samuel 5 : 4, II Kings 11 : 42 — Rehoboam, 17 years, I Kings 14 : 31, 15 : 1, II Chronicles 12 : 13—Abijam, 3 years, I Kings 15 : 1, 2—Asa, 41 years, I Kings 15 : 9, 10—Jehoshaphat, 25 years, I Kings 22 : 42—Jehoram, 8 years, II Kings 8 : 17—Ahaziah, 1 year, II Kings 8 : 24, 26—Athaliah, 6 years, II Kings 11 : 1, 2, 3, 20, 21—Jehoash, 40 years, II Kings 12 : 1—Amaziah, 29 years, II Kings 12 : 21, 14: 1; 2—Azariah (called Uzziah), 52 years, II Kings 15 : 1, 2, II Chronicles 26 : 1, 3—Jotham, 16 years, II Kings 15 : 32, 33—Ahaz, 16 years, II Kings 16 : 1, 2—Hezekiah, 29 years, II Kings 16 : 20, 18 : 1, 2—Manasseh, 55 years, II Kings 20 : 21, 21 : 1—Amon, 2 years, II Kings 21 : 18, 19—Josiah, 31 years, II Kings 11 : 26, 22 : 1—Jehoahaz, 3 months, II Kings 23 : 31—Jehoiakim, 3 years, II Kings 23 : 34, 24 : 1, Jeremiah 25 : 1, 12 ; Daniel 1 : 1. These reigns altogether amount to 494 years.

(7) The 70 Years' Captivity

is here commenced in Jehoiakim's third or fourth year (Daniel 1 : 1-11, Jeremiah 25 : 1, 46 : 2), when the King of Babylon defeated the King of Egypt, and Jehoiakim became subject to Babylon instead of Egypt (II Chronicles 36 : 6). This is the epoch at which these 70 years are also commenced by Bliss, Birks, Browne, Chapin, Clinton, Cunninghame, Habershon, Hales, Jarvis, Usher, and the Duke of Manchester. Zedekiah, who afterward reigned 11 years, was the mere deputy and vassal of Nebuchadnezzar, being left to rule over the few Jews that remained at Jerusalem. It is universally allowed that Cyrus' first year was the end of the 70 years, as intimated in II Chronicles 36 : 21-23, and Ezra 1.

(8) Out of this 82 Years

62 years is the only link in the chronological chain of 4,100 years from Adam to Christ that is not precisely defined in Scripture. The deficiency is, however, supplied by historical authorities, such as Herodotus, Josephus, Petavius, Ctesias, and Rollin's Ancient History, etc. From them it appears that Cyrus (Ezekiel 1 : 1), after the death of Darius the Mede, reigned as sole monarch for 7 years. Then Cambyses (or Ahasuerus, Ezekiel 4 : 6) reigned 7 years ; and Smerdis (or Artaxerxes, Ezekiel 4 : 7) reigned 7 months. After this Darius Hystaspes (Ezekiel 6 : 1) reigned 36 years, and Xerxes continued on the throne for 12 years, according to Rollin's Ancient History : being succeeded by Artaxerxes Longimanus (Ezekiel 7 : 7), from whose twentieth year in 445 B.C. the 70 weeks (Daniel 9 : 24), or 490 years, are dated by commentators. Cyrus' first year, the end of the 70 years' captivity, appears to have been about the year 527 B.C. Then the commencement of the 70 weeks or 490 years being about 445 B.C. leaves about 82 years for this interval from Cyrus' first year to Artaxerxes Longimanus' twentieth year.

(9) The 70 Weeks (Daniel 9 : 24)

have been generally understood since the earliest ages of the Christian Church to signify 490 years (a day being sometimes put for a year—Genesis 29 : 27, Numbers 14 : 34, Ezekiel 4 : 6). They commenced their fulfilment about 445 B.C. (Nehemiah 2), when Nehemiah went up in King Artaxerxes' twentieth year to "restore and build Jerusalem." As respects its subdivisions of 7 weeks, 62 weeks, and 1 week, the 7 and 62 weeks were to reach "unto Messiah the Prince" (Daniel 9 : 25), when Christ was first publicly presented to Israel as their Messiah, by His riding upon an ass into Jerusalem as their predicted Prince about A.D. 38, just before His crucifixion ; and in A.D. 70 Jerusalem was destroyed (verse 26). Then the last week will follow at the close of the Gentile dispensation with "the Prince that shall come" (the Antichrist, Napoleon), making a 7 years' covenant with the Jews and breaking it in midst of the 7 years, and being himself destroyed at their termination. Thus the past year-day fulfilment of the prophetic period of Daniel's sixty-nine weeks of years, or 483 years from King Artaxerxes twentieth year until the public presentation of Christ to Israel as their "Prince" in A.D. 38, furnishes the last link in the chronological chain—viz., 483 years from Artaxerxes twentieth year to the year of the crucifixion of Christ in A.D. 38, which the learned chronologist, the late Duke of Manchester, and others believed to be the year of the crucifixion.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

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An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Veto of the Dependent Pension bill gave rise to a vigorous debate in the House on Thursday last. The speakers hurled personal abuse at each other without any consideration of the dignity of the House. More than once a speaker was interrupted by some one or other member who flatly, and in unparliamentary language, charged the speaker with falsehood. In the end, however, the bill failed. The vote for passing it over the veto was 175, and for sustaining the veto, 125. As the number for the bill did not reach the necessary two thirds, it was declared lost. Thirty-two of the votes for sustaining the veto were cast by Northern Democrats. Thirty-nine Democrats voted for the bill. Twenty-seven members who voted for the bill when it was passed, voted against it on Thursday. General Bragg, of Wisconsin, was the chief speaker against the bill, while in its favor Messrs. Henderson and Hepburn, of Iowa, were prominent advocates.

The Election of a New Presiding Officer of the Senate took place on Friday last. Mr. Sherman's term in the Senate expires on March 4th, and though he has been elected for another term he technically ceases to be a senator this month. It was therefore necessary to have some one in the chair who holds over into the next Congress. Senators Ingalls and Harris were nominated, and the vote was taken, when 29 votes were cast for Mr. Ingalls and 26 for Mr. Harris. It would be unkind to Mr. Ingalls to speculate on the motives that led to his being selected for the office. Probably he perceives them as clearly as do the public, and will not fall into the mistake of supposing that his election is intended as a mark of honor, or carries with it the indorsement of the Senate of his speeches.

Congress Practically Declared for a Policy of retaliation on Canada, last week, in the Fishery dispute. The Senate passed its bill unanimously, and the House passed its substitute by a vote of 252 to 1. With so much unanimity in principle it will be singular if the bill should fail through a dispute between the two branches of Congress. The difference between them is that the House desires to give the President power to "forbid the entrance or importation, *either by land or water*, into the United States, of any goods, wares, or merchandise from the aforesaid Dominion of Canada or Newfoundland, or any locomotive, car, or other vehicle from the Dominion of Canada," and also provides a three-mile limit against Canadian fishermen, while the Senate bill contemplated the exclusion only of fish, and proposed retaliation, if necessary, merely upon fishing vessels. It is asserted by eminent statesmen and lawyers that if the President used the power which the House proposes to place in his hands, he would violate one of the articles of the Treaty of Washington. During the House debate there was some boasting about the ability of the United States to "whip" England in the event of a war, which was probably meant exclusively for Irish ears, and which was beneath the dignity of Congress. Retaliation itself is childish, and if the statesmen on both sides had exercised ordinary sagacity, the dispute would have been arranged without resorting to any such policy.

The Cause of the Hartford Railroad Disaster, on February 5th, is stated by the Vermont Railroad Commission to have been a defective rail. The Commissioners having made a minute and careful inquiry, announced their conclusion last week. The broken journal of the forward car they believe to have been a result, not a cause, of the accident. It was of standard strength, and its fracture is fully accounted for by the jumping of the car on the ties. It may be hoped that the railroad companies throughout the country will make an attempt to comply with the recommendation which the Commission incorporates in its report as to the heating of the cars. After commenting on the fact that many who lost their lives in the accident might have been saved if the cars had not taken fire, the Commissioners recommend all roads in Vermont to adopt steam-heating from the engine before next winter, unless in the mean time some better method is perfected. The Commission urges the railroads of the State to hold a conference with connecting roads so as to make the changes soon.

The Experiment of High License in New York appears likely to be tried. That it will also try its promoters, if adopted, may be safely predicted. There can, however, be no question that it has the indorsement of the most highly-respected classes in the State—men, who, for many years have been known as avowed enemies of the liquor traffic. At an enormous and enthusiastic meeting held in Chickering Hall, New York, on Friday last, ex-Chief-Justice Noah Davis strongly advocated the measure, though he did not conceal his preference for a law that would abolish the traffic altogether. That, however, being in his opinion impracticable, he regarded the question as lying between high and low license, and, that being so, preferred the former. He was supported by eminent clergymen, philanthropists, and public men. The measure before the Legislature, in its present stage, proposes to fix the cost of a liquor license at $1000, a malt liquor and cider license at $100, and a druggist's license at $100. Dr. Talmage, being a Prohibitionist, is a strong opponent of the measure which he contemptuously characterizes as "an imbecile compromise."

A Startling Suggestion is Made by Mayor Hewitt, of New York. If he had made it before his election it would have cost him many votes. In a letter to the meeting held on Friday to discuss the High License bill, Mr. Hewitt said: "I have come to the conclusion that the law should be modified so as to permit the selling of beer and light wines *on Sunday afternoons* in such places as shall be specially licensed for that purpose. In view of the fact that a very large portion of our population come from countries in which the Sabbath afternoon is used for recreation as well as rest, and that the privilege of taking light refreshment in social gatherings is rarely abused by them, it would, in my judgment, contribute very much to the ease with which we could prevent violations of the law, if this concession to the habits and wishes of a portion of our people could be made." Happily, the Mayor can do nothing toward obtaining this concession, and the fact of his advocating it will not be forgotten should he ever again be a candidate for office. The law requiring the saloons to be closed on Sunday must be retained, because some day public opinion on the subject will be sufficiently educated to insure the election of officials who will enforce it.

The German Elections will Give Bismarck a clear majority in the Reichstag. The German rule that a candidate must poll an absolute majority of all the votes cast in his district before he can be duly elected, involves the necessity of new elections in many places. Definite results already known, however, leave exactly one half of the members of the new Reichstag distinctly pledged to the support of the Septennate, without reckoning re-ballots. The supplementary elections have been fixed for March 2d. Although a majority of the districts in which new elections were to be held yesterday are certain to be carried by the opposition candidates, the total result will give Prince Bismarck a working majority independent of the Centre members, many of whom will either vote for the Septennate or abstain from voting. In spite of Government influence, Alsace and Lorraine manifested a strong anti-German feeling. The votes cast for French candidates were 72,480, and for German, 16,022. Although the general result is a victory for Bismarck, and it was predicted that such an issue would allay apprehensions of war, that effect has not been produced. War is still evidently expected at an early date, and all the nations are making preparations for it. European correspondents of the daily press in America concur in describing Europe as resembling a vast gunpowder magazine, which a spark will explode.

The Number of Deaths from the Earthquake in the Riviera, on February 23d, was not accurately ascertained at the close of last week. A partial list of sixty Communes, out of three hundred visited by the disturbance, was issued, but even in those there was reason to fear that many bodies were still buried under fallen buildings. The distress throughout the Riviera is terrible. Government assistance, supplemented by private benevolence, is being extended to the homeless, but the suffering is too widespread for any effort to cope with at the outset. Some of the details of the calamity, extracted from the cable reports, with *a picture of Nice* are given on page 140. Prophetic students will see in the appalling narrative a suggestion of what will shortly occur when the three great earthquakes spoken of in Revelation shake the world.

The Trial of the Irish Members of Parliament charged with conspiracy, has ended in a hung jury. After being out two hours the jury informed the court that there was no possibility of coming to an agreement. The judge, therefore, discharged them. It is stated that they stood nine for conviction to three for acquittal. A similarity of names misled the Crown lawyer in his challenges, and he succeeded in having a juryman favorable to the Crown struck off when he supposed that the man was a Nationalist. This blunder doubtless contributed to the result. The judge's charge was admitted to be fair, though at the commencement of the trial his ruling showed evident bias against the defendants. The prosecuting counsel conducted the case at a disadvantage. He defended Mr. Parnell when that gentleman was being tried, and made a vigorous speech against the Government. When prosecuting Dillon and his colleagues, last week, he was twitted with his former speech, and the effect of his address was neutralized.

Mr. H. M. Stanley's Expedition for the Relief of Emin Bey is now lost to the ken of the civilized world. In plunging into the interior it has no communication with the coast. Mr. Stanley says that the party have embarked on the steamer Madura. Among them are Tippu Tib, the Arab trader, and forty of his followers. Couriers have gone overland with letters to Uganda, while others have been sent to Stanley Falls to meet the native chiefs. An advance force will push on to Wadelai the third day after arriving at Stanley Falls without the Arabs. The force of Tippu Tib will proceed by way of Kasongo and Lake Tanganyika to Stanley Falls. Mr. Stanley's telegram continues: "If I do not arrive before, I hope to reach the Cape by March 9th, 1888, where telegrams may be addressed to me. Good-by."

The Rev. M. Baxter Delivered Three Discourses on the Coming Great Events of prophecy at Masonic Temple, Ninth and F Streets, Washington, D. C., on Sunday last. The audience at each meeting was large, and much interest was manifested in the lecturer's exposition. Next Sunday he will preach again in the same place. Last Thursday the Prophetic Conference in Cosmopolitan Hall, New York, was largely attended, and Mr. Baxter's interpretations were discussed by several clergymen.

A Jewish Family was Received into the Methodist Church at Milwaukee, Wis., on February 20th. At the morning service the mother and her five sons and daughters publicly renounced Judaism and professed faith in Christ. The lady said, in giving her testimony, that during a recent period of severe domestic affliction, while in great sorrow and loneliness, she found comfort in the Christian faith, and, after many mental struggles, she decided to renounce the religion of her people. The ceremony of receiving her into her new Church affiliation was witnessed by an immense gathering of spectators. The incident is the more remarkable because the Jewish community in Milwaukee is ultra-orthodox, and is very strict in its policy of non-intercourse with Christians.

The Rev. W. F. Re Qua Writes Hopefully of his work at McAllister, Ind. Ter., where many encouraging tokens of God's blessing on his effort are being granted to him. He also expresses his thankfulness to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for their timely help during the severe weather. He is now making an effort to establish a school for Indian children. There are several orphans, whose intelligence promises good results for educational work, and many other children whose parents would welcome such an enterprise. One of the Indians has offered to give land for the purpose, and Mr. Re Qua believes that by combining manual training—teaching the boys gardening and the girls sewing, the school would soon become self-supporting. A small fund for building will, however, be required before attempting it.

A Clergyman Acting as Temporary Nurse was surprised recently in his occupation. The Springfield *Republican* states that a Boston minister a few days ago had occasion to look up a very poor family, and climbed up four flights of stairs in a noisome tenement house on his errand. His tap at the door was answered by Dr. Phillips Brooks with a baby in his arms. Inquiry revealed the fact that the woman had been very sick and sorely needed fresh air, but had no one with whom to leave her little baby. Phillips Brooks found her out, gave her tickets for a horse-car ride and was staying tending the baby while she enjoyed it.

An Opportunity for Sleeping in Church was afforded recently by a clergyman at Newburyport, Mass. The *Herald* of that city says that among the congregation of a suburban church two Sundays ago were several persons who were asleep during the sermon. The clergyman noticed it and made a pause. He said that as some had fallen asleep he would give them a chance to have a nap. He sat down and the sleepers were aroused. After an interval of a few minutes he resumed his discourse to a congregation very much awake. The most serious thought in connection with slumbering hearers is that their somnolence is possibly a sign that they are spiritually asleep or they would be too eager for Gospel food to fall asleep in church (1 Cor. 11 : 30).

A Farmer was Disillusioned in a Bank in Georgia recently. The *Chronicle* of Augusta, Ga., states that a well-known bank-cashier in that city was visited by a farmer who, having heard that money was cheap, had come to see about it. Said the farmer, "Mr. Cashier, is it true that money is abundant and cheap?" The cashier answered in the affirmative. "Can I get some?" queried the countryman. "Certainly," replied the moneyed man. "Well, just lend me a hundred dollars for six months." The cashier said, "You can have the money—we have plenty of it—but it is necessary for us to have collateral." The farmer winced and responded, "Collateral! What is that?" The matter was explained. Then the planter of the soil, illuminated on the subject of political economy, with a broad grin, rejoined, "Ah, I see how it is, Mr. Cashier. Money is plentiful and not high, but it is this *collateral* that is scarce and hard to get!" He went away disappointed. It was not in his power to comply with the conditions of the bank. That is never the case with those who seek eternal riches. None go away from Christ disappointed but they who will not give up the world (Matt. 19 : 22).

A Child's Repudiation of Responsibility is mentioned by the Boston *Transcript*. It shows how quick children are to learn a lesson from the inconsistencies of their elders. A well-known clergyman's little daughter has just been put to bed, and upon the stillness comes a tiny voice in the nightly prayer. Then silence, soon broken by these words: "And, dear Lord, this afternoon I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor little girl, and she had no shoes or stockings on—and—and"—another silence, as though staggered by the immensity of the problem—"*it's none of our business, is it, God?*" If the child had been speaking of a subject which has lately engrossed the attention of many Boston clergyman her question would not have been very inappropriate, but in this matter she was certainly wrong. The Bible is very explicit about the duty of those who have this world's goods and see their brother in need (1 John 3 : 17).

A Cigarette that Cost a Fortune was Smoked by a young man in Dakota recently. The St. Paul *Globe* states that a very wealthy, and somewhat eccentric, old gentleman, residing in Massachusetts, journeyed to Dakota recently to look up a grandson, to whom he designed to leave his fortune if he found the young man worthy. On reaching the flourishing town where the youth lived the old gentleman made a quiet investigation and the young man was pointed out to him lounging in the door of a saloon smoking a cigarette. He did not make himself known, but took the first train for home and changed his will in favor of a public educational institution which he was sure would put his fortune to a good use. If the young man had expected the coming of his grandfather it is safe to believe that he would not have been found so engaged in such a place. He acted as many Christians are doing who forget that Christ will soon come suddenly into the air to summon His watchful and expectant servants (Matt. 24 : 48–51).

A Man is Being Tried for Being Alive in Boston, Mass. It is charged that a short time ago he took out a policy in an Accidental Insurance Company, in which the company was bound, in the event of his being killed by accident, to pay his intended wife $5000. Three weeks after the policy was issued the company was notified that the man had been accidentally drowned while rowing on the river at Beverly. There was no doubt about the boat in which he had gone out having been upset, and the man had certainly disappeared, but the company suspected that he had swum ashore and was concealing himself until the $5000 had been paid. Detectives were employed and the man who was sworn to be dead was found alive. He was arrested and held for trial. The man is now being tried for being alive when he was alleged to be dead. His offence is typical. When Christians who profess to be dead to the world are eager in the race for wealth, quick to resent an insult, or vindictive toward those who injure them, they prove that their declaration that they are dead to the world is fraudulent (Rom. 6 : 2, 6).

An Artificial Larynx for a Young Lady in New York is being constructed under the superintendence of a distinguished physician. She is now absolutely dumb in consequence of an operation recently performed upon her at the German Hospital, in Fourth Avenue. She went there suffering from a cancer in the throat, and the surgeons perceived that the only way to save her life was to remove the larynx, that cartilaginous music-box which contains the vocal chords and is known to the general world as "Adam's apple." The patient was put under the influence of anæsthetics and the operation performed. She bore it well and has steadily improved ever since. The wound has entirely healed, and she breathes through a silver tube inserted for the purpose without other apparent discomfort than the inability to utter a sound. The peculiar piece of machinery which is to be placed in the young woman's throat as soon as she is able to bear it is constructed of gutta-percha, and is a close imitation of the natural article. It has membranes similar to the vocal chords, and while all the folds of the larynx cannot be counterfeited, it is yet believed that the patient will be able to make intelligible sounds with some degree of accuracy. The result is awaited with much interest. It is significant that the most sanguine hopes about the artificial larynx are that with it the lady may be able to make herself understood. No one imagines that it will be equal to the natural organ. That, like all the Creator's work, is perfect in a mechanical point of view. The only improvement possible is a moral one, as in the case of men whose profane and mendacious speech has become habitual, and oaths and lies drop from their lips almost automatically. That improvement Christ works when He gives a new heart (Ps. 120 : 2-4).

BRIEF NOTES.

MR. HELLER, the earnest Evangelist from Newark, N. J., has been addressing meetings at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

The Rev. Dr. William Irvin, a graduate of Princeton, in 1859, and now pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Troy, has accepted the Secretaryship of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Rev. E. W. Oakes is holding successful meetings at Manchester, N. H. A hall has been taken for him, which is becoming a centre of aggressive work among non-church-goers. Some very remarkable conversions have taken place.

A series of daily noonday religious meetings, commenced on Monday last, and will be continued during Lent for business men, at the Church of the Strangers—Dr. Deems, pastor. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, is conducting them this week. The services last about an hour.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, the veteran prophetic expositor, now of Edinburgh, but for many years of Kelso, Scotland, the author of some of our most popular hymns, has made arrangements to retire from active ministerial life. Dr. Bonar was ordained in 1837. He this year, therefore, completes his fifty years in the ministry.

The revival in Indiana is spreading from place to place. The Presbyterian Church in Franklin has added to its membership in a few weeks ninety-seven new members. In Greencastle, Ind., about seventy persons have been received; in Monticello, twenty-five, and in Grace Church, Evansville, twenty-five.

The enlargement of the Brooklyn Tabernacle has become a matter of necessity. At every service, when Dr. Talmage preaches, the aisles and corridors are packed with dense masses of people unable to get seats, and large numbers cannot get within the doors. It is proposed to make an extension in the direction of Third Avenue on land occupied by houses.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., who has resigned the pastorate of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., to resume evangelistic work, commences services at Cleveland, Ohio, next Sunday. His visit is in response to an invitation of eight ministers and their churches, located in the centre of the city. These churches are now holding union prayer-meetings in the several churches in preparation for Dr. Pentecost's coming.

Mr. D. L. Moody, who is now laboring in Chicago, has received promises for the whole of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars wherewith to erect the large building in that city for the training of Christian workers. Mr. Sankey, speaking on the subject last week, said: "Mr. Moody is confident of good results. This is to be just what its name implies—a school for the training of Christian workers. The ablest and most practical teachers known will be secured, and the institution will be placed upon a firm, substantial basis. Mr. Moody believes that Chicago is the best place to try the new work. The field is certainly a large one. If we are successful there, we propose to advocate the same system in other cities, and will try and have similar buildings erected in NewYork, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg."

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about twelve mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening and Sundays in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

ETERNAL LIFE WITHIN GRASP.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Lay hold on eternal life."—1 Timothy 6 : 12.

"Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."—1 Timothy 6 : 19.

The Daily Warfare—A Fierce Conflict—Eternal Life a Reality—Can be Secured on Earth Only—I. Believe in It—Unrenewed Men Dead—Life from the Holy Spirit—Transforms the Being—II. Possess It—Grasped by Faith—Exercised in Love—Increased by Growth—III. Watch Over It—IV. Fulfil It—A Spartan Mother's Reproof—V. Expect It.

"Lay hold on eternal life." Observe that this precept is preceded by another—"Fight the good fight of faith." Those who lay hold on eternal life will have to fight for it. The way of the spiritual life is no easy one; we shall have to contest every step of the way along which it leads us. "Contest the good contest of the faith" would be an accurate rendering of the passage; and a contest it is against the world, the flesh, and the devil. If we live unto God we shall need to war

A Daily Warfare,

and tread down the powers of death and hell. We fight the good fight by firm faith in the Lord our God: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." That fight is the fight of faith, fought for the faith, and by the faith. The article should be inserted, and then the words are—"Fight the good fight of *the* faith." "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." "Hold fast the form of sound words." It is worth fighting for, even if we come to resistance unto blood. When I say unto you, "Lay hold on eternal life," do not imagine that this is to be done in a dream, or accomplished without arousing your utmost energies, nor even then without that divine assistance which only faith can receive.

As my text follows the command to "fight the good fight of the faith," it teaches us that the best way of contending for the faith is, for ourselves personally to lay hold on eternal life. You cannot defend the faith by mere reasoning; victory does not come through an array of arguments which have been aforetime used by men of learning; you must yourself possess the inward life, and exhibit the force and power of it in your daily conduct, if you would be successful in the holy war. Men who forget the divine life soon cast away the divine truth. If the life be not in us, we may make what profession of orthodoxy we like, but we shall, in all probability, before long, turn aside, like others, unto crooked ways. Well are the two commands joined together: "Fight the good fight of the faith, lay hold on eternal life." It reminds me of our Lord's words, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

My brethren, there is a higher and a better life than that which is known to the most of men. There is an animal life which all possess; there is a mental life which lifts us up above the beasts; but there is another life as much

Above the Mental Life

as the mental life is above the mere animal life. The bulk of men are not aware of this, and when they are told of it they do not believe the statement. Men whom they would believe upon any other subject, honest and true men, are, nevertheless, regarded as a sort of madmen when they begin to talk about a spiritual life. How should the carnal mind discern that which is spiritual? for it can only be spiritually discerned. But there is such a life, as many of us know assuredly, and this is the life eternal, which we are bidden to lay hold upon.

Dream not that any of you will ever obtain eternal life hereafter unless you receive it in this life. Unless you are partakers of it now, tremble for the consequences. Where death finds you eternity will leave you. Thus I read the Word of God, let others read as they may. The only laying hold on eternal life that can be practised by us must be commenced now; it is now brought to light by Christ Jesus in the everlasting Gospel; beware how you put it from you. Grip it now; lay hold of it now; and hold on to it. "Lay hold on eternal life."

I. "Lay hold on eternal life," that is,

Believe in It.

You cannot lay hold on it unless you know it to be a reality. We do not lay hold on shadows, or fictions, or fancies; there must be something substantial and tangible for us to lay hold upon. It is needful, therefore, to begin by a realizing faith. That we may believe in this life, let me say that Holy Scripture constantly describes men unrenewed by divine grace as being dead; they are "dead in trespasses and sins." They "shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on them." The natural life of fallen men, though it be cultivated to the highest degree, so that they become sages and philosophers, is nevertheless nothing better than death as compared with the inner life which is called eternal.

This life is produced by the operation of the Holy Spirit within the heart. The Lord Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." It is by the new life wrought of the Spirit that we enter the kingdom. The infusion of the new life is the new birth, and the entrance into the kingdom. We are created anew in Christ Jesus; or, to use another expression, we are quickened and raised from among the dead.

What a difference this quickening has made in those who have received it! What

A Marvellous Life

it is! It brings with it new perceptions, new emotions, new desires. It has new senses; there are new eyes, with which we see the invisible; new ears, with which we hear the voice of God, before inaudible. Then have we a new touch, with which we lay hold on divine truth; then have we a new taste, so that we "taste and see that the Lord is good." This new life ushers us into a new world, and gives us new relationships and new privileges. The Lord Jesus, who makes all things new, sits upon the throne of the soul, and is the centre of new power and rule. Do you know this life?

The spiritual life has instinctive aspirations after holiness, even as the old natural life has desires after evil. It has new pains and new passions; new joys and griefs. A heavenly fire burns upon the altar of the renewed soul which will utterly consume all that is contrary to holiness. As our God is a consuming fire, so is the life of God within the soul of man; ultimately it will destroy, by the spirit of burning, all the accumulated mass of original and acquired sinfulness. Much of smoke may blind our eyes and make us weep during the process; but the end is beyond measure to be desired.

I scarcely need to tell you that this life is one of high enjoyment. Truly it is a life of battle against the old death; but the life itself is as

Peaceable as It is Pure.

The spiritual life has in it all the elements of heaven. There is a fulness of joy about it, inasmuch as it brings us into communion with the Ever-blessed One. On high days and holy days some of us have said, as a dear sister said to me last Thursday night, "I am happy as God Himself can make me." We can say, "God my exceeding joy." The Lord's visits fill us with such calm content and overflowing peace, that we rejoice with joy unspeakable. Those who know this happiness may truthfully be said *to live;* but those who know it not have missed "the life which is life indeed."

I want you all to get this idea into your heads—I mean all of you who have not learned this fact as yet; there is a life superior to that of common men—a life eternal, to be enjoyed now and here. I want this idea to become a practical force with you. Stephenson got the notion of a steam-engine into his brain, and the steam-engine soon became an actual fact with him. Palissy, the potter, had his mind full of his art, and for it he sacrificed everything till he gained his end; so may you, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, lay hold upon eternal life as being a blessed possibility; and may you be moved to seek it! Oh, that the Lord Himself would convince you this morning that the life spiritual and eternal is no fancy of enthusiasts, but a literal fact, a matter worthy of your very best consideration! In this way you will begin to "lay hold on eternal life."

II. But this is not enough; it is merely the door-step of the subject. "Lay hold on eternal life;" that is to say,

Possess It.

How is eternal life grasped? Well, it is laid hold of by faith in Jesus Christ. It is a very simple thing to trust the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet it is the only way of obtaining the eternal life. Jesus saith, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?" By faith we have done with self, and all the confidences that can ever grow out of self; and we rely upon the full atonement made by the Lord Jesus, whom God has set forth to be a propitiation; it is thus that we come to live. Faith and the new life go together, and can never be divided. God grant that we may all lay hold on eternal life by laying hold of God in Christ Jesus!

This life once laid hold upon *is exercised in holy acts.* From day to day we lay hold on eternal life by exercising ourselves unto godliness in deeds of holiness and loving kindness. Let your life be love, for love is life. Let your life be one of prayer and praise, for these are the breath of the new life. We still live the animal and mental life, but these must be the

Outer Courts of Our Being;

our innermost life must be spiritual, and be wholly consecrated to God. Henceforth be devotion your breathing, faith your heart-beat, meditation your feeding, self-examination your washing, and holiness your walking. Let your best life be most thought of, and most exercised. Be not content to use your eyes, but practise your faith in God; neither be satisfied to exercise your limbs in moving your body, but in the power of the new life mount up with wings as eagles, run without weariness, walk without fainting. Lay hold on the eternal life by exercising it continually, and never allowing it to lie dormant.

In laying hold upon it, remember that it is increased by growth. Zealously grasp more and more of it. Do not be afraid of having too much spiritual life. Lay hold on it; for Christ has come not only that we may have life, but that we may have it more abundantly. My brethren, we are none of us what we might be; let us reach after something higher. "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance;" let us not forget this encouraging word of our Lord. You that have much life have the promise of more. We may covet earnestly this heavenly treasure. We are quickened, but mayhap our life is sickly; let us bask in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, for He hath healing beneath His wings. Let us lay hold of the fullest measures of eternal life, and go from strength to strength.

III. Thirdly, "Lay hold on eternal life."

Watch Over It,

guard it, and protect it. Most men will preserve their lives at any cost. Unless they are drunk or mad, they will do anything for dear life; "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Let every believer regard the life of God within him as being his most precious possession, more valuable by far than the natural life. It would be wise to lay down a thousand natural lives, if we had them, in order to preserve the spiritual life. It is infinitely better to suffer than to sin, to lose property than purity. God has given us this priceless jewel, let us guard it as the apple of our eye.

Brethren, if we starve at all, let us starve our bodies and not our spirits. If anything must be stunted, let it be the baser nature. Let us not live eagerly for this world and languidly for the world to come. Having the divine life within us, let us not neglect to feed it and supply its

wants. Here is a man that gives up attendance upon religious services in the week because he hungers to increase his business; he buys brass with gold. Another quits the place where he enjoys a Gospel ministry to go at a larger salary to a place where his soul will be famished; he barters fine flour for husks. Another goes into all sorts of evil company, where he knows that his character is injured and his soul imperilled, and his excuse is that it pays. O sirs, is it so after all, that this eternal life which you profess to possess is of trifling value in your eyes? Then I protest before you that you do not possess it at all. How could you thus play the fool if the Lord had made you wise unto salvation? "Lay hold on eternal life," for this is the chief good, for the sake of which you may quit inferior things. To that end the apostle bade Timothy flee

Things which are Detrimental

to that life. "Thou, O man of God, flee these things." A man that is very careful of his life will not remain in a house where fever has been rife. He looks to the drains, and all other sanitary arrangements, and if these are hopelessly bad he quits the house. No measure of cheapness or convenience will make him risk his life. Have you heard of men in their senses who will hunt for dens of fever and cholera, and wantonly enter them? On the contrary, visitors are scared from a city or district by the mere rumor of cholera or other infectious disease. You who profess to be men of God must flee these things which are injurious to purity, to truth, to godliness, to communion with God, for these are detrimental to your best life.

Then the apostle tells Timothy to seek after everything that would promote his eternal life. He says, "Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness;" seek after that which will exercise and develop your highest life. Frequent those hills of holiness where the atmosphere is bracing for your newborn spirit. I notice how people who are sickly will quit their homes and journey far for health. Not only will they sojourn upon the sunny shore of the Mediterranean, but they will encounter the pitiless cold of the Alps in midwinter at St. Maritz or Davoust in the hope of restoration. If physicians would only guarantee prolongation of life, men would emigrate to inhospitable Siberia or banish themselves to Greenland's icy mountains. Men will do anything for life. Shall we not be eager to do all that we can to foster our spiritual life? Christian people, do nothing that will damage your heaven-born lives. Act in this according to the highest prudence.

IV. But now, fourthly (and with the same brevity), "Lay hold on eternal life," that is,

Fulfil It.

Labor that the time of your sojourning here shall be occupied, not with this poor, dying existence, but with the eternal life. Fulfil the higher and the eternal life in every position of society. The chapter opens with advice to servants, who then were slaves. Their earthly life was wretched indeed, but the apostle bids them live, not for this present life, but for the eternal life. Inasmuch as they could glorify God by continuing to bear the yoke, and would not glorify Him by rising in insurrection against their masters, he bade them remain in their position until better times might come. He would have them by divine grace fulfil the relationship in which they found themselves. And this is what the Gospel says to every one of us:

Honor Your Station

by glorifying God in it. When the famous Spartan warrior Brasidas complained that Sparta was so small a state, his mother replied to him, "My son, Sparta has fallen to your lot, and it is your duty to adorn it." Christian man, adorn the doctrine of God, your Saviour, in all things Wherever you are found, endeavor in that place to live out eternal life. Be not so anxious to change your position as to use it for eternal purposes. What if I am a servant, yet I am the Lord's freeman; let me live as such. What if I am poor, yet am I rich toward God, and let me enjoy my portion. Lay hold on eternal life all the more eagerly if in this temporal life thou hast little to lay hold on.

Fulfil this better life, also, by leaving alone those questions which would swallow up the hour. Brethren, you can go and interfere in all the controversies of the day if you like, but beware of the consequences. You can be a party politician if you like, or you can be a man of culture, loving speculation better than revelation, if you think fit; but, if you

Take My Advice,

you will do nothing of the sort, but "lay hold on eternal life." I like that expression of Mr. Wesley's preachers, when they were asked to interfere in this or that political struggle, they replied, "Our work is to win souls, and we give ourselves to it." Oh, that churches would listen to this just now! They are going in for amusements, and the church is vying with the theatre. Oh, that we would lay hold on eternal life, and seek the salvation of men. Eternal life in our churches would soon cast out the rubbish which is now defiling them. Jesus in the churches would purify the temple of the puppets, as once He cleansed it of the traders.

Further, the apostle bids us do this so as to surmount *the temptations of selfishness*. He whose life's object is to accumulate money is not a Christian. No man can serve two masters; and if Mammon be his master Christ is not his Master. To live for this world is to be dead to the world to come. As the alchemist was said to transmute brass and copper into gold (though he did no such thing), so there is

A Real Alchemy

which can sublime gold and silver into everlasting treasure. These talents are not to be despised, but put out to interest for the Lord. We can use them for helping on the work of the Lord, and by distribution to the poor and needy. I would that all men at this hour abounded in almsgiving, but specially those who are followers of the loving Jesus.

V. Last of all, and I have done,

Expect It.

By the two hands of faith and hope lay hold on eternal life as the great reward of the righteous. Look for the crown of life which fadeth not away. The time comes when this mortal life shall be utterly swallowed up in life eternal. Let me suggest to you, my beloved brothers and sisters, that we think much about the life to come. We shall soon be there in the endless home, let us send our thoughts thither like couriers in advance. To-day you know the straits of poverty, but you are going where the streets are paved with transparent gold. You now know the aches and pains of this frail flesh, but you are going where perpetual youth and vigor shall cause all pain to flee away. You are passing quickly along the journey, think much of that journey's end. Remember the rest which remaineth, the perfection which is promised, the victory which is secured, the communion which is provided, the glory which is dawning. Think much of your home; every good child will do so.

"Ah!" says one, "I wish I were already in heaven." Do not be in a hurry.

The Best Expectancy

is that which doth with patience wait. Our esteemed brother, Mr. Lockhart, tells a story of one of his members, of the name of Carey—a royal name *that!* She was very sick and near to die, but she expressed a desire to live, at which he was somewhat astonished, for he knew her to be so well prepared to depart. She wished to stay here a while for a good and laudable reason. There was one thing which she could see here on earth, which she could not see in heaven, and she wished to remain here to see it again and again. "What is that?" Mr. Lockhart asked. "It is the tear of repentance on the sinner's cheek; I want to see a great many more of those before I go home." And so do I. Oh, my unconverted hearers, I would willingly stop out of heaven to weep for you till you weep for sin.

My brethren and sisters around me would be willing to wait also, even until Jesus comes, if we could, by our waiting, help to give you repentance. Tears of repentance bedewing the cheeks of sinners are the diamonds of angels and the jewels of saints. Oh, that my beloved helpers may see many drops of the dew of repentance this morning when they come round among you; and may Jesus see them, and speak peace to repenting hearts. Poor sinners! we would stop out of heaven for such as you, even as Jesus came out of heaven for such as you. Believe on the one appointed Saviour, and enter into eternal life, and we will dwell in heaven together. The Lord grant it. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.*

Ladies in a Cellar.

GENERAL HANCOCK, after deciding to attempt the passage of Swift Creek, had instructed me to write to the ladies of a house immediately at the crossing, who, as he had learned, were there unprotected, informing them that their estate was likely to be the scene of a severe conflict the next day, and offering them transportation to the rear. This was done, and, to save time, an ambulance was sent along. A reply to the letter was received an hour later—a very courteous appeal from the ladies not to make their place the scene of conflict, stating that one of the members of the household was sick and could not well be moved, and requesting that the army would take some other route. It being not altogether convenient to alter the plans of the Army of the Potomac at so short a notice, it was necessary to reply that the second corps could not well change its line of march, and that if they valued their lives they would retire. I not only sent the ambulance a second time, but requested the able and humane medical director of the corps, Dr. Dougherty, to visit them and see that the sick member of the household suffered no harm. Dr. Dougherty went, but speedily came back. He had pronounced the sick lady in a condition to be moved without the slightest danger, but his opinion had been received with indignation not of the speechless variety. I myself received a letter in which the opinions of the household concerning the Congress, President, people, and army of the United States were set forth with the utmost distinctness. The epistle closed with informing me that if any of the family were killed on the morrow their blood would rest upon my soul forevermore. Inasmuch as the only possible chance of their being injured was by shots from cannon manned by Confederates, it was difficult to apprehend the logic of this denunciation. The upshot was that the ladies sick and well stayed in the house, having moved down into the cellar. As our signal officers used the roof for purposes of observation, the Confederate cannoneers were particularly attentive to it. The house was repeatedly struck, but none of the family in the cellar were hurt.

An Officer's Dash Through the Lines.

During that night General Couch desired to communicate with General Meade and to transmit an important dispatch from General Hooker, and for this purpose dispatched Major Burt of his staff up the left bank of the river. The manner in which this spirited young officer discharged this duty deserves to be put on record as a monument of enterprise, pluck, and good riding. At about eleven o'clock on an intensely dark and rainy night, Major Burt set out, rode to Hartwood Church, thence to Kelly's Ford, thence over the river to General Meade's headquarters, a distance of at least thirty-five miles. Delivering his message, and receiving General Meade's reply, he stopped only long enough to change horses, when, it being now morning, he rode straightforward down the river bank toward, into, and through the enemy's lines, being mistaken, from his fearlessness and directness,

* From the "History of the Second Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac." By Francis A. Walker, Brevet Brigadier-General of U. S. Volunteers. With Portraits and Maps. Pp. 737. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

Nice, the Scene of the Appalling Earthquake Last Week.

for one of their own people—a mistake which was only discovered when Burt, putting spurs to his horse, plunged into the river at the United States Ford, where he was at once covered by half a dozen rifles. Swimming his horse through the shower of balls, the gallant young rider reached the opposite bank, galloped over the crest, and appeared at the corps headquarters after one of the finest pieces of staff work ever performed.

THE SCENE OF THE APPALLING EARTHQUAKE LAST WEEK.

(See Illustration.)

On this page is a picture of Nice, the beautiful city well-known to health-seekers and travellers in Southern Europe. It is the capital of the French department Alpes-Maritimes, stands at the mouth of the Paglione, and has a resident population of about 60,000. There were many more persons there last week enjoying the festivities with which people, in that and other localities in which the Roman Catholic Church is the church of the masses, take their fill of pleasure before entering on the observance of Lent.

On Wednesday of last week (Ash Wednesday), at five minutes before six in the morning the city was violently shaken by an earthquake, and the streets were filled with terror-stricken crowds rushing to open places for safety. An hour before the earthquake many of the people, whose faces were now blanched, were at a grand masked ball, and the revelries were in full swing. The illuminations, the fireworks, and the torchlight processions culminated in a perfect saturnalia when the figure of the carnival was burned in a magnificent blaze on the Place de la Préfecture. Some had only just returned and retired to rest when the shock came. In a cable despatch to the New York *Herald* are related the experiences of several American travellers who were at Nice at the time. Mr. John Lowery's description is particularly graphic. He and Mrs. Lowery were staying at the Hôtel Westminster. He was awakened on Wednesday morning by a noise overhead just as if an iron safe were being moved. He thought at first it might be burglars or a noisy party returned from the ball. "But," he proceeds, "a few seconds later I heard a noise such as might have been caused by ten thousand great iron safes all moving about at the same time. This noise culminated in the most terrible crash imaginable. *I was tossed out of bed* with a sudden jerk, and I said to myself, 'This must be an earthquake!' I ran across to Mrs. Lowery's apartment, and explained that an earthquake was going on and that there was no time to lose. *We jumped out of a window*, and, rushing across the Promenade des Anglais, took possession of the bathing-machines. Just as we left the Hôtel Westminster the hotel cracked open and the upper stories came down with a tremendous crash."

The scene in the streets, as described by eye-witnesses, was one of horror and dismay. All the houses swayed to and fro like cradles, and from the chimney-tops to the foundations the walls cracked. Women, shrieking like maniacs, appeared at the windows in their night-dresses. The sky seemed to be all in flames. It glared with a blood-red color. Two more shocks succeeded each other at brief intervals, and the entire population rushed frantically into the streets, all in their night-dresses. Men, women and children jostled against one another. Fashionable beauties were cheek by jowl with beggars and servants. Each was fully confident that the last hour had come.

Few persons had the courage to return to hotel or home that day. In some cases the buildings were so cracked or twisted that a collapse was momentarily expected, and every one dreaded another shock. The Lieutenant-Governor, General Jamais, ordered tents to be erected. Under the shelter of the huge canvas coverings men, women and children gathered, lying on mattresses brought from their homes. Some fashionable residents on Wednesday night slept in their carriages in the open air, some in bathing-machines drawn up on the beach, while hack-drivers rented their vehicles for the night at five hundred francs ($100) as sleeping-places. The rush for the railroad was general. Passengers fought their way to the cars as each train drew up, and women and children were in some cases unable to get away for two days, and remained all that time on the platform of the depot with their tickets in their pockets.

Nice was not the only place shaken. The disturbance extended through the district called the Riviera of Genoa, which is situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, across the frontiers of France and Italy. The beautiful pleasure resort of Monaco escaped the worst features of the volcanic wave. Still, the panic was great. People were eating, drinking and camping out of doors. Baron Rothschild chartered a sleeping-car for the use of his family and himself. *Gambling, however, went on almost as if nothing had happened.*

Killed in a Church.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables that "the populous province of Porto Maurizio bore the full brunt of the earthquake. Of its 106 Communes scarcely one escaped. It suffered severely from loss of life and property. At Bajardo, a small town of 1500 inhabitants, several shocks were felt at about twenty minutes to seven o'clock. At the first the inhabitants rushed in mad affright to the parish church, where they fell on their knees. The priests moved about trying in vain to calm their fears. Suddenly a severe shock caused the massive walls of the church to bulge and in another moment the sacred edifice collapsed, burying beneath its ruins several hundred, of whom 300 were killed or mutilated.

"At Mentone"

houses are shattered like those in a bombarded city. The windows are blown out and the roofs knocked off. The earthquake was capricious, the old town being little injured. Most of the big hotels escaped. The Villa Carei was totally wrecked, but the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, next door, had not even a glass broken.

"A Narrow Escape.

"Accounts of incidents are beginning to come in, especially those of hair-breadth escapes. Among others is that of Miss Chapelez, an American young lady, who was literally buried alive for some moments in the ruins of the Villa Natal, at Nice, but was eventually happily rescued. Mr. Hathaway, son of the American Consul, was among others injured. The King and Queen of Würtemberg remained in their villa and are still there. The Duc de Nemours and the Princess Blanche d'Orleans are encamping in the garden of the Villa Graziella, in which they were living. The duke had all his papers removed to the garden, with the characteristic remark, 'We must defend ourselves on the spot.'"

The Prince of Wales was at Nice a few days before the earthquake, but had quitted it for Cannes. On Wednesday morning, when the news of the calamity reached England, Queen Victoria telegraphed an anxious inquiry to the prince at Cannes, to be reassured that His Royal Highness had not been injured, and informing him that the Government requested him to return home at once, so as to allay *the anxiety of the people* regarding his safety.

Margaret Tells Mr. Crawford's Secret.

HOW MR. CRAWFORD WAS PAID.

(*See Illustration.*)

YOU might have searched every city and village of the State without finding a cleaner, brighter, more comfortable room than that in which Farmer Redfern sat down to supper one summer evening. His wife's happy face was opposite to him, and his daughter Margaret's light footstep could be heard in the kitchen across the hallway as she flitted to and fro, putting the last touches to the work of preparing the evening meal. Looking at all his surroundings, one would have said that Farmer Redfern must be a happy man, and if any family had the happiness to be without a skeleton in the cupboard it was the Redfern family. But in spite of appearances, the skeleton was there.

It was destined to peep out this evening before supper was put on the table. As the farmer sat quietly waiting a young man was ushered in, having requested speech with Mr. Redfern.

"My name is Crawford," he said; "I am a friend of your son, sir, and my business relates to him."

Instantly Mr. Redfern's face clouded over. It was easy to see that he had little reason to welcome visitors who announced themselves friends of his son. "That fact ought to be a passport to my regard, Mr. Crawford," he said, "but as you are one of Edgar's friends you will easily understand that it is not. Edgar, I am sorry to say, has caused me a great deal of anxiety, and latterly has brought shame and disgrace on a name unsullied until he bore it. I hear of his drinking and gambling, and I know that he is heavily in debt; I hope it is not an appeal for money that you have come to make."

"No," said Mr. Crawford, "I bring no appeal for money. I know that all you say is true. I am sorry to have to admit it. I have an appeal to make, however, but it is for mercy and forgiveness. I will tell you how the case stands now, and I hope you will see your way to grant both." Mr. Crawford leaned forward with clasped hands and pleaded earnestly for his friend. "You see, sir, Edgar is weak. He was a stranger to city life and was led astray. He was very popular and was much courted. It is so easy to go wrong. Edgar has fallen lower than you know. Debt is not the worst. He has been vicious, and has been so dissipated that he has lost his situation. His friends deserted him then and he fell into sickness, loneliness, and poverty. He is recovering now from a severe illness, and I believe he is a changed character. You are a religious man, Mr. Redfern, and you will, I know, have faith in the permanence of the change when I tell you that he has accepted Christ as his Saviour and is now rejoicing in Him.

"He will write you all this himself, but he would not do so when I urged him because he has made so many promises of reformation which have been broken, and he wanted to prove by his life what a radical change this is before telling you of it. In fact, he is ashamed of himself, and feared that you would not believe him."

"I expect I should be sceptical," Mr. Redfern admitted. "He could not expect anything else."

"He did not; and therefore would not write. But I have seen much of him and I assure you this is genuine. The thing I am anxious for is that you encourage him by taking him by the hand at the outset, and practically help him by having him home and letting your wife and daughter nurse him back to health in this delightful air."

Mr. Redfern hesitated. So many promises had, indeed, been made and broken. Before he replied, and while Mr. Crawford eagerly waited for his answer, Margaret, who had entered unperceived, said, "Father, Mr. Crawford has not told half the story. He has brought me a letter from Edgar, and I have read it while he has been talking. It is he whom we have to thank for this blessed news. Edgar says that when all alone, without a cent, and almost dying, Mr. Crawford came to him, brought him a doctor and a nurse, and has watched over him and given him Christian counsel. Edgar says that under God he owes to him his life and his soul."

Mrs. Redfern's face glowed with love and gratitude to the young man as Margaret spoke, and from the farmer's face fell the cloud of doubt. He rose, and extending his hand, said, "May God bless and reward you, my young friend, for your brotherly kindness to the fallen. Yes; let Edgar come by all means. He shall receive a hearty welcome. My heart is too full to say what I feel for you. I shall never forget your goodness, but I can never repay it. Let us see more of you; this home will never have a more welcome guest."

Farmer Redfern was taken at his word. Some months afterward when Edgar, well in body and regenerated in soul, had been reinstated in the position he had lost, and Mr. Redfern still persisted that he could never repay his son's benefactor, Mr. Crawford intimated that while he did not admit that he was Mr. Redfern's creditor, but ascribed all the glory to God, there was a way of most effectually discharging any claim that might lie on the farmer's conscience. Mr. Redfern listened, and afterward talked with his daughter Margaret about the mode of payment suggested by Mr. Crawford. It seemed that she knew all about it beforehand and fully approved. So, to the delight of all the parties, Mr. Crawford received the payment he coveted—the sister of his friend as his wife, and he thought himself much overpaid.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 127.*)

Rescued.

NEVER did castaway mariner on an ocean rock scan the horizon with such a longing heart and searching gaze as did Alfred Atheling, and that by no means on his own account only, but for the sake of the gentle Inez, whose powers of endurance were almost at an end.

Suddenly the deep silence which had fallen upon them was broken by Will Trounce, the keen-eyed mariner who had more than once boasted for Inez's comfort that he could see a full-rigged barque at all but impossible distances. "A sail! a sail!" said he, and it may well be believed that the honest tar put all the soul he had into the cheering news.

Immediately the oar was high uplifted. The red shawl was hoisted, and then first one and then another shouted across the deep. It was unheeded, perhaps unheard, and the twilight was settling down so that they were most likely unseen. Captain Lanyon bethought him of his pistol. By his direction the little crew gave one loud simultaneous shout; then he fired his pistol, once, twice, thrice, with little intervals between.

Strange to say, just then there came a sudden darkness, and the strange craft on which all their hopes were set vanished utterly from their sight. Their new-kindled expectations of deliverance seemed blighted. A faint cry of pain was uttered by Inez. Alfred turned to cheer her, but her strength had failed her; collapse had come, and the poor girl fainted on his friendly arm. The young man was certain that she could

never endure another long, long night upon that wild and wintry sea.

Again the captain fired his pistol in the air, and now that the darkness had deepened, its flash was clearly seen. In a few moments a rocket rose up quite near them, whizzing upward with a swift and rushing sound which fairly startled the occupants of the boat, and helped to restore to consciousness the maiden in the stern. The light of the rocket illumined the surface of the sea all around them, lit up their faces, and revealed the hull and masts of a ship close at hand. Again our waifs gave an answering shout, and a sympathetic cheer from the ship told them that help had really come.

"Thank God!" said Captain Lanyon, who at set of sun had felt that his hope was set too, for he saw that his darling's strength was gone, and his warm heart was sore within him.

"Thank God!" said Alfred Atheling, heaving a long-drawn sigh of relief, thankful most of all on account of the gentle and suffering maiden lying so listless and helpless on his breast.

With three experienced mariners like Captain Lanyon, Joe Hewitt, and Will Trounce on board the little skiff, it was not long before they reached the welcome ark which had come down in the dark to their relief, and the willing hands of those on board the ship were soon congenially employed in hoisting them on deck.

"Look here, mates," said Joe Hewitt, to the sympathetic tars who were conducting them to the cabin, "I reckon this 'll bring a bit o' special luck to this ere barque, let alone the marcy that it's brought to us. For why? Good reason, you're entertainin' an' angel unawares. Them's my sentiments." "An angel i' everything but wings," said Will, "an' she would ha' had them afore mornin', I'm thinkin'."

Both Inez and Alfred, as it now appeared, now that the strain was over and reaction had come, were very ill. All unused to such sharp exposure, they had suffered severely. The captain of the vessel had the maiden placed in his wife's cabin. Alfred was otherwise cared for, and both were invalids that it was essential to treat as such. The "seasoned timbers" of Captain Lanyon and his two comrades had enabled them successfully to endure the test.

In the course of the evening Captain Lanyon told his host the story of the Boadicea and its fate, and of their subsequent wanderings on the sea. That which roused the listening skipper to boiling point was the description of the ill-fated ship, and how poor a fight she made of it when the sea began to try her. The story elicited some very strong expletives from the indignant listener, more forcible than graceful by far.

"I call 'em murderers, reg'lar downright assassins. Owners that'll send craft like that to sea, because they're covered by insurance, regardless of what becomes of the men that mans 'em—they have no consciences, and their hearts are as callous as the coat of an alligator. I suppose that Boadicea o' yours was just about as rotten in her timbers as soaked junk in a leaky barrel."

"She was very craky an' cranky, too," said Captain Lanyon, a little more moderately.

"Rotten, sir! rotten, I tell you, as sure as my name's Crumpit—every beam an' plank an' stay. But I'll warrant not half so rotten as the men that owned her. Rotten as medlars all such rascals are, and the devil 'll meddle with them to some purpose. If he doesn't, then I say it's no use havin' a devil, that's all. What do you say?"

"I'm afraid it's too true. They deserve the most severe punishment," said Captain Lanyon.

"Punishment!" said the irate Captain Crumpit, "hangin's too good for 'em. I should like to gather together a fleet o' them floating coffins. Then I would put owners, merchants, middlemen, underwriters, everybody that has a hand in keeping the ghastly sailor-traps afloat, an' send 'em out of harbor in a reg'lar double-reefed tops'el gale o' wind. It would rid both sea and land of a pack of rubbish, and save thousands of precious sailors' lives."

Captain Crumpit was greatly relieved by this indignant outburst, and more calmly proceeded to give Captain Lanyon some information in return. "You are on board the Good Intent," said he, in answer to Captain Lanyon's inquiry. "As good and well bottomed a ship, ay, and as well managed, though I say it myself, as any ship that dips her nose into salt water. We've a cargo of wheat on board, so packed that ten bushels of it can't shift whatever kind of sea we have. We're from New York, and we are bound for the port of London, and as for where we are at this present moment, why, I expect and hope to smoke a pipe with the Buoy at Nore in a week or ten days, God willing."

When Alfred Atheling heard that, willy-nilly, he must return to that hateful city, the scene of his own wrong-doing, the place of his greatest peril, with all his new-born hopes and purposes concerning a redeemed life unfulfilled, his pain and disappointment were intense, and he wished that he had gone down with the old Boadicea into the depths of the sea. The depressing effect which this discovery had upon him retarded his recovery, and all the time that he remained on board the Good Intent, he was weak and ill in body, sad and sick of heart. There was one thing of which he was sure, whatever 'hap the day might bring,' by the help of God, if he could not evade the far-reaching arm of justice, he would never again act the fool as in the misspent and wasted past.

"Ralph Ravensworth," said he with a sigh, "shall never carry the disgrace that made Alfred Atheling unfit for wear."

It was well for his prospects in the fulfilment of that vow that the young man's heart, while these thoughts were passing through his mind, went out in longing to his mother, while his thoughts went up to God.

Inez Lanyon still suffered too, and had to keep her berth, with little alternations to the captain's cabin. Nothing could exceed the rough but kindly skipper's attention to his guest. "It's a rough cage," he said, "for such a dainty bird to be shut up in; but it's better than that bit of a cockleshell you were tumblin' about in when we picked you up; and a plaguey sight better than that creaking old coffin the Boadicea. The Boa-dish-you I should ha' called her, for she'd nearly dished you, an' ta'en you down to Davy Jones in her in'ards, like a boa constrictor. However, all's well that ends well, an' the old tub's gone. She's 'boa-deceased' now, thank goodness. Ha, ha, ha!" and Captain Crumpit laughed heartily at his own joke.

"You've got a good, well found, sound bottomed, likely looking craft under you, Captain Crumpit," said Captain Lanyon one day, as they were pacing the deck. "There's some comfort and pride in handling a ship like this." "Ay, ay, captain," the other said, "I'm proud of her; there isn't a stronger or a sounder craft afloat. She's a bit heavy in her build, and isn't altogether so easy to handle as some; but then she isn't skittish, and she can be depended on in rough-and-tumble kind o' weather. The fact is," said he, pausing in his walk, and looking at his companion as though he had something to say worth hearing, "the Good Intent is like her owner, sound from stem to stern. If you can say that of a shipowner, you may be quite sure that he'll have his vessels built on the same lines an' kept on 'em, till they can't very well be trusted for age an' wear. Then he'll break 'em up and not sell 'em for some scoundrel to make a sailor's coffin of."

"I should like, now that my cranky old tub has gone to the bottom, to get a vessel owned by a man of that sort," said Captain Lanyon, with a smile.

"Why," said Captain Crumpit, "it might happen to be possible. The owner of this has got several craft of his own as well as this. They are all in the corn and timber trade mostly. I'll answer for it that every ship's got a good character, because the gov'nor's got a good conscience, an' that's an article not too common either on sea or land. If it had been in your case, you would have been dropping anchor in the port of New York by this."

"Who did you say was the owner of the Good Intent?" inquired Captain Lanyon, still thinking of possible employment under such an admirable man.

"Why, he's a Quaker corn and timber merchant, whose warehouses line the Thames side in Smith Street near by London Bridge. His name's Ephraim Hartgold, and he deserves to have such a name, for if ever mortal man in this world had a heart of gold, it's the owner of the Good Intent. I dare say he'll board us off Gravesend, for Ephraim Hartgold has a knack of minding his own business pretty smartly, especially so far as his ships are concerned. Now, mark my word, if you happen to be on deck when he comes, the first words you'll hear him say will be—'Well, Captain Crumpit, what cheer? Are all the hands come back with you safe and sound?' That will be about the size of it; an' I verily believe that he would sooner hear a good acount of the men that man the vessel than about either the ship or the cargo. What's the consequence? There's not a man or lad on board the Good Intent, from skipper to cabin boy, that doesn't honor him, or that would spare any amount of pains to serve his interests."

This excellent character, so heartily and spontaneously accorded, made Captain Lanyon more than ever anxious to be taken into the good Quaker's employ, and he determined to try his chances at the earliest opportunity. Soon afterward the Good Intent, favored with a fair wind and a flow-tide, passed the Nore, and anchored off Gravesend, as usual, to wait for further orders.

No sooner did Alfred Atheling hear the anchor-chains rattle through the hause-holes as the vessel hove-to than a full sense of his peril, exaggerated by his fears, broke upon him with overpowering force. He was once again in England! He who had fled from justice; he who was specially "wanted" by Police Constable Tugwell, who would be only too glad to retrieve his former blunder by the recapture of his former prisoner; he for whose capture a reward was offered, was once again within the possible and probable grasp of the law he had offended! The word absconded, which he himself had read concerning himself in the "Agony" columns of the daily papers, seemed to be written in letters of fire on the cabin wall; and he felt impelled to leave the ship without an hour's delay.

His fears and forebodings were deepened and intensified when the innocent Inez, noting his pale face and haggard features, laid her hand upon his arm and looked up at him with love-lighted eyes. "Oh, Mr. Ravensworth!" she said, in soft and winsome tones, "you are sad. Dear friend, tell me what it is?" As she spoke the dark eyes of this fair daughter of the south were filled with tears, and there was that in her tones which revealed a secret that was not as yet understood by herself, nor recognized by her young and gentle heart.

For one startled moment Alfred was silent. Two things were made manifest to him at once. "She loves me," thought he; and then he thought how dearly he should delight to kiss those tears away. But the discovery distressed him exceedingly. He felt unspeakably sad, even while he felt how great would be his joy to hear such an avowal from her own sweet lips. All that was best and manliest in Alfred Atheling now came uppermost and to the front. The sore discipline through which he had lately passed had been of infinite moral value to him, and he was sincerely alarmed and grieved at the knowledge unwittingly revealed to him that the maiden's heart was or might be his own. He had never thought to win her love; he had regarded her as little more than a child. She was young in years, and had the appearance of being younger than she was. But like everything that belongs to the tropic region, where the sun displays his regal power, the maiden rapidly approached the line which divides the girl from the woman, and Alfred was a youth of great per-

sonal attractions, and his behavior through all the sad season of their dire distress had been such as was sure to win upon a trusting, sensitive, loving, and grateful spirit as her own.

Now that Alfred felt that such a prize was within his reach, his cheeks tingled with shame. His heart throbbed with the feeling of his own unworthiness. He felt that he could not, ought not, dared not, for one moment seek to ally his fortunes with those of the innocent and beautiful girl before him; could not, ought not, dared not, seek to bind to her his own smirched reputation, and to give to her a name which he himself much feared he could never wear again.

"It makes me so sad to see you sad," repeated Inez. "Father says that you had better go with us for a little while to our little home at Deal. You will soon pick up your health again down there, he says." And then she added with a sigh, "I know that it has been your great care and trouble for me that has made you so weak and ill. I *would* try to help you to get well again. You will go with us, won't you?"

(To be continued.)

JACOB AT BETHEL.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 13, Gen. 28: 10-22. Golden Text, ver. 16.

The Parents' Temptation—The Two Brothers—Jacob's Crafty Bargain—The Coveted Blessing—Unable to Trust God—Energetic, Self-Reliant Women—The Blessing Burdened with the Curse—Distrust the Fruit of Deceit—The Homeless, Friendless Traveller—His Accusing Conscience—A Vision of Communication—The Revelation of the Way—Jacob Offers God a Bargain—The Consecrated Tenth.

AT the age of one hundred and seventy-five years Abraham died; but before his death he secured for Isaac, his son, a believing wife of his own kindred from Mesopotamia. Two sons were born to Isaac and Rebekah; but before their birth God foretold to her, "The elder shall serve the younger." Isaac and Rebekah yielded to the temptation common to parents, to show partiality. Esau was Isaac's boy—a fine, manly, open hearted, but unspiritual youth, just one whom every one would admire. Jacob, the quiet, thoughtful, calculating, but spiritual youth was his mother's joy. In early life the tendency of both was manifest. With Esau the present moment was everything; Jacob, on the contrary, made his calculations for the far future.

When Esau one day returned faint from hunting and found Jacob preparing pottage, he asked Jacob to feed him with it. It was ungenerous and unbrotherly in Jacob to make any terms with his brother in his hour of need, but he could not resist taking the advantage which lay so ready to his hand, "Sell me this day thy birthright," was his instant stipulation. Jacob cared for all which the birthright entailed; Esau was indifferent to it; how could it be wrong, then, for Jacob to secure it? The wrong was in his

Leaving God Out of the Question.

By God's word to his mother, the inheritance was his; but it was not for him to grasp greedily after it to the prejudice of his brother. Esau, with his wonted indifference, said, "Behold, I am at the point to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" Jacob made his brother swear; he would use all means in his power to secure his possession. "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord" (Jer. 17: 5).

Time went on; Isaac grew old, and his eyes became dim. Then, thinking that the day of his death might be near, he called Esau to prepare him venison, and to come and receive his blessing. Rebekah had counted on the promise of God for her younger son, and Jacob had counted on his own sharp-sightedness; now it seemed as though the hopes of both were to be blighted, as though the unspiritual Esau were coming in for the patriarchal blessing after all. It was a trial of faith;

Could they Trust God?

Would not He be able so to arrange as to fulfil His promises? Without referring the matter to God, Rebekah leaned on her own shrewdness. She was, no doubt, a good manager, and fully in the habit of trusting to her own capacity for carrying through that which she undertook. There are many like her—energetic, contriving women, who often keep their husband's business together, without whom it would come to ruin. But Rebekah needed to learn that, as one who came in the direct line of the man of faith, Abraham, she was called to put faith, which counts on God, before shrewdness, which counts on self.

Finding that by fair means she could not accomplish her purpose, Rebekah resorted to deceit, and thus gave the father of lies a foothold in the family of the faithful. At her instigation Jacob played an untrue part, personated Esau, and succeeded in deceiving his blind father, and obtaining the blessing. But it did not come from a heart at rest, and surely Jacob must have felt the stings of conscience when the blind old man in his perplexity cried out, "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Isaac, too, had failed, for he had not asked of God His mind concerning the blessing. Oh, what misery comes into a family where God's counsel is not sought by each one in every step of the way!

Jacob obtained his father's blessing and his brother's curse at the same time. If he had only

Waited for God

to bring out His own thought, he would have come in for the blessing without alienating Esau from him, without losing his father's confidence, and without loading his own soul with the guilt of lying and deceit. The once united family was now full of distrust and hate, and Esau went so far as to say, in the hearing of one who told Rebekah, "The days of mourning for my father are at hand; then will I slay my brother Jacob" As usual, Rebekah comes in to manage; she plans that Jacob shall leave home and shall go to Padan-aram, to his uncle Laban, until Esau's anger is passed by; and she makes it right with Isaac by saying that Jacob is going to find a wife from among her kindred. Thus it comes about that Jacob, the home-loving man, goes forth from the circle he so loved, and becomes a traveller. He was alone, more alone than he had realized till now, neither father, mother, brother, nor yet the consciousness of God's presence with him. Only those who have passed through it can describe the sense of

Utter Desolation

which breaks in upon a soul with the consciousness of "having no hope" and being "without God in the world" (Eph. 2: 12). It is unutterable. Only a day or two ago Jacob was the loved and honored home son of the family; now the same Jacob was an unknown, lonely stranger burdened with the bitter remorse that he had broken up the family peace, with the knowledge that he was in his father's eyes a liar, in the eyes of Esau, who had looked up to him before, a deceiver and a supplanter. His thoughts of his mother were that she had tempted him to sin; not one thought of the past brought rest; all goaded him on to despair. Exhausted with his weary journey, he slept with stones for his pillow; and it was just then that the Lord drew near. Jacob dreamed.

It was God's wont to speak in dreams in those days when there was no Bible, as there now is, to teach His children. "God speaketh . . . in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men" (Job 33: 14, 15). Thus God spoke to Jacob; he saw "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." Here was a way of getting at God, a way in which God would reach down to him; here was

Something to Meet him in his Despair.

Jacob did not understand all he saw. With the light of the New Testament, we see in that ladder Jesus uniting heaven and earth, God and man. "I am the Way" (John 14: 6); "Through Him we both have our access by one Spirit unto the Father" (Eph. 2: 18). Jacob saw communication actually established; the angels of God were ascending, carrying up his prayers, and descending, bringing down the answers to him, the sinful outcast from his home, the sinner before God. He deserved blame and punishment; he received grace. Surely his eyes were fixed, not on the foot of the ladder, which touched him, but on the far-away rungs, which went right into the glory. There the Lord stood above it, and He spoke, and spoke to Jacob, "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed."

"A dream cometh through the multitude of business" (Eccl. 5: 3), and generally dreams partake of the waking thoughts which most occupy us. Jacob's heart had been set on the blessing; he almost sacrificed his soul for the blessing, and now God showed him that, though *he* had followed in a wrong path, God was not untrue to him. Oh, it is "the goodness of God" which "leadeth . . . to repentance" (Rom. 2: 4). After repeating to Jacob the promise made to Abraham and to Isaac (Gen. 26: 24), He said, "And in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed;" even Jacob was to be made a blessing! "And, behold, I am with thee." Oh, how the heart of Jacob, sore from his very loneliness, must have leapt at these words! Then,

After All, he was Not Alone;

a blessed unseen but real presence of God was round him all the time. "And will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." It is more than probable that this was the first real communication of God to Jacob. How would he take it? His first thought was of fear. He awaked and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. . . . How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Ps. 111: 10). Jacob's fear was not like that of Adam when he sinned and hid away from God; Jacob's fear drove him to God. He "rose up early in the morning, and took the stone which he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it," that it might be consecrated to God; and he called the name of the place Bethel (the house of God). Sinful, inconsistent, mean as Jacob was, he never turned his back on any overture from God; his soul always thirsted for God. But, like many more,

He Did Not Believe All that God Said to him.

He "vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me." If? Had not God promised to be with him? Jacob still trusted only partially in God, and a great deal in himself. "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God; and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." Only the tenth? But, reader, do you give even as much as that? Do you consecrate to God's work one dime of every dollar?

Volume IX. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1883, 1884, and 1885 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

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NOTHING TO PAY!

Nothing to pay! Ah, nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say!
Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay."
Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt."

Nothing to pay! The debt is so great;
What will you do with the awful weight?
How shall the way of escape be made?
Nothing to pay! yet it must be paid!
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to my account,
I have paid the full amount."

Nothing to pay; yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free!
Now I ask *thee*, lovest thou Me?"

Frances Ridley Havergal.

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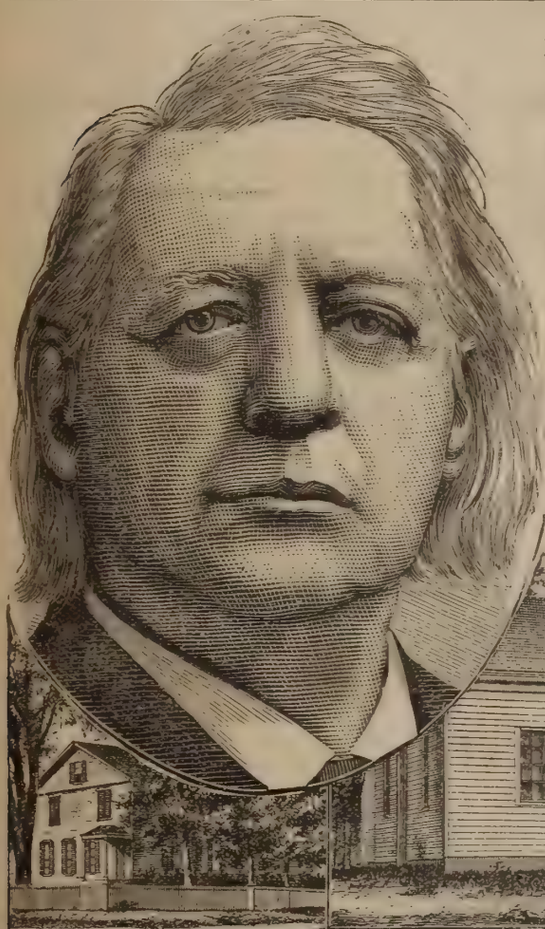

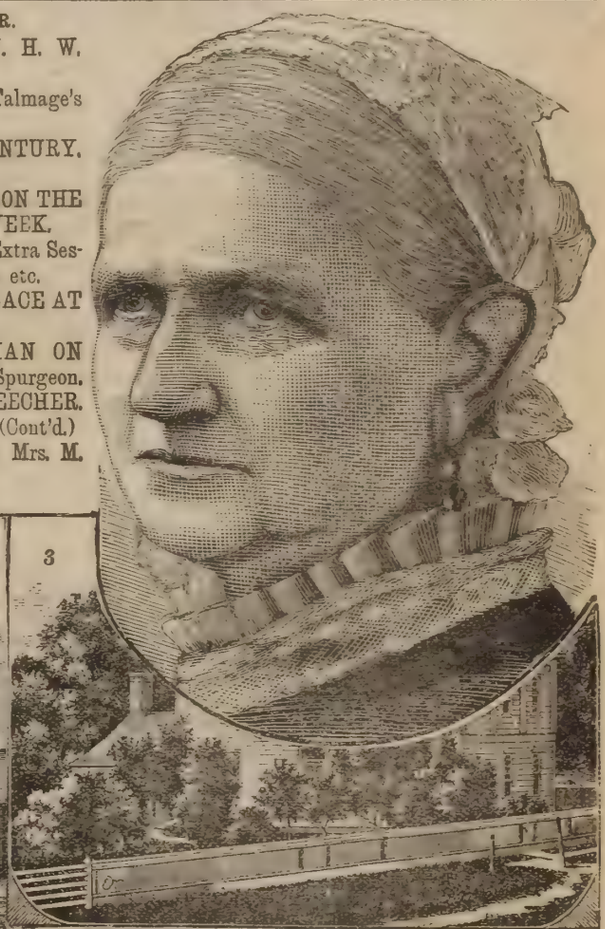

The Late Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER and MRS. BEECHER—Plymouth Church—Successive Homes.

THE LATE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn in Mourning—Mr. Beecher's Birth in 1813—Early Years—First Sermon—Settlement in Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1837—Removal to Indianapolis—Hardships and Domestic Trials—Invitation to Brooklyn—First Services there in 1847—The Anti-Slavery Struggle—War Times—A Campaign in England—Brilliant and Commanding Position in the Country—The Year of Disaster—Subsequent Labors—Death.

FLAGS at half-mast on public buildings and private houses in New York and Brooklyn, the City Hall, and municipal edifices draped with sombre hangings, and the general look of depression that sits on thousands of faces, tells the stranger that death has recently seized as its prey a life that was precious to the community. It is unnecessary to ask who it is that

THE PEOPLE MOURN.

The name of Henry Ward Beecher is on all lips, and it is spoken in tones of sorrowful affection by men of all classes. Not for a public official, nor a statesman nor highly placed dignitary is all this mourning, but for a plain Congregational clergyman, who had taken an interest in the welfare of the people, and identified himself with them as a brother.

It will be forty years on May 16th next since Mr. Beecher preached his first sermon to his Brooklyn people. He went there comparatively unknown, his reputation having then spread but to a small circle outside of Indianapolis, Ind., where he was then pastor. Prior to his removal to Indianapolis he had had but one charge—that of Lawrenceburg, Ind., where, as everywhere else, he endeared himself to his people, but where he had given but few indications of the mental power and oratorical gifts which were to place him, in the prime of life, in the first rank of the preachers of the whole world.

Henry Ward Beecher was

BORN AT LITCHFIELD, CONN.,

on June 24th, 1813. He was, therefore, in his seventy-fourth year when he died on March 8th, 1887. His father was the Rev. Lyman Beecher, one of the first pulpit orators of his day, whose eccentricities have formed the subject of many a ludicrous story. He could trace his line directly back to a widow, Hannah Beecher, who settled in New Haven in 1638, eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims. The boy lost his mother when he was but three years old. He was too young to understand all that the great change implied, but that his mind had been busy with the problem is clear from an anecdote told of him by his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. She says: "They told us at one time that she had been laid in the ground, at another that she had gone to heaven; whereupon Henry, putting the two things together, resolved to dig through the ground and go to heaven to find mother; for being discovered under sister Catherine's window one morning, digging with great zeal and earnestness, she called to him to know what he was doing, and lifting up his curly head with great simplicity, he answered, 'Why, I'm going to heaven to find ma.'"

Dr. Lyman Beecher married again at the end of a year, and of his stepmother's character Mr. Beecher thus spoke: "My dear mother—not she that gave me birth, but she that brought me up; she that did the office-work of a mother, if ever a mother did; she that, according to her ability, performed to the uttermost her duties—was a woman of profound veneration, rather than of a warm and loving nature."

THE EARLIEST SCHOOL-DAYS

of Mr. Beecher were not such as to forecast a brilliant future, for as a boy he was deficient in memory, painfully sensitive, and very diffident. At the age of twelve years the whole atmosphere of his life was changed by the removal of the family from the dear old home in Litchfield (a picture of which appears in *Panel No. 1* of the first page) to Boston. There Henry was entered as a pupil at the Latin School, and made considerable progress. The biographies of Nelson and Captain Cook, which he read at this time, strongly impelled him to seek a life of freedom and adventure. Through the subterfuge of a letter, purposely placed for his father's inspection, he made known his intention. Dr. Beecher received it with apparent approbation, and shrewdly suggested that the boy first take a course in mathematics and navigation, preparatory to his departure. The youth gladly acceded to the reasonable proposition, and was soon established

AT AMHERST,

where, under helpful influences, he made good progress in mathematics and elocution. At the end of a year, and when he was between seventeen and eighteen years old, he was spiritually benefited by an evangelical revival which was in progress, and united with his father's church in Boston. His dreams of naval ambition were very soon merged into aspirations for the ministry of the Gospel, with a view to which he entered upon a two years' course in preparation for college, where, in 1834, he graduated, and rejoined his father, who, in 1832, had removed to Cincinnati. Before doing so he had taught school for a time at Hopkinton, in a little building (a picture of which fills *Panel No. 2* of the first page illustration).

It was while he was a student at Amherst College that the future brilliant preacher made *his first public speech*. It was delivered at the College Debating Society, in a debate on Garrison's Attack of the Colonial Society. Beecher was assigned to speak on the anti-Garrison side, but in reading up the subject, his mind changed, and at the last moment he surprised the meeting by joining the ranks of his adversaries.

His next step toward qualifying himself for the work of preaching the Gospel was to enter upon the study of theology at Lane Seminary, of which his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was Principal. During his course there, he

PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON.

The Presbyterian Church at Batavia had been without a regular pastor for a short time prior to 1833, and Dr. Beecher, his son-in-law, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, and other professors from Lane Seminary held occasional services, and kept an eye on the little flock. In 1833 Rev. George Beecher was called to the pastorate, and remained till 1837. It was while his elder brother was the pastor that Henry first entered the pulpit. He was spending a week at his brother's house, and consented to preach for him. Mr. Beecher, writing recently to the editor of the *Brooklyn Magazine*, thus refers to the incident: "My brother George wished to be away a Sunday, and I was requested by him to supply his pulpit. Text, sermon, and all attendant circumstances are gone from my memory, *except the greenness—no doubt of that.* When in 1837 I was ready to leave the seminary I went over to Covington, Ky., and preached in the Presbyterian Church for several Sundays, and expected to form a church there and remain, but a call from Lawrenceburg, Ind., was made, and I was soon settled there for two years and over. Thence to Indianapolis for eight years, and in October, 1847, I came to Brooklyn. I have been preaching over fifty years. *My next call and settlement will probably be in Greenwood.*"

THE CALL TO LAWRENCEBURG

was not a grand beginning to his ministry. It was then but a small settlement twenty miles below Cincinnati, on the river Ohio. There was a Presbyterian Church there that would seat one hundred and fifty people; there were twenty members, *one man and nineteen women.* With the exception of two, every one was dependent for her livelihood on her industry. He had *married* only a short time before Eunice, daughter of Dr. Bullard, who survives him (*whose portrait appears on another page*). He and Mrs. Beecher lived in two rooms over a stable, and studied economy on four hundred dollars per year, of which only two hundred and fifty dollars could be relied upon with certainty. The balance was supposed to be given in provisions by the people of the church.

Referring to this period, Mr. Beecher observed: "I remember the days of our poverty, our straitness. I was sexton of my own church at that time. There were no lamps there, so I bought some; and I filled them and lit them. I swept the church and lighted my own fire. I did not ring the bell, because there was none to ring. I opened the church before prayer-meetings and preaching, and locked it when they were over. We were all poor together. And to the day of my death I never shall forget one of those faces or hear one of those names spoken without having excited in my mind the warmest remembrances. Some of them I venerate, and the memory of some has been precious as well as fruitful of good to me down to this hour."

The following is a graphic sketch of his

HARDSHIPS

during those years: "When he needed a house to live in, he hauled the logs himself. His neighbors aided him to put it up. The whitewash and paint he attended to himself. The rapidity with which his children followed each other and the malarial condition of the section in which he lived broke down the strong constitution of his wife, and as they were unable to pay a servant, threw on him the domestic drudgery. He chopped the wood, drew the water, peeled the potatoes, cooked the food, served it, washed the dishes, and cleaned up the house. When sickness necessitated frequent washings of soiled clothes, it was he who did the work. Part of the time he did double duty, and rode twenty miles through the woods and across the prairies to the log schoolhouse, in which service was held, preached, rode back again, cooked the dinner, preached in his own church, returned to nurse his sick wife and attend to the children, got the supper, and spent the evening in the prayer-meeting. At times he was so poor that an unpaid letter, on which eighteen or twenty cents were due, remained in the post-office, with news from the East, uncalled for, because he did not have the money with which to pay the postage."

At the end of two years Mr. Beecher accepted, after several applications, a call to the church at Indianapolis. Here his salary became six hundred dollars per annum, but the nominal increase was of no real advantage to the young minister and his wife; for, on the one hand, their regular expenses were larger, and, on the other, he was the city minister, and was expected to entertain the country clergymen.

ARRIVAL IN BROOKLYN.

It was the year 1847 that brought Mr. Beecher to Brooklyn as the pastor of Plymouth Church. He had published in book form while living at Indianapolis a series of "Lectures to Young Men." Copies of the work had found their way into Brooklyn, among others who read them being several gentlemen who were then organizing Plymouth Church and were in search of a pastor, and to whom Mr. Beecher had been strongly recommended by William T. Cutler, of New York. They had purchased in June, 1846, for $20,000, the ground upon which now stands Plymouth Church, and which already contained an edifice of worship. They had paid outright the sum of $9500, giving a mortgage for the remainder. Possession was given May 16th, 1847, which was the Sunday morning on which Mr. Beecher preached his first sermon in the Plymouth pulpit.

Early in the spring of that year a committee from the church organization had gone to Indianapolis to learn something more of the author of the "Lectures to Young Men." They secured an invitation for him to deliver an address in New York before the Board of Foreign Missions. This he accepted, and the address being perfectly satisfactory to the church committee, a preliminary call was extended to him before he returned home. The sermon of May 16th was preached before his return, and, in fact, the pastorate at Indianapolis was not terminated until the September following. At the first services, on October 10th, the church in the morning was about three quarters full; in the evening it was completely full, and in a short space of time the

edifice was found to be inadequate to the constantly increasing congregation. In a year's time it was found necessary to build a new edifice, and in about one year and a half after the arrival of Mr. Beecher the corner-stone of the present structure was laid. In January of the following year (1850) it was opened for worship. (*A picture of Plymouth Church is No. 5 on the first page.*)

THE ABOLITION PLATFORM

soon after this took possession of the preacher. The great question of the day was one in which he took the deepest interest. In his pulpit, in the columns of the *Independent*, and in any place where an abolition meeting was being held within his reach Mr. Beecher proclaimed war on slavery. In one of his anti-slavery meetings he created a dramatic scene by throwing a coil of slave chains upon the platform and trampling on them. In another address in the Broadway Tabernacle he described some atrocity in the South, and at the end he said, "Is there anybody worse than that in Sing Sing?" From the highest gallery a shrill voice called out, "Yes." "I give it up, then," said Mr. Beecher; "you've been there."

During the war the church was largely instrumental in raising and equipping a regiment, known as the First Long Island Regiment, and many of the young men of the church were members of it, Mr. Beecher's eldest son being an officer. To another regiment—the Fourteenth—the church contributed nearly all the men in two companies. During that terrible struggle Mr. Beecher's exertions were unwearied. Speaking, writing, advising, he went into the campaign with an intense desire to keep the public opinion of the time faithful to the Northern cause. At last he broke down under fatigue, and was obliged to seek rest in Europe. There the demands upon him arose from the strong pro-Southern feeling manifested in society. Mr. Beecher could not be silent. He struggled vehemently to change the feeling and enlist sympathy for the North. He was interrupted in his speeches, denounced in press and platform, and narrowly escaped personal maltreatment.

When he returned to America the close of the war was near at hand, and then, with the penetration which characterized him, he perceived the need of a different message. Now it was not opposition to the South that he labored to arouse, but peace, forgiveness, and magnanimity. It mattered nothing to him that such teaching might be unwelcome. He spoke the message that was in him, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear. Men listened, and Beecher's popularity grew with marvellous rapidity. The streets of Brooklyn leading from the ferries were busy with processions of men from New York looking for "Beecher." The policemen never waited for a stranger to conclude his question, but invariably interrupted him, and said, "Follow the crowd."

Plymouth Church rose to be the most prosperous in the country. Its revenues in 1868 amounted to $50,000 a year. The debt had been entirely extinguished, and the church was devoting its surplus to missionary operations in the neighborhood. A new organ had been purchased, at a cost of $22,000. It was the largest church organ in the country. These were years of astounding financial prosperity, and Plymouth Church and its pastor were matters of national pride.

AS AN AUTHOR.

Mr. Beecher also became known to multitudes to whom he was personally unknown. Few persons know what an immense amount of literary work he accomplished. The following is a list of the published works: Sermons, ten volumes, of 475 pages each; Sermons, four volumes, of 600 pages each; "A Summer Parish," 240 pages; "Yale Lectures on Preaching," first, second, and third series; "Lectures to Young Men," 506 pages; "Star Papers," 600 pages; "Pleasant Talk About Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," 498 pages; "Lecture-Room Talks," 384 pages; "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England," 549 pages; "The Overture of Angels;" "Eyes and Ears; or, Thoughts as They Occur;" "Freedom and War;" "Royal Truths," "Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects," and the unfinished "Life of Jesus Christ."

DISASTER.

The most distressing episode in Mr. Beecher's life, both for him and his friends, occurred when his fame and influence were at their zenith. At a time when men of character, intelligence, and piety hung upon his words, when the most cultured classes of the country accepted him as their guide, when the first place as a preacher and an orator was accorded to him on all hands, and when his writings were eagerly read from one end of the land to the other, a formidable assault was made upon his reputation. At first vague hints were circulated reflecting upon him, then a direct charge appeared in print, but not in a quarter to which the people looked for reliable information. Finally, in an action at law, brought by Theodore Tilton against Mr. Beecher, with a claim for $100,000 damages, the whole case was disclosed, and for six months the prurient appetites of the sensual and the malice of scoffers at Christianity were gratified by the details of the terrible accusation against the pastor of Plymouth Church.

Three times did Mr. Beecher meet his accusers, and three times the charge was investigated. First it was heard by a committee of the church, appointed at Mr. Beecher's request, and the committee pronounced the pastor innocent. Afterward it was tried in court when the jury disagreed, and thirdly by a council of Congregational ministers. Undoubtedly the scandal was a cause of reproach not only to Mr. Beecher, but to religion. That it would be so if it was made public, whatever the issue might be, Mr. Beecher and his friends had foreseen from the first, and, unhappily, in attempting to prevent its coming to trial, they actually prejudiced the case, and their efforts to keep it from the public were regarded as an admission of guilt. It was a noteworthy fact that Theodore Tilton, who brought the charge, was a protégé of Mr. Beecher's, a man possessing undoubted talent, a sphere for the exercise of which had been provided by Mr. Beecher. The unwavering

FIDELITY OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH

to its pastor during this fierce ordeal, the love and sympathy of his wife, and the unfaltering allegiance of a host of friends in this country and in Europe encouraged and supported him, and enabled him to continue his pastorate and public work. With the quaint humor, which was always characteristic of the man, he compared the unceasing efforts of his friends on his behalf as "the humane attempt of good men *to drag an ass out of a pit.*"

At first Mr. Beecher's public appearances were limited to his own pulpit, but in 1880 he once more came to the front in the Presidential campaign, as an advocate of Garfield's election. The cheers of his fellow-citizens when he made his appearance on the political platform, and the persistent cries for "Beecher! Beecher!" showed that his influence and popularity remained to him. He continued to take part in public affairs, and in the campaign of 1884 he worked with indefatigable energy for the election of Mr. Cleveland. It was a novel sight, that of this ardent Republican appearing on Democratic platforms, and it caused him the loss of many old friends, who urged him, if he was unable on conscientious grounds and for personal reason to support the candidate of his party, at least to hold his peace and content himself with a silent vote. But he could not be moved or restrained, and he continued his efforts until the day of election.

Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday was celebrated by the church and the whole city with general enthusiasm. An ovation was accorded to him such as no minister has received in this generation. That it pleased him and cheered him was evident, and when it was repeated shortly afterward, on the occasion of his setting out on a European tour, Mr. Beecher could not find words to express his grateful appreciation of this confidence and love. He returned on October 31st, last year, after a period of four months passed in lecturing, preaching, and delightful travel. He immediately set to work with redoubled energy.

In the midst of his work, and while ardently looking forward to years of activity and usefulness, he has been suddenly stricken down. He died, however, as he wished to die—with his harness on. Repeatedly he had expressed the hope that he might be

Spared a Lingering Illness

—that his death might be sudden and painless. After the first few hours of restlessness on Thursday night (March 3), he sank into a condition of unconsciousness, in which, as his physicians were able to assure his family, he suffered little, if at all, and he died on the following Tuesday, so peacefully that his weeping wife and the relatives who surrounded his bed could not be sure when the final change had occurred.

Mr. Beecher leaves a daughter (Mrs. Scoville) and three sons, William, Herbert, and Henry Barton. None of the young men have shown any predilection for the ministry, nor appear to have inherited their father's oratorical gifts. Mr. Beecher was tenderly attached to them all, and was ready to make any sacrifice to keep them near to him. The affection he felt for his family was to an unusual degree manifested to all with whom he came in close contact. Indeed, his heart seemed large enough to admit the whole world. The constant subject of his discourses was love. It was the side of Christianity to which he was most attracted. That it led him into doctrinal error must be admitted, as any one-sided view must do.

He Loved All

men so much that he could not abandon hope of their restoration, even when the Scriptures give no warrant for hope. The fact, however, was characteristic of him. He trusted men, and took charitable views of them when every one else had given them up. Though cheated and imposed upon repeatedly, his ear was ever open to a tale of woe, and unworthy persons found no difficulty in gaining access to his pocketbook, if they could show their necessities. As a contemporary observes, "Mr. Beecher was forever aiding his friends, lending them money, indorsing their notes, getting them out of troubles, and bearing their burdens. He was indiscretion itself in the management of his pecuniary affairs, and although he was comically careful at the spigot he was largely lavish at the bung." It estimates the aggregate receipts of the pastor from his church, his lectures, and his books during the last forty years of his life at a million and a quarter of dollars, of which but little now remains. The fact was one more bond of love between him and the community. They returned the love he lavished upon them. Few men in our day have passed away amid such signs of heartfelt sorrow as those with which Brooklyn to-day expresses her grief for the loss of her famous orator, author, and preacher.

A Pledge was Signed to Please a Child on Blackwell's Island, New York, last week. A meeting of the inmates of the workhouse was held to celebrate the first anniversary of the founding of the Temperance Society on the Island. Superintendent Stocking organized it just a year ago, and has earnestly endeavored to bring into it all who pass under his care. At the meeting Colonel Hadley delivered an address, after which the inmates were invited to sign the pledge. About eighty responded. Among those who sat still was a middle-aged woman. Superintendent Stocking's little daughter, about seven years old, approached her, and calling her by name, asked, "Won't you come, too?" The woman hesitated. She had signed once before, and had failed. The little pleading face won, however, and with tears in her eyes, she said, "I have a little one like you, and for her sake I will try again." She was led up by the child, and signed her name.

STINGING ANNOYANCES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 13, 1887.

"The Lord thy God will send the hornet."—Deut. 7 : 20.

The Insectile World Hostile to Men—An Army Defeated by Hornets—Insectile Annoyances—The Product of Sensitive Organization—Disturbing Acquaintances—Naomi's Reception—H. M. Stanley's Cross-Examiners—A Philadelphia Hostler's Pessimism—Physical Trouble—Domestic Irritation—Business Irritations—Prolific Annoyances—The Use of the Hornet—Awakening—Inculcating Patience—Trouble in Homœopathic Doses—The Piper of Hamelin—A Painting of Ten Thousand Touches—A Tariff on Annoyances—Life the Vestibule of Heaven—Polycarp's Bower of Fire.

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting.

Its Touch is Torture

to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree-branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great Behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them ; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these

Insectile Annoyances

of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight—the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best-conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a

Nervous Organization.

People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy ; but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous ; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of

Friends and Acquaintances

who are always saying disagreeable things There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the Book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land ; but, after a while, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "*Is this Naomi?*" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!"

When I Entered the Ministry

I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year I was asked if I had not the consumption ; and, passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with an hilarious "good-morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

It is astonishing how some people prefer to write and to say disagreeable things. That was the case when, eight or nine years ago, Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of

Finding David Livingstone.

When Mr. Stanley stood before the *savants* of Europe, and many of the small critics of the day, under pretence of getting geographical information, put to him most insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man, there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And when afterward that man sat down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out, with, perhaps, the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there were small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz, and caricature and deride him, and when, after a while, he got the London papers, as he opened them out flew the hornet. When I see that there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use ; man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of *local*

Physical Trouble,

which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick-headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth, or sociality, or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it ; but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust, "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a

Domestic Irritation.

The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service, and to keep it, is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, *but they sting.* Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of

Business Irritations.

There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store-confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant ; but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their

Annoyances are Multiplying,

and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of twenty thousand wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God to-day, I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy ; they kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere ; and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul, and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

Uses of the Hornet.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to *wake us up from our lethargy.* There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to

Culture Our Patience.

In the gymnasium, you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances

in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about, and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient, too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim;" or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the caps." When you stand chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to "know Christ and the power of His resurrection, and to have *fellowship with His sufferings*."

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly-blisters than an amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homœopathy; but in this matter of trouble I like

Homœopathic Doses

—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock-down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with cheques less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling, before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor, and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

In the Village of Hamelin,

tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable; but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi," or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, 'I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up

The Picture of Your Life,

to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiselling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so He keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be

Spent in Small Change,

and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting, and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny-nail sometimes produces lock-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our National Government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high

Tariff on Every Annoyance

and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewed with the carcases of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun, or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying, "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, oh Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale.

If I Had My Way

with you I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden—a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

Life a Vestibule.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes; each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes; the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls, and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The faggots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defence, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfil to you the blessing and the promise, as He did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand; you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

A BISHOP ON A BURNING SHIP.

Bishop Hannington once took his yacht up the Rhine, and had some exciting adventures on the waters of that treacherous river. Once the ship caught fire. He wrote: "We had proceeded two miles past Bommel when the steward came to me, and called me aside most mysteriously. He thought he had better inform me quite privately that smoke was pouring up through the ship's floor. I darted down below, and found, as he said, the cabin full of smoke. There was no doubt that the ship was on fire. 'Send quickly for the carpenter, and don't tell the others for a few minutes. Now, carpenter, keep your head cool; the vessel is on fire! Tear up this floor at once!' Then running on deck to the pilot, 'Bring up as quickly as possible. Engineer, draw fires, and be ready, if I want you, for a stiffish piece of work.' We could find no fire under the cabin, but everywhere smoke. Then we went to the coal bunk, and directly it was opened the smoke rolled out in volumes. My heart sank. The coals on fire! Nothing could save her from utter destruction! We turned the coals over, but found no fire, although the smoke kept rolling out. Next it began to burst out behind the donkey engine. Dreadful suspense! Be calm! With much difficulty we tore up the engine-room floor, and then saw the keel in a blaze. Bad as this was, it was a relief to have found the enemy. I shouted to the men, who had gathered anxiously round, to stand to the buckets, and, stripping off coat and waistcoat, I took one myself; and then turning on all the taps, we speedily filled her with water to the floor, and thus extinguished the flame. It was an anxious time, however. The fire appeared to be in close proximity to the coals, of which we had a large supply. Had they been ignited, our chance of escape would have been small. It resulted from the ash-pan almost, if not quite, resting upon the wooden keel. The iron had become red hot, and kindled the wood."

THREW AWAY HER CRUTCHES.

The N. Y. *Times* of Feb. 17th says: "A remarkable faith cure is reported from Banksville, a mining town two miles south-west of Pittsburgh. For several years Maggie Beadling, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a coal miner, has been bedridden. Frequently of late she had laid in a trance, or comatose state, for days, and when she would return to consciousness she would tell her friends that she had been to heaven. In proof of the story of her transition she told the names and described the appearance of relatives who had died before she was born, and of others whom she knew when they were alive. In October and November, 1886, she lay in a comatose state for several weeks, during which time she partook only of a small quantity of liquid food administered to her by her attendants. When she revived she claimed to have received divine communication to the effect that at two P.M. on February 17th she would be raised from an invalid's bed and entirely restored to health. This afternoon her father's house was filled with friends and curiosity seekers. Promptly at two o'clock the young girl arose from her chair with her crutches in her hands and, flinging them aside, walked about the room to the overwhelming astonishment of those present. The cure seemed complete, and she jumped about the room like a child. The news was noised about, and almost the entire population of Banksville turned out to see the wonderful case. Her parents wept for joy, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Miss Beadling was seen by several reporters, and she pronounced herself well. It is the belief among the neighbors that the young lady was sincere in her claim of affliction, and her recovery is regarded as a miracle.

A RUINOUS PRIZE.

The possessor of half a million dollars was received into the Forrest Home, a benevolent institution, in Pennsylvania, last week. Some years ago he was in prosperous circumstances, and had saved a considerable sum of money. In 1873 he was induced to invest a hundred dollars in the Havana Lottery. To his intense delight, his ticket drew the first prize of half a million dollars. Then demoralization set in. He bought race-horses, invested in a stud farm in Kentucky, and allowed himself to be swindled by false friends, who fastened upon him after he became rich. In six years after receiving his half million the money was nearly all gone. Since that time the remainder has disappeared in the attempts which he made to retrieve his position, and now, penniless in his old age, he has applied for and received admission to the home established for destitute members of his profession. All his friends believe that if he had not drawn the prize he would now be a wealthy man. This is only one of many instances of human misjudgment about the events of life. The event which was welcomed as a blessing was really a calamity. Christian men may derive consolation from the fact that in their experience the converse will prove true. Their calamities are blessings in disguise (Rom. 8 : 28).

A RELUCTANT HOST AND HIS NIECES.

An incident related by General Walker in his *History of the Second Army Corps* is a type of the attitude of many persons who refuse to admit to their hearts the Divine Guest who says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock" (Rev. 3 : 20).

The night of reaching Upperville was cold and gloomy. General Couch had an inveterate repugnance to making his headquarters in a house, greatly preferring the benignant shelter of a Virginia rail-fence. But on this occasion, there being great probability of frequent dispatches to be received and sent, he gave Captain Morgan, his chief of artillery, permission to select a house for headquarters. Delighted at this concession to the bodily infirmities of his staff, Morgan galloped gaily into the yard of a spacious mansion on the outskirts of the town. Here was an old man, evidently the proprietor, somewhat shaken by the artillery fire and the galloping and pistol shots of the cavalry. "Good-evening," said Morgan. "Good-evening," responded the old man. "General Couch proposes to make his headquarters at your house to-night—that is, if you have no objection." Now, the old gentleman had a great many objections, but as he did not dare to express them, he straightway began with one accord to make excuse. Of course he would be delighted to have the General with him, but he was afraid he could not make him comfortable. Perhaps the General had better go where he could be better accommodated. "But," quoth Morgan, argumentatively, "you have a large house." This could not be denied, as any one could see it at a glance, so the luckless proprietor had to admit that the house was large. "But," he added, eagerly, "I have a large family." "Well, now," asked Morgan, "what family have you got?" "In the first place," said the old gentleman, "I have three nieces." "Say not another word; we'll take the house." And we did take the house, and three saucier little rebels we did not find in the South.

THREE SISTERS ATTACKED BY TRICHINÆ.

A despatch from Syracuse, N. Y., to the New York *Star* describes the misery and desolation that have come into a family residing near that city, from a very simple cause. It states that about two months ago three young ladies, the daughters of a farmer, ate some raw ham which had been raised and cured on the place. In three days all were taken violently ill with what proved to be trichinæ from the pork.

For days the patients lay half unconscious. The oldest sister vomited small pieces of the tissues of her stomach invested with trichinæ. Two weeks ago the parasites began to appear upon the surface of the lower part of her body, and on her left side the flesh, infested by myriads of trichinæ, sloughed off, exposing the internal organs. The parasites were rapidly increasing when death came to her relief. On the following day the second sister died, and the third cannot long survive.

This sad incident reminds us of the case reported in the English papers, last year, of a wedding party, at Carlisle, being poisoned by eating a ham which caused the death of the bride. It is very certain that if eating ham was invariably, or even frequently, followed by such horrible results people everywhere would soon abstain from it altogether. They do not show like prudence, however, in moral and spiritual affairs. Though warned that sin inevitably leads to corruption and death, and though examples proving the fact are abundant, each generation persists in the suicidal course (Prov. 5 : 11).

A SIGNIFICANT GIFT.

A gift from John Brown to the earthquake sufferers at Charleston, S. C., is an event of much significance. It appears that some time ago Mayor Henry E. Young received a letter, enclosing five dollars from the son of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, for the relief fund. The letter and Mayor Young's reply were given to the press last week. John Brown, who lives on Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, Ohio, said in the course of his letter: "In the month of September last, soon after the calamity which befell your city, I formed the acquaintance at this place of Mr. R. T. Miller, of Cincinnati, who not only spoke with feeling in regard to the loss and sufferings endured by your people, but, on the other hand, in reply to my inquiries, gave me a cheering account of the general industrial prosperity of the South. At parting I said to him that if I believed a small token of sympathy from one of the family of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, to the distressed people of Charleston would be accepted, I would forward the money as soon as I could earn it. Mr. Miller expressed confidence that such contribution would not be rejected. Enclosed is five dollars in post-office money order. Please acccept and bestow as in your judgment shall appear best this slight token of the kind feeling which I know possessed the heart of John Brown and of each of his family toward the people of the South. It was only toward her slavery that he or any of his kindred cherished 'a sacred animosity.'" Major Young promptly turned over the subscription to the Confederate Home, and wrote as follows: "I am somewhat at a loss how to answer. The answer might be so 'many sided,' still, however many sided, the great cardinal point would be, the recognition of the importance of the part that a son of 'John Brown, of Harper's Ferry'—bearing his name—should send to the sufferers of Charleston, as 'a token of sympathy,' that which he had to earn in order to send."

A MOTHER'S PREMONITION.

A providential escape of a very remarkable character is reported in connection with the distressing loss of the ship Kapunda, which was sunk by a collision with another ship, the Ada Melmore, off the coast of Brazil on January 20th. Two hundred and ninety-eight persons on board perished. In Wednesbury, England, lived a mother and her daughter, named Louisa Benn. It appears that this daughter, greatly against the wish of her mother and her friends, had resolved upon going out to Australia, and with this purpose in view she joined the Kapunda at Plymouth. To her mother her resolution had brought nothing but pain and anxiety, and even after her daughter had left she could not free her mind from the most distressing forebodings that the voyage would be attended with disaster. There rose before her mind perpetually a huge rock in mid ocean, and in imagination she saw the Kapunda steering straight for it, strike against it, and sink. So strongly was she impressed by these forebodings that her reason threatened to give way. It is stated that a few hours before the Kapunda sailed she fancied she heard Louisa crying, "O mother!" Nothing would content her but to telegraph for the girl's return. She was already on board when the telegram reached her, but was advised by the doctor to pay no heed to it. Another officer, however, gave her better advice, on which she acted. Leaving her luggage in the ship, she made her way home. Until news of the calamity which overtook the vessel, she much regretted that she had not proceeded on her voyage.

A SUFFERER OF THIRTEEN YEARS RECOVERS.

A testimony sent to us from Baltimore, Md., is a remarkable evidence of the power and readiness of the Lord to heal those who go to Him in faith. Our correspondent says that a short time ago Miss Minnie Addicks, of 281 Canton Avenue, was visited by his sister Perry, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Raymond of the Faith Home, 337 Myrtle Avenue, Baltimore. She was suffering from a cancer and from other maladies, which had kept her confined to her bed for thirteen years. Neither trouble nor expense was spared for her relief. Eminent physicians have been consulted about her case, and no less than thirteen have at one time or another essayed to effect a cure. Morphia alone gave her power to bear her agony, and of that seductive drug she has been taking regularly fifteen grains a day. Latterly she has had long fits of complete unconsciousness, during which more than once she was thought to be dead.

The two believers united in prayer by the sufferer's bedside. As they prayed a strange change took place. Miss Addicks describes it as a thrilling sensation of warmth and life passing through her veins. It was as if power and vitality were imparted. After prayer they took her by the hand, and in the name of Christ bade her arise. Though she had not been able to move a muscle for several days she rose from her bed, and, unassisted walked across the room. During that day she tried her strength with new and evident delight many times, and the next morning she rose declaring herself completely well. Many friends who knew her in her former helpless condition have been to the Faith Home to see her, being unable to credit the wonder without ocular proof.

THE END OF THIS AGE ABOUT A.D. 1,900,

Or within a Year or so of it, as Shown by the 6,000 Years and the Year-day Fulfilment of the Prophetic Dates of 2,520, 2,300, 1,335, 1,290, 1,260, 396, and 360 Years.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page 151.*)

V. and VI. The 1,335 and 1,290 Years

(Dan. 12 : 11, 12), are, both of them, generally considered to begin simultaneously with the 1,260 years. The date of the commencement of these three periods has been reckoned by many writers, such as Dr. Croly, Dr. Cumming, Cunninghame, Bickersteth, etc., to be when the Roman Emperor Justinian promulgated his famous Code of Laws, in which he gave greatly increased power to the Pope over all the clergy and churches in the Roman Empire—establishing, in fact, the Papacy's *temporal power*. Now, Justinian's Code of Laws was progressively published during his reign from A.D. 527 to 565; and it is most remarkable that at the distance of 1,260 years from that epoch there occurred the extraordinary French revolutionary epoch from 1789 to 1825.

Hence the 1,335 years, commencing in A.D. 565, as the completion of Justinian's Code, which established the *temporal power* of the Pope, terminate, in A.D. 1900, as the time of millennial blessedness of which it is said, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the 1,335 days, but go thou (Daniel) thy way till the end be; for thou shall rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days"—*i.e.*, these 1,335 days (Daniel 12 : 12, 13)—plainly implying that Daniel and all the saints will stand in their respective lots after the resurrection at the end of the 1,335 days (both year-day, and literal-day). Then will be adjudicated to them their inheritances.

Justinian's Code of Laws

has been maintained to be the starting-point of the 1,260, 1,290, and 1,335 years by more than SIXTY EXPOSITORS,* and further investigation of prophetic treatises would no doubt add to this list.

And the **1,290** years, reckoned from A.D. 565, terminate in A.D. 1855–6, the epoch of the Sultan's Treaty of Peace after the Crimean War, in which he decreed religious equality in Turkey. The Sixth Vial during the subsequent 40 years until 1895–6 dries up the mystical Euphrates or Turkish Empire and Mohammedan power, preparing the way for the return of the Jews to Palestine. And during the sixth vial the three unclean spirits of Anti Christian Infidelity, Democratic Revolutionism, and Romanist and Mohammedan fanaticism, go forth with renewed power throughout all the nations, to gather them to the war of Armageddon. (See Rev. 16 : 12-16.)

The passage in Daniel 12 : 11–12 mentioning these 1,290 and 1,335 years reads thus: "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five-and-thirty days." Now, undoubtedly, the principal ultimate fulfilment of these two periods is at the very close of this Dispensation, as 1,290, and 1,335 literal days,† commencing with the taking away of the renewed Jewish sacrifices and the setting up of the abomination of desolation (the Napoleonic Antichrist's image) in the rebuilt Temple at Jerusalem for 1,290 literal days; but in the typical year-day fulfilment of these periods, as 1,290 and 1,335 *years*, they commence with the public and national establishment of the Pope's temporal authority, the setting up the Papal abomination of desolation throughout Christendom, and the taking away of pure Evangelical worship.

VII.—The 1,260 Years

is mentioned twice in Daniel and five times in the Book of Revelation, as 1,260 days, 42 months, or 3½ times (*i.e.*, 3½ years) (Dan. 7 : 25; 12 : 7; Rev. 11 : 2, 3; 12 : 6, 14; 13 : 5).

In its year-day fulfilment as 1,260 years, it measures the principal exercise of the persecuting power of the Papal Antichrist in the West, and of the Mohammedan Antichrist in the East, both of which thus typify and prefigure the final Personal Infidel Antichrist, whose persecution is principally to be exercised during the final 1,260 days. And similarly the seven seals, trumpets, and vials—and, in fact, the main part of Revelation 5 to 16 have a *double fulfilment*—first, by way of rehearsal during nearly 1,900 *years* throughout this Dispensation in connection with the Papal and Mohammedan 1,260 years; secondly, more literally during nearly 1,900 *days* at the closing crisis of this dispensation in connection with the 1,260 literal days of the Personal Infidel Antichrist. This view of the double fulfilment, both year-day and literal day, of a large part of Daniel and Revelation, is increasingly held by the best Biblical and prophetic expositors.

In *Daniel* the 1,260 years is only called 3½ times (7 : 25; 12 : 7), and is given solely as the term of the *Popish Antichrist's* persecuting power, and *not* of the Mohammedan Antichrist. It *commenced* at the promulgation of Justinian's Code of Law throughout his reign, from A.D. 527 to 565, a system of universal jurisprudence, which, among many other provisions, gave the Pope temporal power over all the churches in Cæsar's Roman Empire; and it ended between 1789 and 1825, the epoch of the great French and European revolutions during which Napoleon's new Universal Code of Laws was promulgated, superseding Justinian's, and becoming adopted by half Europe, thus marking the introduction of a new era. The revolutionary epoch did not end at

Napoleon Bonaparte's Death in 1821.

But in 1821 all Greece rebelled against Turkey, and, after years of sanguinary strife, Greece's independence was guaranteed by a protocol of the European Powers in 1826. Moreover, between 1821 and 1823, there were revolutions in Italy and Spain; and in 1823 France invaded Spain and replaced the King on his throne.

In France the Roman Catholic religion was abolished by national decree in 1793; but in 1802 the fall of the Papacy was stayed for a time, and it was restored to a portion of its former power by Napoleon's Concordat with the Pope for re-nationalizing the Catholic religion in France, which is thus described in Sir Walter Scott's "History of Bonaparte:"

> "When the ratifications of this Concordat or treaty were published, it was singular to behold how submissively the once proud See of Rome lay prostrated before the power of Bonaparte, and how absolutely he must have have dictated all the terms of the treaty. Every article in it innovated on some of those rights and claims which the Church of Rome had for ages asserted. By this compact Pius VII. surrendered to Bonaparte—a soldier whose name was five or six years before unheard of—those claims to supremacy which his predecessors had maintained for so many ages against the whole of the potentates of Europe. A Puritan might now have said of the Power seated on the Seven Hills, '*Babylon is fallen*—it is fallen that great city.' The more rigid Catholics were of the same opinion. This Concordat, they alleged, showed the debasement of the Roman hierarchy. It was inaugurated at Notre Dame (April, 1802), with the utmost magnificence. Bonaparte took care to make his full advantage of the Concordat by introducing his own name as much as possible into the catechism of the Church. To honor Napoleon, the catechism taught, was the same as to honor and serve God Himself; to oppose his will was to incur the penalty of eternal damnation."

In the year 1809, however, Napoleon Bonaparte, being displeased with the Pope, arrested him in Rome as a prisoner, and had him conveyed to France, where he died. From this profound humiliation the Papacy recovered to some extent after Napoleon's defeat in 1815.

There is an interval of 75 years—the excess of the 1,335 years beyond the 1,260 years—from this first shock and blow to the Papacy at the revolutionary epoch of 1789 to 1825, until its final death-blow at the consummating epoch between A.D. 1866 and 1900; the recovery of the Pope's temporal power after the shock of the French Revolution had subsided by 1825, is only a reprieve precursory to its utter and irrevocable overthrow at the distance of 75 years from that premonitory abasement.

(*To be continued.*)

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* The list of these sixty expositors and titles of their books will be give in one of the issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published next month (April).

† Even year-day expositors admit this. Elliott, in his "Horæ," says: "We may conclude unhesitatingly that all these three periods (1,335, 1,290, and 1,260) are to be measured from one and the same commencing epoch—viz., that stated in Daniel 12 : 2, about the daily sacrifice and abomination of desolation, whether they are to be reckoned as *years*, on the year-day principle, or simply and literally as *days*. In perfect accordance with the principles laid down by me in regard to the *year-day* interpretation, these three periods *may be periods of literal days*, to be measured from either the Turkman's or the Papal Antichrist's setting up of the abomination of his apostasy in his last desolating invasion of the holy mountain district of Judah." Elliott also says "Jerome, like the mass of modern interpreters, makes both the 30 and the 45 days an addition to the 1,260."

TAKING THE BEARINGS.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(*Specially reported for this Journal.*)

WHEN a ship steers across the Atlantic Ocean, it must not only know where it's coming from—New York and wants to get to Liverpool—but it must keep its bearings every moment It must know where it is. Where am I from? Where am I going? Where am I? When a ship loses its bearings, no matter where it comes from, or where it wants to go, it don't help it. If you have lost your bearings *you will get left*, in my candid judgment. We may get helped to find our bearings this morning.

Josh's Family.

Now, brethren, I know a sense of unworthiness sometimes dislodges us from everything. I feel that way, and I get down on my knees before I go to work, and say, "O Lord God! Let not my unworthiness keep back Thy blessing from me," and I have been bowed down by that sense of unworthiness until I have felt like just giving up the fight. But, brethren, this sense of unworthiness is a mighty good sign. I have found that out. When we have that sense of unworthiness, we ought to be like a colored man down in Hancock County, Georgia, who before the war used to belong to one of the Stephens' families. He was a sort of no-account darkey, but he was *powerful big in his ways*. "Josh, what makes you put on airs in the way you do?" somebody asked him one day. "Well, I just tell you, boss," Josh replied, "I don't count for much myself, but I belong to the biggest family 'round here." And, brethren, when we get that sense of unworthiness heavily upon us, let's remember that though we mayn't amount to much ourselves, we *belong to a powerful big family*.

A Creditor's Suggestion.

You say you can't pray, and you think it's because you're timid. It's *because you're mean*. A good fellow who is living right before the public, he'll pray in public. A fellow who ain't living right in the eyes of men ain't going to pray in public. An old fellow was praying once in meeting, and he said, "O Lord, give us soul-saving religion, give us heart-cleansing religion," and one of his creditors who was there said, "And debt-paying" religion, and the old brother said "Amen" right at that point, and closed his prayer. A man who won't pray in public, if he'll hunt round he'll find it's something wrong in himself and not in God or His surroundings.

Hiring a Man to Pray.

Another says, "I can't pray in my family; I haven't the courage." A big-whiskered man timid! Brethren, if I didn't have courage enough to pray night and morning with my precious children and my wife, I'd go down South and hire some good old colored man, one I had confidence in as a religious man, and I'd hire him by the month to pray with my wife and children. I mean an old colored man that had more religion than sense. You have more sense than religion, and you and he would about equalize matters.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Mr. Manning Quitted the Treasury Department on March 9th. Although his resignation does not take effect until April 1st, he was unable to remain longer in Washington. In accordance with his expressed wish there was no formal leave-taking, but the officials who knew of his contemplated departure called on him and bade him "Good-by." He was presented with a handsome floral design by the messengers attached to his office, who also sent a letter expressing their appreciation of his kind and considerate treatment. Mr. Manning will spend a few weeks in Europe before entering on his new sphere in New York. Acting Secretary Fairchild is most likely to be his successor.

The Redemption of the Trade Dollars Commenced in New York on March 7th. The coins were presented in larger numbers than the Assistant-Treasurer and his staff could handle. One hundred thousand, however, were accepted, and exchanged for standard dollars or subsidiary silver coins at the option of the holders. The Treasury has asked holders to notify them of the amount that will be presented, the notification to be regarded as a presentation within the meaning of the law. Notifications to the amount of three and a half millions were promptly forwarded. The coins are not redeemed if they are mutilated or defaced but the Treasury will buy them as bullion.

The Propriety of Calling an Extra Session of Congress is being urged upon the President. The chief reason for it is the failure of the Deficiency bill, which has caused inconvenience in several departments. The Signal Service, especially, is embarrassed by an empty treasury. Over twenty-two thousand dollars of the amount appropriated by the Deficiency bill would have gone to this department. According to the statement of the chief signal officer it is now impossible to move a man; even to discharge or re-enlist him, or to replace those who are dead or dangerously ill. The term of service of a number of men has expired, but they must be retained in the corps from lack of money to send them to their homes. The most serious consequence of the failure of the bill, perhaps, will be the discontinuance of the storm warnings—cold waves, etc.—at a number of important points, owing to the failure of the item appropriating eighteen thousand dollars for telegraphing and reporting these warnings. So nearly exhausted is the sum now available for this purpose that a large reduction must be made in the service at a very early day. The post-office will not suffer much, except in the delay in introducing the free-delivery system. There are other reasons, too, for an extra session. Prominent among them is the fact that there is no time to be lost in dealing with the tariff, the surplus labor arbitration, and other important matters which the Forty-ninth Congress left unsettled, and which if not settled before the election of 1888, may lead the people to the conclusion that the Democratic Party is neither so efficient nor so industrious as to deserve a renewal of power.

The Force of the New Anti-Polygamy Legislation appears to be realized in Utah. A prominent lawyer, who has been acting as counsel in Washington for the Mormons, declares that the recently enacted law has "widened the breach between the Mormons and the country," so that it may not be possible to bridge it over, and suggests that another course should have been pursued. The Mormons of Utah should have been allowed, he thinks, to take the whole matter into their own hands, to form a State constitution, and to decide for themselves whether polygamy should be prohibited in it or not. The lawyer truthfully reflects public opinion in Utah. His mistake is that which the Mormons have been making all along. They refuse to comprehend that polygamy is a crime, and that the Government and people of the United States are determined to have crime punished, and will not give to criminals the power to legalize it.

The Death of Captain James B. Eads, the eminent civil engineer, took place on Thursday last at Nassau, N. P., where he had gone for his health. While there he was seized with pneumonia, which, added to his other complications, proved fatal. He was sixty-seven years of age, having been born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1820. He was the designer and constructor of the gun and mortar boats which formed so powerful an agency in the success of the North in the war. On one occasion he took a contract to build seven ironclad gunboats in sixty-five days, and fulfilled it. Since the war his most important work has been the Mississippi jetties, which he believed would force the river to deepen its channel. The greatest work projected by Captain Eads, however, he has died without seeing begun. It is the ship railway which he proposed to construct across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec for the transportation of large ships, fully laden, from ocean to ocean.

The Closing of the Dives of New York Deserves the attention of other cities. For many years it has been the melancholy conviction of good men that the haunts of dissolute persons could not be closed. Occasionally, one more daring offender than the others was arrested, but some judge would admit him to bail or sentence him to pay a small fine, and no more was heard of the case. The police, who were not paid for protecting the places, grew tired of arresting the violators of the law, when it was seen that political influence secured practical immunity for offenders. Recently, however, different tactics have been pursued with remarkable success. Instead of summoning the dive-keepers before police justices, an injunction has been procured from a judge, to ignore which involved punishment for contempt of court. The result has been that the most notorious resorts are closed, and the keeper in one case has gone to Canada to avoid imprisonment. The work is going steadily forward with the approval of the best portion of the community.

The Existing Condition of Ireland was Described with much force by Sir Redvers Buller in his evidence before the Land Commission which was published last week. Buller is a general who distinguished himself in the Soudan, and who has recently been on service in the disturbed districts of Ireland, where he was sent by the Conservative Government. Owing to a garbled report having been issued, designedly or inadvertently, there is a dispute as to what General Buller did say, but he certainly stated that in Counties Kerry, Clare, and Cork an organized stand was being made against the payment of existing rents, but that rents were generally fairly well paid. A majority of the tenants, he also said, were anxious to pay, but wanted a reasonable allowance, while a great many others, who did not require any allowance, would pay if they dared. General Buller feared *intimidation was rampant* in the country. The people were in sympathy with the National League, because they thought it was their salvation. The bulk of the tenants had told him that the reducing of rents and the staying of evictions were directly due to the operations of the League. They believed that nobody did anything for the tenants until the League was established. He said it was *no longer possible to enforce legal obligations* in that part of the country. It was suggested to him that his evidence showed that the law was not all for the rich, and he replied, "The law? There isn't much law there. A short time ago what law there was was really on the side of the rich." The appointment of Balfour to be Chief Secretary has produced a general impression that the Conservatives intend to propose coercion. Mr. Gladstone has promised to oppose it.

Another Earthquake in the Riviera was Reported on Friday last. It was felt but slightly at Cannes, but at other places it was so violent as to produce a panic. At Monte Carlo the gaming-tables shook perceptibly, and the gamblers fled in dismay. At Mentone the shock was the most violent felt since that of the 23d of February. The walls of many houses were again cracked, and mirrors, glassware, etc., were smashed. Visitors hurried away and residents camped in the open air. At Marseilles the hotels and the Bourse were emptied of their occupants in a very few seconds. The people were, however, soon reassured. It is found that many walls of buildings in various parts of the city were cracked. The most severe effects were felt at Alassio. The Commander pronounced the town unsafe and ordered that eight extra barracks be erected for the accommodation of the inhabitants. At another village fifteen houses were demolished and two persons were killed.

The European News Cabled to this Country last week was more peaceful in its tone than for many weeks past. The press correspondents say that there is a general conviction that peace will be maintained this year. It is an ominous fact, however, that not one government has taken any step toward the reduction of its military establishment, that the Reichstag has voted to add forty-one thousand men to the German army, and that Krupp, the great gun-maker, finds it necessary to enlarge his foundry in order to execute the commissions which are pouring in for guns of the latest type. One astute observer, who confirms the reports of the other writers respecting the subsidence of war rumors, says that the present calm is, in his opinion, more suggestive of a coming storm than were the threatenings of a few weeks ago. He predicts that a bolt out of a clear sky will startle the world in a short time. Whether or not his prediction is fulfilled, it is evident that Europe will not be assured of peace while the nations are groaning under the burden of armies on a war footing.

Bismarck's Septennate Bill Passed the Reichstag last Friday. The crucial vote was on an amendment making the term of the bill three instead of seven years. It was rejected by a vote of 222 to 23. Eighty-eight members abstained from voting, and the Polish and Alsatian members were not present at the debate. After the defeat of the amendment, the first clause of the bill was passed by a vote of 223 to 48, the minority including new German liberals, Socialists and Alsatians. The paragraph fixes the peace effective force from April 1st, 1887, to March 31st, 1894, at 468,409 men, exclusive of one-year volunteers. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says, "Prince Bismarck's victory was so complete as almost to brand him as a 'politician.' His majority is absolute. The opposition seems to be so gone to pieces that, for a time, at least, he will be able to govern through Parliament as if no Parliament existed."

The Rev. M. Baxter Delivered Three Discourses on Coming Great Events, in Baltimore, Md., on Sunday last. The services were held in a building called the Mammoth Hall, and there were good audiences. Next Sunday he expects to preach again in the same place.

The Funeral Services of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher were conducted on Friday last in four churches besides Plymouth Church. Eminent preachers of various denominations spoke in each to crowded congregations. Even the Jewish congregation of the Temple Emmanu-El sent a deputation to testify their respect for the deceased pastor. The State Legislature adjourned, the law courts suspended their sittings, the Board of Education closed all the public schools, and nearly all the stores and shops were closed. On the previous day the body lay in state in Plymouth Church, which was a mass of roses and rare flowers. The platform was covered with a bank of white roses, the galleries were festooned with them, and floral trophies were grouped around the casket. A long line of persons, extending several blocks, filed into the church to take a last look at Mr. Beecher's face, at the rate of fifty a minute, from early morning until nine o'clock at night when the doors were closed. More than fifty thousand persons passed through the building during the day. On Friday the funeral service in Plymouth Church was conducted by Dr. Charles Hall, the rector of Holy Trinity Church, Mr. Beecher's stanch friend. Afterward the scenes of Thursday were renewed, and a long procession for four hours passed the coffin in an unbroken line. At six o'clock the doors were closed, and on Saturday morning, the body, attended by only a few personal friends, was carried to Greenwood.

Mr. Beecher's Last Act in Quitting Plymouth Church on Sunday, February 27th, was touchingly narrated by his friend, Dr. Charles Hall, at the funeral services on Friday last. He said: "The evening service was over, and the congregation had retired, when the organist and one or two others were practising the hymn,

> 'I heard the voice of Jesus say,
> Come unto me and rest.'

Mr. Beecher, doubtless, with that tire that follows a pastor's Sunday work, remained and listened. Two street urchins were prompted to wander into the building, and one of them was standing, perhaps, in the position of the boy whom Raphael has immortalized, gazing up at the organ. The old man, laying his hands on the boy's head, turned his face upward and kissed him, and with his arms about the two, left the scene of his triumphs, his trials and his successes, forever. It was a fitting close to a grand life, the old man of genius and fame shielding the little wanderers, great in breasting traditional ways and prejudices, great, also, in the gesture, so like him, that recognized, as did the Master, that the humblest and the poorest were his brethren, the great preacher led out into the night by the little nameless waifs."

The Absence of Wine Glasses at Mrs. Cleveland's place was noticed at a recent State dinner at the White House. On February 17th the President gave a dinner in honor of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Lengthy dispatches appeared in all the daily journals describing the floral decorations of the State dining-room, the corridors and parlors, and the dresses of the guests. The one feature of the report that is really important was that the popular wife of the President had the courage to set an example of total abstinence. The report says, "Glasses for nine kinds of wine were at each cover, but at the places of Mrs. and Miss Cleveland there was no wine service."

A Lawyer's Search for a Bible in Norwalk, Conn., last week, proved that the Book is not so common there as might have been supposed. He had occasion to use a Bible in administering an oath to a client, but he did not have a copy of the Scriptures in his office, and calls at the offices of several of his neighbors showed them to be equally destitute. Then he stepped into the Norwalk Library to procure the desired book, but neither he nor the librarian could find one. The librarian's eye finally lighted upon a copy of the Koran, and the notary, concluding that this would answer, took away the book and swore his client upon it. For the purpose in hand the Koran or any other book may have served, but we may hope that neither the lawyer, nor his client, nor the librarian will make the mistake of accepting any substitute for the Bible if they become anxious about salvation. In these days of abundant theological literature it is not unnecessary to remind even Christian men that there is no book that can answer the purpose of the Bible (John 5 : 39).

The Signal of Three Black Balls was Exhibited by a steamer out at sea on March 5th. The captain of the steamer Denmark saw it from his vessel while on his voyage to New York last week, but could not understand what it was intended to express. He knew, however, that it was not an appeal for assistance, so he proceeded on his voyage. Since his report was made, it has been found that the signal is one authorized by the international rules for preventing collisions at sea, and denotes that a vessel "is not under command." It is probable that it was exhibited by the steamer Caledonia from New York to Southampton, and was raised because the steering gear of the steamer was temporarily out of order, and the crew were at work repairing it. The signal would be a very common object in our streets if it had to be exhibited by men in like circumstances. Few of those who are living in sin do so voluntarily. The majority have no control over their appetites and passions, and are not wise enough to ask Christ to take command (Prov. 25 : 28).

The Capture of a Devil Hawk in Arizona is announced as a triumph by a distinguished ornithologist, who has at last succeeded, after many attempts, in adding a specimen to his collection. He says: "It is a bird of the handsomest plumage; at the same time it has a most ugly head and vicious talons; besides, its beak is almost as sharp as a needle and nearly as strong as the largest hawk. This bird, but for its head, when on the wing would pass for a pigeon. When seeking his prey he plays pigeon and flies in among them unnoticed on account of his similarity and easily captures what he wants. He is the picture of grace, beauty, and speed. Happily for the feathered family this kind are phenomenally rare, so rare that it is estimated that there are not more than a dozen of them in the Territory." It would appear that the bird is appropriately named. Satan secures his prey by similar tactics. He takes care that young people who become his victims shall see nothing at the outset of their fatal course to alarm them (II Cor. 11 : 14).

A Father's Unconscious Blunder Caused Some amusement in his home recently. A Chicago journal states that a business man living in the suburbs of that city, who has a family of eleven young children, leaves home for his business so early in the morning and returns so late at night that he sees but little of the young folks. Nevertheless, he is very fond of them, and regrets his unavoidable neglect of home duties. "One afternoon, business being very dull, he took the early train out to his home, and after a time slipped upstairs to help put the children to bed. Being missed soon, his wife went up to see what was going on. Upon opening the nursery door she exclaimed, 'Why, dear, what in the world are you doing?' 'Why, wifey,' said he, 'I am putting the children to bed, and hearing them say their prayers.' 'Yes,' said wifey, 'but this is one of our neighbor's children all undressed!' And he had to re-dress it and send it home." The mistake was less painful than would have been that of failing to recognize one of his own children, which might have been the result of his unfamiliarity with them. The children of God have explicit assurance that with Him neither mistake is possible (II Tim. 2 : 19).

A Telegram that Unmanned a Lieutenant-Governor was received by him on March 4th. A despatch from Lansing, Mich., states that while presiding in the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor McDonald was handed a telegram from a friend announcing to him that a sister from whom he had not heard, and whom he had not seen, for thirty-nine years, was alive, giving her address. The news so unmanned him that he called President, *pro tem*, Monroe to the chair and retired to his room. There he was seen later, and related his history. He said: "When I was only three years old my father and his family left our home in Scotland and came to Pictou, Nova Scotia. I remained there until I was about sixteen, but, becoming discontented, started out to see the world. This was in 1848. Since that time I have never seen nor heard from a member of my father's family until today. I wandered around so much, and was for so many years engaged in the hardest of labor, that I let the years slip by and finally did not care to write them. I'll go down to Boston, though, and see my sister; she is the only sister I ever had." Natural affection was not dead in the man, it seems, after all. It would be well if those who have acted toward their heavenly Father as the Lieutenant-Governor acted toward his family would, when reminded of their long neglect, be similarly prompt in going to Him for pardon and reconciliation (II Chron. 7 : 14).

An Absent-Minded Bridegroom Narrowly escaped a heavy loss in Cincinnati, O., last week. He was staying at an hotel before the marriage and, after the ceremony, he returned there to pack up his luggage preparatory to starting with his wife for their new home. Having completed his task he went to the hotel office to pay his bill, carrying a small hand-bag. After getting a receipt he hurried to his bride, leaving the bag on the floor under the cashier's window. In about fifteen minutes he returned, pale as a ghost, and gasped, "Did I leave my satchel here?" Without a word the clerk handed it to him, and with a sigh of relief he grasped and opened it. Then the eyes of the clerk opened wide with astonishment, for the bag was full of money. It contained a round $50,000. His business friends would have blamed him, and he would doubtless have blamed himself had he lost the money, but his bride would probably have been able to forgive him. She would see in his preoccupation a proof of the fervor of his devotion to herself. When love to Christ and devotion to His service leads men to be remiss in business the world censures, but we may be sure that the Master is not displeased when He sees that they make the "Almighty their treasure" (Job 22 : 25 R. V.).

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. E. P. Hammond has been conducting services for children in Mott Haven and Morrisania, N. Y. Next week he will assist in services to be held in Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York.

Rev. George C. Needham is holding special services in Norristown, Pa., every afternoon and evening. At the first service several persons rose to ask for prayers, and the number of converts has been growing. The music is conducted by Mr. Bilhorn.

Mr. William Noble has entered vigorously on his English work. A prominent daily journal devotes a large part of its space to the report of a large meeting, which he held in St. George's Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire, on February 21st.

Mr. Graham, the Secretary of the Church Temperance Society, has arranged with the Rev. H. C. Kingston, of Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, to give a series of Temperance Lectures at the rooms of the Society in Fourth Avenue, New York. The lectures will be illustrated by stereopticon views.

Mr. Richard T. Booth, the renowned Gospel Temperance speaker, has been holding successful meetings in Honolulu. In the face of many discouragements he commenced work on January 23d, and soon won his way to the hearts of the people. A correspondent there describes his work as a marvellous success. Mr. Booth has been laboring in Australia and New Zealand, and is now on his way to visit his parents in the United States.

The Twenty-seventh International Convention of the American Young Men's Christian Associations will be held in San Francisco, Cal., May 11th to 15th 1887. All Young Men's Christian Associations, entitled under the Rules of the Convention to representation, are earnestly requested to send delegates. Reduced railroad fares are being arranged for. All necessary information may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Mr. Richard C. Morse, Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third Street, New York.

A MESSAGE TO THE WORST MAN ON EARTH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." —Luke 18 : 13.

A Holy Telegram—The Words Misused—The Spirit in the Words—I. Sinnership no Reason for Despair—The Man Came to God—Salvation Implies Hope for Sinners—Great Salvation for Great Sinners—The Prayer of a Swearing Captain—II. Despondency Confers no Claim to Mercy—A Hard Heart the Greatest of Sins—III. Right Action Resulting from Consciousness of Sin—Reading the Name of a Hatter—A Lachrymose Minister's Blunder—The Best Master of the Ceremonies—IV. Confession the Way of Peace.

It was the fault of the Pharisee that, though he went up into the temple to pray, he did not pray ; there is no prayer in all that he said. It is one excellence of the publican that he went up to the temple to pray, and he did pray ; there is nothing but prayer in all that he said. "God be merciful to me a sinner" is a pure, unadulterated prayer throughout. It was the fault of the Pharisee that when he went up to the temple to pray he forgot an essential part of prayer, which is confession of sin ; he spoke as if he had no sins to confess, but many virtues to parade. It was a chief excellence in the devotion of the publican that he did confess his sin—aye, that his utterance was full of confession of sin ; from beginning to end it was an acknowledgment of his guilt, and an appeal to the merciful God.

The prayer of the publican is admirable for its fulness of meaning. An expositor calls it

A Holy Telegram ;

and certainly it is so compact and so condensed, so free from superfluous words, that it is worthy to be called by that name. I do not see how he could have expressed his meaning more fully or more briefly. He speaks of great matters, and trifles are not thought of. He has nothing to do with fastings twice in the week, or the paying of tithes, and such second-rate things ; the matters he treats of are of a higher order. He is not playing at prayer, but is in awful earnest.

His supplication speeded well with God, and he speedily won his suit with heaven. Mercy granted to him full justification. The prayer so pleased the Lord Jesus Christ, who heard it, that He condescended to become a portrait painter, and took a sketch of the petitioner. I say the prayer in itself was so pleasing to the gracious Saviour, that He tells us how it was offered : "Standing afar off, he would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast." Luke, who, according to tradition, was somewhat of an artist, as well as a physician, takes great care to place this picture in the portrait gallery of men saved by grace.

My heart's desire this morning is that many here may seek mercy of the Lord as this publican did, and go down to their houses justified. I ask no man to use the same words. Let no man attach a superstitious value to them. Alas ! this prayer has been used flippantly and foolishly, and almost looked upon as a sort of charm. Some have said, "We may live as we like, for we have only to say, 'God be merciful to me' when we are dying, and all will be well." This is a wicked misuse of gospel truth—yea, it turns it into a lie. If you choose thus to pervert the grace of the Gospel to your own destruction, your blood must be on your own heads. You may not have space given you in which to breathe out even this brief sentence ; or if you have, the words may not come from your heart, and so you may die in your sins.

I. The first lesson to be learned from the text is this—the fact of sinnership is

No Reason for Despair.

For, first, this man who was a sinner yet dared to approach the Lord. According to our version, he said, "God be merciful to me *a* sinner," but a more accurate rendering is that which the Revised Version puts in the margin—"*the* sinner." He meant to say that he was emphatically *the* sinner. The Pharisee yonder was *the* saint of his age ; but this publican who stood afar off from the holy place was *the* sinner. Now, if you know yourself to be a sinner, you may plead with God ; but if you mourn that you are not only a sinner, but *the* sinner with the definite article, the sinner above all others, you may still hope in the mercy of the Lord. The worst, the most profane, the most horrible of sinners, may venture, as this man did, to approach the God of mercy. I know that it looks like a daring action ; therefore you must do it by faith. On any other footing but that of faith in the mercy of God, you who are a sinner may not dare to approach the Lord, lest you be found guilty of presumption. But with your eye on mercy you may be bravely trustful. This story of the Pharisee and the publican is intended as an encouraging example to you. If this man who was *the* sinner found forgiveness, so also shall you, if you seek it in the same way.

Moreover, the conception of salvation

Implies Hope

for sinners. That salvation which we preach to you every day is glad tidings for the guilty. Salvation by grace implies that men are guilty. Salvation means not the reward of the righteous, but the cleansing of the unrighteous. Salvation is meant for the lost, the ruined, the undone ; and the blessings which it brings of pardoning mercy and cleansing grace must be intended for the guilty and polluted. "The whole need not a physician ;" the physician has his eye upon the sick. Alms are for the poor, bread is for the hungry, pardon is for the guilty. Oh, you that are guilty, you are the men that mercy seeks after !

Let me further say that, inasmuch as that salvation of God is a great one, it must have been intended to meet great sins. O sirs, would Christ have shed the blood of His heart for some trifling, venial sins which your tears could wash away ? See Jesus on the cross, and learn that all manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men. The fact of salvation, and of a great salvation, ought to drive away despair from every heart that hears of it. If you are a sinner, you are the very man for whom the Gospel is intended ; and I do not mean by this a merely complimentary nominal sinner, but an out-and-out rebel, a transgressor against God and man.

If you want any other argument—and I hope you do not—I would put it thus : *great sinners have been saved.* All sorts of sinners are being saved to-day. What wonders some of us have seen ! What wonders have been wrought in this Tabernacle ! A man was heard at a prayer-meeting pleading in louder tones than usual ;

He was a Sailor,

and his voice was pitched to the tune of the roaring billows. A lady whispered to her friend, "Is that Captain F——?" "Yes," said the other, "why do you ask?" "Because," said she, "the last time I heard that voice its swearing made my blood run cold ; the man's oaths were beyond measure terrible. Can it be the same man?" Some one observed, "Go and ask him." The lady timidly said, "Are you the same Captain F—— that I heard swearing in the street, outside my house?" "Well," he said, "I am the same person, and yet, thank God, I am not the same !" O brethren, such were some of us ; but we are washed, but we are sanctified !

I was reading the other day *a story of an old shepherd* who had never attended a place of worship ; but when he had grown gray, and was near to die, he was drawn by curiosity into the Methodist chapel, and all was new to him. Hard-hearted old fellow as he was, he was noticed to shed tears during the sermon. He had obtained a glimpse of hope. He saw that there was mercy even for him. He laid hold on eternal life at once. The surprise was great when he was seen at the chapel, and greater still when, on the Monday night, he was seen at the prayer-meeting ; yes, and heard at the prayer-meeting, for he fell down on his knees and praised God that he had found mercy. Do you wonder that the Methodists shouted, "Bless the Lord"? Wherever Christ is preached the most wicked of men and women are made to sit at the Saviour's feet, "clothed, and in their right minds." My hearer, why should it not be so with you ? At any rate, we have full proof of the fact that sinnership is no reason for despair.

II. I must now advance to my second observation : a sense of sinnership confers no right to mercy. You will wonder why I mention this self-evident truth ; but I mention it because of

A Common Error,

which does great mischief. This man was very sensible of his sin, insomuch that he called himself *the sinner ;* but he did not urge his sense of sin as any reason why he should find mercy. There is an ingenuity in the heart of man, nothing less than devilish, by which he will, if he can, turn the Gospel itself into a yoke of bondage. If we preach to sinners that they may come to Christ in all their anguish and misery, one cries, "I do not feel myself to be a sinner as I ought to feel it. I have not felt those convictions of which you speak, and, therefore, I cannot come to Jesus." This is a horrible twist of our meaning. We never meant to insinuate that convictions and doubts and despondencies conferred upon men a claim to mercy, and were necessary preparations for grace. I want you, therefore, to learn that a sense of sin gives no man a right to grace.

To imagine that an awful sense of sin constituted a claim upon mercy would be like giving a premium to great sin. Certain seekers think, "I have never been a drunkard, or a swearer, or unchaste, and I almost wish I had been, that I might feel myself to be the chief of sinners, and so might come to Jesus." Do not wish anything so atrocious ; there is

No Good in Sin

in any shape or way. Thank God if you have been kept from the grosser forms of vice. Do not imagine that repentance is easier when sin is grosser ; the reverse is true. If good works do not help you, certainly bad works would not. You that have been moral and excellent should cry for mercy, and not be so silly as to dream that greater sins would help you to readier repentance. Come as you are, and if your heart be hard, confess it as one of your greatest sins. A deeper sense of sin would not entitle you to the mercy of God ; you can have no title to mercy but that which mercy gives you.

Then, dear friends, remember, if we begin to preach to sinners that they must have a certain sense of sin and a certain measure of conviction, such teaching would turn the sinner away from God in Christ to himself. The man begins at once to say, "Have I a broken heart? Do I feel the burden of sin?" This is only another form of looking to self. Man must not look to himself to find reasons for God's grace. The remedy does not lie in the seat of the disease ; it lies in the physician's hand. A sense of sin is not a claim, but a gift of that blessed Saviour who is exalted on high to give repentance and remission of sins. Beware of any teaching which makes you look to yourself for help, but cling to that doctrine which makes you look alone to Christ. Whether you know it or not, you are a lost, ruined sinner, only fit to be cast into the flames of hell forever. Confess this, but do not ask to be driven mad by a sense of it. Come to Jesus just as you are, and do not wait for a preparation made of your own miseries.

III. My third observation is this : the knowledge of their sinnership guides men to right action. When a man has learned of the Holy Spirit that he is a sinner, then by a kind of instinct of the new life, he does

The Right Thing in the Right Way.

This publican had not often been to the temple, and had not learned the orthdox way of behaving. It is easy to learn how we all do it nowadays in our temples—*take off your hat, hold it in front of your face, and read the maker's name and address.* Then sit down, and at the proper moment, bend forward and

cover your eyes, and, furthermore, stand up when the rest of the congregation do so. People get to do this just as if they were wound up by machinery; yet they do not pray when they are supposed to be praying, nor bow before the Lord when worship is being offered. This publican is out of rank; he does not follow the rubric; he has gestures of his own.

First, instead of coming forward he stands afar off. He does not dare to come where that most respectable person, the Pharisee, is displaying himself, for he does not feel worthy. Furthermore, he would not lift so much as his eyes unto heaven. It seems natural to lift up your hands in prayer, but he would not even lift his eyes. His downcast eyes meant much. In the meanwhile the penitent publican kept smiting upon his breast. The original does not say that he smote upon his breast once, but he smote and smote again. It was a continuous act. He seemed to say,

Oh, this Wicked Heart!

He would smite it. Again and again he expressed his intense grief by this Oriental gesture, for he did not know how else to set forth his sorrow. Every gesture and posture is significant, and yet all came spontaneously. He had no book of directions how to behave himself in the house of God; his sincerity guided him. If you want to know how to behave yourselves as penitents, be penitents. The best rubrics of worship are those which are written on broken hearts.

I have heard of a minister who was said to cry in the wrong place in his sermons, and it was found afterward that he had written in the margin of his manuscript, "*Weep here.*" His audience could not see the reason for his artificial moisture. It must have had a ludicrous effect. In religion everything artificial is ridiculous, or worse; but grace in the heart is *the best "master of the ceremonies."* He who prays aright with his heart will not much err with foot, and hand, and head.

Observe that this man, even under the weight of conscious sin, was led aright; for

He Went Straight to God.

A sense of sin without faith drives us from God, but a sense of sin with faith draws us immediately to God. He came to God alone; he felt that it would be of no avail to confess his fault to a mortal, or to look for absolution from man. He did not resort to the priest of the temple, but to the God of the temple. He did not ask to speak to the good and learned man, the Pharisee, who stood on the same floor with him. His inquiry-room was the secret of his own soul, and he inquired of the Lord. He ran straight away to God, who alone was able to help; and when he opened his mouth, it was, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That is what you have to do, my dear hearer, if you would be saved; you must go distinctly and immediately to God in Christ Jesus. Forget all things else, and say, with the returning prodigal, "I will arise and go to my father." None but God can help us out of our low estate.

The publican did not look round on his fellow-worshippers; he was too much absorbed in his own grief of heart. Specially is it noteworthy that he had no remarks to make upon the Pharisee. He did not denounce the pride, or the hypocrisy, or the heard-heartedness of the professor, who so offensively looked down upon him. He did not return contempt for contempt, as we are all too apt to do. No; he dealt with the Lord alone in the deep sincerity of his own heart; and it was well. My hearer, when will you do the same? When will you cease to censure others, and reserve your severity and your critical observations for your own conduct?

Then he appealed to mercy only. This was wise. See how rightly he was guided. What had he to do with justice, since it could only condemn and destroy him? Like a naked sword, it threatens to sheathe itself in my heart; how can I appeal to justice? Neither power nor wisdom, nor any other quality of the great God could be resorted to; only mercy stretched out her wing. The prayer, "God be merciful," is the only prayer that you can pray who have been greatly guilty. If all your lives you have spurned your Saviour, all you can now do is to cast yourselves upon the mercy of God.

IV. I now close with my last head, which is this—the believing confession of sinnership is

The Way of Peace.

"God be merciful to me a sinner," was the prayer, but what was the answer? Listen to this: "This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

In a few sentences let me sketch this man's progress. He came to God only as a sinner, nakedly as a sinner. Observe, he did not say, "God be merciful to me a *penitent* sinner." He was a penitent sinner, but he did not plead his penitence; and if you are ever so penitent and convinced of sin, do not mention it as an argument, lest you be accused of self-righteousness. Come as you are, as a sinner, and as nothing else. He does not even say, "God be merciful to me the *reformed* sinner." I have no doubt he did reform, and give up his evil ways, but he does not plead that reformation. Reformation will not take away your sinnership; therefore do not speak as if it could do so. The publican does not say, "God be merciful to me a *praying* sinner." He was praying, but he does not mention it as a plea, for he thought very little of his own prayers. Do not plead your prayers; you might as well plead your sins. Do not trick yourself out in the weeds of your own repentance, much less in the fig-leaves of your own resolutions, but come to God in Christ Jesus in all the nakedness of your sin, and everlasting mercy will cover both you and your sins.

Next, notice that this man did nothing but appeal to mercy; he said, "God be merciful to me." He did not attempt to excuse himself, and say, "Lord, I could not help it. Lord, I was not worse than other publicans. Lord, I was a public servant, and only did what every other tax-collector did." No, no, he is too honest to forge excuses. He is a sinner, and he owns it. If the Lord should condemn him out of his own mouth, and send him to hell, he cannot help it; his sin is too evident to be denied. He lays his head on the block, and humbly pleads, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Neither does this publican offer any *promises* of future amendment as a set-off. He does not say, "Lord, be merciful for the past, and I will be better in the future." Nothing of the sort; "Be merciful to me the sinner" is his one and only request. So would I have you cry, "O God, be merciful to me!" That is the way to pray; and if you pray in that way

God Will Hear You.

Now, I want to cheer your hearts by noticing that this man, through this prayer, and through this confession of sin, experienced a remarkable degree of acceptance. He had come up to the temple condemned; "he went down to his house justified." A complete change, a sudden change, a happy change was wrought upon him. Heavy heart and downcast eye were exchanged for glad heart and hopeful outlook. He came into that temple with trembling, he left it with rejoicing. This was a very sudden change, was it not? It was wrought in a moment. The process of spiritual quickening is not a matter of hours, but of a single second of time. I grant you, life would be very feeble at first; still, there must be a time in which it was not there at all; and again, there must have been an instant in which it begins. There can be no middle condition between dead and alive. Yet a man may not know *when* the change took place.

Once more, this man went away with a witness such as I pray we may all have. "He was justified." "But," you add, "how do I know he was justified?" Listen to these words. Our blessed Lord says, "*I tell you* that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." "*I* tell you." Jesus, our Lord, can tell. Into our ear He tells it. He tells it to God and the holy angels, and He tells it to the man Himself. The man who has cried from his heart "God be merciful to me a sinner" is a justified man. When he stood and confessed his sin, and cast himself wholly upon the divine mercy, that man was unburdened, so that he went down to his house justified.

We are all going down to our houses. Oh, that we might go down justified! You are going home; I want you to go home to God, who is the true home of the soul. "*He* went down to his house justified," and why should not you do the same? It will be a happy Sunday for you, if you this day begin a new life by faith in Jesus. You shall have joy, peace, and happiness if you seek and find mercy from the great Father. I think I see you trudging home, having left your load behind you, but compassed about with songs of praise unto our God. So be it. Amen and Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S BROKEN PROMISE.*

Every school has its bully. A certain R. R. filled this rôle during the time Hannington was at the Temple school. Being rash enough to attack this boy, Hannington got, and perhaps upon that occasion deserved, a tremendous thrashing. Both of his eyes were closed up, and sundry egg-like bumps upon his head bore witness to the hardness of his adversary's fists. The same afternoon he had to go home to pay his weekly visit. Horrified at the dreadful appearance of her son, his mother made him promise that he would never fight again.

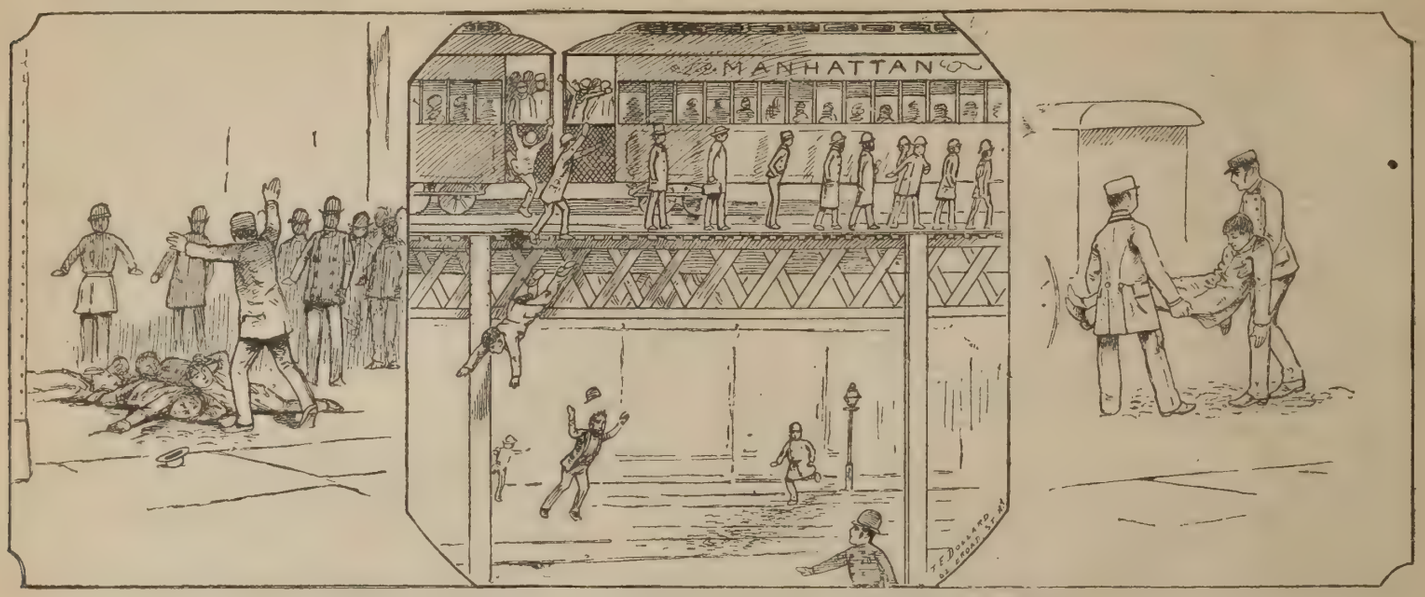
Now, there never was one more absolutely devoid of physical fear than James Hannington. Yet, holding himself bound by that promise of his, he returned to school defenceless. Every one knows what must be the fate of a schoolboy when once the boys about him have clearly ascertained that he will not fight. He was soon made thoroughly wretched. His pusillanimity—for such it seemed—was taken advantage of in every way. He went about like a muzzled mastiff, submitting to be treated by his tormentors like a coward and a cur.

At last he could stand it no longer. "One day," he says, "I had allowed myself to be bullied nearly to death by a boy about my own size, when all of a sudden I turned round, and said, to the astonishment of the whole school, that I would fight him. He was backed by his cousin, the only son of Baron P——. I don't think I had any one to back me, but I very soon gave him a thrashing, and I never recollect being bullied afterward." He always remembered that act as a "broken promise," but who can doubt that such a promise was a greater burden laid upon a schoolboy's shoulders than he could be reasonably expected to bear?

RUNNING FROM ROYALTY.

On Easter Monday, 1866, at the grand review, the Prince and Princess of Wales being present, he was appointed major to his battalion. Right proudly he jingled along upon his gaily-caparisoned charger. Scarcely, however, had they started, when that horse, unmindful of his own dignity or that of his master, took the bit between his teeth, and bolted. Away flew James, in full view of the admiring Prince and royal party. First his horse made for a gap, which led over the cliff; from thence, being hardly turned by the waving arms of some fisher-folk, he dashed down the pavement, and ran full tilt into a cart; grazing this, he was nearly knocked from the saddle by violent contact with a cab-horse; and next, still sticking bravely on, he charged home into a mounted officer. At last, not without effort, this mad career was checked, and the major rode back to his post, girth broken and accoutrements all awry, amid the ironical cheering of the delighted crowd. So he tells us. But if he appeared, through his charger's mis-

* From the "Life of James Hannington, First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa." By Rev. E. C. Dawson, M.A. An intensely fascinating biography of [illegible] who was murdered by the natives of Uganda, in 1885, on the [illegible] Mission. [illegible] by the Bishop, and a fac-simile of a page of his diary. Pp. 471. Price, $2. Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph & Company*, 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



The Catastrophe on the Elevated Railroad in New York Last Week.

demeanor, in a ridiculous light that day, he, at all events, seems to have enjoyed the occurrence as much as any of the onlookers.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LATE REV. H. W. BEECHER.

The Funeral Oration.

Of the four overflow funeral services held in churches in the neighborhood of Plymouth Church on Friday last, the largest was that at the First Baptist Church, in which Dr. Talmage, the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, and other clergymen took part. In the course of his eloquent eulogy of the dead pastor, Dr. Talmage said :

"There will be two ears that to-day will not hear one word of appreciation, and there will be two eyes that will not read one word of complimentary journalism—the eyes, the ears of the mighty man for whose obsequies we are convoked. We commit his immortal spirit to the bosom of a living God. But how much we shall miss our friend ! Great charities will present themselves upon our platforms, but his voice will not be heard to plead for them. Times of national crisis will come, but he will not be here to champion the right. The great conflict between the forces of God and the forces of sin seems

Gathering for an Armageddon,

but his battle-axe will not gleam in the fight. Yet 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.'

"As our departed friend can gain nothing from all the utterances of to-day, I ask myself, What can be learned for the living ?

Three Lessons.

"One for the ministers of religion ; one for all toilers with the brain ; one for everybody. Lesson for the ministers of religion : The power of similitude. Of all the metaphysical discourses you ever heard Mr. Beecher make, you remember nothing ; but his illustrations live and will live with you as long as your memory continues.

"The grandest effects produced by Mr. Beecher were wrought by his illustrations, and he ransacked the universe for them, and he poured them forth in floods, and he timbered sermonic literature from dry and dull didactics into a marvellous resiliency. He began the war which I hope will be carried on until everything like humdrum shall be driven from all the pulpits of Christendom. From the day that Mr. Beecher came from Indianapolis until his last sermon in Plymouth pulpit, it was *a victory of similitude.* Let all ministers of religion, especially all young ministers, learn the lesson.

"The second lesson is for all toilers with the brain, and that is the

Danger of Overwork.

"After Mr. Beecher's brain, like a swift courser, had dashed along for nearly seventy-four miles, lo ! it is hitched to half dozen new loads, any one of which might be enough to break down a fresh brain. After fifty years of incessant and exciting work, Cisatlantic and Transatlantic, he allows himself to be harnessed to a syndicate of letters, to a life of Christ, to an autobiography, and to a half dozen other enterprises. At a time he had a right to slow up, the throttle-valve is pulled for new velocities. With health and strength enough to have kept him in active pastorate for at least ten years more, crash, goes the whole mental and physical machinery !

"But that is the way the most of the toilers of the brain go. Somehow we get under the delusion that we must enter all the doors of usefulness opened. Well, if a man has been industrious with his brain, by the time he reaches his fiftieth year there are a hundred doors of usefulness open all around, ninety-nine of which he ought to decline to enter. But of overwork Horace Greeley went, Henry J. Raymond went, and one half of the ministers and attorneys and doctors and journalists are going. Oh, that some one would invent an ometer which, hung over the heart and lung, might decide when a man ought to stop brain-work.

"The third lesson is for everybody : The importance of

Perpetual Readiness

for quick transit from world to world, a lesson we learn every day and forget as soon as we learn it. The most powerful sermon Mr. Beecher ever preached he is preaching to-day from the text, 'Be ye also ready, for in such a day and in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' So often, as in Mr. Beecher's case, the last sickness is a time of unconsciousness, it behooves us while in health and strength to get ready for the next world. Do not wait until you see the flambeau of the Bridegroom coming through the darkness before you begin to trim your lamps. You may wait for your last moment, but when your last moment comes it will not wait for you. And now

Farewell, Illustrious Brother

departed. Carry him gently out along the streets with which he has so long been familiar. For the first time he passes without smile or cheerful recognition. Take him out to the silent city where sleep so many to whom he once ministered. They will not greet him now, but on resurrection morn will rise near him. Toll long and loud the bell at the gate. Put him to rest under the early crocus of the spring, for he must be very tired. His right hand closed, for there are no more genial words for him to write ; his lips shut, for there are no more encouraging words for him to speak ; his brow cool, for his head has stopped aching now ; his heart quiet, for it will never break again."

A CATASTROPHE ON THE ELEVATED RAILROAD ON MARCH 8.

(*See illustration on this page.*)

A lamentable fatality, appalling to spectators and all who read of it, occurred on Tuesday of last week. About half-past six in the morning, while the trains on the Third Avenue Elevated were crowded with persons travelling from their homes in Harlem to their work in New York City, there was a sudden block. A large tailoring establishment on the east side of the Bowery was on fire, and the trains going up-town could not pass it.

The tracks were therefore full of trains waiting to go up-town, and every train that came down added to the line. The consequence was that the trains coming down-town were signalled to halt. One of these stopped just over Fifteenth Street, between the stations at Eighteenth and Fourteenth streets. Several minutes elapsed, and, as the train did not move, some of the passengers became impatient, and were permitted to get down upon the footpath, or, as it is technically called, the track walk—a narrow plank footway beside the track—to make their way to the station.

As they were going along this precarious walk, the train, which they had just left, began moving. When it started, the gatemen closed their gates to prevent any more passengers from getting down. But one of those who had already left the train—a half-grown boy whose name is not known—thinking to resume his ride, caught at the platform between the first and second cars, and attempted to get on. He caught hold of the closed gate and found lodgment for one foot on the iron step under the edge of the platform. In this position his body was bent, his haunches extending outward over the narrow and crowded track walk. In a moment he came in collision with a large and elderly man. This man, losing his balance by the shock, gave a cry of alarm and caught his nearest neighbor to save himself. That man clutched a third, and with a united cry the three went over, falling to the pavement in a heap. The boy held on and knocked more men down. The cries of these men created a panic among those on the walk between them and the station, and a rush was made along the narrow way to the platform for safety. Unfortunately the track walk runs abruptly against the station structure, it being three feet lower than the station platform, and is not provided there with steps leading up to the latter. And, to make matters still worse, there

was the iron end-rail of the station platform to climb over.

Those nearest the station caught at the railing and endeavored to climb up and over it. Those behind crowded upon and pulled at them. Those still further back shouted and pushed and struggled to get on, imperilling the lives of all by their frantic haste. And in this wild scramble on that narrow and unguarded footway seven were forced off, falling to the street below. The boy who had begun the mischief let go and joined the crowd on the platform. He got off safe.

Two hideous piles of bruised and helpless humanity lay in the street below. Near Fifteenth Street was a pile of three bodies, nearly motionless, and with only a slight muscular movement observable in it. About twenty feet farther down the street was another pile, more scattered and struggling than the first, as it contained the greater number of bodies, there being seven in it. These had fallen originally one upon the other, but those falling on top being less seriously injured than those beneath, twisted and rolled and worked themselves off until they were scattered upon the muddy pavement. But the horrible picture remained only a moment in view. Before all its details could be observed a score of willing workers were gathering up the bodies and conveying them to the sidewalk.

The first man who fell had died at once, giving only one or two gasps after he struck the ground. Another was alive, but died within a few minutes after being carried to the sidewalk. A third, though unconscious when picked up moaned piteously, and died in great agony before the arrival of the ambulances. Several of the others were unconscious when picked up, and all were thoroughly dazed and helpless. One of them died the same day in the hospital, and others are disabled for life.

The fault lay with the big boy who, in order to save himself the trouble of walking a few yards, clung to the gate of the moving train, careless as to the safety of those on the crowded plank walk. It is probable, however, that the company will be held responsible for permitting the passengers to leave the train and walk along a dangerous ledge about twenty feet above the ground when there was no rail to keep them from falling over.

The Splendid Gambling Palace at Monte Carlo in the Earthquake-shaken Riviera.

THE GAMBLING PALACE NEAR MONACO.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

In the district agitated by the earthquake of February 23d is the famous paradise of gamblers, the Casino of Monte Carlo, a picture of which is given above. The little town of Monte Carlo stands on a rocky promontory just outside the port of Monaco, and large sums of money have been expended in covering it with fine buildings, hotels, lodging-houses, and villas, with the magnificent Casino, built in 1862, and beautiful gardens and terraces facing the sea. Dr. J. H. Bennett, the well-known physician, who has made his winter residence at Mentone these thirty years past, has described this place in his instructive book, "Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean." He complains of the pernicious influence of the Monte Carlo establishment, which he, in common with many visitors to the Riviera, including the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, thinks ought to be suppressed by the authority of the French Government. From Mentone, which is but five miles distant, hundreds of visitors go there every day, and multitudes also from Nice, from Cannes, and even from San Remo and Genoa. Many of the invalids at Mentone, he says, "lose so heavily at Monte Carlo, in the early part of their stay, that they have to live from hand to mouth during the remainder; or, having come to the Riviera to save life, are obliged in the winter to return home, to face disease and, perhaps, death; others send home again and again for money, sell, mortgage, borrow, entirely neglect their health, spend the days and evenings in the close, badly-ventilated rooms, and die before the end of the season. These votaries and victims of gambling are not necessarily the young and inexperienced; they are often middle-aged, and include noblemen, gentry, generals, colonels, barristers, and physicians. Ruin almost invariably follows sooner or later, and bankruptcy, poverty, dishonor, suicide desolate the home; and if, as he says, during the winter, about one suicide a week occurs in and near Monaco, that represents less than a tithe of the misery which is produced elsewhere through Monte Carlo." Dr. Bennett finally pronounces Monte Carlo a most pestilential institution, and ardently hopes that it will be summarily abolished.

A visit to the Casino at Monte Carlo was paid recently by Mr. Louis Paulian, who writes: "Business led me to the shores of the Mediterranean. For many days I stayed at Monaco, not to gamble, for, thank Heaven, I have never felt the passion of play, but to settle some family matters. Morning after morning I had travelled along the coast, and had admired the truly admirable picture which nature offers to the traveller who goes from Nice to Genoa by the Corniche road, when one day the fancy seized me to enter the Monte Carlo Casino. The impression I received was strange, and I must frankly confess that the sight which met my eyes contrasted disagreeably with the beauties which nature has lavished upon this country. If the view from the top of the terrace of Monte Carlo dazzles the eyes, calms the nerves, and fills the mind with an infinite charm, the scene which the gaming saloon presents troubles the sight, saddens the heart, and fills one with a feeling of unutterable weariness and depression.

"Picture to yourself a splendid saloon, brilliantly lighted by numerous chandeliers; the walls magnificently decorated, but the sole furniture of the room consisting of tables and chairs. On each table may be seen a roulette wheel, miniature rakes, and a locked box. Gradually the crowd enters, and the gaming saloon is filled. Visitors of the most varied types take their places round the tables, the croupiers come in, open the box, fill it with bank-notes, and pile up before them heaps of gold. The play begins. The banker throws an ivory ball, which revolves in a wheel—a species of round basin with numbers, and which is itself whirling in an opposite direction. There are thirty-six numbers on the wheel without counting zero. Each player stakes a sum of money upon a number. The croupiers pay thirty-six times the sum which is staked on the number at which the ball stops to the lucky player, who has hazarded his stake on that number. All the money risked on the other numbers forms the gain of the Casino."

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 154.*)

Held for Ransom.

It was a relief when the grim-visaged guard with the murderous knife so ready to his hand, went away and Harold Spofforth could take a mental survey of the situation.

Uttering a fierce exclamation of anger and vexation, he flung himself upon the rude, but not uncomfortable, couch of leaves. Like most of his selfish and unthinking kind, this votary of pleasure thought himself very hardly used. He cursed his fate. He bemoaned his ill-fortune. He inveighed against the cruel "destiny" that had brought him there.

Silly men and women, whose voluntary misdoings bring upon themselves sore mishaps and subject them to great hardships, are always ready to bemoan their hard "fate," and to deplore their "misfortunes," when, in reality, it is their own misconduct that ought to be the sole subject of their thoughts and of their tears. Misery is a state and condition most frequently induced by men's follies. "He that breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him," says Solomon, that greatest and wisest of all proverbial philosophers. In that case it is not the serpent, or its bite, or the sure law that sin must find its punishment, but the hedge-breaker, who must bear the blame and the shame. "Wrong-doing hath long ruing," says the old saw, and it is well where the ruing comes while reform is possible and repentance can bring forth fruit.

"Fools make a mock of sin, will not believe
It carries such a dagger in its sleeve;
'How can it be,' they say, 'that such a thing,
So full of sweetness e'er should wear a sting?'
They know not that it is the very spell
Of sin, to make men laugh themselves to hell.
Look to thyself then, deal with sin no more,
Lest He that saves, against thee shut the door."

As yet, however, Harold Spofforth had got no further than to murmur angrily against "misfortune" and bemoan his evil "fate."

During the time he lay waiting for the promised meal, the suspicion dawned upon him that his friend, Don Antonio de Diaz, was responsible

for his present captivity. The suspicion became a certainty an hour or two later, when one of the gang entered with a liberal repast. Harold questioned the man, who would have departed silently but for the persistence of the captured man. He at last admitted that the companion with whom Harold was travelling, when the highwaymen attacked them, was the leader of the band, and the attack had been made by his orders. Every year he varied his occupation by taking a run into some foreign capital, and he generally brought back some rich prize with him.

"He will be disappointed this time," said Harold; "my pocket-book is empty. I was just about to write home for a fresh supply of money."

"Perhaps the chief will allow you to write still," said the man. "He may have reckoned on your doing that. He knows what he is doing, and he would not have brought you here without being sure that you were worth the trouble. Pedro de Panza is no fool."

"Ah, then you are mistaken!" said Harold. "My companion was Don Antonio de Diaz. I have heard of Pedro, but I never saw him."

"It is all one," said the man, shrugging his shoulders, and thrusting his hands forward, palms outward. "Don Antonio de Diaz is a name he assumes for travelling purposes. If he called himself by his right name in the cities, he would soon be in prison. Yes, it is the same, and you will have to pay."

All night long Harold lay awake, bemoaning his folly. He had evidently been duped, and to a man who prides himself on his knowledge of the world that is inexpressibly humiliating. In addition to that was the expectation of a long and tiresome imprisonment, for he was resolved that he would never ask his father to pay a ransom for him. The man was doubtless right in thinking that he would be called upon to pay, but he would never consent. That was his decision, and having made it, Harold turned over and went to sleep.

The next morning he was informed that he must write home without delay, and request the payment of a sum equivalent in Spanish money to fifty thousand dollars. The Don would forward the letter, with instructions as to the place to which it might be sent.

As he had determined, Harold sent back an emphatic refusal. In reply, he was informed that sooner or later he would have to write, and in the mean time he would be fed on bread and water, and loaded with chains. When he had written his letter he would be treated as a gentleman, with proper food, comfortable quarters, and a fair measure of liberty. If he proved obstinate, there were other measures that might be tried. Pedro himself might write, and prove the necessity for a ransom by sending with his letter one of Harold's fingers or one of his ears.

With this horrible threat the messenger left him to consider his position. Harold did think long and seriously. It seemed incredible that such a thing could be done in the nineteenth century. Yet he remembered just such a case having been reported in the English papers not long before. Then the young Englishman, the son of a London merchant, was held by Greek brigands until he did actually lose two fingers, and his life was saved only by the payment of the ransom, notwithstanding the most zealous efforts of the English minister at Athens to secure his release. It would probably be so with him. The Spanish police, if ever so willing to oblige the English Government in delivering him, would be little likely to succeed. He recalled the signs of respect he had seen paid to the robber chief, as they journeyed to the mountain fastness, and inferred that the people would not dare to guide the law officers to the robber's den. He rolled on the bed of leaves in mental anguish, and for the first time since his childhood he breathed an earnest prayer to God for help.

On one thing he was resolved. He would not write the letter. His own foolish vanity had led him to boast of the wealth of his father and of the large fortune to which he himself was sure to succeed, and hence the ransom asked for him was fearfully large, more than his father could have paid, had his childish boasts been true. But he knew how his own career of reckless extravagance had depleted his father's purse and drained his resources, and he said to himself, "It can never be, shall never be. It is better for me to die." All that was generous in him was just then struggling to get uppermost, and when the gray light of the morning began to show through the cracks in the rough door that held him prisoner, he arose from his bed, resolved to refuse the biding of the brigand chief, and die.

That his death would follow his refusal he had no doubt. He shuddered as he thought of it, sitting there alone, with that awful burden on his soul, with that most dreadful of all guests to keep him company, an aroused and guilty conscience.

> "Not all the tortures which the poets feign
> Can match the fierce, unutterable pain
> He feels who, day and night, devoid of rest,
> Carries his own accuser in his breast."

Like many another of Madame Pleasure's hookwinked dupes, Harold had had a long smooth course of self-indulgence, "dallying daily with a false delight;" but now the mask was lifted, and the demon features behind the false face were scowling on him. The cup which moveth itself aright, and which had invited his lips to its beaded brim, revealed the coiled serpent that lay hidden beneath the enticing draught; and the young prodigal awoke to the tremendous truth that—

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly,
> Yet they grind exceeding small;
> Though with patience He stands waiting,
> With exactness grinds He all."

And yet his sweet sister Ethel was offering daily prayer for Harold Spofforth; she and the godly carpenter had entered into a holy league, and thrice a day their prayers rose to heaven, that the wanderer, far as he had wandered, might be brought back again to home and God. For this, as they both believed, the maiden had been raised from a bed of death. And at the very time that Harold was writhing in mental agony on the floor of the brigand's cave, Ethel was girding herself for her self-imposed task of finding the wanderer, and bringing him back to peaceful Aspendale.

She had at length won from her father a reluctant consent to her expedition, and the quiet preparations she had been making for it were pushed forward more quickly and decisively now that Sir Godwin had given his consent, and had promised to accompany her. Ethel's hopes were raised then, but they were soon dashed to the ground. A great sombre shadow fell on the mansion of Aspen Towers. Sir Godwin was stricken with paralysis, and for some days his life was despaired of. Gradually, however, the crisis passed. The baronet, a mere wreck of his former self, was able to sit up. Weak, almost helpless, he was a pitiable object to any one who remembered his dignified, self-reliant manner of days gone by. And his mind had suffered with his body. He was fretful and querulous with everybody, not even excepting the good and gentle Ethel, whose pilgrimage in search of her brother had been thus delayed. To her it was a time of great tribulation. Although the long, deep silence of her heartless brother caused her anxieties to deepen and increase, her whole soul went out toward her father in his affliction, and she became his tender, assiduous, and self-forgetful nurse.

"I'll tell you what it is, miss," said Nancy Holmes, "it's my opinion that if you don't leave Sir Godwin to me and Thompson, you'll soon be worse than he is."

"I can't help it," said Ethel, pale, worn, and hollow-eyed. "Dear father has but me to care for him, and my life is bound up in his. Oh, if only my brother Harold would come home!"

Nancy silently retired, for she, together with nearly all that knew him, had no hope that Harold Spofforth would ever be other than he was, a life-grief to his father, a bitter sorrow to his sister, and the ruin of himself. As she closed the door behind her, she heard her young mistress sobbing aloud, and crying, "Oh, brother Harold! brother Harold! Will you never come? Dear Lord, send him home again."

The baronet added to her distress by the tenacity with which he childishly clung to the idea that Harold had been sent for; and there was something intensely touching in his plaintive words, which had come to be a daily and almost hourly formula—"Hasn't Harold come yet? When do you think he will be here?"

So the weary days pass by, and Ethel's faith and patience were tried as gold in the fire. But, like gold, they stood the test, and hoping by naked faith alone, hoping against hope, she still believed that she should be permitted to bring Harold home. One morning, as Ethel was taking her melancholy morning meal alone, for her father did not rise until late in the day, Thompson, the butler, brought in a singular, foreign-looking letter, addressed to herself, and bearing the postal-stamp of Spain, and handed it to her.

Ethel opened the letter with trembling fingers and a cold fear at her heart, and this is what she read:

"My dear Sister: In writing from this den of thieves, into which my own mad folly has brought me, I do not feel that I have any right to call you thus. At any rate, I have been anything but a dear brother, except in a ruinous sense; and I blush for shame as I write to you, whom I have so greatly grieved and so shamefully neglected. I feel as though I would gladly be other and better than I am, but it is too late. The die is cast, and perhaps if I had my liberty I should fail to—but no, I think not. I hope that, living or dying, that is gone forever.

"I am a prisoner, and in the power of the notorious Red Pedro, the brigand of whom you have doubtless heard. He asks as my ransom the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and he declares that he will have it or my life. I do not doubt his word. He is a fiend incarnate, and is capable of any atrocity. I have been a failure all my life, and am as bad as bad can be. I am not worth ransoming at any price. I am compelled to write this, otherwise I would not pen a line of it. Hitherto I have refused to do so, but they have resorted to such means, that I am bound to yield. Honestly, I believe it best that my father should not further involve himself. The estate I have impoverished cannot bear it.

"Break the news to him gently, though I don't see why he should care. Poor father! I've been—but there! where is the use? Forgive me for all the sorrow I have caused you. Ask my father to forgive me. May God forgive me!" A postscript was added by Pedro, containing directions as to how and where the money might be sent.

It is needless to say that Red Pedro had read this epistle before it was dispatched. He cared nothing about the strong remarks made about himself, and was sufficiently acquainted with human nature to know that the sentences deprecating the payment of the money were most likely to have the opposite effect. Latterly, Harold's experiences had been of the most painful kind, and it was only when Red Pedro proceeded to carry out his threat of mutilation, that the young man, at his wits' end, had written as above.

Poor Ethel! She sat pale, and wan with watching and sore trouble, looking into vacancy, with the ill-starred letter on her knee. Oh, how she pined just then for a mother's counsel, love, and aid! Her mother! The thought impressed her greatly, held her firmly, controlled her fully. What was it that led her forthwith to seek her mother's grave?

Hastily donning her hat and a warm, gray shawl, she passed out of the house and through

the shrubbery to the cottage of the old gardener, who was also clerk and sexton to the little gray weather-beaten church, whose square tower and short spire peeped above the elms. Having got the key, she proceeded to the church, quietly unlocked the door, and paced the stone floor toward the chancel, with Harold's letter still in her hand. The letter reminded her of King Hezekiah, and what he did when in awful straits: "And Hezekiah received the letter from the hand of the messenger, and read it, and Hezekiah went up to the house of the Lord and spread it before the Lord."

In obedience to this suggestion, she entered the chancel, knelt by her mother's tomb, and spread out the letter on the breast of the marble effigy of her honored parent, which covered the surface of her grave. Leaning her fair head upon it, she pleaded with heaven, while the sorrowful epistle became blistered with her tears. Then she cried aloud the petition of the troubled King of Judah—"Help, O Lord, and save us, for Thy mercy's sake!" "Amen, Lord, amen!"

"An' there's nowt so sure!" The startled girl rose to her feet, to see Simon Holmes kneeling on the floor, with his gray head in his hands, and bowed down almost to the ground.

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYERFUL SERVANT.

By Mrs M. Baxter.

Special Privileges of Servants—Can Adorn Doctrine—The Heir Presumptive—His Self-Forgetful Fidelity—The Important Commission—Abraham's Solicitude over Isaac's Associations—The Prayer for Direction—The Sign Given—Eleazar's Praise Unrestrained—A Scroll in Each Room of a House—A Motto for Life—The First Public Testimony on Record—Acquiescence and Thankfulness.

God has tender love for servants. He has given them place in many parts of His Word. Paul, writing to Titus, says of servants, "Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that they may

Adorn the Doctrine

of God our Saviour in all things" (Tit. 2 : 9, 10). It is servants, not masters, who have the special privilege of adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour. Jesus, as the Son of Man, came on earth as a Servant, and as being Himself "under the yoke," He says, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matt. 11 : 29). The natural heart of man is proud, self-sufficient, and impatient of control; it requires the grace of God to *serve* in the spirit of Christ. In His Word God gives many pictures of family life, but in the chapter we are now considering He gives us a full-length portrait of a servant after His own heart.

Eleazar of Damascus was the steward of Abraham's house, and, in his childless days, Abraham had said of him, "Lo, one born in my house is mine heir" (Gen. 15 : 2, 3). Eleazar had expectations of property and position, which were all scattered to the winds by the birth of Isaac. Yet this servant, this type of God's Servant, the Lord Jesus, sunk his own personal interest at once in that of his master, just as Jesus did, who "pleased not Himself," but did always those things that pleased God (Rom. 15 : 3; John 8 : 29), and just as we, who are God's servants, are privileged by the very death of Jesus for us to do—to "live not unto ourselves, but unto Him which died for us, and rose again" (II Cor. 5 : 15). It was this man only whom Abraham could trust with the important commission of finding a wife for his son Isaac. First, Abraham makes him swear in the most solemn manner that he will not take a wife for his son of the Canaanites, but that he will go to the land from whence Abraham came out, and in which he had left, in his own family, some of the fruits of his ministry among them. Eleazar suggested a difficulty, "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me unto this land: must I needs bring thy son again unto the land from whence thou camest?" the answer was most decided, "Beware that thou bring not my son thither again." Thank God that there are some parents who have decision enough to

Decline to Take the Responsibility

of placing their children in circumstances of temptation. Too numerous are those who let their children have their own way, and then expect the Lord to counteract the influence of their folly. Lot lived in Sodom, and the bitter harvest which he reaped in his family was the result. Abraham commanded his children and his household after him (Gen. 18 : 19), and Isaac grew up a man of prayer.

Abraham had settled everything beforehand with God, and therefore he said with authority, "The Lord God of heaven . . . will send His angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence." But, lest Eleazar's faith should not reach out to the full measure, he said, "And if the woman will not be willing to follow thee, then thou shalt be clear from this thy oath."

With this provision for his journey (the angel of the Lord to pioneer), Eleazar set forth. God brought him safely to the very city where Abraham's brother, Nahor, dwelt. He was a stranger, and the people of the city were strange to him, but the travelling Companion of the journey was not absent, and Eleazar was at home with God. So his first action on reaching the outskirts of the city was to kneel down and pray. He did not trust to himself for a moment, he had been put under the guardianship and leadership of "the angel of the Lord," and

He Would not Go One Step Alone.

Yet it is not for himself he prays, but for his master Abraham. His prayer is of the most simple, business-like kind. He wants to know who is the wife which God has chosen for Isaac, and he proposes a very simple way of ascertaining, "Behold, I stand here by the fountain of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also; let the same be she that Thou hast appointed for Thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that Thou hast shewed kindness unto my master" (R. V.). Such was the prayer, straight to the point, and the answer was like the Lord's promise, "And it shall come to pass, before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isa. 65 : 24).

Before Eleazar Had Done Speaking,

Rebekah came out, who was the daughter of Abraham's nephew, Bethuel. There was something in her first appearance, just while the breath of prayer concerning her was on his lips, which at once laid hold of Abraham's servant, and he "ran to meet her." There might have been many maidens with her, but Eleazar addressed only this one, and he said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher."

The sign was fulfilled; she said, "Drink, my lord;" and afterward, "I will draw for thy camels also, until they have done drinking." While she was thus busy, Eleazar "looked steadfastly on her, holding his peace, to know whether the Lord hath made His journey prosperous or not" (R. V.). He knew it from God, but waited to have it confirmed by man. How different from the conduct of Jacob, at a later date, who tried to manage matters for himself! Eleazar then asked her of her family, whose daughter she was, and whether there was room in her father's house for him to lodge. And when he heard how near a relation she was to Abraham, regardless of Rebekah's presence, his full heart went out in praise to God. "Whatever fills the heart overflows the mouth" (Matt. 12 : 34, Luther's Trans.). Eleazar was not ashamed to praise his God and pray in the presence of a stranger. The Mohammedan, the Hindu, the fire-worshipper, and even the Roman Catholic are never ashamed to perform their devotions when others are by. Why should a real child of God be ashamed to acknowledge his God before others? True, we are taught to shut to the door, and pray to our Father, which is in secret (Matt. 6 : 6), and so not to parade our prayers; but, at the same time, we are taught to confess Christ before men (Luke 12 : 8).

Rebekah ran home with the tidings of distant relatives, and her brother Laban, who always had an eye to business, seemed deeply impressed with the jewels which Eleazar had brought. Food was set on, but the faithful servant lived not unto himself, and he said, "I will not eat until I have told mine errand." Oh, how the true spirit of the man comes out in these words! In a certain house there is in every room a little scroll on which are these words,

"God First."

This was the motto and text of Eleazar's life. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God" ought to be, and may be, the continuous text of a Christian's life. Abraham's servant related all which had passed between him and his master, and between him and God—the oath he had taken, the assured promise of the angel's guidance, his prayer at the well, and its answer. It is *the first* testimony recorded in the Bible. When he had finished his story, with all the dignity of a man who feels he is in trust for God, he said, "And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand, or to the left." Eleazar had not given any coloring to the history he had related; he had simply given facts which were undeniable. Laban and Bethuel, men of position and property, were in the presence of a servant, but of a servant before whom they, no doubt, felt small, for this man lived in the audience chamber of God. There is something of awe and reverence in the unanimous answer of Bethuel and Laban, "The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot speak unto thee bad or good. Behold, Rebekah is before thee; take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken." Even then, this man of God (who was in the habit of praying without ceasing, and in *everything*, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, letting his requests be made known unto God, Phil. 4 : 6) must again worship the Lord, "bowing himself to the earth."

"In Everything" to "Give Thanks"

(I Thes. 5 : 18) was his common practice. The very next day, with Rebekah's full consent. Eleazar departed, taking the bride-elect and her nurse with him.

Such is God's account of a servant who was one of the noblest of men, one of God's true aristocracy! As simple and dependent as a child, he was, by the very presence of God with him, master among men. He acted under orders, yet commanded the respect due to a prince. And all this arose from his close and real communing with God about everything; he met circumstances and people in the conscious presence of God; he saw God greater than every difficulty, greater than Bethuel or Laban. God, with him, was always first, God always recognized. It is this which makes life, Christian life, a success. What does God will? What can God do? are the questions of a true man of God. The Lord Himself educate us to a life of service like that of Eleazar for His own eternal glory.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for March:

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THE SERVICE.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."—LUKE. xvi., 10.

I cannot do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O, Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to thee,
And always, every day,
There are some loving little words,
Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share,
And little bits of work for thee
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask thee, give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with thee,
And ever do thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

Mrs. Amy C. Walton

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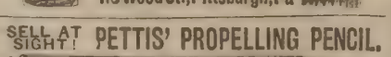

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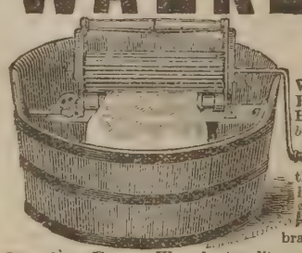

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THE appalling earthquake of Wednesday, February 23d, a brief account of which, with a picture of Nice, appeared in this journal last week, has been more clearly realized in its sad details as later reports have come in. It is now possible to form a more accurate idea of the extent of the calamity and its disastrous results. The following narrative, mainly compiled from the statements of survivors who were upon the scene, will interest our readers. With this we give on the first page *a picture* of the scene of havoc and destruction at Bajardo, the town on the hill at which the earthquake produced the most extraordinary effects. There, as correspondents state, the whole hill-side seemed to rise and cast forth the buildings erected upon it. Houses were raised from their foundations as if by some stupendous force beneath them, lifted bodily and *hurled down into the valley*. It was but a small place of fifteen hundred inhabitants, but it was a pretty town, picturesquely situated. At the first shock the people rushed in mad affright to the parish church, where they fell on their knees. The priests moved about trying in vain to calm their fears. Suddenly a severe shock caused the massive walls of the church to bulge, and in another moment the sacred edifice collapsed, burying beneath its ruins several hundred, of whom three hundred were killed or mutilated.

The Locality

affected by the disturbance is one of the most beautiful in Europe, a favorite resort of wealthy travellers in search of pleasure or health. It is known as the Genoese Riviera, and is on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, partly in France and partly in Italy. It is best known to us in this country from the charming sketch written by the Hon. S. S. Cox, formerly United States Minister to Turkey, in his "Search for Winter Sunbeams."

A Scene of Gaiety

had just been witnessed there when the awful visitation occurred. Nice, especially, was crowded with visitors from America and all the nations of Europe. Many distinguished persons were there mixing with the crowds bent on amusement. The Prince of Wales, the King of Wurtemberg, and many princely and noble personages were participating in the festivities when suddenly the scene was changed from merriment to mourning and alarm. Not many hours before, the city had gone wild with hilarity over

The Battle of Flowers,

which is every year the great event of the carnival. Shortly after noon ladies of every nationality—Russian, Italian, French, English, American and German—with roses in their hair, bouquets on their bosoms, blossoms on their parasols, and carrying baskets of flowers, enter the carriages. These are to be the chariots of the mimic warfare and are already loaded down with ammunition in the shape of baskets of flowers. It is a battle of colors, fragrance and beauty. The air is filled with the harmless missiles, that fall in showers upon the fair foes, amid laughter and shouts.

The Battle of Flowers was carried on this year with more than ordinary enthusiasm, on account of the presence of the royalties. The evening following the contest was given up to dinners, balls and receptions, which continued, indeed, till the eve of Lent. On Tuesday night, the great night, *fêtes* were in full swing, lasting till early in the morning, and it was while the late revellers were on their way to their apartments that the first shock of the earthquake came. It was the most sensational ending to revelry that has, perhaps, ever been chronicled.

The Track of the Tremor.

The first shock was felt at Geneva at twenty minutes to six A.M. The next heard of was moving slightly south-westerly to Grenoble, reaching there at two minutes before six. Then it seemed to go over directly to the east, toward Turin and Milan, and south-easterly to Bologna. Thence south-westerly to Leghorn. The shocks seemed also to travel south-westerly from Grenoble, toward Avignon, then turning south-easterly to Marseilles and Toulon, where the clock stopped at three minutes past six. Then it travelled easterly to Cannes and Nice, reaching Cannes at five minutes past six, and Mentone at a quarter past. Thence it went around the Riviera di Ponente and Di Levente, passed Genoa in the horseshoe of the Gulf. The seismoscope set up in the Physical Laboratory at the United States Signal Office in Washington, D. C., was disturbed by, and accurately recorded at 7.30 A.M., 7.50 meridian time, the arrival of the earthquake. A rough calculation showing that it had travelled westward at the rate of about five hundred miles per hour.

Falling Buildings.

At Oneglia private houses and public buildings were brought to the ground. The Penitentiary was almost destroyed, and it is considered marvellous that the inmates should have escaped with their lives. The panic-stricken prisoners were all got out and spent the night in the court-yards of the jail, under the supervision of a strong guard. Afterward they were placed on board a ship for conveyance to the prison at Genoa.

It is feared that the victims along the northern coast will number no fewer than two thousand. Along the whole Riviera from Albissola to Nice, a stretch of coast one hundred miles in length, every town suffered considerably, with the single exception of Bordighiera, which escaped in a marvellous manner. The distress throughout the Italian Riviera is terrible. Those inhabitants who remain are without means of gaining their livelihood. Business is at a standstill. The Government are doing their best for the poor people. Private benevolence is also being largely exercised. Three trains were promptly despatched to the districts, carrying food and medical appliances. Each train took, besides, a company of soldiers to assist in the distribution of relief and to restore confidence and order. The following

Personal Narratives

give a better idea of the terrestrial agitation than would any other description. A European correspondent of the New York *Herald* received the following from *Mr. G. H. Sloane*, who was at Nice when the shock occurred: "My wife, my child and myself only arrived at Nice a few days ago. We stopped at the Terminus Hotel. All of us were sound asleep when, early on Wednesday morning, we were aroused by a *fearful rumbling noise* and a motion like the swaying of a ship in a heavy, rolling sea. Then came a tremendous lurch, and we were all tossed out of our beds on to the floor. The wardrobe and the rest of the furniture all tumbled over and the clock slid from the mantelpiece on to the floor. I exclaimed, 'This is an earthquake. Our time is come. Let us all go together.' In a few seconds the swaying motion ceased, and we ran into the street. Just as we had escaped down came the whole hotel. How nobody was injured seems a miracle.

"The sight of the panic-stricken crowds in the streets is one I shall never forget. We waited all day at the railway station, where people half clad were lying on the platforms. The rush and crush to get into the trains is impossible to describe. People were kept two days waiting to get into a train, sleeping on the platforms, with the tickets in their pockets. Whenever a train came up crowds of men would rush right over the people, walking upon and trampling down women and children, causing many injuries. Soldiers, however, were soon on duty and are now keeping order."

Among the earthquake refugees who succeeded in escaping to Paris was *Mr. Charles Einstein*, of New York. He was asleep at the Grand Hôtel at Nice when the shock came. He said: "The first shock aroused me, and I thought it was another of those storms that lately raged along the Riviera. Then the second shock came. Although it lasted only thirty seconds it seemed as if it would never stop. I felt just as if I were seasick and tossing in my berth. Soon

I Heard Piercing Shrieks

from all parts of the hotel. I rushed out of my room and found the long corridors filled with ladies in all sorts of *déshabille*. Some were in night-dresses only. They all made a desperate charge for the open, and soon reached the Place Masséna. None of them dared to re-enter the hotel, but sent back their servants for their clothing and dressed themselves as best they could in the open square."

Another eye-witness of the scene, Mr. Gillilan, of London, who was at San Remo with a party, among whom were several American ladies, says: "I was aroused by a shock in my room at San Remo. I leaped out of my bed and rushed to the corridor. As I staggered along,

The Floor Rocked Under Me

so that I could scarcely keep on my feet. Happily I found all my party safe and sound, except, of course, they were suffering from fright. On returning to my room I found the wall on the door side cracked from top to bottom. All the plaster had fallen from the ceiling, and the solid marble mantelpiece projected forward several inches. I decided to get out of San Remo as quick as possible. The east end of the town is almost wholly destroyed. There are ruins of fallen houses in every direction. The hotels in the west end are all more or less damaged. In San Remo itself there was but little loss of life, but the reticence of the authorities made it hard work to get at the truth."

A Lady's Thrilling Escape

was graphically described by herself to the same correspondent. Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., who was staying at the Grand Hôtel, Nice, had been one of the leaders of fashionable society in the city. She states that she was awakened by a great shock. The first thing of which she became conscious was the falling of a large screen of eight panels, closely followed by a fall of plaster and wood from the ceiling. Luckily the mosquito-net over the bed was strong enough to protect her. She was tossed from one side of her bed against the wall and then thrown on the floor. To use her own expression, she

"Thought the Resurrection was Come."

Rushing to the door of her room she tried the handle, but the door was jammed. She next tried her sitting-room door, climbing over the furniture of the room, which was scattered in all directions. That being also jammed, and realizing her terrible imprisonment, she screamed with all her might until she heard a gentleman next door say, "Come out! There's been an earthquake and the hotel is falling down." Shortly afterward some gentlemen in the corridor broke in the door and she escaped into the corridor with nothing on but her night-dress.

Diamonds Abandoned.

On the first floor landing she found about a hundred persons in a similar state of undress crowding the stairs. She was assisted down by a gentleman, who complimented her on her courage, but on reaching the square she fainted. On recovery she remained in the open air till half-past eight, when, being somewhat recovered, she went up to her room to obtain clothing. She dressed herself hurriedly and then remembered her diamonds, which on the first hurried exit she had forgotten. Just as she grasped them in her hand another shock came. She dropped the bag containing the diamonds and rushed down-stairs, leaving the jewelry behind her. She was fortunately able to hire a closed carriage, in which she bivouacked until she got away from Nice.

A Californian's Experience.

"It was a few minutes to six," said Colonel T. Dash, a friend of Mr. Mackay's from Cali-

fornia, "when I felt the first shock. I was in bed at the time, in a room on the third floor of the Hôtel de France. I heard men and women screaming and groaning all around me. The screams seemed to be half-suppressed, as if those who gave utterance to them could not get the sound out properly. Then I heard people rushing out of their rooms on to the landings. They were all in their night-gowns. Of course I did not get up, for we Californians are somewhat used to earthquakes. I turned round on my side and waited for, as it seemed to me, the best part of a minute, till the house righted itself. The vibration ceased, but the commotion was so great that it literally made me sick.

A Terrific Shock.

"The shock was far *greater than any I had previously known, even at San Francisco* in 1856. I lay still and watched my field glasses fall down but I was not hurt. When I went out I saw crowds of people flocking to the beach and station. That night hundreds slept in bathing-machines."

Another visitor says: "I was returning home from a small social gathering when the shock took place. It seemed to me as if the road suddenly *became a huge earthworm* and was creeping in a direction opposite to the one in which I was going. It was a very queer impression, and not a bit like that experienced when on the deck of a ship at sea. However, there was a curious swaying of the palm-trees along the Promenade des Anglais which was like the movement of a boat in the swell of a steamer.

Children Forgotten.

"I should fancy the shock lasted twenty seconds. Ground-floor windows were thrown open, and a general stampede from the houses took place. I saw *very few mothers with children in their arms. Perhaps the little things were forgotten* in their cots, and the earthquake did not disturb them."

The Prince of Wales,

who had been at Nice to take part in the festivities of the carnival, had left the city for Cannes, his favorite Continental resort, a day or two before the earthquake. He did not, however, wholly escape the effects of the shock. At Cannes there was the awful rumbling, which no one who has once heard it can ever forget, and the sickening tremor, far more trying than the tossing of a ship at sea. The Prince, however, preserved his equanimity with the imperturbable manner which distinguishes him. When the earthquake shocks were felt his attendants implored him to leave the house. The Prince replied, "Since the shocks are over and the hotel is not falling, I prefer to remain where I am—in bed."

The consternation and panic were evidently very general. Two of the facts observed as mentioned above give the most convincing proof that they were so. That a fashionable lady should abandon her diamonds, and that mothers should save themselves and leave their children to perish, shows that no treasure was so precious as to overcome, at that dread moment, personal distress and agitation. A vague, undefinable dread, a sensation of horror and utter helplessness were the predominant feelings of each heart, monopolizing and exhausting every other emotion. It was a scene of panic and wild terror, a picture in miniature of that coming earthquake—"so mighty and so great as was not since men were upon the earth,"—(Rev. 16: 18) which is to level mountains, blot the islands out of existence, and overthrow the cities of the nations. That earthquake which will be the last and greatest of the three to occur during the final throes of this dispensation will not be limited in its destructive force nor in its area. The time is now near at hand. The signs that appear in every direction are conspicuous to all who heed our Saviour's warnings (Matt. 24), and who are not among those "foolish virgins" who cannot "discern the signs of the times," and who fail to recognize in these events "*the earthquakes in divers places*" which Christ predicted as a sign to precede His Second Advent.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Wreck of a Young Man.—Mr. Glen said at a recent meeting: "A promising young man went to Glasgow, and apprenticed himself to a house in that city. He was in a fair way to success, and could speak freely on any subject of religion. But a worldly young man, who was employed in the same house, gained an influence over him, spoiled his Christian character, and by and by he became the wretched slave of strong drink. Now, with shattered health, and a ruined reputation, he is wandering about looking for employment. Oh, beware of sin!"

Lost in a Snowstorm.—Mr. R. B. Stewart said: "A party of eleven men ascended a mountain without a guide. The snow came on and they lost their way. After the severe storm had passed, their friends, who had been anxiously awaiting them, went up the mountain to try and find them. But not until after a long and wearisome search did they come upon the eleven bodies of the men lying nearly buried in the snow. In the pocket of one of the men they found a piece of paper with the words, 'We have been lost in the snow, for we cannot find the path, and we have lain down to die.' How many there are dying on the mountains of unbelief unable to find the path to God!"

The Drunkard's Legacy.—Mr. Glen Observed: "In the village where I was brought up, there lived a mother and father with their three sons and one daughter. The parents, unfortunately, were given to strong drink, and were scarcely ever known to be a day sober. The eldest son began to follow in the ways of his father. That wretched man was found in bed one morning quite dead through the effects of strong drink; a few months afterward his wife died in her chair, with a bottle of whiskey by her side. This was the legacy they left their children; who all made good use of it. Instead of the sudden death of their parents being a warning to them, they seemed to indulge more freely in sin than ever. One Saturday night the eldest brother left the house helplessly inebriated. He staggered on for a few yards through the darkness, but being unable to go farther he lay down by the roadside. A horse, which was grazing in a park not far from the spot where he lay, became startled, and set off at a gallop down the road, and the iron-shod hoofs in passing struck the young man's forehead. In a few hours he was dead. The two younger brothers followed closely in his footsteps, and their sister, the last, the youngest of the family, is today worse than a drunkard."

A Story of Diamond Discovery.—An Earnest worker remarked: "At the Cape of Good Hope, where there are now so many diamond fields, one listens with curiosity to the story of their discovery. A farmer in the interior while walking over his farm one day, came upon a curious stone; he picked it up, looked at it, and took it home to the children to play with. He afterward found others like it, which he also took home. A stranger passing a night at the farmer's house was attracted by the sparkle of the stones, and having a little knowledge of such things, tried to get them from the farmer; but the farmer refused to give him them, as the children were very fond of them; but when the stranger offered him twenty-five hundred dollars for the biggest of them, he parted with it gladly. The stranger took it to the chief town of the Cape, and there sold it at a profit to a firm of jewelers for fifty thousand dollars, who in their turn sold it for a hundred thousand. Soon the fame of this find went abroad, and men thronged from all parts, enticed by the hope, in many cases the vain hope, of picking up a fortune at one stroke. The land all round the farm was bought up, and diamonds found to be very plentiful. Even the farm buildings were taken down and diamonds found in the mud walls. In much the same way as the children played with these precious stones, not knowing their value, do unconverted people sometimes deal with the precious truths of God's Word. They will dispute about them, quibble, and even joke about them, but not knowing their value they do not apply them to their own souls."

Visit to a Blind Highland Woman.—The Rev. Mr. MacGregor observed: "When I was in the Highlands I was asked to call upon a poor blind woman who was suffering from want. When I arrived at her wretched hovel, I recognized her as one whom I had known many years previous, then a bright young Scotch girl, whom fortune had smiled upon, and with her eyesight perfectly good. I was grieved to see such a change, and on inquiring what caused her blindness, she said: 'My blindness came on very gradually. I first began to notice that I could not see so far as I used to do, and one morning when looking from the window I could only see across the road. As time went on I could see no further than the mantelpiece, and at length I had to grope my way about the room; and now, no one knows what darkness means but one who has experienced the darkness of sightlessness.' As she concluded her sad story, I thought that was just like spiritual blindness. Some sin comes and gradually the spiritual blindness that falls upon backsliders. A sin cherished and loved blunts the spiritual perceptions and darkness falls that only the Word of Christ can lighten."

The Devil on a Visit.—Mr. Marsh said: "I remember speaking down in Cornwall, to an old man who had but recently been converted to Christ, and this is what he told me: 'Soon after my conversion the devil came up to the door of my heart, and knocked to get in; but I said to him, "No, Satan, you can't get in here; the Lord Jesus lives here now, and there is no room for you." "But," said Satan, "I am only here on a complimentary visit, to see how you are getting on. I have no intention of staying; I just thought I would give you a look in." "No," I answered, "you were too long here before, and you'll never get in again, so you may just as well go away at once."' And the old man said: 'The devil tried hard to persuade me to let him in, and when he saw persuasion was of no avail, he tried threatenings, issuing his orders as before and expecting obedience; but I was no longer his slave, and under his rule, and being safe under the protecting power of Christ, I could bid defiance to him and all his works.' We cannot keep from being tempted, but we can keep from succumbing to temptation; we cannot prevent birds alighting on our heads, but we can prevent their building nests there."

An Irishman's Valuable Discovery.—Mr. Calder observed: "Not long ago I was in Belfast, and while there addressed an open-air meeting, from the text in which Paul tells the Roman officer that he was born free. There were many Roman Catholics in the crowd, and some of our people were afraid I might be assaulted. So, when one large and fierce-looking Irishman began to force his way toward me, the crowd closed in to keep him back. But I said, 'Don't hinder him; let him come forward, and I'll be glad to meet him and have a talk with him.' My friends reluctantly gave way, and the great Irishman strode forward. When he reached my side, he raised his hand, not to strike me, as some expected, but to shake mine. 'You have told the truth this night, sir; that you have,' he said. 'We poor Catholics, like that centurion, buy our privilege, our salvation, with a great price; but you Protestants somehow or other seem to get it for nothing by going to the Lord Jesus and being born free.' I invited him to come to our meeting, and he consented, but at the door he faltered. An awe seemed to come over him, and he scarcely knew whether to advance or retreat. Then I who was beside him said, 'Come in and hear how to go right to Jesus Himself, and there at the fountain-head receive salvation full and free without money and without price; and then if you wish you can go back to the Catholic Church.' He came in, and at the conclusion of the service he was rejoicing in a new-found Saviour."

FOUR FULL REGIMENTS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 7, 1887.

"And four thousand praised the Lord."—1 CHRON. 23 : 5.

"This day shall be unto you for a memorial."—EXODUS 12 : 14.

The Four Thousand Members of the Tabernacle Church—A Grand Celebration—The Passover Renewed—The Sacramental Sabbath—Scottish Covenanters Saved by a Deluge—The Day Memorable—I. As a Time of Re-enforcement—No Reserve Corps Wanted—II. A Rehearsal of a Death Scene—Death Always Solemn—Christ's Vicarious Death—An Aged Indian's Self-Sacrifice—Christ's Voluntary Submission—His Mother at the Cross—III. A Christian Reunion—A Great Family Circle—IV. Its Old Associations—V. A Confessional—VI. Its Anticipations—Voices Across the River.

[THIS was Sacramental day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and the sermon was preached at the reception of three hundred and forty-seven new members, making six hundred and ninety received during the present revival, so that the communicant membership now is four thousand and fifty-one. Dr. Talmage gave the right hand of fellowship to the new members, and baptized about ninety. There was a great arch of flowers over the pulpit, containing the words: "I believe in the communion of saints."]

When, week before last, the communicant membership of this church passed into the four thousand, now reaching four thousand and fifty-one, the first part of my text came to my mind, and I bethought myself what a grand thing it would be if the four thousand of our communicant membership would, like the four thousand of the ancient Temple, make it their lifetime business to praise the Lord. Let them all take harp and timbrel and anthem and doxology!

The allusion of my second text is to the Passover, which commemorated the deliverance of the children of Israel on the night when the destroying angel sped through the land of Egypt, destroying the enemy, but saving the Israelites, because on the door-posts of their dwellings was sprinkled the blood of a lamb. To-day we come to celebrate

A Grander Passover,

all peril going away from our soul at the sight of the sprinkled blood of the Lamb of God on the door-posts of our hearts. Christ, our Passover, sacrificed for us. "This day shall be unto you for a memorial."

The Sacramental Sabbath, whether it comes in an American church or an English chapel or a Scotch kirk, is more impressive than any other Sabbath. Its light is holier, calmer, sweeter; its voices more tender; its touch is softer; its memories are more chastened. The fruits of the Christian life suddenly ripen, like orchards on the hill fronting the South. The wine of the Holy Sacrament seems pressed from the grapes of celestial vineyards, and the bread broken seems to drop from the hand of Him who parted the loaves for the five thousand. We walk to the church of God with more thoughtful face and with quieter step. The jubilant songs of other Sundays are struck through with pensiveness and are all a-tremble with tears; and when, at the close of the service, at the door we shake hands, it is with a more cordial grasp, because we feel thrilling through our body and mind and soul the great doctrines of

Christian Brotherhood;

and our minds go back to our forefathers celebrating the Sacrament in times of persecution in Scotland among the Highlands; commemorating the dying love of Christ, while they were pursued of their enemies, pouring the wine into rough wooden cups, dipping the waters of baptism from the mountain rock, until one day they heard the voices of their enemies coming up the hill, and the pastor cried out: "Oh Lord, the Shepherd, have mercy on the sheep!" and instantly there was a roaring heard, as of great floods, and sure enough a cloud had burst, and there were great torrents running down the mountain-side that whelmed their foes with sudden wrath. What a deliverance it was for them on that Sacramental day! Oh, that on this Sacramental day the cloud of God's mercy might burst and our sins be whelmed and our souls be saved! This is the amethyst of days. This is the pearl of days. This is *the diamond of days*. This is the day of days. Among the ten thousand million ages of eternity the first Sabbath of March, 1887, will be to you significant and memorable, for "this day shall be unto you" forever and forever "a memorial."

There is much in the scene of to-day to impress us, because it is

A Time of Re-enforcement.

I used to remark that if I ever lived to see our membership reach four thousand I thought I would be willing to say with one of old: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." But I have changed my mind, and I never so much wanted to stay as now, so as to see them all enlisted for God and to watch their victories. What might they not accomplish in the way of making the world better if they were all baptized with a double portion of the Holy Ghost!

Four thousand! That is four full regiments, as military men count a thousand to a regiment. I think not one hypocrite among them. Taken into the church sometimes in large numbers, but each one as carefully examined as to change of heart and evidence of regeneration as though he or she were the only one presenting himself or herself. Many of our former members have passed away into the skies, and have joined the church triumphant, but we have four thousand and more left for the church militant. To arms! Quit you like men!

We Want No Reserve

corps among them. Go into action all of you. Some will be officers, and command. Some will make cavalry charge. Some will be sharpshooters. Some will stand guard. Some will be on picket duty. Many of you will belong to the rank and file. Let there be no stragglers, none off on furlough, not one deserter. With Christ for commander-in-chief, and the one-starred blood-striped banner of manger and cross to lead the way, I give the order that the general in the war gave, when rising in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he cried out till all the host heard him: "Forward! the whole line!"

There is also something in such a scene to deeply impress one, because it

Rehearses a Death Scene.

Now, you know, there is something very touching in such an incident. Though you are in a hotel and it is a stranger that is dying, how softly you move about the place, and if you come up to his couch it is with uncovered head. Even the voice of the jester is stopped, and when the eyes of that stranger are closed it is with emotion. But I am to tell you this morning of a death such as has never before or since occurred.

When we die, we die for ourselves, and the crisis is alleviated by all beneficent ministries. Bathings for the hands; bathings for the head; bathings for the feet; the light turned down low or set in just the right place; all the offices of affection about us when we come to die. But not so with Jesus. He died not for Himself, but He died in torment, and He died for others. He might have moved around in gardens made by His own hand, an earthly potentate amid vineyards and olive groves sloping to the sea. Instead of being tossed in the fishing boat on Tiberius He might have chosen a sunshiny day and a pleasant wave for the lake crossing. Instead of being followed by an unwashed rabble He might have charmed sanhedrims and universities with His eloquence. Instead of a cross and a bunch of twisted brambles on His brow He might have died in the castle of a Roman merchant, the air bland with lilies and frankincense. But no; He died in torture; the good for the bad; the kind for the cruel; the wise for the ignorant; the divine for the human.

Oh, how tenderly we feel toward any one who has done a great kindness, and perhaps at the imperilling of his own life! How we ought to feel toward Christ, the Captain of salvation, on the white horse riding down our foes; but in the moment He made the victorious charge, the lances of death struck Him!

There was a very touching scene

Among an Indian Tribe

in the last century. It seemed that one of the chieftains had slain a man belonging to an opposite tribe, and that tribe came up and said, "We will exterminate you unless you surrender the man who committed that crime." The chieftain who did the crime stepped out from the ranks, and said, "I am not afraid to die, but I have a wife and four children, and I have a father aged and a mother aged, whom I support by hunting, and I sorrow to leave them helpless." Just as he said that his old father from behind stepped out, and said, "He shall not die. I take his place. I am old and well-stricken in years. I can do no good. I might as well die. My days are almost over. He cannot be spared. Take me." And they accepted the sacrifice.

Wonderful sacrifice! you say, but not so wonderful as that found in the Gospel, for we deserved to die—aye, we were sentenced when Christ, not worn-out with years, but in the flush of His youth, said, "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom. Put his burdens on My shoulders. Let his stripes fall on My back. Take My heart for his heart. Let Me die that he may live." Shall it be told to-day in heaven that notwithstanding all those wounds, and all that blood, and all those tears, and all that agony, you would not accept Him?

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree."

There is no woe amid the surroundings of that scene that impresses me more than that of

His Own Mother.

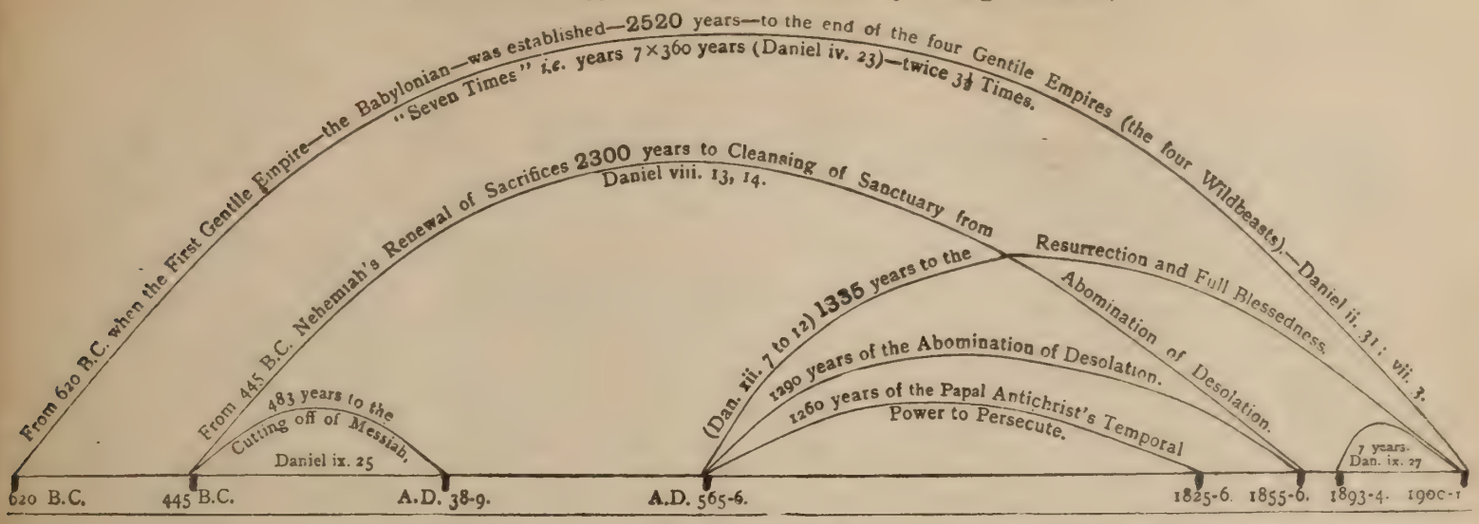
You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, by the upthrown hands. That all means mother. "Oh," you say, "why didn't she go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon." Do you not know when a child is in anguish or trouble it always makes a heroine of a mother? Take her away, you say, from the cross. You cannot drag her away. She will keep on looking; as long as her son breathes she will stand there looking. Oh, what a scene it was for a tender-hearted mother to look upon! How gladly she would have sprung to His relief! It was her son—her son! How gladly she would have clambered up on the cross and hung there herself, if her son could have been relieved! How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close by Him, and soothed Him! Oh, there was a good deal in what the little sick child said upon whom

A Surgical Operation

of a painful nature must be performed! The doctor said, "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him. You go in and get his consent." The father told him all the doctor said, and added, "Now, John, will you go through with it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale, and he thought a minute, and said, "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand I will." So the father held his hand, and led him straight through the peril. Oh woman, in your hour of anguish, whom do you want with you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, whom do you want to console you? Mother. If the mother of Jesus could only have taken those bleeding feet into her lap! If she might have taken the dying head on her bosom! If she might have said to Him, "It will soon be over, Jesus; it will soon be over, and we will meet again, and it will be all well." But no, she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back

DANIEL'S PROPHETIC DATES POINTING TO 1900–1 AS THE END OF THIS AGE.

(Explained fully in Appendix I. to the book "Forty Coming Wonders.")



The Commencements and Endings of the Six Prophetic Cycles of Daniel's Prophecy. (*See next page.*)

with their hammers. They would have kicked her down the hill. There can be

No Alleviation

at all. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look. I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of the time when, with her boy in her bosom, she hastened on in the darkness in the flight toward Egypt. I suppose she thought of His boyhood, when He was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses He had done her, not forsaking her or forgetting her, even in His last moment, but turning to John and saying, "There is mother; take her with you. Behold thy mother!" She thought it all over, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

I remark, this is a tender scene, because it is

A Christian Reunion.

Why was it that in the sessional meeting, when I asked a woman if it were her son who sat next to her, making profession of his faith, she made no answer; but after a moment, trying to control her emotion, she burst into tears. I said within myself, she need not tell me the story. It is the old story of a prodigal got back. "The dead is alive again, and the lost is found." Oh, how many families there are that rejoice together to-day!

These Christians during the rest of the year, perhaps, will not know much about each other. You go in one circle of society, these go in some other circle of society, and this one travels in that path, and this one the other path; but to-day we all come on one platform, and we make one confession, and we cling to one cross, and we gaze upon one death anguish. It seems to me this morning not like a church, but like

A Great Family Circle,

and we join hands around the cross of Christ, and we say, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one cross, one Christ, one doxology, one heaven!" While I stand here it seems to me as if this communion table, which is only seven or eight feet long and three or four feet wide, widens until all the Christians of our own denomination can sit at it; and still the table widens until all the Christians in this land of all names and denominations come and sit at it; and still the table widens until it bridges the sea, and Christians on the other side of the Atlantic come and sit at it; and still that table widens until the redeemed of heaven mingle in the communion; Church militant; church triumphant.

> "One army of the living God,
> To His command we bow;
> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now."

Again, my friends, this is an absorbing scene, because it arouses so many precious memories. We look back and remember the days of our childhood, when, long before we knew the meaning of the bread and the wine, we sat in the side pews on Sacramental days, or in the galleries, and looked as our fathers, mothers, and older brothers and sisters sat at the communion. Or, if we sat with them, we pulled at mother's dress and said, "What does that mean? What is that in the cup? What is that on the plate?" Oh, yes; we remember those Sacramental days of our boyhood. We remember how much more tender father was on that day than on any other day. We remember how mother stood, and without saying one word looked at us, and her eyes got full of tears. Oh, the dear old soul! They have gone! But until the day of our death we will associate this holy ordinance with their memory. And when our work on earth is done we will just go up and sit down beside them in the heavenly church, and then we will drink new wine in our Father's kingdom.

> "Behold the saints, beloved of God,
> Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
> Brighter than angels, lo, they shine;
> Their glories splendid and sublime."

I remark again, this scene is tender to-day, because it is

A Confessional.

You and I remember the time when if a man had charged us with anything like imperfection or wrongdoing, we would have thrown ourselves back on our honor, and said, "You don't know whom you are talking to. I shall resent such an insult to my honor and integrity." We do not feel that way to-day. As we gaze upon the sacrifice of Christ, and think of what we have been and what we have done, our hearts melt within us. We see one dying accursed for our sin, and we hear Him in His dying words begging for our service, and yet how little service we have rendered! Of this short life we have begrudged God even a fragment. Alas! Alas! Some of us have lived out the most of our days, and yet we have rendered to God no earnest service. Sad, that we could have so maltreated Him on whom all our hopes depend. Oh, my brethren and sisters in Christ, to-day join hands with me in a confession before Christ! If there be any place more humble than another, let us take it. If there be any prayer more importunate than another, let us breathe it. If there be any confession more bitter than another, let us now weep it out.

> "Well might the sun in darkness hide
> And shut his glories in,
> When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
> For man, the creature's sin."

Once more, this is a tender scene, because

It is Anticipative.

My brethren, we are not always going to stay here. This is not our home. This is only the vestibule of the church in which, at last, we expect to enter. After awhile our names will be taken off the church books, or there will be a mark in the margin, to indicate that we have gone up to a better church and to a higher communion. Our Father is not going to let His children remain in the dust. The grave is no place for us to stay in. "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel, and we shall rise. The white robe in which they put us to our last slumber here must get whiter. Oh, the reunion of patriarchs, and apostles, and prophets, and of all our glorified kindred, and of that "great multitude that no man can number!" Our sorrows over. Our journey ended. It will be as when kings banquet. And just as the snow of winter melts, and the fields will brighten in the glorious springtime, so it will be with all these cold sorrows of earth; they shall be melted away at last before the warm sunshine of heaven.

While I present these thoughts this morning, does it not seem that heaven comes very near to us, as though our friends, whom we thought a great way off, are not in the distance, but close by? You have sometimes come down to a river at nightfall, and you have been surprised how easily you could hear

Voices Across the River.

You shouted over to the other side of the river, and they shouted back. It is said that when George Whitefield preached in Third Street, Philadelphia, one evening time, his voice was heard clear across to the New Jersey shore. When I was a little while chaplain in the army, I remember how at even-tide we could easily hear the voices of the pickets across the Potomac, just when they were using ordinary tones. And as we come to-day and stand by the river of Jordan that divides us from our friends who are gone, it seems to me we stand on one bank and they stand on the other; and it is only a narrow stream, and our voices go and their voices come. Hark! Hush! I hear distinctly what they say, "These are they who come out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Still the voice comes across the waters, and I hear: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more; neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leads us to living fountains of water; and God wipeth away all tears from our eyes."

THE END OF THIS AGE ABOUT A.D. 1,900,

Or within a Year or so of it, as Shown by the 6,000 Years and the Year-day Fulfilment of the Prophetic Dates of 2,520, 2,300, 1,335, 1,290, 1,260, 396, and 360 Years.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 135.)

II. The Period of 2,500 Years or Fifty Jubilees from Josiah's Reign—The 3,500 Years or 70 Jubilees from the Exodus—Both Terminate in 1900—III. The 2,520 Years or Seven Times The Week of Years - Its Two Fulfilments Ending in 1825 and 1900 (Dan. 4 : 16)—**IV. The 2,300 Years Explained by Gabriel (Dan. 8 : 14 ; 9 : 24-5) to have 70 Weeks or 490 Years Cut Off from its Commencing Part and Both to Begin with Nehemiah's Restoring of the Daily Sacrifice and Rebuilding of Jerusalem B.C. 445. Hence the 2,300 Years Ended with the Initiated Cleansing of the Sanctuary of the Holy Land from the Persecuting Desolation of the Turkish-Mahommedan Abomination by the Turkish Treaty of Toleration in A.D. 1855-6—69 of the 70 Weeks Commencing B.C. 445 Specified to End with the Cutting Off or Crucifixion of Messiah which therefore Took Place A.D. 38-9 as held by the Duke of Manchester and other Chronologists — Remarkable Predictions by Berick and Burnham as to 1856—Beale's Views — Turkish Decrees of Toleration—Four Dates Ending in 1855-6, etc.**

(*See Diagram on Page* 149.)

II. The 2,500 Years

is a period of *fifty Jubilees*—that is to say, fifty times 50 years—at the end of which the great Jubilee of Jubilees will be fulfilled. The last Jubilee that was observed, appears to have been at the time of the Great Passover that was kept in Josiah's reign (II Chron. 35 : 19), and his reign ended about B.C. 600. Soon afterward the 70 years' Captivity of the Jews commenced, and they have never kept another Jubilee since. Thus the 2,500 years, dated from the end of Josiah's reign, about B. C. 600, will terminate about A.D. 1900, when we may expect, at Christ's descent on earth, the great Jubilee trumpet to be blown, and millennial liberty and happiness to be universally established.

In addition to this period of *fifty Jubilees*, or 2,500 years, there is another period of *seventy Jubilees* or 3,500 years, of which Elliott in his "Horæ Apocalypticæ" says, in his concluding chapter: "*Seventy years* marked the length of Israel's waiting-time for the *redemption from Babylon*, and *seventy weeks of years* the time of its further waiting for its *primary redemption* by the First Advent of Christ. So *seventy Jubilees* may define the mystical period of Israel's whole existence as a people, from the Exodus to the epoch of both the natural and the spiritual Israel's *perfect redemption* at the Second Advent of Christ." Hence these 3,500 years of *seventy Jubilees* (each Jubilee being 50 years) commencing with the epoch of Moses' mission and the Exodus about the period B.C. 1600, will terminate about the year A.D. 1900.

III. The 2,520 Years.

This period is spoken of in Leviticus 26 : 18, 19, 24, 28, and Daniel 4 : 16, as *seven times* or *years ;* a year is reckoned in the Bible to consist of 360 days literally, and in the symbolic year-day fulfilment 360 *years*. Therefore, *seven times* denotes seven mutiplied into 360 years, which gives 2,520 years. This period was to measure the duration of the chastisement of the Jewish nation for their disobedience, and the duration of the Four Gentile Empires represented by Nebuchadnezzar's image which were to inflict the chastisement throughout the *Times of the Gentiles*.

These 2,520 years have two fulfilments—ending respectively about A.D. 1825 and 1900—*primarily* from about B.C. 695, the epoch of the carrying of the ten tribes of Israel into captivity in Assyria by Shalmaneser the Assyrian king, after Hoshea's reign, as stated in II., and thus the 2,520 years end about A.D. 1825, the close of the French revolutionary epoch, when Jewish emancipation commenced—leaving the interval of 75 years—the extension of the 1,335 beyond the 1,260 years in Daniel 12 : 7, 12—to elapse before the end of this age in A.D. 1900—and *secondarily* from about B.C. 620, the full establishment of the Empire of Babylon, in the reign of the father of Nebuchadnezzar to whom Daniel said, *Thou art the head of gold* (Daniel 2 : 38), and thus the 2,520 years reach from B.C. 620 to A.D. 1900 as the end of the *Times of the Gentiles*, represented in their whole length by the Prophetic Image prefiguring the four Gentile Empires of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome. It is remarkable that 2,520 *solar* years are exactly 75 years longer than 2,520 *lunar* years.

Nebuchadnezzar's *maniacy* during the literal *seven times* or *seven years* as described in Daniel 4 : 16, 25, typified the heathen aberration from God of the four Gentile monarchies during the mystical *seven times* or 2,500 years. And as Nebuchadnezzar became like a wild beast during those seven years, so the four Empires are prefigured throughout their mystical "seven times" as four wild beasts, a lion, bear, leopard, and ten-horned beast, indicating their godless, rapacious, destructive character ; and his subsequent conversion prefigures their conversion after Christ's Second Advent. Nebuchadnezzar in his vision saw them under the semblance of a human monarch, but the prophet Daniel viewed them more correctly as wild beasts.

IV. The 2,300 Years,

Daniel 8 : 13, 14, extend from B.C. 445 to A.D. 1855-6 leaving an interval of 45 years (the excess of the 1,335 beyond the 1,290 years) to elapse from 1855-6 to the end of this age in 1900. The question was asked in Daniel's eighth chapter, "How long shall be the vision concerning the daily sacrifice and the transgression of desolation to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?" The reply was given, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days ; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." This signifies that the whole period of 2,300 years (in the year-day fulfilment) was to be occupied in its earlier portion by the restoration of the daily sacrifice in a restored temple (which Nehemiah accomplished B.C. 445 more than 100 years after this vision was given) and in its later portion by the treading under foot of the Jewish sanctuary and daily sacrifice (by Mohammedans for 1,260 lunar years from A.D. 635-6 to 1856).

The commencement of these 2,300 years is absolutely fixed by the angel Gabriel appearing to Daniel (as recorded in Daniel's ninth chapter (verses 21-23), and stating that he came to give him *understanding* of "*the vision*" of the ram and he-goat connected with the 2,300 years which had been shown in the preceding eighth chapter about fifteen years earlier. Gabriel then explained that *Seventy weeks of years, i.e.*, 490 *years are "determined"* (or "*cut off*," as the Hebrew verb signifies) "upon thy people and upon thy holy city," *i.e.*, cut off from the commencing part of the 2,300 years (so Dr. Hales and various other expositors understand it), and thus the 2,300 years and the 70 weeks are foreshown to commence at one and the same time, namely, at King Artaxerxes' decree to Nehemiah to restore and rebuild Jerusalem. Because Gabriel proceeded to explain : "Know therefore and understand that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks (*i.e.*, 69 weeks of years or 483 years) ; and after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself."

It has been shown by sundry expositors that the above-mentioned commandment or decree to restore and build Jerusalem was given by the Persian King Artaxerxes in the twentieth year of his reign, B.C. 445, to Nehemiah as narrated in Nehemiah's second chapter. Thus 69 weeks of years, *i.e.*, 483 years, commencing B.C. 445 ended, of course, in A.D. 38, which seems to have been the year of Messiah riding into Jerusalem as *a Royal Prince* a few days before He was cut off at His crucifixion (Luke 19 : 38).

Hence the 2,300 years beginning at the same time as the 483 years, which were stated to be *cut off* from its commencing part, necessarily began also in 445 Before Christ and consequently ended in 1855-6 Anno Domini because A.D. 1855 added to B.C. 445 amounts to 2,300.

The Crimean War Treaty ended the 2,300 years in 1855-6.

Now it is most remarkable that in A.D. 1855-6, the event which, according to Daniel 8 : 14, was to constitute the ending of the 2,300 years, namely, the "*cleansing of the sanctuary*" of the Holy Land did measurably and in a certain figurative sense come to pass.* The Crimean War of 1853 to 1855-6 between Russia and Turkey aided by England and France, resulted after the fall of Sebastopol in the autumn of 1855 in a Treaty of Peace in February, 1856, in which the Sultan of Turkey, yielding to the pressure of its allies, England and France, embodied an edict of religious toleration and liberty of worship ; and the Sultan forthwith gave effect to this by publishing throughout Turkey a Hatti Scheriff placing Jews and Christians on an equality with Mohammedans, and allowing them to purchase land in Palestine and other parts of Turkey and removing all religious restrictions. Thus full liberty for religious worship was granted, constituting the initial cleansing of the sanctuary. One result is that subsequently many Jews have returned to Palestine.

The European revolutions of 1848 to 1852 led to this initial cleansing of the sanctuary of the Holy Land from the persecuting power of the Mohammedan abomination of desolation in 1855-6, because they raised Louis Napoleon to the throne of France, and according to Kinglake's History of the Crimean War, Louis Napoleon's policy led to the dispute between France and Russia about the protectorship of the Holy Places in Jerusalem which was the cause of the Crimean War and all this ended in this Treaty of Peace and of Religious Toleration in 1856. The same European revolutions in 1848-52 led to the initiated cleansing of the sanctuary of European Christendom from the persecuting power of the Papal abomination of desolation, by the temporary expulsion of the Pope from Rome and the shaking of Papacy's temporal power throughout Europe.

Berick's and Burnham's Prediction beforehand of the Ending of the 2,300 years in the Spring of 1856 verified.

It is remarkable that the Rev. F. H. Berick, of Lowell, Massachusetts, foretold two years beforehand the ending of the 2,300 years in the spring of 1856 in a prophetic book of 383 pages, published in 1854 in Boston, called "The Lord Soon to Come," in which he said : "The Jews had offered sacrifices under the administration of Ezra, but the temple-worship where the *daily sacrifice* was regularly presented was not fully restored until the completion of the walls of Jerusalem, and according to Josephus of the temple under Nehemiah B.C. 445. Now as the 2,300 years commence with the restoration of the daily sacrifice according to Daniel 8 : 14, which we thus find to have taken place under Nehemiah B.C. 445, *they will terminate in* A.D. 1855 *or at the latest in the spring of* 1856."

Elder E. Burnham's exposition of the 2,300 years and 70 weeks published in America previous to 1854, is quoted at considerable length in the above-mentioned book of the Rev. F. H. Berick. Elder Burnham, like many other expositors, maintains that Gabriel stated in Daniel's ninth chapter (verses 21-23) that he came to explain the vision respecting the 2,300 years in Daniel's eighth chapter, and that 70 weeks were to be *determined* or *cut off* from the commencing part of those 2,300 years, and were to commence with the going forth of a command-

* Of course, in its future literal-day fulfilment, the 2,300 days, as literal *days*, will commence with the restoration of the daily sacrifice in a restored Jewish temple (about 8 months and 10 days after the date of the Jewish covenant) and will end at the same time as the 1,290 days with the "cleansing of the sanctuary" of the Jewish Temple from the abomination of desolation at the distance of 45 days before the End of this Age (the 45 days being the excess of the 1,335 days beyond the 1,290 days in Daniel 12 : 11, 12.)

ment to restore and build Jerusalem, which undoubtedly was the decree granted by Nehemiah "according to the united voice of all reliable history" in B.C. 445. Mr. Burnham said: "These 445 years taken out of 2,300 years leave 1,855. But it will require all of these 1,855 years A.D. to make up 2,300 full years according to Bliss's Chronology. Well but Artaxerxes' commandment went forth in the month Nisan, as stated in Nehemiah 2 : 1, that is, in the spring, in our March or April B.C. 445. So the 2,300 full years extend from the spring of B.C. 445 to the spring of A.D. 1856."

A.D. 38-9 the True date of Christ's Crucifixion.

Elder Burnham likewise maintained that the 69 weeks of years or 483 years which are specified in Daniel 9 : 25 to commence with the going forth of that commandment to rebuild Jerusalem B.C. 445, must, of course, have ended in A.D. 38–9, and that therefore the *cutting off* of Messiah which was predicted to take place after the 69 weeks must have taken place about A.D 38–9. He observes that some of the primitive writers state the date of Christ's crucifixion to have been A.D. 38 to upward of A.D. 40.

The late Duke of Manchester, in his learned Chronology (on pages 415–18 and 388–90), maintained that the *seven weeks, i.e.*, 49 years, commenced about B.C. 443–5, at the founding of the Jewish Temple, and ended B.C. 396–7, at its completed rebuilding. Then regarding the subsequent *threescore and two weeks, i.e.*, 434 years, "*after which Messiah shall be cut off*" (Daniel 9 : 25) the Duke says: "Sixty-two weeks of years from March B.C. 397 would bring us to March A.D. **38** for the Crucifixion, which were I guided by the Gospel history alone, is the very year I should fix upon for that event. At the same time I admit that according to the chronology regarding the Roman Emperors we cannot put the Crucifixion latter than A.D. 36. This, it is true, brings the Crucifixion to the latter part of the sixty-second week; but the prophecy is so minute, that *I think we must look for an exact fulfilment in* A.D. 38. This period of sixty-two weeks also terminates upon '*Messiah as Prince*' or Leader; and therefore I conceive cannot be before His entry into Jerusalem as her King." The Duke mentions that the date of the Crucifixion is A.D. 38, according to the Chronicle of Anastasius, and A.D. 40, according to Epiphanius and Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem in the third century.

The Abbot Dionysius Exiguus, who first instituted in A.D. 532 the system of dating the Calendar of Time from Christ's birth, dated His birth four or five years too early. Strauchius maintained that year 532 to be really A.D. 527, and not A.D. 532, *i.e.*, that Christ's birth was about the year 5 in the Christian Era, and therefore His Crucifixion about 38–9. At the age of 33 or 34, for we read in Luke that Christ began to be about 30 years old at the commencement of His public ministry.

Beale's Opinion as to the 2,300 Years Ending in 1855-6.

Charles Beales, in his voluminous "Armageddon" (3 vols.), published in 1858, said, in chapters 1 and 7: "Some commentators consider that this date of the 2,300 years should not only be associated with some marked event in the history of the Persian monarchs, but with some striking circumstance also in that of the Jewish nation, and consequently fix it at 445 B.C., the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, in which that monarch gave a permissive commission to Nehemiah to restore the city of Jerusalem. Now if the number 2,300 be made of full years, 2,300 years from 445 B.C. will bring us to A.D. 1856, the very year in which, in the month of February, the Sultan issued a decree (provided in the Treaty of Peace after the Crimean War) placing Jews and Christians on a political equality with Mohammedans, removing all religious restrictions, throwing open the Turkish dominions to European colonization, and opening the way for the return of the Jews—thus commencing the cleansing of the Jewish sanctuary from the '*treading down*' by the Mohammedans. The Rev. W. G. Schauffler, American missionary in Constantinople, wrote in 1857 of this Decree or Hatti Scheriff, 'Translated into all the languages of Turkey and read to its various nations publicly, it has created a ferment never before witnessed in Turkey.'"

Preparatory Turkish Decrees of Toleration in 1844 and 1851 previous to 1855-6.

The way had been paved for gaining this Edict of religious toleration in Turkey by previous minor concessions, one of which was extorted from the Sultan by the five European Powers, England, France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, on March 21st, 1844, for the abolition of the penalty of death to any Mohammedan who might become a Christian. The execution of two Mohammedans in 1843, who had become converted to Christianity, caused the Powers to interpose and to demand from the Sultan the following "Official Declaration" which he published: "*The Sublime Porte engages to take effectual measures to prevent henceforth the execution and putting to death of the Christian who is an apostate from Mohammedan faith.* March 21st, 1844."

The eminent Rev. E. Bickersteth, in his "Guide to the Prophecies," justly observed on this: "The date of this official declaration, March 21st, is remarkable, as being the first day of Nisan, the first sacred month of the Jews which commences the Jewish year. This year 1844, was also

The 1,260th Lunar Year

of the Mohammedan Calendar (which begins at the Hegira or Flight of Mahomet, A.D. 622), and so the closing year of the remarkable prophetical period of 1,260 years reckoned according to Mohammedan chronology in lunar years. A letter from Tangiers in Morocco, dated June 20th, 1844, given in the public journals, stated: 'It seems that the Moors have always had forebodings of this year. For a long time they had been exhorting each other to beware of the 1,260th year of the Hegira, *i.e.*, A.D. 1844.'"

In September, 1845, the Sultan of Turkey granted a Firman for the building of a Christian church in Jerusalem—the first since the rise of Mohammedanism and in which the pure worship of God has ever since been maintained.

But in 1851–2, after the European revolutions of 1848 and 1849, the Sultan felt compelled to yield more concessions to the march of Liberal political ideas among the nations, especially as the Emperor Louis Napoleon was demanding a French protectorate over the so-called Christian Holy Places in Jerusalem. The London *Examiner* of Jan. 3d, 1852, said: "Accounts have arrived by the Levant mail of December 14th, 1851, from Constantinople. The news of the events in Paris (*i.e.*, Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*) had just been received, and a council had been held at the Porte in consequence. *The Sultan of Turkey had issued a decree assuring to his Christian subjects liberty of worship*, and the registration of their marriages and births."

Judge Noah, issued an address to his Israelite brethren in the *Jewish Chronicle* of January, 1849 (quoted on page 110 of Forty Coming Wonders), exhorting them to unite in the effort to rebuild the Jewish temple on its former site in Jerusalem now covered by the Mosque of Omar, and pointed out that the Sultan, following the march of Liberal ideas propagated by the European revolutions of 1848, had granted permission to the Jews to erect a temple in Jerusalem. No progress has, however, yet been made in rebuilding it.

The before-mentioned Hatti Humayoun or Hatti Scheriff, following on the Treaty of Peace in February, 1856, was a very much greater Decree of Toleration than any previous one.

The 2,300 years were mentioned in connection with the Macedonian goat (Dan. 8), and refer chiefly to the territory of the Macedonian Empire of Alexander the Great, which subsequently became part of Turkey; therefore "the cleansing of the sanctuary" at the end of the 2,300 years must relate principally to Turkey and the Holy Land, which belongs to it.

The 396 Years of the Turkish Woe in Rev. 9 : 15, also Remarkably Ended Together with the 2,300 Years in 1855-6.

In the ninth chapter of Revelation the Turkish or Ottoman power is depicted under the emblem of countless armies of horsemen coming across the river Euphrates and overspreading Christendom in Asia and Eastern Europe like a cloud. And power to kill Christians is declared to be given to them for a *year and a month and a day and an hour, i.e.*, 396 days (365 days + 30 days + 1 day), which in the year-day historical fulfilment denote, according to Professor Birks in his "Mystery of Providence," and other expositors, about 396 *years*.

Now although it was in A.D. 1453 that the Turks captured Constantinople, yet it was not until about A.D. 1460, that the principal provinces of the Turkish Empire in Europe west of Constantinople were conquered by the Turks, such as Greece, Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Servia (the third or Grecian Empire—the prophetic "*third part of men*," Rev. 9 : 15). This formidable persecuting empire thus commenced in A.D. 1460, its predicted 396 years of the *Turkish Woe*, which so remarkably ended in 1855–6 as above mentioned.

Most extraordinary is the contrast between the mild and yielding temper of Turkey *now*, and its *former* haughty and fierce intolerance against Christians, when the Turkish Empire was, in Scripture language, the *Second Woe* to Christendom for 396 years from 1460 to 1855–6 during the year-day sixth trumpet (Rev. 9 : 15; 11 : 14). Evidently the mystic *Euphrates is drying up*, and the Second Advent of Christ at the year-day seventh trumpet and the year-day seventh vial is close at hand (Rev. 16 : 12–17).

The following four prophetic dates apparently parently terminated in 1855–6:

BEGINNING.	FOUR DATES.	ENDING.
B.C. 445. Artaxerxes' commandment to Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem, Nehemiah 2.	**2,300** years Daniel 8 : 14.	End in 1855–6.
A.D. 565, the completion of Justinian's Code of Laws.	**1,290** years Daniel 12 : 11.	End in 1855–6.
A.D. 1460, the completed conquest by the Turks of European Turkey, *i. e.*, Greece, Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, Servia, etc.	**396** years, Revelation, 9 : 15.*	End in 1855–6.
A.D. 635, victorious invasion of Holy Land by Mohammedans followed by their capture of Jerusalem, A.D. 636–7.	**1,260** Mohammedan lunar years (=1221 solar years) Rev. 11 : 2.	End in 1855–6.

The momentous conclusion from these facts is, that if the 2,300 years and the 1,290 years did terminate in 1855–6, then the 1,335 years which commenced with the 1,290, in A.D. 565, and are ONLY 45 YEARS LONGER, will terminate about 1900–1, AS THE END OF THIS DISPENSATION and as the time of full blessedness. "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the 1,335 days" (Dan. 12 : 12) in other words, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1335 years in 1900." Thus the End of this Age will be at the End of this 19th Century, or within a year or two of it.

(To be concluded next week.)

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about twelve mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening and Sundays in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

* The seven seals, seven trumpets, seven vials and many other prophetic visions in the Book of Revelation have a double fulfilment. *First*, within nearly 1,900 *years*, and *secondly*, within nearly 1,900 *days*, just at the close of the first fulfilment. The *first* is called the *year-day historical* fulfilment, and the *second* is called the *literal-day futurist* fulfilment. Thus the sixth trumpet in Rev. 9 has a figurative accomplishment during 396 years, and afterwards a more literal one during [illegible]

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate has Confirmed the Nomination of Captain A. W. Greely to be General Hazen's successor. It also gave a reluctant confirmation before it adjourned to the President's nomination of a colored man for Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia. It twice rejected the nomination of Mr. Matthews, who was the President's first choice for the office. He then nominated Mr. James Monroe Trotter, of Hyde Park, Mass., who on Friday was confirmed by the United States Senate. The rage and disgust with which this information has been received by the office-seekers of the District can perhaps be imagined, but it can hardly be described. The Democratic President and the Republican Senate are both the subjects of hearty denunciation. The consistency of the Senate is not very clear. Possibly Mr. Trotter having a good war record in some measure weighed with the Senators, but the objection that Matthews was non-resident was the one assigned for his rejection, and that applied with equal force to Trotter. Prior to the Presidential campaign of 1884 Mr. Trotter was a Republican; he then acted with the Mugwumps, or Independent Republicans, and it was consequently believed that he would be more offensive to the Senate than a Democrat. Nevertheless, he was confirmed, and the speakers of both parties when addressing colored audiences can each make capital out of the appointment.

The Forty-ninth Congress Passed out of Existence on Friday last, after making a frantic effort during the last forty-eight hours of its life to redeem its character by a hurried despatch of business. The record of its achievements, while falling far short of public expectation, is not so barren as many of its predecessors. The measures by which it will chiefly be remembered are: The Inter-State Commerce bill, the allotment of lands in severalty to the Indians, the vigorous anti-polygamy laws, the extension of the free delivery system to smaller post-offices, the bill regulating the succession to the Presidency in the event of the death of both President and Vice-President, the law prescribing the method of counting the electoral votes, the redemption of trade dollars, the repeal of the Tenure of Office act, and the restoration to the national domain of about fifty million acres of land which had been granted to corporations, but not earned. These and many minor measures will stand to the credit of the Forty-ninth Congress on the Statute Book. The list would have been longer but for Presidential interposition. Never in the whole course of our history has a Congress witnessed the destruction of so much of its work by the veto power. Mr. Cleveland has used it freely, and in the majority of cases decisively; for very rarely has a veto failed to be sustained in the House. It is but fair to the President to add that when these differences of opinion have occurred, public approval has generally been with him, and not with Congress. The most remarkable fault of its career is its failure to pass measures which are urgently needed. The removal of some of the glaring anomalies of the tariff and the enactment of a national bankruptcy bill should have been among its first duties, but in neither case did it succeed. It is a fault which the Fiftieth Congress should rectify at its first session. There is, however, little ground for hope of that. The Democratic Party is divided on both questions, and is besides not cordially at one with the President, whom its press charges with ingratitude to the party.

The Retaliation Bill on the Canadian Fishery question was passed last week by the House, conceding to the Senate the point in dispute. The President's powers of suspending business relations with Canada are therefore limited to fish brought by water. It was thought that if he had power to forbid commercial intercourse by rail that the business difficulty would become too serious to be left open, and some agreement would be reached. The New England fishermen do not wish that. They prefer that the dispute go on, as the new bill promises to give them a practical monopoly of the home fish market. Rumors were current last week that Canada would retaliate by excluding American products and manufactures. The rumor was denied in official quarters, but such a project would evidently find strong supporters in Canada. The United States could not consistently object to Canada adopting retaliation, but the Christian people of both countries would prefer to see the mutual relations based on the Golden Rule instead of on a reversal of it. Nor is the policy of retaliation better than its principle. Eventually, after both countries have suffered loss, an agreement will be reached.

The River and Harbor Bill Failed to Become a law. It was not vetoed, but the President refused to sign it. It is reported that he declared the appropriation unnecessary, as there is a sum of more than $16,000,000 in unexpended balances remaining in the hands of the Secretary of War. There were several items of questionable value in the bill, and some that were unquestionably bad. No great interest was believed to be threatened by the failure of the measure. It was not discussed in the House, and, so far as that body was concerned, it was the product of three conferrees. He therefore disapproved of the appropriation of $10,300,000 more. It may be that a bill carrying $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 for certain carefully selected projects would have been signed, but the pending bill was allowed to die.

An Earthquake Shock was Experienced on Long Island on Wednesday of last week. It occurred at a quarter past four in the afternoon, and occasioned some alarm at various points on the south coast. The Marine Observatory on Fire Island was severely shaken. Mr. Keegan, the marine observer, who was seated in his lofty tower, hearing the low, rumbling sound, and thinking it was a signal being fired from a vessel in distress, sprang from his seat at the window, and placing the large telescope in position, scanned the ocean in search of the disabled vessel, but could find nothing. The shock lasted about four seconds, and seemed to come from the ocean, and pass in a north-westerly direction. Inquiries along the coast elicited the fact that it extended as far as Babylon, and the rumbling and quiver of the earth were clearly perceived by farmers and others. The shock was followed by another, but did no damage. The increased frequency of earthquakes during the past year or two is a sign of momentous significance, which is recognized by students of prophecy as confirmatory of their calculations from prophetic data. The earthquake period will culminate in *the three great earthquakes* foretold in Revelation. The first in chronological order will occur just previous to the First Trumpet in Rev. 8 : 5 (probably about 1896), the *second earthquake* will be at the close of the Sixth Trumpet in Rev. 11 : 13, and seven thousand men of names, titles, and dignities will be slain in it (about 1900). The *third* will be at the close of the Seventh Trumpet, as stated in Rev. 11 : 19 (probably about 1901).

Lord Salisbury's Cabinet has Suffered Another loss. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Secretary for Ireland, and formerly the Conservative leader of the House of Commons, has resigned. It is officially announced that he is in danger of total blindness. A cataract has formed on each of his eyes, and a period of absolute rest and retirement has been enjoined by his physicians. At its close he will go to Berlin to undergo an operation by the most famous of European oculists. Irish Members of Parliament profess to be sceptical about the necessity for his retirement from office at this date. They say that whereas his colleagues are mentally blind to the consequences of the Irish policy of the Government, Sir Michael's mental vision is very clear, and he has resigned prematurely to escape the responsibility for the disasters which are inevitable. Sir Michael's successor is Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, who is a Scotchman disliked by the Irish, and a nephew of the Premier.

The New Reichstag was Opened with Great enthusiasm on Thursday last. The Emperor was unable to be present. In his speech, which was read from the throne, he expressed his gratification at the benevolent disposition the Pope has shown toward the Empire. He said that the foreign policy of the Empire is continually directed to the maintenance of peace with all powers, and especially with Germany's neighbors. The foreign relations of the Government were the same as when the last Reichstag was opened. If the present Reichstag, without hesitation or division, gave unanimous expression to the resolve that the nation will put forth its full strength in full panoply now and at all times against any attack upon the frontiers, such resolution, even before carried out, would materially strengthen the guarantees of peace and remove the doubts which the late Parliamentary debates may have inspired. The Emperor felt assured that the Reichstag by its resolutions would give the Federal Government a national policy on a safe basis, and derived from this conviction the confident hope that God would bless his efforts to preserve the peace and security of Germany.

A Military Rising in Bulgaria, Evidently the work of Russian agents, took place last week. On February 28th a portion of the troops garrisoned at Silistria revolted and pronounced against the Regency. Troops were promptly dispatched to Silistria from Rustchuk, Varna, and Shumla, by the Government to quell the mutiny. The leaders of the disturbance were men who were prominent in the insurrection to depose Prince Alexander. No sooner had the troops been sent to Silistria from Rustchuk than a revolt broke out in the latter place. That was promptly suppressed by the militia. There was severe fighting at Silistria before the arrival of the re-enforcements, but the Loyalists entered Silistria without opposition. They found there the corpse of Colonel Kristoff, commander of the garrison, who had been killed by his men. The other officers escaped into Roumania. The prisoners have been tried by court martial, and nine officers have been sentenced to death. It is expected that Russia will find in this revolt a pretext for the occupation of Bulgaria. It will probably be some such spark as this that will start the coming European conflagration.

The Rev. M. Baxter Delivered Three More discourses on the Coming Great Events of prophecy, at Masonic Temple, Washington, D. C., last Sunday.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of The Christian Herald to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

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The Thanks of the Publishers of this Journal are cordially tendered to the friends who have so heartily responded to their appeal of last fall by securing new subscribers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S increased circulation this year is largely due to their efforts. The success of many of these workers has been remarkable. Mr. G. A. Rose, 22 Sussex Avenue, Newark, N. J., has sent us 227 new names; Rev. J. H. Shirey, 515 Laurel Street, Reading Pa., 106 new names; Mrs. S. W. Wenhohn, Pullman, Ill., 78; Mr. George Hopkins, Blackminton, Mass., 56; Mr. Alexander Whyte, 297 East Tenth Street, New York, 40; Mrs. E. Phelps, Eureka, Cal., 33; Mr. Charles Stewart, 40 Houston Street, New York, 29; Rev. H. B. Buley, Shandakin, Pa., 25; and other friends in various States have worked zealously and successfully to extend the circulation in their respective neighborhoods.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was Seized with apoplexy on Friday last. He was in his usual health on Thursday, and occupied himself with his work on the "Life of Christ," which he commenced some years ago, but was unable to complete. At night he complained of a headache, and as he appeared unlike himself, Mrs. Beecher became alarmed and sent for the family physician. The next day he grew worse, and symptoms of a flow of blood on the brain were detected. Two other physicians were summoned, but could do nothing for his relief. Mr. Beecher gradually sank into unconsciousness, and his left side became paralyzed. On Sunday night the physicians pronounced the case hopeless, and said that Mr. Beecher would never regain consciousness. Prayers for the stricken minister and his sorrowing family were offered in most of the Brooklyn churches, and Mr. Beecher's house was surrounded all day by crowds of friends, anxiously awaiting news of his condition. At the close of his sermon on Sunday morning, *Dr. Talmage said:* "The pastor of a neighboring and sister congregation is dying—it may be he is dead. His loss I feel to be a personal bereavement. He was the friend of the slave, of the workingman, of the capitalist—of all. It would hardly be merciful to pray for his detention, for his physicians say that the intellect is gone, and Henry Ward Beecher without his wit, his humor, his eloquence, would be a stranger among us. We would not know him. I have but two wishes—one that his departure may be peaceful, and the other that all needed comfort and consolation be given the family, the friends, and the congregation."

A Ship Saved by Being Sunk is now in the possession of her owners, and is being prepared for another voyage. Early on the morning of February 15th a vessel that was loading at her pier in the East River, New York, was seen to be on fire. It had started in the forecastle, and rapidly communicated with a large number of bales of hay on deck. There was nothing in the hold except ballast. The fire-boats and the fire-engines quickly filled the hold with water, and the vessel heeled over toward the dock and sank. She was not badly injured, and the work of raising her was at once begun. Ordinarily the sinking of a vessel is a disaster, and means loss to the owners and insurers; but in this case it meant preservation. The incident is typical. The soul that would have eternal life must die to the world. It has nothing but worthless ballast on board, and the fires of lust and passion are devouring it. After submersion it rises to new and endless life (Luke 17 : 33).

Prescriptions by Cable Saved a Lady's Life recently. Among the passengers on a steamship which arrived in New York from England a few days ago were two ladies, one of whom is the wife of a well-known city merchant of considerable wealth. While making a tour in Great Britain, she was suddenly taken ill. The party with which she was travelling thought her sickness a very slight one, and went on, expecting her to rejoin them. As she did not overtake them, her sister went to her, and found her in a raging fever. Several English physicians were in attendance, but after a day or two the sister dismissed them, and cabled to a New York physician a succinct account of the patient's condition. The cable brought back a prescription and directions for treatment. Every day for two weeks this was repeated morning and evening. There was great gravity in the case—so great, indeed, that the New York doctor felt impelled to call a consultation of other leading physicians of the city, and these doctors met daily to receive the reports that were cabled here, and to send back explicit directions as to the treatment of their patient three thousand miles away. The two ladies had perfect confidence in this mode of managing the case, and no English physician was allowed to interfere. The result justified their faith; the sick lady has been raised from the verge of the grave, and has returned in perfect health to her home. The example of the two ladies may be of use to persons anxious about the salvation of their souls. Those are saved who not relying on a priest or the friends that surround them, exercise implicit, unwavering faith in Christ (II Tim. 1 : 12).

The Horse-Car Platform as a Health Resort for consumptives is recommended by a citizen of Chicago. The *Herald* of that city states that a young man of robust appearance owes his life and health to riding on the front platform of the cars. Speaking of the remarkable fact to a reporter, recently, he said, "I come of a consumptive family. My mother, a sister, and two brothers died of consumption, and a year ago I expected to go in the same way. As soon as I saw that I was going down, I made up my mind to take some desperate means of salvation. I wasn't financially able to go to California, or to travel anywhere except to and from my work. So I did the next best thing. Every morning in riding into town I stood out on the platform, and, drawing long breaths, filled my lungs full of the fresh air from the lake. At first I couldn't inhale much, but by and by my lungs gathered strength, respiratory cells that had long been unused began to open and admit life-giving oxygen, and in a few months I was surprised at my own strength and good health, as were my friends. Now I can draw a longer inhalation than any man I know, and a long inhalation means filling with air all of the cells of the lungs, bringing the whole system into service, and I have no more fear of consumption." The principle of the cure seems to have been that as the weak organs were exercised they gained power, became better able to perform their functions and throw off disease. The same principle may be commended to weak and desponding believers. Self-inspection will not help them, but the use of their spiritual gifts in God's service may not only benefit others, but bring increased power to themselves (Prov. 11 : 25).

A Marriage Fifty Years after Betrothal is reported by the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It states that a wedding has just been celebrated in that city between a bride of sixty-eight and a bridegroom of seventy years of age. A romantic interest attaches to the union. Fifty years ago, when both were young, they resided in a small village in New York State. They had been fond of each other from childhood, and ultimately became engaged to be married. The young man, however, was anxious to improve his position before undertaking to support a wife, and went to Ohio, where a good situation was offered him. He prospered, but did not keep his promise to his betrothed. He married a wealthy Ohio lady, and the discarded girl, after a period of sorrowful reflection, accepted an offer of marriage from a Californian gentleman, and removed to that State. Neither heard of the other for many years, but about two months ago the faithless Ohio immigrant wrote to a friend to inquire what had become of his old love. He also mentioned that he had been a widower for some years, so it was not difficult to guess the purpose of his inquiries. By a singular coincidence the same person received, a few days later, a letter from the lady in California, asking for news of her old lover. She said that her husband was dead. The common friend put both parties in communication, and the recent marriage is the result. Doubtless the bridegroom's happiness is enhanced by the reflection that his wife has forgiven him for deserting her fifty years ago. He would naturally have some doubt about her doing so. No backslider from God need have any such doubt. If he desires to return, forgiveness is assured to him (Isa. 55 : 7).

The Absence of Guests from a Dinner Party in Baltimore, Md., caused the host some chagrin recently. The Baltimore *Sun* reports that a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity ordered an entertainment a few nights ago for the members of his lodge, and mailed invitations to those he wished to attend. The night came, the canvas backs, terrapin, oysters, and other delicacies, the waiters and the host, were all there, but only a few friends who knew of the affair through other channels than the finely engraved cards of invitation. Being there, the good things had to be eaten. The next day the host went to the Post Office to see if his mailed invitations had gone astray. A search revealed the whole lot carefully stowed away in a corner, having been held for additional postage. He was, of course, deeply mortified, but must have been glad to find that his friends were innocent of a wilful discourtesy. At the gospel feast the absent cannot be thus vindicated. Every man who has read the Bible or listened to a gospel sermon has received his invitation, and not more than one ought to be necessary (Luke 14 : 16–24).

BRIEF NOTES.

DR. L. W. MUNHALL is now holding united services in Dr. A. J. Gordon's church in Boston, Mass. Five or six churches are co-operating in the work, and there are already signs of a rich harvest of souls.

The new steamer which has been sent to Bishop Taylor in Africa has at his desire been named the "Annie Taylor," after his beloved wife. The donors of the vessel proposed to give it the bishop's name.

The boycotting of the Cincinnati daily *Times-Star* by the saloon-keepers, because of its vigorous opposition to their business, ought to increase its circulation among the Godly people of Cincinnati, especially as it recently discontinued its Sunday edition.

Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., an eminent English authority, is reported as saying in a recent address: "I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth; and I tell you I am considerably within the mark when I say to you that, going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten there owed their illness to alcohol."

Another party of a hundred boys and girls have been sent from New York by Mrs. J. J. Astor to Western homes. This makes 1413 city waifs whom she has placed in good homes, at a cost of $20,656. A truly Christian work, good for the children, who are removed from evil surroundings, and good for the city, which would probably have to support them in prison, if they remained here to grow up uncared for.

The Gospel Mission, formerly located at No. 224 Wooster Street, New York, has removed to more commodious premises at 143 Bleecker Street, corner of South Fifth Avenue. This change was rendered necessary by the rapid growth of the Sunday-school. The field of usefulness in this densely populated neighborhood is now greater, and the leaders of the mission invite the co-operation of all Christians.

The students of the Wisconsin colleges and universities have held an interesting Christian convention in Beaver Dam. Over thirty of the young people of the city who were in attendance expressed their decision to become Christians, and thirty-five college students volunteered to go out as foreign missionaries, making over 1000 students from the colleges of the United States who have this winter declared their purpose to leave their homes and country and go out to teach and preach in heathen lands.

A convention to consider the moral and spiritual condition of the national capital, and the best means to adopt for the promotion of religious life and evangelical effort there was held on February 22d at the Mission Hall, at the call of the Advisory Board of the Central Union Mission. We have frequently referred to the good work which has been accomplished in Washington through the instrumentality of this mission, and we trust that the appalling facts communicated to the convention may lead to many Christian workers going to its assistance in its effort to stem the tide of iniquity which is flooding the city.

THE HEDGE OF THORNS AND THE PLAIN WAY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain." —Proverbs 15: 19.

Propinquity of the Practical and Spiritual—Superfine Spirituality to be Suspected—I. Temporal Lessons—Slothfulness Opposed to Righteousness—The Character of the Sluggard—His Way Undesirable—Difficult—Blocked Up Altogether—The Way of the Righteous—Brought Out of Trouble—God's Business—II. Spiritual Lessons—The Sluggard in Religion—His Good Resolutions—His Danger—The Way of the Righteous a Way of Faith—How to Obtain Light in a Difficulty.

You must have noticed how frequently godly people almost wear out their Bibles in certain places. The Psalms, the Gospel of John, and parts of the Epistles, are favorite portions, and are thumbed in many an old believer's Bible till the fact is very noticeable. There are certain sheep-tracks up the slopes of Scripture which are much more trodden than the rest of the holy fields. I suppose it has always been so, and I will not quarrel with the instincts of the saints.

I do, however, regret that any portion of Holy Writ should be neglected. There are Bible-readers who keep clear of the historical parts of Scripture, and also greatly avoid the Book of Proverbs; indeed, they almost wonder how Proverbs and Ecclesiastes come to be a part of the Word of God. Very singular it must seem to them that this Book of Proverbs should be placed so very near to Solomon's Song Doubtless there is a meaning in that arrangement. The Lord would not have spirituality

Divorced from Common-Sense.

God has made us body and soul, and He would have us serve Him with both. There is a part of us that is material, and there is a part that is spiritual; and both need guidance such as the Holy Spirit affords us in the inspired Book. The Lord Jesus Christ has redeemed us, not as to our soul alone, nor our spirit alone, but as to our body also; and He would have us recognize this fact.

Grace is intended to sanctify all the relations of life. There is no necessity that a man who is wise unto salvation should in other respects be a fool; but the reverse should be constantly seen; sanctity should beget sagacity, and purity should be the mother of prudence.

I pray my friends not to be so spiritual that they cannot do a good day's work, or give full measure, or sell honest wares. To my disgust I have known persons professing to have reached perfect purity who have done very dirty things. I have been

Suspicious of Superfine Spirituality

since I knew one who took no interest in the affairs of this world, and yet speculated till he lost thousands of other people's money. Do not get to be so heavenly-minded that you cannot put up with the little vexations of the family; for we have heard of people of whom it was said that the sooner they went to heaven the better, for they were too disagreeable to live with below.

As the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is meant for this world as well as for worlds to come, so the volume of Holy Scripture is fitly made to contain Proverbs as well as Psalms. Neglect neither the one nor the other. I preach at this time from the word of Solomon which is now before us, and I shall not withhold from you its every-day meaning; but I shall also exhibit its higher lights, for I believe that there is not a moral truth in the Book of Proverbs which does not also wear a spiritual aspect. I shall try to show you that our text, while it has its temporal bearings, which we will not conceal, has beyond these its higher and spiritual teachings, with which we will conclude.

I. First, then, take *the text in its temporal bearings*. It runs thus—"The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain." Note, then, first of all, that a slothful man is the opposite of a righteous man. In the text they are set in opposition. "The way of the slothful man" is placed in contrast, not with the way of the diligent man, but with "the way of the righteous;" as if to show that the slothful man is the opposite of a righteous man. A sluggard is

Not a Righteous Man,

and he cannot be; he misses a main part of rightness. It is very seldom that a sluggard is honest; he owes at least more labor to the world than he pays. A slothful man is a soldier who would let others fight the battle of life while he lies under the baggage-wagon asleep, until rations are served out. He is a husbandman who only husbands his own strength, and would eat the grapes while others trim the vines. He would, if possible, be carried on his bed into the kingdom of heaven; he is much too great a lover of ease to go on pilgrimage over rough and weary ways. If the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence from others, it will never suffer violence from Him. He is too idle to be importunate, too slothful to be earnest.

Our second observation is this: if we avoid sloth we have not done enough, we must also be righteous. If it had been sufficient to shake off idleness, and become industrious, the text would have run thus:

"The Way of the Slothful

is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of *the diligent is made plain.*" Ah, dear friends, a man may be very industrious and energetic and earnest, but if it is in a wrong cause, he might have been less mischievous had he been slothful! There is a diligence which is produced by greed, or ambition; and this is no better than the selfishness which is the cause of it. Many wear themselves to skin and bone to gather that which is not bread, to hoard up that which can never satisfy them. We are to become the servants of righteousness when we escape from the servitude of sloth. "Not slothful in business" is very well; but to complete the change we must be gracious in our diligence, being "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

The text leads us to make a third observation, which repeats its very words: namely, that a slothful man's way is like a hedge of thorns. Here we enlarge. The idler's way is

Not a Desirable Way.

Unthinking persons suppose that the sluggard lives a happy life, and travels an easy road. It is not so. Many believe in "the sweet doing of nothing," but it is a sheer fiction. Surface appearances are not the truth; though it may seem that idleness is rest, it is not so; though sloth promises ease, it cheats its votaries. Of all unrest there is none more wearisome than that of having nothing whatever to do. The severest toil is far more endurable than utter sloth. I have heard of retired business men going back to the counter from absolute weariness of idleness. It is far more desirable to be righteous than it is to be at ease. Labor of a holy sort has ten thousand times more joy in it than purposeless leisure.

The way of the sluggard is also *difficult*. The idle man walks a hard road in his own apprehension; he has to break through thorns. He cannot plough by reason of the cold. To the slothful man, his way, when he gets so far as having a way at all, always appears to be as hard to pursue as a hedge of thorns; and, mark you, if he continues slothful, it will actually become a hedge of thorns! Difficulties imagined are apt to arrive. Duty neglected to-day will have to be done some time or other; and the arrears of neglected service are grim debts. Dear friends, do not put off till to-morrow that which can be done to-day. Keep the road clear of arrears.

Do the Day's Work in the Day.

I am persuaded that, in your ordinary business work, some of you Christian people need to be warned against shiftless delay. Believe me, there is a piety in keeping your work well in hand, in having the house right, the business in order, the daily task well done. *No slut can be a saint*: no sluggard can glorify God. Life grows hard and unenviable to men who try to make it easy. A man who neglects his duty, whether he be a carpenter, a bricklayer, a clerk, a minister, or an archbishop, will find his way increase in difficulty until it becomes impassable.

A Painful Way.

Before long, the sluggard's course becomes *a very painful way*, for a way of thorns tears a man's garments, and wounds his flesh; and you cannot be neglectful of the ordinary duties of life without by and by suffering for it. Loss of character, loss of position, and actual want—all come from idleness.

Continue in that course, and you will find your way become a hedge of thorns in a further sense, for it will be blocked up altogether. You will be unable to go on at all. You took it easy once, but what will you do now? You neglected duty, you forbore to do the service of the day, and at last your sins have found you out; nobody will have you, and you are a burden to yourself. Now have you found a hedge of thorns in your way. This is clear enough, and it has been seen by most of us in actual life in several cases.

The other truth of the text is equally clear—

A Righteous Man's Way

becomes plain: "The way of the righteous is made plain." When a man, by the Holy Spirit's gracious influence upon him, is made thoroughly truthful, thoroughly honest, so that he walks in his integrity, it is most pleasant to note how soon, by some means or other, his way opens up before him. We have seen good men in great straits and adversities; their own conscientiousness may appear to narrow their course, and, of course, the depressions of business fall upon righteous men as much as upon the unrighteous; but in the long run you will see that, if a man keeps straight, and walks in strict integrity and faith, the Lord will make darkness light before him, and crooked things straight. We know that integrity and uprightness are the best preservatives. If we will not put forth our hand unto iniquity even during the worst pinch, we shall come forth as the light. But if in trouble you try to get out of it by indirect means, you will involve yourself in tenfold difficulty. It is far better to be poor than dishonest; ay, it is better to die than to dishonor our profession. It is God's business to provide for us, and He will do it. "The way of the righteous is made plain." Only wait and watch, and you shall see the salvation of God.

Thus I have set before you the moral or temporal meaning of the text, commending it earnestly to the consideration of all, especially of men of business, begging them to see to it that there be no neglect about any part of their calling, for a Christian's business ought to be the best done of any man's in the world.

II. Now I come to the spiritual teaching of the text; and may the Lord anoint our eyes by His Holy Spirit, that we may see! Take the first side of the text,

The Spiritual Sluggard;

what is said of him? His way is "as an hedge of thorns." I gather from the opposition of the text that the spiritual sluggard's way is the way of unbelief, because the opposite of his way is the way of the righteous. Now, the way of the righteous is the way of faith—"We walk by faith." Therefore the spiritual sluggard's way is the way of unbelief.

I will describe him. He has a way, for he is not altogether dead to religious matters. He hears sermons, and attends the house of God. He sometimes reads his Bible, and he often has a correct notion of what the Gospel is. But he fails in faith; he has not faith enough in the truth of the things which he professes to believe ever to be affected by them in his daily life, or in his truest feelings. If he did really believe these things to be true, his life would not be slothful. When a man believes that there is a hell, he labors to escape from it. When a man verily believes that there is a heaven, unless he is demented, he has an ambition to partake in its glories.

The spiritual sluggard does not believe after that practical fashion. He says, "It is true;" but he acts as if it were false. He is too much a sluggard to become an infidel; he is too lethargic to argue against the truth which condemns him; he nods assent—the nod of sleep. He is

Often on the Verge

of some good and great thing; but it ends in smoke. He has resolved in real earnest to look to his eternal state, and seek the Lord with all his might, but his resolves are frail as bubbles. If you were to tell him that in seven years' time he would be just as dull, stupid, and sinful as he now is, he would angrily deny it; but such will be the case. He intends only to delay a very little longer, and then he is going to entertain the great question in the most serious manner. If I recollect rightly, he was in the same mind twenty years ago, and I fear he will continue in the same mind when death comes upon the scene, and ends all his dreaming.

Now, that way is full of thorns. It is a very hard way. I will show you in a minute that it is so. People who are in this state cannot quite give up religion, and yet they have never really taken to it. Do you notice how hard everything is to them? To begin, ministers preach such

Dreadfully Long Sermons.

The sermon is not long to you who feed upon the Word; but to those who sleep at the table it is intolerably tedious. The whole service is dreary to them, though to believers it is bright and happy. Ask them whether they read the Bible at home. They might do so if they were flogged to it, but the Bible does not interest them, and it requires so much thought; they cannot muster mind enough for it. To us it is a Book which sparkles with the divinest truth; it is the Book of God; the Lord of books; there is no volume like it. But to these people Bible-reading is hard labor, and worse. Prayer, also, is slavery; repentance is impossible. The revival plan of "Believe, and live," without any repentance—they rather take to for a time, till they begin to understand more of what the evangelist means.

They go into the inquiry-room, and get

"Converted" in Five Minutes,

and have done with godliness for the rest of their lives. Possibly some time after they hear of a sanctification to be had in the same manner; they believe themselves to be perfect, and feel that there is no more need for watchfulness or striving; for sin is dead, and they are perfect. When they are told what repentance and faith really are, and that these are for daily, life-long use, and that we must every day watch and strive against temptation, without and within, they disappear from among our hearers, for they do not wish to trouble themselves with so great an enterprise.

Moreover, it is *full of perplexities*. Do you ever meet with these sluggards? I do. They sometimes come to see me, and when they come, this is their style of talk. They say, "Well, sir, I have heard about believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Can you tell me what it means?" I explain that it is a simple acceptance of God's testimony, and trust in the Lord Jesus. Do you understand *that?* They say, "Yes." Then they raise a difficulty, which I explain. Do you quite comprehend *that?* "Yes, sir, I see that, but"—and then follows a further doubt. This also is cleared up in time to make room for another. Again and again it is—"Yes, but then—" Thus I continue grinding wind by the hour together. Their minds are bottomless buckets, and their memories are bags full of holes; it is

Very Unprofitable Work

to endeavor to fill them. These sluggish people will not take the trouble to sift evidence; they have no wish to be driven to turn from their sins, and seek a Saviour, and be reconciled to God; this would be too much exertion, and involve too many self-denials and heart-searchings. They prefer a way full of pains to the new and living way; they choose the thorn-hedge rather than the highway of holiness.

Nor is this all. In addition to perplexities, their way becomes

Full of Miseries.

The sermon which pleases the believer, and cheers his heart, saddens the sluggard. Painful is this predicament. You are sadly placed, for you enjoy neither good nor evil. If you were to go straight out into the world, and plunge into the pleasures of it, you would, at least, know one side of life; but you dare not do that, you have too much conscience, too much training in religious ways, to run with the worldling in his wantonness; so that you neither know the pleasures of the world, nor the pleasures of grace. You feel restraints from both sides, but you know not the liberties of either side. Betwixt two stools you come to the ground. Neither heaven nor hell is on your side; both saints and sinners are shy of you; and so your way is as a thorn-hedge. It is dreadful for a man to have enough conscience to know that he is lost, but not enough grace to find salvation; to have enough religion to make him uncomfortable in sin, but not enough to make him happy in Christ. O mighty grace, wake these sluggards, or else they will sleep themselves into eternal misery!

"The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns." One of these days he will come to the end of his way, and he will see that hedge of thorns

Blocking Him Out of Heaven

—blocking him out from God. God grant that we may not be among the sluggards at the end of the way!

We will now consider the other side of the text very briefly, and notice that the righteous man's way shall be made plain. This is a cheering promise, especially to any of you who are walking in the dark at this time. "The way of the righteous is made plain." The Lord will see to this. Child-like confidence in God shall march on as upon a raised causeway, and always find for itself a road. Faith travels by an unseen track to honor and glory, neither shall anything turn her aside. Her way may not be plain at this moment, but it shall be made so. God is with those who trust in Him; and what or whom shall we fear when God is with us? In due time the hand of the Lord shall be seen.

Sometimes the way of the righteous is mysterious and perplexing. I have known the best of men say, "I long to do the right, and by God's grace I will not stoop to anything which is evil; but which out of the two ways now before me is the right way? Each of them seems to be both hopeful and doubtful; which way shall I turn?" This is a condition which causes great anxiety to one who is deeply earnest to be right.

Oh, for an Oracle

which could plainly indicate the path! Superstition and fanaticism shall not be gratified by either voice or dream, but yet the way of the righteous shall be made plain. Brother, when you do not know your way, ask your guide. Stand still and pray. If you cannot find the way upon the chart, commit yourself to the divine guidance by prayer. Down on your knees, and cry to the Lord! Few go wrong when they pray over their movements, *and use the judgment which God has given them.* The last is not to be omitted, for I have known persons pray about a matter which was perfectly clear to any one with half a grain of sense. In order to escape from an evident but unpleasant duty, they have talked about praying over it. Where a plain command is given, an unmistakable finger points the way, and hesitation is rebellion. Sluggards make prayer an excuse for doing nothing; on the other hand, wilful people make up their mind, and then pray; and this is sheer hypocrisy.

He that is on the King's highway, will come to a good end, for the King has completed that way so that it does not fall short, but leads to a city of habitations, whose Builder and Maker is God. Oh, to be right with God; yea, to be right with Him in our daily life and private walk! Let that be the case, and our way shall be judged of by the Lord as His own royal highway, and upon it the light of His love shall shine, so that it shall become brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

O God of great mercy, keep us in Thy fear, and through Thy grace lead us, in imitation of Thy dear Son, to abide in holiness! And to Thy name be praise forever and ever! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it: and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A MEDICAL STUDENT'S PLAN.*

There was a young medical student who went out to prosecute his studies in Paris. He caught the moral infection of its licentiousness and infidelity. There was an inward struggle between the conscience and the flesh, "Shall I forsake Egypt?" was the question. The flesh prevailed, and he said, "No." Here are his very words: "I know that I can enjoy life in my own way about so many years. I shall parcel out my money to last so long a time and no longer. When my time is up my revolver shall end all." His prediction was but too true; and when within but a few years his pale and breathless form was one day found lying in his own blood, one could almost have believed that a voice was whispering, "The way of transgressors is hard." The great thing which a young man needs in a crisis of temptation is instant decision for the right. If you tamper and hesitate the game is half lost. Leave no time for temptation to accumulate. Forsake Egypt. You must surely have noticed that in relation to all sins of this character—sins of the flesh—St. Paul's counsel is "Flee." Take to your heels. It may seem like cowardice, but it is true heroism. "Flee youthful lusts." Like Joseph hasten instantly out of the way of the tempter; saying as Moses did to Pharaoh, "Thou shalt see my face no more."

AN INFIDEL DRIFTING.

I remember hearing of an infidel who, when laid upon his last bed of sickness, was urged by his godless companions not to show the white feather, but to hold on. What do you think was the answer of the dying man? With a face full of hopeless dismay, he looked at them, and said, "How can I hold on, when I have nothing to hold by?" Ah! he felt then the need of a spiritual grapnel, something "sure and steadfast" to which he could cling. But it is not only in the hour of death we require it; we need it all through life.

A DYING SOLDIER'S QUESTION.

D. L. Moody after the Battle of Pittsburg was visiting the hospital. In the middle of the night he ws roused up, and told that a man in one of the wards wanted to see him. As he entered, the man called to him, and said he wished him to help him to die. "My dear friend," said Moody, "I would take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could, but I can't do it; no man can do that. I cannot help you to die." "Then who can?" exclaimed the dying soldier. "Jesus Christ can. He came for that purpose."

And all through the long night the earnest evangelist kept pleading with and for that poor man, and setting before him the two great truths which our Lord preached to Nicodemus, truths which should always go together; the two "musts" of John 3, "Ye must be born again;" "The Son of Man must be lifted up." He showed him that the life of heaven must be begun within the soul now, and that it is begotten by gazing on the uplifted Redeemer crucified on Calvary for us; and ere the first streaks of the

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* From "The City Youth." By J. Thain Davidson. A series of short addresses to young men. Pp. 191. Price, $1. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

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Mentone, the French Health Resort, Shaken by the Earthquake on February 23d.

morning reddened the eastern sky, the soldier said, "It is enough; I see it; Christ is mine," and went up in one of God's own chariots to the land where the sound of battle is heard no more.

MENTONE.

(See Illustration.)

THE pretty little French town of which a picture appears on this page, is a favorite resort of invalids from all lands. It often happens that the visitors equal in number the resident population. Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson says that during a recent visit to the place, she was informed that the climate there was "beneficial to all whose lungs are delicate; to the aged; to those who need general renovating; to the rheumatic, and to those afflicted with gout." If this claim continue to find believers, Mentone will always have an abundance of guests. The blue waters of the Mediterranean wash its shores, and the sun shines all day on an average two hundred and fifty-nine days of the year. A delightful spot, to the beauty of which *Mr. C. H. Spurgeon* often refers in his sermons. It is the place to which he regularly goes every year, when the fog and damp of England render life unbearable to a man of his constitution.

The earthquake of February 23d caused much consternation at Mentone, though less damage was done there than in other towns in the Riviera. Many houses, however, were thrown down, and the post-office was reduced to a heap of ruins. Fifty persons were injured more or less severely, and one was killed. After the shock the people camped out in the open gardens, and visitors in large numbers quitted the town.

CELESTIALS AT CHURCH.

AT the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington, D. C., of which Rev. J. P. Newman, D.D., is pastor, there was considerable surprise on Sunday, February 13th, when the congregation saw the Chinese Minister and several members of his suite making their way down the crowded aisle to the President Grant pew, which was empty, and evidently held in reserve for them. They were richly attired in the full dress of their nation. *A huge diamond glittered on the cap worn by the minister*, who led the way to the pew. This attendance was a matter of considerable surprise, as it had been understood heretofore that the minister did not approve of churchgoing here. Dr. Newman made especial reference in his opening prayer to the Emperor of China, whose country has now opened its doors to religious teachers. In beginning his discourse, he remarked that "we have with us today His Excellency the Chinese Minister," and proceeded to devote a large share of his sermon to a history of the various attempts to introduce the Christian religion in China. He was listened to attentively by the Minister and his party, several of whom understand the language thoroughly. "China," he said, "by this recent recognition of the Christian religion, although a nation of limitless resources and population, appeals for peace and fraternal relations. It is as though that great soldier had risen from his grave on the banks of the Hudson, and again said, 'Let us have peace.' It is as though the great Master had again spoken, and said, 'My peace I leave with you.' The oldest nation and the youngest here clasp hands, and here in this Republic the descendants of Shem and Ham and Japhet meet upon a plane of equity and fraternity." The sermon was attentively listened to, and on one or more occasions was interrupted by applause.

THE SEPTENNATE.

BISMARCK'S Septennate has been the absorbing and anxious subject of thought and consideration throughout Christendom during the past month. But fraught as it was with momentous issues to the welfare of Europe, it is not for a moment to be compared in importance with NAPOLEON'S SEPTENNATE, which will create far more profound and widespread excitement and agitation throughout the world, as described in the last verse of the ninth chapter of Daniel. "He"—that is, the future Napoleonic King of Syria [probably about 1893]—"shall confirm a covenant with many for one week even to the consummation." That future Napoleonic-Judaic-Covenant-Septennate, when it is made, will fix the commencing date of the final seven years reaching to the consummation or end of this dispensation. The commotion aroused by Bismarck's Teutonic Septennate, therefore, forcibly reminds prophetic students of the far more tremendous sensation that will be universally produced by the coming Bonapartean-Hebraic-septennial-league in a few years' time after the formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy (Daniel 7 : 24).

It is most suggestive that the course of political events is familiarizing the minds of the people with the idea of seven years as an appropriate term of any agreement, covenant or lease of power. The French Republican President's term of office is seven years. This likewise is the limit fixed by the English constitution for the existence of a Parliament. As a matter of fact, the Parliaments there are dissolved before that time, owing to disagreement between the members and the Cabinet; but as a protection to the people, whose interests might be imperilled if a Parliament became corrupt or obsequious to the court, it is settled that at the end of seven years from the date of election the Parliament ceases to exist, and a new one must be elected.

MR. AND MRS. COURTHOPE TODD.

THE two zealous and indefatigable evangelists whose portraits appear on page 157 have become famous through the success which has attended their work among the *employés* of the theatres of London. Their Theatrical Mission has already done much good, and promises to do much more. Its peculiarity is that it seeks to help a class almost entirely neglected by usual evangelistic agencies.

Mr. Todd's interest in the theatre is not a new or transient one with him. It appears that when but a child of six years he delighted to spell out the notices in the theatrical columns of the newspapers, and to acquaint himself with plays and players, contrary to the wishes of his parents. His knowledge of the drama of the day soon became full and accurate. This precocity, and the tastes it revealed, might have led to a life of wordliness and folly, had not God in His saving grace turned the youth's energies into a new channel, and ultimately made his special information a means of blessing to thousands of theatrical *employés*.

He was early converted to Christ, and decided to give himself to the ministry. He entered St. John's College, London, and passed with credit through three years of the prescribed curriculum. At this time in his studies, he felt called to devote himself to the salvation of the young women connected with the theatre. The noose of righteousness has [illegible] persons in London associated with the theatrical profession, and

these included all ages, from infants in arms to gray-headed men and women. He resolved, with God's help, to reach at least a part of that vast army of his fellow-immortals.

The object of the Mission was to gain an influence of a general character over all theatrical *employés*, in the hope of leading them to a saving knowledge of Christ. It encouraged with Christian counsel and sympathy those who strove to walk uprightly. It supplied the sick with needed comforts, and found employment for those who could not conscientiously remain on the stage. There was ample room for such an addition to the philanthropic agencies of the city; and it prospered.

Mr. and Mrs. Courthope Todd.

The foundation stones of the Theatrical Institute, known as Macready House, Covent Garden, were laid on May 16th, 1885, by the Countess of Aberdeen and the Lady Mayoress; six months later it was formally opened. It furnishes a home, a social club, and a play-room for children, with restaurants on each floor, where wholesome food can be obtained. Education, rest, and religious instruction are provided within its walls. It has a set of rooms for the use of those who, having given up the theatre, are fitting themselves for other careers; some go to the slums of the city as nurses, and some become Bible-readers. It has pretty dormitories for the reception of country girls, drawn to London by the attractive advertisements of theatrical agents. It has a large room, furnished with tables, easy-chairs, books, and magazines, in which young ladies enjoy rest and healthful conversation. Mrs. Courthope Todd knows, and has a friendly greeting for, each visitor. Her sisterly kindness makes them all feel at home.

The Institute has also a lads' hall in the basement, fitted up with a gymnasium, where the youthful actors and choristers have a merry time with swings and rope-ladders. The hours they spend there are never dull; whatever their tastes may be, they are filled with bright and wholesome occupation; and outside of these walls they do not know many such hours. The tiny maidens of the theatre have a corner of the House to themselves. It is appropriately called "The Nest."

In addition to the home comforts and influences supplied by the Institute, Mr. and Mrs. Todd arrange that each protégé of the Mission has a lady correspondent, who writes her a monthly letter of loving counsel. A visitor is employed in going to the lodgings of the members, to hold personal conversation with them; and religious services are regularly conducted in the Institute.

The Theatrical Mission has carried salvation, as well as comfort, to many on the stage. Letters come from all parts of the country, testifying of blessing received through its agency, and telling of a noble fight for the truth as it is in Jesus. Take this one as a sample. A girl actress writes: "I find it very hard since I have been away on this tour, to think of my Saviour as I ought, but I go to Him and ask Him to teach me to love Him, though I can never give Him any return for all His goodness and loving kindness. I will try all I possibly can to please my dear Saviour, by doing what I know to be right, and obeying Him in all things." Pleasant words these to read from one surrounded by temptation and engaged in an occupation in which so few are animated by a like spirit.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 142.)

In the Hands of Brigands.

THE assurance which had been given to Simon Holmes that the gentle sufferer in the baronet's mansion would recover, and which Ethel, herself, as we have seen, fully shared, was fulfilled. By the goodness of God the means suggested so mysteriously to Sir Jarvis Mainwaring, the great London physician, had been blessed to her gradual restoration. Doctor Feltham Greaves, the electrician, had been unremitting in his attention, and Ethel grew stronger day by day. One morning in January—it seemed as though bleak winter had mildened to give special greeting—she walked out of her long imprisonment, leaning on the arm of her father, free to come and go at her own sweet will. As they walked along the sunny and sheltered side of the Hall, Ethel heaved a sigh so deep-drawn as to elicit from her father an anxious inquiry as to its cause.

"What are you thinking of, my dear," said the baronet, "to produce such a sigh as that?"

"I was thinking of my brother Harold, father. Do you know, I think God has raised me that I may go and fetch him home!"

The baronet shook his head. He was unable to reach her clear, full height of faith; neither could he think with complacency of her departure from him now that she had just been brought back to him from the shadowed chamber in which she had lain so long. And yet he could not hide from himself that the hand of God was directly visible in her wondrous restoration. His measure of light was but a feeble glimmer, but the question would force itself upon him—was it for some special purpose? She had come back at a bound from the very gates of the grave. Had she come again to the kingdom of life "for such a time as this?"

On this subject there was in Ethel's mind no doubt, no question. She believed in her commission as really and as firmly as if it had been written with the finger of God on a table of stone, and she had confidence in her success.

"I can't see that, my darling," said Sir Godwin after a lengthy pause. "Now that I seem to have received you back after a long and painful journey, after sinking deeper and deeper into the shadow, I feel as though I cannot bear that you should go from me any more. I need you, dear, in more ways than one, and I am looking forward to a closer confidence, soul to soul, between you and me than there ever was before."

This was doubly sweet to Ethel. She knew intuitively at what her father was hinting, and her heart beat fast as she thought that he, too, was being drawn toward rest and righteousness by the magnet of the cross.

"Besides," he continued, "you know how self-willed your brother is; how passionate and proud. He would be sure to resist any such attempt to curb him as the sending of his sister after him. The very idea would be enough to constrain him to increase the distance between himself and home. I dearly wish he would return, for I greatly need his aid in the management of the estate. We can but hope that he will weary of his foolishness by and by, and come back of his own accord."

"But you don't seem to remember, father, dear, that if it is God's will that I should be the means of bringing him to a better mind, God can put him so that he cannot get away from me, and can put into his mind, when he sees me, a wish to come home with me. If it is right for me to go, it will be made right for him to come. I cannot doubt that, you know. I can never get rid of this feeling; I hear it like a voice all the time, 'Go and fetch your brother!' Think what a happy day for us all that will be when we three are altogether at dear old Aspen Chase."

The baronet could not argue. He would only doubt and wonder; and wonder until his doubts were staggered. A little while they walked in silence. Then Ethel said, "Father, dear, you said just now, 'We can but hope.' Is there not one other thing that we can do? Both of us, I mean. If it is right to hope for anything, it must be right to pray for it. I never go to sleep at night, I never wake from sleep at morn but I say, 'Lord, bring brother Harold home again!' And do you know that always greatly helps my hope. And when I pray like that, then the voice distinctly comes to me again and again, 'Go and fetch your brother home.' Dear father! It will be right for me to go. But don't trouble. When the time comes, and the way is open, I think you will be willing, too."

Then the two withdrew into the house again, the maiden to pray and hope and wait; the silent baronet to pray, too, though no one knows it but himself and his God; and more and more to ponder these things in his heart. God aid and guard thee, gentle Ethel. Of thee it may well be said as of thy truthful sister on Zidon shores, "O woman, great is thy faith!" Thy errand will carry thee far away; up rugged hills and down dark valleys, through brake and brier, and the way, at times, will be hard walking for thy tender feet. Yet, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Looking on thy vacant couch and with that wondrous "*Talitha cumi*" of the divine Saviour echoing in our ears, we cannot, dare not, do other than say, "Go in this thy might!"

The subject thus broached between father and daughter became after this conversation the one supreme thought in Ethel's mind. All her duties and labors were arranged with a view to a long

journey. In her unoccupied moments her mind dwelt constantly on the details of her enterprise which were so new to her. They were more novel and romantic than she then knew. Harold, she was aware, was then in Spain, but she imagined him living a life of ease and luxury and worldly pleasure in some gay resort, whereas he was in circumstances of hardship and danger. How he came to be so situated should now be revealed to the reader.

After that exciting struggle with Policeman Tugwell, when Alfred Atheling was so near arrest, Harold, fearing that trouble might fall upon him for his share in the rescue of his friend, determined to seek a refuge in Spain, with which country the British Government had no extradition treaty. On the way he stayed for a few days in Paris to enjoy the pleasures of the gay capital. In one of the theatres there he met an old acquaintance, with whom he had two years before spent some weeks of dissipation and riotous pleasure.

Don Antonio de Diaz was a Spaniard, in whose veins ran, at least he said so, the bluest of blue blood. He was possessed of handsome features, an aristocratic air, eminent social qualities, a long purse, and a special acquaintance with the more piquant features of Parisian life. All these, in the estimation of Harold Spofforth, were high-class certificates.

Now, as Spain was the bourne to which the young Englishman was journeying, he felt that he could not do better than attach himself still more closely to the Spanish Don. His friendship was well worth cultivating, and, as the warm-hearted son of the South had similar views and feelings, they looked forward to spending many pleasant days together in the Spanish capital. Under Don Antonio's stimulating influence, Harold's ready cash disappeared with even unwonted rapidity. That favorite motto with this class of individuals, "A short life and a merry one," comes very expensive in more ways than one, and is generally followed by bankruptcy of more kinds than one, bankruptcies that cannot be whitewashed in any courts of law. It is a sort of galloping consumption, which includes money, health, and morals in the fatal race to ruin.

Under the genial and fascinating Spaniard's guidance Harold drew upon his father for fresh supplies. No sooner were these new funds in hand, than he and the friend, who was to be his guide into the inner courts of the Spanish Temple of Pleasure, took their departure. Don Antonio de Diaz seemed to wax more brilliant and delightful as a fellow traveller and comrade the farther they left the gay French capital behind them.

"There is no need," said he, "why we should travel post haste, as if we were couriers pioneering the way for royalty. As for the steam-engine and the train, they simply reduce you to a parcel, and you are transmitted through the air so fast that you can make no more observation of the country through which you pass, and reap no more pleasure from your journey, than a parcel can. Our glorious Spain, my dear Señor Spofforth, deserves far different treatment. Its marvellous beauties must be taken in piecemeal. Let us travel more pleasantly. Let us get out of the beaten track, and study nature's charms at our ease. I can show you a few out-of-the-way places, altogether unknown to the mere tourist and sightseer, that are gems of the first water, as you will be delighted to acknowledge."

Harold listened, and was disposed to yield. A journey on horseback, or in a carriage, through a charming country, promised more enjoyment than a rush through it on an express train. All hesitation was removed when his companion, reading his nature aright, offered another inducement.

"You ought to see how our best people live," he said. "There are long-standing invitations which I have too long neglected and I shall be glad to spend a few months in discharging such debts. You will be welcomed everywhere. I will introduce you to the best of our people, and we can make our home in baronial castles and country quarters of long-tried friends of my own. There we shall find cooks of the first order, cellars of rarest old wine, and laughing damosels and donnas of the cherriest lips and starriest eyes."

There was no resisting such a picture as this, certainly such resisting power did not dwell in Harold Spofforth's moral constitution. The infatuated votary of pleasure congratulated himself that he had met with such a guide, philosopher, and friend. He saw in himself a happier Alexander, who, like the Grecian monarch, had already conquered a world of pleasure, and unlike him, had now new worlds of bliss to conquer. He expressed his thanks to his obliging companion without stint or limit, and announced his entire willingness to follow loyally and gladly wheresoever he might lead. Whereupon the Don's eyes flashed with a merry light, and his gleaming white teeth flashed also as he smiled. A careful observer might have read something else than merriment in that gleam. Harold Spofforth, however, made no pretentions to that character.

By and by, according to mutual agreement, the ordinary beaten tracks were forsaken; the usual and more rapid methods of locomotion were discarded. By strange and unknown paths they proceeded to explore fresh fields and pastures new. They entered eventually into a mountainous country in which the sparsely scattered inns and auberges were of the smallest, and the devious tracks were of the narrowest, and the journey had to be taken with much care along the edge of steep slopes, and on the saddles of sure-footed mules.

During no portion of their pleasant and exciting journey had Don Antonio de Diaz showed himself so thoroughly pleasant a companion as now. He twirled his dainty mustache with his fingers, fingers that sparkled with jeweled rings; he showed his white teeth, and showered his smiles and scattered his jokes and witticisms all around; and piquant songs floated from his lips as musical as the sparkling mountain brooks that babbled as they passed.

Harold Spofforth was delighted to find that the farther they proceeded into the heart of the country, the more profoundly his aristocratic friend and comrade was held in honor—the lower and more reverent were the obeisances of innkeeper and muleteer, and also of the few peasants whom they met. Our young Englishman could not help expressing his pleasure at this. It argued, he said, well for the manners and customs of the Spanish peasantry, and still better for his friend the Don, that he could command such universal respect.

"You see, Señor Spofforth," the Spaniard responded, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, "I am no stranger among these good people, and my race has been held in high honor in these regions from the very earliest days of Spain's existence. The noble house of Diaz," he continued, proudly, "has many a noble pile to dwell in, but its true home is in the affection and devotion of the people's hearts."

"That is a noble sentiment," said the delighted Harold, "and to hear you utter it is proof enough that you deserve to come of the lineage of De Diaz, and that you are a worthy bearer of the name."

The Don smiled loftily and waved his hand as one who would put away from him all flattering remarks, and said, "We shall presently reach the outlying portions of Don Miguel de Herrara's charming mountain home. I predict that once fairly under the spell of his hospitality, your visit to Madrid will be willingly postponed awhile."

By and by, as they were slowly rounding the base of a tall mountain whose slopes were thickly covered by dark umbrageous pines, and at whose foot a brawling stream chafed and bickered on its course to the sea, our travellers were suddenly attacked by a dozen well-armed bandits. These very plainly informed them they were to consider themselves captives, and that resistance was certain to be followed by a short shrift, and, not a long rope exactly, but a swift bullet or a sharp knife.

Don Antonio's grief and vexation knew no bounds. "He would not have cared for himself," he said, "but to have led his friend and comrade into such grief and trouble was gall and wormwood to his soul." Harold was slow to realize the awkward fact that he and his estimable comrade were really taken prisoners; and that they were at the mercy of a band of desperadoes who were as rough and unceremonious in their manners as they were fierce and sinister in their looks. They did not fail, however, to convince him that he was really held in durance; and when the natural pluck in him began to assert itself somewhat strongly, prompting him to rebel against such a high-handed proceeding, he was coolly and sternly told that there were three courses open to him, any one of which he was free to choose.

The first alternative was quiet submission, in which case all would be well and he could proceed in comfort. The second course was to be bound hand and foot and strapped firmly to the mule on which he was riding; in which case an occasional blow from the staff of the muleteer or a prick with the point of a dagger, an article which appeared to be present in sufficient plenty, would doubtless keep him from chafing in his bonds. The third course was to be the target for the rifles of the party. It was anything but a pleasant predicament, and "the proverbial three courses" did not offer him any great variety of choice.

On the whole, our hero—well, no, not our hero, exactly, he is not made of the right kind of stuff; let us say, their rich prize—chose quiet submission. His noble fellow-captive warmly counselled this line of policy, and certainly he himself bore this stroke of ill-fortune with wonderful coolness and self-control.

"They are a set of smugglers, I suppose," said he, "who vary their ordinary calling by doing a little business in highway robbery. No doubt we shall be able to come to terms with them. Meanwhile, let neither of us forget that patience is a great virtue."

Passing through a long, narrow ravine, very dark and gloomy owing to the mass of foliage which from either side overspread the rough road on which they travelled, they came, at length, into a dense forest. Here the path became tortuous, and to Harold it appeared that they repeatedly turned upon the unbeaten way they had already traversed. A guide, however, was at the head of the odd procession, who seemed to know his business, and never paused or faltered as if in doubt.

At length, when the natural gloom of the forest was still further darkened by the shades of night, our pair of adventurers found themselves in an open glade in which was quite a large encampment. On the further side of the glen, a tall imposing rock reared high its craggy head. Its rough, broad breast was covered with brambles, brushwood, scraggy shrubs and trees; and at the base of the rock were several large caverns. These were evidently used for human dwellings, or rather as a sort of barracks, with all the addenda of stores and magazines thereto belonging. Harold Spofforth was here separated from his comrade in misfortune. He was conducted into one of these spacious caves, which was dimly lighted with one or two rude oil lamps. He was pointed to a couch of dry leaves which lay in the farther corner, and was told that as he was doubtless weary with his long ride, he had better rest his limbs a while, and that supper would follow in due course. He received these hospitalities with a sullen, though silent, scowl, and not by any means with a spirit of submission.

The tawny bandit who seemed to have him in charge, and whose most noteworthy distinctions of features were two keen and blazing eyes, and an immense breadth of jet-black beard and whisker, cut closely so as not to be inconvenient, did not seem to relish the sullen way in which his advice was taken. Blackbeard, observ-

ing Harold's frowning brow, gave him a quiet but weighty hint as to the advisability of submissive behavior, by touching lightly and gracefully a formidable knife which was sheathed in the scarf bound round his waist.

(To be continued.)

JACOB'S POWER WITH GOD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 20, Gen. 32 : 9-28. Golden Text, ver. 26.

The Change in Jacob's Life—God Henceforth Identified with It—A Life of Discipline and Education—The Deceiver Imposed Upon—The Crafty Schemer After Riches—His Clandestine Departure—In Fear of Esau—The Promises Forgotten—Human Precautions Taken—The Night of Wrestling—Jacob Disabled—The Place of Power—The New Name.

JACOB was a new man when he entered the country of his destination ; he was still imperfect, still designing and full of self-seeking, yet he knew that he held a definite relation to God ; he knew that God was on his side, and had pledged Himself to bless him. He knew that purposes of God had to be carried out through him, and he could no longer dissociate God from any part of his life. In every real conversion there is this change,

God Has Appeared Upon the Scene,

and henceforth His child cannot wholly ignore Him. But the course of Jacob's life was anything but a smooth one. Conversion is but the beginning of a life in which God educates His child for eternal companionship with Himself, and every day of our life is replete with tests of faith, of patience, and of love, all of which are designed to teach precious lessons which, if we saw them from God's side, we should never wish to be spared.

Jacob found his way to his Uncle Laban, who received him kindly, but soon began to think of his monetary value in the agricultural line of business in which he was engaged. Jacob might have resisted becoming Laban's servant, but his heart had been drawn out toward Rachel, Laban's younger daughter, and for love of her the self-interested Jacob became an almost slave to her father, asking no other recompense than the hand of Rachel in marriage. For seven years he toiled, and then found that others besides himself knew how to practise deception, and, under cover of the darkness, Leah was given to him instead of Rachel, with the bitter taunt, "It must not be so done in *our* country, to give the younger before the firstborn." Surely his own deceit at home must have risen up before him! He obtained Rachel, however, after all, but Laban exacted of him another seven years' service for her. Children were born to him, but Laban, not he, was growing rich by his labor. Therefore Jacob at last demanded to be sent away that he might provide for his own house. To this Laban demurred ; he knew full well by experience that the Lord had blessed him for Jacob's sake, and he dreaded the financial loss his departure would occasion, and therefore he sought to make terms with Jacob upon which he would consent to remain with him. Jacob's strategic ability came into play here. He was a first-rate cattle-dealer, and made use of all the knowledge which he had acquired by natural observation and long experience to increase his possessions. By a shrewd device he succeeded in obtaining as his share of the profits the most productive breeders in the flock, and he did this whatever mark was fixed upon by Laban as the mark which should assign a new-born animal to Jacob's ownership. There was

No Need for All this Management,

the promise of God insured his being blest with riches ; but Jacob could not trust God without making sure by doing all he could for himself as well ; one might almost think he was author of the proverb, "God helps those that help themselves." Abraham was no inactive man, but he worked *under* God, at His command, instead of attempting to work alongside of God, as Jacob seems to have done, in his constant planning and plotting to secure his own interests. Consequently, Abraham's life was a life of dignified, calm, restful faith, which saw God always ; while Jacob's was a restless, intermittent, anxious life, a life of little dignity and little power, his ends attained by hard work and heavy thought which, after all, hindered more than helped. On the anxious, wrinkled brows of how many converted men of business, mothers of families, and heads of institutions do we read the history of Jacob repeated!

At last *God* called Jacob to leave Laban, and

Return Home.

But even then he could not be content to give Laban his authority for his action, and to depart as a man who did the will of God. He must follow his usual underhand course—must steal away unawares. Yet, in the main, he was doing the will of God, and "the angels of God met him." His communion with God in Padan-aram had been only occasional, and not very noticeable ; it always began on God's side, and was only on special occasions. Is it not so with many a child of God? But Jacob was at this time under a sense of danger. He had left home with the knowledge of Esau's threat to slay him as soon as his father should die. He had had no tidings of his father, and every step he took brought him nearer to that revengeful elder brother. Messengers had been sent on by him, and they returned with the tidings that Esau was on his way to meet him with four hundred men. To Jacob's ears this sounded like a death-knell to him and to his family. But

What About the Promises of God?

Could they fail? Was Esau stronger than God? Jacob did think of God, but not until he had taken every possible precaution himself. He divided his people into two bands, in order that if Esau slew the one, the other might escape. Most prudent, no doubt! But had not God said, "I . . . will keep thee in all places whither thou goest?" Was this to count for nothing? Having made his arrangements, he has a little prayer in which he acknowledges God's goodness, speaks very humbly of himself, and then asks God, he having done *his* best, to deliver him from Esau. But even then, not from brotherly generosity toward Esau, but lest, after all, God should betray him, he arranges sheep and cattle into so many droves, as a present whereby to appease his brother! No man could have done more ; Jacob would have been nearer God if he had done less.

His arrangements having been carried out to his satisfaction, "Jacob was left alone." Being, as he believed, the object of his brother's wrath, he took the place of greatest security, and waited to see the effect upon Esau of all which he had sent on before him. *He* was occupied with how Esau would deal with *him*. God was occupied with how Jacob was dealing with *Him*. While appealing to God, his real trust was in himself, and God would teach him that it was so. He was left alone ; neither the dreaded Esau, nor yet the loved ones who had gone on before, were with him, but in the darkness of the night, an unseen Stranger wrestled with him "till the breaking of the day." That long wrestling match went on through the darkness of the night, and neither the Stranger nor Jacob prevailed ; the odds were equal. At last, when the first streak of dawn appeared, and the Stranger saw that he did not prevail, He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, and thus disabled him. It was not a blow, but a touch that did it. Like the touch when He cleansed the leper, like the look when He looked on Peter, was that touch.

The Lord did Wonders by It.

With the "strained" sinew (R. V.), Jacob's own strength failed ; he had no longer power to wrestle, or to hinder the Stranger from overcoming him. The point of victory with each one of us is when we learn so much of our own nothingness and weakness that we cease to struggle against God ; then faith takes the place of effort, and rest in God, even in the most constant service, succeeds to planning, plotting, and anxiety. So long as *we* take the lead in work, and look upon God as a helper only, just so long are the odds terribly against us. So long as we superintend our own praying, and plan those things in which we are going to bring God over on to our side by our perseverance and fervency, just so long do we bear all the burden, and are doubtful as to the result. But when, as with Jacob, we are touched by God, when our own strength withers to nothing, and we can see nothing at all in ourselves that can prevail with God,

Then are We in the Place of Power,

for then, looking away from ourselves to Him, we can see how impossible it is for God to fail us, and so we learn to count on Him.

The day was breaking, and the Stranger said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Now, and only now, when utterly disabled from fighting, can Jacob make his own terms, and he is not slow to do so. "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." When self has shrunk like the sinew, and we see, not ourselves, but God, then we come with our title-deeds, God's written Word in our hands, and we come, authorized by Him as those that have a right to claim what His Word entitles us to. We cease to know whether *we* are fervent, but we *do* know that *God* is faithful. It is when God overcomes us, not when we overcome Him, that we prevail. The Stranger said to Jacob, "What is thy name? He owned his past name Jacob, supplanter, which recalled the wrong he had done in his father's house, and the undignified way in which he had dealt with Laban." And He said, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel ; for thou hast had power with God, and thou shalt prevail against men" (R. V. margin).

Surely This was the Blessing.

Hebrew names are all significant of character ; he who had been a supplanter was now to be a prince with God. Jacob is now fully at his ease ; he says to the Stranger, "Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy name." And He said, "Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after My name? And He blessed him there." Abraham called God by the name borne out by each new revelation of Him ; so must Jacob ; God is to each of us individually what we find Him out to be according to His Word. Jacob "named the place Peniel ; for he said, 'I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.'" Never before had he come to such close quarters with God. "The sun rose upon him," upon soul and body, upon past and future, as he passed over Penuel. Dear reader, have you had your Peniel—a point where your relations to God have been set right, where you have come to recognize that you are nothing, where God has conquered you, and put you in a position in which you can claim and take blessings from Him?"

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Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake:
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Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make,—
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine,—a thing that seemeth small,
And only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield *more all*
Hidden therein. Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
The fair I love, or am, or fain would be,
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp, till beauty it hath none.
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done."
Take it, oh Father, ere my courage fail;
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en
If some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine *own*,
But, gaining back my will, may find it *Thine*.

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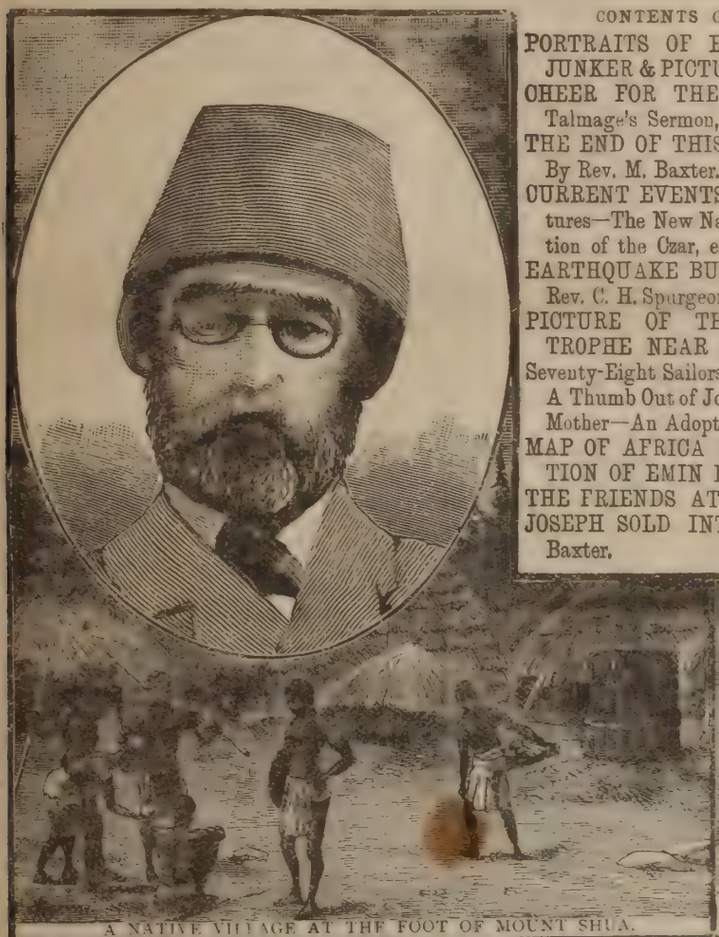

A NATIVE VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT SHUA.

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EMIN PASHA—Dr. JUNKER, the Russian Explorer—Specimens of Tribes in Equatorial Africa.

EMIN PASHA.

The Expedition for his Rescue—How he Came into Peril—His Noble Character and Beneficent Rule—Dr. Junker's Telegram—An Austrian Physician—General Gordon's Regard for Him—General Stone's Testimony—Latest News of Him.

On the first page are portraits of the brave commander Emin Pasha, now in imminent peril in Equatorial Africa, and of Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, who has brought to the civilized world intelligence of his situation. There are many reasons for the general interest taken on both sides the Atlantic in the expedition for the relief of Emin, which the publication of Dr. Junker's news has called forth. The chief reason is that there is a strong sympathy with the work undertaken by Emin which has now involved him in peril. He was sent by General Gordon to his present position to intercept the slave-dealers, and to hold an advanced post of civilization in the interior of Africa. Right nobly has he done his work, winning the confidence and affection of the people, and maintaining his position by sheer force of character until the hostility of the slave-dealers, the fanaticism of the followers of the Mahdi, and the inhuman ferocity of King Mwanga, and the native savages have combined to raise against him an irresistible force. His outposts have been driven in and he has been forced back until

He has Turned at Bay

surrounded by relentless foes. That this was his situation the world did not know until three months ago. It was suspected that he must be in straits, because the fall of General Gordon would naturally lead to an attack on Emin, but his success in dealing with savage potentates, and the respect with which he has inspired the natives under his immediate control, with the gratitude that they feel toward a man who has ruled them with a just and beneficent hand might, it was hoped, disarm hostility or bring him such support as would insure his safety. Some, however, believed that he must be dead as nothing had been heard of him for a long time. No one knew positively, and the public, while hoping for the best, feared the worst. On December 21st, 1886, came the intelligence which put an end to doubts. Dr. Junker, who had just reached Zanzibar on the eastern coast of Africa, cabled to the Paris office of the New York *Herald* this brief but stirring despatch: "An expedition to rescue Emin most urgent. The routes are now practicable if a strong, thoroughly well-organized expedition is sent. Best thing would be a strong expedition under command of Stanley. There will be fighting. I shall reach Cairo January 8th." The expedition under Mr. Henry M. Stanley, described in this journal on February 24th, was speedily organized and is now on its way to rescue him.

Emin Pasha's Record

is as noble as it is fascinating. He is an Austrian physician of profound learning and marked individuality. His real name is Dr. Schnitzler, and he was born in Austrian Silesia in 1846. He is therefore now forty-one years of age. Having studied medicine in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, he obtained an appointment as surgeon in the Turkish army, and became the medical attendant of Midhat Pasha. In 1875, Dr. Emin Effendi, or Colonel Emin, as the Turks called him, was sent from Cairo to join Gordon Pasha, then Governor of the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces, where, for four years, he held the position of Surgeon-General of the province. Medicine alone, however, did not engross his attention, for Gordon, taking advantage of his remarkable powers in dealing with natives, and unusual linguistic acquirements, employed him in three diplomatic missions of considerable importance, *viz.*, two to Uganda and one to Unyoro.

In 1878, Gordon, in his position as Governor-General of the whole Soudan, raised Dr. Emin Effendi to the rank of Bey, and appointed him Governor of the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces, which position he has faithfully maintained up to the present time. "His office was no sinecure, and the difficulty of his position can hardly be understood in this country," says Dr. Robert W. Felkin, who spent some time with him on the Nile in the year 1878. "Gordon's masterhand, which had organized the provinces, crushed the slave-dealers, and introduced

A Reign of Peace,

had been removed, and one governor after another had allowed affairs to relapse into a state of chaos. The slave-dealers had regained some of their former power, discontent was clearly seen on all sides, and it needed, indeed, a strong man to restore order. Such a man Gordon found in Dr. Emin."

It would seem that Emin Bey took up his task with such enthusiasm that, by the end of 1880 most of the stations had been rebuilt, peace and order were established therein, and all of them, numbering about forty, were connected by a weekly post. Throughout the whole of the immense province crime was almost unknown, and solely through Emin's efforts, slavery was entirely abolished, and the district cleared of the slave-dealers, who had carried on an underhand but extensive traffic up to the time of his appointment. Moreover, the revenue of the provinces was increased, and his government became more than self-supporting; and this remarkable financial improvement was obtained, not by oppressive taxation, but by the practice of rigid economy and the suppression of abuses that had previously existed.

General Stone's Acquaintance

with Emin was of a cordial character. While the famous American general, who died a few weeks ago in New York, was holding high office under the Khedive of Egypt in 1876, he was brought into official relations with Emin Pasha. In an interview with a reporter of the New York *Herald*, General Stone thus testified of his worth and ability: "In every position to which Emin Bey was promoted he fully justified the wisdom of the advancement by proving himself equal to the position, and even distinguished in it.

"He brought to bear for the advantage of the provinces under his command all his intelligence and all his high attainments in science, reconnoitring and mapping the countries he visited, doing all possible to improve the sanitary and material condition of the countries and inhabitants, and, at the same time, making scientific observations and notes, which were sent to Europe to extend knowledge of those distant and interesting lands.

"His garrisons were well cared for and good discipline was maintained in them; the people (native tribes) under his government were more happy and contented than ever before.

"I may here mention one circumstance indicating his solicitude for the troops and tribes under him. I sent to him from Cairo various kinds of American Indian corn to see how it might flourish in those regions—South Carolina, Georgia, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts seed, etc. He made a careful experiment with each and found the specimen best suited to the soil and climate and then sent for large quantities of the 'Pennsylvania early,' which proved to be the best for him, and which he planted extensively.

"With such a commander it is easy to conceive that the provinces of the Equator remained faithful and subject to authority when the rest of the Soudan, in 1881–82, rebelled against the authority of the Khedive and joined the Mahdi."

The Latest News of Emin

is contained in a telegram dated Zanzibar, March 14th. It states that news has been received from Emin Bey to the effect that in November last he went to Uganda, and that King Mwanga refused to permit him to go through the country. Then Emin Bey tried to effect a passage out through Karagawa, on the western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. In this he also failed. He then returned to Wadelia, leaving a detachment of soldiers at Unyoro under the command of Casati, his sole European companion. Advices from Uganda, dated January 24th, say that Dr. Junker's caravan reached Emin Bey safely, and that a messenger returned with a quantity of ivory. Emin was well. This news is encouraging, and is, we may hope, a happy augury of success for the expedition.

DR. WILLIAM JUNKER.

The famous explorer, whose portrait accompanies that of Emin Pasha on the first page, is a man of remarkable endurance, self-reliance, and originality. With him, too, the late General Stone was brought into official connection during his life in Egypt. General Stone said of him: "Dr. William Junker is a Russian explorer who has made several valuable explorations in Central Africa, especially in the country west of the White Nile and between the Bahrel Gazel and the Equator. This last journey was made in the country of the Niam-Niam, with the more special object of ascertaining the true course of the river Welle, in order to decide whether that river might be an affluent of the Congo, as would seem to be indicated by Stanley's work; or took its course to the north-west, as was indicated by Dr. Schweinfurth. It is to be hoped that he has been able to solve that geographical question. Dr. Junker pursued an unusual course in his explorations, one which gave great value to his reports. It was his custom to enter a country alone and to reside for a long time in one place, thus becoming fully acquainted with the customs, habits and manners of the people, and more or less familiar with their language. Then he would push on to another more advanced position, where he would follow the same course, making thus friends and acquaintances in each region. His advances were more safe and easy, but the time required to cover a given length of route was, of course, much longer than had he pursued the usual course of explorers."

It is reported as an illustration of Dr. Junker's bold and astute character that he

Sold Himself as a Slave

during his recent journey, as a means of gaining protection. Before going far from Albert Nyanza he ascertained that there was no hope of his getting through the territory of the Waganda and one or two other hostile tribes without aid. If he was not murdered he would, at least, be detained as a prisoner. In this emergency the novel idea occurred to Dr. Junker to sell himself as a slave to one of the Arab traders. A bargain was struck, and he ostensibly became the property of the trader. The contract stipulated that the Arab, for the sum of fifteen hundred Austrian dollars, was to deliver the traveller alive at Zanzibar where, upon the presentation of the contract the money would be paid to him by a firm doing business there. In his capacity as a slave Dr. Junker passed muster in the court of King Mwanga, and he was permitted to go in peace with his owner.

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION AT CAIRO.

The following is a press correspondent's report of the departure of Mr. Stanley and his expedition from Cairo:

On the morning of his departure from Cairo, I called on Mr. Stanley, who was staying at Shepheard's Hotel, to bid him "God-speed." He was superintending the packing of his baggage by his faithful servant, an American, I believe. "Nothing is certain," he said, "regarding my route until I reach Zanzibar. In fact, there are many contingencies that may cause me to adopt a route other than that I have now determined upon."

Mr. Stanley touched on the advantages of

The River Congo Route.

"Do you think," he said, energetically, "that my backers wish massacre and bloodshed? If we had to fight our way, and were victorious, hundreds of poor natives would be killed; and what have they done, I should like to know, that they should be slaughtered? What is Emin Pasha, after all, that these innocent people should be killed? What is Emin Pasha's value in comparison to the lives of men like Mackay, the Church of England missionary, gal-

lant man that he is, and the other English missionaries? News would come at once to the King, 'Stanley is advancing at the head of 20,000 men,' for natives always exaggerate numbers. 'Ho! ho! Is he indeed?' the King would say, 'Off with the foreigners' heads. I'll teach Stanley to invade my territory.' My mission is entirely pacific. Those by whom I am commissioned wish for peace, not bloodshed." "Do you think," I asked, "that so far Christian missionaries have been successful?" "In a manner, yes. But not so far as spreading Christianity. The time has not arrived. They have to appear simply as men desirous to do good by way of teaching arts and imparting knowledge. Any very direct or too sudden attempt to propagate Christianity might be fatal to themselves and the great cause they serve. They have to approach the people gradually, and do their work with caution to avoid groundless suspicions.

Mr. Stanley's servant now entered to take down his luggage. "Well," said Stanley, with a smile, "it is time to commence my long journey. Remember, my mission is one not having for its object conquest, aggrandizement, or acquisition of territory, but one of peace and good-will. If all goes well I shall be

With Emin by the 15th June,

but it *may* take me another month. The worst part of the journey, as far as health is concerned, is the mouth of the Congo, as it is malarious. I myself may die, or any number of my party. Otherwise I anticipate success, and that I shall accomplish what I go for comparatively without difficulty."

At ten minutes to noon Stanley stepped into his carriage, after shaking hands with those around. I should say that not more than fifty Europeans were present, and these were principally English. A good many official Egyptians, however, came to take a glimpse of the great American. Stanley will find more men, arms, and ammunition at Zanzibar, where he will organize this expedition according to information from Oscar Lenz, the Austrian explorer, who has just arrived at Zanzibar. This man has come from Victoria Nyanza, and has, it is supposed, important information regarding Emin Pasha.

On January 29th, Mr. Stanley wrote to Mr. Mackinnon, the Chairman of the Relief Fund Committee, containing an account of his proceedings at Cairo. He also gives some account of his

Interviews with Dr. Junker,

the Russian traveller, whom he finds "amiable, frank, and modest," and who answered every question without reserve. Dr. Junker, it appears, left Emin Pasha at Wadelai on January 1st, 1886, journeyed on toward the east coast, with a train of porters and donkeys, meeting several English missionaries, engineers, and German ivory merchants, by way of the Ugogo country, Mpwapwa, and the land of Usagara, to the seaport of Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar.

Mr. Stanley says that Dr. Junker is a short man, inclined to *embonpoint*. He wears a full beard, and the general cast of his face is strongly marked. His long thick hair is "brushed backward, Spurgeon fashion." He is amiable, frank, and modest. Mr. Stanley describes him as a

True and Loyal-hearted

African explorer, of whom Russia may make much. He pictures him "trudging patiently with his long caravan, making music with his accordion to the wondering tribes of the Welle-Makwa Valley, and collecting valuable facts for civilized mankind.

Mr. Stanley, with his sixty-one black soldiers of the Egyptian army, left Cairo on February 3d. He was accompanied by Dr. Junker as far as Suez, where he embarked for Zanzibar, in company with Dr. Parkes, of the Army Medical Department. The contrast between

Emin Pasha's Province

and the surrounding ones is said to be very marked, for, in the latter, the slave-dealers are to this hour carrying out, unchecked, their inhuman trade. Brutal acts of atrocious cruelty are daily perpetrated, villages are sacked, the aged killed, the strong men tortured with fiendish ingenuity, and the women and children carried away as slaves. Should Emin fall, or the Stanley expedition arrive too late, his province will inevitably relapse into the same hopeless condition, only it must be remembered that the people would then feel their position far more keenly, having experienced for some years a beneficent rule. How much this has been appreciated by them may be understood by the desperate way in which they have fought against their foes, who are anxious to enslave them, knowing, as they do, the misery they would suffer were they to be conquered. They have fought as only men fight whose homes and country are at stake.

The Pictures on the First Page

illustrate the character of the people through whose country the Relief Expedition may have to press its onward way. The *first* is *a village of the Shuli tribe*, situated at the foot of Mount Shua. The people who live here are mild, docile, and industrious. The *next* shows some *smiths of the Bari tribe*, whose fame for courageous warriors is great among the Upper Nile regions. The *third* shows *five fighting men or warriors* of the *Niam-Niam tribe*, which has the unhappy reputation of sometimes indulging in orgies of cannibalism; and the *fourth* is *a wizard* of the same tribe.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Afraid to Risk a Hand.—A Temperance friend said: "A professor was lecturing to his class on philosophy, and with his ether heated on a small table before him, he said, 'This ether will not burn the hand at such and such a temperature.' The class took his word for it. Naming one of the students, he bade him come before the table, and inquired, 'Now, if you really believe that this ether will not burn, in token of your belief, put your hand in,' said the professor. The young fellow drew back, saying, 'I do believe, but I dare not put my hand in.' Ah, here came the testing-point! He would not risk his hand on his belief. This is what many do with Christ. They will say they do believe that He is able to save; but if you ask them to risk their souls in His hands, or their support on His provision, like the student they draw back, still keeping to their text that they do believe, but will not trust Him."

Breaking One Chain to Forge Another.— Mr. W. A. Campbell narrated a story of a man who had a large and happy family. "He was very happy on this earth, and, it may be, failed to give enough attention to the future, and put his family in the place of God. But the hand of death came, and took away one of the little ones, and another, and another, and still another. At the end of all his trials this is what he said: 'Heaven is now much more real to me than it ever was before. I feel as if I had more awaiting me there than I have to keep me here, and that I am, as it were, but waiting to cross over, that I might join my beloved ones. As my children one by one passed away I felt as if each loss were the breaking of a chain which bound me to this world, and the forging of another binding me to heaven!' The taking away of those near and dear to us is often the way the Lord takes to bring us the nearer to Himself; and this is not because of anger toward us, but because of His love. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.'"

A Startled Highland Shepherd.—"In the Highlands of Scotland there lived a shepherd who in his youth had been steady and well behaved, but as hardships and misfortunes gathered around him contracted loose habits, and often sought to drown his troubles in drink. The consequence was that his home, which had formerly been bright and happy, became more and more miserable, bare, and neglected. One night, coming home earlier than usual, he was surprised as he staggered up to the door to find it open. He thought he would listen to what they were saying inside, thinking, perhaps, they might be speaking about him; but they were better employed. The mother and her little children were holding family worship. The portion of Scripture which they were reading that night was the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and when they came to the passage about the separation of the sheep from the goats, the eldest of the children, a little boy, looked up into his mother's face and said, 'Mother, will father be among the goats then?' The inebriate man, skulking behind the door, heard the question; it sunk into his heart and sobered him at once. Would he be among the goats? Yes, he knew that he would if he died then. He went in and, kneeling down before them all, asked God for mercy and strength."

An Appeal to a Good Swimmer.—Mr. Oddie related recently: "Not long ago, I was speaking to a woman about her soul, and she said she hoped she was saved, but did not think that either I or any other person could state with certainty that he or she was saved, and that they were sure of it. A man, whom both the woman and myself knew, was standing alongside at the time, and I turned to him and said, 'You are a good swimmer; now, if I were to fall into the river, and you jumped in after me, and at the risk of your own life brought me safe to the bank, do you think when I could once more feel the solid earth under my feet, that I should have any doubt about my being safe, or to whom I owed my salvation?' When the Lord Jesus, at the price of His own precious blood, rescued my soul from everlasting death, I know that His sacrifice of Himself was sufficient to atone for my sin. We don't require to go on hoping, but can safely rest on God's promises."

Loving the Double-dealing and Two-faced.— Mr. J. G. Forbes said: "Last week I was speaking of the love of God to us, and His commandment that we should love one another. After the meeting, as I was going home with a friend, and we were talking over the subject, my friend said to me, 'Well, there is just one person in the whole world that I feel it impossible to love.' 'That settles the whole thing,' I rejoined; 'you have just to ask the Lord to help you to love that one person.' 'But,' she replied, 'you don't know that person, how double-dealing and two-faced she is. She will come to you with smiles, and words of love and kindness, will put her arms around you, and seem to be your truest friend; but the moment you and she separate, she will spread the most outrageous falsehoods about you, will assign wrong motives to your actions, and try to injure you in any way she can. No,' she continued, 'I could never love that person.' 'But,' I said, 'there is nothing specially good in loving people who love us. Do not even worldly people do so? The superiority of the Christian is that he loves those who hate him, and is kind to those who spitefully use him.'"

A Cake Raffled for at a Bazaar.—A Devoted Christian worker observed: "A boy asked his mother, a Christian lady, for some money to buy a ticket for a silver watch, which was to be raffled for in a rum-shop. His mother was horrified, and indignantly and vehemently rebuked him. 'But, mother,' he answered, 'did you not make and bake a big cake to be raffled for at the Sunday-school bazaar?' 'Oh,' she replied, 'that was for the church.' 'But if it were wrong,' rejoined the boy, 'would doing it for the church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put in the collections? And if it be right for the church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?' The mother was silent. Neither she nor any one else can answer the lad's argument. The practice of raffling is either right or wrong. Why should people raise money for church purposes by such questionable means? Is not the Lord, to whom these churches belong, able to supply the funds required without such proceedings? If we were content to let God do more, do it all, and but put ourselves in His hands, we should then see God work as of old."

CHEER FOR THE DISHEARTENED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 20, 1887, in the Second Presbyterian Church at Kansas City, Mo.

"No man cared for my soul."—Psalm 142 : 4.

Scarcity of Sympathy with Spiritual Woe—Effectual Sermons to an Audience of One—The Yearning for Help—Solitary Anxiety—Opportunities Missed—In Business Disaster—In Bereavement—In a Revival—Universal Concern—A Frenzied Captain of a Burning Ship—No Help for the Silent Man—How Christ Feels About It—A Father Waiting at the Depot for his Son—A Sailor Converted at the Brooklyn Tabernacle—A Tragic Death.

David, the rubicund lad, had become the battle-worn warrior. Three thousand armed men in pursuit of him, he had hidden in the cave of Engedi, near the coast of the Dead Sea. Utterly fagged out with the pursuit, as you have often been worn out with the trials of life, he sat down and cried out, "No man cared for my soul."

If you should fall through a hatchway, or slip from a scaffolding, or drop through a skylight, there would be hundreds of people who would come around and pick up your body and carry it to the home or to the hospital. I saw a great crowd of people in the street, and I asked, "What is the matter?" and I found out that a poor laboring man had fallen under sunstroke and all our eyes were filled with tears at the thought of his distracted wife and his desolated home. We are all sympathetic with physical disaster, but how

Little Sympathy for Spiritual Woes!

There are men in this house who have come to mid-life who have never yet been once personally accosted about their eternal welfare. A great sermon dropped into an audience of hundreds of thousands will do its work; but if this world is ever to be brought to God, it will be through little sermons preached by private Christians *to an audience of one.* The sister's letter postmarked at the village; the word uttered in your hearing, half of smiles and half of tears; the religious postscript to a business letter; the card left at the door when you had some kind of trouble; the anxious look of some one across a church aisle while an earnest sermon was being preached, swung you into the kingdom of God.

But there are hundreds of people in this house who will take the word that David used in the past tense and employ it in the present tense, and cry out, "No man cares for my soul." You feel as you go out day by day in the tug and jostle of life that it is

Every Man for Himself.

You can endure the pressure of commercial affairs, and would consider it almost impertinent for any one to ask you whether you are making or losing money. But there have been times when you would have drawn your cheque for thousands of dollars if some one would only help your soul out of its perplexities. There are questions about your higher destiny that ache, and distract, and agonize you at times. Let no one suppose that because you are busy all day with hardware, or dry-goods, or groceries, or grain, that your thoughts are no longer than your yard-stick, and stop at the brass-headed nails of the store counter. When you speak once about religious things you think a thousand times. They call you a worldling; you are

Not a Worldling.

Of course you are industrious and keep busy, but you have had your eyes opened to the realities of the next world. You are not a fool. You know better than any one can tell you that a few years at most will wind up your earthly engagements, and that you will take residence in a distant sphere where all your business adroitness would be a superfluity. You sometimes think till your head aches about great religious subjects. You go down the street with your eyes fixed on the pavement, oblivious of the passing multitudes, your thoughts gone on eternal expedition. You wonder if the Bible is true; how much of it is literal, and how much is figurative; if Christ be God; if there is anything like retribution; if you are immortal; if a resurrection will ever take place; what the occupation of your departed kindred is; what you will be ten thousand years from now. With a cultured placidity of countenance you are on fire with agitations of soul. Oh, this

Solitary Anxiety

of your whole lifetime! You have sold goods to or bought them from Christian people for ten years, and they have never whispered one word of spiritual counsel. You have passed up and down the aisles of churches with men who knew that you had no hope of heaven, and talked about the weather, and about your physical health, and about everything but that concerning which you most wanted to hear them speak—namely, your everlasting spirit. Times without number you have felt in your heart, if you have not uttered it with your lips, "No man cares for my soul."

There have been times when you were especially pliable on the great subject of religion. It was so, for instance, after you had lost your property. You had a great many letters blowing you up for being unfortunate. You showed that there had been a concatenation of circumstances, and that your insolvency was no fault of yours. Your creditors talked to you as though they would have a hundred cents on a dollar or your life. Protest after protest tumbled in on your desk. Men who used to take your hand with both of theirs and shake it violently, now pass you on the street with an almost imperceptible nod. After six or eight hours of scalding business anxiety you go home, and you shut the door and throw yourself on the sofa, and you feel in a state of despair. You wish that some one would come in and break up the gloom. Everything seems to be against you. The bank against you. Your creditors against you. Your friends, suddenly become critical, against you. All the past against you. All the future against you. You make reproachful outcry, "No man cares for my soul."

There was another occasion when all the doors of your heart swung

Open for Sacred Influences.

A bright light went out in your household. Within three or four days there were compressed sickness, death, obsequies. You were so lonely that a hundred people coming into the house did not break up the solitariness. You were almost killed with the domestic calamity. A few formal, perfunctory words of consolation were uttered on the stairs before you went to the grave; but you wanted some one to come and talk over the whole matter, and recite the alleviations, and decipher the lessons of the dark bereavement. No one came. Many a time you could not sleep until two or three o'clock in the morning, and then your sleep was a troubled dream, in which was re-enacted all the scene of sickness, and parting, and dissolution. Oh, what days and nights they were! No man seemed to care for your soul.

There was another occasion when your heart was very susceptible. There was

A Great Awakening.

There were hundreds of people who pressed into the kingdom of God—some of them acquaintances, some business associates, yes, perhaps some members of your own family were baptized by sprinkling or immersion. Christian people thought of you and they called at your store, but you were out on business. They stopped at your house; you had gone around to spend the evening. They sent a kindly message to you; somehow, by accident, you did not get it. The life-boat of the Gospel swept through the surf, and everybody seemed to get in but you. Everything seemed to escape you. One touch of personal sympathy would have pushed you into the kingdom of God. When on communion-day your friends went in and your sons and daughters went into the church, you buried your face in your handkerchief and sobbed, "Why am I left out? Everybody seems to get saved but me. No man cares for my soul."

Hearken to a revelation I have to make. It is

A Startling Statement.

It will so surprise you that I must prove it as I go on. Instead of this total indifference all about you in regard to your soul, I have to tell you that heaven, earth, and hell are after your immortal spirit. Earth to cheat it. Hell to destroy it. Heaven to redeem it. Although you may be a stranger to the Christians in this house, their faces would glow and their hearts would bound if they saw you make one step heavenward. So intricate and far-reaching is this web of sympathy, that I could by one word rouse a great many prayers in your behalf. No one care for your soul! Why, one signal of distress on your part would thrill this audience with holy excitement.

If a boat in any harbor should get in distress, from the men of war, and from the sloops, and from the steamers, the flying paddles would pull to the rescue. And if now you would lift one signal of distress, all these voyagers of eternity would bear down toward you and bring you relief. But no. You are

Like a Ship on Fire

at sea. They keep the hatches down, and the captain is frenzied, and he gives orders that no one hail the passing ships. He says, "I shall either land this vessel in Hamburg or on the bottom of the ocean, and I don't care which." Yonder is a ship of the White Star Line passing. Yonder one of the National Line. Yonder one of the Cunard Line. Yonder one of the Inman Line. But they know not there is any calamity happening on that one vessel. Oh, if the captain would only put his trumpet to his lip and cry out, "Lower your boats! Bear down this way! We are burning up! Fire! Fire!" No, no. No signal is given. If that vessel perishes, having hailed no one, whose fault will it be? Will it be the fault of the ship that hid its calamity, or will it be the fault of the vessels that, passing on the high seas, would have been glad to furnish relief if it had been only asked? In other words, my brother, if you miss heaven it will be your own fault.

No one care for your soul! Why, in all the ages there have been men whose entire business was soul-saving. In this work Munson went down under the knives of the cannibals whom he had come to save, and Robert McCheyne preached himself to death by thirty years of age, and John Bunyan was thrown into a dungeon in Bedfordshire, and Jehudi Ashman endured all the malarias of the African jungle; and there are hundreds and thousands of Christian men and women now who are praying, toiling, preaching, living, dying to save souls.

No one care for your soul! Have you heard

How Christ Feels About It?

I know it was only five or six miles from Bethlehem to Calvary—the birthplace and the deathplace of Christ—but who can tell how many miles it was from the throne to the manger? How many miles down, how many miles back again? The place of His departure was the focus of all splendor and pomp. All the thrones facing His throne. His name the chorus in every song and the inscription on every banner. His landing-place a cattle-pen, malodorous with unwashed brutes, and dogs growling in and out of the stable. Born of a weary mother who had journey eighty miles in severe unhealth that she might find the right place for the Lord's nativity—born, not as other princes, under the flash of a chandelier, but under a lantern swung by a rope to the roof of the barn. In that place Christ started to save you. Your name, your face, your time, your eternity, in Christ's mind. Sometimes travelling on mule's back to escape King Herod's massacre, sometimes attempting nervous sleep on the chilly hill-side, sometimes earning His breakfast by the carpentry of a plough. In Quarantania the stones of the field, by their shape and color, looking like the loaves of bread, tantalizing His hunger. Yet all the time keeping on after you. With drenched coat treading the surf of Gennesaret. Howled after by a bloodthirsty mob. Denounced as a drunk-

ard. Mourning over a doomed city, while others shouted at the sight of the shimmering towers. All the time coming on and

Coming on to Save You.

Indicted as being a traitor against government, perjured witnesses swearing their souls away to insure His butchery. Flogged, spit on, slapped in the face, and then hoisted on rough lumber, in the sight of earth, and heaven, and hell, to purchase your eternal emancipation. From the first infant step to the last step of manhood on the sharp spike of Calvary a journey for you. Oh, how

He Cared for Your Soul!

By dolorous arithmetic add up the stable, the wintry tempest, the midnight dampness, the abstinence of forty days from food, the brutal Sanhedrim, the heights of Golgotha, across which all the hatreds of earth and all the furies of hell charged with their bayonets, and then dare to say again that no one cares for your soul.

A young man might as well go off from home and give his father and mother no intimation as to where he has gone, and, crossing the seas, sitting down in some foreign country, cold, sick, and hungry and lonely, saying, "My father and mother don't care anything about me." Do not care anything about him! Why, that father's hair has turned gray since his son went off. He has written to all the consuls in the foreign ports asking about that son. Does not the mother care anything about him? He has broken her heart. She has never smiled since he went away. All day long, and almost all night, she keeps asking, "Where is he? Where can he be?" He is the first thought in her prayer and the last thought in her prayer—the first thought in the morning and the last at night. She says, "O God, bring back my boy. I must see him again before I die. Where is he? I must see him again before I die." Oh, do not his father and mother care for him? You go away from your heavenly Father, and you think He does not care for you because you will not even read the letters by which He invites you to come back, while all heaven is waiting, and waiting and waiting for you to return.

A young man said to his father, "I am going off; I will write to you

At the End of Seven Years

and tell you where I am." Many years have passed along since that son went away, and for years the father has been going to the depot in the village on the arrival of every train, and when he hears the whistle in the distance he is thrilled with excitement, and he waits until all the passengers have come out, and then he waits until the train has gone clear out of sight again, and then he goes home, hastening back to the next train; and he will be at every train until that son comes back, unless the son waits until the father be dead. But oh, the greater patience of God! He has been waiting for you not seven years, not nine years, but for some of you twenty years, thirty years, forty years, fifty years—waiting, calling—waiting, calling, until nothing but omnipotent patience could have endured it. Oh, my brother, do not take the sentiment of my text as your sentiment! We do care for your soul.

One Sabbath night years ago in my church in Brooklyn a young man appeared at the end of the platform, and he said to me, "I have just come off the sea." I said, "When did you arrive?" Said he, "I came into port this afternoon. I was in a great 'blow' off Cape Hatteras this last week, and I thought that I

Might as Well Go to Heaven

as to hell. I thought the ship would sink; but, sir, I never very seriously thought about my soul until to-night." I said to him, "Do you feel that Christ is able and willing to save you?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I do." "Well," I said, "now are you willing to come and be saved by Him?" "I am," he said. "Well, will you now, in the prayer we are about to offer, give yourself to God for time and eternity?" "I will," he said. Then we knelt in prayer, and after we had got through praying he told me that the great transformation had taken place. I could not doubt it. He is on the sea now. I do not know what other port he may gain, but I think he will gain the harbor of heaven.

"Star of peace, beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea."

It was sudden conversion with him that night. Oh, that it might be sudden conversion with you to-day! God can save you in one moment as well as He can in a century. There are sudden deaths, sudden calamities; why not

Sudden Deliverances?

God's Spirit is infinite in speed. He comes here with omnipotent power, and He is ready here and now, instantaneously and forever, to save your soul. I believe that a multitude of you will to-day come to God. I feel you are coming, and you will bring along your families and your friends with you. They have heard in heaven already of the step you are about to take. The news has been cried along the golden streets, and has rung out from the towers, "A soul saved! A soul saved!" But there is some one here to-day who will reject this Gospel. He will stay out of the kingdom of God himself. He will keep his family and his friends out. It is a dreadful thing for a man just to plant himself in the way of life, then keep back his children, keep back his companion in life, keep back his business partners—refuse to go into heaven himself, and refuse to let others go in.

Tragic Death of a Rejecter.

A young man, at the close of a religious service, was asked to decide the matter of his soul's salvation. He said, "I will not do it to-night." Well, the Christian man kept talking with him, and he said, "I insist that to-night you either take God or reject Him." "Well," said the young man, "if you put it that way, I will reject Him. There now, the matter's settled." On his way home on horseback, he knew not that a tree had fallen aslant the road, and he was going at full speed, and he struck the obstacle and dropped lifeless. That night his Christian mother heard the riderless horse plunging about the barn, and suspecting that something terrible was the matter, she went out and came to the place where her son lay, and she cried out, "O Henry! dead and not a Christian. Oh, my son! my son! dead and not a Christian. O Henry! Henry! dead and not a Christian." God keep us from such a catastrophe.

AN ATHEIST'S CHANGED LIFE.

The physical and moral change produced by conversion in an atheist is described in the *Watchword* by Dr. J. B. Walker, who knows the man. He says: "The first time that I met him was at the house of his son-in-law. His appearance was that of a decrepit, disconsolate old man. In the course of conversation he unhesitatingly expressed his unbelief of the existence of a God, and his suspicion of the motives of most of those who professed religion. I learned from others that he had ceased in some measure to have intercourse with men—had become misanthropic in his feelings, regarding mankind in the light of a family of sharks, preying upon each other; and his own duty in such a state of things, he supposed to be, to make all *honest* endeavors to wrest from the grasp of others as much as he could. He used profane language, opposed the temperance reformation, and looked with the deepest hatred upon the ministers of religion. His social affections seemed to be withered, and his body, sympathizing, was distorted and diseased by rheumatic pains.

"One of the first things which he did after his conversion was to love, in a practical manner, his worst enemy. There was one man in the village who had, as he supposed, dealt treacherously with him in some money transactions which had occurred between them. On this account, personal enmity had long existed between the two individuals. When converted, he sought his old enemy and asked his forgiveness.

"Many have been led to repent and believe in Christ through his instrumentality. Some of these were individuals whose former habits rendered a change of character very improbable in the eyes of most individuals. One of them, who had fallen into the habit of intemperance, is now a respectable and happy father of a respectable Christian family. He has been known to go to several families on the same day, pray with them, and invite them to attend religious worship on the Sabbath. And when some difficulty was stated as a hindrance to their attendance, he has assisted them to buy shoes, and granted other little aids of the kind, in order that they might attend divine service.

"When converted, one of his first acts, although he had heard nothing of any such act in others, was to make out a list of all his old associates then living within reach of his influence. For the conversion of these he determined to labor as he had opportunity, and pray daily. On his list were *one hundred and sixteen names*, among whom were sceptics, drunkards, and other individuals as little likely to be reached by Christian influence as any other men in the region. *Within two years one hundred of these had made a profession of religion.*

"As soon as his moral nature had undergone a change, his body, by sympathy, felt the benign influence. His countenance assumed a milder and more intelligent aspect. He became more tidy in his apparel, and his 'thousand pains,' in a good measure left him, and his body, like his soul, has undergone complete renovation."

A BARONESS AT A MISSION.

In the *McAll Record*, Mr. R. Saillens, one of the most efficient of the colleagues of the Rev. R. W. McAll in his French mission work, reports the following incident:

Our meetings of the Rue Royale are attended by a lady, the Baroness ——, who has never missed a Sunday afternoon for several years, except through illness. She had, though herself a Protestant by birth, been living all her life among Roman Catholics, and has still many friends even among the clergy. We thought her case was not an interesting one, for, although very kind, amiable and polite to the evangelists, she seemed to have difficulty in understanding the Gospel of *faith* and *grace*. Last Sunday, however, the address was on the "Gift of God," and she said to the speaker, with tears in her eyes, "I *have* received the gift." She gave, a few days before, about five hundred dollars to the mission in cash and jewels.

A MISSIONARY ON A BED OF ADDERS.

Mrs. Ellen Cushing, who, with her husband, has been engaged in missionary work in Burmah for many years, in addressing the Foreign Missionary Union at the recent anniversary meeting in Philadelphia, told the following incident of life in that wild country: "We had been travelling through the country away from any settlement for several days," she said, "and one afternoon, when it was unadvisable to proceed farther that day, feeling very tired I threw a blanket upon a pile of dead leaves and lay down to have a quiet nap. I had hardly closed my eyes when, feeling something crawling on me, I looked, to find with horror that it was a deadly brown adder. The reptile was nearly five feet long, and he was sliding slowly across me. To move or cry out would have been instant death, so I determined to lie perfectly still and pretend to be without life. Closing my eyes and holding my breath I waited until the adder crawled slowly along and over my face. His cold, slimy body in touching my face produced such a sensation that it was nearly more than I could do to remain passive, but I managed to do so until the reptile had gotten away some distance, and then I jumped up and screamed just like a woman. The coolies and my husband ran to my assistance, and when they stirred up the leaves on which I had made my bed adders came squirming out in all directions. It seems that I had laid on a nest of them."

THE FALL OF A TRAPEZE PERFORMER.

THE Woman with the Iron Jaw, whose performances have been widely advertised in the newspapers, was seriously injured recently at Baltimore by a fall. She is an acrobat, whose fame in her profession has been won by a perilous feat. It consists in hanging suspended from a grooved wheel by a piece of leather which she holds between her teeth. The wheel is fixed on a tight wire, one end of which is attached to a point near the roof of a theatre and the other end to the back of the stage. The wheel is run up to the highest point, and when the woman has seized the leather in her teeth it is let go and runs rapidly down the wire to the stage, the woman being carried with it, as she hangs by her teeth to the leather attachment. Recently she fell when she had travelled ten feet from the starting-point, and when she was twenty feet above the floor. She screamed as she fell, but became unconscious when she struck the seats and rolled to the floor. She was injured internally, and now lies in a critical condition. It is supposed that the leather must have slipped from between her teeth, or that her jaws temporarily lost their power. She, and those who encouraged her by going to witness the performance, incurred a heavy responsibility, as some such catastrophe sooner or later was inevitable. Her fall came through over-estimating her own power. Many a spiritual fall proceeds from the same cause. Those alone are safe who, warned by the example of Peter (Mark 14 : 31), distrust themselves, and rely on Him who is able to keep them from falling (Jude 24).

A THUMB OUT OF JOINT.

DR. ELDER CUMMING, speaking at a recent conference, said : "A wealthy lady had in some way injured her thumb. A doctor assured her that the only thing possible to do was to cut it off. This caused great distress in the home of that lady, and before submitting to be thus maimed for life, she determined to go to London and see a professor of surgery, famed for his successful treatment of such cases. This gentleman, when he had examined her hand, and heard her story about it, smiled and said, 'You may rest quite content, it will never require to be taken off. It is only out of joint.' Then the doctor, taking her hand, touched her thumb in what seemed to her rather a rough way ; then there was a kind of crack, and the doctor said, 'There, now, it is all right ; just wait a few days, and it will be as good as ever ;' and time proved the truth of what he said. Similarly the soul of a man before his conversion is, in a manner, a soul out of joint ; and it has to be adjusted by rest in, prayer to, and faith upon Christ. Many people think if they remove or cut off this evil thing or that other wickedness, that all will be right, not knowing that they are wholly out of joint and require to be readjusted by Christ Jesus, the Divine Healer."

A MOTHER THREATENED BY HER SON.

IN North China, about eighty miles from Paoting-fu, is a village to which Dr. Porter recently paid a visit. From his interesting account of it, published in the *Missionary Herald*, we take the following : "As the Sabbath drew toward its close, twelve women, two girls, and a young man, together with four children, were baptized into the Blessed Name. There were the aged mother and two sisters and an aunt and several of their neighbors and acquaintances. It was pathetic to hear the aunt and sisters tell how they had waited, amid opposition and contempt, for this to them happy hour of confessing Christ. One large, loud-voiced woman who had devoted her life to an 'incense-burning sect' laughed at her own previous folly. She had bitterly opposed her son, who said, '*Well, if you waste money in incense, I'll spend it on drink.* We'll see who will go the farthest.' Then they both turned toward Christianity, the son first and then the mother. She had reviled him for his obstinacy in listening to the Gospel, when, lo ! a surprise to herself, she had an irresistible desire to accept the new truth. This was only last spring. Several of these women, owing to the Christian conversation in the family, had a noticeable comprehension of the truth and of Christian life. They are all closely bound together and have found others wishing to join with them in the Sunday services "

A CONGO BOY PLEADING FOR ADOPTION.

DR. SIMS, who is laboring on the Congo and whose portrait was recently published in this journal, narrates the following incident which is published in Dr. Dowkontt's *Medical Missionary Record* :

We have over twenty boys attending our school now, and twelve or fifteen of them live with us at the station and very rarely go to their own villages. Some of these boys are slaves who live with us through the consent of their owners ; most of them are free boys. All of them live with us by choice. We are now able to have prayers with them in their own language. When we have services crowds of people gather and look on in much astonishment.

One poor little slave boy about six years old came many times and begged me to go to his owner and get his permission for the boy to come and live with us. I was very much attracted by this dear little boy and asked him, "Who is your owner ?" "Ranangesi." "Where are your friends ?" "I have no friends." "Where are your brothers ?" "I have no brothers." "Where are your father and mother ?" "I have no father or mother ; *I wish you to be my father.*" "Where is your home ?" "I came from far away ; I should like your house to be my home." Poor little homeless, friendless Loleka, I could not resist his entreaties, and went to his chief and got his consent for the boy to come and live here.

SEVENTY-EIGHT SAILORS SAVED THROUGH A CARD.

A FEW months ago a sailor, on the first day of his voyage to New York, was cleaning out his berth when he found a card about the size of the palm of his hand, which had been tossed aside by some former occupant. A group of prettily painted flowers upon it attracted his attention, and he looked at it more closely. Turning it over he saw on the reverse the words, "Are you saved or are you lost ?" He read them and he began to think. There was no doubt in his mind about the answer to that question in his own case. The remedy, too, was pointed out, "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." One other matter the card contained and that was an invitation : "Come to the Berachah Mission, 405 West Twenty-ninth Street." The man's aroused conscience and the circumstances of the voyage, led him to register a vow, that if God spared him to reach New York he would go to the Berachah Mission.

God did spare him, and the sailor kept his word. He went to the mission, told his story, listened to the Gospel message, joined in the prayers offered for his salvation, and went away rejoicing in Christ. "Now," said he, "I am going to work for the Lord." He had a large circle of seafaring acquaintances and he lost no time in testifying to them. In a short time that man had brought over two hundred sailors from the ships at the water front of New York to the mission. Many were impressed, many requested prayers, and a large number, after visiting the mission several times, gave their hearts to the Lord.

One of these converts was a sailor on the Lepanto of the Wilson Line. His name was John Lawson, and he hailed from North Shields, England. As he left the mission on the night of his conversion he bade good-by to the man who had brought him there, for the Lepanto was to sail next morning. Grasping his friend's hand, the peace and joy of Christ filling his heart, he recognized that this parting was different from all partings that had gone before it, because he now had an assurance that the changes of life could not touch. "Now," said Lawson, to the sailor to whom under God he owed this blessing. "*Now*, if I never meet you on earth again I shall meet you in heaven," and with those words, telling of faith and assurance on his lips, John Lawson wended his way through the darkness down to the dock where his ship lay. The next morning while all hands were busy getting the Lepanto out of the dock John Lawson was sent aloft on duty. While working on the yard-arm, seventy feet above the iron deck, in the nipping air of a wintry morning his foot slipped from the rope, and he fell headlong to the deck. His crushed and mangled corpse was taken up and sent ashore. A great crowd of sailors went with it to the Berachah Mission, and there in the place where, only the night before, John Lawson had passed from death into life, his funeral services were held. The sailors subscribed a small sum to have a statement of the facts engrossed and framed, and it now hangs in the mission.

Such an event could not but produce a deep impression on the minds of all who knew of it. During the next two weeks the sailors who came to the mission were counted at each service, and they formed a total of four hundred and forty-seven. The results will be known only in eternity. What we do know is that a large number have given evidence of their conversion. One fact speaks volumes : On March 1st, thirteen ships sailed away from New York, and on each one was a little company of men who, at the Berachah Mission, had pledged themselves to Christ. In all there were *seventy-eight* men, out of those thirteen crews, who had all been led to the mission by the one sailor, who had himself come there first in response to the invitation on the card.

Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, who support the mission, and labor personally in it, are extending this branch of the work encouraged by God's blessing upon it. A little company of workers goes regularly down to the docks, meets incoming ships, scatters invitations among the sailors, and occasionally holds a service on shipboard. They have now secured more commodious quarters for the mission near at hand which will shortly be opened.

SAVED THROUGH A VISION.

THE following remarkable experience is contained in a thrilling description of his conversion, which is handed to us for publication by Mr. John Boyd : "My conversion to God began with a revelation of my lost condition, accompanied by conviction of sin, and self-despair. The lake of fire, and the adversary of God and man seemed to the eye of my soul as distinctly visible as any object in the material universe. The experience of the Day of Judgment passed through my conscience. It was not any particular sin or sins, so much as my state of hopeless alienation from the life of God, which worked in me the despair that seemed unavailing. I might justly have been called a religious, rather than an ungodly, sinner ; but my case, I conceive, was worse on that account, for I believe that it is more difficult for the Holy Spirit to awaken and quicken a religious moralist than a consciously active transgressor. At the right moment, when the Great Awakener, with the ploughshare of the law, had effectually accomplished His work in the soil of my conscience, a friend told me the glad news of God's redeeming love. My awakened soul drank in the message with avidity. I hastened to my room, fell on my knees, and prayed earnestly. After doing so, and as I remained in the kneeling posture, I seemed to see a vision of surpassing splendor. The eye of faith perceived the risen Redeemer, with countenance lit up with celestial radiance, and a smile of ineffable love, welcoming me to His arms and heart. He was robed in spotless white, and turning toward me, with extended hand, was the pierced side, the crimson 'precious blood,' oozing therefrom. In rapture I gazed upon the vision of the Holy One, and adored the matchless splendor of His

person, and the divine significance of His sacrificial work. I could have gazed for hours, but almost in an instant my mind's eye lost the sight. I arose from my knees, and, in the strength of a new-born faith, begotten just then in my heart, I cried in an ecstasy, 'Glory to God! I'm saved! I see it all! Sin, begone! Satan, begone! Unbelief, begone! I'll doubt no more.'

"I slept soundly that night, and in the morning the blessed Spirit filled my heart with rushing, burning, melting, witnessing power. The glory and the love, which no language formed by human thought can describe, swept through my being in heavenly waves. I had the distinct consciousness in my heart that all my sins were forgiven, and I felt that the Holy Spirit witnessed to the fact.

THE END OF THIS AGE ABOUT A.D. 1,900,

Or within a Year or so of it, as Shown by the 6,000 Years and the Year-day Fulfilment of the Prophetic Dates of 2,520, 2,300, 1,335, 1,290, 1,260, 396, and 360 Years.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page 151.*)

A Secondary Commencement

of the 1,260 years of the Papal Antichrist's temporal power has been held by many expositors to be at the Emperor Phocas's decree in 606–8, granting increased supremacy to the Pope, and constituting him *universal Bishop* over all the dioceses, even that of Constantinople, for in 588 the Patriarch of Constantinople had resisted and denied the authority of the Bishop of Rome. Boniface IV. was at that time Pope, from 607 to 614, and this may be regarded as a fuller establishment of the Pope's temporal power. Bower, in his "Standard History of the Popes," strenuously maintains that Phocas's decree in 607 is thus regarded by historians, and by Roman Catholic authorities themselves. The dedication of the Pantheon, previously a noted heathen temple, in Rome to Popish worship took place in 608. It is remarkable that in September, 1870, at a distance of about 1,260 years from Phocas's decree, the Pope completely lost his temporal power and sovereignty over Rome, by the Italian army capturing it and making it the capital of Italy *

In 1655, Nathaniel Stephens in his book, "Calculation of the Name and Number of the Beast," said, "I find a great consent in the commentaries, controversies, and histories of the Church; and indeed many authors, if you put them upon it to state the origin of the wild Beast's kingdom, do generally in a manner pitch upon the year 606 when Pope Boniface received from the Emperor Phocas the title of Universal Bishop, or Head of the Churches. Crakanthorp in his treatise against Spalato calleth it the cornerstone of the building."

The era of 608 to 637 was also the date of the manifestation of the *Mohammedan Antichrist* in the Eastern Roman Empire, as well as of the Papal Antichrist in the Western Roman Empire. Mohammed's earliest public preaching of the doctrine of Mohammedanism and publication of the Koran was during the years 608–22, and the Mohammedans date their Calendar and reckon the commencement of their religion from A.D. 622; but they did not capture Mecca till 630, nor Jerusalem till 636–7.

In *Revelation* 11 : 2, the 1,260 years are given as the duration of the principal persecuting power of the *Mohammedan Antichrist* in relation to Jerusalem; and here the 1,260 years is called 42 *months*, thus pointing to the *lunar* reckoning of time by the Mohammedans. "The holy city (Jerusalem) shall the Gentile invaders tread under foot 42 months." The Mohammedans first invaded and conquered Syria in A.D. 635–6, and after four months' siege of Jerusalem captured it in 636–7 and erected, on the site of Solomon's temple,

The Mohammedan Mosque of Omar,

which has now stood there for nearly 1,260 years. Sir Isaac Newton, Whiston, Dr. Keith and others consider this year 636 to be the beginning of the Mohammedan Woe under the fifth year-day trumpet. Dating these predicted 1,260 years of the treading down of the Holy City from 636–7 they will end in 1896–7; and then may follow the three and a half years of the slaying of Protestant witnesses throughout Christendom, as foretold by many writers, such as Revs. T. Scott, the commentator, Dr. Gill, Dr. Macleod, Dr. Hales, Dr. Berg, Hollis Read, E. Nangle, etc., to occur at the close of this Christian Dispensation in the year-day fulfilment of Revelation 11 : 7–12.

The 1,335 days mentioned in Daniel's 12th chapter are only an extension of the *solar* 1,260 years (1,260 days and 3½ times—Daniel 12 : 7–12), and not of the lunar 1,260 years (the 42 months—Rev. 11 : 2).

The Rev. Thomas Scott

said, in his six-volumed Commentary on the Bible on Daniel 11 and 12: "It is remarkable that the doctrine of Mahomet was first forged at Mecca, and the supremacy of the Pope was established by a grant from the Emperor Phocas in the very same year of Christ 606, so that the Eastern and Western Antichrists began their reign together and will probably terminate them at no great distance of time from each other. The 'time times and an half' signify literally *three and a half years*, that is, 1,260 prophetical days or years which are to be calculated from the period when the antichristian usurpers began to scatter the power of the holy people by false doctrines, persecutions and religious wars until the approaching and not very far distant period when these Powers shall be subverted. The imposture of Mahomet and the Papal usurpation began about the same time and both included, as a twofold attack upon the Christian Church, during these 1,260 years. The 1,290 prophetical days or years must be calculated from the same point of time as the 1,260 years and reach thirty years beyond them. The subversion of the kingdom of the Papal Power and of the Mohammedan delusion will probably be at the end of the 1,260 years, and *thirty years more* may be taken up in wholly extirpating the Antichristian Powers." Scott says on Revelation 15, "As regards the computations that have been made as to the period when the 1,260 years will end, none, as it appears to me, suppose that they will terminate sooner than A.D. 1866. Mr. Faber interprets the scorching of the Sun under the fourth vial to denote the present tyranny of Napoleon Bonaparte over France and the other kingdoms of Europe prefigured by the wild beast. I am not disposed to controvert this interpretation. But in my view, our posterity at the end of this nineteenth century will be more competent judges of this subject than we can be. It is clear beyond doubt from the description of the sixth and seventh vials in Revelation 16 that *convulsions, revolutions, and the wreck of nations* to a degree and extent never hitherto witnessed or recorded, are yet to be expected before the mystery of God is finished."

VIII.—The Number 666

is mainly the mark of the wild beast or total number of the letters of his name in the Greek dative inscriptive form *Napoleonti*, because N 50, a 1, p 80, o 70, l 30, e 5, o 70, n 50, t 300, i 10=666. But the Lutheran expositors used also to understand it as a *date*. If dated from A.D. 565–6 as a period of rise, 666 years bring us to the 1,231–2, when Popery was at its height, the Inquisition was established, and Crusades were instituted. As a period of fall 666 from 1,231–2 brings us to 1896–7 as the probable beginning of the three and a half years' persecution (Rev. 13 : 18).

IX.—The 360 Years

(Rev. 10 : 6). It is generally admitted by year-day expositors that the tenth chapter of Revelation describes the Reformation commenced by Luther in 1517, and fully developed about 1545 Christ, the Angel of the Covenant and "the Word of God" (Rev. 19 : 13), is there pictured as descending from heaven with His face shining as the sun, which had hitherto been obscured by Popish darkness, but which now shone forth through Gospel preaching. He holds in His hand a little book *open*, which denotes the opening to the Church of the Bible, which had hitherto been kept shut up by the Church of Rome in the dead languages; but Luther published a complete translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue in 1534. Tyndal published his translation of the New Testament in English in 1526. The English Parliament abrogated the Papal Supremacy in England in 1536, but Dr. Hales says the English Reformation was not completed till 1547. The German Diet of Augsburg promulgated its Protestant Confession in 1530.

If from 1545 we date the Angel's statement that "there shall be *a* (Gr.) time no longer before the mystery is finished," this means that 360 years (a time) will not elapse from 1545 before the End of this Dispensation, which must therefore occur not later than about A.D. 1900. Bickersteth, Birks, and others have interpreted this 360 years as dating from the era of Luther's Reformation. The Rev. J. Fletcher, in his letter to Wesley, wrote in about the year 1750:

"As to the various prophetic numbers in the Bible, let me only beg of you to observe the following—'And the Angel swore by Him that liveth forever and ever, that there will not be a time more' (*kronos ouk estai*), Rev. 10 : 6—which word 'time' in St. John and Daniel signifies a year and a prophetic year—namely, 360 years. If it be true that the Reformation of the seven Protestant countries is here signified, it will follow that from the Reformation there will not be a whole *time*, or 360 years, till 'the mystery of God should be finished' (Rev. 10 : 7), which he told for our comfort to His servants the prophets."

In addition to the evidence from these dates, interpreted by numerous expositors, we have, as

General Signs of the Times,

the wide-spread preaching of the Gospel, the return of the Jews to Judea which has already begun, the many running to and fro, the decay of the Pope's temporal power and of the Turkish Empire, extensive revivals of religion, etc.

It is a most serious error to suppose that we can neglect to discern the signs of the times, and yet be prepared to meet Christ at His advent. The remark is often heard by ignorant persons who "despise prophesyings," that "death is the end of the world to us, and if we are ready for death, we are equally ready for Christ's Second Advent." Such persons require to be reminded that *readiness for death is not necessarily readiness for Christ's Advent.* Those who are once truly converted are sure to be saved, and are always prepared for death, but not necessarily prepared for the Second Advent, unless they are really expecting it to happen at the very time when it actually will occur, and not to happen at any other time, and openly confessing their belief in its nearness. There will only be 144,000 watchful Christians or wise virgins (Rev. 14) caught up to meet Christ in the First Translation or Ascension at His coming in the air—although there are probably above five million truly converted persons now upon the earth, nearly all of whom, however, will be foolish virgins, left behind to be chastised in the three and a half years' Great Tribulation, and (if still living) then caught up to heaven at its close at the Second Translation.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about twelve mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening and Sundays in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

* Nevertheless, the Pope will by a future pro-Papal Crusade of France be again seated in temporal sovereignty on the seven hills of Rome, shortly before the final three and a half years, as predicted in Revelation 17 : 9, and gain world-wide dominion, so as to become triumphantly seated upon the ten Roman nations represented by the ten-horned wild beast, as well as upon "peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues," just before her final destruction, as prefigured in Rev. 17 : 3, 15.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Extension of the Inter-State Commerce law which was recently passed by Congress, appears to be needed to insure the observance of the spirit of its most valuable clause. The bill strikes a blow at the pernicious free-pass system on railroads, but Congress had no power to effectually kill the system. All it could do was to prevent free passes being issued to cover Inter-State traffic. It is still possible for State legislators, judges, and other public officials to get passes for free rides within the boundaries of the States in which they live. What is now required is for each State Legislature to finish the good work commenced by Congress, and prohibit the issue of free passes altogether. Railroad corporations will always be able to obtain concessions at the expense of the public while legislators and judges have those free passes in their pockets. It is not generally realized that the system involves a tax on the travelling public. A prominent railroad manager said recently that if every man who rode paid his fare, the railroads could afford to reduce rates by a tenth.

High License in the Large Cities of New York State seems now to be a probability. Last week the Assembly ordered the bill to a third reading by a vote of 65 to 51. An analysis of the Senate leads to the belief that the bill will pass there also. Much is hoped for the law by its advocates, and if it does succeed in closing the vile dens in which liquor is now sold in the most lawless precincts, that will be a good thing. But the friends of the bill are, we fear, doomed to disappointment. It will never, if it becomes a law, effect all the good predicted, and it will have the result, which always attends half measures, of delaying the enactment of a really thorough and effective reform. The intentions of the good men who are exerting themselves to secure the passage of the bill are worthy of all praise; if they succeed, and then find the law inadequate to fulfil those intentions their logical course will be to join the Prohibitionists.

The Work of Constructing a Navy is not, it appears, to be delayed by the failure of the Deficiency bill which contained an appropriation for the purpose. Mr. Whitney proposes to apply the unexpended balances of two departments to the work of completing the cruisers left unfinished by Mr. Roach. These are the Chicago, Boston, and Atlanta, which, when completed, will raise the navy out of its present position of ridiculous inefficiency, though it will still be far inferior to those of second rate European Powers. A much greater advance will be made when the new vessels are constructed. This is seen by a comparison between the Atlanta, the best of the Roach cruisers, with the Charleston just commenced in San Francisco. The builder of the Atlanta guaranteed that 3500 horse-power would be produced with 664 tons of machinery, while the Charleston, must, before acceptance, develop for 710 tons of machinery 7000 horse-power, that is, an energy for weight double what was expected of the Atlanta. We are no advocates for war preparation, but in the present seething condition of Europe, and with the certainty of great wars there, which, as prophecy shows, are near at hand, the safety of our coasts ought not to depend on the complacency of Powers jealous of our wealth and freedom.

Great Cities in Other States Will do Well to watch the progress of the investigation now in progress in Brooklyn, N. Y. Honest, well-meaning citizens concerned for the public welfare, and anxious that our free institutions should have fair play, and not be thwarted by bribery have frequently been perplexed by the result of elections. An issue evidently desired by the people is often defeated at the polls, and that, as there is good reason to believe, through a lavish expenditure of money. The question is often asked where the money comes from. A clue is furnished by the Brooklyn inquiry. The Assembly Committee finds that three city officials "have received and are now receiving enormous sums of money—not less than a hundred and ten thousand dollars a year—from the public for services hardly more than nominal in their character." It hints also that part of this money is "diffused" for political purposes, but this is a matter of suspicion or belief, since "the accounts of the moneys paid by the public are kept secret," and the officers who receive them would give no information as to their disposition. When officials are paid by fees it is always well for the public to know what those fees usually produce.

Two Important Lessons are Inculcated by the terrible fire at Buffalo, N. Y, last Friday. The first is the necessity of legislative enactment to prevent the erection of large hotels on bad principles, and the second the compulsion of telegraph, telephone, and electric-light companies to bury the wires. Although the fire in the Richmond Hotel had made but little progress when discovered, the building was so constructed as to render any hope of extinguishing a fire futile. It was a nearly square building, six stories high, with a large court or open well-hole in the middle. At the bottom of this court was the office. The upper floors opened on the court by *wooden balconies* supported by iron pillars. The fire first shot up through the elevator-shaft, and then broke out into the central court, running along the balconies and sucking upward as *through a vast funnel*. When the fire department brought all its force to bear upon it the efforts of the firemen were embarrassed by the network of wires around the hotel which caused delay in raising the ladders. The building was evident doomed, and all energies were given to saving lives and preventing the fire spreading to adjoining property. Twenty-five persons were rescued, but five and possibly more were burned, and others were fatally injured by jumping from windows. A large theatre adjoining the hotel was gutted by the flames.

Another Attempt to Assassinate the Czar of Russia has been made. As it was known that the Czar would attend a service on Sunday, March 13th, to commemorate the death of his father, which took place on March 13th, 1881, a plot was organized to kill him by the same means as those employed against the late Czar. A student carrying a large book in which was concealed a dynamite bomb, was observed loitering on the route by which the Czar would travel. A man who was standing behind the student noticed that the latter's book seemed very heavy and that he repeatedly shifted it from arm to arm. This made him suspicious, and he drew the attention of a bystander to the young man. Hardly had he done so when he saw the young man stoop, deposit his book on the pavement and fumble at the string hanging from it. The student was nervous and the string slipped from his hand. The man who had been observing him, caught him by the collar and shoved him back violently into the crowd. It was then seen that another youth, who had been standing beside the one with the book, was making rough efforts to force his way through the surging mass of people who had been attracted by the arrest of the first man. This second youth had a travelling bag slung about him. He was seized, too, and his bag was afterward found to contain a bomb. Four other persons carrying bombs were arrested who were placed at different points on the route. It is clear that a most carefully prepared plot to kill the autocrat was frustrated. The Czar is reported to have been much distressed when he heard of the plot which so narrowly missed execution, but he is still determined not to grant a constitution.

An Important Speech by Mr. Gladstone, Delivered on Thursday last at a public dinner in Yorkshire, shows that the ex-Premier is still hopeful of carrying home rule for Ireland. He said that it was clear that public opinion in England was rapidly changing in favor of his plan. He nevertheless expressed his readiness to assist the Conservatives in any intelligent effort to solve the problem. "It is our duty," he said, "to leave open a way for the Conservatives to pursue the right policy in this matter. I had hoped they would deal liberally with Ireland, but they missed a chance when they had it. I know that they receive our suggestions of assistance as insults, but the lessons of all great reforms teach them that they ought to receive our well-meant offers to assist them against the refractory members of their party with patience and tolerance. Turning to the Unionists, I accept Sir George Trevelyan's desire for reunion as proof of the loyalty of his heart toward us, but I so far differ with him that if the Tories are able to settle the question satisfactorily, I wish them with all my heart to do so." The speech is taken as an indication that Mr. Gladstone is so confident of success that he will make no concessions to regain the support of Lord Hartington and his friends.

Ireland has been Thrown into a State of Violent agitation by the arrest and imprisonment of a priest. It appears that Father Keller, of Youghal, was summoned as a witness, and required to testify as to his knowledge of the plan of campaign. As he refused to obey the summons he was arrested and taken to Dublin. There he received a popular ovation, in which the archbishop participated and publicly indorsed his contumacy. The Lord Mayor sent his carriage to the railroad station to meet the prisoner, and in the midst of intense excitement he was driven in it to the court. There he refused to testify as to his custody of tenants' money as trustee under the "plan of campaign," on the ground that he would be breaking confidence reposed in him as a priest. The judge said there was no legal justification for his refusal, and said the question had no reference to the witness' spiritual capacity. Father Keller was then committed for contempt, and was taken out of court and placed in a cab in the custody of officers. The people immediately made a rush for the vehicle, removed the horses, and dragged it through the streets to Kilmainham Jail, where the priest was locked up. Archbishop Walsh, Mr William O'Brien, Lord Mayor Sullivan, and Mr. Timothy Harrington, M. P., followed the priest to the jail in carriages. The populace marched to Kilmainham Jail singing "God Save Ireland." Father Keller entered the prison leaning upon Archbishop Walsh's arm. Mr. Balfour, the new Irish Secretary, who is regarded as responsible for the arrest, could not have taken a more effectual means for embittering the Irish people against the English Government.

The Rev. M. Baxter Delivered Three Discourses on Coming Great Events, in the Mammoth Hall, Baltimore, Md. There were good audiences at each service.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Prohibition Fight in Michigan is Evidently arousing the apprehensions of the liquor-sellers. They are said to be resorting to tactics which show that they are desperate. On March 13th Mr. E. N. Monroe, the chairman of the Prohibition County Committee, had his hardware store at Howell blown up and set on fire. This appears to be a fulfilment of a threatening letter addressed to him a short time ago when he assumed prominence in the movement. The letter, which purported to be signed by "many saloon-keepers," ran: "SIR: I wish to inform you that you must stop your work in the Prohibition cause or we will burn you out, root and branch. You may prepare for the worst, as we are on your track." Evidently the liquor-sellers have not read history, or they would know that nothing helps a cause like persecution.

An Eloquent Appeal to Liquor Makers and venders in Chicago has been issued by the National Woman's Temperance Union. The address, after reminding them of the rapid growth of Prohibition, proceeds: "We have never until now come with the united voices of the white-ribbon women to that small fraction of men who make and sell the poisonous drinks against which we are fighting; the drinks that nerve with dangerous strength arms already so much stronger than our own, and at the same time so steal away the brain that ought to guide those manly arms that they are no longer woman's shelter and protection, but her worst enemy. We bring our plea, then, straight to the source of woman's direst calamity and sorrow, and lay it at your feet. By the testimony of courts and juries, the liquor traffic is the cause of eighty per cent of all the crime and ninety per cent of all the pauperism in this country." The address finally says: "We have here addressed the manufacturer and wholesale dealer as well as the dispenser of strong drinks, because we think an undue share of denunciation has fallen on the saloon-keeper, who is but the cat's-paw to rake out of the fire the chestnuts of the rich man back of him."

A Tribute from Canada to Maritime Life savers was received in New York last week. It appears that the American steamer Rio Grande during a storm last November went to the rescue of the Canadian barque Hans County, which was in distress. It was impossible to save the ship, but the captain and crew of the Rio Grande at imminent peril to themselves saved the lives of all on board the Hans County. These facts were set forth in a letter to the Collector of the Port of New York, which came to hand on Thursday last. It was written from the British Legation at Washington, and the writer, on behalf of the Canadian Government, sent a binocular glass to Captain James Lewis, of the Rio Grande; a gold watch to the first officer, and fifteen dollars each to the four sailors who took part in the rescue. This tribute of gratitude comes opportunely. It is in agreeable contrast with the embittered feeling prevailing between Canadians and American shipping. The American captain has a double gratification—he has the pleasure of knowing that he saved lives, and he enjoys the recognition of the Queen's Government. A similar double reward of a higher order awaits those who are successfully laboring for the salvation of souls. "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way saves a soul from death and hides a multitude of sins" (James 5 : 20).

A Daughter Lost for Twenty-two Years was recovered last week. One morning, in the year 1865, a child twelve years old left her parents' home, as usual, on Twenty-eighth Street, New York, to go to school. By some means she missed her way. Singing as she went, and swinging her school books in her hand, she walked on until she realized that she was lost. Then she began to cry and vainly to seek some familiar street. A policeman found her in this plight and took her to the station. She could not tell where she lived and finally was sent to Randall's Island. After being there about five months she was adopted by a benevolent couple. They went West in 1873, but the girl remained behind, and took service with a family on Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, afterward going with them to Virginia, where she remained five years. She returned to Brooklyn and commenced a search for her parents. They had given her up as lost after spending three thousand dollars, the savings of a lifetime, in seeking her. Aided by friends she at last succeeded in finding them and received a hearty welcome. It is a similar experience that prodigals undergo who at length return to their heavenly Father. He is always seeking them, but it is when they, too, are moved to seek Him that union takes place (II Chron. 15 : 4).

A Luxurious Subterranean Cavern has been constructed at Eatonton, Ga., by a wealthy citizen as a refuge for his family in cyclone or earthquake. It is situated near the back door of his residence, and is large enough to accommodate his entire family. The walls are of brick laid in cement, the floor is carpeted, has a fireplace and a chimney, and the room is handsomely furnished. The family could spend the night there with as much comfort as in the dwelling. In preparing it the owner had an eye to its permanence, and spared no expense in making it pleasant and comfortable. This unique underground dwelling is thoroughly protected against water rising from below or running in from above. The cost was over five hundred dollars. It is well spent if it gives the owner peace of mind. He evidently does not belong to the class who postpone making provision for the evil day until it arrives. It may be hoped that so prudent a man has not omitted to secure for himself that better Refuge which will avail when cyclone-pits and all other human devices fail (Prov. 18 : 10).

Lady Students in a Laundry were Found by a correspondent of a Canadian journal some time ago cheerfully and busily engaged with the ordinary work of the establishment. Inquiry elicited the fact that the young lady students of the Presbyterian College in Ottawa, Canada, having learned that a poor washerwoman, whose labor was the only support of herself and her children, had been taken ill, and was unable to work, went to her house the next morning, installed themselves in her kitchen, and did with their own hands all her customers' washing and ironing. The narrator says that the scene in the laundry was more delightful to him than anything he had seen in connection with ladies' colleges. He adds: "We have been at a good many interesting college exhibitions, and have regarded with pleasure and respect the white-gloved and daintily-attired young ladies, whose careful essays and spirited declamations have won applause from crowds of listeners, but a class leader rubbing her knuckles sore, and up to the elbows in soap-suds, or a budding mathematician engaged in ironing clothes, from a sympathy for the unfortunate, was a spectacle as novel as it was suggestive." The principle which prompted the act was not novel. The world would be far happier if it was more frequently applied (Matt. 25 : 36–40).

A Duplicate Marriage Service was Performed in Connecticut recently. The New London *Telegraph* of March 17th states that a couple presented themselves at the house of a certain clergyman and requested him to marry them. He consented, the marriage ceremony was duly performed, and the words pronounced which made the twain one. The clergyman had been somewhat hurried, and the whole affair had occupied but a short time; but when they were gone the clergyman, looking at the marriage license, discovered, to his consternation, that he ought not to have performed the ceremony, as the license had been issued in a town several miles away, and did not apply to the town in which he lived. He was greatly distressed, and lost no time in going to the town in which the license was issued. He discovered the couple, and persuaded them to go through the ceremony a second time. Precisely what benefit he expected from the second ceremony does not appear. The first marriage was valid, though in officiating he had broken the law, and was liable to punishment. The second ceremony could not undo the offence of the first. It is curious that he should have fallen into the mistake, as he must have had frequent occasion in the course of his ministry to tell awakened sinners that reformation of life cannot atone for past transgressions (Prov. 20 : 9).

An Automatic Speech Register has Been Invented by an ingenious man, who describes it in a scientific journal. It consists of a combination of delicate levers and blades which, placed upon the tongue and lips, and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. Attached to the levers are pencils, which register in signs the sounds uttered by the tongue and lips upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Each syllable uttered leaves its record in a sign which is recognizable, and which the inventor declares he can read with precision, thus being able to repeat words spoken when he was not present. If such a machine were in frequent use in society what a record of vapid and trifling conversation would be registered! We can imagine that even the most frivolous people would be ashamed to read the words they had spoken. Such a record is kept, though the fact is forgotten now, and it will be produced hereafter (Matt. 12 : 36).

BRIEF NOTES.

THE officers of the China Inland Mission hope to send out a hundred new missionaries to China this year. Farewell meetings have been held in London for the first fifteen ready to go.

The Rev. Justin Fulton, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of his Brooklyn church to commence a national crusade against Roman Catholicism, to which he purposes to devote his life.

In Sioux City, where the Rev. Mr. Haddock was slain for his zeal in the warfare with rum-sellers, there are now eight saloon-keepers in jail because they are unable to pay their fines and every saloon in the city is closed.

The Rev. C. W. Ray, of Philadelphia, is conducting revival services in Grace Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md., with much success. On the first day of the meeting more than thirty expressed a desire to be saved, and during the first week between forty and fifty converts were reported.

The Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost has begun his revival work in Cleveland with many indications of success. In speaking of his sermon on Sunday, March 13th, the *Plaindealer* of that city said that he seemed to be a theological lawyer retained in the interest of Christianity.

The Rev. R. Van De Water, rector of St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed Missioner for the Protestant Episcopal Church for a year. This movement is an outgrowth of the Mission conducted in 1885 by the Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken.

At the meeting of the Committee of the Evangelization Society of Philadelphia, the reports from the churches participating in the special movement of canvassing the city were so encouraging that it was decided to continue the union prayer-meetings.

The Rev. J. E. Wolfe, who is called the second Sam Jones, and Mr. R. W. Swayne, a singer of remarkable power, have just closed a series of meetings at Cisco, Tex., during which one hundred and twenty persons were converted. They are now conducting services at Albany, whence they will go to Indiana and Eastward, continuing their evangelical work. In several towns in Texas where these gentlemen have held meetings the saloons have all been closed.

Evangelist H. W. Brown, of Chicago, is now laboring at Richmond, Va. The *Dispatch* of that city describes the meetings as the most wonderful ever held there. On Sunday, March 13th, the Clay Street Methodist Church was thronged all day, four services being held there. At night there was a marvellous scene. In the auditorium was a densely packed mass of people, while in the lecture-room a large assembly of Christians of all denominations were gathered with the pastor of the church to unite in earnest prayer for the conversion of sinners.

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EARTHQUAKE, BUT NOT HEARTQUAKE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."—Psalm 46 : 1-3.

Associations of the Psalm—Luther's Favorite—I. The Ground of Confidence—The Weak Relying on Omnipotence—Justified and Fostered by Experience—II. Courage Grows Out of It—The Logical Attitude—How Equanimity Helps a Man—A Christian Youth Saving a Child in a Thunderstorm—III. The Courage Will be Tested—The Coming Wars—The Anarchy that is Worse than War—The Earthquake Predicted in the Apocalypse.

This Psalm is a song for all Israel; for all who are truly the chosen of God, called to be His own people, should exhibit a fearless courage. The peace of God which passeth all understanding should keep the hearts and minds of all who rest in God. If, indeed, the Lord be our refuge and strength, we are entitled to seek after a spirit which shall bear us above the dreads of common men. It is not every man that can sing this Psalm; he must belong to the believing company, he must have God to be his God, and he must, like Israel, have learned the art of prevailing prayer, or else he cannot sing the song of peace amid commotion and calamity. No man can truly sing this psalm but those who are redeemed from the earth

It was because Luther's heart was chaste toward God, and His whole mind virgin toward divine truth, that he delighted to sing this psalm. In the days of the most furious opposition he was wont to say to Melanchthon, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, and

"Let the Devil Do his Worst."

So, too, when Luther was dead, Melanchthon heard a girl singing this psalm, and he said to her, "Sing on, dear daughter mine, thou knowest not what comfort thou bringest to my heart." We read of the armies of Gustavus Adolphus singing this psalm before their victory at Leipzig. So, you see, the young, the simple, the guileless may sing that which nerves warriors for the battle.

This morning, as I shall be enabled, I shall say a little, first, upon *the confidence of the saints:* "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Then I will speak upon *the courage which grows out of it:* "Therefore will not we fear." We shall close with a brief survey of *the conflicts to which that courage will be sure to be exposed:* "Though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

I. First, then, let us consider the confidence of the saints. God's people have a sure confidence. Other men build as best they may, but true

Believers Rest Upon the Rock

of ages. Their confidence is altogether beyond themselves. In this song there is nothing about their own virtue, valor, or wisdom. The heathen moralist boasted that if the globe itself should break, his integrity would make him stand fearless amid the wreck. But the believer has a humbler though a truer reliance. Though the earth be removed he is undismayed; and this does not arise from his own personal self-sufficiency, but from God, who is his refuge and strength. We may be as timid by nature as the conies, but God is our refuge; we are as weak by nature as bruised reeds, but God is our strength. We never know what strength is till our own weakness drives us to trust omnipotence; never understand how safe our refuge is till all other refuges fail us. When the earth is removed, and the waters of the sea roar and are troubled; being driven both from land and sea, we hide ourselves in God.

This confidence will be greatly sustained by a clear knowledge of God. "Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee." If we were greater students of God, how much happier we should be! Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man." It is a deplorably barren subject. Say, rather, "The proper study of mankind is God." When men of God make God their study, then they discover in Him those things which make Him a refuge for their hours of danger, a strength for days of labor, and a help for emergencies of every kind. Wherefore I exhort all true believers to dwell much in the presence of God.

This Psalm is best sung by men and women who know what they are singing, because they have felt the preserving and delivering grace of God. I shall put it to you this morning, you that know the Lord, can you not say by experience, "God is our refuge?" You have fled to Him; have you not found a shelter in Him? There have been times of trial so severe that you could not endure its force, but were compelled to flee from it. When you have entered into your chamber, and shut to your door, and hidden yourself with God, have you not been at perfect peace?

My Happiest Hours

have not been in the days of my mirth, but in the nights of my sorrow. When all waters are bitter, the cup of divine consolation is all the sweeter. For brightness, give me not the sunlight, but that superior glory with which the Lord lights up the darkness of affliction. It is not necessary to happiness that a man should be prosperous in business, or applauded by mankind; it is only needful that the Lord should smile on him.

We can also say that God has been our strength. When we have not been afflicted, but have had arduous labor to perform for God, we have been made to feel and mourn our weakness, and then the Lord has made us to glory in infirmity, because His power has rested on us. What multiform shapes that strength has taken! Many of you have had

Strength for the Daily Battle

of business life, others for domestic life. Under fierce temptations you remain unconquered, under stern duties you remain unwearied, you have had strength for exhausting service or crushing suffering. Had you been left to your own wit and wisdom, they alone could never have sufficed you; strength of mind has been given from above. See the widow, left penniless, who has brought up a family of children! Can she tell how she did it? See the girl placed amid coarse and brutal men of licentious character; she remains pure; but can she tell you how? God is our strength in ways unknown to ourselves. Our trials are all different. No two of us have proved the Lord in exactly the same way, but yet our testimony is uniform; the Lord has been all-sufficient;

His Strength is Perfect.

We have also proved another thing, namely, that God is "a very present help in trouble." We have had helpers after the flesh who have not been present when we wanted them—perhaps they have studiously kept out of the way; at any rate, just at the pinch when we have said, "Oh, that so-and-so were here," our friend has been at the end of the earth. But it has never been so with God. Has He not said, "Before they call I will answer them, and while they are yet speaking I will hear?" Just there where the burden pressed, God has been immediately present to lighten the load. Now, this is matter of experience; and because we have experienced it, therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed. Having already tried and tested God, we are not going to doubt Him now. We feel something of the mind of Sir Francis Drake, who, after he had sailed round the world, was buffeted with a storm in the Thames. "What!" said he, "have we sailed round the world safely, and shall we be *drowned in a ditch?*" So do we say at this day. Helped so long, and helped so often! God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, why should we fear? How dare we fear?

II. I come, secondly, to notice that

Courage Grows Out of It.

This courage is very full and complete. "Therefore will not we *fear*." It does not say, "Therefore will not we run away," but, "Therefore will not we *fear*." It doth not even say, "Therefore will not we faint and swoon in dread," but, "Therefore will not we fear." The presence of God does so stay the soul and quiet the heart, that fear, which hath torment, is driven away. Nature feareth, it could not be otherwise; but through grace the heaven-born spirit triumphs over nature and its fear God does not take away from us those natural fears which lead us to seek the preservation of life; but He masters them by a serene security of heart produced by His presence. We are perplexed, but not in despair. We see the position to be full of danger, and yet we know that we are in no danger, the Lord being near. "Therefore will not we fear."

Then, further, this courage is logically justifiable. It is not the courage of nature, which may be a mere brute virtue, such as dogs and bulls possess. Neither does it grow out of want of feeling. The courage of the Christian is not the hardness of the Stoic. The Stoic boasts that he does not feel; the Christian does feel, feels as keenly as anybody, and much more than most; and yet, for all that, the conscious love of God lifts him above fear. The believer's fearlessness is founded upon argument, and so the Psalmist words it, "*Therefore* will not we fear." Because God is present as the refuge of His people, it is unreasonable for them to fear.

Suppose that the most awful things were to occur, would they not occur according to God's decree? We believe in a God who has arranged all things according to the counsel of His will. Furthermore, we know that nothing that can happen, however tremendous it may be, can shake the kingdom of God.

Our Chief Possession

lies in that kingdom, and if that is secure, all is safe. The gates of hell shall not prevail against that kingdom; therefore, whatever is imperilled, our highest, best, and most vital interests are safe beyond the shadow of harm. Suppose an accident should take away our lives; I smile as I think that the worst thing that could happen would be the best thing that could happen. If we should die, we should but the sooner be "forever with the Lord." If in the quiver of God's providence there should lie an arrow which shall to-day bring us death, it would also bring us glory. So, if the very worst that can befall us is the best that can come, why should we fear? I think this is good reasoning.

Now, this fearlessness is exceedingly profitable. If a man is able to contain himself, and possess his soul in patience through the presence of God, he will not do that which is foolish. Men when they are frightened are in hot haste, and hurry themselves into folly. As if they were turned to children, men in their alarm will act without reason; in fact, terror is a kind of madness. Many absurd actions have been performed under

The Influence of Panic.

In times of danger the man who is calm is the most ready to use the proper means of escape. Presence of mind in invaluable, and the best way to secure presence of mind is to believe in the presence of God. In cases of sickness, the patient who does not fret is the most likely to be cured. We have had among us, just now, instances of dear friends in this church, who have been called to undergo most serious operations, and it has been a wonderful help to them that they have known no dread, but have been passive in the Lord's hands. Our Lord Jesus was ever sweetly serene, and this was one element of the wisdom of his behavior.

In the struggle of life a cheerful fearlessness is a grand assistance. Here is a man on the Exchange, and things are going heavily against him; prices are falling, and all that he can do appears to make bad worse. If that man gives way to fear he may plunge into utter ruin; but

if he can step aside a minute or two, and breathe a prayer to God, he will pull himself together, and when he comes back he will coolly survey the situation, and act with discretion. Lose your head and you lose the battle. Lose your heart, and you have lost all. To him who knows no fear there is no fear, provided that his forgetfulness arises out of his memory of God.

A Child in a Thunderstorm.

One thing more I desire to say aout this fearlessness, namely, that it brings great glory to God. If you are enabled to rise above fear in times of alarm, then will those who see you say, "This is a man of God, and this is God's work upon his soul." I knew a youth, near forty years ago, who was staying with relations when a thunderstorm of unusual violence came on at nightfall. A stack was struck by lightning and set on fire, within sight of the door. The grown-up people in the house, both men and women, were utterly overcome with fright. The strong men seemed even more afraid than the women. All the inmates of the house sat huddled together. Only this youth was quietly happy. There was a little child upstairs in bed, and the mother was anxious about it; but even her love could not give her courage enough to pass the staircase windows, to bring that child down. The babe cried, and this youth, whom I knew right well, who was then but newly converted, went upstairs alone, took the child, and, without hurry or alarm, brought it down to its mother. He needed no candle, for the lightning was so continuous that he could see his way right well. He felt that the Lord was wonderfully near that night, and so no fear was possible to his heart. He sat down and read a psalm aloud to his trembling relatives, who looked on the lad with loving wonder. That night he was master of the situation, and those in the house believed that there was something in the religion which he had so lately professed.

III. Time has fled, and I must ask your patience while I now dwell for a little while upon the third point, the conflicts to which this fearlessness will be exposed. If you become fearless through the presence of God, that courage will be tried in ways *novel and unusual.* "Though the earth be removed." This is

A Terrible Novelty.

Those who have been in earthquakes tell me that the feeling is most singular. It does not seem like a common shake, but as if everything had given way at once. You do not know what to do; the very foundations of everything have slipped from under you. Suppose that the Lord is about to try us in new and unheard-of ways; yet, having the Lord to be our refuge, strength, and help, we will not fear. New trials will bring new grace, and prove the value of old promises.

Some trials also seem to be utterly ungovernable—"Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled." You cannot do anything with the sea when it rages. The water is here, there, everywhere, when the deep once begins to break loose; and certain troubles seem to be of like nature; they rush upon you on a sudden, they multiply like swelling waves, they drive furiously, they carry all before them; and yet even then we need not fear. If God be with us, He is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

There may come to you and to me trouble great and unexpected, and it will then be well to rise out of the reach of fear. War may soon burst upon us.

The Atmosphere is Charged with War,

and we may be surrounded by it before the year grows old. We have enjoyed, as a nation, so much of rest within our own island that we have grown somewhat secure; but even if war were at our gates, those who have made the Most High their refuge need not fear.

Something worse than war is threatening. Anarchy seeks to make havoc in the streets. There are plenty of signs and tokens that a break-up of social order is desired by not a few. Fierce spirits are eager to repeat among us the horrors of the French Revolution. To break down, divide, destroy, disintegrate, is the policy of many. The earthquake of society is more to be dreaded than the quaking of the globe, and *we are within measurable distance of such a catastrophe.* Shall we lie down and die? Nay, verily, we will not fear, though the earth be removed. If God is our confidence we need not be afraid, though the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing. The unloosing of the bond of society is a thing to be dreaded more than an incursion of wild beasts; but the Lord reigneth, and therefore right will prevail.

Perhaps some of you felt this sad

Depression of Trade

weighing upon your spirits. "I do not know what is coming of it," says one; "I do not think I shall long be able to provide for my family." Yes, but if God is your refuge and strength, I beseech you, do not lose heart. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." This depression is to you what the earthquake has been to the Riviera; but yet you must not be buried in despair. Hope on, hope ever.

As for myself, I am often sadly tossed about because of the heresies and false doctrines of this present age. It grieves me to the heart to see the want of spirituality among ministers, and of holiness among professing Christians. It cuts me to the quick to see the utter rubbish and poison which is preached instead of Christianity. At times it looks as if all things were going wrong; the men to whom one looked as pillars, forsake the faith, and the stanchest give way for the sake of peace. We are apt to cry, "What will become of us?" But if God is our refuge and strength, we need not be afraid, even amid general apostasy. While God lives, truth is in the ascendant. As long as the Lord liveth our hope lives also. Gospel truth will yet prevail; we shall live to see the old faith to the front again.

Now, my beloved friend, think about yourself a minute, and all the trials which may yet beset you. If you are to be afflicted with incurable sickness, and gradually to pine away amid multiplied pains, yet you need not fear. If you are to be an invalid from this time forth to the end of your days, yet, be not greatly depressed in spirit, for the Lord's presence will sustain you. If heart and flesh both fail, God will be the strength of your heart, and your portion forever. By and by you and I will have to die, *unless the Lord should suddenly come.* What then? Then will the earth be removed, so far as we are concerned; and then, as far as our experience goes, our mountain will be carried into the midst of the sea; but since God is our refuge and strength we ought not to dread the day. *Look into the Book of Revelation* and you will see that

Tremendous Events are Foretold.

All things shall be shaken; all the glories of earth shall melt away. Confusion, like the first chaos, shall cover all things; the earth shall rock and reel, and the stars shall fall from heaven. But even then will not we fear, since God will be our very present help. There shall be a day of days, for which all other days were made, with its great white throne, and pomp of angels, and judgment of quick and dead; but, beloved, though that day shall burn as an oven, we will not fear, because we are secure in Christ Jesus. Wherefore let us stand at the window and look out at the storm, and see the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds without fear.

I thought as I read my text what an awful case the ungodly must be in; for the very things which men most dread, namely, the falling of mountains and the gaping open of the earth, will become the desire of terrified sinners at the last. How great must be that horror which will altogether eclipse the horror which sends myriads flying in panic from their homes! When sinners shall see the face of Christ in His glory, they will entreat the mountains to fall upon them, and the rocks to cover them, to hide them from the dreadful vision. The face of love is terrible to those who have rejected it. Oh sinners, what will be your anguish when you shall seek for death, and shall not find it! What will be your dismay when even a tottering mountain, reeling with earthquake, shall be regarded as a friend! Oh, that you would escape from the wrath to come! Oh, that you would take Jesus to be your refuge and your strength!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

STRANGE HABITS OF THE INNUITS OF ALASKA.*

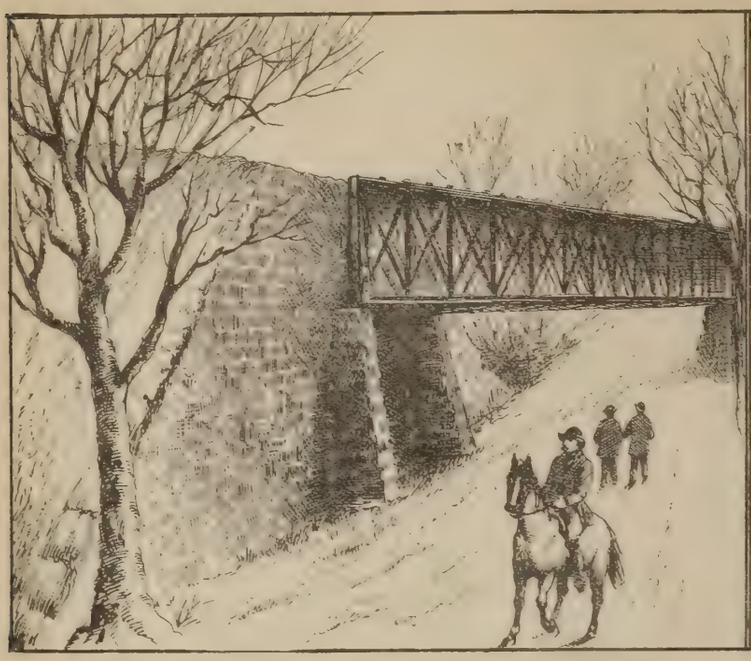
THE Innuits are representatives of the most populous savage family indigenous to Alaska, and are as nomadic as Bedouins. They are Eskimo, strictly speaking, and the natives of Kadiak are related to them. In portraying the physique, physiognomy, and disposition of these people, we find in an average Innuit a man who stands about five feet six or seven inches in his heelless boots; his skin is fair, slightly Mongolian in its complexion and facial expression; a broad face, prominent cheek-bones; a large mouth with full lips, small black eyes, but prominently set in their sockets—not under a lowering brow, as in the case of true Indian faces. The nose is very insignificant and much depressed, having between the eyes scarcely any bridge at all. He has abundance of coarse black hair, never any of a reddish hue, as frequently noted among the Aleutes when first discovered and described by the Russians. Up to the age of thirty years an Innuit usually keeps his hair cut pretty close to his scalp; some of them shave the occiput, so that it shines like a billiard-ball. After this period in life he lets it grow as it will, wearing it in ragged, unkempt locks. He sometimes will sport a well-developed mustache and chin-whisker, of which he is as proud as though a Caucasian. He has shapely hands and feet, and his limbs are well made.

An Innuit woman is usually proportionately smaller than the man, and, when young, sometimes she is not unpleasant to look at. The skin of her cheeks then will be faintly suffused with blushes of natural color, her lips pouting and red, with small, tapering hands and high instepping feet. She rarely pierces her lips or disfigures her nose; she lavishes upon her child or children a wealth of affectionate attention—endows them with all her ornaments. She allows her hair to grow to its full length, gathers it up behind into thick braids, or else it is bound up in ropes lashed by copper wire or sinews. She seldom tatooes her skin in any place; a faint drawing of transverse blue lines upon the chin and cheeks is usually made by her best friend when she is married.

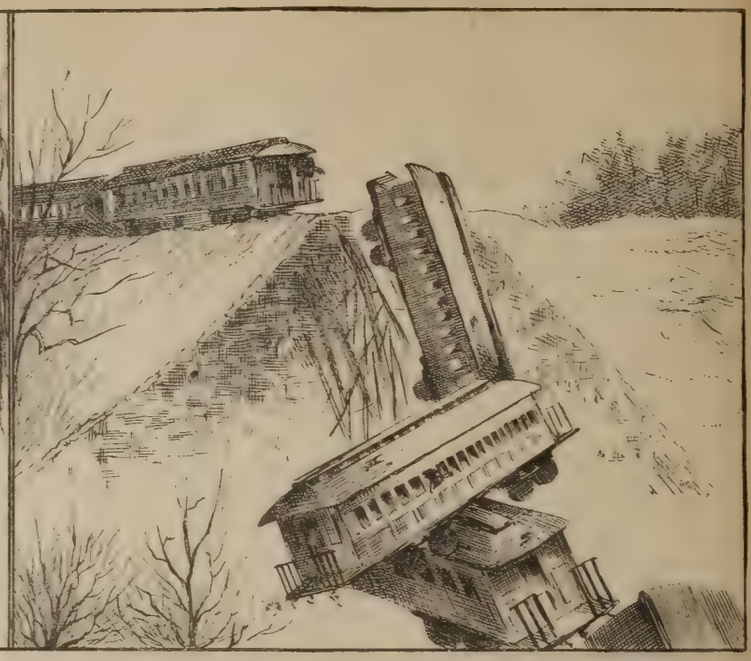
These people are savages, and not at all affected by the earnest and persistent attempts to Christianize them. They are even less influenced by the teaching of missionaries than the Siwashes of the Sitkan archipelago, and that is saying a great deal for their hardness of heart.

These savages respect the dead but they fear the sick. When death invades an Innuit family, taking the husband, or the wife, or a child, the survivors eat nothing, after the decease of the relative, but sour or last year's food, and refrain from going out and from work of any sort for a period of twenty days. They seat themselves in one corner of the hut, or "kahsime," with their backs toward the door. Every five days they wash themselves, otherwise death would promptly come to them again. The body of the dead native is composed in a sitting position, with its knees drawn up to the stomach

* From "Our Arctic Province," by Henry W. Elliott, a graphic and fascinating description of life in one of our own territories, which, though at our own doors, is less known to most of our citizens than many foreign lands. Price, [illegible]. With maps and illustrations. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway, New York.



Bussy Bridge, near Boston, Before the Disaster Last Week.



The Appalling Railroad Catastrophe at the Bussy Bridge.

and its arms clasped around them. It is placed in one corner with its head against the wall. The inhabitants of that village, where the dead man has lived, voluntarily bring to the hut dresses of reindeer-skin, in one of which the corpse is shrouded. A coffin, or box, is prepared at some selected spot outside of the village, set up a few feet from the ground, on four stoutly driven posts, and in it the body is deposited. Near by is planted a square board or smoothly hewn plank, upon which rude figures are painted of the animals that the deceased was most fond of hunting, such as a beaver, a deer, a fish, or seal. A few of his most cherished belongings are laid in the coffin with him, but the balance of his property is divided among his family.

A SON DELIVERED FROM DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

In the current number of *Thy Healer* is a remarkable narrative of the deliverance of a youth from the power of Satan. The following is extracted from the testimony of his father, Mr. Ellery:

"I desire to thank the Lord for His wonderful goodness to me in restoring my son. When I went down to Fulham last Friday week, to my surprise and sorrow, I saw that my eldest son was going out of his mind. He had been lately managing some work, and had been a great deal exercised about it, and all at once his brain gave way. Seeing him in such a state I asked the Lord what to do with him in these circumstances, and I found I had to do the same as with everything else—to give him over to the Lord, and trust Him to do the work. Well, I returned home with him. In the middle of the night he was awake and restless, and he sent his brother to ask me to go to him. I did so, and he then told me that he would go mad unless I sent for a doctor. I then remembered the words of our Lord, 'In My name shall they cast out devils.' I prayed to the Lord to give him sleep. The Lord heard me, and he fell off into a deep sleep. In the morning my son said, 'You must take me down to Devonshire or I will soon go mad.' I took him to Devonshire last Monday week. We got there late in the evening, and then had five miles to walk. On the way, my son said to me, '*The devil is cast out of me. I have been possessed by him for the last fifteen years.*' I can remember the time. It was about fifteen years since he seemed to have lost confidence in God. I left him in Devonshire and when I came back last Monday he was perfectly restored in mind. I praise the Lord for it, and I now trust Him to finish His work. Before I left him, my son said, 'All the hatred and malice that were in my heart are now gone.'"

THE RAILROAD DISASTER NEAR BOSTON LAST WEEK.

(*See Illustrations on this page.*)

The distressing calamity which was added last week to the long list of disasters with which this year has opened, occurred on the Boston & Providence Road, which has heretofore enjoyed an excellent reputation as a well-managed line. The train which was wrecked was, unhappily, the train by which a large number of persons travelled from their homes in the country to their occupations in the city. It runs a distance of only nine and a half miles from Dedham to Boston, leaving the former place at seven in the morning. On the fatal morning of Monday, March 14th, it was made up with an engine, baggage-car and nine passenger cars, including a smoker, the latter being the rear car. There were about three hundred passengers on board. After covering about half the distance, the train swung down through a richly-wooded section toward Forest Hill, and when it reached the Bussy Woods Bridge, or the Old Tin Bridge, or the Pussy Willow Bridge, as it was variously called, which crosses the roadway at a height of thirty-five feet, it was making about twenty miles an hour.

A Bad Record.

The bridge has long had a bad name, and the attention of the superintendent has been called to it more than once. About a year ago it was strengthened. Before that it consisted of two trusses, one of which was wood, and the other iron. The wooden one was taken out, and an iron one substituted. Still, the lateral vibration, which engineers know to be an ominous sign of weakness, was observed when heavy trains crossed it. Since the disaster it has been condemned by civil-engineers and specialists, who attribute the calamity to the bad construction and bad material of the bridge. The railroad management has attempted to show that the disaster was caused by a broken journal, but public opinion seems to be unanimous that the bridge itself was the sole cause.

The engineer of the train noticed nothing unusual in crossing the bridge, but when he reached the Boston side the forward part of the engine rose and a heavy wrench from the rear told him that something wrong had occurred. Looking back, he saw that the bridge had fallen into the roadway, carrying with it the last five cars of the train. He promptly cut the engine loose from the cars that had crossed safely, and, opening the throttle, ran at the fastest speed to Forest Hills, the junction with the main line, his whistle screeching the whole distance. He knew that the wreck would soon be on fire from the overturned stoves, and that the prompt services of a fire-engine might prevent a horrible holocaust. Two fire-engines, one of them a chemical, responded to the call, and the fire, which had begun to blaze, was quickly extinguished.

A Scene of Horror.

But it was a terrible spectacle that was witnessed by those who hurried to the scene of the disaster. The five cars were piled one on the other, the lower ones being crushed like a closed accordion. The shrieks of the injured passengers rent the air, while in the car at the foot of the ghastly heap there was a silence still more appalling. There were sights, too, that made strong men feel faint. The body of a woman was partially visible, and an effort was made to extricate it. When the wreck that held it down was raised, it was found to be headless, and the right arm had been torn off. Several bodies were afterward found similarly mutilated. There was some relief in the majority of cases in the thought that death must have been instantaneous. Of those who were killed outright nearly all had their heads crushed.

The Dead.

Among the passengers on the train a large proportion were women and girls going to business in Boston. Two of these were found locked in each other's arms. Six girls, but little more than children, were found all together, their dead hands still holding the baskets containing their lunch. In the smoking-car *a game at cards* had been going on when the crash came. One of the players lay dead, with the cards in his hand. Only one of the players escaped with a shaking, the others were badly hurt. In all there were twenty-four bodies found in the wreck, thirteen females and eleven males. The wounded, who were sent to the hospitals in ambulances as they were extricated, numbered one hundred and fourteen, and of many of those there was but little hope of recovery.

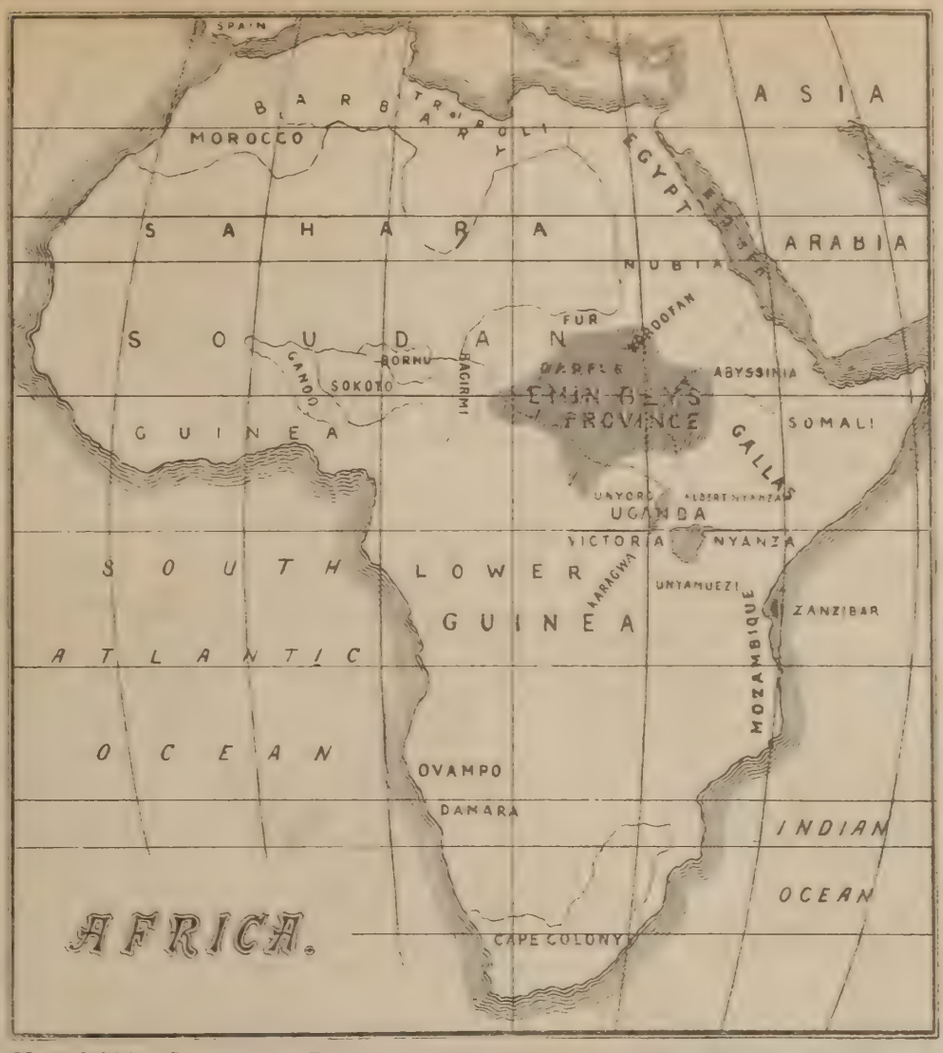
What that crash must have been to some of the passengers it is dreadful to think of. Young people probably looking forward to many years of life and happiness, some of them possibly imagining that there was plenty of time yet to accept Christ, and prepare for eternity, little knowing that their feet already stood on the

brink of it. How many persons now living may be in the same position, who can tell! During the past few weeks death by earthquake, death by railroad disaster, and death by fire have uttered a warning to young and old against counting on future opportunity. Christ stands waiting, offering to all not only a blissful eternity beyond the grave, but happiness, peace, and joy in this life, be it brief or prolonged.

THE GOAL OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

(See Map on this page.)

FROM the map of Africa here given, it will be seen how stupendous is the task undertaken by Mr. Stanley in going to rescue Emin Pasha, whose portrait with that of Dr. Junker appears on the first page. The province which Emin has governed since his appointment by the late General Gordon in 1878, is at its southern extremity only about eighty miles north of the equator, and is in the very heart of the Continent. From whatever point Stanley starts to reach it, he will have to traverse three hundred miles of unexplored country, the road through Uganda, which Stanley knows, being closed by the hostile attitude of the ferocious savage, King Mwanga, the murderer of Bishop Hannington. By that route it is thirteen hundred and fifty miles from Zanzibar, on the coast, to Wadelai, the capital of Emin's province; but, skirting Uganda by a circuitous route to the west, it is sixteen hundred miles from Zanzibar. The Congo route, which Mr. Stanley prefers, is still longer. It involves a journey up that river of fifteen hundred miles from its mouth on the west coast to a point opposite to Emin's province, and thence by land nine hundred miles due east from the banks of the Congo.



Map of Africa Showing the Province where Emin Bey is Waiting for Rescue by Stanley.

It is probable that whatever be the route taken by Stanley to reach Emin, the return journey, if he is successful in rescuing him, will be by the Congo. There are many women and children with Emin who must not be deserted, and who would suffer terribly by the land journey, and would also be exposed to great peril. Therefore, although the Congo route is eight hundred miles longer than the other route, it will be less trying, because the only land journey that way is the nine-hundred miles from Wadelai to the banks of the Congo. Thence the remaining fifteen hundred miles will be by water.

Mr. Stanley deserves our sympathies and our prayers in his undertaking. The expedition is not for the acquisition of territory, nor to gratify scientific curiosity, but purely and simply to deliver a brave man and his companions from a horde of fanatical savages whose hatred he has incurred by his earnest efforts to prevent them carrying on the cruel and abominable traffic in slaves. It was a similar position that General Gordon occupied, and he was hated for the same cause. Lord Wolseley, with the might of England at his back, failed to save him; we have now to see whether the plain, untitled American citizen, whilom a reporter on the New York *Herald*, can succeed where the English noble and his army failed. All honor to Stanley for undertaking so formidable a task! The whole civilized world wishes him success.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 188.)

A Daring Project.

ETHEL thought she was alone when, kneeling by her mother's grave in the church she poured out her soul before God in supplication for guidance and help in the new extremity. Harold's appeal could not be left unheeded. If no money were sent it was horrible to think of what he might suffer at the hands of the desperadoes who held him captive. Her sorely stricken father could neither advise nor aid her; Harold's life depended on her alone, and the poor bewildered girl went to God in despair, taking the wisest and best of all courses. It was with a start that she rose when to her surprise Simon's words of assurance fell on her ear.

"Oh, Simon!" said the wondering Ethel, "whatever led you to come here?"

"Nay, Miss Ethel, that I can scarcely tell," said the old carpenter. "'He leadeth us by a way that we knoa not.' Jake Martin, the postman, said that he had a foreign-looking letter for you. I seemed to feel all at once that there was trubble lapped up in it. So I said to 'Becca, 'Becca, I'm foorced to go up to the Hall, ha' you ony message for Nance?' I wondered to see t' chotch door oppen as I passed, so I stepped inside. When I saw you on your knees, I knew in a minute that you were i' better company than mahne, so I just knelt doon, an' said, 'Amen!'"

"Thanks, Simon," said Ethel, "you are always thoughtful and kind. My heart was very sad and sore and somehow I felt drawn to my mother's grave. I'm better now."

"No doot you are, miss, an' equally no doot you were drawn with a purpose. Them words on my lady's moniment hev a sarmon in 'em o' theirselves."

Ethel turned as Simon pointed, and read, "Her trust was in the Lord her God." Then casting her eye above the line, she read, "The beloved wife of Sir Godwin Spofforth, and the daughter of Sydney Railton, Esq., of Enderby." In a moment it flashed upon her mind that by the will of her maternal grandfather, the sum of fifty thousand dollars was left for her own use and benefit, and that as she was now of age it was at her own disposal. Hitherto she had never needed it, never thought of it. Now it represented Harold's ransom! She felt stunned, half dazed, turned pale, and might have fallen but for the ready hand of Simon Holmes. As they walked toward the Towers, Ethel remembered that she had left the letter in its place on the recumbent statue of her mother, and asked Simon Holmes to fetch it for her. As the old man handed her the pregnant missive, he said, "Whativer there is in it, miss, you were right to tak' it to the Lord. He's fond o' bein' trusted with all your seacrets, an' all the wo'ld can't show a Coonseller so good an' wise as Him. That's what King Hezekiah did when Sennacherib sent him a letter full o' blasphemy; an' threatenin' to mak' the streets o' Jerusalem to run wi' blood. Hezekiah just went as you did, an' he 'spread it befoor the Lord.' An' that varry neet, while t' enemy's soldiers were sleepin' i' their tents an' t' sentinels were on the watch, God's angel com' an' fowt the battle for him, an' Hezekiah gat the victory without unsheathin' a single soord, or liftin' a single lance, or bendin' a single bow. So it'll be wi' you, for it's true o' you as it was o' my lady, 'She put her trust in the Lord.'"

Simon was pleasantly astonished at the peaceful smile that lit up Ethel's pale features, as she replied, "It's all right, Simon, I did well to come. The hand of the Lord is with me, and my mission will be done." Then she told him of the letter from the bandits' den and of her intention, if needs be, to devote her fortune for her brother's ransom.

"But how shall I tell my father about it, Simon? Another stroke would kill him."

"I reckon the Lord 'll put that right, as well as this," said the old carpenter, devoutly; and having arrived at the Towers, Simon made his way to have an interview with Nance in the housekeeper's room.

Ethel's difficulty was solved for her, as Simon had said. She was met at the door by Thompson, the butler. "Oh, miss," said he, "Sir Godwin is in a terrible way! Just when we had got him brought down and placed comfortably in the library chair, the postman brought another letter that had been forgotten at Chilworth post-office. It was just like that that came for you this morning. Sir Godwin knew the man had come; he saw him pass the window, and I

was forced to let him have it. You know, miss, you told us that it would be dangerous to cross him. Ever since, he has been groaning and weeping and wringing his hands. I'm afraid he'll have another fit!"

"Wherever have you been, Ethel?" said her father, as she entered the library. He was almost scarlet with excitement, and kept vainly trying to rise and stand upon his poor useless feet. "Read that! Read that! Read that!" he said with feverish rapidity, pointing to a letter on the table. Ethel soon discovered that the former letter must have been delayed in its transmission, for this was of a much later date. It ran thus:

"My dear Sister: The patience of my wolfish captors is exhausted. Latterly I have been made to suffer greatly. Red Pedro has just sent to say that he will give me one chance more. But if the ransom does not come within twenty-eight days, my life will be in danger. I am compelled to write this letter, as my jailor is looking on. If you could send some trusty messenger with a less sum, perhaps they would accept it. I do think I should lead a better life, and it is hard to die without the opportunity to reform. I deserve it, however, and if it is to be, I cannot rebel against it. Pray for me, dear sister, and if you hear from me no more, believe that I died asking forgiveness for myself, and His blessing on those on whose lives my sin and folly has brought so dark a cloud."

Poor Ethel! Her heart sickened, the pallor of death came over her features, and helplessly staggering to a sofa, she sank into a swoon.

"Oh, my darling!" cried the baronet, tugging at the bell-pull with the energy of alarm. "What have I done! She should not have seen that letter. The shock was too sudden. Oh, Harold, Harold, you will kill us all with your wayward life. Telegraph for Sir Jarvis," he said, to the servants who came hurrying in at his summons.

But before a telegram could be sent to the London physician Ethel recovered consciousness and opened her eyes. Her father's haggard face was the first object on which they fell. It was full of anxiety and distress. "Thank God," he said, reverently, as he saw the color return to Ethel's pallid lips and cheeks. "Forgive me, Ethel, for my want of thought; you were not able to bear such a shock. I ought to have known that."

"Forgive me, papa, for so alarming you. I am ashamed of my weakness. Do not be distressed, see, I am quite recovered now." And she rose to her feet. "I think Simon Holmes is here, papa. He came in with me just now. Will you allow him to come in, papa? I should like him to speak to you. He is a good man, you know, and a wise one. We need an adviser now, do we not, papa?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," said the baronet, and he added to himself, "a strange adviser, but, perhaps, not a bad one. Mother wit is better than all the schools, they say."

"Simon," said Ethel, when the carpenter was brought into the room, "I want you to help me convince papa that I ought to go to Spain at once for Harold's sake. Papa, Simon and I have been talking about the journey and he thinks as I do, that it is my duty."

"You—impossible!" said the baronet, decisively. "This news," pointing to the letter, "puts an end to that project. I know I consented to it once, but that was before I was ill, and when I could go with you, but it is impossible now."

"Not impossible, Sir Godwin," said Simon, "difficult and, mayhap, dangerous, but not impossible. God will see her through; it's my belief He's sending her."

"You are a fanatic, Simon, you are crazy to think of her going. You don't know where Harold is. Why he is held by a gang of cut-throat rascals in the mountains. Ethel's life would not be worth an hour's purchase. It is nonsense. I should have to pay a ransom for her—even if that would save her."

"No, no, Sir Godwin, not so bad as that. You send Jacob Benson with her. He sairved in the Peninsular War, and he knows summat o' the land. He's true as steel, and he'd die for Miss Ethel. Let him take her to the nearest big town and let them wait there till Maister Harold comes to 'em. Jacob's got a pair o' brawny arms, he hez, and I pity any Spanisher as comes afore 'em when his blood's up. Miss Ethel 'll be safe enough."

Ethel saw that the baronet's mind was slowly yielding under Simon's words. It was weak since his stroke, and would probably change many times before her departure, but Simon was making an impression upon it. Feeling satisfied that Simon would succeed, and, perhaps, be more free to speak in her absence, she slipped quietly away to her room to complete the preparations for setting out which had been so long suspended.

Ethel knew full well what she was about when she enlisted the aid of Simon Holmes. She herself had had experience of the "way" that Simon had with sick and sorrowful people, and had long desired that her stricken father might have experience of it too. It was necessary for his very life's sake that her father's excitement should cease, and if it was within the power of man to calm him down, Simon Holmes, thoughtful, gentle, sympathetic Simon, thought she, is certainly the man to do it.

She had long desired that her father might be induced to think more fixedly and seriously on those all-important questions which are so apt to be put aside as matters of little moment; those questions which have to do with the soul and the Saviour; with holiness, death, immortality and God. To Ethel, as we have already seen, all these things were of prime importance, and she longed that her father should be, as her mother had been, "partner in like precious faith." In this sacred and peculiar lore Simon Holmes was a learned man, more learned than many a theological Rabbi, for he had obtained his wisdom from the Fountain-Head; and he could tell the things he knew more effectively than many an eloquent divine, because his strong common-sense was imbued with the influence of his religious faith, and because his inmost heart found natural utterance through the channel of speech.

There was one other peculiarity about Simon as a past-master in the secrets of the sacred science, he always mistrusted his own powers to do justice to his theme, and to give the message aright that he had received from his Master. This led him at almost every sentence, on such occasions, to lift his heart to the God of heaven as Nehemiah did in the presence of his king, and to ask silently for "mouth, matter and wisdom," a trinity of factors in his religious conversation by which his power in that department was sufficiently accounted for.

After Ethel had left the room, Simon sat silent for a moment or two pondering on what it would be best to say to the fuming and excited baronet, in order to bring him to a quiet mind. The baronet prepared the way for him. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!" said he, fretfully, placing a hand on each arm of his chair, as though he would rise to his feet in spite of the iron bands of paralysis that held him down, and, like a child, forgetting all that Simon had said—"Whatever is to be done about that unhappy boy?"

"Why, just what is being done, Sir Godwin," said Simon, with patience. "Miss Ethel's gotten hold o' the right end o' that skein, you may depend on it. The best thing to do with Mr. Harold is to bring him home, both for your sake an' for his. I've always said that there's a warm heart beatin' under Mr. Harold's wescut, if it could only be gotten at. An' it's my opinion that a look at his fayther's gray hairs is just the thing to touch it. Miss Ethel's set her mind on bringin' him back to God, as well as to you; an' that would help her amazin'!"

The baronet listened. He realized that he had heard the plan but could not follow it now, and he remained silent, but was evidently thinking.

"An' then, again," persisted Simon, "there's nowt that would do you more good, scarcely, an' help to set you on your feet again, Sir Godwin, than to hev Mr. Harold sittin' by your side wi' his hand i' yours, an' sayin', 'Here I am, dear fayther; niver to leave yo' ony more.'" That delightful picture the baronet could understand, and it went straight to his heart.

"Oh, Simon Holmes! Simon Holmes!" said he, stirred even to tears, "that would act like a charm on these poor limbs of mine. But oh, dear, dear, how can such a thing be?"

"The mouth of the Lord hath spokken it, Sir Godwin," replied Simon, quietly and firmly. "If you'll be good anuff to listen to me a bit, I'll tell you my reesons for sayin' so."

The baronet nodded a permission, but he heaved a sigh at the same time which did not express much confidence in the result. Simon, inwardly looking to God, proceeded to marshal his arguments.

"There's Miss Ethel. A finer soul, short o' bein' an angel, dizn't exist. That you kno', Sir Godwin. Well, she lies at the very farrest end o' the valley o' the Shadow of Death, so far from this wo'ld that we varry nearly lost sight of her, an' so near the land where her Saviour is, an' so close to the gates o' pearl that she can hear 'em inside a harpin' wi' their harps, an' can catch a glint o' their shinin' wings. Then the Lord brings her back again by a merricle, Sir Jarvis's dream an' what followed it was lahtle short o' that, an' that you knoa. When she cums back to yo' i' health an' strength, an' wi' some o' the fragrance o' Beulah land clingin' aboot her, an' some o' the leet that shone on her through the gates in her bonny blue eyes, she says, 'The Lord's raised me up for a purpose, an' that is to bring my brother Harold home to his father.' I think you'll own 'at all that's true?"

Again Sir Godwin nodded his head, but he continued silent.

"Then time passes," said Simon continuing his story. "Fifty things cums up that seems to hinder her from settin' off; your oan failin' health, Sir Godwin, amang the rest, an' all the tahme poor Harold has fallen amang thieves an' you didn't kno' it. Then comes that letter of his. It's for his sister, but it falls into your hands that it may sooner tak' effect. It gives both you an' her a push, like, as much as to say, 'It's high time for her to be off.' Then something tells her—you hear that, Sir Godwin?—something tells her to go to her mother's grave, bless her, an' she prays to her mother's God for strength an' guidance. While she's standin' there, readin' what's on the monniment, the Lord reminds her that all the money she needs to buy Mr. Harold's liberty is lyin' riddy for her, an' that she's nothing to do but to go to the appointed spot, an' say, 'Here's the money,' pay it doon, put her airm through her brother's an' say, 'Father wants you, Brother Harold; come home wi' me.'

"Will he come? do you say. His letter tells you that, poor lad, plain anuff. Miss Ethel comes straight away back from t' chotch an' she says to you, I heeard her, 'Father, I've received my commission, I'm goin' to fetch Harold home. Get his room ready, for he'll come back wi' me.' All that's the simple fact, Sir Godwin. Isn't it?"

Sir Godwin could not do other than reply, "Yes, Simon, it has all been as you say."

"Very well, then," said the carpenter, "I put it to you, Sir Godwin, whether the Lord's hand isn't in it? I don't think it's half so hard to bring Mr. Harold back, as it was to bring Miss Ethel back. She was a good deal nearer bein' gone altegither than he is. The Lord said to her, '*Talitha cumi*, Maiden, I say unto thee, arise;' an' it's just as easy for Him to say to Red Peter, or whativer else the rascal's neeame is, 'Loose him, an' let him go.' That's what He said aboot Lazarus, an' you'll admit that he was a good deal farther gone when the Lord

fetched him back than Mr. Harold is. I tell you, it's as sartain as that yon sun 'll set i' the west when his day's jonnay's ower. All that you ha' to do, Sir Godwin, is to sit still an' see the salvation o' God. It may be that the Lord's compelled you to sit, so that you mayn't interfere with His designs. Oh, Sir Godwin, have faith in God! I said that the mouth of the Lord hath spokken it. Believe Him! If you do, it will be better for yourself an' for Miss Ethel and for Mr. Harold, an' all."

"Well, Simon," said the baronet with a sigh that was half faith and half fear, "I cannot deny it. It's all very strange. I could wish that I had your firm, unquestioning faith."

"An' why shouldn't you, Sir Godwin?" said Simon, quietly and encouragingly. "It's for you as much as for onybody else. The good God wants to strengthen an' save you an' comfort you. I don't kno' onybody that needs Him more, and I kno' there's nobody i' the wo'ld more welcome to all that He can do."

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 3, Gen. 37 : 23-36. Golden Text, Gen. 39 : 21.

Jacob an Unjust Father—His Partiality a Source of Family Discord—Brings Misery to Joseph as well as to his Brothers—The Brothers Jealous—Sceptical About the Visions—The Discipline of Persecution—Joseph Sent to Look After the Brothers—Their Scheme to Thwart the Visions—The God-appointed Test of Spirituality—Reuben's Weakness—Judah's Proposal Adopted—God Overruling the Plots of Wicked Men—The Deceiver of Isaac Deceived.

JACOB never saw his mother again, but he saw his father Isaac, and was present with Esau at his burial. After his father's death, he "dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan." His family had grown large, and all but the two youngest were grown to manhood. But there is no evidence that any of them, except Joseph, were "alive unto God." Jacob's spiritual sympathies very naturally went out to his young son who shared his thoughts and feelings, "he loved Joseph more than all his children." This roused the jealousy and indignation of Joseph's brethren, and they hated him, not because of anything in him which they could complain of, but because of their father's injustice. So Joseph became an object of love on the one hand, and of hate on the other, and both were equally trying.

Partiality in Families

is a terrible curse, and it often leads to terrible sin. By nature we think of what is due to *us* and measure everybody by their relations to us; if they do not come up to our standard in their treatment of *us*, we can see no good in them. It was thus with the unconverted sons of Jacob in regard to their father, but, just like the unreasonableness and cowardice of self, they vented their anger, not on their father, for whom they still had some respect, but on their young brother who was the innocent cause of their bitter jealousy. They had, too, a consciousness of his real superiority to them in things spiritual, and this maddened them and made them all the more angry. It is easy for a would-be professor to vaunt his own holiness and devotion, but few, unless they were the most hardened hypocrites, would invent communications from God to them. Joseph knew what it was

To Have God Speak to Him.

In all the sadness of his life in his family, Joseph had made an acquaintance with God which would never have been so true and close but for the trial of his faith. Like Job, he felt that when he was tried he would "come forth as gold" (Job 23 : 10).* But Joseph acted as many young believers do—he told his dreams into the unwilling ears of his brothers; and it had no good effect on them, but only intensified their hatred of him. Who was he, the youngest among them, that God should speak to him? and they would not believe he had those visions. But between him and God it was no uncertain thing that the Joseph who was oppressed, despised, hated of his brethren, should be exalted above them all. Thus Joseph lived an inner life with God in the midst of all his trials. It seems necessary that many of God's dear children, who are appointed by Him to be eminently useful in the world, should go through much of suffering in their early Christian life, in order that, by learning to be "faithful in that which is least," they may know how to "be faithful also in much" (Luke 16 : 10). Joseph stood true to God; while his brethren hated him, he continued to love them, and he never took up his own cause but left God to order it.

Jacob's riches had increased, and his flocks and herds had to be taken long distances to find pasture. His sons, of course, were partners with him in the cattle trade, and one day Jacob sent Joseph to a considerable distance to visit them, and report of their welfare, and how the farm stock prospered. Joseph was not unwilling; the very nearness of his heart to God made it easy to him to love without return; his love was not the satisfaction of a heart in that which pleased itself, it was the outflow of a heart which could give all without asking anything in return. In the love of God and that of his father he had enough.

Joseph took pains to find his brethren. There are some persons who, when they are on an unpleasant errand, are only too thankful if something turns up which may be taken as a plausible excuse for neglecting their mission. But

Joseph Lived Before God,

the Lord was with him, and he had no wish to shirk a meeting with his brethren, however unpleasant it might be. The principle which guided him was not, "What would *I* like? What would be most pleasant and easy to *me*?" But, "What would please God?" So, not finding his brethren at Shechem, he followed them until he found traces of them at Dothan. Full of love to *them*, he found them full of bitterness against *him*. Even before he reached them, their scornful animosity broke out in the words, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and led us slay him, and cast him into some pit: and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams." If they could prove that his communion with God came to nothing, then they would have to boast, either that God did not keep His word, or that Joseph's relations with Him were false and unreal, and thus they would be the righteous exposers of a hypocrite instead of the persecutors of a true child of God, and, as such, acting in enmity to Him. Oh how many men of the world take all Christians for hypocrites without regard to

The Test which God has Provided.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. 7 : 20). If professors of Christianity do not show forth the love, the truth, the purity which belongs to the true disciples of Christ, we cannot expect that they shall be recognized as belonging to Him, but if they do, then men are bound to recognize them as His.

Reuben, feeling his responsibility as the eldest son, delivered Joseph out of his brothers' hands, saying, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness." Reuben thought to deliver him altogether, and to bring him back to his father, but Reuben was "unstable as water" (Gen. 49 : 3), and when he found that all his other brethren were against him, he had no grace of God, nor even upright principle to make him firm to do the right thing. How many Christians are swayed in a similar manner by the last influence brought to bear upon them. Nothing but the knowledge of God's presence with us, the consciousness of His being more really to be trusted than those who surround us, that He really *does* undertake that which is committed to Him, makes us independent of man.

Joseph's brethren had their way. Having first, in their heartless injustice and cruelty, enjoyed a hearty meal, while Joseph was suffering all the horrors of an expected murder in the pit, they were about to consider the next step, when a company of Ishmaelites came by, a caravan engaged in commercial traffic, probably between Damascus and Egypt. Judah, who was a stronger character than his brother Reuben, and who usually took the lead, proposed, as an amendment to their first plan, that Joseph should be sold instead of killed. "What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh." Judah prevailed, his brethren agreed, and the fate of the innocent Joseph was thus sealed. Another merchant company, Midianites, passed by, and to them Joseph was sold in spite of "the anguish of his soul" when he entreated them to release him (Gen. 42 : 21).

But his brethren could not take Joseph out of the hands of God. "The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon h m with his teeth." "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand" (Ps. 37 : 12, 24).

God Overruled

and worked out His own purposes through the wrongdoing of man. And He is doing so still. A mighty unseen engine is at work in the life of each one of us. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work" (John 5 : 17). He makes "all things work together for good to them that love God." In all which happens He keeps His hand upon the spring, and no word or deed, no sickness, no loss can be greater or more trying than He permits. A certain amount of strain is brought upon His work that it may be fairly tested, but as soon as the work is proved it is taken off. The future ruler of Egypt must be

Fitted for the Position;

he needed quite another education from that of his brethren. Thus, while their wicked plot seemed to succeed, and they seemed to have everything their own way, Joseph, who might have been thought to deserve success, was thwarted and oppressed on every hand. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth" (Heb. 12 : 6).

But Joseph's brethren, how was it with them? The wicked flourish like a green bay-tree sometimes, but it is not forever. They kept their secret, but tore their father's heart with sorrow in the belief that his son Joseph had been torn by wild beasts, in proof of which they brought his coat of many colors, his father's gift to him, stained with the blood of a kid which they had killed on purpose. The poor old man was, all unknown to himself, reaping the fruits of his sinful partiality, and sadly, indeed, did the duplicity of the father live again in his children. They played their part well; in assumed ignorance they brought the stained coat to their father as though it had been accidentally discovered. He was taken in, and said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces;" and for many a long day Jacob mourned, and all attempts to comfort him were unavailing. In this, too, God was at work.

* We could not afford to lose one trial through which God leads us. "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience," (Rom. 5 : 3, 4.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for March:

Break-up of Political Parties.
Review of Current Theories of Socialism.
The Wire-Puller of the World.
The Napoleonic Theory of the Antichrist.
The Antichrist of Scripture. By Mr. W. Greene, C.E.
"Over Whom will Christ Reign During the Millennium?"
A Leader in Israel; Joseph Rabinowitz.
Condition of the Church and World.
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HE CARETH.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. 1 PETER v, 7.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife.
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrows that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons *because He cares.*

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high
And we have safety, for He is nigh,
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord *does care.*

Sunday.

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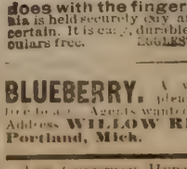

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THE accounts of the appalling earthquake on February 23d, in the Riviera, published in this journal on March 3d and 10th, compiled from the cable reports, can this week be supplemented by the fuller intelligence which the mail has brought. A series of illustrations also sent to us from Europe, which appear on the first page, will enable readers to gain a vivid idea of the calamity. The first illustration represents

The Scene in the Nice Streets

a few minutes after the first shock, when belated revellers from the ball-rooms and awakened sleepers in hotels and private houses made a rush for the open spaces beyond the reach of falling buildings. A correspondent says, "The whole town was instantly awakened. The houses shook as if beaten by a hurricane. Walls cracked, balconies fell, holes opened in the floors. So violent was the agitation that some were thrown from their beds on to the floor. From private houses, hotels, and *pensions* an immediate stampede took place. Few waited to put on wraps, or any other clothes than those in which they were sleeping. Some were made prisoners in their rooms by the jamming of the doors. These were rescued by those without who broke open the doors. Then, all together, men, women, children, and servants rushed down the stairs."

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives a graphic description of his own escape from his hotel. He says: "I was rudely awakened by feeling my bed violently shaken as if by some mighty hand! The room, too, I was immediately aware, was rocking from side to side, so that my candlesticks and my water-bottle fell with a crash, and as I sprang from the bed I was thrown forward, and could hardly stand. At the same time there was a fearful sound of

People Running and Shouting

on the promenade outside; there were doors opening hurriedly inside, and cries of terror. I grasped at once the idea of what it must be, and the whole thing was so sudden that I felt no alarm whatever. I hastily put on everything I could find—a most incongruous mass of clothing—and went out to the corridor, which I found full of dust and flying plaster, *the outer wall split down and gaping*, and the stone staircase, up and down from my floor, covered thick with great pieces of fallen plaster, which left the walls open-mouthed, as it were, in the great spaces several feet square. I heard *screams and horrible confusion* above on the second floor, and knowing the ladies whose rooms were there, and full of curiosity and a not disagreeable excitement myself, I went up to them. I climbed, rather, for, as I said, the stairs were only a slope of *débris*, and the balustrade to which I clung shook under my grasp. In the corridor above I found damage and terror indescribable; the wall of the outer room, inhabited by two sisters, one of whom was in very delicate health, was split entirely down, and everything in the room overturned. The air was insufferable with dust, the floor covered with plaster and every kind of property, and the corridor was full of anxious ladies in scanty clothing, choked, terrified, and knowing not how to get down.

"Just then came the second shock. A young girl seized me and dragged me into her room, and as she did so we rocked against the door, and again the steady,

Stealthy, Horrible Shake

went on. More crashing, more dust; cries of terror, and ejaculated prayers from those around me. I began to get alarmed; the sensation was awful; and if a third shock of any magnitude came suddenly the wing where we were must go down, and the end of that, for us, was not pleasant to contemplate. Every one then ran, slid, tumbled, rolled down the stairs; the invalid young lady fell from top to bottom. One could laugh now thinking of it. I regained my room, and putting on hat and ulster, and seizing my watch and purse, got ready to join the crowd already assembled on the beach. Once more the steady shake made itself felt, lasting two or three seconds only, and doing little more damage. However, I hastened now out to the shore, where were gathered all sorts and conditions of men, in every stage of undress and panic. Clear and beautiful the sun rose over the sea, which stretched waveless and lucent before us. Somebody produced a watch, and we gathered that it was nearly seven o'clock—at least I think we did. The panic was so great that no one knew anything rightly."

Illustration No. 2

represents the scene at Diano Marina later in the day, when the survivors were searching the ruins for any victims who might be still alive under the ruins. Diano Marina suffered severely. Many who were escaping from the falling houses were caught by the later shocks and buried under falling masonry. Several officers, who saw the disasters caused by the earthquake at Casamicciola, on July 28th, 1883, declare that this in the Riviera was more appalling. One reason of the fearful loss of life at Diano Marina was that all the houses were built over large vaults containing oil, the town having a large trade in that commodity with France and Germany. These vaults became so many sepulchres. Rescuers proceeded with the greatest caution to extricate the sufferers from under the ruins at the earliest moment.

The danger of the remaining walls falling in was so great that the utmost caution had to be taken. The inhabitants seemed paralyzed by the magnitude of the disaster, and looked on without taking any part in the efforts which were being made. Signor Genala, Minister of Public Works, sent two hundred workmen and troops to assist. This promptitude on the part of the minister made an excellent impression on the panic-stricken population. The most painful scenes happened during the work of rescue. A young judge, named Rossi, who was buried under the ruins of a house, was on the point of being extricated by two Carabinieri, when a large beam fell, crushing him, and injuring the two soldiers. Two other persons who fell from a fourth floor into a cellar were rescued alive.

Father Guillon, of the congregation of Oblates, and superior of a junior college at Diano Marina, gives a heartrending account of the horrors of the catastrophe which befell that place. The college fell in with the force of the principal shock, and the students betook themselves to

Prayer, Amid the Crash

of falling stones and timber, the shrieks of the injured, and the awful subterranean rumbling of the earth, which made every one, both young and old, believe that the Day of Judgment had come, and that the graves were giving up their dead. Outside in the town the panic was awful, some people running wildly toward the open country, and others calling loudly on their missing friends.

Most of the sufferers at Diano Marina were *young children*, who were sleeping, tired out with the carnival festivities. While a gang of workmen were clearing away the *débris* with almost superhuman speed, they heard the voice of a child beneath. Presently an arm appeared, then the head emerged, and soon the little creature was extricated alive and unhurt. It looked around in the bright sunlight in a dazed way, and then asked for something to eat. While she was munching a crust she said with a smile, "Father is still sleeping down there." His corpse was found hopelessly crushed soon after.

At the penal prisons of Finale Borgo, a mutiny had to be suppressed among the prisoners, who, frightened by the violent shocks, asked to be set at liberty. At Finale the railway line was broken, and rendered utterly useless, owing to a large landslip. At Carlo Felice a priest, who was saying mass in one of the churches, was thrown violently to the ground. (*See illustration No. 3*). At Castellaro a magnificent church fell with a sudden crash, and left nothing but a heap of ruins, under which several people lay buried.

Illustration No. 4

represents the work of investigation in the ruins of Mentone. There the houses in the Place du Cap suffered most, many people in this locality being seriously injured. A bugle soon summoned the troops to the scene, and they showed the greatest energy in forcing those who were lingering in the houses to quit them, and in preventing those who had already escaped from re-entering their homes. Two companies of infantry were employed in guarding the houses which were likely to fall in, on the walls of which are to be seen marked in chalk, "No admittance." The survivors seemed dazed and stunned, and lost all consciousness of what was going on. Half-clothed people were seen wandering wildly about the seashore, exposed to the cold north wind and rain. Some were afterward found dead on the shore. (*See illustration No. 5.*)

Illustration No. 6

shows the beginning of the exodus from the shaken district. Wealthy visitors who happened to be without their carriages hired vehicles at fabulous prices, and lost no time in getting away. Soon the roads were thronged with carriages, cabs, and anything that had wheels. The platforms of the railroad station were one dense mass of people waiting quietly for trains to carry them away, until the trains came in sight, when a fierce struggle would agitate the mass to get first on board. All were going northward. Away from Cannes, Nice, Marseilles, Avignon.

Illustration No. 7

represents an effort made by the mayor, aided by a committee of English guests, to relieve the pressing needs of the destitute. Soup and hot coffee were given out freely to the poor, and much suffering was thereby prevented. It is reported that some guests, whose money was in their trunks under the ruins of the hotels, and whose communications with home were cut off by the severing of the telegraph-wires, were glad to avail themselves of this charitable assistance.

The following graphic account from a correspondent on the spot of the appalling disaster as he saw it was sent to a London daily journal: "Last week I shared the opinion of most people that with wealth and leisure the Riviera is the place to winter, far away from troublesome catarrh and more perilous bronchial maladies. This luxurious theory has since Wednesday morning last been cruelly unhinged, and the strip of land between Toulon and Genoa, most of which goes by the name of the Riviera di Ponente, has had a reverse from which it will take some time to recover. I am writing this at Genoa, under influences which I cannot control and cannot easily describe. I have passed through over one hundred

Miles of Hideous Devastation.

The realism comes in with the panorama of horrors now before my mind. I have seen rows of soldiers bleeding and dying along the vine-clad roads of France for Napoleon III. or for Prince Bismarck. I was in Paris when the Communists burned the houses and massacred their fellow-countrymen for reasons connected with humanitarian philosophy. But nothing can, to my mind, equal this earthquake disaster, which has blanched every cheek, has sent out thousands to camp in marshy fields or upon the chilly sea-beach, and has strewn a district which is a thing of beauty with more corpses than can be counted even yet. Imagine whole tracts of country, inhabited by a simple but thrifty population, brought from plenty to starvation!

"Leaving the devastation of Mentone behind me, I crossed the Italian frontier and made a short stay at Ventimiglia. While awaiting the making up of our train we visited the town. There were only two victims, but the houses are fearfully punished. Even the wall of the monumental refreshment-room has a long perpendicular split, and one of the waiters was injured by

the sudden dislodging of a kind of huge tea-urn, which whirled round during the first shock and felled him to the floor. The village of Bussana, perched upon a rock, has been

Shaken into a Wreck.

The local authorities beseech our official party to send volunteers to clear the ruins and to seek for victims. 'How many?' we anxiously ask. The reply is a sad but significant Italian shrug of the shoulders. Three hundred, perhaps more, and perhaps less. At San Lorenzo the people are camping out on the seashore in low tents, or, to speak more correctly, under the makeshift shelter of the family sheets sewn together. Near at hand a temporary altar has been erected on the beach. A Franciscan monk is preaching to a little crowd of worshippers.

"And now we are in earthquake land with a vengeance. Ruined Porto Maurizio is before us. The olive oil stowed away and buried will probably be lost to the tune of more than $300,000, a financial earthquake for the little town. But the victims here are fortunately few, and we have little time to think of the vicissitudes of the oil trade and of Signor somebody, a little commercial magnate, who whiningly tells us that he has lost 'molto denaro,' and who, I verily believe, supposes that the House of Savoy is in duty bound to compensate him. The train slowly enters Oneglia. Here we find a sad list. At Aurigo the church has fallen and buried some

Forty Persons Under the Ruins,

killing a dozen or so. There are twelve victims in Oneglia itself. I am speaking only of dead victims of course. The wounded are in railway vans or in hastily-constructed plank huts. Among the killed are Professor Demaria and his two charming daughters, who will be well remembered by English-speaking health-seekers as accomplished Italian girls, who spoke English and joined in the social gatherings of San Remo and Pegli. But all this is numerically trifling, and we find that we have not

Realized what an Earthquake is

till we glide into the little station of Diano Marina. The station is in ruins. The railway business is being carried on under tarpaulin. The little platform is covered with troops. The survivors are almost imprisoned by the rough but kindly soldiers in covered railway trucks. One young fellow manages to evade the sentinel. He throws himself upon his knees, and implores me to take him away in the train. *His father, his mother, and his sister have perished in the ruins of their little home.* 'Take me away,' he cries, 'do not leave me here. I have no money, no food, no parents.' I turned aside sorrowfully, for I did not dare to interfere with official or military arrangements; and I knew full well that to establish a precedent might cause a mutiny. But General de Sonnaz was soon busy providing for the poor forlorn souls.

"My flesh literally crept as I left the station and made for the village. The victims must be over five hundred all told. The houses are now sepulchres. A village carnival-ball, close to the church, which had been prolonging its innocent merriment till daybreak, was huddled suddenly into a chasm made by a broken flooring.

Not One of these Dancers Escaped.

The college of the Oblates counts half a dozen victims. Luckily some of the pupils were away for their carnival holiday. Signor Ardizzoni, the Syndic, is hard at work with three doctors and the archpriest Mantica superintending the troops who are hacking away to find the dead, for although there may be some miraculous cases of preservation, the mutilated corpses upon the ambulances tell a dread and despairing tale. Two priests in their shirt-sleeves, their round tonsures, and their knee-breeches, looking strange amid such surroundings, wash the faces of the dead. The Sisters of Charity are, as usual, doing their work noiselessly and practically. A few wailing relations stare hopelessly at the remains of those near and dear to them. They seem dazed and still under the influence of fear. The whole place is a charnel-house, and a bitter comment upon the modern conditions of human life.

Diano Marina is the plague-spot of this beautiful coast, and any details gathered up at Noli, Albissola, and other stations only repeat the same dismal story of

Death, Disaster, and Ruin.

The rain was falling down upon the tents as we went along the latter part of the journey. *Desolation crossed our path everywhere* until we reached Voltri. Here in Genoa there is still a good deal of alarm; but the archbishop issued a reassuring pastoral, which was read in all the churches yesterday, and the vastness of the catastrophe in other places has lessened the fear of the Genoese. But the hotels are empty. Cholera and earthquake shocks have done their work. There must now be in Paris, Brussels, and Vienna over 90,000 people who not many days ago were sunning themselves upon the Promenade des Anglais at Nice or somewhere along the coast."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Drowning Sailor's Cry.—Captain Hatfield said: "Two or three times I have heard the prayer of a dying sailor as the waves were just about to swallow him up. I remember one instance in particular. A sailor had fallen overboard; the wind was high and the water rough; there was no hope of a boat living in such a sea, and though there were many willing and strong hands on board, eager to go to the rescue at all risks, yet all knew any such attempt would only result in further loss of life; and they were obliged to leave their shipmate to die before their eyes. And as the wind whistled through the shrouds it brought down to us the last prayer of that poor fellow. Oh what anguish there seemed to be in his words, listening to them in such circumstances: 'Lord, have mercy on my soul.' Such prayers are from the heart, and are more truly prayers than eloquent and finely-phrased orations which proceed from the mouth only!"

The Secret of Mr. Moody's Success.—The same speaker observed: "I remember just such another night as this, when Mr. Moody said: 'I remember when I got the first baptism of the Holy Spirit. In my congregation, on the first bench, I noticed two ladies who came most regularly, and seemed to be engaged in constant prayer while I preached. And as I looked down upon them from the pulpit, it encouraged me very much to think that I had two such helpers. One day I went up to them, and said, "I am very grateful to you; you don't know how much your prayers for these people have encouraged me in my labors." "We are not praying for the people," they replied, "but for *you*. If the Lord bless you with His Holy Spirit, then there is no fear for the people." I went home thinking deeply, and then determined to have that power, if it were possible; and God, in His grace, was pleased so to bless me.' And see what the Lord has done through Mr. Moody—tens of thousands of souls have been brought to the Lord through him."

A Suicide Prevented.—The Same Friend Remarked: "I knew a mechanic, who, when employed could earn good wages, but for some time he had been unemployed. The little money he had saved was all gone. One by one articles of furniture and superfluous clothing had been parted with, that he and his family might have bread; and now they were in despair, in misery, knowing not where their next meal would come from. The man began to question if, after all, there were a God, because he had prayed constantly for daily bread, and it seemed to be so tardily measured out. As he walked along the streets thoughts of self-destruction arose in his mind. Presently he came to a stand where the daily papers were exposed for sale. Mechanically he stopped and glanced down the 'situations vacant' columns; and there he saw an opening for a man of his trade. To note the address to which to apply, and set off thither, was but the work of a moment. Arriving there, he stated his business, his former employers, and references. The proprietor said, 'Why, you are the very man we want; could you come in on Monday?' The man gladly replied that he could, and arrangements were then made for his entering upon his duties. Joyfully the man turned his footsteps homeward; no more dismal suicidal thoughts filled his mind. On the prospect of renewed employment, provisions were procured, the fire was kindled, and they were again happy. Yes, he had faith in his employer's promise, that on the following Saturday he would receive payment for work done. Now, if people would have the same faith in God as that man had in his employer, how much happier they would be."

Startling the Gamblers.—The same Gentle man said: "In a gambling club, the gamesters as they lounged about their luxuriantly furnished rooms, thought they would have some amusement at the expense of religion. It was a thing which they all affected to despise, and which they thought it quite safe to ridicule. So they called a negro, one of the servants of the place, and asked him to preach them a sermon. For some time the negro refused, then apparently yielding to their commands, he began, and in a clear ringing voice, said, 'I speak the truth and lie not, except ye repent and believe, ye shall be all damned.' The men were as if electrified. The Word of God thus spoken proved to be quick and powerful to convict, and struck home to the hearts of these sceptics. They had had enough of mimicking religion. The gamblers suddenly dispersed, and many wended their homeward way with very different thoughts from those which they had had for many a day. If not actually converted, they were certainly very considerably solemnized."

Lost on a Highland Moor.—A Friend Remarked: "When I was a boy I was once in the north of Scotland, and in walking across the moors I lost my way. The greater part of the afternoon I wandered hither and thither, vainly trying to find the path, until night was fast coming on, and I had the prospect of being alone on the moors all night. Shortly after it was fairly dark, I saw in the distance a moving light, and as it drew near, I saw it was a gamekeeper accompanied by his dog. Now I was never fond of dogs, and a dog at night was my special fear. But summoning up my courage, I approached the keeper, and asked him to show me the way home. He said it would be no use telling me, and then leaving me to go alone in the dark, and he had no time to go back with me; but I might take his lantern if I liked, as he knew the way blindfolded, and then, by the aid of his directions I should be able to get safely home. Similarly we poor sinners were all lost in the wild moorlands of sin, but the Lord Jesus found us, and set us on the way to our home in heaven, giving us the lamp of His Word to be a light unto our path."

Afraid of the Darkness.—An Evangelistic worker related the following experience: "I was one night going along a dark street in Glasgow, when I came across a little boy sitting cowering at the corner of a big dark entry. I went up to him and said, 'Well, my little man, what's wrong with you that you sit there?' 'Please, sir, I want tae gang hame.' 'Why, then, do you not run off at once?' 'Please, sir, I'm feart.' 'Where do you live?' I asked. 'Up that close, sir, and it's awfa dark. I'm feart tae gae up.' 'And would you not be afraid if I were to go with you? I might thrash you or hurt you. It is quite dark, and no one would see me.' 'Oh, sir,' he said, 'I wid'na be feart for you.' 'So you know me. Do you go to any of the meetings about here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And have you never read the twenty-third Psalm?' 'Yes, sir, I know it.' 'And does it not say, "Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill, For Thou art with me, and Thy rod and staff me comfort still," and yet you are afraid to go?' 'No, sir,' he cried, 'I am no feart now;' and off he scampered, leaving me standing at the entrance of the long dark close."

A BROAD GOSPEL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 27, 1887, at Des Moines, Iowa.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—Gen. 7 : 1.

Geological Proofs of the Deluge—The Refuge in the Catastrophe—The Great Eastern of Olden Times—A Great Storm Coming—A Refuge Provided—The Open Door of the Gospel—A Large Entrance—Rowland Hill's Expectation—A Door Swinging Both Ways—Has Fastenings—Good Against Financial Trouble—Domestic and Social Troubles—Men Put Off Going In—Some Restrained by Derision—The Family Invited—How to Get Them In—Eloquent Statistics—The Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral—An Offer to a Poor Man Rejected—The One Step Inside.

We do not need the Bible to prove the deluge. The geologist's hammer announces it. Sea-shells and marine formations on the top of some of the highest mountains of the earth Drove that at some time the waters washed over the top of the Alps and the Andes. In what way the catastrophe came, we know not: whether by the stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the axe between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe, God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three Cunard steamers. It was

The Great Eastern of Olden Time.

The ship is done. The door is open. The lizards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embark on the strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills, and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of the lightnings, that look down into the waters, and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains. How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain plash upon the upturned faces of those who are

Watching the Tempest.

Crash! go the rocks in convulsion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabitants of the earth, instead of fleeing to house-top and mountain-top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces, and lets the ocean slip its cable, there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf; while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race, and the carcases of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist. When, on the twentieth of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast, you prophecy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that

A Storm is Coming,

compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or come down the roof? No; they went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through

Christ the Door.

The entrance to the ark of old must have been *a very large entrance.* We know that it was, from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages; and, in order to get them into the ark two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two by two, but by hundreds, and by thousands, and by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide-open side,

The Heart Side

—that we enter. Aha! the Roman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Saviour's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in. Oh what a broad Gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues one or two hundred invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God our Father makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and, with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries: "Come, for all things are now ready." It is

A Wide Door!

The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for the door-posts, so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, our King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven. *Rowland Hill said* that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the Gospel in Surrey Chapel, going up toward heaven, the gate-keeper cried: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in." The dying thief went in. Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho, every one!—all conditions, all ranks, all people.

Luther said that this truth was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem; but I think it worth carrying all around the globe, and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

Further: It is a door that

Swings Both Ways.

I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted, or rolled on hinges; but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in toward the raptures of heaven. It swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering ones come out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

> "One army of the living God,
> At His command we bow;
> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now."

Swing in, Oh blessed door, until all the earth shall go in and live! Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

But, further, it is

A Door With Fastenings.

The Bible says of Noah: "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Without those doors were fastened, the first heavy surge of the sea would have whelmed them; and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness; but once in the ark, all is well. "God shut him in." There comes upon the good man

A Deluge of Financial Trouble.

He had his thousands to lend; now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York, and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. He owned four horses, and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage, and curricle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore and aft, and across the hurricane deck, the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in."

A flood of domestic troubles fell on him. Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted. The winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The fountains of joy are buried fifteen cubits deep. But, standing by the empty crib, and in the desolated nursery, and in the doleful hall, once a-ring with merry voices, now silent forever, he cried: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in." All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sabbaths, the outrageous profanities, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoon, raving like a euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sins sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive-branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only pushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in."

The same door-fastenings that kept Noah in keep the world out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly

Troubles are Done With

him. Here he may have had it hard to get bread for his family; there he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent-day never comes. Here there are death-beds and coffins and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. The perplexities of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord—"the Lord shut him in." Oh what

A Grand Old Door!

so wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back the bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk and broken helm and unfastened door; but an ark fifty cubits wide, and three hundred cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the posts, might be bowled in.

Now, if the ark of Christ is so grand a place in which to live and die and triumph, come into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut the world out; and though, when the pitiless storm came pelting on their heads, they beat upon the door, saying: "Let me in! let me in!" the door did not open. For one hundred and twenty years they were invited. They expected to come in; but the antediluvians said: "We must cultivate these fields; we must be worth more flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; we will wait until we get a little older; we will enjoy our old farm a little longer." But meanwhile the storm was brewing. The fountains of heaven were filling up. The pry was being placed beneath the foundations of the great

deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. In an awful dash, an ocean dropped from the sky, and another rolled up from beneath; and God rolled the earth and sky into one wave of universal destruction. So

Men Put Off Going

into the ark. They say they will wait twenty years first. They will have a little longer time with their worldly associates. They will wait until they get older. They say: "You cannot expect a man of my attainments and of my position to surrender myself just now. But before the storm comes, I will go in. Yes, I will. I know what I am about. Trust me." After awhile, one night about twelve o'clock, going home, he passes a scaffolding as a gust of wind strikes it, and a plank falls. Dead, and outside the ark! Or, riding in the Park, a reckless vehicle crashes into him, and his horse becomes unmanageable, and he shouts, "Whoa! Whoa!" and takes another twist in the reins, and plants his feet against the dash-board, and pulls back. But no use. It is not so much down the avenue that he flies as on the way to eternity. Out of the wreck of the crash his body is drawn, but his soul is not picked up It fled behind a swifter courser into the great future. Dead! and outside the ark! Or, some night, he wakes up with a distress that momentarily increases, until he shrieks out with pain. The doctors come in, and they give him twenty drops, but no relief; forty drops, fifty drops, sixty drops, but no relief. No time for prayer. No time to read one of the promises. No time to get a single sin pardoned. The whole house is aroused in alarm. The children scream. The wife faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops. The soul flies. Oh, my God, dead, and outside the ark! I have no doubt that

Derision Kept Many Out

of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in, and said: "Here is a man starting for the ark. Why, there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. Aha! going into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, have you heard the news? This man is going into the ark." Under this artillery of scorn the man's good resolution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks himself: "What would they say at the store to-morrow morning if I should become a Christian? When I go down to the club-house they would shout: 'Here comes that new Christian. Suppose you will not have anything to do with us now. Suppose you are praying now. Get down on your knees and let us hear you pray. Come, now, give us a touch. Will not do it, eh? Pretty Christian you are.'" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity, will they bail you out?

My friends and neighbors, come in right away.

Come In

through Christ, the wide door—the door that swings out toward you. Come in, and be saved. Come and be happy. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Room in the ark! Room in the ark!

But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family. "Come thou and all thy house." That means your wife and your children. You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark, he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The cross was lifted, not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." As the sun draws up the drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Be sure that you

Bring Your Husband

or wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship "outward-bound" for heaven, but your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage-ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring stayed on. The twain stood alone above a child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes; but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came, and the hand did many a hard day's work; but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the iron clang of the sepulchre-gate crush it forever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh, by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark!

Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your bedroom. Better live in the smallest house in Brooklyn and get into heaven, than live fifty years in the finest house on Madison Square, and wake up at last and find that one of you, for all eternity, is outside the ark Go home to-night; lock the door of your room; take up the Bible and read it together, and then kneel down and commend your souls to Him who has watched you all these years; and, before you rise, there will be a fluttering of wings over your head, angel crying to angel: "Behold, they pray!" But this does not include all your family.

Bring the Children,

too. God bless the dear children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or flute ever have such music as there is in a child's "good-night?" From our coarse, rough life, the angels of God are often driven back; but who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around? They who die in infancy go into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity. "Oh!" you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education, and I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety! no pardon! no hope! no heaven!

How to Get Them In?

Go in yourself. If Noah had stayed out, do you not suppose that his sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, would have stayed out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject Him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of pious parents, two thirds of the children were Christians. In the families where the parents were ungodly, only one twelfth of the children were Christians. Responsible as you are for their temporal existence, you are also responsible for their eternity. Which way will you take them? out into the deluge, or into the ark? Have you ever made one earnest prayer for their immortal souls? What will you say in the judgment, when God asks: "Where is George, or Henry, or Frank, or Mary, or Anna? Where are those precious souls whose interests I committed into your hands?"

A dying son said to his father: "Father, you gave me an education and good manners and everything that the world could do for me; but, father, you never told me how to die, and now my soul is going out in the darkness."

Go home and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind. God will take what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark. Is there one son whom you have given up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counselling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give you up? While you have a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. He may even now be standing on the beach at Hong Kong or Madras, meditating a return to his father's house. Give him up? Never give him up. Has God promised to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late.

In St. Paul's, London, there is

A Whispering-Gallery.

A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So, every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering-gallery. Go into the ark—not to sit down, but to stand in the door, and call until all the family come in. Aged Noah, where is Japheth? David, where is Absalom? Hannah, where is Samuel? Bring them in through Christ the door. Would it not be pleasant to spend eternity with our families? Gladder than Christmas or Thanksgiving festival will be the reunion, if we get all our family into the ark. Which of them can we spare out of heaven? On one of the late steamers there were

A Father and Two Daughters

journeying. They seemed extremely poor. A benevolent gentleman stepped up to the poor man to proffer some form of relief, and said: "You seem to be very poor, sir." "Poor, sir," replied the man, "if there's a poorer man than me a-troubling the world, God pity both of us!" "I will take one of your children, and adopt it, if you say so. I think it would be a great relief to you." "A what?" said the poor man. "A relief." "Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped off from the body, or the heart torn from the breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us! What do you mean, sir?"

However many children we may have, we have none to give up. Which, of our families, can we afford to spare out of heaven? Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come, daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, swings out to admit us; and it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

And there may the Lord shut us in.

Volume IX. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1883, 1884, and 1885 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

A Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference, at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers; Seventy-five cents bound in cloth.

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EVENTS OF THE FINAL THIRTEEN YEARS OF THIS AGE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

A DECISIVELY crucial test will soon be applied by the onward march of Time to the interpretation of Biblical prophetic dates advanced in Matthew Henry's Commentary nearly 200 years ago, and maintained by others as well, that the End of this Age and personal descent of Christ upon this earth to commence His millennial reign over the nations for 1,000 years, will be about the End of this Nineteenth Century (Rev. 20). For Daniel specifically predicts certain

Extraordinary Events to Occur

during the penultimate semi-duodecennial period of half a dozen years, *between six and twelve years* before the End of this Age; and which therefore will occur between **1888–9** and **1894–5**, if the End is to be in A.D. 1900–1.

Examining retrogressively the events which that Prophet predicts, we find in Daniel 8 : 14, 12 : 11, 12, that the daily sacrifice is to be recommenced in a rebuilt

Temple at Jerusalem

2,345 literal days, *i.e.*, about 6 years and 8 months before the End, that is to say, about **1894** if the end is to be in 1900–1. Then according to Daniel 9 : 27 a seven years' covenant must be made between the Personal Antichrist and the Jews about seven years before the End or Consummation, and therefore about **1893–4** if the End is in 1900–1. If so, the three years and a half of final Great Tribulation and Antichrist's Persecution, which constitute the latter half of that week of seven years, will, of course, commence toward the close of **1897**.

Further, according to Daniel 7 : 20–24, 11 : 21,

This Personal Antichrist

is first to rise in the neighborhood of Turkey as a *Little Horn*, *i.e.*, as a Monarch over a *little* kingdom in comparison with the larger Ten-Horn kingdoms, and is quickly to grow powerful and become King of Syria about the time he makes the covenant with the Jews. He should therefore rise as a *Little Monarch* not later than about **1891**, as it will take at least a year or two or possibly even longer for him to make sufficient progress in "waxing great," as he is predicted to do in Daniel 8 : 9, 10, so that it will become worth while for the Jews to enter into a covenant with him about **1893–4** to secure his protection. This Personal Antichrist or Little Horn must be A NAPOLEON according to Revelation 9 : 11 and 13 : 18, for

"His Name

is in the Greek tongue *Apollyon*," and "the number of his name is 666," which is the sum total of the value of its letters in Greek in the dative inscriptive form—thus, ν 50, α 1, π 80, ο 70, λ 30, ε 5, ο 70, ν 50, τ 300, ι 10, added together amount to 666. The present Head of the Napoleon dynasty—Prince Jerome Napoleon—seems the most likely of any of the Bonapartes to become this Man of Prophecy.

But still further, according to Daniel 7 : 24, the rise of this Napoleonic Little Horn as a reigning Monarch over a little kingdom (which we have shown to be not later than about **1891** if the End is in 1900–1), is not to occur until AFTER the Tenkingdomed Confederacy shall first be formed; and as it will probably not occur sooner than several months after the formation of that Confederacy, we can scarcely expect the Confederacy to be formed later than about **1890–1**.

Now *the tremendous European*

Wars and Revolutions

inevitably requisite to change the existing *twenty-three* kingdoms into the above-mentioned TEN kingdoms, and then moreover to form those TEN into a permanent standing offensive and defensive Allied Confederacy against Germany and Russia (which are outside the Roman Empire ten kingdoms), must surely occupy at least *three years*, and if so, must commence by 1887 or 1888, because from thence three years would reach to 1890 or 1891, by which time at the latest the European wars should be terminated by the full development of the Tenkingdomed Confederacy—at least if the End is to be in 1900 or 1901. Assuming this to be so, the chronological adjustment of events will be as follows:

1887–8 to 1890–1	Three years from 1887 or 1888 to 1890 or 1891 seem little enough time for the great European wars which are to end in the peaceful settlement of Daniel's Tenkingdomed Confederacy in 1890 or 1891.
1891	Napoleon should arise not later than about 1891 as the Little Horn or King in or near Syria, after the Ten Horns have arisen. Dan. 7 : 24.
1893-4	Napoleon's Seven-years' Covenant with many Jews seven years and 75 days before the End, should be about **1893** or **1894**. Dan. 9 : 27.
1894	Renewal of daily sacrifices in a rebuilt Jewish temple about 1894, 8⅓ months after the Covenant, and 2,345 literal days before the End.
1895-6	Translation to heaven of 144,000 living Christians at Christ's Advent in the air, two years and 1 to 3 weeks after the Covenant.
1897	Commencement of final 3½ years' Great Tribulation and universal Persecution of Christians by Napoleon, who then becomes Antichrist.
1900–1	Destruction of Antichrist and the wicked at Christ's descent on Mt. Olivet at the battle of Armageddon. Christ then reigns from heaven during the millennial 1,000 years over the nations of this earth.

The movable Jewish month *Nisan* (which extends from March 31 to April 27 in 1900, and from March 21 to April 17 in 1901), has some probability attaching to it as

The Month of the End.

because the 2,345 years, as shown further on, appear to have commenced in Nisan B.C. 444–5 (Nehemiah 2 : 1) and therefore may be expected to end about Nisan **1901**—the more so as the 483 years, which were foreshown in Daniel 9 : 25 to commence also in Nisan B.C. 444–5, did end in the month *Nisan* with Messiah's public entry, as a Prince, into Jerusalem, and His being "*cut off*" a few days later. Some Scripture periods, such as the 430 years in Exodus 12 : 41, have been fulfilled to the very day. Of course the Seven-years' Covenant which has to be made seven years and 75 days before the End, may be expected to be made sometime between January 7 and February 3 in **1894** if the End is to be in Nisan 1901. And in such case, the First Translation taking place two years and one to three weeks after the date of the Covenant, may be expected sometime between January 14 and February 24 in **1896**.* Nevertheless, the precise week or month of this event cannot be known for certain until the date of the Covenant shall be ascertained by its actual confirmation between the Jews and the Coming Napoleon.

In the present month of March, 1887,

Europe Slumbers

in a condition of unbroken international peace. Bismarck has obtained a newly-elected Reichstag, which has just granted the Septennate measure for German military armaments, the obtaining of which was represented as necessary for the maintenance of peace between Germany and France. It naturally seems hazardous to predict that France must soon regain all the Rhine provinces by a victorious war against Germany, and that France must also organize all the countries of Cæsar's original Roman Empire into a Tenkingdomed Confederacy as early as 1890 or 1891. Yet this is what Daniel's prophecies appear to declare; for they show (as explained further on) that the End of this Age will be about A.D. 1900–1; and they also show that not later than about ten years before the End—*i.e.*, about 1890–1, the Tenhorned Wild Beast, in other words, the Tenkingdomed Confederacy, will be fully formed (Daniel 7 : 24).

The Ten Kingdoms

confederated together—prefigured by the Ten-horned Wild Beast, and Ten-toed image of a man (Daniel 2 : 31; 7 : 24), will be: **1—Britain**, legislatively separated from Ireland, India, and its other colonies and territories, which never belonged to Cæsar's Roman Empire. **2—France**, extended to the Rhine (by a future war with Germany), so as to annex to itself several Kingdoms or States—viz.: Belgium, Luxemburg, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and part of Bavaria. **3—Spain with Portugal. 4—Italy. 5—Austria**, losing Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, and Eastern Hungary. **6—Greece**, with Thessaly and Macedonia added to it. **7—Egypt. 8—Syria**, separated from Turkey. **9—Thracian Turkey. 10—Bulgaria, Roumania, part of Servia, and Eastern Hungary**) Slavonic States) united together.

As indicated in the Parable of the Virgins,

A Profound Sensation

and conviction of the nearness of the Advent of Christ and widespread excitement will be produced in the minds of many Christian people by the appearance of this Tenkingdomed Confederacy and the European wars that will have caused it. And this agitation will extend and deepen for about five years until the Second Advent takes place, and will be accompanied by a preaching of the Midnight Cry, Behold the Bridegroom cometh, which will wax louder and louder so as to cause **ALL** Christians—*foolish* as well as *wise*—in some sense to **ARISE** from their present slumber, according to Matthew 25 : 6, 7, *before* the Bridegroom comes. This stupendous religious agitation will also be the fulfilment of the *Travail* of the Sunclothed Woman *before* her Manchild (the company of 144,000 Wise Virgins) is caught up to heaven at Christ's Advent in Revelation 12 : 5. (See also Rev. 14 : 1–5; 1 Thess. 4 : 17.)

Hence *we have not to wait until* A.D. 1900–1 before

We can Know for Certain

whether that is to be the epoch of the End of this Age. But we can know as early as 1887–8, that unless by that period great European wars and revolutions measurably tending toward the formation of the tenkingdomed confederacy shall have commenced, there will be considerable reason to believe that the End of this Age must be later than 1900–1 in order to give time enough for all the predestined events (which, as above-mentioned, must occupy at least 12 or 13 years) to accomplish their march in stately array and solemn procession in Indian file upon the stage of action before the End.

The Second Coming of Christ

"in the air" (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17; Rev. 12 : 5; 14 : 1–6) to raise from their graves deceased saints and remove them to heaven together with 144,000 living translated Christians, will take place in its FIRST STAGE in about two years and one to three weeks after the Seven Years' Covenant is made between the coming Napoleon and the Jews. (And this covenant can scarcely be made earlier than three years after the Tenkingdomed Confederacy is formed.) Then there will be a great revival of religion and preaching of the Gospel on the earth for nearly a year (Rev. 14 : 6; 6 : 3); and subsequently the THREE YEARS AND A HALF of the Great Tribulation and Infidel Persecution will run its course, during which the earth will be like a Pandemonium, an Aceldama, a Golgotha, or field of blood (Daniel 7 : 25; 12 : 7; Revelation 11 : 2, 3; 12 : 6, 14; 13 : 5). Our Saviour Himself thus describes it: "Then shall be great Tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world—no, nor never shall be; and except those days should be shortened no flesh should be saved. And immediately after that Tribulation they shall see the Son of Man coming

* A Clergyman of Trinity College, Dublin, has published at Herbert's, Dublin, a pamphlet maintaining the view that 1890 will probably be the year of the Translation of Christians at Christ's Coming, as a Bridegroom, because in the Greek alphabet *Alpha* stands for 1 and *Omega* for 800, and he holds that a hidden intimation was conveyed in the opening words of Christ's salutation in A.D. 96 to the Apostle John in delivering to him the Revelation concerning His Second Coming, "*I am Alpha and Omega*," thereby secretly signifying that 1800 years would elapse from A.D. 96 until His Second Coming (Rev. 1 : 8). In Greek 1800 would be represented by α ω (*Alpha, Omega*).

in the clouds of heaven, and He shall send His angels and gather together His elect from the four winds." (Matt. 24 : 21, 31.). At this SECOND STAGE of Christ's Second Coming all the Christians remaining on the ea th will be translated to heaven. He will descend on Mount Olivet and Jerusalem and destroy Napoleon and convert the few Jews and Gentiles remaining on the earth and personally reign over them and their descendants during the subsequent Millennium of 1,000 years. (Revelation 19 and 20 ; Zech. 14 ; Daniel 7.)

REV. DR. FULTON'S CRUSADE AGAINST POPERY.

THE Rev. Justin D. Fulton mapped out his plan of campaign against the Roman Catholic Church on Sunday, March 20th, in bidding good-by to his Adelphi Street congregation, Brooklyn.

"Romanism," he said, "is popular in the United States and in Great Britain. We cannot close our eyes to its ascendancy in society and its influence with the press. Plainly, it has the inside track of other religions and all religions. In England Gladstone is wonderfully popular. Why? Because he is a co-worker with the Catholics and the servant of the Pope. That statesman has done more to betray Protestantism in the last thirty years than any other living man. I tell you that to-day in Rome we find Paganism revived in the constitution and the power of the Catholic Church. Its influence for good and ill extends to the remotest corners of the earth. The Pope is the Emperor and the College of Cardinals the Senate of the new Pagan domination. Zeus or Jupiter in the old mythology was the source of life, and the Pope to-day is regarded as the lord of the human heart and the arbiter between man and heaven. He is the infallible sovereign of 250,000,000 of people, 7,000,000 of whom acknowledge his supremacy in the United States. Do what we can, the shadow of Romanism steals into the churches of Jesus Christ and makes cowards of us all.

"Cardinal Manning has declared that the British Government is the great barrier confronting the Church of Romanism in its onward march. The Queen's supremacy, he says, is the essence of heresy. England is the last stronghold of Protestant power. To break the imperial will of the English race is the nineteenth century ambition of Rome. That ambition is behind the fierce fight for Home Rule in Ireland. Gladstone and Manning have joined forces in the interest of Rome. Every Romanist prays for the dismemberment of the British Empire, and to that end a Continental war is desired at Rome. Now it is your duty and mine as part and parcel of the English race to preach Christ everywhere and at all times. We Protestants are stronger than the Catholics, but we are not so splendidly disciplined. Still, we can turn the tide of Romanism if we show a united front.

"I hold that Romanism has no rights in this country except to be converted. History has shown it to be the foe of liberty and it is a menace to our own institutions. I thank God there is one Christian minister in this city not afraid to stand up and fight the power of Rome. I am that man. Bismarck surrendered something when he courted the Pope's help in the German elections. The Presidential candidate who cringes for the Catholic vote is not worthy the confidence of the American people. I have one great sorrow in leaving Brooklyn," said the reverend gentleman in conclusion, "and that is, that I must say farewell to a church where the word of Christ could be heard and taught without fear or a consideration of policy."

A collection was taken up to defray the expenses of Mr. Fulton's new campaign. Dr. Fulton, in the rôle of an evangelist, will deliver his first philippic against Romanism in the Masonic Temple, Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, on Sunday, April 3d. In the evening he will preach in the Rev. Dr. Armitage's church, and on April 10th in Rev. H. M. Pogson's Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. Professor A. D. Maxham, the revivalist singer, will be heard at Dr. Fulton's meetings. Every Sunday evening for some months Dr. Fulton will occupy the pulpits of Baptist ministers in New York, and denounce the insidious growth of the Papal influence.

A PRINCE IN A KITCHEN.

A SCION of royalty was in domestic service in San Francisco recently. The *Examiner* of that city states that some time ago an old and wealthy family there, engaged the services of a handsome Japanese young man, whose duties consisted in washing windows and polishing things up generally. He was always diligent at his work and never forgot his position as a domestic. He was called "Sol" by the family. He went away of his own accord, having laid by about $400 of his scanty earnings. Nothing more was heard or thought of him until recently. one of the daughters of the family, while travelling in Europe, attended a court ball in Berlin, and, to her amazement, there was Sol, blooming in the regimentals of the German Empire. The young lady was introduced to him by the master of the ceremonies as Lieutenant Karo Yatami. He was a nephew of the Mikado of Japan, and his appointment in the German army was due to the fact that his uncle, the Mikado, having determined to adopt the German military system had asked the Government to give his nephew a post that he might thoroughly learn the details. There could be no doubt about the genuineness of his royal connection as he held unimpeachable credentials. The young lady accosted him as "Sol" and asked him why he had accepted the menial position in their family. He said that he was rich, but he thought he could best serve his country by beginning just where he did, and gradually becoming acquainted with matters on the American side of the world. Evidently the young man loves his country. He has given practical proof of it by voluntarily humiliating himself to learn how to serve her efficiently. As we admire his patriotism we remember Him who "took upon Him the form of a servant" that He might redeem a lost world (Phil. 2 : 6–8).

THE FIRST MOORISH CONVERT.

AFTER long waiting and many years of toil, news comes from Morocco that a young Moor of noble family, a devout Mohammedan has abjured Islam and become a Christian. This step is not like the same step in Christian lands. It involves peril to life. The young convert may be killed with impunity, and so bitter are his own family that they are more likely than any one else to take his life. Recollecting that fact there is no reason to doubt that this conversion is genuine. The intelligence is thus reported by the Rev. E. F. Baldwin, who has long labored in Morocco. He says :

I first saw El Hasam last May, when on a journey in the mountains between here and Tetuan. He came to my tent one evening from the caravansary, where he was stopping for the night, that he might make my acquaintance. I was at once impressed with the pleasing countenance and bearing of this young Moorish gentleman. I found him remarkably intelligent and well educated for Morocco, and a devoted Moslem. I afterward learned that he was of one of the "best families" in Morocco, tracing their ancestry back to the time when, centuries ago, their home and possessions were in Andalusia, Spain. Some of his relatives are in high official position.

This acquaintance, thus begun in May, was renewed in June, when he came to Tangier at my desire, and was daily at the mission-house, occupied with Arabic literary work for us. Before meeting me he had never seen the Word of God, and when shown it he esteemed it lightly. But after a little time it began to assert its blessed mastery over his spirit, and he read it with delight. After being with us only three weeks a conviction of the truth of the Bible, and an uneasiness as to the reality of the religion of his fathers, appeared. He began saying if he read on, and stayed with us, he might have to become a Christian. But this was perhaps intellectual and not heart exercise. On going home to arrange for the education of my children, I left him translating book after book of the Old and New Testaments from Eastern Arabic into that of Morocco. God's blessed Word did its own sweet work. Miss Tulloch daily helped and guided him. Imagine her joy one morning on his coming to her with great eagerness and telling her of his having received forgiveness of sins the night before. He had been reading and pondering the First Epistle of John as he translated it on the preceding day.

That night, as he was reading it, he said a great light from God seemed to break into his soul, which he confessed had been very dark and hard. He went on to describe how it seemed to him that the Lord Jesus came near to him, and he said to Him, "Here, Lord Jesus, take my heart." He said he then lay still and wept upon his bed, and knew that he had received a new heart and had his sins forgiven.

A GRANDFATHER'S ANGER SUNG AWAY.

AN interesting incident related by Miss E Roderick, who is laboring in the Zenanas of India, is quoted in the annual report of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. She says : "One day as I was teaching my pupil in a house lately opened to me, the old grandfather came in, scolding and grumbling. 'No use in girls learning. The neighbors are raising the objection that it will compromise respectability if the girls learned of a lady ;' but one of the women requested me to sing, and was so earnest that I complied, expecting that the old man's prejudice would increase at the Christian words of the hymn. I had not sung many verses before the old grandfather was attentive and appreciative, and his comments were very different from what I had anticipated. He said to me, 'Lady, your words are true and good.' You can imagine how thankful I was, for I have continued my visits without further objections, and have since gained access to two new houses in the same neighborhood. We missionaries are on the winning side, though we may not always see it at the moment."

A CHINESE GOVERNOR'S WARNING.

THE respective governors of the various provinces of China are emphasizing the Emperor's decree, forbidding persecution of Christians, in communicating it to the public. The following is the proclamation issued by the governor of Cheh-Kiang, as reported in the *Spirit of Missions*. The governor, after reciting the Imperial decree, adds : "In respectful furtherance, therefore, of the benevolent intentions of the State, I feel it incumbent on me to put the matter plainly. Know, therefore, all men of whatsoever sort or condition, that *the sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right ;* those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, and both sides should, therefore, continue to live in peace, and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." The governor's proclamation then specifically orders the local courts to investigate impartially cases coming before them, having regard only to their merits, and not at all to the religion of the litigants. Decisions, also, must be given promptly, "thus neither party shall inflict injury on the other, each shall pursue in peace and quietude its various callings, and the desire of the State to include in its kindly benevolence the men from afar equally with its own people shall not, I trust, be frustrated." Having thus reasoned gently with his people, and appealed to their own sense of what is right, he concludes with threats of the direful consequences to those who disregard his injunctions. "From the date of this proclamation any lawless vagabonds who make trouble to stir up strife without a cause, shall be punished with the utmost rigor of the law, no mercy will be shown, so beware!"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Names of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners were made public on March 23d. The selections give general satisfaction in business circles. Republican journals agree with Democratic journals in saying that the President has chosen wisely, and with an evident desire that the new law shall be executed with intelligence and fidelity. The chief place and the longest term on the Commission is given to Judge Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, who is appointed for six years. He is an able jurist, and an acknowledged authority on corporation law. The other Republican on the Commission is Colonel Aldace F. Walker, of Vermont, whose familiarity with all railroad questions, and his legal knowledge, will render him a most useful member of the Commission. The three Democratic Commissioners are Mr. William R. Morrison, of Illinois; Mr. Augustus Schoonmaker, of New York, and Mr. Walter L. Bragg, of Alabama. As Colonel Morrison is not a member of the Fiftieth Congress, the country loses nothing, and may gain much by his appointment. Mr. Schoonmaker having been a close friend of Mr. Tilden, and an effective agent in carrying out Mr. Tilden's great work of purifying the administration of New York State after the Tweed scandal, he commands the confidence of the Empire State. Colonel Bragg has made a record as President of the Alabama Railroad Commission, which proves him to possess the courage and firmness which, in his new office, are indispensable qualifications for efficiency. It is clear that the new law will have an opportunity of showing whether it is as beneficial in its effects as its advocates claimed.

The Appointment of a Minister to Turkey in succession to Mr. S. S. Cox, was announced on Friday last. The President's selection is Mr. Oscar S. Straus, of New York. He is well and favorably known among business men in the city, and is also respected in political and literary circles. His book on the origin of "Republican Government" is a work displaying much ingenuity and learning. Many magazine articles, also from his pen, have attracted considerable attention. The most significant feature of the appointment, however, is that *Mr. Straus is a Jew*. That he should be the accredited representative of the United States to the Government at present holding sway over Jerusalem is a noteworthy fact, and may lead to important results. Before the appointment was made, the President ascertained that the Sultan would have no objection on the score of religion to receive him, and also that the Christian missionaries in Turkey were willing to accept him as the diplomatic guardian of their interests

Senator Sherman's Reception at Nashville, Tenn., and other places, reflects credit on the people of the South. The magnanimity with which they have passed over the utterances regarding their section, which came from the Senator on frequent occasions during the past few years is very creditable to them. They gave him a cordial reception, and he on his part, assured them that he "had not come to reproach any man for the part he took in that fight, or to revive in the heart of any one the triumphs of victory or the pangs of defeat." He said that while he had no apology to offer, he did not require any. As the Nashville people, to whom these remarks were addressed, on Thursday last, received them complacently, the nation at large may now congratulate itself that the war is over. No man has so tenaciously clung to the war issue in politics as Mr. Sherman. In abjuring it he has done a good thing.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, Thinks he has been misunderstood and that the strictures on his attitude respecting the sale of wine and beer on Sundays are not deserved. He contends that he is acting in the interests of temperance. In an open letter, published last Thursday, he thus refers to the bill introduced at his request in the State Legislature: "This bill does not provide for opening the saloons on Sundays. On the contrary, they will all remain closed, as they now ought to be, but are not, under the terms of the law. But special licenses will be granted to a moderate number of reputable places of entertainment, where beer and light wines may be procured. It will be possible for the police to see to the strict enforcement of the law in those cases, because they will be few in number. Instead, therefore, of enlarging the temptation to indulgence in strong drinks, the proposed law will very largely reduce the opportunities for excess. I advocate it as a measure in the interest of temperance reform and for no other reason." At present none of the men who have been most active in promoting temperance reform have indorsed the Mayor's original idea. They regard it rather as conducive to increased drinking and desecration of the Lord's day.

Practical Results of a Beneficial Character may be expected from the sad railroad calamity near Boston, Mass., on March 14th, a picture of which appeared in this journal last week. The evidence given at the official investigation has prompted the Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners to require that the actual condition of all the other railroad bridges in the State should be disclosed. They have requested the officers of the several roads to send to them at the earliest practicable moment the strain sheets and records of the first and latest tests of all the bridges on their lines, and to state whether any parts of these bridges which are essential to safety are so covered as to be concealed from inspection. This is a wise decision, which should lead the Commissioners in other States to make a similar inquiry.

The Wreck of the Large Steamer Scotia on Fire Island, N. Y., on March 25th, caused much anxiety for a day and a night. She belongs to the Fabre Line, and came from Naples with over eight hundred immigrants on board. A large number of them had started on the Burgundia, and had been transferred to the Scotia when the Burgundia was run into by the war-ship Italia off the Italian coast. It was dark in the early morning of Friday when the Scotia went ashore on Fire Island. Though going at half speed, she struck with such force as to shatter her masts and to remain immovable by the tide. Her signals were seen at the Life-Saving Station, and a rocket line was soon sent over the vessel. It was some time before the crew understood its use, but eventually it was made fast, and operated. By that time the vessel was broadside on, and rocking like a huge cradle. This caused the rope to sway considerably, being at one moment tight, and at another almost in the water. Most of the passengers preferred the risk on the vessel to the journey by the rope. When the wind permitted, boats were sent out, and all the passengers were taken off. A mistake on the part of the captain as to the locality of the harbor light is said to have been the cause of the catastrophe.

A Scientist's Prediction of Coming Earthquakes in America was published on March 24th. Professor McGee, of the Geological Survey, who personally visited Charleston to investigate the earthquake and its causes, has stated that its area extended from Cuba to Canada, and from the Mississippi to the Bermudas, or, even if the most moderate estimate be made for its extent under the ocean, over nearly a million and a quarter square miles. "Few of the reliable recorded earthquakes of other countries," he said, "have affected so great areas as those of New Madrid and Charleston. That of Lisbon was, perhaps, felt over a greater area, but the data are uncertain." He added the prediction that "if, as seems evident, *displacement and earthquakes go together*, then the Eastern United States are in danger, for *displacement is now in progress at a rate so astonishingly rapid* as to occasion surprise that earthquakes are not more frequent, and in curious and unconscious defiance of the inevitable the cities of Pittsburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Washington, Baltimore, Port Deposit, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, and New York have been located on the very line of displacement."

The Pacific Speeches of Leading European statesmen have aroused the suspicion of the public that they protest too much. The financiers, evidently, have no confidence in their statements as the prices of securities are a clear evidence that war is expected at no distant date, though it may be delayed for a few months. Practical observers point to the inconsistency between the words of the statesmen and their actions, which are all of a warlike character. No reduction of armaments has taken place anywhere, and vigorous efforts are being made by the commanders to improve the efficiency of their corps. Prince Bismarck recently made an ominous remark which has been variously explained, but which has on no hypothesis a tranquillizing tone. He said: "We must aim to consolidate the unity of the entire German nation in view of the dangers to which it will be exposed at no distant time." This, with other rumors, leads to the fear that the danger of war has not entirely passed away.

The British Government has Asked the House of Commons to give its undivided and continuous attention to the Irish Coercion bill. A lengthy and vigorous debate ensued in which Mr. Gladstone led the opposition. Consent was eventually given on Friday last by a majority of eighty-nine. The vote was 349 to 260. The majority was smaller than was expected because some ten or twelve members who will vote for coercion disapproved of making it the exclusive business of Parliament at a time when other measures are awaiting consideration.

Emperor William of Germany Celebrated his ninetieth birthday on March 22d with extreme magnificence. The Prince of Wales, representing England, Prince Vladimir, Russia, and Prince Rudolph, Austria, participated in the festivities. A large number of German kings and princes were also present to offer congratulations to the venerable monarch. His first visitors were his two *great-grandsons* who took him an offering of flowers. They and their father, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, received an ovation from the crowd. Berlin was beautifully illuminated and the day was observed as a national holiday. Germans in New York and other American cities also held meetings to celebrate the day.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Two hundred persons are believed to have been converted at one station recently. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York N. Y. Received with thanks: From a Friend, Des Moines, Iowa, $5; A Few Christian Ladies, of Pilot Grove, Minn., $8; Donation by American Express, $3.

The Rev. M. Baxter had Large Meetings Last Sunday in the principal theatre of Richmond, Va., and will preach there again next Sunday. His congregations were very large, on the previous two Sundays, in the Mammoth Hall, North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

Chicago's Dread.—Mayor Harrison Expresses his fear of anarchy and bloodshed in Chicago during the next two years. He said, on March 21st: "I am sixty-two years old. A life of quiet for a few years may give me a happy and vigorous old age. A terrible strain during the next two years may make me a decrepit valetudinarian. I cannot get any more honor in this office. My fear is that we will have some terrible trouble in this city in the next two years, if the Supreme Court gives the anarchists a new trial. I have been successful in being able to quell disturbances hitherto with the police. The future may develop something different. If I should be elected Mayor again I should feel that I would not dare to be away from Chicago where a half day's ride could not bring me home." Mr. Harrison, on Friday, withdrew his name as a candidate for the Mayoralty.

The Power of the Pope is Fully Realized by Prince Bismarck, who is probably the most astute statesman in Europe. In a speech which he made in the Prussian Parliament on March 23d he said: "I regard peace with the Pope as important as peace with any other foreign Power. . . . In 1878 I planned a peace, but I see the helplessness of even an all-powerful Minister. I needed ten years to realize my plan. . . . The Pope and Emperor in the Socialist question have the same interests, and must make common cause to overcome it. I cannot allow myself to break my word to the Pope. At least I shall personally carry out all I promised him. I believe that when the Pope and the King are once again in unity we can pass over the opposition of Herr Windthorst and the Centre." Students of prophecy will see the significance of these words uttered by the Protestant Chancellor of a Protestant empire. As the Rev. M. Baxter has pointed out, prophecy clearly indicates that the Atheistic Antichrist will have the same conviction, and will use the influence of the Pope to assist him in attaining his ambition.

The Last Words Written for the Press by the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher deserve the attention of all parents. At the present time there is a fatal laxity in parental discipline which is bearing terrible fruit. Mr. Beecher was deeply impressed with the fact when he wrote: "Keep your children at home at night. There is many a sod that lies over the child whose downfall began by vagrancy at night, and there is many a child whose heart-breaking parents would give the world if the sod did lie over it. What a state is that for children to come to in which the father and the mother dread their life unspeakably more than their death! What a horrible state of things that is where parents feel a sense of relief in the dying of their children! Then, I say, take care of your children at night."

Thirteen Days of Darkness, Starvation and foul air were passed by two boys who landed at Boston, Mass., on Friday last from the steamship Kansas. They came from Liverpool, England, where they were in great poverty. One of them possessed fourpence and the other was penniless, when they resolved to come to America. They had heard of stowaways and of their being found shortly after leaving port. They expected a like result, but in their ignorance, stowed themselves away in the lower hold of a three-deck ship. Of course, before the vessel left port the hatches were battened down, and the space above them was filled with cargo In blank darkness they lived through the thirteen days of the voyage, the hideous monotony being broken only by delirious struggles with each other in which in their crazed condition they engaged until starvation resulted in unconsciousness. How long they remained insensible no one can tell, but there remained but the feeblest glimmer of life when their emaciated forms were brought to light by the removal of the hatch. They are being carefully treated in hospital, and, if they recover, will be sent back to England. One cannot but feel regret, that after all their suffering, the boys are to be disappointed in attaining their hope of life in America. Perhaps when their story becomes known some benevolent person will help them to come back here. We may hope, too, that Christian people will take an interest in them and tell them of that "better land" in which there are many mansions and in which through Christ they may obtain an inheritance (Acts 26 : 18).

A Young Man was Arrested for Breaking his own picture in Georgia on March 16th. Two gay young men from the North had their photographs taken in a bar-room in the act of taking a drink. The photographer made some extra pictures and displayed them for sale. One of the young gentlemen saw them and went into the artist's shop, got hold of the negative, and broke it. The photographer had him arrested on a charge of malicious mischief and he was convicted. He is a member of a wealthy family in New York City, and now he is as much worried at having stood in a criminal dock as he was at having his picture exposed for sale. In both cases his concern shows a wrong principle. He evidently cares more for his reputation than he does for his character. He, and others like him, should remember that conduct which causes them shame when it is publicly known would have been just as shameful if it had been kept secret. They cannot keep it from the eyes of God who is their Judge (Prov. 5 : 21).

Two Families Pursued by the Raging Missouri narrowly escaped destruction on March 19th at Painted Woods, Dak. Ter. The river, swollen by the snows, rose very rapidly at that point, but the adults of the two families thought that they would have time to pack their household goods before the flood reached them. Their houses were situated on low land, and before they got ready to start the water was within six feet of their doors. They then started, but were compelled to go through low land for a quarter of a mile before they reached the buttes. While they were crossing it, the water reached the top of the ridge and swept over the low land in a torrent, and for over a quarter of a mile the terrified people were pursued by the rushing waters. Before they reached the high land they were overtaken, and for the last four rods were compelled to wade through three feet of water, one of the five children being carried a long distance before it could be rescued. Had their packing occupied them one hour longer their way of escape would have been cut off and property and life both might have been sacrificed. In that way many are losing eternal life. Instead of flying at once for safety to Christ they are concerned about their worldly possessions (Luke 12 : 20).

The Curious Hallucination of a Demented woman in Louisville, Ky., is described in the *Courier Journal*. It states that on March 18th the wife of a respectable citizen was committed to the Lunatic Asylum, a most peculiar delusion having obtained full possession of her rendering her irresponsible for her actions. She insists that her two children, aged respectively eight and six years, have been stolen from her, and others substituted. One night recently she took the little fellows to Central Station and demanded that they be locked up as impostors and her own children found. The astonished officer in charge had her conducted home, where she was detained until brought into court on Friday. She reiterated her statements there, saying that a man came to her bedside one night not long ago, and, after blindfolding her, took two of her children away and left two of his own. There is, of course, no foundation for her story, which is the product of her own disordered mind. Sometimes the children of pious parents are so undutiful that such a story in their case would not seem so unreasonable, but the parents, knowing what their own natures were before their conversion, are not perplexed, but pray that God will regenerate their children too (Eph. 2 : 11–13).

A Lady's Shrill Scream in the Gallery of a church disturbed a congregation in Birmingham, Conn., recently. A local journal says: "The soft strains of the organ in the Episcopal Church were floating on the air last night, when a piercing shriek rang through the building. All eyes were directed to the choir-gallery where they saw a young lady leap from her seat and struggle violently. She continued to contort her body, explaining to her associates that 'there's something on my back.' The organist, a young man of nerve, played through to the end of his music. No one saw anything unusual on her back, but finally, to satisfy her, the organist took off her plush cloak, and there, cosily perched upon her waist, sat a mouse, bright-eyed and paralyzed with terror. In spite of the solemnity of the occasion the organist laughed aloud, and the female members of the choir jumped up on the seats and drew their dresses tightly around them. The mouse escaped." It will be well for that young lady if she were never to have more cause for terror than she had then. But she must encounter more formidable assailants, and she will do well to remember that when he who is the one most to be dreaded—the enemy of souls—assails her, he also will decamp, as did that mouse, if she resists him in the strength promised to all who seek it (James 4 : 7).

BRIEF NOTES.

MRS. CLARA S. WHITNEY will conduct a series of revival meetings in Hoy's Tabernacle, Pennsylvania Avenue, Baltimore, Md., commencing on Sunday next, and continuing every night.

Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, has signed the bill prohibiting railroad traffic in that State on Sundays, between the hours of nine A.M. and three P.M.

The trial of the persons charged with the murder of the Rev. George Haddock, the martyred Prohibitionist, was commenced in the District Court of Sioux City, Iowa, on March 24th.

The Hartford Congregational Club has elected for its President Hon. Yung Wing, an accomplished and highly-educated Chinaman, for some time an honored resident of that city.

Mr. D. L. Moody's meetings in Chicago are now being held in the southern division of the city. In the afternoons at three o'clock he conducts Bible-readings at Bishop Cheney's church. In the evenings he holds meetings in the churches at the stock-yards. All the services have been attended by large numbers of the people.

The workingmen of Chicago are finding out that the desecration of the Lord's day is an injury to themselves. At a large meeting, which they held recently in Central Music Hall, resolutions were adopted demanding the prohibition of labor on the Sabbath, and the better enforcement of Sunday laws. A committee will present the resolutions to the Legislature

Miss Strachan's work among the fallen women in New York City has been much blessed during the past year. At the anniversary meeting on March 18th, it was stated that several hundred women have been led by its instrumentality to abandon a vicious life, and have been provided with employment, and quite as large a number have been restored to their parents. Services are held every night in the rooms of the mission, 105 West Twenty-Seventh Street.

Rev. George C. Needham has commenced a series of services in his brother's church, Rev. W. E. Needham, West Chester, Pa. Mr. Peter Bilhorn accompanies him as a singer. Very large congregations gathered three times to hear the evangelists on Sunday, March 20th. Many are seeking the Lord, and the outlook is very good. Thomas Needham (there are four brothers Needham all preachers) is evangelizing in Dover, Del. Scores have come out and decided for Christ already, and the whole town is stirred.

An extensive and destructive fire occurred at the grounds of the well-known Chautauqua Assembly, situated on Chautauqua Lake, in the northern part of New York State, on the evening of Sunday, March 20th, involving a loss of seventy-five thousand dollars. The south side of Asbury Avenue, Summerfield Avenue, and both sides of Simpson Avenue were swept clear of buildings; and as all were of wood only the chimneys and the half-burned trunks of trees remain of the quarter visited by the fire. Only one of the Assembly buildings was destroyed.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. Any one who sells five hundred copies may thus earn five dollars weekly. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. Address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. **FIVE PRIZES** will be given on June 30th to the canvassers who have sold the largest number of copies each week between this date and that. The two at the head of the list will receive *ten dollars* each and the next three *five dollars* each.

THE PLEADING OF THE LAST MESSENGER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Having yet therefore one son, his well-beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours. And they took him, and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard. What shall therefore the lord of the vineyard do? he will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others."—Mark 12: 6-9.

The Israelites in their Vineyard—The Rent Kept Back—The Messengers Maltreated—Every Man has a Vineyard—The Same Messengers Still—The Last Messenger—I. The Amazing Mission—Disinterested—Conspicuously Glorious—Winning God's Ultimatum—II. The Astounding Crime—Accessories in this Day—Why the Husbandmen Killed Him—Deceived by a Long Immunity from Punishment—Slavery of Those who Live for Themselves—III. The Appropriate Punishment.

Brethren, you know the story of God's dealing with Israel, and Israel's dealing with God. The Lord chose their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; He made them a race separated unto Himself, He brought them out of Egypt from under the iron yoke; He led them through the Red Sea; He fed them for forty years in the wilderness; He led them about and tutored them, even as a man teacheth his son. In due time He brought them into the land which floweth with milk and honey; and He put them under a dispensation eminently gentle and full of tenderness, where as a nation they might enjoy unbroken prosperity, "sitting every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, none making them afraid."

All that He Required

of them was that He should be their God, that they should put no idols in His place, but should obey His statutes. Alas! from the first they copied the nations among whom they dwelt; they set up the gods of Egypt when they were in the wilderness, and in Canaan they went astray after the polluted deities of the nations. They worshipped defiled gods with rites obscene; they even passed their children through the fire to Moloch, and did horrible things which angered the Most High. In His longsuffering He sent to them prophets one after another—prophets who received unworthy treatment at their hands whenever they rebuked their sins. The prophets were derided, persecuted, and even slain with the sword. God in great patience sent them more of His messengers, some of them grandly eloquent, like Esaias and Ezekiel; others of them full of tears, like Jeremiah; or clothed with dignity, like Daniel. They warned the people, and ceased not to plead with them, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear. Cruel treatment awaited many of these servants of the Lord.

Israel rejected the servants that came from the great Householder

Asking for the Rent

of His vineyard. They repudiated the claims of God, and cast off allegiance to Him with contempt and disdain; until at last the nation was led into captivity, and in the end only lingered on the chosen soil as a mere remnant. The Roman yoke was heavy upon the people; their sins had brought them low. God, in His infinite compassion, gave them one more opportunity. He had one Son, His well-beloved Son, and He sent Him to His Israel. Those who had rejected the prophets also rejected the Lord; the fate of the servants was repeated in "the Heir." "Let us kill Him," said they; and they put Him to the death of the cross. You know the story; it is full of infinite mercy on God's part, and of immeasurable guilt on man's part.

What has this to do with us? I am not going to preach this morning merely to rehearse a piece of ancient history which has no bearing on to-day; I do not so regard the death of our Lord. My anxiety is to reach the consciences of living men, and, if possible, to win to the Blessed Heir of all things, who has risen from the dead, some of those who have had a share in His death.

The fact is, that unless changed by grace,

We have All Refused to Pay

to our great God the service which is due to Him. He has put us here and given us this life like a vineyard, for us to cultivate; but many have cultivated that vineyard entirely for themselves—themselves or their families and friends, and not for their God, their Maker. "God is not in all their thoughts." Now, the Lord has sent to such many messengers. We have had no prophets in these days living among us; but we have the Word of God and the record of the testimonies of His inspired messengers, and these virtually speak to us. We have Moses and the prophets; they are speaking to us even now. Besides that, we have been surrounded by men of God, and encompassed by holy women who have appealed to us on God's behalf. They have been urged to speak by the love of their hearts, and they have tried to bring us to repent of past rebellion and to yield ourselves at once to God. Many are the voices around us and within us which persuade to render unto the great Householder His due; but in many cases none of these have been successful. Last of all God has sent to each one of us His Son, that He in His own person may lovingly repeat with greater emphasis the requirements of the Lord of love It is in the person of Jesus Christ that God makes His last and strongest appeal to the human conscience.

Three things I shall speak of this morning, and the first will be *the amazing mission:* "Having yet therefore one son, his well-beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son." Secondly, *the astounding crime:* "They took him and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard." And, therefore, thirdly, *the appropriate punishment,* of which the text says, "What shall therefore the lord of the vineyard do?" What vengeance can be sufficient for so base a deed?

I. First, let us dwell for a few moments upon

The Amazing Mission:

"Having yet therefore one son, his well-beloved, he sent him also." Please remember concerning the Son of God, sent to us to reconcile us to the Father when He comes to us today, comes for no personal ends. When the messengers were sent by the householder, it was to claim the householder's rent; when the heir came, it was for the same purpose. So it is in the human emblem; but in the divine this becomes less conspicuous. When Jesus pleads with us, although He urges us to render unto God our love and our obedience, yet God does not stand in need of these as the householder stood in need of his rents. What is it to the infinite Jehovah whether thou serve Him or not? Thou alone wilt be the gainer or the loser; therefore when Jesus prays thee to repent, believe thou in the disinterestedness of His heart; believe that it can be nothing but the tenderest regard for thy well-being which makes Him warn thee. Hear how Jehovah puts it: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." A messenger after many rejections, a messenger who comes solely out of love to us, ought to have our respectful attention. Let us see

Who this Messenger is.

He is one greatly beloved of His Father, and in Himself He is of surpassing excellence. So majestic and so compassionate, so great, and yet so good; will you refuse Him? If I plead with you, I am but as you are, flesh of your flesh; but if Jesus speaks to you, I beseech you by the glory of His Godhead, as well as by the love which God bears to His Son, to listen to this matchless Messenger of mercy, who would fain persuade thee to repent. He is so glorious that I cannot describe Him, and His graciousness is as conspicuous as His glory. There was never such a one as He. He hid not His face from shame and spitting, nor His body from the shedding of blood, nor His soul from deadly agony; but He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it. It is this lover of souls that becomes God's advocate with us, and pleads with us that we would cease from our rebellion.

Furthermore, His manner is most winning. When I have been pleading for men with God, and I have ceased my pleading, I have feared that something in my tone or in my manner would cause my pleading to fail. I am not, perhaps, so tender as I should be, nor is there sufficient pathos in my tones If I could do better, I would go to any school to learn. God has put me often to the school of suffering to instruct me in this respect; and yet I do confess my failings with deep regret. But when Jesus, my Lord, pleads with you, this charge cannot be laid against Him. His pleading is perfect. Therefore, my hearer, if you see anything about *me* of which you disapprove, censure me if you will; but be all the more attentive to my Lord, about whom there is nothing but what is wooing and melting. God has sent to you His well-beloved Son; I implore you, do not refuse Him.

Remember, once more, that if you do not hear the well-beloved Son of God, you have refused your last hope. He is

God's Ultimatum.

Nothing remains when Christ is refused. No one else can be sent. If Christ be rejected, hope is rejected. Neither would you be converted though one rose from the dead; for Jesus has risen from the dead, and you have refused Him. I should like every person here that is unconverted to recollect that there is no other Gospel, and no more sacrifice for sin. I have heard talk of "a larger hope" than the Gospel sets before us; it is a fable, with nothing in Scripture to warrant it. Rejecting Christ, you have rejected all; you have shut against yourself the one door of hope. Thus this amazing mission is set forth before you, and I pray you, as you love yourselves, do not refuse Him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, how shall they escape who despise Him that speaketh from heaven?

II. I beg your attention while I look to

The Astounding Crime.

It was nothing less than an astounding crime, that when this householder sent his well-beloved son, the husbandmen said one to another, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours. And they took him, and cast him out of the vineyard." "No," says one, "we never killed the Son of God." I will not charge you with having done so *literally;* that were to make myself chargeable with exaggeration. But a man may do virtually what he cannot do actually. If a murder be committed and I approve of it, if my own principles lead up to it, if I feel no indignation against it, but express myself very coolly about it, if there is reason to believe that if I had been there, I should have done the same, then I may be in the sight of God a partaker in the crime. There are many who are guilty of the body and blood of Christ.

All those who persistently deny the deity of Christ, virtually kill Him; for the Son of God is not alive if His Godhead be not in existence. It is essential to the idea of Christ, the heir of all things, that He be God, and to deny His Godhead is to stab at His heart. All those who deny His atonement also slay Him; for the blood of sacrifice is the life of the Christ of God. The very essence of His Christhood, the soul of His character as Jesus, lies in His having been appointed to be a propitiation for sin. No cross no Christ, no atonement no cross. "Well, we have not done that," cry some of you. "We have been no opposers of the deity or sacrifice of Jesus." But let me remind you that if you do not judge Him to be worthy of your most careful thoughts, if you are indifferent to His claims, and refuse to obey His Gospel, you have virtually put Him away. To you it is the same as if there were no Christ.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Is it nothing to you that Jesus should die?"

You have virtually answered "It is nothing." You have set Christ down as nothing compared with the business of daily life, and thus you have virtually slain Him; you have put Him out of existence so far as you are concerned. In the little world of your mind there is

No Living Saviour.

He is dead and buried to you, and the claims of God which He pleads you will not think upon. He who deserves all your thoughts gets none of them. I have still closer work with some of you, who are most assuredly guilty. You were once members of the Church; you came to the communion-table, where they gather who remember His precious body and blood; you used to glory in His name; but you have gone back, you have denied the faith, you have ceased to be followers of the Lamb. Now, these are no words of mine, but inspired words: You have "crucified the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame."

What was the reason why these husbandmen, these dressers of the vineyard, dared thus to treat the heir? The reason is one which presses upon those here present who have rejected Christ. They did it, first, because they had

Enjoyed a Long Immunity

from punishment. They had not been at once punished for their defiance of their lord. They had rejected his messengers without provoking him to war; they had gone on to stone and slay others of his servants, and the householder had not come upon them to overthrow them. The first time they mocked at the messenger they were somewhat afraid; they feared lest soon the sword of the prince whom they had defied would threaten their gates. But as there was no invasion they grew bold. The next messenger they slew, and washed their hands, in presumption, saying, "Nothing will come of it." They grew at last to be very hardened. I know not what they said, but I conceive that certain of them propagated the theory that their lord took no notice of what they did, or that he was too loving to punish them severely. "See!" said they, "he only sends fresh messengers if we kill the old ones; and even if we kill his son

He Will Bear It."

Ungrateful men abuse God's long-suffering to-day as they did of old. They say, "Well, I have refused the Gospel a long time; I have put aside many appeals; but I am not dead, nor struck with blindness, nor smitten down with a stroke. I can go on at least a little longer in safety. I may refuse Christ yet again, for God is merciful." "Certain teachers," say you, "tell us that God is so good, that if we even kill His Son He will take no account of it." You do not put your thoughts into those words; but you are saying as much by your actions. You dare not *say* it, and yet it lurks in your hearts, and works itself out in your deeds. To you this seems a little thing, but horror takes hold of me at the thought of it. Oh, sirs, I will be no partner in your crime. I will not cease to warn you that it must be of all risks the most tremendous. Gracious as He is—and God has proved His grace by sending His Son—yet God is not effeminate nor unjust. If you refuse the mercy which He proffers you, He will deal with you in His justice.

The great reason, however, why these husbandmen determined to kill the heir was this: they said, "Then the inheritance shall be ours." This is what the heart of man vainly desires. It says, "Let us be rid of this troublesome talk of religion, and then we can live for ourselves, and study our own

Pleasure Without Remorse

of conscience. Are we not our own? Who shall be lord over us? If we are rid of this Jesus, we shall not have this claim being always made upon us, that we are God's creatures, and that we ought to live to Him. We do not intend to serve God. We will pay no rent to this Householder. We will be our own proprietors. God shall have nothing from us. This is what you hanker after. But your folly is exceeding great. I grieve as I look into your young face and read the idle dream of your heart. You little know what a tyrant he serves who lives as he lists. May God grant that I may never live as my sinful lusts would make me live! I had rather be a machine and be compelled to do always what is right, than have free will, and with that free will give myself up to do that which is wrong.

Self lies at the bottom of all rejection of Christ—"Let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." Ah, my hearer! it will not be yours; and if it were yours for a little while, and you could do just as you pleased with it, yet remember that the inheritance which is so gained will soon pass away, and you yourself will soon have to stand before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good, or whether they be bad. And what will *you* do who have slain your Saviour? What will you do in that day, who have lived and died unsaved?

III. I must close with that third head, which is so dreadful to me:

The Appropriate Punishment.

Here I must interject a terrible passage, which it burdens me to deliver. At this present moment I am afraid that this parable is being written out again in the history of the Church of God. God has put into His vineyard, or allowed to come into His vineyard, a number of religious teachers who are not rendering to Him the honor due. Those religious teachers to whom I refer are not teaching the Gospel as it is delivered in Holy Scripture, but they are adapting it to the age, and to the scientific knowledge of the period. The thoughts of their own minds are given instead of the revelation of God. Thus they set up another gospel, which is not another; but there be some that trouble you The spirit of the age is the spirit of proud self-sufficiency; be it ours to sit at Jesus' feet. My Lord will one day say to me, "I gave thee a message, didst thou deliver it? I bade thee speak in My name, didst thou speak My words or thine own? I gave thee a revelation, didst thou deliver that revelation as best thou couldst? or didst thou invent a new thing out of thine own brain?" I know how I shall answer. I fear that a terrible doom awaits those who go after the fashionable falsehoods of the day. The Lord have mercy upon all false prophets, and bring them humbly and tremblingly to His feet, lest they ensnare the people yet more, to the overthrow of this nation, and the taking away of the candlestick out of its place.

I return to you whom I have already addressed. You have crucified the Son of God by refusing to believe in Him. What shall the Lord do unto you when He comes? The sentence cannot be too severe, for the crime is beyond measure horrible. It must be

The Highest Form of Punishment

known to the law. They slew the servants, and they slew the heir; no temporary punishment can meet the case. Those who plead for a light doom for such a crime must, in their own hearts, be rebels. Those who are evermore making light of hell are probably doing it in the hope of making it easy for themselves. He is the devil's advocate who would judge the punishment of the impenitent to be a light one; God's true servants say, "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."

In the chapter which we read (Matthew 21), our Lord gives us a terrible word. Comparing Himself to the stone which should be the foundation, but which the builders reject, He says, "On whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." It is put in another way in that expression—"The wrath of the Lamb." Is not that a marvellous combination, "The wrath of the Lamb?" Love when it turns to jealousy is the fiercest of all passions; and when the love of Christ in infinite justice shall be turned into holy indignation against unrighteousness, then it will be something terrible to think of, and to bear it will be the second death. Oh, my hearers, my dear hearers, do not refuse the Lord Jesus, who now pleads with you. I am not worthy to be His ambassador; I am not fit for the office; but yet I would plead with you as a loving brother. Will you lose your souls? Will you reject Christ? Oh, sirs, will you refuse the Son of God? Men and women, can you be so mad as to live and die without the Saviour? Are you so far gone as this? Turn, I beseech you, turn you this day. Lord, turn them, for Thy dear Son's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE WAYS OF THE ANTS.*

In the study of nature we are brought face to face with the fact that the Creator knows no distinction between small and great.

> "He made the atom and He made the universe,
> And both are equal—both are infinite."

He employs one and the same means to rule the incalculable vastness of the universe, and to take care that nothing be wasted on this little orb of earth, not even a grain of honey in the cell of a bee.

Without brains, dull in color, and insignificant in size, the ants are not only the most wonderful of the insect race, but, next to man, perhaps the most gifted of the whole animal kingdom. Sir J. Lubbock, who has made a special study of these insects, goes so far as to say that although the anthropoid apes approach more nearly to man in bodily structure than any other animals, the ants have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence.

Yet though they have no brains, but only a series of nervous ganglia connected by threads, they possess reasoning powers, and are marvellously intelligent; can work in concert under leaders; *can converse with each other;* possess enduring memories, evince love, hatred, and compassion; can play as well as work; will fight with desperate courage in defence of their homes; will make war against neighboring states and carry off prisoners into servitude; will nurse and tend their young; *will keep milch cattle in sheds built expressly for them;* will lay up stores of honey and grain; will till the soil, weed the ground, plant seeds, and reap the harvest; and, lastly, when their brief life is over, even *bury their honored dead with elaborate ceremony.*

How the little creatures can perform these tasks, some of them being beyond the capacity of many a savage tribe, and yet possess no brains, is one of the many seeming paradoxes with which the study of animal life teems.

It may seem strange that the practice of *slave-hunting*, so much reprehended among human beings, should be instinctively followed by insects, but it is nevertheless the fact that many ants are actually obliged to make slaves in order to live. The species in question can certainly manage without slaves, although it is more comfortable with them. The late Mr. F. Smith found in its nests no less than four other species of ant, all of which were contentedly playing the part of domestic servants. There are some species of ants which are absolutely dependent on their slaves, and would die but for their help. These are called the Slave-makers. This insect carries out to the fullest extent the idea prevalent in the Middle Ages that labor of any kind is a degradation. Fighting was the only occupation worthy of a noble, and fighting is not simply the only occupation worthy of a Slave-maker Ant, but is the only one which it is able to follow. It can fight most fiercely, but it can do nothing else. On its slave-hunting expeditions it is fierce, active, and formidable. At home it is helpless. It can invade the dwellings of other ants and carry them off as slaves, but without the help of those slaves it would die.

When thirty of these Amazons were confined in a box, together with a supply of honey, the insects did not know how to feed themselves,

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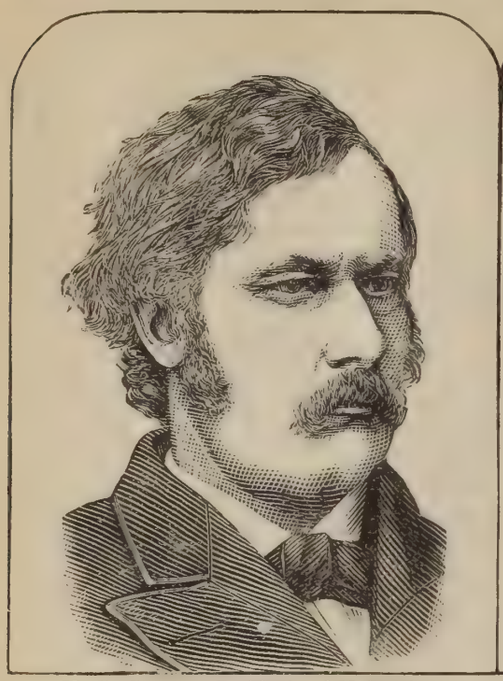
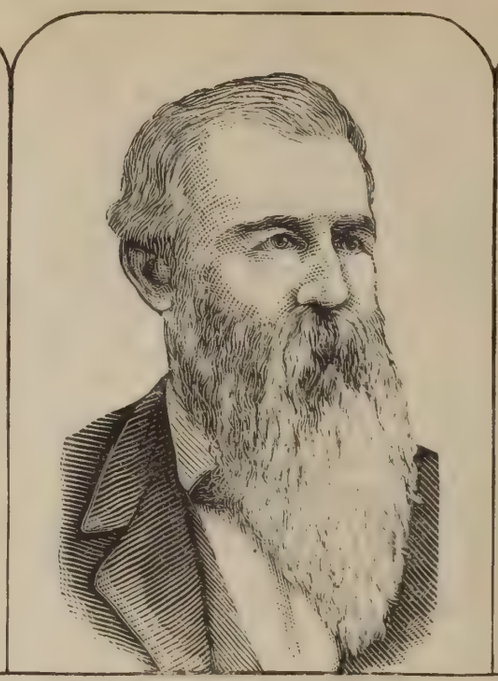
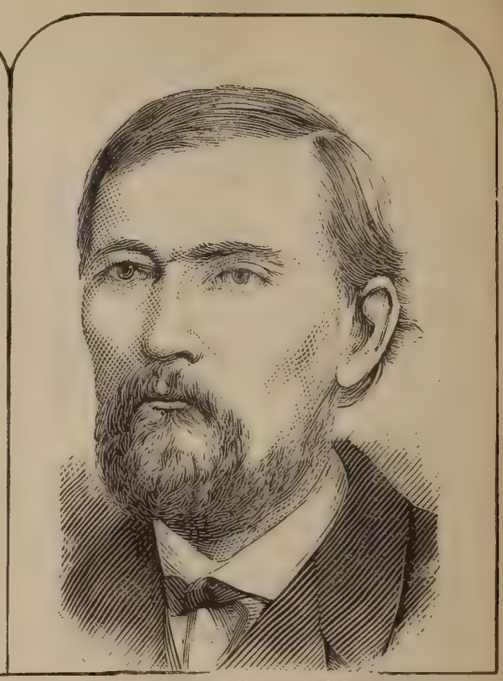
* From "Half-hours with a Naturalist." By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., who is a valuable guide to those who obey the injunction of the wise king: "Go to the ant . . . consider her ways, and be wise" (Prov. 6: 6). Pp. 340. With numerous illustrations. Price, $1.50. Published by *Thomas Whittaker*, 2 and Bible House, New York.



U. S. Senator Paddock of Nebraska.



U. S. Senator Stewart of Nevada.



U. S. Senator Turpie of Indiana.

and fifteen died of starvation on the second day. A single slave was then introduced. This little creature at once assumed the management, fed the starving Amazons, scooped out a dwelling, and helped the newly-developed ants out of their pupa cases. Sir J. Lubbock repeated this experiment and kept a number of the Amazons in perfect health by lending them a slave for an hour or two daily, to feed and cleanse them.

In slavery among ants we see one of the many human attributes which belong to these wonderful insects. Moreover we have slavery presented to us in its best form. The ants are the kindest of masters to their servants, and the latter are evidently imbued with the warmest attachment to them. In the cases above mentioned the slave was not compelled to feed and "do for" its masters, but set about its task voluntarily.

ALGERNON S. PADDOCK,

Newly-Elected U. S. Senator from Nebraska.

In electing Mr. Paddock to the United States Senate, Nebraska has returned, if not to her first love, at least to one whom she has loved before. He represented her in the Senate from 1875 to 1881. Mr. Paddock has been identified with the young State for thirty years, and was one of the most earnest and energetic of the workers who labored to secure her promotion from the rank of a Territory.

Mr. Paddock is fifty-six years of age, having been born at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., in 1831. Like many other men who have attained eminence as lawyers and legislators, Mr. Paddock's earliest occupation was that of a school teacher. On the completion of his education in 1849 he went to Detroit, Mich., where he taught school, and afterward obtained a position in the same capacity in his native State. All his leisure time was given to the study of law, and eventually he succeeded in passing his examination and was admitted to the bar. Soon afterward, however, Horace Greeley's advice to "Go West, young man," commended itself to his mind, and Mr. Paddock took a farm in Nebraska, settling there in 1857, when he was twenty six-years old. Subsequently he removed to Omaha and engaged in journalistic work. This occupation drew him into politics, and he became an enthusiastic member of the Republican party, which he helped to organize in the Territory. In 1875 Mr. Paddock was, as we have said, elected United States Senator and served out his term. He was succeeded by Mr. Van Wyck, whom he now succeeds.

WILLIAM MORRIS STEWART,

Newly-Elected U. S. Senator from Nevada.

The Republican Party in the United States Senate gains a vote, which makes a difference of two in a division, by the election of Mr. Stewart, whose portrait appears on this page. He succeeds Mr. Fair, who voted with the Democrats. It is a curious fact that Mr. Stewart, though absent from the Senate for twelve years, was the first Senator elected by Nevada after she entered the family of States.

He was born in Wayne County, N. Y., in August, 1827, and is therefore in his sixtieth year. At the age of six he removed with his parents to Trumbull County, Ohio, where he received the very limited school education which his parents could afford to give him. Those were hard times, and at the age of thirteen the boy was taken from school and hired out to farm-service. In this situation young Stewart gave proof of his energy and self-reliance. He worked hard, saved money, and when he had enough to support himself went back to school to finish his course. Then he taught school long enough to provide himself with means for a university education and entered himself at Yale College.

After two years spent in that institution he succumbed to the gold fever and in 1850 went to California to dig for gold. In a few months he had gained about ten thousand dollars and with this he quitted the mines and set himself to the study of law. He was admitted to the bar of Nevada City in 1852 and was soon afterward made District Attorney. He subsequently removed to San Francisco, then back to Nevada City and then to Virginia City, Nev. In each place his law business was successful, and he became well known as the best mining lawyer of the West. In 1863, when Nevada became a State, Mr. Stewart was chosen United States Senator, and was re-elected in 1869. He has now again been elected and his return to Washington is heartily welcomed by his party.

DAVID TURPIE,

Newly-Elected U. S. Senator from Indiana.

After a long and fierce contest, diversified by some very exciting incidents, the Legislature of Indiana has decided on the man who shall fill her vacant seat in the United States Senate. The victory is with the Democrats and their candidate was Judge David Turpie, whose portrait appears on this page. The judge is a man well known throughout the State, his marked peculiarities and attainments having brought him considerable notoriety. It may be hoped that in the responsible and honorable position which he has now been called to fill he will become known to the whole nation as an able and high-minded statesman.

Judge Turpie is fifty-eight years of age, having been born in Hamilton County, Ohio, in 1829. He graduated at Kenyon College, the same State, in 1848, was admitted to the bar in 1849 and began practice at Logansport, Indiana. In 1852 he was a member of the Indiana House of Representatives. He was appointed a Common Pleas judge in 1854, and a judge of the Circuit Court in 1856, both of which positions he resigned. In 1858 he was again a member of the State House of Representatives. He also sat in the Senate for a brief period in 1863 to fill out Senator Bright's term. As a speaker he is remarkable for his ready and caustic epigrams and for his prodigious memory. His speeches show that he is familiar not only with Shakespeare and the poets of this and other countries, but with the Bible, which he has evidently read attentively. We trust that in his high position he will continue to study that sacred Book, not only to find passages that will give point to his speeches but to gain true wisdom for this life and the next.

THE BURNING OF THE RICHMOND HOTEL, BUFFALO, N. Y., ON MARCH 18.

(*See Picture on page 205.*)

The burning of the fine new hotel, which stood on the corner of Main and Eagle streets, in Buffalo, N. Y., last Friday week, will be long remembered by reason of its awful associations. The fire was discovered soon after three o'clock in the morning, by the night clerk, who pulled the electric fire-alarms connecting with the sleeping apartments in the hotel, and, a minute later, people began to fly down in their night clothes.

"In an incredibly short space of time the interior of the hotel was filled with smoke and flame. Then terrible scenes began. The second and third alarms brought the entire fire department to the scene, but it was impossible to save any portion of the structure. The fire had *reached the roof in less than five minutes* from the time it was discovered." Finding all escape by the stairway cut off, the frantic people rushed through the halls and to the windows. Several of them jumped to the ground, and were terribly injured. An eye-witness says that men, women, and children acted perfectly wild, and did not know which way to go. Women raved like

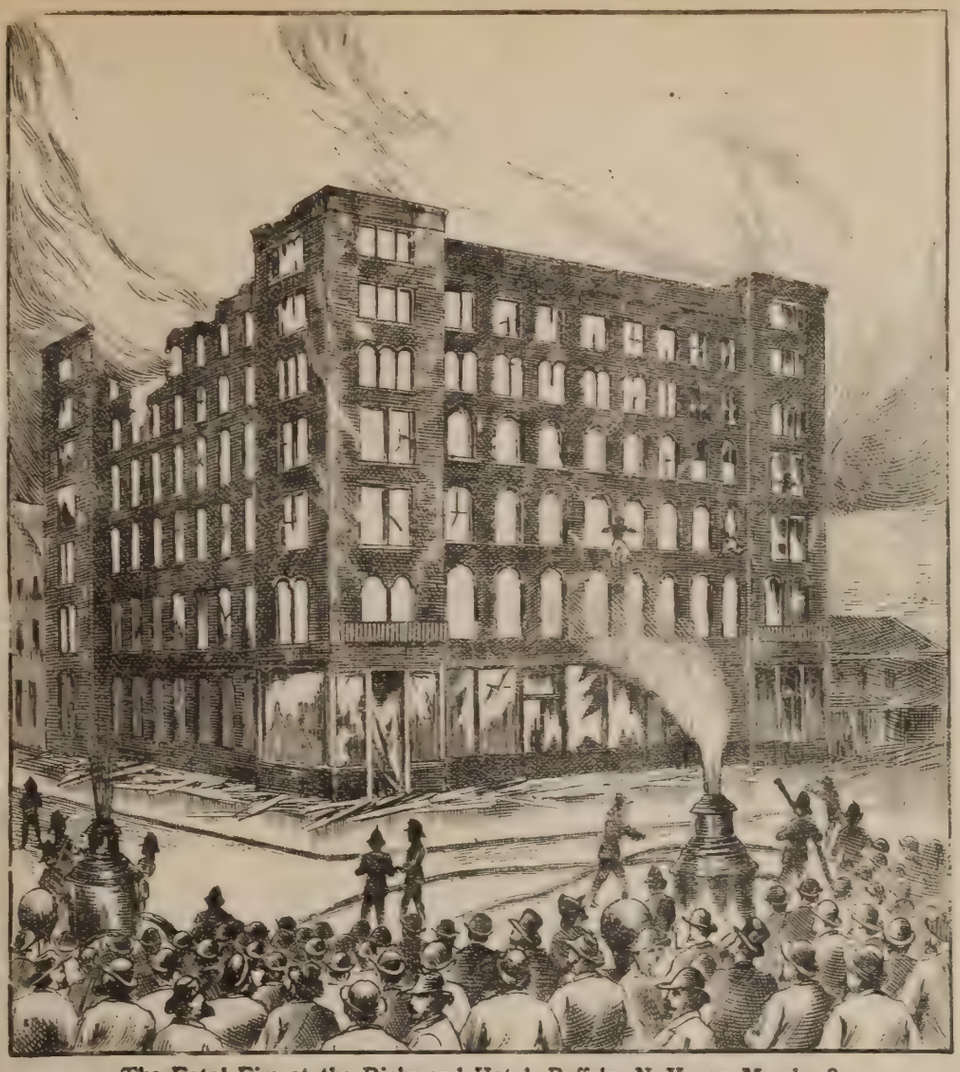
maniacs, and rushed pell-mell in every direction. The smoke was almost suffocating. The shrieks and cries of the poor people in the upper stories of the burning structure were heartrending. One man, mad with terror, leaped from a third-story window, and was picked up from the stone sidewalk on Main Street a mangled corpse.

Hardly anybody kept cool, but the few who did were in the least danger. One commercial traveller from Brooklyn, for instance, stood, scantily clothed, at one of the windows of the fourth story, alternately surveying the flames darting up behind him, and then coolly watching the operations of the firemen, who were raising the Hayes extension ladder to save him. He uttered not a word, but was apparently busy calculating his chances. Up went the ladder slowly. It finally reached him just as the fire was bursting out of the window where he stood. He reached the top rung of the ladder in safety, and descended deliberately and without the slightest sign of fear.

The ladders were moved as quickly as possible, but not quickly enough to satisfy people standing at the windows, with the flames but a few feet behind them. It was a horrible sight to see the people jumping from every side. The cool-headed ones were rescued all right, but some wouldn't wait. Among the brave deeds of the firemen was one deserving of special mention. District Engineer Edward Murphy was on a ladder rescuing some of the people. At an upper-story window was one of the female servants. He shouted to her to remain where she was, and he would come up and save her. The poor creature, frantic with terror, instead of obeying, leaped from the window, and literally threw herself at Murphy. This caused him to lose his balance, but he *hung to the ladder with one hand, and caught the girl around the neck with the other arm*, holding her thus firmly until he could regain his equilibrium, when he slid down the ladder, bearing her safely to the ground.

Five girls were seen in a fifth-story window, who had tied the bed-clothing into a rope, which they hung out. None of them seemed to have the courage to start. At last one of them took hold and swung down to the window-ledge, from which she was assisted by two men. Three others came down in the same manner, and then the fifth girl started down. She had gone but a little distance when the rope parted, and down she went four stories. Strange to say, she was not killed. Her legs were terribly cut and bruised, and her back badly injured.

Twelve persons were killed outright, and thirty others were badly maimed or burned. The hotel, which was opened on Feburary 20th, only a month before the fire, was a magnificent building, but one in which a fire was surely destructive. Its prominent feature was a large rotunda, with wooden galleries, thus giving the fire communication with every part from the ground to the roof. Another effective aid to the fire was the net of wires surrounding the hotel, belonging to the electric light, telegraph and telephone companies.



The Fatal Fire at the Richmond Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., on March 18.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 191.)

The Miller's Recipe.

As Simon Holmes ceased speaking Sir Godwin bowed his gray head upon his hands and abandoned himself to an access of sobs and tears. Then as Simon thought of his many griefs, of his poor useless limbs, of his general excellence of character, all his soul went out to him in tender pity and desire, and his silent prayers went up to heaven that this tearful penitent might find the faith that casts out fear.

"In Lady Spofforth's life," said the baronet in subdued tones, as soon as he could command himself, "I thought little and cared less about these things, Simon. More shame on me. But Ethel's strange recovery, and all the influence of her piety and faith, have led me to think seriously, and to look into my own heart. I have often thought that if I had been other and better than I am, my son Harold would have been other and better, too. I've been wrong, Simon, but, alas, I can see no way to mend matters."

"That's just the beauty o' the grace an' goodness o' the Saviour, Sir Godwin. *We* can't mend ourselves, and it's a grand point gained when we find that oot. Then *He* undertak's to mend us. 'Blessed are they that mourn,' He says, 'for they shall be cumforted;' an' if you mourn for your sins an' tonn to Him, He'll save yo' an' bless yo', an' will in no wise cast yo' oot. Here's the point, Sir Godwin. If you're tired o' your sins, an' feel your need of a Saviour, then He bore your sins when He died on the cross, an' if you trust in the merit of His death, your sins which are many shall be all forgiven. Wi' you, as wi' ivery body else it is just this—

I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my All in All.

I tell you, Sir Godwin, there's anuff Gospel i' them two plain lines as 'll lift ony sinner oot o' condemnation into salvation, an' cause 'em to rejoice in God their Father an' their Friend. When t' poor publican went up at t' same taime wi' the Pharisee to the temple to pray, the Pharisee didn't want mendin'. He didn't feel the need on it. He just stood bolt upright, an' thanked God that he was all right; an' so he went back again not a whit better than he come. But t' publican knew he was wrang. He said just as you ha' said, 'I'm wrang, an' I can't mend myself.' He sighed an' wept just as you are sighin' an' weepin noo; an' he prayed, just as you'll pray, God be merciful to me a sinner!' an' he went away justified, pardoned, at peace wi' God an' his oan conscience, just as you'll be, Sir Godwin, I knoa you will; just as my lady was when she was ta'en up into heaven; just as Miss Ethel is, God bless her, riddy ony minute to go there!"

"Simon Holmes," said Sir Godwin, quickly, but with an intense earnestness not to be mistaken, "will you pray for me?"

The good carpenter did not need to be twice invited to do that. That was what he had been doing at almost every sentence he had spoken. The while he prayed, slowly and simply, so that the penitent seeker after God might follow him, the while he led him to plead for himself the atoning merit of Christ, the man for whom he prayed, the man who in his heart was praying too, found the light — the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world revealed Himself to the weary soul that sought Him, and Sir Godwin Spofforth was able to say with Thomas in glad conviction, "My Lord and my God!"

It may well be questioned whether Simon Holmes himself had ever felt more fully the sweet rewards of doing good than he did when Ethel came into the library on some errand connected with her "mission." The baronet called her to his side, and taking her hand in his own, sat looking at her with a new light in his eye, and an unaccustomed peace on his face. "My darling," said he, "your father has found his Saviour. My Ethel and I will henceforth travel heavenward together. Your sainted mother is already there."

Ethel had no word to say in answer. She could only look her glad content. She kissed him on either cheek and tried to say, "dear father," and completely failed in the effort. Then taking Simon Holmes's honest hand in both her own, she gave him a grateful smile, and escaped from the room to "have it out," as she afterward confessed, with herself and with her God.

When Simon Holmes returned to his home,

'Becca greeted him with, "Why, Simon, you look as though somebody had left you a fortun'; whatever mak's you look so glad?"

"'Becca, my lass, Sir Godwin's gotten his fotten, an' I've left him rejoicin' 'at t' title-deeds are seeafe in his possession!"

"Whatever do ye mean, Simon?" said his wondering wife.

"I mean that he knoa's hisself to be 'a' heir o' God an' a joint-heir wi' Jesus Christ, an's that's an estate compared wi' which Aspen Chase is no better than a cabbage-garden!"

"God be thanked!" said 'Becca. "What does Miss Ethel say? She's fine and glad, I'll warrant."

"Ay, that she is. She was too glad a'most to speak," said Simon. "Many's the prayer she's put up for that blessing, I'll be bound, and now it's coom her heart's just full."

"Ah, an' reason, too!" said 'Becca. "The old man was in a parlous state wi' one foot in t' grave and no hope beyond. Ha' ye been at the Chase all the mornin'? You ha'n't forgot that job at t' mill? Peter told me to remind ye."

"Right, lass," said Simon, "I'd clean forgot it, and that's bad. A Christian man mun keep his promises or he gives occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. I'll go at once." And, seizing his bag of tools, Simon marched off to Peter Prout's mill.

As he approached, he saw that the miller was making use of the fresh north-west wind to turn the sails, the mill being constructed to admit of its being driven by wind or water. The rattle of the "hoppers," and the general rumble of the machinery, gave sufficient token that the grain was being turned to grist at a famous rate, and that white flour or the browner meal of barley was flowing in abundance down the wooden spouts and into the open bags placed to receive it as it fell.

Peter himself, whose rubicund cheeks were toned down by a plentiful powdering of the white dust that proclaimed his calling, was standing against one of the spouts with his hand in the warm current of descending meal. He slowly passed his broad thumb across it, as it fell on his fingers, to see that the upper and nether millstones were doing their work aright, and that the flour was sufficiently fine for the work for which it was intended.

Now Peter the miller was also Peter the musical, and seeing that matters in the mill were moving along so merrily, what could be more natural than that he should wax merry too? Loudly, cheerily, briskly, and heartily, as though he would keep match and measure with the sounds around him, he sang,

"Come let us be merry! come let us be cheery!
Come drive away sorrow and care;
Old Care is a foe, sir; then let's bid him go, sir,
And say, 'Come again if you dare.'
No good comes of sighing, or sobbing, or crying—
No ill can be mended by that;
And folks that go whining, and grumbling and pining,
Had better go laugh and grow fat."

"Very well sung, miller! very well sung!" said Simon Holmes, who had come in time to hear the song, and was standing in the doorway with a meaning smile upon his face.

"Very well sung, neighbor. But I ha' my doots aboot the moral on it or the science eather. If King Solomon is to be trusted, an' he's reckoned a bit of an authority on them questions, laughter is offen only another name for madness, an' growing fat's a thing that you may easily hev' ower mitch on. It may be a nat'ral ambition for a maggot, but as it can't sing, t' prescription dizn't fit. The Bible says 'at Jeshurun, who was only moderately manageable while he was thin, kicked as soon as he 'waxed fat,' an' as that sort o' kickin' is generally agin t' pricks, there's mair pain then pleasure to be gained by it."

"Hallo, Simon Holmes!" said the miller, in mock surprise. "Ah shouldn't ha' sung that stave if ah'd knoan 'at you were within earshot. That soort o' music isn't mitch i' your line, is it? Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, eh? Them's your favorites. Ah don't mitch matter 'em; ah like something jollier, myself. Hymns is rather milk-an'-wattery, ah allus thinks. A merry ditty noo an' then, when you're i' loa watter, or ha' gotten a fit o' the blues, gives yo' a fillip, an' helps yo' on."

"Deary me!" said Simon, dryly. "Dizz it really? Hoo often did yo' sing a merry ditty last winter, Peter, when you were twinged wi' rheumatics, an' had to keep your chair a month or mair? Ha, ha! I think I see yo' leeanin' back on t' cushion, rubbin' your swelled knuckles, an' sweeatin' wi' pain, an' singin' all t' tahme, 'Come let us be merry!'"

Peter Prout could not keep his powdered cheeks from reddening at this reminder; for if ever mortal man in this world groaned and whined the rheumatic miller did when the twinge was in his bones. To this fact Simon Holmes had often been an ear-witness, when he visited the miller in his sickness, for there were few homes in Aspendale in which he had not been a constant and welcome visitor in the days of sorrow and suffering.

Peter Prout's usually over-ready tongue had not an answer at command. He well remembered the old carpenter's thoughtful kindness and efficient aid, willingly rendered in those dark days. Simon quietly smiled to see the miller put to a non-plus. It was an unusual experience for him. Peter was especially apt at a smart reply, and the more it smarted the better he was pleased. The engineer was hoist with his own petard.

"It's easy anuff, miller, to sing songs o' that sooart, an' I ain't nowt to say ageean it, i' reeason, when there's plenty o' wind in the sails, an' plenty o' corn i' the mill. But that ditty would soond rayther doleful here, I fancy, if wind an' watter boath stopped comin', an' showed no signs o' changin' their mind."

"Hang it, man," said the miller, "there wad be something else to think aboot."

"That's true anuff," said Simon, "but all the thinkin' i' t' wo'ld wadn't mak' t' wind bloa or t' watter run. A good song, noo, o' the right sooart might seem to shorten the tahme a bit. I remember once goin' to see old Jenny Benson; that's t' keeper's mother yo' knoa', when she was bed-ridden wi' hurtin' her hip in a fall. It wore her oot at last, dear old soul. The poor woman was propped up i' bed wi' pillows an' was lyin' all by herself. I thowt I could hear some singin', an' I stood wi' my hand on t' door-sneck an' my thumb on t' latch an' listened. This is what I heeard her sing:

"'In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.'

Dear old woman! she wasn't mitch of a singer; but all things considered, it was aboot as sweet a 'ditty' as a man could listen to. Peter, old friend, which song's best, your's or Jenny's?"

It is difficult to say what the miller's answer would have been, for the question was a home-thrust. Just then, however, a third individual entered the mill.

"Mornin' miller," said Jacob Benson, for it was the stalwart gamekeeper that had joined them. "My word, but this is a grand wind to fill your sails! You're coinin' money to-day, I'll warrant. It's anuff to mak' yo' sing t' old song:

"'Merrily sings the miller's wife,
Merrily sings the miller;
Merrily doth the mill go round,
The mill that coins the siller.'"

"Right you are, Jacob," said the miller, briskly, for he felt that an ally had come to help him in his need, and was grateful.

"Simon Holmes came in," continued Peter, "just as ah was singin' an' just because it wasn't a hymn, he dropt doon o' ma' like a thoosand o' bricks. One can't allus be singin' t' 'Owd Hundred,' can we? Specially in a gallopin' wind like this, an' t' meal comin' doon t' spout like a mill-race."

"Oh, he's a kill-joy, Simon is," said Jacob, willing to indulge in a little banter, "it's allus the way wi' your religious fooaks. One would think that they were allus practisin' for a buryin'."

"Nay, nay," said Simon, with imperturbable good temper, "Peter hezn't put it fairly. I can do with a cheerful song as weel as onybody. Nowt's to be gained by checking a lively flight so long as it's kept within boonds. Peter was right anuff to sing at his work—I wish fre' my heart that he allus may. An' I don't want to be hearin' hymns an' psalms and nowt else. I heeard a poor Scotchman singin' 'Auld Lang Syne' i' Chilworth Street t' other day, an' I declare I was fairly foorced to tears. All I said was that o 'laugh an' grow fat' wasn't varry mitch wort aimin' at. In that case we sud ha' to stop laughin' altegither, or we should get as roond as a barrel, and ha' to waddle like a duck. Why there's yourself, Peter, you're stoot anuff i' all conscience. If your prescription's right you mustn't laugh ony mair, or you'll be as podgy as a sack o' floor." Hereupon all three of them went off into laughter, and peace was tacitly proclaimed among them.

Simon had come to work, not to talk, and this little matter being settled he asked the miller about the "job." Peter, too, wanted it done, and willingly conducted the carpenter across the yard to the spot at which his services were required. Simon saw at a glance what was needed and was soon hard at work. The miller went back, and finding Jacob Benson still there, proposed an adjournment to the Chequers, the village inn, to discuss "a pint o' yale" and hear the news. Jacob consenting the pair sauntered toward the hostelry.

As they passed Tim Crouch's cobbler's shop they heard his lapstone going, and peeping in bade him "good-morning." Tim surmised the goal of their walk, and, though he had received no invitation to join them, his inclinations strongly urged him in the same direction. The lapstone soon became too heavy for his knee; the sharp bright awl and wax-end were laid aside; the "clamps" with a new upper-leather held firm within their grip were set up in the customary corner when Tim's "hand was not in," and the round-faced hammer was kicked under the bench. Then the yielding Tim doffed his leather apron by withdrawing his bullet head from its noose, donned his fustian jacket over his sleeve waistcoat, set his low chimney-pot hat jauntily on one side of his cropped head, lit up his short black pipe, and marched out of the shop door, leaving Sallie in sole charge of the establishment.

Thrifty Sallie did not half like the look of things. She had a notion that Tim had the intention of making a day of it. Alas, it was not at all an unusual thing with him, and sadly often resulted in his making a night of it, too. Then in the small hours of the morning he would inform any wakeful villager within hearing, in tones confused and tipsily melancholy, that he would not go home till morning, until daylight did appear; a ditty which generally came to an ignominious end, when Sallie opened the door, gave tongue, and discharged her artillery on her beery and misbehaving spouse. So Sallie was not at all disposed to let him go without first giving him a bit of her mind.

"Ah spooase, ah mun expect yo' back ageean when yo' cum, an' ah sall knoa' you've cum when ah clap 'ees o' yo'."

"Hoo thee gammon," replied Tim, in terms more expressive than polite. "Ah sall be back direc'ly. Ah nobbut want to gan an' stritch me legs a bit. A mornin' like this wad mak' an auld craw sing 'Bonnits o' blue.'"

"Thoo'll leeak blue aneeaf i' t' mornin' ah'll bet a ho'p'ny. Stritch thee legs! Ah'll warrant thoo'll stritch 'em all t' way te t' 'Chequers;' an' then thoo'll stritch thee legs under t' lang-

tecable, afoore a pot o' beer ; and there thoo'll stop till thee munny's deean ; an' then Lan'lord Middledick 'll tell thee to stritch 'em yam ageean. Hoo thoo'll manage that, ah deean't knoa."

Sallie Crouch had a tongue with a keen edge on it, and Tim felt it cut deep. However, seeing that he was already beyond the threshold, Tim thought discretion the better part of valor, so he strode off at full speed.

Sallie could not refrain from giving her intractable spouse a parting shot. She shouted after him : "Sall ah send a wheel-barra' fo' tha', or mun t' cunstubble get Chivey Ste'enson to help him to carry tha' yam te t' tune o' t' frog's march ?" Then she set to work to adjust the shop-shutter, table fashion, hoping to make a few coppers' profit from her varied stock-in-trade, though she well knew that all she could do in that way would be a poor set-off against the serious *per contra* that was likely to go down Tim's thirsty throat before he returned.

The mischief was not ended there either, for Tim, seeing Sam Vause, the blacksmith, at his forge stopped to "pass the time o' day" with him, and saying where he was going, Sam must needs leave his forge and a half-finished job to accompany him. It seemed as if the thirst had become infectious, for Sam could no more have kept on at his work after seeing Tim on his way to the Chequers, than Tim could hammer on his lapstone after Peter and the gamekeeper had set the example of idleness and beer-drinking.

(*To be continued.*)

JOSEPH EXALTED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 10, Gen. 41 : 38-49. Golden Text, Ps. 37 : 5.

A Common Error—The Descendants of Job's Friends—David's Problem Solved in the Sanctuary—This World a School—Joseph's Isolated Spiritual Life—Blessed and a Blessing—His Independence of Man—God his First Thought in Temptation—The Test of Slander—A Favored Prisoner—Wanted at Court—Advising a King.

"COMMIT thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." This is a necessary lesson in the lives of all God's children. There is in human nature an innate belief that, not only in the consummation, but also in the present hour, the good are to be rewarded, the evil punished. When, therefore, a good man like Job is put into the furnace, his friends begin to suspect there is some hitherto unknown sin in him, or, they say, he would not be thus afflicted, and they accuse him accordingly, thereby adding untold torture to his sufferings. David could not understand

"The Prosperity of the Wicked"

and the trials which befell the true servants of God, until he went into the sanctuary of God and found God's own explanation (Ps. 73 : 3-19). He saw there the end, the purpose for which all this was. Earth is but the school for heaven ; we are being prepared on earth for a life in which things that perish, our earthly wealth and beauty, standing and reputation, will be no more, when the eternal will take the place of the temporal, and man apart from God will have no place.

The history of Joseph is a beautiful example of God's education. Spiritually and morally, perhaps, also, intellectually, superior to his brethren, he got no credit for it in his own home, but, instead, suffered contempt. Full of love to his brethren, he met with hatred at their hands. Shown by God that he was to rule, it seemed like cruel mockery that he should be sold into bondage by the very brethren who did not believe in his dreams. It seemed as though God were on the side of wickedness, injustice, and cruelty. And so it often seems with us until God opens our eyes and teaches us the precious secret that the trial of our faith "being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at [Gr. in] the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. 1 ; 7). Misunderstood by man, we look away to God, and learn lessons which, without the trial, we could not have learned ; we learn an independence of man and a confidence in God which no amount of theory would teach us. Joseph was God's only witness in all the land of Egypt, and, isolated as he was from all other children of God in the world, he was yet loyal to God. His communion with God did not depend upon services, meetings, Bible-readings, or anything external ; it was constant and face to face. And it was this which separated him from other men. Even as a lad, Joseph was a marked person,

The Lord was with Him

so manifestly that those who knew not God discovered it. In Egypt "his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand." Without knowing it, the very suffering through which he had gone, and the constant, close relationship between him and God, imparted a power to his life and work which made everything succeed which he undertook. The very house in which he served came under the blessing of the Lord. A praying man, who deals with God about everything, cannot but be a blessing wherever he is, for the presence of God in him shines out and brings light and warmth with it. Common justice as well as personal interest made Potiphar place Joseph over all that he had, and thus, even as a youth he began to rule. Rising, as he did, above the injustice of his brothers, above self-pity in the trial of his circumstances, above the contamination of the heathen among whom he lived, it was no wonder that he was counted the fittest to rule the house of Potiphar.

The tide seemed to have turned, the promises of God appeared to be near their fulfilment, when Joseph was called to go through a deeper trial than ever before. The wife of Potiphar, a wicked, unprincipled, infamous woman made such advances to Joseph that he was obliged to take his stand, and he took it for God. In answer to her abominable temptation, he said, "How can I do this great wickedness

And Sin Against God?"

It was not man he feared ; Joseph, like Elijah after him, stood before God, and the presence of God was more to him than that of any human being. In the madness of her rage in finding that this slave could resist her, the wicked woman was determined to work Joseph's ruin, and by false accusation she succeeded in having him imprisoned under a charge of the vilest nature. This was the bitterest part of his trial. To lose his home and his liberty when he had been so true to God, was a fearful blow ; but to lose his reputation, he who was God's only witness in Egypt! How could he endure it? He had had such joy in seeing that his master had begun to acknowledge the God who was with him. Was not God now fighting against His own cause, as well as against Joseph's, in letting everybody believe that he was more sinful than the heathen themselves? How could he continue to believe that God was with him? But he did ;

He Stood the Test.

He was loyal to God even now. Yes, and God vindicated him in His own way. In the prison, as elsewhere, "the Lord was with Joseph," and he rose into favor with the keeper of the prison, so that there, also, he became the ruler. Even under these almost impossible circumstances Joseph proved true to God, and found that through all God proved true to him. He always considered God before himself, and he found that the Lord never left him. He could not prove his innocence to man, but he knew that God knew it, and he was satisfied. Thus he stood the test to the full.

When Joseph had been eleven years in Egypt, there were in the prison two of Pharaoh's servants to whom God spoke one night in a dream. Surely Joseph prayed for all the prisoners, and this was the answer to his prayer—God was working in the prison. These two men were sad with all the burden of suspense, not knowing the import of their dreams, so Joseph said to them, "Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them, I pray you." And then God gave him a message of life to the one and of death to the other Time went on, and Joseph still remained a falsely accused prisoner, known as a public criminal. But God had not forgotten him ; He was at work, bringing out His own purposes. Joseph had, no doubt, prayed for the king, and now Pharaoh, also, began to dream, and none of his wise men could interpret the message which God had sent him. Then it was that the chief butler remembered Joseph, and told Pharaoh of his interpreting his dream, and that of the chief baker in the prison. What a message for the prisoner! he was wanted at court! The king addressed him, and said how he had heard of his power to interpret dreams. But Joseph, who had borne witness of his God to Potiphar and to his wife, to the keeper of the prison, and to the prisoners, was bold now to speak of Him before the king,

"It is Not in Me:

God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." Yes, God was true to him. Only once in the course of his many trials had Joseph sought the help of man—when he besought the chief butler to remember him and speak for him to Pharaoh, and this effort had failed. But God was true all along, and every test to which Joseph was subjected was permitted, that he might gain experience of suffering and of the injustice of man, while, at the same time, he learned how reliable was his God. And now when Pharaoh told his dream of the kine and of the ears of corn, Joseph said, without hesitation, for God had put it in his heart, "The dream of Pharaoh is one : God hath showed Pharaoh what He is about to do." And then he foretold how seven years of great abundance should come upon Egypt, followed by seven years of terrible famine, and, forgetting that he was a slave and a condemned criminal, conscious only that he was speaking as God's interpreter to the greatest king of the then known world, he counselled Pharaoh during the seven plenteous years to lay up in store against the time of famine that should follow.

But would so great a man as Pharaoh listen to one like Joseph? Yes,

If God so Ordered It,

for "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water : He turneth it whithersoever He will" (Prov. 21 : 1). Not only did he listen, but he called a Cabinet Council to decide whether Joseph was not the fittest man to superintend the work, "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" Could it be? But how about the foul slander which had been brought against him? How about his being a Hebrew? The will of the king was sufficient, and Joseph was made ruler of all the land of Egypt. Had he attempted to imagine the fulfilment of his boyish dreams, he might have thought of being the head of the family, in some way richer and more influential than his brethren, but his wildest dreams would never have pictured such an honor as God had given him now, and such a place of influence. Thus, not one trial of Joseph's was for nothing ; there was no lost time or lost suffering—all was for a purpose, for "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." It remains for us yet to know for what our loving God is educating us.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled : "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may now be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

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What matters it if sorrows come?
We [illegible] though the night be dark and long?
[illegible] but hides the sun
[illegible] Everlasting Arms are strong.

What, though life's ocean surges high?
Tho' adverse winds high toss each wave?
"Be not afraid; 'tis only I"
The Everlasting Arms can save.

What, tho' besieged by sin and strife,
The heart and flesh but sink and quail?
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life"
The Everlasting Arms ne'er fail

Remember, [illegible]
To gain [illegible]
"Neath the [illegible] banner of the cross,"
Behold the Everlasting Arms.

In life's [illegible] faithful be;
'Tis only they who win the crown.
When Death disrobes mortality,
The Everlasting Arms reach down.

—*Selected.*

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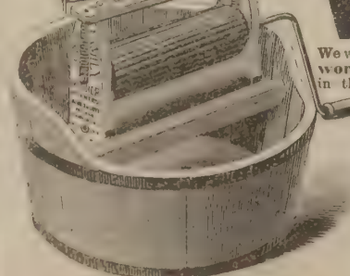

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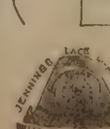

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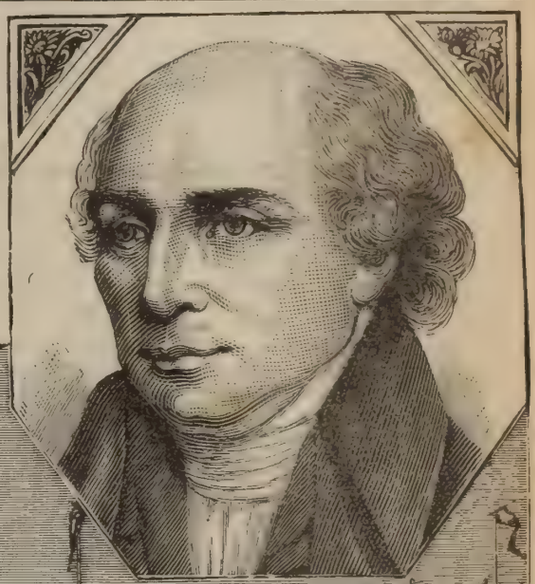

GENERAL VIEW OF THE JUBILEE NATIVE FAIR AT BOMBAY, INDIA.

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WILLIAM CAREY, D.D.,
The Pioneer Missionary in India.

Born in 1761—His Father—His Boyhood—Studies—Apprenticed to a Shoemaker—Conversion—Begins to Preach—Call to the Ministry—His Pastorate at Moulton—"Hard Times"—A Momentous Meeting in a Widow's House—Sets Sail for India in 1793—Arrival at Calcutta—Headquarters Fixed at Serampore—Important Appointment—Valuable Work.

William Carey, the distinguished pioneer missionary in India, *whose portrait is given on our front page*, was born at Paulersbury, England, on August 17th, 1761, and died June 9th, 1834, at the age of seventy-three. His father was a weaver, but was appointed to the united offices of village schoolmaster and parish clerk when his son William was about six years old. He lived to complete his eightieth year in "honest repute" among his neighbors for "the strictest integrity and uprightness, a lover of good men, and a great reader." The memorials of

Carey's Boyhood,

though meagre, enable us to picture him with some degree of clearness. Attached to the schoolmaster's house was a considerable-sized orchard-garden, and this the boy cultivated almost entirely by himself. If there was an unproductive spot there he planted a tree or shrub in it; and he found room besides for a variety of choice flowers, collected with pains, and carefully tended. He was small for his age and slightly built. Dress and manners were rustic; but he had a prepossessing face and a bright, indomitable spirit. He took all a healthy boy's delight in frolic and adventure. If, for example, there was a tree more than ordinarily difficult to climb, he was sure to try, often succeeding where others failed. In one such attempt, for which a bird's-nest was the prize, he came heavily to the ground, bruised and half stunned, but, as soon as he was able to walk, the first thing he did was *to "go and climb that tree."*

Along with his high spirits he had a keen desire for knowledge, great perseverance in the pursuit of it, and a splendid memory. After he became famous, the villagers remembered that whatever he began he finished, and that he did not know how to yield. In later life, when some one made reference to what he had accomplished, he replied, "There's nothing remarkable in it; it has only required perseverance." Another time he said to his nephew, Eustace, "If, after my removal, any one should think it worth his while to write my life, I will give you a criterion how you may judge of it. If he gives me credit for being a plodder he will do me justice.

I Can Plod,

I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything." He learned from both nature and books. He never walked out without keeping his eye inquisitively on hedge and bush; and if he took up a specimen of any sort, he always observed it with care. His little room at home was crowded with living plants, birds, and insects, which he had himself collected, and whose habits he carefully watched. This love of nature never died out in him, and had much to do with the good health and flow of spirits which made him known many a year afterward as the cheerful old man.

From his seventh year he was troubled with a disorder, chiefly affecting his face and hands, which made the sun's rays disagreeable to him, and rendered him unfit for any outdoor employment; so, when fourteen years of age, he was

Apprenticed to a Shoemaker,

at Hackleton, nine or ten miles distant from his native village. This engagement seemed at the time decisive of the boy's future career, and in an ordinary case it would have been so. But though as yet he had no ulterior aims, his thirst for knowledge for its own sake continued unabated. As an indication of this, it is related that among his master's books there was a commentary on the New Testament, the pages sprinkled with Greek words. These words were as great a puzzle to him as Egyptian hieroglyphics would have been; but he was fascinated by them, and determined to get at the meaning; so he copied them as accurately as he could, and on his visits home took the copy with him to be deciphered and translated by Tom Jones, a weaver in the village, who had received but misused a classical education.

When Carey was about eighteen years old a radical change occurred in his life. Up to this time he was a stranger to the love of Christ. Notwithstanding his father's solicitude to guard him from harm, he had associated with companions whose influence could only be debasing; his lips were very often polluted with profane language; and he appeared likely to sink into the coarse and sensual way of life common in the village. At the crisis of his career

The Great Change

came; William Carey was converted, and he, with a companion in the same workshop, made a profession of faith, and was received into the Baptist Church at Hackleton, in 1781, and very soon devoted much of his spare time to *village preaching*. On the 10th of June in the same year he married the sister-in-law of Mr. Old, his employer, and on Mr. Old's death, soon after, he succeeded him in business. The sign-board which was placed over his shop is still carefully and reverently preserved as a treasured relic by the Baptist denomination. For about three years and a half he preached regularly at Earl's Barton to a congregation of villagers. In June, 1785, he became a member of the church at Olney, and a year later he was solemnly "called" by the Church to preach the Gospel.

His First Regular Pastorate

was at Moulton, which he assumed on February 1st, 1787. He also exchanged shoemaking for teaching; but though he opened school, it soon became clear that in becoming a schoolmaster he had mistaken his calling. His income was "ten pounds per annum" from the Church, five pounds from a fund in London, and latterly, seven shillings and sixpence a week from his school—in all, less than one hundred and eighty dollars—a sum altogether inadequate to enable him to do his church work and maintain his family. The consequence was that he turned his shoemaking skill to account to eke out his income. A shoemaker at Northampton who had a government contract gave him employment. Once a fortnight Carey, with a far-away look on his face, might be seen trudging along the eight miles which lay between Moulton and Northampton, with a wallet full of shoes at his back, which he was taking to the contractor, and then returning home with a burden of leather for the next two weeks' work. All this time, in poverty that would have crushed the spirit out of any ordinary man in three months—borrowing and occasionally buying a book—he went on eagerly with his studies, perfecting himself in the Hebrew and Greek original of Scripture, as well as the Latin translation.

It was at Moulton—the Nazareth out of which the modern missionary enterprise was to come forth—that Carey's great thought took definite shape in his mind. He had been reading "Cook's Voyages Round the World," and as he taught his geography class at school, from a globe of leather of his own construction, it flashed painfully upon him how small a portion of the human race possessed any knowledge of Jesus Christ and His salvation. Painfully meditating, he arrived at the conclusion that the Gospel must be sent to the heathen. The idea grew into a life passion with him, and he could scarcely talk or preach, and he could never pray, without reverting to the subject. His enthusiasm kindled that of others. At

A Prayer-Meeting in 1784

of the Northamptonshire Association of Baptist Churches supplications were offered, among other subjects, for "The Spread of the Gospel to the most Distant Parts of the Habitable Globe." Nevertheless, to many of his ministerial brethren Carey's project seemed wildly visionary, if not in direct conflict with the doctrine of God's sovereignty. It is related—probably with some embellishment—that at a meeting of ministers the elder Ryland called on the younger men round him to propose a subject for discussion at their next gathering, when Carey rose, and suggested, "The Duty of Christians to Attempt the Spread of the Gospel among Heathen Nations." Springing to his feet, astonished and shocked, the good man bade him sit down, with the reproof, "When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." Even Fuller's feelings resembled those of the unbelieving noble who said, "If the Lord would open the windows of heaven, might this thing be." In truth, while the conversion of the heathen was earnestly prayed for, to attempt it seemed like a presumptuous outstretching of the hand to help the ark of God.

In 1789 Mr. Carey removed to Leicester, to become pastor of the little church at Harvey Lane. In May, 1792, he had become so well known in the denomination that he was invited to preach a sermon to his ministerial brethren at their annual assembly, which was considered

A Mark of Honor

among them. That sermon led to the organization of the Baptist Missionary Society. The text was Isaiah 54: 2, 3, "Enlarge the place of thy tent," etc. From this text the preacher deduced two great principles: First, *Expect great things from God;* second, *Attempt great things for God.* The next ministers' meeting was held at Kettering, on October 2d, in the same year, and when the public services were concluded, twelve men met in the evening in the back parlor of Mrs. Beeby Wallis, widow of a deacon of Kettering Church. Before separating they solemnly pledged themselves to God and to each other, to do their part in an endeavor to send the Gospel to some part of the heathen world;

The Society Was Constituted,

a committee of five was appointed, and, lastly, a subscription was then and there made, amounting to sixty-five dollars. No sooner was the subscription list filled up than Carey—whose name does not appear in that list—offered his contribution. This was *himself*, declaring his readiness to embark for any part of the world that the Society might decide.

On January 9th, 1793, the committee concluded that an open door was set before them in India, and on March 20th a farewell meeting was held in Leicester to commend Carey and his companion, a Mr. Thomas, to the Divine protection. All preliminary difficulties having been surmounted, the missionaries set sail on June 13th, and on November 11th safely reached Calcutta. Carey was then thirty-two years old.

Finding the way to open and public preaching closed by the restrictions of the East India Company, then the ruling power in Hindostan, and being uncertain as to what amount of support, if any, they would receive for themselves, and their families from the church at home, they went up the country, and took situations which were offered them in connection with establishments engaged in the indigo trade, until the restrictions were removed.

The Pioneer.

The years which followed were years of arduous toil. Besides teaching and preaching Carey, with rare sagacity, set himself to prepare the way for the army of missionaries yet to come, by improving the facilities for the acquisition of the language and dialects of India. Above all, with that faith in the power of God's own Word to win its own way, which was a cardinal principle in his mind, he set himself to the task of giving the Bible to the people in their own tongue. When additional laborers were sent out to his assistance, the headquarters of the mission were fixed at the Danish

Settlement at Serampore,

and the work of preaching, teaching, and translating was carried on with unflagging vigor and success. As early as 1814 Carey could write home to his sister, and say, "I look round on the nations on all sides, and see translations of the Bible either begun or finished in *twenty-five languages at our house*, and I trust soon to secure the other languages spoken around us, when I hope *all* will hear in their own tongues

the wonderful works of God." Carey was too modest to add that this prodigious work was due to his energy, and a vast quantity of it had been done by his own hand. That was the fact, and the missionaries who have succeeded him have wisely availed themselves of the fruits of his labors.

Carey's literary fame at length became so conspicuous that he was appointed teacher and

Professor of Languages

in the college at Fort William, Calcutta, and the Brown University, in 1807, conferred upon him the distinction of D.D., which he well deserved. At last, after he had toiled for forty years, his health and strength began to fail, and he was obliged to moderate his labor and application. This he did not do, however, till he had seen two hundred and thirteen thousand volumes of the Divine Word, in whole or in part, in forty different languages, issued from the mission-press at Serampore. He died in peace at Serampore on June 9th, 1834, leaving a noble example of disinterested zeal and devotedness to the service of Christ among the heathen.

THE JUBILEE IN INDIA.

The Queen of England being also Empress of India the jubilee year of her reign is being celebrated there as in Great Britain. The festivities commenced in Bombay on February 16th. The day was ushered in by the firing of a Royal salute on the hoisting of the Royal Standard over the public buildings, and by the joyful pealing of bells from the University and the Clock Tower. A parade of the troops in garrison and of the volunteers was held, and the National Anthem was played by the massed bands; but the chief State event of the day was the Governor's procession in state from Malabar Point to the Town Hall, where there were loyal speeches and general jubilation. After this the company divided, going to their respective places of worship—Protestant, Roman Catholic, Hindoo, Jewish, etc.—to pray for her Majesty.

After the official, ceremonial, and religious services Bombay devoted itself to enthusiastic enjoyment. All ranks, creeds, castes, and classes decorated their "outer walls," and turned out into the streets to see the show.

The People's Fair on the Esplanade,

illustrated by two pictures on our frontispiece, was the most popular resort. "Seen from the distance," remarks the Bombay *Gazette*, "it appeared as though some fairy city had suddenly sprung up, the pretty stalls, the multitude of flags waving in the breeze, and above all the myriads of tiny multi-colored lanterns, gave a charming air of unreality to the scene.

Close by, over the Queen's statue, two immense pyramids of lights (twenty thousand lamps being employed) had been raised, joined by an archway, which was inscribed, "Victoria, Kaiser-i-Hind;" while the main streets were admirably decorated throughout. Arches abounded. Numerous processions paraded the city, and the utmost order and good temper prevailed everywhere, the various creeds and communities sinking their rivalries and differences in honor of the occasion. The ships in the harbor were gaily decorated, and at night there was a general illumination.

"The most questionable act of Government in connection with jubilee festivities," says the *Indian Witness*, "was the somewhat indiscriminate amnesty granted to criminals. The number of offenders liberated on that day has been declared to be twenty-three thousand three hundred and five. The daily papers furnish the materials for deciding that this number was excessively large, since the moral character of some of them was so exceedingly frail." If the men had been political prisoners, their release would have been a graceful act of magnanimity on the part of the Queen, but as they were not, the mere fact of one sovereign having sat on the English throne for fifty years seemed an insufficient reason for turning a lot of criminals loose on society. However, the police were wary and active, and soon had a large number safely behind the bars again.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Sceptic and the Shepherd Lad.—A Devoted Christian worker remarked: "In the county of Dumfries, in the south of Scotland, there is a tower called the 'Tower of Repentance.' How it got its name I can't say, but there it stands to this day, and is still known by that name. One day, a few years ago, an English baronet who was living in the neighborhood, happening to be strolling past the tower, saw lying on the grass, reading his Bible, a poor farmer's boy. The gentleman, who was a sceptic, went up to the lad, and said, 'So you're reading the Bible; I suppose it does you a deal of good. Now, from your study of that book, could you tell me the way to heaven?' The boy looked up from his reading, and in spite of the jeering tone and supercilious expression of the question, replied, pointing to the 'Tower of Repentance,' 'You must pass that tower, and turning to the right, keep straight on.' The sceptic was silenced. The shepherd lad had shown he understood what he read; and events proved that words so fitly spoken and so full of truth were not in vain."

A Mocker and his Sister.—Mr. Alexander said: "One day, while visiting among some poor people in a district assigned me, I spoke to a woman about her soul, and what Christ had done to save it. She seemed to think seriously about the matter, and was on the eve of committing her soul to the Saviour, when her brother came in. He, hearing what we were saying, laughed at his sister, and asked her if she were so silly as to believe all that nonsense. 'What's the good,' he said, 'of giving up all the fun just now, when you're young? Wait till you are a little older. There's time enough yet; besides, I believe the half of it is all fudge.' The sister allowed herself to be jeered out of her intention of accepting Christ, and sorrowfully I had to take my departure. About three or four months after that this woman had a letter from her brother, who had left home, saying that he was converted, had given himself to Christ, and while asking her forgiveness for having been a stumbling-block in her way, recommended her at once to seek the Saviour. This letter surprised and troubled her much, that he who at home laughed at all such things should now accept and profess them himself. She thought, If it is worth while for him to be a Christian, then it is worth while for me; and she anxiously sought to come to Christ. But this time she did not find it so easy, and for months she was most miserable, and she began to think she must have sinned away her day of grace, and that now there was no hope for her; but at length God graciously brought peace to her soul through faith in Christ, and now she is rejoicing in Him."

The Lost Sheep on the Hill-side.—"Not Many years ago a number of gentlemen and myself were on board the Oban steamer, and as we were steaming along the Argyleshire coast and admiring the beautiful scenery, some one beside me inquired, 'Do you see that little speck on the hill-side? What do you think it is?' 'A white stone, or perhaps a monument to commemorate some important event,' I replied. 'No,' he answered, 'it is neither; it is a lost sheep—a sheep that has wandered away from the flock; and if you look a little further down you will see the shepherd slowly making his way upward in search of the missing sheep.' 'But,' I said, for I saw distinctly the little gray mark which he said was the shepherd, 'how is it possible for either man or animal to ascend such a hill? Why, the face of it looks almost perpendicular.' 'Oh, the shepherds know all the district perfectly, and often traverse it on such errands in the darkest nights of winter, and there are never any accidents.' The shepherd gradually crept forward until he was within reach of the sheep, and stretching out his stick, tried to catch it, but it jumped over the stick and refused to be caught. Again and again he tried to gently draw it toward him, but in vain, and at last he was obliged to somewhat roughly pull it down; then lifting it he put it upon his shoulders and commenced the descent, and presently he placed it safely among the other sheep. Is not that straying sheep just a picture of the sinner who has wandered away from God, and of Jesus the good Shepherd who is looking for him, and will not rest until He has found the wanderer? And though he may repulse and refuse the first gentle pleadings, yet He will continue His gracious work until He has overpowered him, casting him upon His shoulder and carrying him to His fold. 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep which I had lost.'"

What Came of a Bad Debt.—Mr. John Gilbert Forbes said: "About fifty years ago there resided in the North of Scotland two brothers named Turner. They were in partnership as coopers, and both were God-fearing men, and used to have Gospel meetings in the cooperage at night; but one of them, John, seemed never to be happy except he was declaring God's message to sinners, and often he prayed that God would open up the way that he might have more time to devote to the preaching of the Gospel. For some time, however, it seemed as if the Lord did not answer his prayer. At last the answer came, and in a most peculiar way. The firm of Turner Bros. made a bad debt to a considerable amount, and the loss of this money meant to them *ruin*. It was resolved they should stop business, and then John found he was possessed of just enough money to defray the expenses of a pedestrian missionary tour. Starting off in the evening, he walked over the hills until he came to a village, and going up to a house there (he did not know any one in the place), asked if he might come in and hold a meeting. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'and most welcome.' What was the result? In that village, by means of that and other meetings, over three hundred people were led to Christ and were saved. Nor did the wave of blessing remain in that place. It spread all over the Highlands and Islands; wherever that man or one of his converts put their foot, there the Holy Spirit seemed to be, and souls sought the Lord. God will fill us with power for His service, if we are willing that He should do so, and that wherewith we are filled would find no hindrance, but flow through to others."

A Scotch Farmer's Testimony.—Mr. Hamilton observed: "I was passing along the streets of Glasgow one Sabbath day, when, at the corner near the river Clyde, I came upon a crowd, in the centre of which was an atheist, haranguing the people, and maintaining that all we had to do was to live a good moral life, to give up drink and open sin, and behave honestly man to man; and he laughingly told the story of a friend of his who, when questioned about his religion, replied that what he got on Sunday just lasted him until Tuesday or Wednesday, and that during the latter part of the week he was one of the most miserable of men; and then he jeeringly asked what kind of religion it was that could only keep a man for half a week. Just then there was a commotion in the crowd, and a big, broad, burly farmer came to the front; going up to the man, he said, 'You know nothing about it; you are only speaking from hearsay; but I know that Christ can keep me during the whole week, from Sunday to Sunday. You say that all the conversion a man needs is to turn from his sins; that all a drunkard has to do is to live a sober, decent life; but when did you see a man sunk under the power of drink able, in his own strength, to give it up? I was sunk as low as it was possible for a man to be, but, coming unto Jesus and casting myself on Him, my craving for drink left me, and in His grace He has set me free from the chains which for years had bound me.' The atheist was dumb; all his thin, flimsy arguments were brushed away, ruthlessly broken through, by this straightforward testimony; and his listeners felt that they would rather have the all-powerful arm of a loving Saviour upon which to lean than trust to their own puny efforts to work out a salvation for themselves."

BEHIND THE COUNTER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 24, 1887.

"A certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple," etc.—Acts 16 : 14.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."—Proverbs 22 : 29.

Encouragement for Business People—Counsel for Clerks—I. Clerkship a School—The Merchants of the Future—Be Patient—No Need for Envy—The Future of the Business Woman—II. Obey Lawful Regulations—Punctuality and Cheerfulness—III. Resist Unlawful Demands—Do Not Give Up Character—Guides for Country Merchants—IV. Overcome Special Trials—Inconsiderate Customers—Parsimonious Customers — Unreasonable Employers — Insufficient Wages—Arthur Tappen's Failure—The Value of a Handshake—A Delirious Captain.

The first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten, but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman.

The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." In these two passages there is great

Encouragement for Men and Women

who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to Church or State who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench, but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I come out this morning and utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as

Clerks in the Stores

and shops and banking-houses of the country. You say, "Why select one class, and talk to one specially this morning?" For the same reason that a surgeon does not open the door of a hospital and throw in a bushel of prescriptions, saying, "Come, now, and get your medicine." He first feels the pulse, watches the symptoms, and then prescribes for that particular case. So to-day I must be specific.

I. In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their

Clerkship is Only a School

from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After awhile, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you, "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully.

Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel to-day that I am standing before people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice mighty "on 'Change"—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forth with their millions to sustain the movement. Therefore,

Be Patient and Diligent

in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down on a prominent street with his son, who has just graduated from the university, and establishing him in business, putting one hundred thousand dollars of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say, "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put one hundred thousand dollars in a business for me, then I would have some chance!"

Be Not Envious.

You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say, "Let me pilot this ship out of the Narrows." Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know that it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks.

You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving to their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask these men high in commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land. But you say, "Will the

Womanly Clerks

in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells ten thousand dollars' worth of goods in a year will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells ten thousand dollars' worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman.

And in passing, I may as well say that you merchants who have female clerks in your stores ought to treat them with great courtesy and kindness. When they are not positively engaged, let them sit down. In England and the United States physicians have protested against the habit of compelling the womanly clerks in the stores to stand when it was not necessary for them to stand. Therefore I add to the protest of physicians the protest of the Christian Church, and in the name of good health, and that God who has made her constitution more delicate than man's, I demand that you let her sit down.

II. The second counsel I have to give to the clerks is that you seek out what are the

Lawful Regulations

of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will reach ruin, financial and moral: it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says, "Nobody shall dictate to me, I am my own master; I will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employés are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employés do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders.

Do Not Get Easily Disgusted.

While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands and cheerful face and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen, and listens for the command of "March!" Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say, "I could tell you some things if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

III. Again, I counsel clerks in this house to search out what are the

Unlawful and Dishonest Demands

of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "Oh," you say, "I should lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store and say, "Sir, I want to serve you; I want to oblige you; it is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, it is a sin against God, and I beg you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink, you will rise.

Do Not Give Up Your Character,

young man, because of seeming temporary advantage. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the verdancy of a customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent!

There is one style of temptation that comes on a great many of our clerks, and that is upon those who are engaged in what is called

"Drumming."

Now, that occupation is just as honorable as any other, if it be conducted in accord with one's conscience. In this day, when there are so many rivalries in business, all our commercial establishments ought to have men abroad who are seeking out for opportunities of merchandise. There can be no objection to that. But there are professed Christian merchants in the week-night prayer-meeting who have clerks abroad in New York conducting merchants of Cincinnati and Chicago and St. Louis through the debaucheries of the great town, in order to

ecure their custom for the store. There are in ores in New York and Brooklyn drawers in hich there are kept moneys which the clerks e to go to and get whatever they want to con- uct these people through the dissipations of ie city. The head men of the firm know it, id in some places actually demand it—professed hristian merchants. One would think that the rayer would freeze on their lips, and they would ll back dead at the sound of their own song. Vhat chance is there for young men when ommercial establishments expect such things? h, young men, disappoint the expectation of at firm—disappoint those customers, if these ings are expected of you! You may sell an xtra case of goods; you may sell an extra roll f silk; but the trouble is, *you may have to row your soul to boot* in the bargain.

IV. Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the ials of their particular position. One great ial for clerks is the

Inconsideration of Customers.

here are people who are entirely polite every- here else, but gruff and dictatorial and con- emptible when they come into a store to buy ything. There are thousands of men and omen who go from store to store to price ings, without any idea of purchase. They are ot satisfied until every roll of goods is brought own and they have pointed out all the real or aginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid loves, and stretch them out of shape, and they ut on all styles of cloak and walk to the mirror see how it would look, and then they sail out f the store, saying, "I will not take it to-day," hich means, "I don't want it at all," leaving ie clerk amid a wreck of ribbons, and laces, nd cloths, to smooth out five hundred dollars' orth of goods—not one cent of which did that an or woman buy or expect to buy. Now I ll that dishonest on the part of the customer.

Then a great trial comes to clerks in the fact at they see

The Parsimonious Side

f human nature. You talk about lies behind ie counter—there are just as many lies before ie counter. Augustine speaks of a man who dvertised that he would, on a certain occasion, ell the people what was in their hearts. A great rowd assembled, and he stepped to the front nd said, "I will tell you what is in your hearts: buy cheap and sell dear!" Oh, people of rooklyn, lay not aside your urbanity when you ome into a store. Treat the clerks like gen- emen and ladies, proving yourself to be a gen- eman or a lady. Remember that if the prices re high and your purse is lean, that is no fault f the clerks. And if you have a son or a aughter amid those perplexities of commercial fe, and such a one comes home all worn out, e lenient, and know that the martyr at the take no more certainly needs the grace of God han our young people amid the seven-times eated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Then there are all the trials which come to lerks from the treatment of

Inconsiderate Employers.

here are professed Christian men in this city ho have no more regard for their clerks than hey have for the scales on which the sugars are eighed. A clerk is no more than so much tore furniture. No consideration for their ights or their interests. Not one word of en- ouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from anuary to December. But when anything goes rong—a streak of dust on the counter or a box ith the cover off—thunder showers of scold- ng. Men imperious, capricious, cranky toward heir clerks—their whole manner as much as to ay, "All the interest I have in you is to see hat I can get out of you."

Then there are all the trials of

Incompetent Wages.

ome of you remember when the war broke out nd all merchandise went up, and merchants ere made millionaires in six months by the imple rise in the value of goods. Did the lerk get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, ot always. I saw estates gathered in those times over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since; rumbling in the carriage wheels, flashing in the chandeliers, glowing from the crimson upholstery, thundering in the long roll of the ten-pin alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, but after awhile a disaster will come along, and will put one hand on this pillar, and another hand on that pillar, and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshippers like grapes in a wine-press.

Then there are boys in establishments who are ruined—in prosperous establishments—ruined by their lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last twenty years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked, "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might

Better Starve to Death

on a blasted heath than take one cent from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way! There have been great establishments in these cities building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions and millions and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood and muscle and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as—well, I will not mention any name; but I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say, "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast we see between such men and those Christian merchants of Brooklyn and New York who to-day are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in this way, "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back forty years to

Arthur Tappen's Store

in New York—a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning he brought all the clerks and the accountants and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, Arthur Tappen failed. Yes; he was unfortunate, like a great many good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the Gospel, and that he is before the throne of God to-day. If that be failing, I wish that you might all fail.

There are a great many young men in this city—yea, in this house—who want a word of encouragement, Christian encouragement.

One Smile of Good Cheer

would be worth more to them to-morrow morning in their places of business than a present of fifty thousand dollars ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession! I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand; and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his and said, "God bless you, my brother; you have entered a glorious profession; be faithful to God and He will see you through." Why, I feel this minute the thrill of that hand-shaking, though the man who gave me the Christian grip has been in heaven twenty-five years. There are old men to-day who can look back to forty years ago, when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men, pay back what you got then.

It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties of our own State—from the granite hills of the North, from the savannas of the South, rom the prairies of the West. They are here to get their fortune. They are in boarding-houses where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship and they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

My word is to all clerks in this house,

Be Mightier Than Your Temptations.

A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your moral power. With omnipotence for a lever and the throne of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips, stoop down and drink out of the fountains of God, and you will rise up strong to thresh the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen raindrops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you to-day that storms of trial have showered imperishable pearl into many a young man's lap. Oh! while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save.

In a hospital a Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious, and in the midnight hour he sprang out on the floor of the hospital, thinking he was in the battle, crying, "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" Ah! he was only battling the spectres of his own brain. But it is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man, to-day. There are ten thousand spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God, up and at them. After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the Custom House steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Brooklyn, and New York, and London, and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Thebes and Babylon and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire-bells of the Judgment Day have tolled at the burning of a world—on that day all the affairs of banking houses and stores will come

Up for Inspection.

Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them—the people who owned thread-and-needle stores on the same footing with the Stewarts, and the Delanos, and the Abbotts, and the Barings. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gougings. All snap judgments. All false entries. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver, and stocks. All Swartouts, and Huntingtons, and Ketchums. On that day, when the cities of this world are smoking in the last conflagration,

The Trial

will go on; and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted God and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk! No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light, and love, and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

THE INDIAN MEDICINE MAN'S PHARMACOPŒIA.

In a letter from the Rev. George W. Wood, Jr., of Montana, Presbyterian missionary among the Assinaboines, published in the *Church*, is the following description of the treatment favored by the medicine men :

"The Indians have made up their minds to live without the sun-dance ; and some of the other heathen dances are going out of use. But they still cling to the grass-dance and the night-dance, or marriage-dance. They still put faith in their medicine men for the cure of sickness. Every case of illness is a contest with evil spirits ; and though often defeated, they still look upon the medicine men as their champions. Most of the time they have no other treatment. The agency physician visits the sick faithfully when he is here ; but owing to the distance from Poplar Creek, and the difficulty of travel in this country, he rarely comes. The medicine men are an obstacle in the way of visiting the sick and conversing with them. They will sit by the patient for hours at a time day after day, *drumming and otherwise 'making medicine'* to drive away the evil spirits, till any patient but one with Indian nerves would be driven mad. The amount of time thus spent is a matter of definite contract determined by the amount of the fee. A horse is considered equal to about a week's service. A blanket will ordinarily pay for two or three days. A medicine man must never be interrupted. No one must presume to visit the sufferer during his incantations."

A CONSECRATED SKIN.

The offerings of converts as reported by missionaries are a valuable evidence of the sincerity of their profession, showing that the change of heart has extended to the pocket, which it does not invariably do in Christian lands. The *Missionary Outlook* records two instances in point : "Archdeacon Kirkby, among the Indians in Manitoba, reports that a man brought a silver-fox skin as his gift. This was literally giving to God the best, as that is the most valuable fur in the country, and the skin thus presented sold for twelve dollars and a half, probably about one-fourth of the poor man's winter's hunt. It also states that the contributions of the Japanese churches would have been equivalent here to twenty dollars per member. Twelve of the sixteen, though of very recent formation, received no help from the treasury of the American Board last year. The pastors have led their people in the practice of self-denial, some of them receiving as salaries only a fifth, or even a tenth, of what they can have if they will enter the Government service.

PRAYING TO A TORTOISE.

The Rev. James Gilmour, M.A., of Peking, China, thus writes in a communication to friends in England : "It rained a day and a night, and every one said, 'What a good rain—just at the right time, too!' It rained another day and night, and people said, 'It is too much.' It rained a third day and night, and walls and houses began to fall down, and people said, 'Why does heaven send us so much rain?' It rained four days and four nights, and it was dismal in the night to hear the clatter and rumble of falling walls. There was hardly a house that did not leak. Many houses fell down bodily ; and, worse than all, the rivers rose and roared down, overflowing both banks of a bed a mile and a half broad. But this was not all. It began to eat away the fenced fields of kitchen gardens so rapidly that it was at their doors almost before people could move their things. It was alarming. I went to see it ; and there was the yellow flood raging along, carrying with it great trees, grain, and the timbers and furniture of houses. The water kept rising too, and things looked desperate ; and in their distress the Chinese had recourse to a god, who they supposed could manage the river. So they got a pig and cut its throat, and took it up to a little temple, and threw it into the river there as an offering to this god. And who was this god? Neither more nor less than *a tortoise!* Next morning, when they went out to see how the river was, they found that the flood had carried away the temple before which they offered the pig. After offering the pig, the next thing they did was to make a vow to the tortoise, and the vow was a promise that if the water did not rise higher they would put up a stage, hire a company of players, and have a six days' theatrical exhibition in honor of the tortoise. The river did not rise higher, so the exhibition is to come off." Strange worship of a strange god!

TEACHING FOR GERMAN SOLDIERS.

The startling ignorance of soldiers is causing some concern to the German Government. It has issued a decree stating that of the recruits drafted into one of the divisions of the Third Army Corps last year "only an insignificant part knew the names of our famous generals in modern times, a large number knew nothing at all about the events of the last three campaigns, and the most lamentable ignorance as to the members of the royal house was also found to exist." In order to remedy this state of affairs, it has been ordered that national history shall be given a prominent place in the elementary schools of the Potsdam governmental district, and attempts are being made to have the decree extended to a wider area. Doubtless the German soldiers would fight bravely, and prove themselves efficient, though they may show "the most lamentable ignorance as to the members of the royal house," which is not such valuable knowledge as royal personages think it. In the Christian army, however, that knowledge is indispensable. Christ's cause would be better served in our day if some of those who are enlisted under His banner knew a little more about Him before they began to work and teach (Philippians 3 : 8, 18).

A WIFE'S PETITION.

At a recent meeting at Bethshan, England, a lady related the following experience, which is published in *Thy Healer :* "My husband has been suffering with a very bad cough for some years. It was very distressing to him, for it was so bad. I think it is a month ago since I was at Bethshan, and asked for prayer for him that the Lord might heal him. That night I was in bed when he came home, but I heard no cough as usual. In the morning after getting up, again he had no cough. At breakfast-time I asked him, 'Where is your cough?' 'I don't know,' he said. 'What is it that has made all this difference?' 'I cannot tell,' he answered. 'Well,' I said, 'I am afraid even now you won't believe ; but I was in a place yesterday afternoon, where I asked for prayer for you, that you might be relieved of your cough.' He did not make any answer to that. Praise God, the cough is quite gone away. I have asked him since then, 'Do you believe that the Lord has taken your cough away?' 'I don't know,' he said, 'but I know it is gone.' I believe the Lord will yet have mercy on his soul, and bring him to Jesus in answer to prayer."

PREACHING IN A ZULU KRAAL.

The Rev. W. J. Underwood, Mahamba, Swaziland, lately visited a kraal where preaching was going on, and this is a portion of the story which he tells : "Elijah Nxumalo, the local preacher, a man more than forty years of age, rather tall and well built, goes from kraal to kraal preaching the glad tidings of salvation. I accompanied him on one of his tours. On arriving at the distant kraal we found about fifty persons waiting. The Nimzan and his chief wife seemed very glad to see me. It was a strange temple in which we worshipped. It was one of the largest of some twenty huts of bee-hive shape. We entered one at a time on our knees, and it was like creeping into a black hole with a very close atmosphere, and the instinct of self-preservation led me to settle down near the door. The only seat that could be found for me was a long narrow piece of wood such as would make a table leg. After I entered the Nimzan followed, and about thirty others, and by this time we were uncomfortably full. Gradually the interior became more visible ; and, as I sat near the door, the atmosphere was more tolerable. Thirty Zulu men and women, all nearly naked, all in spiritual darkness, all possessed of immortal souls, gathered around to hear of Him who is the 'Light of the world.' Elijah got all settled, ready to begin ; he untied his bundle and put on his antique spectacles, and explained that we were about to engage in the solemn worship of Almighty God. The heathens joined in the singing, and Elijah told them of the means God had devised that lost and unhappy sinners might be saved. Most earnestly did he urge them to begin to pray. He told them God did not ask for their cattle or their goats, but their hearts. In conclusion, he told them about the 'joy among the angels when one sinner repenteth,' and also how the wicked would be everlastingly punished in hell. Elijah was listened to with the deepest interest, and wonder and agreement were pictured on their faces. We sang another hymn, and then all knelt in prayer, at the close of which all the people said 'Amen.'"

A NONAGENARIAN'S PREMONITION.

A mysterious warning of approaching death was received recently by an aged lady residing in Hartford, Conn. A few months ago a widow lady who had attained the venerable age of ninety-four astonished her daughter, with whom she resided, and her friends by saying that she was strongly impressed with the belief that she would die on April 1st. Although then in good health, so convinced was she that she would not survive that day that she put her affairs in order, and arranged for the payment of certain interest money which fell due in the middle of April. She was also anxious to communicate with some friends in other cities from whom she had not heard for a long time ; but they seem to have received a similar premonition, for they wrote her before her letters reached them. Her health continued good until three weeks before, when in going about the house one night she had a fall and broke her hip. Owing to her advanced age, it was impossible to set the bone, and she gradually sank until April 1st, when she died, on the very day she had named months before. No rational explanation of this mysterious premonition can be given. To very few persons is it given to know beforehand the time of their death. It is, therefore, excusable when a man dies leaving his worldly affairs unsettled ; but the very uncertainty ought to inculcate the duty of spiritual preparation, because that preparation avails for life as well as for death (1 Tim. 4 : 8).

CHAMBERS OF LIVING DEATH.

The Mission to the Lepers of India is doing a valuable work among the poor, heretofore neglected creatures. The secretary of the mission, Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey, is now visiting the asylums aided by the society, inquiring how best Christian teaching can be introduced into other asylums, and endeavoring to awaken among Christians in India a more earnest care for the lepers. Referring to the Dharmsala, in Bombay, he says : I have been once more *through all its chambers of living death ;* they are beyond description ; worse than even I had any idea of. I also paid a visit to the Lohardugga Asylum. At the entrance there was an arch of mango leaves, with a white flag at either side, and "Welcome" in the centre. The poor lepers' houses were decorated with evergreens. These houses are whitewashed, and have red-tiled roofs. The whole place had an air of comfort, being clean and bright. I was particularly struck with the comparatively healthy appearance of the inmates. After I had said "Isa sahai"—"May Jesus be your helper"—which is the usual salutation here, a woman, the wife of one of the lepers, but who had not herself contracted the disease, came forward with a little vessel of oil, with which she anointed my feet. After the ordinary service came the baptism of two lepers—Sukkhu and

Patrus—a most interesting ceremony to me. Sukkhu is about sixty; his toes and fingers are all gone; but his poor old face, which is not marred by the disease, had a bright, intelligent smile. He answered well and clearly. At one time he seemed much distressed, having dropped his pice (small coins), which he had brought as an offering, his poor fingerless hands being unable to pick them up. Sukkhu was formerly a devil worshipper, and acted as priest. When he became a leper he used all his own charms and incantations to cure himself, but to no purpose. At one time he made a horse and an elephant (we are not told of what material); he put saddles on them, and *offered them to the devil*, saying, "See now, I have given you these nice things. Please leave me, and go somewhere else." To-day he was very emphatic about Jesus having shed His blood for him.

A CHINESE TOWN BECOME CHRISTIAN.

On the coast of China near Foochow is a small village of five hundred inhabitants which has recently formally taken Christianity as its religion. The Chinese *Recorder* gives the following explanation of it: "Last summer the people became so angry with all foreigners, on account of the troubles between France and China, that the missionaries were obliged to discontinue their visits; but the native preacher kept on his work earnestly and faithfully. In midsummer cholera came to the village in a virulent form, and death followed death in quick succession. The terror-stricken people fled to their gods; but the one Christian besought them to come to the true God, who could hear their prayers and save them. Because of their despair they listened and joined with him in asking God to stay the plague; and God honored their faith, imperfect though it was, and the plague was stayed *that day*. The people then held a conference, and as a town they resolved to accept the new religion, and worship the God who helped them."

It will need now the earnest efforts of the missionaries to disseminate sound teaching to give the people clearer ideas of Christian duty. If that is neglected they may abjure their new faith in the event of their praying to God for something He does not see fit in His wisdom to grant.

NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A REMEDY for consumption was described to a hospital committee in Philadelphia, at a recent session, by Dr. T. N. McLaughlin, the chief physician at the city hospital, who has tried it with invariable success in thirty cases. The doctor, did not claim to be the discoverer of the remedy, but stated that he had obtained the idea from a paper recently read in Paris by a French physician who strongly recommended it. The remedy consists in abandoning all medicines and injecting carbonic acid, which is specially prepared by a process invented by a professor in a French medical college. The thirty patients on whom Dr. McLaughlin tried it were all in the last stages of the disease, and recovery in each case was considered impossible. After the treatment they at once began to show signs of improvement. The night sweats ceased, the almost constant pains from which they suffered vanished, and the appetite returned. The sick grew brighter and stronger each day, and since the beginning of the treatment one of the number has gained twelve pounds in weight, while others have gained from three to five pounds in the same time. The intelligence of the discovery of a remedy for this disease, which has generally been considered incurable, will be received with different emotions by different people. Some will hear the news with comparative indifference, but those who believe themselves to be suffering from the disease will be anxious to learn if it is really true that there is hope for them, and will lose no time in applying the remedy. That is the case with the offer of salvation for the soul: those who know themselves to be lost eagerly seek the Saviour (Mark 2:17).

THE COMING OF THE DAYS OF NOAH.

THE PRESENT ACTIVITY OF THE SEVEN CAUSES OF ANTEDILUVIAN CORRUPTION.

By G. H. Pember, M.A.

(*Continued from page 247.*)

To reproduce *the fourth cause*, the Prince of this World has long been striving, and certainly now seems near to his victory. It is the natural result of the first error, the denial of our position as sinners before God, as doomed to destruction unless a ransom be found. Let the Church surrender that truth, and what hinders her from living in perfect

Accord with the World?

If the practical teaching of religion be that God is fairly satisfied with our conduct, troubles but little about our sins, highly appreciates our works of virtue, even though pride be their mainspring, and looks with pleasure upon bold deeds and intellectual displays, why should such a theology clash with the cravings of men? How could they hate a deity so like themselves?

And have we not been describing the creed of vast numbers in the professing Church? Are not the walls of the city of God thus continually broken down before our eyes, so that the stranger may enter at will? Men do indeed frequent their churches in crowds; they excite a feeling, which they term religious, by grand buildings, by painted windows, by splendid vestments, by gorgeous ceremonies, by beautiful music, by sentimental or intellectual discourses, and by strong sectarian or political convictions. But if they clothe themselves with the semblance of devotion in their worship, they altogether lose this outward distinction in the world, and bewilder those who are honestly asking what they shall do to be saved, by plunging into all the gaieties, frivolities, pursuits, and business of this life, as if they were to remain among them forever. The powers of the World to Come have lost their hold upon them, they are even as other men: so many points have been yielded, amusements permitted, and vices condoned, that it is almost

Impossible to Distinguish

them from non-professors unless they recite their creed. Nay, some would appear to be holding a doctrine of the ancient Gnostics who, denying the resurrection, affirmed that, their spirits being saved, they were at liberty to do what they would with the body, inasmuch as after death they would have no further concern either with it or its deeds. And although many are ready to confess that the Christian must take up his cross, yet being thoroughly satisfied that in these modern times the unwearied zeal of Christ and His apostles would be quite out of place, they can by no means find a cross to bear. If, however, God in His anger smite them with sickness, bereavement, disappointment, or loss, they talk of their trials, and comfort themselves with the thought that they are imitating the Lord by enduring troubles which they cannot in any way avoid.

The Swarming Peoples.

Upon *the fifth factor* there is no need to enlarge, for without quoting census papers, every one can perceive the rapid growth of numbers in every land. So dense is the population of Europe, that in unprecedented numbers emigrants are going out and filling the solitary places of the earth. And statistics show that the population of almost every part of the world is also increasing.

But, in addition to this, there is *a phenomenon of gloomy portent*. For, while they multiply, men are also beginning to exhibit impatience of restraint: and, since they are learning to act together, and seem to be growing inflated with reliance on their fancied power, they will probably soon go on to deeds of impious daring. Large organizations, which are no longer confined to the frontiers of one people, forbode a second rebellion of Babel. The time of the shaking of all nations is approaching, and the hearts of many are already failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. Let believers consider their ways; for the Lord will shortly descend to see what the children of men are doing.

VI. Increased Callousness.

Whenever the Word of God is faithfully preached it cannot return unto Him void; it will accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the things whereto He sent it (Isa. 55:11); some effect it must produce upon all who hear. It separates the wheat from the chaff; it either draws men nearer to God, or renders them more callous than before, and prepares them for speedy judgment. And so the powerful appeals of Enoch, his loud calls to repentance and threatenings of judgment to come, since they were slighted by the world, must have mightily hardened the hearts of men, and caused the Spirit of God to cease striving with them. Very probably many were at first impressed and alarmed; but after a while, when they saw day following day without any sign of the predicted vengeance, they lost their fear; they went back to their favorite sins, they began to be scoffers, and mocked at solemn warnings.

In this case also history appears to be repeating itself. For some fifty years God has supplied an unbroken stream of evangelical testimony which has been gradually increasing in power; and there is now sounding forth such a proclamation of the Gospel as the world has never, perhaps, heard since the days of the apostles. Amid the calls to repentance and offers of grace, amid the mutual exhortations to walk as children of the light, there peals forth, waxing ever louder and louder, the solemn cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him" (Matt. 25:6); while the testimony of the faithful to the world is assuming its last form — "Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come" (Rev. 14:7).

Indications of this New Epoch

have been growing more and more apparent for some years, and many papers and periodicals have been devoted to the resuscitation of the long neglected truth so prominently set forth by our Lord and His apostles. Hundreds of books and pamphlets have been written on the same subject; while the majority of the later revival preachers, and a daily increasing number of other witnesses, have promulgated it.

But the masses of the world are again rejecting God's more urgent appeals, and, as a natural consequence, His Spirit is ceasing to strive with them; infidelity and superstition are beginning to overshadow the countries of Christendom.

Sorcery.

The seventh and most fearful characteristic of the days of Noah was the unlawful appearance among men of beings from another sphere. This, many would quickly reply, is certainly an event which has not yet startled our age, strange as our experiences may be; we have still something at least to wait for before the completion of that fatal circle of influences which ruined the old world. But a diligent comparison of Scripture with the things that are now taking place among us will give a very different impression, and induce a strong conviction that *the advanced posts* of this last terrible foe have already crossed our borders. For it is no longer possible to deny the *supernatural* character of the apostasy called Spiritualism, which is spreading through the world with unexampled rapidity, and which attracts its votaries, and retains them within its grasp, solely by continual exhibitions of the miraculous. It is vain to speak of that power as mere jugglery which has convinced some of the *élite* of the literary world, which has caught in its meshes many scientific men, who at first only troubled to investigate for the purpose of refutation. Nor, indeed, can anything be more dangerous than utter incredulity; for the wholly incredulous, if suddenly brought face to face with the supernatural, is of all men the most likely to yield entire submission to the priests of the new wonder. Better far is it to prayerfully inquire whether these things are possible, and if so, in what light the Bible teaches us to regard them. We shall thus be armed against all the wiles of the Devil.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Renewed Rumors of an Extra Session of Congress were in circulation last week. They arose from a report that an officer of the House, when waiting on President Cleveland, to take leave before setting out on a European excursion, informed the President that he intended to return at the end of October. The statement published is that the President advised him to arrange his plans so that he could be back in Washington on October 1st. This advice was interpreted as an indication that the President had yielded to the representations of certain statesmen who are known to strongly advocate a special session.

The Secretary of the Treasury has Made an important innovation in the payment of a claimant, which will be a warning to those claim agents who are not satisfied with moderate fees. There has frequently been reasonable ground for suspicion that when Congress has voted a sum of money it did not benefit so much the person entitled to it as the lawyer who managed his case, and who generally drew the money from the Treasury. On April 19th, Mr. Fairchild's suspicion in a case of the kind having been aroused, he ordered the cancellation of a cheque issued in payment of the back pay and bounty of a soldier which was held by an attorney who had charged an exorbitant and illegal fee. The Secretary then directed that a duplicate cheque be issued and sent direct to the claimant. He says that this course will be adopted in all cases where the attorney asks more than fair compensation for his legal services.

The State Department is Reported to have received a despatch from the British Foreign Office suggesting a new basis for the settlement of the Canadian fishery difficulty. It is welcome because of the disposition it shows to make concessions, though the particular concession offered does not meet the case as understood by Secretary Bayard. The Marquis of Salisbury offers to revert to the old arrangements without the payment of the five million dollars awarded by the Halifax settlement to England. That proposal shows the magnanimity of the British Government, but it shows, too, that there is a misunderstanding in England of the real cause of trouble. The United States could afford to pay the award, but they object to giving privileges which, as they contend, are not reciprocated. If Canada would allow American fishery ships "to touch and trade" at Canadian ports, as Canadian fishery vessels can do at American ports, there would be an end of the dispute.

The Destructive Cyclone Which Passed over parts of Kansas and Missouri on Thursday last, has left an appalling record of its power. Despatches from St. Louis say that the storm ravaged a strip of territory about five hundred miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide. This path was marked with the blood of dead and dying, and covered with the débris of thousands of homes. Scores of isolated hamlets, scattered off direct lines of communication, are known to have been visited by the scourge of the prairie, with most disastrous results. The cyclone was first heard early in the afternoon at Colony, Anderson County, Kan., about forty miles north-west of Fort Scott. It was preceded by a rumbling sound such as usually accompanies an earthquake. The color of the cloud was a combination of green and yellow, and without any warning, except the noise referred to, it swept down on Colony and tore the little town to fragments. Ten thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed, and one person was killed. Thence the storm passed over the southern portion of Anderson and Linn counties, travelling due east, and accompanied by mammoth hailstones. The cloud had by this time assumed the terrible funnel-shape that indicates its most destructive mood. In its progress through Prescott, it razed two hundred buildings, killed twelve persons, and maimed twice as many more. Houses were caught up from their foundations, carried from one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, and then dashed violently to the ground. The dwellings in nearly every case were shattered to fragments, and the loss of life was caused as much by flying timbers as the violence of the storm.

The Disgraceful Condition of Brooklyn Politics is being exposed by the Investigating Committee appointed by the Legislature. At a meeting of the Committee recently one witness testified that he had purchased a piece of land for $3500, but when the deed was made out it appeared that he had paid only $2500. Who had received the other thousand he did not know. A disreputable place was upon the land, and he was anxious to have it removed, but he was informed by an official that he could not have the land unless he consented to allow the disreputable place to remain, and it still stands there. Apart from the disclosures made in this investigation, it is evident to any unbiassed person that immorality in the Brooklyn streets has in three years made prodigious progress.

Rumors of a Revival of the Project of a Central American Union are published by the New York *Times*. It states that representatives of the five Central American republics, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and San Salvador, have made another attempt at mutual alliance. Some of the points of agreement arrived at are freedom of trade and navigation between the States, joint defence against foreign powers, assimilation of laws, and the admission of the citizens of each State to citizenship in every other, with the ultimate purpose of a closer union. Secretary Bayard gave the project a qualified approval some time ago, by saying that the United States have an undoubted interest in the assimilation of the aims of the Central American States, so that they may act voluntarily and harmoniously together under republican forms toward the realization of national and continental ends, although he opposes forcible usurpation. Probably a union would have been formed before this, but for the mutual jealousies of the Central American Presidents.

The Arrest of a French Commissary by German police caused last week intense excitement in France and throughout Europe. People were and still are unable to decide whether it is a trivial personal incident, or a deliberate attempt on the part of Bismarck to affront France. The circumstances, so far as they can be ascertained, are that M. Schnaebeles, a special police commissary employed by the French Government in the demarcation of the boundary-line between France and Germany, was requested by the Germans to set up one or two posts to mark the frontier line. The commissary crossed the boundary and advanced a few yards on German soil, when he was seized by German police agents, who were disguised in gray blouses. He knocked the agents down and escaped back to French territory, but he was again seized, handcuffed, and sent to Novéant, and thence to Metz, where he was placed in the prison in which accused persons are confined before trial. The warrant for the arrest emanated from the public prosecutor at Metz, who acted under instructions from Strasburg. The French Government appear to have maintained their equanimity, but to have insisted on the affair being explained. From German sources it is learned that M. Schnaebeles was suspected of fomenting disloyalty in Alsace, and that the Germans are glad to have possession of him, though they deny that he was arrested on French territory. In the strained condition of the relations between the two countries the incident is dangerous; but if Bismarck does not really wish for war he will allay the resentment the affair naturally produces.

The Publication of a Letter Purporting to be signed by Mr. Parnell in the London *Times* made a genuine sensation in England last week. For some time past the *Times* has been publishing articles to prove that Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party are allied with the dynamiters and assassins of Ireland, and not only approve of their proceedings, but associate with them, and aid them indirectly in their criminal acts. This letter is on a line with those articles. It purports to be written by Mr. Parnell to Patrick Egan under date of May 15th, 1882. The object of the letter is to convince Irishmen in America who approved of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phœnix Park, on May 6th, 1882, that Mr. Parnell was not sincere in denouncing the crime, and that, while regretting the murder of Cavendish, he thought "Burke got no more than his deserts." The letter states that the writer is not surprised at Irishmen being angry at the denunciation of the crime, but excusing himself on the ground that it was good policy. Mr. Parnell indignantly denies that he ever wrote or signed such a letter, and Mr. Egan denies that he ever received it. In England, while there is reluctance to believe that the letter is genuine, the high character of the *Times*, and the risk that journal incurs under the law of libel if it has published false statements, lead many to believe that the proprietors of the journal must have satisfied themselves before publishing it that the letter was written by Mr. Parnell.

The New Mahdi Appears Ambitious to Tread in the footsteps of his predecessor. He has sent delegates to the Khédive of Egypt, who were admitted to an audience on April 18th. They presented letters from the Mahdi to the Khédive, the Queen of England, and the Sultan of Turkey. In the letter to the Khédive the Mahdi says: "If you will recognize me as the true Mahdi you will be saved, and we will be friends. Otherwise I will march forward and the same fate will befall you as overtook your generals." The Mahdi addresses Queen Victoria as "the favorite of her people," which is quite a new title, which her Majesty may now add to that of Defender of the Faith, which was conferred by the Pope.

The British Treasury Statement for the Year was made in the House of Commons on April 21st. It is interesting by its parallel with our own financial position. It appears that during last year the revenues of the Government amounted to $450,000,000, and the expenses reached nearly the same sum. There has been a saving of about a million in the army estimates, and about a million and a half in the estimates for the civil service. The revenue obtained by taxes on alcoholic liquors had decreased $950,000, while that derived from the beer tax had increased $225,000. The receipts from the wine taxes had fallen off half a million, and those from the tax on tea had largely increased. The Secretary of the Treasury proposes to reduce the tax on tobacco, and to rearrange the payments on account of the national debt. Lord Randolph Churchill, who recently resigned charge of the national finances, condemns the policy of the Government, and charges it with disregard for economy.

The Rev. M. Baxter Delivered Three Discourses on Sunday last in the Academy of Music, Norfolk, Va., on the Great Coming Events of Prophecy. He had large and attentive audiences. Norfolk is a thriving city of 25,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated by the sea, with a large and growing seaport trade.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A New Bishop of Jerusalem has been Apointed by the Queen of England. The clergyman selected is the Rev. G. F. Blyth, at present Archdeacon of Rangoon. This is the beginning f a new order. Since the bishopric was constituted in 1842 the presentations have been made lternately by the Emperor of Germany and the Queen. Prussia furnished one half of the necesary funds, while the English Government furished the other. The salary of the Bishop of erusalem was $6000. The Prussian Government, owever, lately withdrew its grant and the Archishops of Canterbury and York, together with he Bishop of London, have succeeded in establishing an entirely English Bishopric of Jerualem, and Archdeacon Blyth is the new Bishop.

An Emperor Washing the Feet of Poor Men s a spectacle annually witnessed in Austria. On Maundy Thursday the Emperor Francis Joseph, n accordance with ancient custom and in remembrance of the Last Supper, went through the orm of washing the feet of twelve deserving old en in one of the halls of the imperial palace. The united ages of the veterans on this occaon aggregated ten hundred and seventy-four ears. Four were nonogenarians. The old men, lothed in the traditional costume and bareooted, were seated on a line of benches. The mperor passed before them, escorted by a suite f his household dignitaries, and poured a little ater from a silver pitcher on each outstretched oot. He dried it afterward with a towel. Every eteran was then presented with a small bag of oney and some food.

An Opportunity to Christian People Desiring o help the workingwomen of New York and the oor children of the tenement-house districts, uring the summer, is afforded by the Seaside anitarium at Rockaway (Hammel's Station). everal well-known philanthropists are supportng this institution with the object of affording omfortable rooms, good board, and free bathng to the poor. Any person wishing to send a arty of children for a day can have four hunred tickets for $100. Children under twelve ears of age can be accommodated from Monday ll Saturday at $2 each, adults, $3 each. The anitarium will be open on May 1st. Charitable ersons who may wish to send some convalesent woman or child there for sea air and good od may procure a ticket of admission from Ir. Henry King, 185 Fifth Avenue, New York.

An Imprisoned Heir Died Recently in the enitentiary at Pittsburg, Pa. A little over a ear ago a young man was convicted in Cambria ounty on a charge of forgery, and was senenced to a term of imprisonment which would ave expired in June next. A few months later relative died and left him $20,000. A guardian as appointed for him, and the prisoner looked orward eagerly to his release. He had declared is intention to turn over a new leaf and use his ortune to good purpose. Typhoid fever, howver, brought his life to a close on April 3d. It believed that the fever was due to his imrisonment. Repentance and good resolutions ould not atone for his sin nor avert its conseuences, even in this life. If men realized that his truth also applies to the life beyond the ave they would see why the atonement of hrist was necessary, and that by it alone they an hope for the remission of sin (Prov. 11 : 19).

A Bridge-Jumper was Sent to Prison in New ork, for three months, on April 18th. The man as Lawrence M. Donovan, who has already mped once from the Brooklyn Bridge, the iagara Falls Suspension Bridge, and other ell-known dangerous eminences. The police ceived notice that Donovan would attempt to mp again from the Brooklyn Bridge, on Monay, April 18th, and they immediately took measres to prevent his doing so. They stopped the ack in which he was, when it arrived at the ridge entrance, and promptly arrested him. When taken before Judge Duffy, the man prosted that he "hadn't done nothing." But the dge was too impatient to listen to him. "You are a fool," he said, sternly, "and you ill go to the Island for three months." It must not be supposed from this, that the judge sentenced him for being a fool, though his words implied that. It was for attempting to risk his life, which was a crime, that also proved his folly. The jails of New York are large enough to accommodate all who in that way prove themselves fools, but no building on earth would contain those who more conclusively prove their folly by risking their souls (Jer. 17 : 11).

The Discovery of Stars by Photography has given a new channel to astronomical study. The New York *Sun* publishes an interesting account of the results recently achieved by celestial photography. It says that not only have excellent photographs of the heavenly bodies been obtained, and an absolutely accurate picture of the skies secured for permanent examination and study, but it has been found that the camera reveals stars invisible even with the aid of the most powerful telescope in existence. This is due to the fact that the camera can accumulate impressions—that is to say, it is able by continued exposure to obtain an image of an object which may be so faint that a shorter exposure would give no image. This, of course, is a power that the eye does not possess. It is equivalent to being able to see plainly by long gazing what cannot be seen at all by a brief inspection. A notable instance of this power is seen in photographs of the Pleiades, the group of stars mentioned in Job (36 : 31). Here a nebula is shown in the photograph which the eye cannot perceive in the sky, but which undoubtedly exists. These discoveries will prove valuable, for astronomers believe in the revelations of the camera though they are not confirmed by actual observation. Their example may be commended to men who reject the revelation of the Bible and refuse to exercise faith when they are asked to accept spiritual truth not perceptible to the senses (1 Cor. 2 : 14).

A Baby's Marvellous Escape in a Railroad accident is described in a despatch from Lancaster, Pa. On April 19th, a wagon, containing a man and his wife and their daughter-in-law, with her fifteen-months'-old infant, was crossing the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad at the point where the road crosses the Petersburg turnpike, when the limited express came dashing past. The engine struck the side of the wagon and dashed it to pieces. The man and his wife were killed instantly, but their daughter-in-law and her babe were caught on the cowcatcher and carried forward with the train. The mother was so severely shaken and so nervous that she lost her presence of mind, and, relaxing her hold, rolled off the cowcatcher, sustaining serious injuries as she fell. The baby, however, clung tightly, and when the train was brought to a standstill, after going about three hundred yards, was found still on the cowcatcher, and was taken off unhurt. It is a most remarkable fact that the only one of the four to escape death or injury was the most frail and helpless of them all. It is so in spiritual matters; many of the wise and prudent perish, while the simple cling to Christ and are saved (1 Cor. 1 : 26–29).

Eight Female Immigrants were Detained in Boston, Mass., on April 16th, while the Collector of the Port decided whether they should be sent back again. They were manufacturers of velveteen, and a Rhode Island firm had engaged them in England and had paid their passage over here. Under a law, passed two years ago, it was made illegal for any firm to import laborers under contract, and the penalty prescribed for violation of the law was that the company importing should pay a fine of a thousand dollars for each passenger, and the steamship company should take them back to the port from which they came. In this case, which was the first of the kind that has occurred, the contract was admitted, but the company claimed exemption on the ground that there are no persons in the country able to do the work, and therefore there was no violation of the spirit of the law in what they had done—the law being passed for the protection of working people in this country against foreign competition. The Collector decided that under the circumstances the company had not broken the law, and ordered the women to be set at liberty. Employers will doubtless take warning by this escape of the Rhode Island company, and be careful, before inviting foreign artisans here, to ascertain that there are none of the same trade in the country. It is well that no such restrictions hamper those who are inviting outsiders to come into Christ's kingdom. They have the King's authority to invite all and assure them of a welcome (Matt. 28 : 18–20).

BRIEF NOTES.

The Birthday Fund for the endowment of Mr. Moody's schools has reached the sum of $40,000. It is expected to realize $100,000 in a few weeks.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, pastor of the Hebrew Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, near Third Avenue, New York, baptized on Easter Sunday three Jewish converts who have recently been brought to the Christian faith at his meetings.

Mr. George Jacoby, the young evangelist whose work is spoken of in terms of high commendation in places where he has labored, is now devoting himself entirely to evangelistic work. His former pastor, Rev. Henry Beals, of Philadelphia, warmly recommends him to the churches. His address is 1122 Savery Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The fifth International Sunday-School Convention will meet in Chicago on June 1st. Delegates will be present from each State, Territory, and Canadian province, and from across the water, the apportionment in this country being one delegate to every 40,000 population. All departments of Sunday-school work will be represented.

A Conference on the Plenary Inspiration of the Bible will be held in November next in some Eastern city, probably Philadelphia. A committee of ministers has been appointed to arrange the details. Bishop W. R. Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, is chairman, and Rev. George C. Needham is secretary. Persons having suggestions to offer should write to Mr. Needham at Manchester, Mass.

Dr. McCosh, the President of Princeton College, states that two students of that institution recently made an inquiry as to the number of graduates now in colleges in the United States who desire to go out as foreign missionaries to foreign lands. They find that in ninety-two institutions there are 1525 persons who have volunteered. Dr. McCosh expresses his readiness to combine with others in raising the necessary funds to send them out.

The New York Medical Missionary Society, of which the devoted and indefatigable Dr. Dowkontt is superintendent, has grown from one dispensary, opened in June, 1881, to six dispensaries and one institute, with twelve students. Its expenditure last year was $5700, and it gave medical attention among the poor to nearly four thousand cases. It is proposed to extend the accommodation of the society so as to receive fifty male and twelve female students this fall. Twelve thousand dollars are needed.

Rev. W. F. Re Qua and Mrs. Re Qua, who are laboring among the Indians at McAllister, are encouraged with many tokens of God's blessing. Their privations and hardships, about which they are silent, are, as we learn from others, very severe, but are borne with faith and patience. Any of our readers who can spare a small sum, though it is only a quarter, may be sure that they will help in a good work, and encourage two servants of Christ, by mailing it to Rev. W. F. Re Qua, McAllister, Indian Territory.

The Rev. George C. Needham and Mrs. Needham have commenced special services in Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia. During their services at Beverley, Mass., which closed on April 18th, there was a great work of grace. Mr. Needham's sermons to men only, in the Town Hall, were attended by immense numbers, and Mrs. Needham's addresses to women only, in the church, attracted large audiences. Mr. Needham says that he hears everywhere he goes of the good work being done by The Christian Herald, and that its influence is growing rapidly.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, The Christian Herald. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York. **FIVE PRIZES** will be given on June 30th to the canvassers who have sold the largest number of copies each week between May 1st and that date. The two at the head of the list will receive *ten dollars* each and the next three *five dollars* each.

ON THE CROSS AFTER DEATH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day (for that Sabbath day was an high day), besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with Him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that He was dead already, they brake not His legs, etc."—John 19 : 31–37.

The Jewish and Roman Customs in Executions—Ceremonial Pollution Dreaded More than Murder—The Strange Physical Phenomenon—I. The Scripture Fulfilled—The Prediction Negative and Positive—Specially Improbable—Altogether Indispensable—Fulfilment Natural—Marvellously Complete—II. The Identification of the Messiah—III. The Instruction Conveyed—Christ the Paschal Lamb—Man's Treatment of Him—What He Did for Men.

CRIMINALS who were crucified by the Romans were allowed to rot upon the Cross. That cruel nation can hardly be so severely condemned as our own people, who up to a late period allowed the bodies of those condemned to die to hang in chains upon gibbets in conspicuous places. The horrible practice is now abandoned, but it was retained to a time almost, if not quite, within living memory. I wonder whether any aged person here remembers such a spectacle. Among the Romans it was usual, for there are

Classical Allusions to this Horror,

showing that the bodies of persons crucified were usually left to be devoured by ravenous birds. Probably out of deference to the customs of the Jews, the authorities in Palestine would sooner or later allow of the interment of the crucified ; but they would by no means hasten it, since they would not feel such a disgust at the sight as an Israelite would.

The Mosaic law, which you will find in the Book of Deuteronomy, runs as follows : "If thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that day" (Deut. 21 : 22, 23). This alone would lead the Jews to desire the burial of the executed ; but there was a further reason. Lest the land should be defiled upon the holy Sabbath of the Passover, the chief priests were importunate that the bodies of the crucified should be buried, and therefore that their deaths should be hastened by the breaking of their legs. Their consciences were not wounded by the murder of Jesus, but they were greatly moved by the fear of ceremonial pollution. Religious scruples may live in a dead conscience. Alas ! this is not the only proof of that fact ; we could find many in our own day.

The Jews hurried to Pilate, and sought as a boon the merciless act of having the legs of the crucified dashed to pieces with an iron bar. That act was sometimes performed upon the condemned as an additional punishment ; but in this instance it was meant to be a finishing stroke, hastening death by the terrible pain which it would cause, and the shock to the system which it would occasion. Pilate had no hesitation in granting the desire of the Jews ; what would he care about the dead body, since he had already delivered up the living man ?

Soldiers go at once to perform the hideous operation, and they commence with the two malefactors. It is

A Striking Fact

that the penitent thief, although he was to be in Paradise with his Lord that day, was not, therefore, delivered from the excruciating agony occasioned by the breaking of his legs. We are saved from eternal misery, not from temporary pain. Our Saviour, by our salvation, gives no pledge to us that we shall be screened from suffering in this life. You must not expect because you are pardoned, even if you have the assurance of it from Christ's own lips, that, therefore, you shall escape tribulation ; nay, but from His gracious mouth you have the forewarning assurance that trial shall befall you ; for Jesus said, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation." Suffering is not averted, but it is turned into a blessing. How much we may any of us receive by the way of suffering it were hard to guess ; mayhap, the promise that we shall be with our Lord in Paradise will be fulfilled that way.

At this point it seemed more than probable that our blessed Lord must undergo the breaking of His bones ; but "He was dead already." It had pleased Him, in the infinite willinghood with which He went to His sacrifice, to yield up His life, and His spirit had therefore departed. Yet one might have feared that the coarse soldiers would have performed their orders to the letter. See, they do not so ! Had they conceived a dread of one around whom such prodigies had gathered ? Were they, like their centurion, impressed with awe of this remarkable personage ? At any rate, perceiving that He was dead already, they did not use their hammer. Happy are we to see them cease from such brutality ! But we may not be too glad ; for

Another Outrage

will take its place : to make sure that He was dead, one of the four soldiers with a spear pierced His side, probably thrusting His lance quite through the heart. Here we see how our gracious God ordained in His providence that there should be sure evidence that Jesus was dead, and that therefore the sacrifice was slain. Strange to say, there have been heretics who have ventured to assert that Jesus did not actually die. They stand refuted by this spear-thrust. Our Lord assuredly died, and was buried ; the Roman soldiers were keen judges in such matters, and they saw that "He was dead already," and, moreover, their spears were not used in vain when they meant to make death a certainty.

When the side of Christ was pierced, there flowed there out blood and water, upon which a great deal has been said by those who think it proper to dilate upon such tender themes. It was supposed by some that by death the blood was divided, the clots parting from the water in which they float, and that in a perfectly natural way. But it is not true that blood would flow from a dead body if it were pierced. Only under certain very special conditions would blood gush forth. The flowing of this blood from the side of our Lord cannot be considered as a common occurrence : it was a fact entirely by itself.* I could enter into many details, but I prefer to cast a veil over this tender mystery. It is scarcely reverent to be discoursing of anatomy when the body of our adorable Lord is before us. Let us close our eyes in worship rather than open them with irreverent curiosity.

I. I ask you to notice

The Fulfilment of Scripture.

Two things are predicted : not a bone of Him must be broken, and He must be pierced. These were the Scriptures which now remained to be accomplished. I want you to notice concerning this case, that it was singularly complicated. It was negative and positive ; the Saviour's bones must not be broken, and He must be pierced. That was a complicated case ; for if reverence to the Saviour would spare His bones, would it not also spare His flesh ? If a coarse brutality pierced His side, why did it not break His legs ? How can men be kept from one act of violence, and that an act authorized by authority, and yet how shall they perpetrate another violence which had not been suggested to them ? But, let the case be as complicated as it was possible for it to have been, infinite wisdom knew how to work it out in all points ; and it did so. The Christ is the substance of the foreshadowings of the Messianic prophecies.

Next, we may say of the fulfilment of these two prophecies, that it was

Specially Improbable.

It did not seem at all likely that when the order was given to break the legs of the crucified, Roman soldiers would abstain from the deed. How could the body of Christ be preserved after such an order had been issued ? Those four soldiers are evidently determined to carry out the governor's orders ; they have commenced their dreadful task, and they have broken the legs of two of the executed three. The crosses were arranged so that Jesus was hanging in the midst ; He is the

Second of the Three.

We naturally suppose that they would proceed in order from the first cross to the second ; but they seem to pass by the second cross, and proceed from the first to the third. What was the reason of this singular procedure ? The supposition is, and I think a very likely one, that the centre cross stood somewhat back, and that thus the two thieves formed a sort of first rank. Jesus would thus be all the more emphatically "in the midst." In any case, such was the order which they followed. The marvel is that they did not in due course proceed to deal the horrible blow in the case of our Lord. Roman soldiers are apt to fulfil their commissions very literally; and they are not often moved with much desire to avoid barbarities. Yet behold and wonder ! The order is given to break their legs ; two out of the three have suffered, and yet no soldier may crush a bone of that sacred body. They see that He is dead already, and they break not His legs.

As yet you have only seen one of the prophecies fulfilled. He must be pierced as well. And what was that which came into that Roman soldier's mind when, in a hasty moment, he resolved to make sure that the apparent death of Jesus was a real one ? Why did he open that sacred side with his lance ? He knew nothing of the prophecy. Why, then, does he fulfil the prediction of the prophet ? There was no accident or chance here. Where are there such things ? That our Lord's bones should remain unbroken, and yet that He should be pierced, seemed a very unlikely thing ; but it was carried out. When next you meet with an unlikely promise, believe it firmly. When next you see things working contrary to the truth of God, believe God, and believe nothing else.

Note again, dear friends, concerning this fulfilment of Scripture, that it was

Altogether Indispensable.

But why need I say that this fulfilment was indispensable ? Beloved, the keeping of every Word of God is indispensable. It is indispensable to the truth of God that He should be true always ; for if one word of His can fall to the ground, then all may fall, and His veracity is gone. If I am to take the Bible, and say, "Some of this is true, and some of it is questionable," I am no better off than if I had no Bible. A man who is at sea with a chart which is only accurate in certain places, is not much better off than if He had no chart at all. Beloved, it is indispensable to the honor of God and to our confidence in His Word, that every line of Holy Scripture should be true. It was indispensable evidently in the case now before us, and this is only one instance of a rule which is without exception.

But now let me remind you that although the problem was complicated, and its working out was improbable, yet it was fulfilled in the most natural manner. Nothing can be less constrained than the action of the soldiers ; they have broken the legs of two, but the other is dead, and they do not break His legs ; yet, to make sure that they will be safe in omitting the blow, they pierce His side. There was no compulsion put upon them ; they did this of their own proper thought. They acted of their own free will, and yet at the same time they fulfilled the eternal counsel of God. Shall we never be able to drive into men's minds the truth that predestination and free agency are both facts ? Men sin as freely as birds fly in the air, and they are altogether responsible for their sin ; and yet everything is ordained and foreseen of God. The fore-ordination of God in no degree interferes with the responsibility of man.

* [An eminent physician has suggested that the Saviour died of a broken heart. If so, the rupture of the organ would cause blood to collect in that region, which would flow when the side was pierced.]

Dear friends, suffer one more observation upon this fulfilment of Scripture: it was marvellously complete. I see the seal of God set upon unfulfilled prophecy; for the passage in Zechariah runs thus: "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced." Jehovah is the speaker, and He speaks of "the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem." They are to look on Jehovah whom they have pierced, and to mourn for Him. Although this prophecy is not yet fulfilled on the largest scale, yet it is so far certified; for Jesus is pierced; the rest of it, therefore, stands good, and Israel shall one day mourn because of her insulted King. The prophecy was fulfilled in part when Peter stood up and preached to the eleven, when a great company of the priests believed, and when multitudes of the seed of Abraham became preachers of Christ crucified. Still it awaits a larger fulfilment, and we may rest quite sure that the day shall come when all Israel shall be saved. As the piercing of their Lord is true, so shall the piercing of their hearts be true, and they shall mourn and inwardly bleed with bitter sorrow for Him whom they despised and abhorred.

II. But now, secondly, and briefly,

The Identification of our Lord

as the Messiah was greatly strengthened by that which befell His body after death. It was needful that He should conclusively be proved to be the Christ spoken of in the Old Testament. Certain marks and tokens are given, and those marks and tokens must be found in Him; they were so found.

The first mark was this: God's Lamb must have a measure of preservation. If Christ be what He professes to be, He is the Lamb of God. Now, God's lamb could only be dealt with in God's way. Yes, there is the lamb; kill it, sprinkle its blood, roast it with fire, but break not its bones. It is God's lamb, and not yours, therefore hitherto shalt thou come, but no further. Not a bone of it shall be broken. Roast it, divide it among yourselves, and eat it, but break no bone of it. The Lord claims it as His own, and this is His reserve. So, in effect, the Lord says concerning the Lord Jesus: "There is My Son; bind Him, scourge Him, spit on Him, crucify Him; but He is the Lamb of My Passover, and you must not break a bone of Him." The Lord's right to Him is declared by the reservation which is made concerning His bones. Do you not see here how He is identified as being "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"?

But I have not finished this identification; for observe, that when that side was pierced, "forthwith came there out blood and water." You that have your Bibles will have opened them already at Zechariah 12. Will you kindly read on till you come to the first verse of the thirteenth chapter, which ought not to have been divided from the twelfth chapter? What do you find there? "In that day there shall be

A Fountain Opened

to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." They pierced Him, and in that day they began to mourn for Him; but more, in that day there was a fountain opened. And what was that fountain but this gush of water and of blood from the riven side of our redeeming Lord? The prophecies follow quickly upon one another; they relate to the same person, and to the same day; and we are pleased to see that the facts also follow quickly upon one another; for when the soldier with the spear pierced the side of Jesus, "*forthwith* came there out blood and water." Jehovah was pierced, and men repented, and beheld the cleansing fountain within a brief space.

In Jesus we see one who has come to atone and to sanctify. He is that High Priest who cleanses the leprosy of sin by blood and water. This is one part of the sure identification of the great Purifier of God's people, that He came both by water and by blood, and poured out both from His pierced side. I leave these identifications to you. They are striking to my own mind, but they are only part of the wonderful system of marks and tokens by which it is seen that God attests the man Christ Jesus as being in very deed the true Messiah.

III. I must close by noticing, thirdly, the instruction intended for us in all these things. The first instruction intended for us must be only hinted at. See what Christ is to us.

He is the Paschal Lamb,

not a bone of which was broken. You believe it. Come, then, and act upon your belief by feeding upon Christ; keep the feast in your own souls this day. That sprinkled blood of His has brought you safety; the Destroying Angel cannot touch you or your house. The Lamb Himself has become your food; feed on Him; remove your spiritual hunger by receiving Jesus into your heart. This is the food whereof if a man eat he shall live forever.

What next do we learn from this lesson but this? See man's treatment of Christ. They have spit upon Him, they have cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" they have nailed Him to the cross, they have mocked His agonies, and He is dead; but man's malice is not glutted yet. The last act of man to Christ must be to pierce Him through. That cruel wound was the concentration of man's ill-treatment of Jesus. His experience at the hands of our race is summed up in the fact that they pierced Him to the heart. That is what men have done to Christ; they have so despised and rejected Him that He dies, pierced to the heart. Oh, the depravity of our nature! Some doubt whether it is *total* depravity. It deserves a worse adjective than that. Now, learn, in the next place,

What Jesus Did for Men.

Beloved, that was a sweet expression in our hymn just now—

> "Even after death His heart
> For us its tribute poured."

In His life He had bled for us; drop by drop the bloody sweat had fallen to the ground. Then the cruel scourges drew from Him purple streams; but as a little store of life-blood was left near His heart, He poured it all out before He went His way. It is a materialistic expression, but there is something more in it than mere sentiment—that there remains among the substance of this globe a sacred relic of the Lord Jesus in the form of that blood and water. As no atom of matter ever perishes, that matter remains on earth even now. His body has gone into glory, but the blood and water are left behind. I see much more in this fact than I will now attempt to tell.

But I must hurry on. I can see in this passage also the safety of the saints. It is marvellous how full of eyes the things of Jesus are; for His unbroken bones look backward to the Paschal lamb, but they also look forward throughout all the history of the church to that day when He shall gather all His saints in one body, and none shall be missing. Not a bone of His mystical body shall be broken. There is a text in the Psalms which saith of the righteous man—and all righteous men are conformed unto the image of Christ—"He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken." I do rejoice in the safety of Christ's elect; He shall not permit a bone of His redeemed body to be broken. A perfect Christ there shall be in the day of His appearing, when all the members of His body shall be joined to their glorious Head, who shall be crowned forever. Not one living member of Christ shall be absent; "Not a bone of Him shall be broken." There shall be no lame, maimed Christ, no half-wrought redemption; but the purpose that He came to accomplish shall be perfectly achieved to the glory of His name.

I have not quite done, for I must add another lesson. We see here the salvation of sinners. Jesus Christ's side is pierced to give to sinners the double cure of sin, the taking away of its guilt and power; but, better than this, sinners are to have their hearts broken by a sight of the Crucified. By this means also they are to obtain faith. Oh, blessed lesson! Put it into practice this morning. Oh, that in this great house many may now have done with self and look to the crucified Saviour, and find life eternal in Him! For this is the main end of John's writing this record, and this is the chief design of our preaching upon it; we long that you may believe. Come, ye guilty, come and trust the Son of God who died for you. Come, ye foul and polluted, come and wash in this sacred stream poured out for you. There is life in a look at the Crucified One. There is life at this moment for every one of you who will look to Him. God grant you may look and live, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A BEREAVED NOBLEMAN'S QUEST.*

Some years ago I had a call at my house in Ireland by a young nobleman with whom I was at that time intimate, and who has since risen to eminence as a statesman (I mean Lord Dufferin), who introduced me to his friend, Lord Ashburton. The nobleman introduced took me aside and said, "You know that I have lately lost my dear wife, who was a great friend of Mr. Carlyle's, and I have applied to Mr. Carlyle to tell me what I should do to have peace and make me what I should be. On my making this request he simply bade me read Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.' I did so, and did not find anything there fitted to improve me. I went back to Mr. Carlyle, asking him what precise lesson he meant me to gather from the book, and he said, 'Read "Wilhelm Meister" a second time.' I have done so earnestly, but I confess I am utterly unable to find anything there to meet my anxiety, and I wish you, if you can, to explain what Mr. Carlyle could mean." I told him that I was not the man to explain Carlyle's meaning, if indeed he had any definite meaning. I told him plainly that neither Goethe nor Carlyle, though men of eminent literary genius, could supply the balm which his spirit needed; and I remarked that Goethe's work contained not a little that was sensual. I did my best to point to a better way and to the deliverance promised and secured in the Gospel. I do not know the issue, but I had an eager listener. Carlyle wished to persuade his mother, a woman of simple but devoted piety, that his advanced faith was the same as that which she held firmly, and so much to her comfort, only in a somewhat different form. But in fact the mother's faith was crushed in the form in which the son put it, when it became a skeleton, as different from the life which sustained her as the bones in our museums are from the living animal.

I am afraid that there is a growing number of people who, while they believe in the existence and goodness of God, do not see Him as they ought in the arrangements which He has made for the good of His creatures. This is one of the ways in which religion is losing its hold on the minds of thinking young men who have been trained by science to discover causation and law in every part of nature. I fear there is not the same belief in Providence as our forefathers held and cherished. In the theosophies of the East a divine power was seen and acknowledged in all the activity perceived in the universe; I have to add, however, without God being separated from His works. There is a temptation fostered by the scientific spirit of the age, which believes in law and believes in development. Those who

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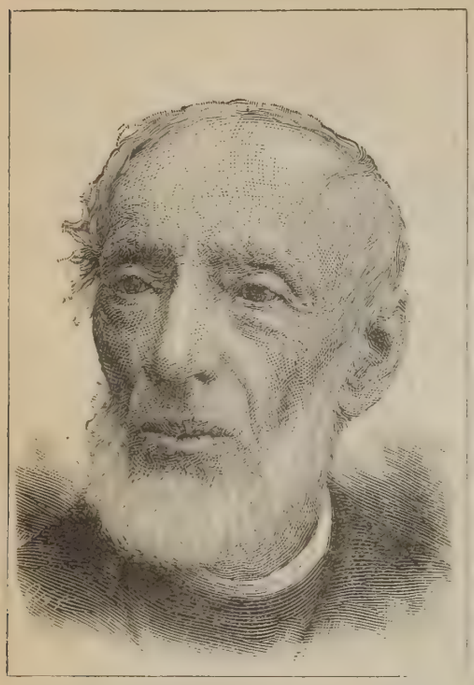
* From Realistic Philosophy: Expository, Historical, and Critical, by James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., etc., President of Princeton College. This is by far the best book produced in our time to antidote the prevalent scepticism and infidelity which are poisoning the minds of our young men. It is impossible to read a dozen pages without rejoicing in the thought that one of the most profound thinkers of modern times is meeting the sceptical philosophers and vanquishing them with their own weapons. Every honest doubter ought to read this book. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Late Bishop Alfred Lee of Delaware.
(*Copyright*, 1887, *by Harper & Brothers.*)

A Morning Walk at Pakhoi, China.

yield to this prevalent feeling lose many of the valuable lessons which God is teaching, if men would but observe His ways. After science has done its utmost there will remain a vast and immeasurable domain in which, as God's will is not intimated, we may humbly make known our will, adding always, "Notwithstanding, not my will but Thine be done." Dr. Tyndall treats us to a long account of religious men who have opposed science and been defeated. But I could give a far longer list of men who have set themselves to oppose Providence and prayer, only to find that, as Beza said, "God's Word is an anvil that has worn out many a hammer."

MARSHAL B. BOOTH, IN NEW YORK.

Last Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth having arrived during the week from England were present for the first time at a crowded public meeting in New York, at the Salvation Army headquarters. Mr. B. Booth has taken out naturalization papers to become an American citizen, and expects, we understand, to reside permanently as head of the Army, in the United States. He gave a good evangelical address at the meeting, as did also Mrs. B. Booth, who is an excellent speaker. Their position as future leaders of an organization, which already numbers three hundred mission stations in the United States, and will probably have two thousand before long, is a very responsible one.

The first time we met Mr. Booth was eleven years ago, when at Bristol, England, where he was finishing his academical studies, and his father, the General, had then only about a dozen mission stations in England, called the Christian Mission. Its name was changed to Salvation Army in 1878, and since then it has increased, so that now it numbers somewhere about fifteen hundred stations in Britain, America, and Australia, and the value of its property in buildings and land is estimated to be between half a million and a million dollars, while the profits from the enormous circulation of its weekly publications and hymn-books, etc., cannot be less in Britain and America and Australia—altogether, than two thousand dollars every week. At its present rapid rate of progress, all this may be doubled or trebled in four or five years' time.

Success, however unparalleled, does not exempt public persons, who are public property, from having their actions or writings criticised from time to time, and Mr. Booth will find in this country that opinions are freely expressed, and it is wisdom not to be needlessly offended at them.

It is earnestly to be hoped that those who have been blessed with such marvellous prosperity will regard with toleration and as much freedom from sectarian exclusiveness as practicable, smaller organizations that are engaged in the same line of Christian enterprise. In America all persons are supposed to have equal rights, and if a hundred religious armies choose to carry on evangelistic operations, they will have equal liberty to do so. The multiplying of such operations on every side is one of the signs which the prophecies lead us to expect during the next ten years before the final anti-Christian persecution and tribulation of 3½ years commences in 1897.

BISHOP LEE, OF DELAWARE.

(*See Portrait.*)

The venerable bishop whose portrait appears on this page, who died at Wilmington, Del., on April 12th, was born at Cambridge, Mass., on September 9th, 1807, and was, therefore, in his eightieth year when he died. His father was John Lee, a sea captain in the British navy, who, when a midshipman had *Lord Nelson for a messmate*. His mother was the daughter of Mary Pitt, *a cousin of William Pitt*, the famous statesman. Alfred Lee graduated at Harvard College at the age of twenty, studied law, and for several years practised with brilliant success at the bar at Norwich, Conn. In 1833 having been converted he relinquished his prospects of legal honor and emolument to enter the service of Christ. He studied at the General Theological Seminary in this city, and, graduating, was ordained a deacon in 1837, and a priest in the following year. For three years he was rector of the parish of Rockdale, Delaware County, Penn., and at the end of that time, at the age of thirty-four years, was unanimously elected first bishop of Delaware—an office which he continued to hold during life. He also voluntarily took charge of the parish of St. Andrews, Wilmington, Del.

Bishop Lee's literary works are: "The Life of St. Peter," published in New York in 1852 and in London in 1853; "The Life of St. John" was published in 1854, and "Treatise on Baptism" in the same year. In 1856 he had published a "Memoir of Susan Allibone." In the following year he sent to the press the "Harbinger of Christ." Last year Messrs. Harper & Brothers brought out his most recent work, "Eventful Nights in Bible History."

A MORNING WALK AT PAKHOI.

(*See Illustration.*)

Probably few who say farewell to missionaries going out to labor for Christ in distant lands, realize how thorough is the change which takes place in their lives. All the conveniences of life to which they are accustomed must be relinquished, and strange customs and modes of life must be adopted. Mr. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, urges all who go out under its auspices to conform even in dress to the Chinese fashions and to identify themselves with the people. The accompanying illustration shows one custom, which must be very novel to a mother who has been accustomed to give her child an airing in a baby-carriage.

A missionary's wife recently related that it caused her some trepidation when she first intrusted her child to a palanquin borne by natives. The little one, also, was nervous, and not until the mother encouraged her by holding her hand was she satisfied to make the journey by so novel a method. Nor was the walk altogether an agreeable one to the mother. She chose the way by the sea-shore, being unaware of a horrible spectacle that she would have to pass. The Chinese authorities had succeeded but a short time before in capturing some pirates who were the terror of the waters around Pakhoi. The prisoners had been decapitated and their heads suspended on the beach as a warning to other evil-doers. The ghastly sight horrified the gentle lady, and made that beach a place to be avoided for the future.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Two hundred persons are believed to have been converted at one station recently. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

THE LOST CHILD.

(*See Illustration on page 269.*)

A long morning's sketching was the programme Charles Meredith had settled for himself when he set out from the quiet boarding-

house where he was spending his brief holiday. It was many a year since he had taken pencil in hand—not since he was a boy at school, when his drawings were the admiration of his school-fellows and won the praise of the master. Then it had been his highest hope to become a great artist, but his father put him in a business house, and, somehow, Charles had come to regard drawing as an amusement unsuited to a business man. But sickness had come, and a holiday in some quiet, healthy country-place was pronounced a necessity; and so Charles found himself away from his regular haunts with nothing to do but to rest and get well. Doing nothing was a very wearisome way of spending the time to a young fellow who had led so busy a life as he; and so, seeing in the course of one of his walks a pretty bit of scenery, where rock and water and foliage were combined in picturesque shape, he procured some crayons and drawing paper, and determined to ascertain whether his hand retained its cunning.

The Artist Interrupted by a Lost Child.

A survey of the spot was made and Charles settled himself on a big rock in the placid stream at the foot of which a large stone formed a convenient footstool. The day was warm, so, taking off his coat he used it as a cushion, and then he settled himself to work. It might have been but yesterday that he took his last drawing lesson, and no such thing as a ledger existed, if one might judge by the interest he took in his task. The weariness of the past few days vanished as the drawing proceeded, and his spirits rose. So absorbed was he in his sketch, and so intense was the stillness, that he was quite startled when a long-drawn sob fell upon his ear. He could see no one, but he was sure he was not mistaken in thinking it was a sob that he heard. He looked all around but no living creature was in sight. In a few moments, however, some bushes opposite to him parted, and a little child's face, full of trouble, peered out at him.

"Ha! who are you?" he called out, as the little creature halted, looking inquiringly at him. "Look out, or you'll fall in the water. What's the matter?"

"Please, I'se lost," said the baby voice, simply.

"I should think so, and a pretty bad place to be lost in, wonder you have not been drowned. Where do you live, little one?"

"Over there," said the child, pointing vaguely upward. "I wants my mamma."

"Yes, and I expect your mamma wants you. Well, I suppose I must come and help you. Stay where you are till I come," he said, as the little creature came to the water's edge, and wiped her tearful eyes with her sleeve. Meredith rose, resumed his coat, and stepping over the stones to the child's side, took the little hand in his and began the ascent out of the hollow.

There was but one village within the child's walking distance of the spot, so the young man felt pretty sure of the direction in which she must have come. No information could be gained from her, save that her name was "baby," and her mother's name was "mamma," which certainly was not definite. But the village being small, and the mother of a lost child being sure to make her loss known, it would not be difficult, Meredith thought, to find the little one's home.

There was no need, however, to make a search. As he approached the village he saw a little group of people to whom he decided to take the child, to see if any one knew her. Before he reached them, one woman sprang from among the others, and with a cry of joy ran toward him, and snatching up the child covered it with kisses. The little wanderer nestled to the woman's shoulder, and Meredith had no need to be told that she had found her mother.

"She's a naughty little girl to have gone off like that after I'd bid her stay in the garden," said the mother, when she had heard where the child had been found. "I suppose I ought to whip her to make her remember it."

"Yes, that you had," said a neighbor, "she'll be doing it again if you don't."

"I haven't the heart to do it," said the mother. "You ain't got no child, or you'd know."

Meredith remembered the mother's look of tender affection some months afterward when, under the Holy Spirit's influence, he was brought to see that, like the child he was a wanderer who had gone astray. "I will arise and go to my father," he said, in the words of the prodigal, and as he uttered them that village scene recurred to his memory, and his heart was thrilled by the thought that God for Christ's sake would receive him with gladness and forgive all his waywardness.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 255.*)

A Treacherous Guide.

When Jacob Benson, the gamekeeper, quitted the Chequers on the night that Tim Crouch had the unexpected meeting with Alfred Atheling, he left all his acquaintances still sitting over their mugs of ale. He knew his duty too well to be anywhere but in the woods after sunset, and he meant to make a round of the best game covers between sunset and dark. Accordingly he bade his friends good-night, and sallied forth in a much more sober condition than was Tim Crouch when Alfred saw him some hours later. Chivey Stevenson, the poacher, being at the Chequers was a fact which the gamekeeper recognized as an intimation to him that he would do well to be on the alert. As he well knew, Chivey would have been delighted to have him drink enough to make him sleepy, so that there would be less risk in making a raid on SirGodwin's covers. The gamekeeper, therefore, drank but little, and was quite ready for work when he left the inn.

He went to his cottage in the wood to get his gun before making his round, and there he received a message from Sir Godwin requesting him to go to the Hall. Jacob was surprised and a little annoyed, but he obeyed with the promptitude which his long service in the army had made a habit with him. From Sir Godwin he learned for the first time of Miss Ethel's intended expedition to Spain, to ransom her brother and bring him home.

"I wish I could go myself," said the baronet, sadly, "but that is impossible now. She must not go alone, and that is why I have sent for you, Jacob. There is no one with whom I should feel so safe in trusting my daughter as with you. You are a brave man, and I believe you are much attached to her. It is a great trust, Jacob, and I shall reward your fidelity. I want you to go with her and bring her back safely. Promise me, Jacob, that you will take care of her. It would kill me if any evil befell her."

"Sir Godwin," said Benson, solemnly, "I am proud to hear what you say. I have served you faithfully for nigh upon twenty year, and you know me. I'll be true to you and to her, and no harm shall come to her if Jacob Benson can prevent it. I'll lay down my life to save hers if need be. I've took it in my hand many a time when I've gone into battle under the great duke first and under Don Carlos since then, and I won't grudge it now. No man molests Miss Ethel while Jacob Benson's got the use of his limbs. There ain't no need o' oaths, but you've knowed me afore to-day, Sir Godwin, and what I say I means to stick to. Put your mind at rest. Miss Ethel'll be as safe as if you was with her yourself," and he added, mentally, "a precious deal safer, for you're a poor critter now. Ain't able to look after yourself, much more your daughter."

"Thank you, Jacob; I can trust you, and I will. Now come here to-morrow morning early and see Miss Ethel, and she will tell you all about her plans."

Jacob went away exultant, proud of the trust reposed in him, and burning to distinguish himself in his young mistress' service. Sir Godwin had acted wisely in taking Simon Holmes's advice in this matter, for, besides being wary and courageous, Jacob Benson had some knowledge of the country, the people, and the language, picked up during his service under Don Carlos.

Little time was needed for preparation, and Ethel, having arranged with her father's bankers for the financial part of the business, and received introduction to their agents in Paris and Madrid, who would supply her with funds as she

might need, set out on her perilous expedition, with Jacob in attendance.

Her first destination was Paris, where Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, relatives of her dear dead mother, resided, and with whom she proposed to take counsel. She found them at the Hotel Bruxelles, where they were staying during the renovation of their permanent residence. They heard with amazement the object of Ethel's journey, and begged her to allow them to find a messenger and not to adventure herself among the perils which had proved so disastrous to her brother. Ethel, however, was not to be moved. Believing that she was called of God to this mission, and that it would result, if she proceeded with it, in Harold's restoration spiritual as well as physical, she gently but firmly refused to abandon her journey.

Finding that Ethel was not to be deterred by argument or warning, Mr. Bancroft bestirred himself energetically to facilitate her. He was acquainted, he said, with a Spanish gentleman then visiting Paris from whom he could doubtless obtain information about the locality Ethel intended to visit, about the routes, hotels, and other matters.

The next day Mr. Bancroft brought his Spanish friend to the hotel and introduced him to Ethel as Don Antonio de Diaz. Unhappily Harold had omitted in his letters home to explain how he had fallen into the hands of the brigands, and consequently had said nothing about the fascinating Antonio de Diaz, whom he now knew as the dreaded Pedro. Ethel, therefore, had no reason to suspect that he was other than the honest, high-bred, courteous Spanish gentleman that he seemed. She accordingly entered fully into the business which had brought her from England, and said that she should be grateful for any information which would help her to carry it to a successful issue. The Don listened attentively and with courteous deference to her story, and at its conclusion he said: "I feel that this is an occasion when a knight of Spain, whose name and the fame of whose family has been connected with all that is noblest and best in Spanish chivalry, may offer his services and feel that his sword is drawn against cruel wrong—for right and justice, and in defence of virtue and beauty."

Ethel did not particularly admire the taste which prompted the latter part of the "chivalrous proclamation," but she thought it might be excused on the ground that perhaps it was the grandiose way the countrymen of Don Quixote adopted in talking to ladies.

"Red Pedro," continued the Spaniard, "I have heard of before; he is a cruel and most determined bandit; but, like his master, he is doubtless not so black as he's painted. It is more than possible—I should say it is highly probable, that he will take a much less ransom for your brother, if you can only succeed in getting an interview with himself. That, of course, you cannot do if you go alone."

"That is what I have urged on Miss Spofforth," Mr. Bancroft said. "She ought not to go alone. It is not an enterprise for a lady to undertake. Her father is sick, however, and my official duties will not admit of my accompanying her, and she has no other relative save Harold, who is already in the trap. So as she is minded to go on, there is no alternative but for her to go alone, though in my opinion it is maniacal, and will end in disaster. Ethel, do give up the absurd project. You see Don Antonio thinks that some one else, who can interview this cut-throat desperado, ought to go."

"But there is no one else to go," said Ethel, piteously; "I must go. I could not let Harold die without making the effort."

Don Antonio seemed to cogitate for a few minutes, and then, with the chivalrous air that sat so well upon him, he said, "It is not in my nature to see a lady so charming as Miss Spofforth in a difficulty without rendering her any assistance that may be in my power. I have nothing to do here but kill time as pleasantly as possible, and if Miss Spofforth will accept my escort, I shall feel proud to place myself at her disposal. It will be no sacrifice," he said, as he saw that Ethel was about to protest; "I ought to go to that very neighborhood. The estates of my family are there, and I have neglected my duty in not visiting them for a long time. I do not like the locality, and have therefore put off going; but now, with such charming company and with the additional gratification of rendering a service to a lady, the duty will become a pleasure."

It seemed churlish and ungrateful to reject an offer which certainly appeared to solve a very serious difficulty, and Ethel's reluctance to accept it was overcome by Mr. Bancroft's persuasion. It was, therefore, settled to the satisfaction of all that Don Antonio de Diaz should escort Ethel to the neighborhood of Harold's captivity.

One person alone had misgivings, and that was Jacob Benson. The gamekeeper from the first took a dislike to the handsome Spaniard, whose diamond rings flashed so brightly, whose perfect teeth gleamed so whitely, and whose mustache was twisted so daintily by the hand that wore the rings.

Blunt, straightforward, shrewd, and observant Jacob distrusted the Don, and watching him keenly, had noticed sinister expressions of feature which confirmed his dislike and suspicion. De Diaz on his part disliked the gamekeeper, and felt uncomfortable under the penetrating gaze Jacob fixed upon him. He suggested that Jacob might well be left in Paris. His brusque and unpolished manners, and the peculiar difficulty of dealing with the sensitive peasantry of the district, especially such as might be in league with Red Pedro, made it very undesirable that he should hamper his mistress by his possible imprudence. Nothing, however, could induce the prudent Ethel to leave the gamekeeper behind; and by a happy accident, as some would term it, the Don was not aware that Jacob had any personal knowedge either of Spanish or of Spain. Little did Ethel know at this moment how God was protecting her from terrible peril, though she made that protection a subject of her daily and nightly prayers.

It cannot be questioned that Don Antonio was of service to Ethel in keeping her from travelling in wrong directions, in furnishing means of conveyance, and in performing the thousand little acts which saved her journey from being a time of harassment and annoyance, and from all loss of time and mistake of place.

One beautifully mild, clear evening, when the exquisite tints of foliage in the forest were rendered richer by the rays of the setting sun, our little party arrived at the romantic mountain village which had been named by Harold as the nearest one to the scene of his captivity. Very tired and very weary, Ethel yielded to the Don's entreaty, in which he was seconded by Jacob Benson, that she should rest a few days to recruit her strength for the final ordeal that awaited her. She would gladly have been content to abide by the letter of the brigand's conditions, and have paid the money at the place agreed upon; but Don Antonio most strenuously advised her to see the chief himself, and so possibly save the greater portion of her fortune, as he felt convinced that he could not withstand her personal appeal. He submitted to her a plan of action, and announced his intention of seeing the robber chief himself as Ethel's plenipotentiary, and bringing word again as to whether the terrible brigand leader would grant her a hearing.

"I shall be back in the course of three days," said he. "But if," he continued, in soft and tender tones, "I should happen to fall into the hands of these freebooters, I shall have the consolation of knowing that I have imperilled myself in the effort to bring happiness to the fairest and most charming of her sex."

Then with a low bow and a courtly handshake that had in them the very essence of devotion, he bade her a brief farewell. Ethel was a good deal disconcerted by this speech. His reference to his own possible peril distressed her, and his flattery was repugnant to her, as flattery always is to the well-regulated mind. Still he had hitherto behaved with courtesy, and the services he had rendered her were very great. Had the fair girl only known that this smooth-tongued Mephistopheles was craftily arranging a plot for placing her at the cruel mercy of his cupidity and lust, she would have bidden the stalwart Jacob carry her back that moment into the beaten paths of civilization, and save her from the fatal storm that was impending. God, however, in whom this frail child of His confidently trusted, would not overlook either her peril or her need.

The village of Montana is now assuming the dimensions of a town. It is situated close upon the borders of the "forest primeval," and being surrounded by picturesque mountain scenery, with a charming admixture of lake and waterfall, and being favored with certain medicinal springs of growing repute, it is becoming a popular resort. At the time of Ethel's visit, however, it was only a small scattered hamlet with a small handful of rude peasantry, most of whom were more or less the secret allies of Red Pedro and his gang, who combined the profession of smugglers with their other nefarious trade.

Now, it so happened that Jacob Benson found himself in a district with which he had become familiar in former times, when his lot was cast there by the fortunes of war. When he served under the Carlist flag, he had encamped within a mile or so of this very spot. He remembered an imposing waterfall, which he and two English comrades had gone to see. Descending from the brink of an elevated ledge of rock, it dashed down to a tremendous depth, sheer down in a broad sheet, into a boiling caldron, that forever hissed and seethed and tumbled in the deep gorge below. The scene had made a lasting impression on his mind, and in conversation with his young mistress concerning his Spanish experiences and his knowledge of that locality, Jacob referred to what was called in local parlance, "The Devil's Caldron." As it was less than an hour's easy walk from the village inn, and Ethel felt a desire to walk, she suggested that he should take her to see the sight. The keeper of the auberge courteously offered his mule for the lady to ride upon, but Ethel felt that the clear mountain air would brace her, and she preferred to take the short journey on foot.

The sight was full repayment for her journey. Ethel stood rapt and spellbound, gazing on the silver breast of the cataract as it plunged roaring and foaming into the pool below, the waters of which, from brink to brink, were churned into a self-lashed lake of creamy white. They had just turned away from the spot after taking one lingering, admiring look, when they were suddenly confronted with a solitary bandit, of fierce demeanor and well armed. His pistol was in his hand, and the usual dagger gleamed in the girdle round his waist.

Surely nothing was less to be expected by a couple of innocent sightseers in that secluded place than an armed brigand, but so it was, and it is needless to say that for a moment or two both Ethel and her henchman Jacob stood bewildered. In terms that were far more vigorous than polite the robber demanded their purses, and no doubt he expected that "Señor and Señora Inglese" would obey the call in trepidation. That, however, was not Jacob Benson's way of meeting the demand. The old soldier would have been ashamed for the remainder of his life if he had yielded to the impudent demand without a struggle.

In one moment the pistol so suddenly presented was as suddenly sent flying into mid-air by an upward stroke of the gamekeeper's staff. In another second the astonished and over-bold robber was laid flat on his back, with Jacob Benson kneeling on his breast. Quick as thought the hand of the bravo sought his familiar dagger, and had he succeeded in getting it into his grasp, it might have gone hard with the gamekeeper. But it was not by any means the first time that Jacob had needed to beware of a

Spaniard's knife. He had already seized it himself, and now held it aloft in striking attitude just above the eyes of the foiled and defeated robber. Jacob's weight was heavy, and his knee was so deftly placed that under its pressure the man was compelled to cry for mercy. The gamekeeper lightened the pressure of his knee, but did not relax his grip upon the scoundrel By his directions Ethel unwound the colored scarf that had held the dagger, and then wound it around the Spaniard's feet, tightly tying it, so that he could barely move. She was sorely frightened, and with an added strength born of a sense of desperation and of excited nerves, she pulled and twisted the silken manacle, so that Jacob himself could scarecly have bound him in stronger bonds. The gamekeeper then proceeded to fasten a stout cord—what prudent gamekeeper at home or abroad was ever without a supply of that essential article in the pockets of his velveteens?—around the wrist of his captive, and the man was a prisoner.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD MOSES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 8, Ex. 2 : 1-10. Golden Text, Ps. 121 : 5.

A Political and Social Problem—The Attitude of the World Toward the Church—How Treasure Cities May be Built—The Persecution Commenced—Prospering Under It—Signs of Approaching Deliverance—Faith Eliminating Fear—The Deliverance—The Mother's Training—Not Neutralized at Court—His Choice Made.

AFTER the death of Joseph the children of Israel continued to be fruitful, "and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them." It now became a serious question in Egyptian politics what should be done with this large foreign population. "A new king"—really a new dynasty or race of kings—arose, "which knew not Joseph." And now began a persecution of God's people. This new king, Pharaoh, called his people together and took counsel with them thus: "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." Very prudent policy, looking at it after the manner of men; but

God was Left Out of the Question,

and the children of Israel were His people, whom He had pledged Himself to bless. The Egyptians saw well that it was to their interest to keep the children of Israel, but they wanted to make use of them, to keep them in a servile position, in which they might serve their purpose, further their interest, and not prove dangerous to the safety of the country. The world has no objection to a few Christian people so long as they do not show their colors, so long as they are too weak to manifest themselves, and while they do not render other people uneasy. Christians—*i.e.*, real ones, can be depended upon to keep their word, to be faithful to all trust reposed in them, and, besides, it is respectable to have to do with them. But they must not be too strong, they must be kept under restrictions, they must never be allowed to be a power in the house, in the city, in the nation, or even in the church! So feel those who know not God.

"Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses." Oh, how often believers strengthen worldlings in their worldliness by countenancing the life they are living and ministering to its vanity and frivolity! While we are taught not to condemn the world, yet let us not be found building it treasure cities by spending our time in vanity, by idle words, frivolous conversation, by feeling it necessary to read the literature of the day lest we should appear ignorant, by yielding to the worldly atmosphere of those who know not God. Let us, without condemning, quietly withdraw from all which we cannot do in the name of the Lord Jesus.

The persecution of the children of Israel did not effect its purpose; instead of diminishing, the people continually grew more numerous. The Egyptians did not know the constant and blessed connection of God with His people. "The Lord shall judge His people" (Deut. 32 : 36), "The Lord hath loved His people" (II Chron. 2 : 11), "He will speak peace to His people" (Ps. 85 : 8), He "will not cast off His people" (Ps. 94 : 14), He "pleadeth the cause of His people" (Isa. 51 : 22).

Persecution has Never Been Really a Curse

to the people of God. It is in times of persecution that faith, love, and joy most prosper, and that God is most known. "The Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor: and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigor." When we are conscious of the bondage of a service which is not of God, the time of our deliverance may be at hand. Is it some secret sin, some unsuspected evil which clings to us? Is it some bondage to the opinion of men which enslaves us and holds us in its grip, so that we cannot or dare not know our own mind? Is it some weight of circumstances which oppresses? As soon as the weight of the enemy's hand is felt, deliverance is near for those who turn to God.

Pharaoh carried his oppression of the people to such a length that he actually attempted to enforce infanticide on the part of the midwives, that they should destroy the life of every male child whom the Israelitish women bore! This was the moment for God to arise to the rescue, and by the hand of one of those very children, impiously doomed to die by the hand of the oppressor, God determined to work deliverance. In the priestly tribe of Levi a child was born who was not the first-born of the family, but by some means or other his mother, Jochebed, as well as his father, Amram, perceived that he was a goodly child ("fair to God," Acts 7 : 20, margin); and "by faith"—*i.e.*, counting on God's care in preserving him, they hid him three months, and "were not afraid of the king's commandment" (Heb. 11 : 23). Real faith cannot coexist with fear;

Where Faith Begins, Fear Ends.

But the time came when the voice of the young Moses too plainly declared his whereabouts for his mother to be able to hide him longer. Had God, then, really failed her? No; He was about to manifest His truth. Directed, without doubt, by God, she made a little water-tight vessel—half boat, half cradle—and laid the infant within, and placed it, with its precious burden, just where the papyrus rushes grew at the river's brink. A rise in the river might float the little ark away, but Miriam, the future prophetess, Moses' sister, was set to watch.

God had prepared a wonderful deliverance. He had made use of a former king of Egypt to raise Joseph to his place of eminence and to provide for all the descendants of Abraham in the time of famine; now He would make the daughter of that very Pharaoh who persecuted the children of Israel to be His instrument in saving and cherishing the child whom He destined to be their future deliverer.

Pharaoh's Daughter

did not inherit her father's cruelty; she was a kind-hearted woman, and when she heard the cry of the infant Moses by the river side, whither she had come with her maidens to bathe, all the instinctive motherhood which is natural to almost every woman's heart awoke within her, and she sent her maid to fetch the ark of bulrushes. It was opened, and the babe wept. This was enough for this royal woman; she said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children." Miriam was at hand, and stepped forward. She had wit enough to refrain from disclosing her relationship to the child, and offered to find a wet nurse for him. What an opportunity! Surely when Miriam came to her mother with the wondrous tidings that *she* was called by the king's daughter—*i.e.*, by royal authority, to nurse the child who had been condemned by royal writ to die, her heart must have overflowed with praise and gratitude to God, and she must have seen how fully justified she had been in "not fearing the king's commandment"! No longer with trembling steps, but strong in the God who had heard and answered prayer, Jochebed took her child and nursed him, not, although ostensibly so, for Pharaoh's daughter, but for the God who had preserved him. Thus the mother gained the opportunity to train her boy in his early years in the knowledge and fear of God, before he was in a position to become contaminated by constant intercourse with worldly heathen.

But how give him up to Pharaoh's daughter, after all her faithful care and training? God had undertaken the charge of Moses, and the same faith in his mother which prevented her "fearing the king's commandment" counted on God to preserve him from the king's influence and to keep him true to God. In his education in the Egyptian court the most erroneous ideas and the most hurtful principles would naturally be instilled into his mind, but

She Would Trust God

to be a shield to him. What a lesson to anxious mothers who, instead of joyously trusting their boys to God when they go to school and out into the world, are filled with anxiety, which irritates the boys and worries them, and at the same time hinders God from doing the very thing He has promised to do for them that believe! His promises regarding our children are not made to prayer, to effort, to worry, to anxiety, but always to faith.

The education of Moses was carried on in the most approved fashion of the day; his position as the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter demanded it, the natural talents of the lad justified it, and therefore "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds" (Acts 7 : 22). He gave promise to be as great a power in his day as the patriarch Joseph had been in his. But the early lessons of his childhood could not be forgotten, fostered, as no doubt they were, by repeated remindings from his parents, whom he would probably frequently visit, and it was not to be wondered at that "it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel." Already he was conscious of an inward call to be their deliverer; "he went out and looked on their burdens," and indignation, with a burning consciousness that God willed their deliverance, stirred within him.

He Made His Choice;

he well knew that to take up the cause of Israel was to forfeit his position and prospects in Egypt; he counted the cost, "and refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." From henceforth he was devoted to the cause of Israel, and very soon an opportunity occurred in which he showed his colors and precipitated his apparent downfall.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for April:

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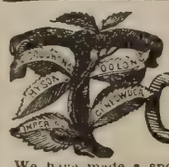

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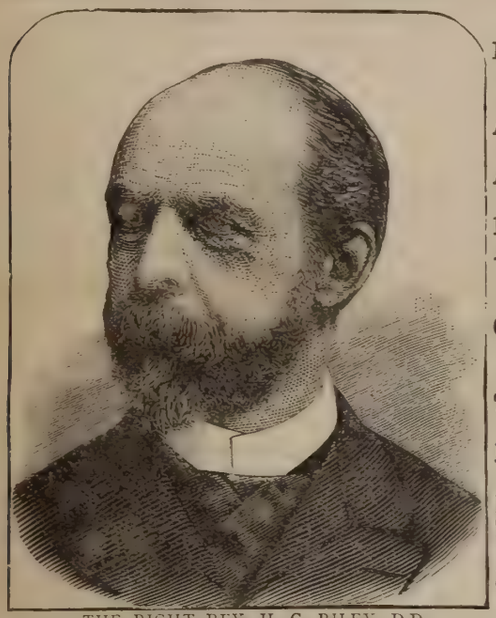

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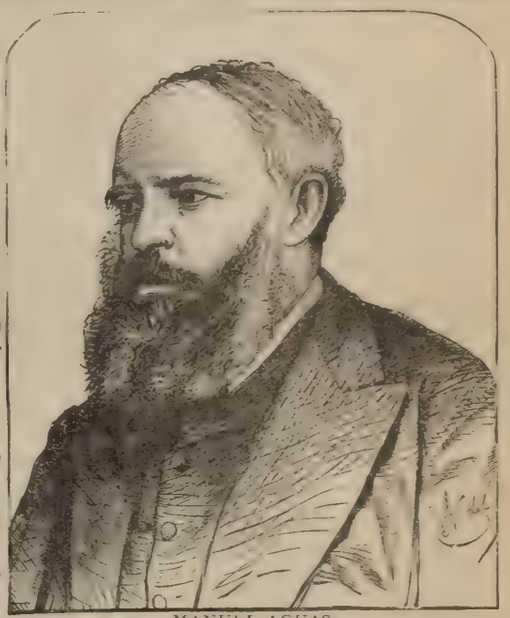

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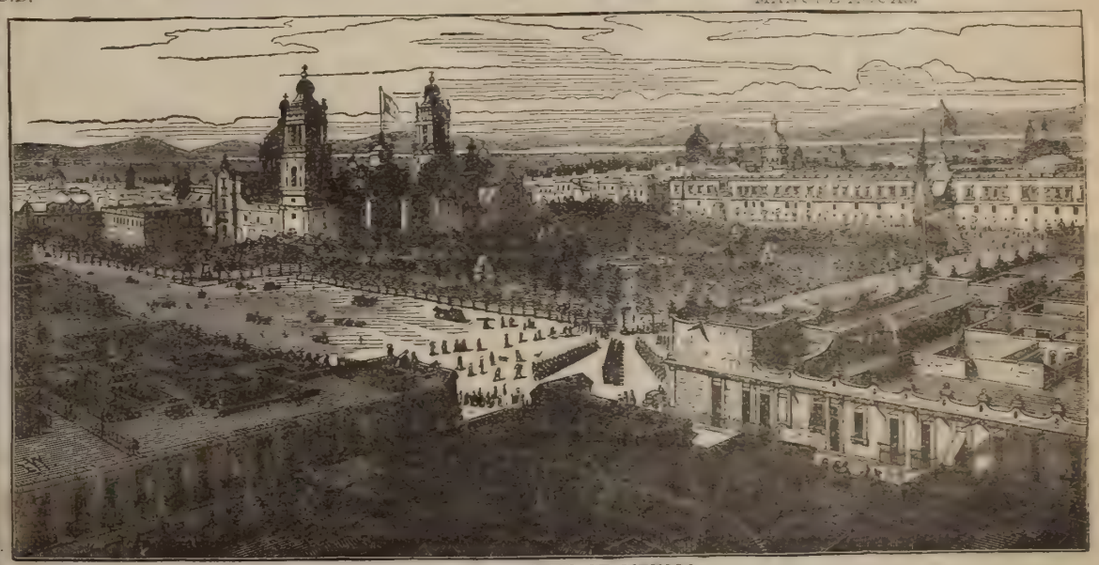

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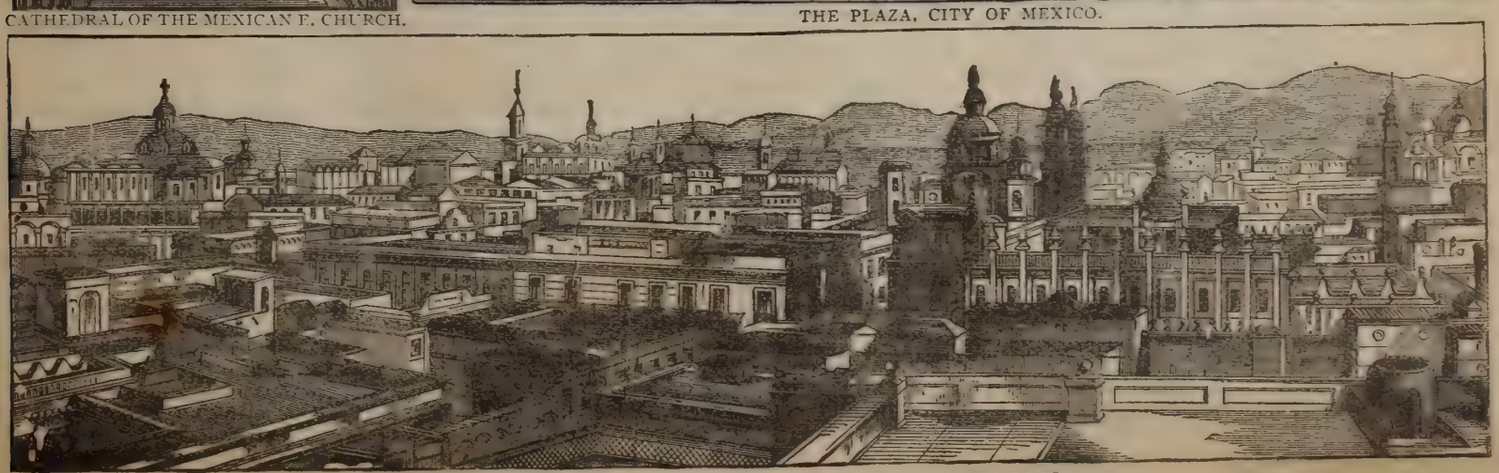

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The Right Rev. Bishop RILEY of Mexico—MANUEL AGUAS, the Converted Mexican Monk.

BISHOP RILEY OF MEXICO.

Commencement of Protestant Work in Mexico in 1827—The Bible Fulfilling its Own Mission—A Church Organized in 1854—Dr. Riley's Early Life—Work in New York—Arrival in Mexico in 1869—Publication of His Pamphlets—Manuel Aguas Appointed Champion of the Romish Church—Aguas Converted—Becomes Bishop-Elect—His Mysterious Death—Dr. Riley Consecrated Bishop in 1879—The Cathedral Purchased—Thirty-Seven Congregations Organized—Schools and Orphanages—The Needs of the Work—General Grant on Mexico.

No American Christian who realizes his responsibilities to his Master, and who is at the same time aware of the spiritual condition of the people of Mexico, who are living on our borders, yet almost entirely without the light of the Gospel, can be indifferent to any effort that is made in sincerity to evangelize that country. In the face of the enemy all contentions should cease; all minor differences between men who in diverse ways are serving the same Master, fighting against the same enemy, ought to be disregarded. The great object is to save the souls of those who are sitting in darkness and to bring them to Christ. The apostle of the Gentiles set an example to all in every age who work in such a field. "I am made," he said, "all things to all men, that I might by all means save some" (1 Cor. 9:20–22). It is therefore with confidence that denominational differences will not restrain the sympathies of Christian people of various sects that we this week publish portraits of Dr. Riley and Manuel Aguas, with some account of

Protestantism in Mexico.

For the latter we are indebted to a near friend of Bishop Riley, who has had opportunities of satisfying himself as to the nature of the work.

During the year 1827 the British and Foreign Bible Society shipped a number of copies of the Holy Bible, translated into the Spanish tongue, to the City of Mexico. They were sold there at such a price as the poorer classes of the community could afford to pay. They were eagerly read by many persons to whom the Holy Word had been hitherto an unknown revelation, except so much and so far as it was interpreted by Romish ecclesiastics to accord with their own doctrines.

For a period of some fifty years the same society continued to supply the Divine Word to the Mexican people. Our Lord's hand manifestly guided the work, and His Holy Spirit applied the Truth, as revealed by the means employed. The seed thus sown "took root downward," and in the course of time, when events were ripened by the action of the State in giving to the people religious freedom, it "bore fruit upward" to God's glory, in the establishment of a reformed Church, with outspreading congregations throughout the Valley of Mexico.

Thus the minds of many of the people were prepared by a knowledge of the Word for the movement initiated by Manuel Aguilar, the Mexican Presbyter, in the organization of

A National Church,

to be identified with the Primitive Church, which existed in its purity and integrity for several centuries prior to the introduction in Spain of the Romish schism. This was about the year 1864. Five years later the Rt. Rev. Henry Chauncey Riley, D.D., Bishop of the Valley of Mexico, whose portrait appears in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, went to Mexico.

The Bishop.

Dr. Riley was born in 1835, of American parents, in Chili, South America, where he lived until about fifteen years of age. He then came to New York, and was educated in this city, graduating at Columbia College, in the class of 1859. For many years he was devoted to Spanish missionary work in New York, and his labors were greatly blessed among that portion of our adopted citizens. On his arrival in Mexico, in 1869, at a time when, owing to the unsettled condition of political affairs and the bitter antagonism aroused by the National Church movement, it was most dangerous to take an active part in the work of reformation, Dr. Riley commenced a vigorous campaign against ignorance and susperstition. At the risk of his life he preached, and taught, and issued telling

Pamphlets Against Romanism,

and in favor of the purified Church. The hostility thus created was naturally most bitter. It aroused an earnest determination on the part of the Romanists to crush, if possible, the young church so rapidly developing into a formidable and invincible champion of the truth. The Romanists called upon one of their most faithful and powerful adherents,

Manuel Aguas,

a Dominican friar, whose portrait accompanies that of Dr. Riley on the first page, to answer one of Dr. Riley s tracts, which had been compiled from the powerful arguments in the writings of Dr. Ryle, now the eminent Lord Bishop of Liverpool, England. The learned friar took the tract, studied it carefully and prayerfully, and instead of attempting to controvert was converted by it.

At once he became an ardent supporter of the reformed movement. For three years, from 1869 until 1872, he labored indefatigably to extend the work, and established a number of congregations, during which time he was made bishop-elect of the diocese, and then, from some mysteriously unexplained cause, suddenly fell asleep, with the words, "Yes, the precious blood of Jesus" on his dying lips. The vacancy made by the death of Bishop-elect Aguas was filled by Dr. Riley, and in 1879 he was

Consecrated

by Bishop Alfred Lee and six other bishops of the Protestant-Episcopal Church.

Fitted by his early Spanish education and associations, with a mind strong and vigorous, natural eloquence in speech, and, above all else, filled with the Spirit of the Lord, with its consequent love for souls and their salvation, Dr. Riley found a great sphere of action in Mexico admirably suited to his tastes, intellect, and disposition. He had already purchased, largely with the means inherited from his father,

The Grand Cathedral

of San Francisco, in the City of Mexico (*a picture of the interior of this edifice* appears under his portrait on the first page), a venerable church building next in size to the famous Romish Cathedral in the same city—the largest on the American Continent—and most beautiful in architectural adornment. It is capable of holding three thousand persons, and is situated on the principal avenue and thoroughfare of the capital. Morning and evening services are now held there daily. Another church of smaller size was presented by the Mexican Government.

With these rallying points Bishop Riley continued and by the blessing of the Lord largely increased the work which had fallen to his hands. He established some

Thirty-Seven Congregations

outside of the City of Mexico; founded and successfully carried on orphanges and schools, in which about five hundred children were materially and spiritually cared for; and inaugurated a seminary for divinity students, for the purpose of educating young men to go forth and preach and teach among their own people.

Latterly the work has languished for means to carry it on. But little pecuniary aid has been recently obtained from the United States toward the support of the faithful and earnest laborers in that church, and but a small sum is received from abroad for the same purpose. A steady income is needed for so great and important an undertaking. The contributions of all who are anxious that the Gospel Truth shall be disseminated are earnestly invited. A grand opportunity is afforded to assist in the development of the work so successfully inaugurated in Mexico, as well as to sustain that which is now, unhappily in danger of being lost for the lack of funds for its support. We are informed that monthly, quarterly, or annual subscriptions for the Mexican branch of the Church will be gratefully received in its behalf by J. P. Heath, Esq., Treasurer of the Spanish-American Society, No. 43 Bible House, New York.

MEXICAN PROSPECTS.

In addition to the foregoing narrative, which presents in a forcible manner the religious situation and the aim of Bishop Riley's life, some facts about the country and people of Mexico will be appropriate. On these matters there is no authority whose words will command greater confidence than

General Ulysses S. Grant,

and it must be remembered that he visited the country with the object of making personal investigation, hoping to draw the two nations into closer bonds of union for their mutual benefit. He said in the course of a speech on the subject:

"There has been in this country a feeling that the Mexican people were not a class of people to develop their country, and that they have gone through a long series of years without making many advances. The assertion is made without any particular examination of the subject. From my observation, and looking at the history of the country, I think that they have done remarkably well. I think that Mexico is entitled to a great deal of credit for the position which she occupies now among the civilized nations of the earth, when you consider her trials, her difficulties—

Trials and Difficulties

which it was impossible for her to avoid. Up to 1810 Mexico was a province of old Spain. She was governed a great deal as Spain governs her provinces now—for the purpose of getting from them all she could possibly collect, and keeping her subjects entirely ignorant of how to legislate and how to govern, simply making them producers, hewers of wood and drawers of water. Mexico, up to 1810, was governed entirely from old Spain. She was prohibited from producing anything from her soil which Spain could produce and ship to her, and all of those products had to pay a large duty when they went into Mexico. The Spaniards prevented the Mexican people from having any part in their government, sending their own sons there to rule and to enrich themselves by large salaries and public plunder. . . .

"It at last became so unbearable that in 1810 Mexico revolted, and the war continued until 1821 before

She Gained her Freedom.

Then she was a people without legislative experience, without experience in governing, but free, and with a country to rule and to make laws for. The first thing she did was to adopt a Constitution something like ours, establishing a United States where there was but one State. She had to go to work and carve up her territory and make States, so as to conform to its Constitution. And having no people to make laws for them, she adopted the laws which were in force—the laws of old Spain.

The Ecclesiastics

were the most educated men in the country, and had a greater experience in governing than any other class of the people, and as any sect or any party or any kind of people would do under like circumstances, they availed themselves of the advantages which they had, and took entire control of the government, political as well as spiritual, and so managed as to absorb all the revenues of the State and pretty much all the valuable property of the country into their own hands. And when that was becoming intolerable, so that the people were about ready to rise up in their might to overthrow the Roman Catholic Church party—not the religion, but the claims of the clergy to the right of governing—our war with Mexico set in, which threw them back for a long period of time.

"Finally, after getting over that and the effects of it, in 1855 they made war upon the Roman Catholic Church to free themselves from her domination in civil matters. Then there was an intervention on the part of European powers—particularly France—which gave them another war; so that really all the time that Mexico has had for advancement in republican

institutions and republican government, to count really well, is since 1867. Considering that they have been impoverished by wars, I think they have done remarkably well."

The Struggle with Romanism

in Mexico was one of the most marvellous on record. Its success entails a grave responsibility on the Christian world. It would be a grievous thing if, after emancipation from the papal yoke, Mexico followed the too probable course of becoming atheistic. There is need of earnest prayer and self-denying labor to counteract such a tendency. That the danger exists there can be no doubt. A well-informed writer in *Countries of the World* says: "The higher class Mexican gentlemen—though nominally Roman Catholics—if they hold any opinions, these seem to be those of *the French school of Free-thinkers*, and, indeed, in some respects, as far as the influence of the priests and the Church goes, Mexico is not unlike France."

A Joker in Church

is the subject of a story which the same writer tells to show how the spirit of levity is directed against the Roman Catholics, and the same spirit hardens the soul against all religion. "On one occasion a practical joker managed to get into a church where some extremely ascetic people were scourging each other. The church was perfectly dark, and as the whip descended on the penitential backs of scourgers and scourged, whining cries, intended apparently for agony, resounded through the building. The new comer watched the operations for some time, and then set to work and laid about him lustily. He instantly noticed that the cries which proceeded from those who experienced the strength of his arm and the weight of his whip were of quite a different character from the previous lamentations, and altogether more natural. The sequel to the tale is, that there were serious objections raised against the continued admission of this new scourger to the meetings—he was much too pious!"

The Ecclesiastical Burden

borne by Mexico before her emancipation may be realized from the following figures cited by Emily Pierce in an article on Mexico in the *Sunday Magazine*. She says: "The value of Church property in 1850 was $300,000,000, one third of the entire property of the nation. In the City of Mexico there were 5000 houses, valued at $80,000,000, of which the Church owned more than one half. Domes rose in every direction. The annual income of the Church was $20,000,000, while that of the Republic was only $18,000,000."

Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool,

England, in the course of a fraternal address at a reception of Bishop Riley in that country, quaintly but forcibly illustrated the attitude he recommended the Church to take toward the Mexican mission. He said: "I thank God for what has been done in the Lambeth Conference, by the Irish Church, and by the American Episcopal Church, in holding out the hand to our young sister in Mexico, smoothing the way and giving her every help in starting herself as a Protestant Episcopal Church in that part of the continent of America. There is a great deal in cheering people in helping them to do a great deal more than they would otherwise do. I remember hearing a story of what took place at

A London Fire.

At a window was a poor woman calling out for assistance. Unless she could be got down by the ladder there was every chance of her being burned alive. A hardy fireman went up to the top of the ladder, and tried and tried again, but seemed unable to reach the woman. He was just about to descend the ladder, giving up the attempt in despair; but just at that time somebody in the crowd said, 'Let us give him a cheer to help him.' The crowd cried, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' The fireman stretched himself out a little more and brought the woman to the ground in safety. When he reached the ground he said, 'It was that cheer that made me do it. If you had not cheered, I should never have brought the woman down.'"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Pouring Water on Burning Oil.—Mr. John Gilbert Forbes said: "During a great fire in London about thirty years ago when there were a great many oil works burned, a fireman climbed up to the top of one of the tanks, the contents of which were just ignited, and instead of covering the top of the tank that the fire inside might be smothered for want of air, he turned the water hose upon it and played into the tank. And though he saw the burning oil rise and rise, he still continued foolishly to pour in the water until the oil overflowed the tank, and spread over the whole place. In the same way persecution raises the Church to a higher degree of zeal and purity until it overflows and communicates its fire to the world."

A Game at Cards Spoiled.—Mr. Marsh Remarked: "When we witness for Christ we should do so naturally, not as if it were a most unpleasant and unusual thing, but as an everyday occurrence, and which you do rather as a pleasure than a duty. I have a friend now in China who was one day dining with a friend. After dinner a game at cards was proposed, and they asked him to take a hand. When asked, he answered in the most natural way possible, 'No, thank you; I don't play cards now, I am a Christian,' and went on talking as if nothing had happened. But somehow nobody seemed to care for cards that night, and they were quietly slipped out of the way, and simply through this Christian gentleman's modest but unflinching witnessing for his Divine Master. 'Let your light so shine.'"

A Vain Revivalist Humbled.—Mr. W. A. Campbell said: "I heard recently of a man who once had the power of the Holy Spirit, and whom God had used to the conversion of many souls, both in this and in other countries. When he saw the wonders wrought through his ministry, he forgot that he was only the instrument, and God the power. He took the glory to himself, and said, 'I' instead of 'The Lord;' and it is said that he once remarked among a company of friends, 'The whole of Europe is at my feet, I can move the spirits of men hither and thither as I please.' From that moment the power of God departed from him. God gave him up to the direction of his own power—that in which he gloried. What was the result? He sunk into oblivion. His name was forgotten, even by those who had formerly been his friends; all, except a few among whom he had lived, and who, as they saw him sink deeper and deeper into degradation, looked upon him pityingly, remembering what he had once been, and what he might still have been, had he curbed his vanity and been content to sit at the feet of Jesus, knowing that the honor belongs not to the instrument but to the weilder of the instrument, the Lord of Glory."

A Drink-Seller's Demented Sons.—An Evangelistic worker remarked: "The Bible says, 'The wages of sin is death,' and although the ghastly form may for a time be hidden under a mask of gold or worldly pleasure, yet there is always present the stern reality of death, social and eternal. In my place of business, as I stand there day by day, I see right opposite me a striking illustration of this, in the shape of a large and busy drinking saloon. Well I remember when the proprietor came to the town, a youth fresh from the country. He started a grocery, and that succeeding, he thought to extend his business by taking out a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Finding that the whiskey paid best, he, in his haste to get rich, gave up the grocery business and went wholly into the liquor traffic. He obtained his wish; he is now rich; but at what cost? His two sons, promising lads, were both apprenticed to that perilous business, and early began to taste; and the temptation being ever present with them, they quickly traversed the different stages in the drunkard's downward course, and to-day the eldest fills a drunkard's grave, having died in delirium; and the other has been repeatedly attacked by the same terrible mania, and is now utterly bereft of reason, and is under the charge of a keeper. Truly God seems to visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children. Rarely, indeed, does the wealth got in an evil way go beyond the second generation, but the scope and effect of the evil influences and tendencies which we may call forth and strengthen, who can tell?"

An Arrow Divinely Directed.—Mr. Campbell remarked: "I well remember the case of a young Christian worker who was filled with the Spirit. On one occasion he called upon a member of his Sunday-school class who was ill. After speaking to the child for a few moments he turned to the mother and made a slight remark, but the incident soon passed from his mind. Some time afterward he heard that that woman had given her heart to the Lord. Much pleased, he called upon her, and inquired how it came about. 'Well, sir, it was just yourself that was the means. Do you remember when you called upon Mary when she was ill? I said something, and turning to me you asked, "Is there not a good deal of self-righteousness there?" And, sir, that question was the means of turning me to the Lord.' These few words, which were long forgotten, were used by God for the conversion of a soul."

Holding a Lamp for Whitefield.—Mr. Calder related that "When the great Whitefield was visiting America, he was enthusiastically followed wherever he went. On one occasion, when preaching at night to a large crowd, a little boy held a lantern that he might see to read his Bible. As the address went on, and the audience hung upon the eloquent appeal of his lips, the little boy who held the lamp became so absorbed in the preaching, that he forgot everything else, until crash went the lantern on to the pavement, leaving the crowd in utter darkness. The people were much annoyed, but it mattered not to the preacher, who finished his address without the light, and went his way. Some years afterward Mr. Whitefield was again in America and found himself travelling in the same coach as a clergyman to whom he had just been introduced as the Rev. Mr. Rogers. When they had proceeded some distance the clergyman said, 'Excuse me, Mr. Whitefield, but do you remember preaching some years ago at the town of X——, and a little boy who was holding your lantern letting it fall?' 'Yes,' replied Whitefield. 'Well, I am that boy, and from that time I chose Christ as my Saviour, and resolved to enter His service.' Whitefield grasped him by the hand, and said, 'I am so glad to meet you; I have often thought of that little incident.'"

A Young Convert's Courage.—Mr. James Forbes observed: "When Mr. Moody was here last, at one of his meetings in the circus, after a most affecting address, I spoke to a man in the audience about his soul. He confessed that he now saw his need of a Saviour, and that he was ready to cast his all upon Christ, and left the hall rejoicing. A day or two afterward, at a similar meeting in the same place, I came across him again, and about the first thing he told me when I asked after his spiritual welfare was that he had been obliged to leave his employment. He collected the tickets at the door of a theatre at a salary of eighteen shillings a week; it was not much, and many would have framed the excuse that he had nothing to do with the theatre, but only collecting tickets; but he felt that he could not have any connection with a theatre, and be a Christian. 'But,' I said, when he had told me this, 'what are you going to do? you have a wife and family, and they must be fed. Do you think that in the face of that responsibility you were justified in resigning your situation?' and his answer was, 'Can I not trust the Lord to pay eighteen shillings a week?' He felt he could trust Him to pay his wages, and to feed his wife and family; nor was his faith in vain; the very next day he got a situation at a better salary, where he could serve God and his employer at the same time. Depend upon it the kind God who feeds His birds will not allow His children to starve."

A LIVE CHURCH.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 3, 1887.

"Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write; These things saith the first and the last, which was dead and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, but thou art rich."—Rev. 2: 8, 9.

A Church that Passed through Fire and Earthquake—Its Active Principle—Elements of Vigor—I. Punctual Payments—Members who Pray but not Pay—II. Punctual Attendance—The Right Hymn for a Family—III. General Participation in the Service—The Wandering of a Lonely Tune—IV. A Flourishing Sabbath-School—Neglected Children to be Brought In—Seventy Thousand in New York—A Maniac Engineer on a Steamboat—V. Appropriate Architecture—VI. A Soul-Saving Church—An Englishman Converted at the Tabernacle—A Charleston Family—A Tragic Scene—An Express Train and a Misplaced Switch.

Smyrna was a great city of the ancients, bounded on three sides by mountains. It was the central emporium of the Levantine trade. In that prosperous and brilliant city there was a Christian Church established. After it had existed for awhile, it was rocked down by an earthquake. It was rebuilt. Then it was consumed by a conflagration that swept over the entire city. That church went

Through Fire and Trouble,

and disaster, but kept on to great spiritual prosperity. The fact was, that church had the grace of God, an ever-active principle. Had it been otherwise, all the grandeur of architecture and all the pomp of surroundings would only have been the ornament of death—the garlands of a coffin, the plumes of a hearse.

It may be profitable to consider what are

The Elements of a Live Church.

I remark in the first place, that one characteristic of such a church is *punctuality in meeting its engagements*. All ecclesiastical institutions have financial relations, and they ought to meet their obligations just as certainly as men meet their obligations at the bank. When a Church of God is not as faithful in its promises as the Bank of England, it ceases to be a Church of God. It ought to be understood that prayers cannot paint a church, and prayers cannot pay the winter's coal bill, and prayers cannot meet the insurance; and that, while prayers can do a thousand things, there are a thousand *things that prayers cannot do*. Prayer for any particular church will never reach heaven high unless it goes down pocket deep.

In my church at the West, there was a man of comfortable means who used to pray for his pastor in such elongated style that he became a nuisance to the prayer-meeting; asking God, in a prayer that was almost without ceasing, that the pastor might be blessed in his basket and in his store, while the fact was he never paid anything. If we pray for the advancement of the church, and do not out of our means contribute for its advancement, our prayer is only mockery. Let the Church of God then meet its obligations on the outside, and let the members of the congregation meet the obligations on the inside, and the church will be financially prosperous.

Let me say, also, that there must be

Punctuality in Attendance

on the house of the Lord. If the service begins at half-past ten in the morning, the regular congregation of a live church will not come at a quarter to eleven. If the service is to begin at half-past seven in the evening, the regular congregation of a live church will not come at a quarter to eight. In some churches I have noticed the people are always tardy. There are some people who are always late. They were born too late, and the probability is they will die too late. The rustling of dresses up the aisle, and the slamming of doors, and the treading of heavy feet, is poor inspiration for a minister. It requires great abstraction in a pastor's mind to proceed with the preliminary exercises of the church when one half of the audience seated are looking around to see the other half come in. Such a difference of attendance upon the house of God may be a difference of time-pieces; but the live church of which I am speaking ought to go by railroad time, and that is pretty well understood in all our communities. There is one hymn that ought to be sung in many Christian families on Sabbath morning:

"Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face."

Another characteristic of a live church is that

All the People Participate

in the exercises. A stranger can tell by the way the first tune starts whether there is any life there. A church that does not sing is a dead church. It is awful to find a cold drizzle of music coming down from the organ-loft, while all the people beneath sit in silence. When a tune wanders around, lonely and unbefriended, and is finally lost amid the arches because the people do not join in it, there is not much melody made unto the Lord. In heaven they all sing, though some there cannot sing half as well as others.

The Methodist Church has sung all around the world, and gone from conquest to conquest, among other things, because it is a singing Church; and any Christian church organization that with enthusiasm performs this part of its duty, will go on from triumph to triumph. A church of God that can sing

Can Do Anything

that ought to be done. We go forth into this holy war with the Bible in one hand and a hymn-book in the other. Oh ye who used to sing the praises of the Lord, and have got out of the habit, take your harps down from the willows. I am glad to know that, as a church, we are making advancement in this respect. When I came to be your pastor we had an excellent choir in the little chapel, and they sang very sweetly to us Sabbath by Sabbath; but ever and anon there was trouble, for you know that the choirs in the United States are the Waterloos where the great battles go on. One Sunday they will sing like angels, and the next Sunday they will be mad, and will not sing at all. We resolved to settle all the difficulties, and have one skilful man at the organ, and one man to do the work of a precentor; and now, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the song comes up like the voice of mighty thunderings.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

On the way to triumph that never ends, and pleasures that never die—sing!

Another characteristic of a live church is

A Flourishing Sabbath-school.

It is too late in the history of the Christian Church to argue the benefit of such an institution. The Sabbath-school is not a supplement to the church; it is its right arm. But, you say, there are dead churches that have Sabbath-schools. Yes, but the Sabbath-schools are dead, too. It is a dead mother holding in her arms a dead child. But when superintendent and teachers and scholars come on Sabbath afternoons together, their faces glowing with interest and enthusiasm, and their songs are heard all through the exercises, and at the close they go away feeling they have been on the Mount of Transfiguration—that is a live school, and it is characteristic of a live church.

There is only one thing I have against the Sabbath-schools of this country, and that is, they are too respectable. We gather into our schools the children of the refined, and the cultured, and the educated; but, alas, for the great multitude of the children of the abandoned and the lost! A few of them are gathered into our Sabbath-schools; but what about

The 70,000 Destitute Children

of New York, and the score of thousands of destitute children of Brooklyn, around whom are thrown no benign and heavenly and Christian influences? It is a tremendous question, what is to become of the destitute children of these cities? We must either act on them, or they will act on us. We will either Christianize them, or they will heathenize us. It is a question not more for the Christian than for the philanthropist and the statesman. Oh, if we could have all these suffering little ones gathered together, what a scene of hunger and wretchedness and rags and sin and trouble and darkness! If we could see those little feet on the broad road to death, which through Christian charity ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if we could hear those voices in blasphemy, which ought to be singing the praises of God; if we could see those little hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one unclean thought, becoming the sewers for every abomination; if we could see those

Suffering Little Ones

sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion, and baptized with fire from the lava of the pit, we would recoil, crying out, "Avaunt, thou dream of hell!"

They are not always going to be children. They are coming up to be the men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might now be put out with one drop of the water of life, will become the conflagration of every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to have been a temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blistered ruin—every light quenched and every altar in the dust. That petty thief, who slips into your store and takes a yard of cloth from your counter, will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your safe and blowing up your store to hide the villainy.

A Great Army,

with staggering step and bloodshot eye and drunken hoot, they are coming on—gathering recruits from every grog-shop and den of infamy in the land, to take the ballot-box and hurrah at the elections. The hard-knuckled fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of intelligence and sobriety. Men, bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, will look honest men out of countenance Moral corpses, which ought to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry in her plain frock, will be unappreciated, while thousands of men will wander around in idleness, with their hands on their hips, saying, "The world owes us a living."

Oh what a tremendous power there is in iniquity when, uneducated and unrestrained and unblanched it goes on concentrating and deepening and widening and gathering momentum until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flames, crushing like rocks! What are you going to do with this abandoned population of the streets? Will you gather them in your churches? It is not the will of your heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish. If you have ten respectable children in your class, gather in ten that are not respectable. If in your Bible-class there be twenty young men who have come from Christian homes and elegant surroundings, let those twenty young men go out and gather in twenty more of the young men of the city who are lost to God and lost to society. This outside population, unless educated and restrained, will work terror in ages that are to come.

A Maniac Engineer.

Years ago, at New Orleans, when the cholera was raging fearfully, a steamboat put out just before nightfall, crowded with passengers who were trying to escape from the pestilence. After the boat had been out a little while, the engineer fell with the cholera. The captain, in consternation, went down among the passengers and asked, "Is there any one here who knows anything about engineering?" A swarthy man replied, "I am an engineer." "Well," said the captain, "I would be very glad if you would take charge of this boat." The man went to the engine. The steamer moved more rapidly, until, after awhile, the captain and some passengers

were alarmed, and they went to see what was the matter, and they found that this was a maniac engineer, and that he was seated on the safety-valve; and, as they came to him, he said, "I am commissioned of Satan to drive this steamer to hell!" and he flourished his pistol, and would not come down. But after awhile, through some stratagem, he was brought from his position, and the lives of the passengers were saved. Oh, my friends, that steamer had no such peril as our institutions are threatened with, if the ignorant and unrestrained children of this land shall come up in their ignorance and their crime to engineer our civil and religious institutions, and drive them on the rocks!

Educate this abandoned population, or they will overthrow the institutions of this land. Gather them into your Sabbath-schools. I congratulate you that many have been gathered. Go forth, teachers, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on the coming Sabbaths may there be found gathered scores and hundreds of these wanderers, and instead of eighteen hundred in the Sabbath-school, we shall see three thousand or four thousand, and the grace of God will come down upon them, and the Holy Spirit will bring them all into the truth.

Another characteristic of a live church is

Appropriate Architecture.

In the far West and amid destitute population, a log church is very appropriate—the people living in log houses. But in communities where people live in comfortable abodes, a church uncommodious or lacking in beauty is a moral nuisance. *Because Christ was born in a manger is no reason why we should worship Him in a barn.* Let the churches of Jesus Christ be not only comfortable, but ornate. Years ago, we resolved to have a comfortable church. We resolved that it should be amphitheatrical in shape. The prominent architects of the country, after figuring on the matter a good while, said that such a church would not be churchly, and they would have nothing to do with the enterprise. But after awhile we found an architect willing to risk his reputation. He put up for us the first tabernacle, in amphitheatrical style. We liked it. All who came liked it. This building followed in the same style. We believe it is appropriate and adapted. An angular church will have an angular theology. The church of Jesus Christ ought to be

A Great Family Circle,

the pulpit only the fireplace, around which they are gathered in sweet and domestic communion. But when our first tabernacle went up, oh, the caricature and the scoffing! They said, "It's a hippodrome! It's a holy circus! It's Talmage's theatre!" But the Lord came down with power upon that old building, and made it the gate of heaven to a great many. And this building followed. That we were right in persisting in the style of architecture is proved by the fact that now there are sixty or seventy churches in the United States in the same style. Indeed, our tabernacle has revolutionized church architecture in this country. A live church must have a commodious, a comfortable, an adapted building. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Again, the characteristic of a live church must be that it is

A Soul-saving Church.

It must be the old Gospel of Christ. "Oh," say some people, "the Gospel of Christ allows but a small swing for a man's faculties, and some men have left the ministry with that idea." One such said to Rowland Hill, "I have left the ministry, because I don't want to hide my talents any longer." "Well," replied Hill, "I think *the more you hide your talents the better.*"

Why, there is no field on earth so grand as that which is open before the Gospel ministry. Have you powers of analysis? exhaust them here. Have you unconquerable logic? let it grapple with Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Have you strong imagination? let it discourse on the Psalms of David, or John's Apocalyptic Vision. Have you great powers of pathos? exhaust it in telling the story of a Saviour's love. Have you a bold style of thinking? then follow Ezekiel's wheel, full of eyes, and hear through his chapters the rush of the wings of the seraphim. All ye who want a grand field in which to work for God, come into the Gospel ministry. At any rate, come into Christian circles, and somewhere and somehow, declare the grace of God. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Eternal life for all the dead. Oh, my soul! preach it forever. It has been

My Ambition,

and I believe it has been yours, my dear people, in these years of my ministry, to have this a soul-saving church, and we never yet threw out the Gospel net but we drew in a great multitude. They have come, a hundred at a time; and two hundred at a time; and three hundred and fifty at a time; and I expect the day will appear when, in some service, there will be three thousand souls accepting the offers of eternal life.

I wish I could tell you some circumstances that have come under my observation, proving the fact that God has blessed the prayers of these people in behalf of souls immortal. I could tell you of one night, when I stood at the end of the platform, and a gentleman passed me, his cheek bronzed with the sea, and as he went into the inquiry-room he said to me, "*I am an Englishman.*" I said, "I am very glad to see you; walk in." That night he gave his heart to the Lord. It was a clear case of quick but thorough conversion. Passing out at the close of the inquiry-meeting, I said, "How long have you been in this country?" He said, "I arrived by steamer this morning at eleven o'clock." I said, "How long will you be in the city?" He said, "I leave to-morrow for Canada, and thence I go to Halifax, and thence to Europe, and I'll never be here again." I said, "I think you must have come to this country to have your soul saved." He said, "That certainly was the reason."

A Charleston Family.

In that other room, one night, at the close of the service, there sat among other persons, three persons looking so cheerful that I said to myself, "These are not anxious inquirers." I said to the man, "Are you a Christian?" He said, "I am." I said, "When did you become a Christian?" He said, "To-night." His wife sat next to him. I said to her, "Are you a Christian?" She said, "I am." I said, "When did you become a Christian?" She said, "To-night." I remarked, "Is this young lady your daughter?" They said, "Yes." I said to her, "Are you a Christian?" She said, "Yes." I said, "When did you become a Christian?" She said, "To-night." I said to them, "From whence came you?" They said, "We are from Charleston, S. C." I said, "When did you come?" They said, "We came yesterday." "How long are you going to remain?" "We go to-morrow. We have never been here before, and shall never be here again." I have heard from them since. They are members of the Church of Jesus Christ, in good and regular standing, eminent for consistency and piety. And so God has made it a soul-saving church.

But I could tell you of

A Tragic Scene,

when once at the close of the service I found a man in one of these front seats, wrought upon most mightily. I said to him, "What is the matter?" He replied, "I am a captive of strong drink; I came from the West; I thought, perhaps, you could do me some good; I find you can't do me any good; I find there is no hope for me." I said, "Come into this side room and we will talk together." "Oh, no," he said, "there's no need of my going in; I am a lost man: I have a beautiful wife; I have four beautiful children; I had a fine profession; I have had a thorough education; I had every opportunity a man ever had, but I am a captive of strong drink; God only knows what I suffer."

I said, "Be encouraged; come in here, and we'll talk together about it." "No," he said, "I can't come; you can't do me any good. I was on the Hudson River Railroad yesterday, and coming down, I resolved never again to touch a drop of strong drink. While I sat there a man came in—a low creature—and sat by me; he had a whiskey flask, and he said to me, 'Will you take a drink?' I said 'no;' but oh, how I wanted it! and as I said no, it seemed that the liquor curled up around the mouth of the flask and begged, 'Take me! take me! take me!' I felt I couldn't resist it, and yet I was determined not to drink, and I rushed out on the platform of the car, and I thought I would jump off; we were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and I didn't dare to jump; the paroxysm went off, and I am here to-night."

I said, "Come in, I'll pray for you, and commend you to God." He came in trembling. Some of you remember. After the service, we walked up the street. I said, "You have

An Awful Struggle;

I'll take you into a drug-store; perhaps the doctor can give you some medicine that will help you in your struggle, though, after all, you will have to depend upon the grace of God." I said to the doctor, "Can you give this man something to help him in his battle against strong drink?" "I can," replied the doctor, and he prepared a bottle of medicine. I said, "There is no alcohol in this—no strong drink?" "None at all," said the doctor. "How long will this last?" I inquired. "It will last him a week." "Oh," I said, "give us another bottle."

We passed out into the street and stood under the gaslight. It was getting late, and I said to the man, "I must part with you. Put your trust in the Lord, and He will see you through. You will make use of this medicine when the paroxysm of thirst comes on." A few weeks passed away, and I got a letter from Boston saying, "Dear friend, I enclose the money you paid for that medicine. I have never used any of it.

The Thirst has Entirely Gone

away from me. I send you two or three newspapers to show you what I have been doing since I came to Boston." I opened the newspapers and saw accounts of meetings of two or three thousand people to whom this man had been preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. I have heard from him again and again since. He is faithful now, and will be, I know, faithful to the last. Oh, this work of soul-saving! Would God that out of this audience to-day five hundred men might hear the voice of the Son of God bidding them come to a glorious resurrection!

All the offers of the Gospel are extended to you, "without money and without price," and you are conscious of the fact that these opportunities will soon be gone forever. The conductor of a rail-train was telling me of the fact that he was one night standing by his train on a side track, his train having been switched so that

An Express Train

might dart past unhindered. He said while he stood there in the darkness, beside his train on the side-track, he heard the thunder of the express in the distance. Then he saw the flash of the headlight. The train came with fearful velocity, nearer and nearer, until, after a while, when it came very near, by the flash of the headlight, he saw that the switchman had not attended to his duty—either through intoxication or indifference, had not attended to his duty—and that train, unless something were done immediately, would rush on the side-track, and dash the other train to atoms. He shouted to the switchman, "Set up that switch!" and with one stroke the switch went back, and the express thundered on. Oh men and women, going on toward the eternal world, swift as the years, swift as the months, swift as the days, swift as the hours, swift as the minutes, swift as the seconds—on what track are you running? Toward light or darkness? Toward victory or defeat? Toward heaven or hell? Set up that switch. Cry aloud to God. "Now is the day of salvation."

ALONE IN A DARK LAND.

From the Grengange country, about one hundred miles west of Lake Bangweolo, where Livingstone died, Mr. F. S. Arnot, the gallant young missionary, who is personally well known to some of our readers, and whose long African journeys and faithful labors have won admiration and esteem from all, writes to his mother:

I have had difficulties here — some peculiar and trying. The custom of giving presents to bands of drummers in camp I have opposed, and have had trouble in clearing my camp of them. In the first place, I cannot give lawfully the Lord's money to the support of such folly, and to the annoyance of all the seekers of the Lord who come after me. The custom of giving presents to head men, minor chiefs, etc., who have no lawful claim to receive tribute, I have also opposed, raising up no little amount of dissatisfaction. [The martyred Bishop Hannington had much trouble from the same cause, and it was one of the difficulties which led to his death.]

At the Barotse I gave, with little discrimination, all I had; my chief thought was to be acceptable to them, and to be *liked*. I succeeded in this. I fear, however, that it was not a godly success, or one to His glory. I have but little with me, and with that little I am bound to see to the needs of the men who have patiently come this long way with me, and to speed them well on their return to their homes. "My judgment is with the Lord, and my *work* with my God." "My eyes are toward *Thee;* my ears are open unto *Thee;* my hands are stretched out to *Thee*, and Thee *only*," is more and more the language of my soul. And I *know* that He will fill my hands with many things for these people. I rejoice to think that they do not understand me, for they did not understand my Master.

CONVERSION OF A ROYAL PAGE.

The Rev. Mr. Ashe, who was one of the trusted colleagues of the late Bishop Hannington in his African labors, relates the following incident:

The first time I was presented at Court to his Majesty of Uganda, I offered to teach any of the young men about the palace to read. My offer was accepted by a lad, one of the King's pages, whose named translated, is "Asked from the Spirit;" he was afterward baptized "Samuel, Asked from God." Samuel came to my house regularly every day for his lesson, generally bringing with him, as a love gift, a wild bird, which was very good for food. He progressed so rapidly that soon I gave him a little book. This pleased him much, but shortly afterward my fellow-missionary met him on the road, seemingly in great trouble. "What is the matter?" my friend asked, and with many tears the royal page answered that he had lost his book; and when I told him I would give him another book, he thought it too good news to be true. Soon he showed by his life that he was a sincere and intelligent Christian, and was drawing nearer and nearer to Christ, when one day, of his own free will, he asked to be baptized, and as he plainly showed his faith in a crucified and risen Christ he was received into the visible Church under the name of Samuel.

This same convert had been promoted to a place of trust by the King, and by him was despatched to a vassal chief to collect the tribute, consisting of so many thousands of court shells, and it was while he was on this errand that the great and fatal persecution of Christians broke out. Immediately on returning to the city, Samuel heard that his name was down on the martyrs' list, and at once he came to me for advice. "What have I to do?" he asked; "I have in my possession this tribute of the King; how have I to dispose of it?" "You must not go back to the King," I answered; "he has the heart of a wild beast rather than that of a man; it is certain death for you to appear in his presence." The Samuel took a piece of paper, and began to write, but I could see he was not satisfied. Looking up, he said, "If I were to throw away the King's tribute and run, he would think I had stolen it." "Then," I said, "could you not take it early in the morning, and deliver it to the chief, whose duty it is to receive it, and then make your escape?" This he determined to do, though going there meant that he might be seized, and dragged off to death. He took the tribute, and delivered it, and quietly mixing with the crowd, walked away. When he visited me a night or two afterward I asked him, "Did you not run as soon as you could?" "No," he replied, "had I run I should have been at once caught; I calmly walked away trusting in the Lord to deliver me."

A COLLECTION FOR A SLEEPING GIRL.

A girl's dream in a grocery-store had a practical fulfilment, as related by a San Francisco journal. In a poor quarter of that city is a general store where provisions and liquors are dispensed. One evening, recently, a poorly clad little girl entered, and presenting a nickel, asked for some bread. The youth who went to wait upon her, asked her how her mother was. "Awful sick," said the child, "and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. Wearied out she fell asleep, holding her nickel in her hand. One of the men saw her as he came to the bar, and after asking who she was, said, "Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another." They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: "Jist look a there—the child's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out from her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tiptoed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out, "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet *where an angel touched it!*" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said, "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and give me all this." Though the bill did not come from an angel the child was right in regarding it as a gift from heaven. God does not bless men through angels alone. He has other messengers, and it would be well for them and for the poor, if wealthy Christians were ready to act in that capacity (1 John 3 : 17).

MISSIONARIES IN A FLOOD.

In an interesting letter from Miss Lily Webb, who, under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, is laboring is China, is the following account of a recent deliverance from peril by an inundation:

Last Saturday morning, before we arrived at Ho-k'eo, it began to rain very heavily. It continued to pour all day on Sunday, and on Monday morning we came to our home and found the river had risen so much that there was only about two feet to our front door instead of the usual high bank. After praying that if it were God's will the rain might stop, we went to bed. However, we had not been long asleep when we heard the evangelist and family bringing their things upstairs; we found the water had *reached the second story*, and the floors were getting wet. As soon as everything was safely up we heard Ah-ho, with the evangelist and family, pleading with God to stop the rain, and we joined them in our room. I did not sleep again, but spent most of the time at the window watching for the morning, when we hoped it would clear.

But our Father's time had not come yet, and at nine o'clock some of the houses around us were in great danger, and several others, with their contents, were being *carried rapidly down the river*, which was rising steadily each moment, the mountain torrents on the opposite bank dashing violently into it. This continued till about 11.30, when, to our joy and thankfulness, the sky cleared and the rain ceased. I began at once to look for the water to decrease, for it was three feet deep in the second story already, but it continued to rise hour after hour until it was over the roofs of the houses on both sides of us. When everything was ready for us to leave if it became necessary, *we quietly waited and prayed*.

It was delightful to see the peace and faith of the native Christians. Ah-ho was so bright, saying all along that he felt sure God would stay the water. He said, "When God wanted you to come quickly to Ho-k'eo, He gave you a wind which brought you in one day; we have asked Him now to help, and *of course He will hear us*." So we felt, too, only we thought He might want to try us to see how far we would trust Him. We were perfectly happy, for knowing that our Father had all the water in "the hollow of His hand," we were very sure He would not let one drop too much come.

About six o'clock, when the water was within three feet of the roof of our house at the back, they told us the water had stopped rising. How we all thanked our Father! We went to bed that night very thankful. It began to rain again, but in the middle of the night when we awoke it was beautifully clear and bright, and the water had decreased considerably. Altogether more than seventy houses have been washed away, and there has been great loss of life. All along the banks of the river is one scene of desolation and ruin. Oh, that God would use this to arouse the people of Ho-k'eo!

MIND READING A SIGN OF THE LAST TIMES.

Among the signs which Christ said would precede His coming was the appearance of wonder-workers, who will "show signs and wonders to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect." And He emphasized the prediction with the words: "*But take ye heed:* Behold I have foretold you all things" (Mark 13 : 22, 23). Mr. G. B. Taylor, in a recent publication, points out that the exhibitions now taking place in the New and Old World, with other cognate facts, fulfil this prediction. He says:

It is remarkable if we look abroad what obvious preparations we behold that are simply anterior necessaries for the revelation of that pre-eminent man of sin and son of perdition—the Antichrist. We distinctly descry the line of Satan's latter-day policy in this direction. That policy is to disparage the genuine ere he produces his spurious Christ. To this end Christ's fast of forty days is being outdone by astute demoniacs, to gratify a spiritualistic world that denies the divinity of our Lord. We also behold an age of miracle-workers before us—the Scriptures speaking of their miracles in precisely the same terms as those applied to the miracles of Christ Himself, and therefore performed on the bodies of men.

So, too, we have what is known as "thought-reading" and "thought-transmission" in our midst, which go to the very root of the proper divinity of Christ as proved by His knowing the thoughts of men. Then again we read of far-off fanatical men being voluntarily buried alive, and after days and weeks of inhumation exhumed again unhurt, which plainly impugns the death and resurrection of Christ—so that we have before our living vision the fast, the miracles, the miraculous insight into human nature, and the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ, all travestied, counterfeited, and burlesqued!—and we ask, what can possibly occur next but the apocalypse of the great Antichrist himself, to fill the void the lapse of true faith in Christ induces? Soon the words of Christ will be fulfilled: "I am come in My Father's name, and ye receive Me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." Let us, therefore, not trifle with the present spirit of Antichrist in the world, lest we judicially receive

him in person when he comes! but let us rather watch and pray always, according to the specifically latter-day injunction of Christ, who knew the paramount necessity of so doing, and has submitted that knowledge for our good.

A BLASPHEMER SILENCED.

Rev. T. J. Lee Mayer, of Bannu, on the Afghan frontier, gives an interesting account of bazaar preaching in the midst of fierce Mohammedan fanatics. We had our usual stormy meeting in the bazaar—a glorious listening crowd, again broken up by the bitter hostility of the mullahs (Moslem priests) and the violence of their disciples. There were three or four thousand people in the bazaar, and they rather lost their heads, as they generally do when excited by fanatics. To-day I had rather a quieter day, thanks to two policemen, who kindly prevented my books and person from being seized—which is all one wants. I don't at all mind a row, because I can generally get them quiet for a few moments, and put in the whole Gospel plan when once I get their attention; but when five or six fellows are tugging at one's clothes, and shoving one about like the crush at a football goal, it becomes rather difficult to keep one's footing, to say nothing of the thread of one's discourse. A few Sundays back I was preaching on Paul's conversion, when a mullah, a very old and bitter opponent, again came up and began cursing me. I took hold of him by the sleeve and showed him to the people, and said, "Paul was once such an one as our friend here, ever speaking against the Way, the Truth, and the Life, but when God revealed Jesus Christ to him, he became a changed man, and went about preaching the truths he once destroyed, which God grant you may do, old man." I then took off my hat before the crowd, and simply asked God to change his heart and reveal Jesus to him. He seemed completely dumbfounded, and at once withdrew.

A CHINESE PARALYTIC'S TESTIMONY.

The conversion and subsequent work of a Chinese convert are described in *The Church* by the Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D., of Chefoo, China, who had when he wrote just received word that the man was dead. He says:

He lived in a home of poverty. The only light in the house came through the lattice windows, covered with paper. There was no floor except the earth beaten hard, and no ceiling under the thatched roof. About seven years ago an aged widow, who earned a livelihood by selling goods, entered this home. She noticed this man lying on a couch, so emaciated that he seemed more dead than alive. She learned that for *twenty-seven years he had been a paralytic*, and unable to move hand or foot. She told him of Jesus, and of His power and willingness to save all who trust in him. When she ceased speaking for a moment, the poor man would quickly say, "*Tell me more!*" He could not hear enough of this wonderful story.

The following day this woman met one of the native preachers, and urged him to hasten and teach the palsied man more fully the way of salvation. The preacher spent much time in reading and explaining the Bible to him. A few months later this man made a public profession of faith in Christ, and was enrolled as a member of the church. During the examination with reference to baptism, the usual question was asked—*what he thought he could do* to help bring men to a saving knowledge of the truth. His reply was, "I cannot go about from village to village and plead with men as I could wish, but I can plead day and night with God to have mercy upon others as He has had upon me. When my friends and neighbors call to see me I will tell them of the precious Saviour I have found, and entreat them to trust in Him."

To the end of life he proved a faithful witness for the truth. His aged and widowed mother, older brother and wife, an aged aunt, and, in all, *upward of fifty* of his kindred and neighbors, have united with the church. Many of them stated that their first interest in Christianity was awakened by seeing what the Gospel had done for this afflicted believer. One man of seventy-five years, when applying for baptism, was asked what led him to study the evidences of Christianity. He replied, "It was when I saw the change that faith in the Gospel made in my son. My life was made miserable by his gambling, his profligate and ungrateful life. After he began to visit the home of the palsied man and study the new religion, a wonderful change came over him. Now his life is without blemish, and I am sure that such a religion must be from heaven."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

The fourth edition of Mr. G. H. Pember's work on "Earth's Earliest Ages," which has recently been published in England, contains the following remarks on prophecy, among other interesting matter:

The Translation of Enoch.

In the translation of Enoch before the terrible times of Noah we have a type of the manner in which the waiting Church will be presently summoned to meet Christ in the air, and so to be ever with Him, before the corruption of the world comes to its worst, before the judgments of the day of the Lord commence. For the world heard no sound of a trumpet, saw no lightning flash, when Enoch was suddenly removed; he merely disappeared, and his companions, perhaps, knew not at first whither he had gone. Nay, it may be that they vainly sought him, even as the sons of the prophets sought Elijah for three days amid the mountains and valleys of Jericho. And so, probably, will it be at the translation of the Church; the Saviour will come unexpectedly, as a thief in the night, and steal away His own from the unsuspecting world. Their beds will be found vacant in the morning, or they will vanish from their customary places in the day; there will be no farewells to those whom they love, but have been unable to entice into their own paths; all that may be recorded of their end will be as the record of Enoch's departure. They were not; for God took them.

Satan Cast Down to the Earth.

In the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse it is plainly announced that, before the development of Antichrist and the unparalleled woes of the end, Satan and his angels will be driven out of heaven, swept down from their aërial abodes, and confined to the narrow bounds of earth. Then will all the Nephilim, who are yet at liberty, be among men, and will quickly make them feel the meaning of that awful utterance, "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! for the Devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Then, not merely the demons, but the great Angels of Darkness, the Principalities, the Powers, and the World-rulers, maddened by the thought that they have lost their fair realms forever, and that the Lord is at hand to complete their destruction, will in their rage break through every restraint, and recklessly gratify their own evil desires. And so, in the most appalling sense, the earth will again become corrupt and filled with violence.

The Mission of Spiritualism.

For this terrible inroad Spiritualism appears to be preparing the way. The army of demons has been sent forth in advance to bring about a universal apostasy from God and denial of Christ, and to establish a general communication between the Powers of Darkness and the children of disobedience. Years ago these demons predicted the future appearance upon earth of spiritual beings in material bodies; what has been their aim but to open men's hearts for the reception of the banished angels? Manifestations are continually increasing in power; appearances of tangible forms from the unseen world are matters of common occurrence; women are being taught that they are the wives of angels; the world is becoming accustomed to supernatural visitants! Surely the Prince of the Air must have heard that the legions of Michael are marching, and is hastily preparing his place of retreat.

Demoniacal Communications.

The chief features of the days of Noah are reappearing, and, above all, a free communication has been established between the spirits of the air and the human race, with a view, apparently, to a sojourn once more of Nephilim upon earth. Unlawful secrets, known in past times only to those few who seem to have acted as Satan's agents in directing the course of this world, are now recklessly offered to all men. The remembrance of that appalling scene, when their brethren were hurled by omnipotent lightnings into pits of darkness, would seem to be fading from the minds of the fallen angels; and the usual course of sin, most frightful of insanities, is urging them on to the brink of the precipice from the abysmal depths of which the groans of their miserable companions ascend. Meanwhile, numbers of the puny inhabitants of earth are ready, at their bidding, to essay any deeds of madness. For not a few even of the learned and wise, unable by reason of vanity to maintain the bare conception of a God, unless His awful majesty be displayed before their eyes, have resolved, either avowedly or virtually, that there is none greater than themselves, or, at least, than their possibility.

Satan's Forces Organizing.

All things seem to be prepared for the fulfilment of the solemn prediction in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse, when Michael, leading the van of the host which will come with Christ to take the kingdom, shall drive the rebel High Ones down to earth. And in the following chapter we see the consequences of that marvellous event; the peoples of Satan's last refuge, of the only remaining portion of his once vast dominions, must be organized for the final struggle. And so, out of the troubled sea of anarchy and perplexity of nations there arises, in greater majesty and power than it ever before possessed, the resuscitated empire of Rome under the immediate direction and government of the Wicked One.

A JAPANESE SUPERSTITION.

In a letter from Yokohama, Japan, to the *Missionary Link*, Miss Crosby says: "This is the Japan National Thanksgiving Day, and answers, in one sense, to the 'Feast of Ingathering' among the Jews, for it is observed in acknowledgment of the abundant harvests and rich fruitage which have rewarded the labor of the husbandman. But, alas! this tribute of a nation's gratitude is not rendered to Him who is the source of all their blessings, but to their own heathen deities, especially to Jimmu, the first Emperor of the present dynasty, who reigned more than twenty-five centuries ago, and is now worshipped by a large portion of the people—those professing the Shintoo faith. All the emperors who succeeded him have been considered divine, even down to the time when the present sovereign began to reign, and they were always kept in the utmost seclusion. It was commonly believed that *if any one should see the Emperor he would become blind.* Now, however, we have reason to thank God that this ancient superstition, and all the other forms of idolatry which have so long prevailed, are dying out before the light of the Gospel!

"To-day the Christians all over Japan are raising their hearts and voices in praise of the 'only living and true God,' not only for abundant harvests, but for the blessed 'ingathering of souls' which has crowned the year now drawing to a close. All over the country the feeling of hatred to Christianity has given place to a spirit of inquiry into the truth, and the many restrictions that formerly existed on account of the opposition of the government to the Gospel, have been withdrawn. The great danger from which the Church should now pray to be preserved is the adoption of a mere form of Christianity, as a part of western civilization."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The New Secretary of the Treasury is, as was expected, Mr. Charles S. Fairchild. The appointment was made on Thursday last. It gives general satisfaction in banking and business circles, because it implies that there will be no change in the policy of the department. Mr. Fairchild has been Assistant-Secretary since the commencement of the administration, and during Mr. Manning's illness he was Acting-Secretary. It is understood that Mr. Manning strongly recommended him as his successor, and that the recommendation was indorsed by financiers who have business with the Treasury. Like Mr. Manning, he belongs to the Tilden wing of the party, and was one of the men who strenuously supported Mr. Tilden in reforming the politics of New York State. The office of Assistant-Secretary, which Mr. Fairchild vacates, is to be filled by Mr. Isaac Maynard, who has hitherto held the office of Controller.

An Important Result from the Interstate Commerce law was announced on March 30th. At a meeting of representatives of the various railroads included in the Central Traffic Association with the Trunk Line Executive Committee, it was resolved to "abolish absolutely and forever" the payment of commissions to agents, brokers, or scalpers for the sale of passenger tickets. Commissioner Fink describes this change as "one of the greatest reforms ever inaugurated in the railway passenger service of this country." Attempts have been repeatedly made to effect this change, but they have always failed. Now however, the railroads are confident of success as they will have the support of the new law. It is estimated that at present the commissions cost the railroads fully $5,000,000 a year.

The Report of the National Civil Service Reform League, which was published on March 30th, gives qualified praise to the administration. In the State Department the spirit and letter of the law have been loyally observed, but in the Post-Office, the Interior Department, and in the Internal Revenue Districts the League finds occasion for blame. The number of offices to which the law applies is 13,913 of which 5650 are in Washington. The League charges that Mr. Vilas has disregarded the principles of Civil Service Reform in dealing with those post-office positions which do not come under the Pendleton act. It says that in sixteen months the changes were fifty per cent, and in most cases offensive partisans of one party were discharged to make room for offensive partisans of the other party. Of 92 Presidential offices in Indiana the former incumbents of 83 were removed, and the employés have been almost entirely changed. Of 1800 fourth-class offices 1200 have been changed, and of the remaining 600 the emoluments are so small that the offices are not desirable. In the Interior Department the changes have been seventy-one per cent, and the League says that they have been generally for the worse. It is significant that although the leading organs of both parties are clamoring for a return to the spoils system, the people at the polls showed by their votes that they are opposed to retrogression. The League states that wherever the principles of civil service reform had been conspicuously violated the administration candidates were defeated. That is a hopeful fact. Where the people lead the politicians will surely follow.

The High License Bill Passed the New York Senate on Thursday by a vote of eighteen to fourteen, and was sent to the Governor. It applies only to the cities of New York and Brooklyn, an effort to extend its provisions to the whole State having failed in the Senate. The effect is to increase the cost of a beer license from $30 to $100, and of a spirit license from $250 to $1000. The Prohibitionists have opposed the bill as a half-hearted measure, that will disappoint the hopes of its advocates who expect it to diminish the sale of liquor. It is, however, a significant fact that the liquor trade as a whole is against the bill, which appears to indicate that they consider it injurious to their business. It is predicted that Governor Hill will veto the bill on the ground that it is "special legislation."

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Collections in New York were tabulated and published by the committee last week. They deserve the attention of cities which have not yet adopted the system, and they also incidentally furnish in their details matter for reflection among the denominations. The total amount collected was $53,051.98, which is an increase on the collections of 1885 and 1884. In 1885 the total was $46,085, and in 1884 $36,542.75. The collections in churches amounted to $32,784.66. Of this total the Episcopal churches contributed $16,578; the Presbyterian, $6458; the Congregational $3520; Jewish, $1602; Methodist, $1402; Reformed Dutch, $1262, and Roman Catholic, $108.

At the Trial of the Men Charged with the murder of the Rev. George C. Haddock, the murdered Prohibitionist of Sioux City, Ia., startling evidence was given on March 28th. Leavitt, who has turned State's evidence, testified that he was present at a meeting of saloon-keepers when it was decided to hire two bullies to assault Mr. Haddock, and was present again later when $200 was offered to one man to do the work. He also swore that he saw Arensdorf fire the fatal shot, and saw Mr. Haddock fall. At the saloon-keepers' meeting Leavitt said the project of blowing up the houses in which Mr. Haddock and other Prohibitionists lived, was advocated. Another witness, who also swore that Arensdorf was the actual murderer, testified that he had been offered $500 to "do up Haddock," and that after the murder he received from Arensdorf and another saloon-keeper over $200 to go to San Francisco to avoid giving evidence. He was arrested there and brought to Sioux City as one of the conspirators. It is a strong point that his confession agreed in all material points with that of Leavitt, which unknown to him had been made three days previously. The trial causes intense excitement.

The Coercion Bill, the Technical Title of which is the Act for the Amendment of the Criminal Law in Ireland, was read a first time in the British House of Commons on April 1st. Its provisions are of a very stringent character, and if passed in its present form will place power in the hands of the executive which will render him almost absolute. In introducing the bill Mr. Balfour said that it gave magistrates power to examine witnesses on oath, even when no persons are charged with crime. To meet the difficulty of getting verdicts the jury system would be abolished altogether for certain classes of crime, giving the magistrate jurisdiction, with power to impose a maximum penalty of six months' imprisonment in cases of criminal conspiracy, boycotting, rioting, offences under the Whiteboy acts, assault on officers of the law, forcible and unlawful possession, and in cases of incitement of the foregoing offences. The bill also gave the Government power to change the venue of trial for murder, attempt to murder, aggravated crimes of violence and arson. This last provision, however, was afterward withdrawn. In explaining to the House the considerations which had induced the Government to propose legislation of so stringent a character, Mr. Balfour said that at the present moment there were 498 persons in Munster, 175 in Connaught, and 251 in Leinster under police protection. The paralysis of the courts of law was an evil necessary to be specially checked. It arose from the difficulty of inducing intimidated witnesses to speak out. In 755 cases 422 injured parties were so terrified that they refused to appear. When evidence was obtained juries declined, even in the clearest cases, to convict. The debate on the bill was continued until Friday night, when the Government put an end to it by the new system of cloture, which gives the Speaker power, when directed by a majority of the members present, to close the debate by putting the question to the vote. In this instance the Government had a majority of 108.

A Measure to Protect Irish Tenant Farmers from summary eviction and assist them to purchase their holdings was introduced in the British House of Lords on March 31st. It is a bill which would have done much to tranquillize Ireland had it been passed ten or fifteen years ago. Now it will not satisfy those classes of the Irish who are working for Home Rule and nothing else. The bill enlarges the class who may take advantage of Mr. Gladstone's bill of 1881, puts an end to summary evictions, and gives insolvent tenants increased facilities for compounding with their creditors. This last provision will probably encounter opposition in the Commons. It protects landowners from loss to a considerable extent while leaving the tradesman to whom the tenant may be indebted to bear the full brunt of the debtor's insolvency. Another landlord's clause is that which remits the rates due from the landlord when, owing to intimidation, he does not receive the rents of his property. This is fair, but it will very heavily increase the burdens of other classes. The really valuable part of the bill is that which gives a judge the power, while giving the landlord judgment, to stay execution for a specified time, leaving the tenant in possession.

"General Boulanger Continues the Man of the moment," says the New York *Evening Post*. "His reception on a recent Monday evening was attended by more than five thousand persons, and was a most brilliant affair. The comic papers, which are capital indicators of the political sentiment in Paris, all treat Boulanger with great respect, and all point to him as the central figure around which everything else revolves. A war between France and Germany will have its natural beginning in the summer of 1887." The same journal says: "It is certain now that the gravity and widespread nature of the earthquake in the Riviera was in no sense exaggerated in the first accounts. A tourist who has just visited Italy, and been through most of the towns that had suffered by the earthquake, says that no less than three thousand persons perished during the first day, and that probably one thousand more bodies will be found under the ruins of the various towns, judging from the number of persons who have disappeared who cannot be elsewhere than in the ruins. The only town which appears to have escaped anything like a serious disaster is Cannes, where the social gayeties were not even interrupted; and there is a slight return of confidence at Nice."

The Rev. M. Baxter Preached Three Times again last Sunday in the principal theatre of Richmond, Va. He had good audiences. Next Sunday he hopes to preach at Charleston, S. C.

A Remarkable Phenomenon, Analogous to that described by Josephus as preceding the capture of Jerusalem, is reported by an Austrian press correspondent. He says: "In Vidovec, a Hungarian village near Warasdin, the belief of an approaching war has seized hold of the entire population. A splendid Fata Morgana was observed during three consecutive days on the wide plains around the village. Enormous divisions of infantry, with scarlet caps, could be distinctly seen moving in the plains and performing exercises to the words of command of a colossal chief, whose sword was seen flashing in the air. The phenomena lasted several hours, and finally the soldiers disappeared in mid-air. The people stood awestruck in great crowds, and observed every movement of the phantom soldiers with breathless attention. Two gendarmes afterward went in the direction of the scene of action to see if any traces could be found, but of course in vain. The phenomenon is believed to have been a reflection of some infantry divisions manœuvring at a distance."

The Scheme of Mr. Hewitt, the Mayor of New York, for promoting temperance by opening a few saloons on Sundays is not appreciated by the temperance societies of the city. The first to express an opinion on the subject is the Manhattan, which passed resolutions containing the following unequivocal words: "*Whereas* Abram S. Hewitt, Mayor, and the Board of Excise, of this city, have united in a recommendation that the Legislature legalize the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sunday, *Resolved*, That this meeting solemnly protests against such legislation; that the Mayor and Excise Board deserve a most emphatic rebuke at the hands of every Christian and temperance man and woman; that the reasons for such action, as given by the Mayor, are neither satisfactory nor pertinent; that if foreign born citizens do not like the enforcement of our laws they are respectfully invited to seek the license they wish elsewhere."

Dr. Talmage's Tour in the West, from which he returned on Friday last, has impressed him very hopefully. In speaking of it in his weekly talk he said he had been, since he last saw his people, over most of the Western States, and had been in fifteen of their greatest cities. He had come back with three reports. The first report was prosperity. "I have never," said the doctor, "seen such signs of life in business—I would call it a boom if I did not dislike the word. The men who took Horace Greeley's advice were right. I would give the same advice to-day; nay, I would go myself, if any necessity was laid upon me, as I told some of the Western people." Dr. Talmage's second report was that *prohibition prohibits*. "No man in Kansas or Iowa can buy rum unless he is sick without perjuring himself. One clergyman told me he had seen but two drunken persons in fifteen months, and both of them had tins which they had brought from the East." Prohibition prohibited, and it was yet to cover the land. The doctor's third report was a wonderful religious awakening. There had not been such an awakening in many generations. All over the land an unusual interest was being taken in religion.

Two Little Children Wearing Tags have crossed the continent alone from San Francisco to New York, arriving here on March 29th. They are the sons of an engineer, and are respectively ten and three years of age. When their father was in California about a year ago he was obliged to leave them behind him, as he had two children besides and was unable to pay the fare East of the whole family. These two were placed in a public institution for safety. The father obtained work in New York and saved sufficient money to pay their expenses across the continent, but could not afford to leave his work to fetch them. A tag was therefore fastened to their clothes, and they were checked through. On the way they met with much kindness from officials and passengers, and were taken care of and directed to their destination. It is said that this is the first time that passengers so young have ever made that journey. That they did so safely is mainly due to the tags on their clothes, which, though they caused some amusement, plainly indicated their destination. It may be hoped that in their more perilous journey through life they may be directed to their heavenly Father and reach their eternal home in safety. In making that journey, as in this across the continent, they are less likely to stray if all who see them perceive whither they are bound (Heb. 11 : 14–16).

A Hunt for Buried Treasure Commenced at Nyack, N. Y., on April 1st. A local journal says that many residents of that village are almost frantic with the expectation of finding a fortune beneath the sand or under the huge rocks near the water. It is believed that many years ago a small boat-load of money was brought there and buried out of sight. At different times within the past few months stray foreign coins have been picked up in the neighborhood, and one is exhibited which was found in the crevice of one of the large rocks on Friday by a gentleman, who saw the edge of it glisten as he was walking along the beach. Without much difficulty he extracted the object which had aroused his curiosity and found it to be an old coin, the size of an American dollar, bearing the date of 1769. The inscription showed that it was coined in Spain, and is what is known as a Carolus dollar. The search now going on for the treasure, of which the dollar is supposed to have been a part, is quite likely to be unsuccessful, but that fact will not deter persons from engaging in it. If they would search with the same eagerness for that blessing which the Saviour compared to treasure hid in a field success would be certain, and the prize infinite in value (Matt. 13 : 44).

The Public Denunciation of a Fickle Lady was made recently in New Hampshire. A young man residing at New Castle became engaged to a Portsmouth lady, and was evidently sincerely in love with her. The love-making went on smoothly for some time, but recently, without any valid reason, the young lady dismissed her lover. His chagrin was excessive, and he determined to punish her. He has inserted a card in the local papers, and has had a number of circulars printed, setting forth the facts of the case, the wrongs he has endured, and concluding with a warning to "all strange young men who come to Portsmouth against keeping company with her." If his object was to annoy the young lady, he has probably succeeded; but if it was to save the "strange young men" from falling victims to her charms, he will surely fail. Warnings are proverbially powerless in such cases. Each young man will believe that he, at least, will escape the fate of the others. Unhappily, the same disposition operates with respect to the warnings of the Bible, which are really disinterested. Among the young men who are caught in the traps set for their ruin are many who are familiar with warnings backed by the wisdom of Solomon and confirmed by the testimony of men of all generations (Prov. 12 : 15).

The Trials of Governors are Graphically Described by the Albany *Times* in an article discussing the question of the pardoning power. It states that the public has no idea of the painful position in which governors are often placed in reference to criminals. Standing as the governor does in many of the important cases of application for pardon or commutation between the promptings of pity on one hand and the sense of duty on the other, the power is one that no man can envy. Some emotional scenes have ensued in the Executive Chamber when near ones have sought to save a loved one's life, and knew that the one man's word could grant the wish. The wife of Governor John A. Dix, of New York, bore testimony to the nights of pain and torture during which he traversed his room, rent with the conflicting emotions of pity and justice. The mother of young Walworth brought her passionate grief, in all her noble beauty, to bear upon Samuel J. Tilden in a plea for the pardon of her son, and he could only take arms against the plea by flight. The aged father of the murderer Hovey fell on his knees before Governor Cleveland and pleaded as only a heart-broken father could for his son's life. Every one can understand this difficulty, and can see why a governor may be constrained to refuse a pardon though he may be the most merciful of men. It is strange, therefore, that it is so difficult to get men to perceive that Christ's atonement was necessary, and how it has made pardon possible for those who appropriate it by faith (Rom. 3 : 24–26).

The Owl-Like Visual Powers of a Young Man in California are described in a journal of that State. It says that, residing in Lincoln, Placer County, is a youth whose eyes possess the peculiarities of those of an owl. He can see but little in daylight, scarcely at all in the sunlight, but at night his vision is perfect; he can penetrate the darkness with his peculiarly-shaped and nocturnally constructed eyes and distinguish objects at long distances when the ordinary individual cannot see his hand before him. His wonderful sight has been tested by many, and, as a guide at night he has no equal. It would appear, however, that his advantages as a whole are not greater than those of ordinary people, as he is as liable to walk into danger in the daylight as they are in the dark. In his spiritual walk he is in the same condition as other people; like them he will be safe only if he walks by faith, not by sight (II Cor. 5 : 7).

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. H. H. Hunnewell has given to the town of Wellesley, Mass., a hall, park site, and library, the value of the gift being $250,000.

Sam Jones will hold a six weeks' series of evangelistic meetings in the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, beginning his labors there next week.

More than fifty of the pupils of a Chinese mission school at Portland, Oregon, under the care of the Woman's Board of the United Brethren, have professed faith in Christ and united with the church.

Messrs. Whittle and M'Granahan are holding meetings at Mercer, Pa. Their meetings at New Wilmington, Pa., were attended by large audiences from the town and country, and much good resulted.

Mr. Charles Herald, the well-known Gospel singer, has been conducting musical evangelistic services at York, Pa., and Wilmington, Del. The pastors in both cities speak very gratefully of the blessing which has followed his labors.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, having completed his labors in Charlestown, Mass., is about to begin a revival campaign at Lynn, Mass. He has recently suffered a bereavement. His venerable and beloved father has been called to his reward.

The Canadian evangelists, Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, are conducting revival meetings in Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago. Unusual religious interest prevails in that congregation, where Mr. Sankey has assisted in the special services.

The Rev. Edward Judson, D.D., whose work in connection with the Berean Church in New York is well known, has paid a visit to Mobile, Ala. His earnest exhortation to increased efforts for city evangelization has stirred up Christians of that city to organized work.

The revival at the Ohio Wesleyan University has attained large proportions. Over one hundred persons have been converted, and a still greater number who were becoming careless have been quickened. Seventy-five young men in the institution are now preparing for the ministry.

A Congregational church and Sunday-school will shortly be opened at Coney Island. This is much needed, as in the summer the persons staying at the hotels there have been tempted by the lack of church accommodation to spend the day in idleness and frivolity. Mr. and Mrs. A. Alford, of Brooklyn, have exerted themselves to secure possession of the Brighton Chapel for the purpose.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, The Christian Herald. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York. **FIVE PRIZES** will be given on June 30th to the canvassers who have sold the largest number of copies each week between May 1st and that date. The two at the head of the list will receive *ten dollars* each and the next three *five dollars* each.

THE NEED OF THE AGE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"O thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? are these His doings? do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?" Micah 2 : 7.

Men Unworthy of their Name—The Remedy for Degeneracy—A Message About the Holy Spirit—I. To Those who would Control Him—By Silence—By Choosing His Messengers—By Opposition—II. To Those who Censure Him—For the State of the Church—For the Condition of the World—For the Lack of Power—III. To Those who Trust Him—For Power—For Leaders—For the World's Conversion—IV. To Seekers—A Testimony from a Lighthouse.

Brethren, what a stern rebuke to the people of Israel is contained in the title with which the prophet addressed them, "O thou that art named the house of Jacob!" The words of Micah imply that the descendants of Jacob in his day were proud of the name of "house of Jacob," but that they were not worthy of it. Nothing is more mischievous than to cling to a name when the thing for which it stands has disappeared. May we never come to such a stage of declension, that even the Spirit of God will be compelled, in speaking to us, to say, "O thou that art called the Church of God!"

When the Lord found His chosen people to be in such a state that they had rather the name than the character of His people, He spoke to them of the Spirit of the Lord. Was not this because their restoration must come from that direction? If we ourselves feel that we are backsliding, let us turn to the Spirit of God, crying, "Quicken Thou me in Thy way." If we sorrowfully perceive that any Church is growing lukewarm, be it our prayer that the Holy Spirit may work graciously for its revival. Let us direct the attention of our fellow-Christians under declension to the Spirit of God. They are not straitened in Him, but in themselves; let them turn to Him for enlargement.

Unpopular Prophets.

I. I think we may consider these words to have been spoken *to denounce those who would control the Spirit of God.* "Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?" Can you hold Him a captive, and make Him speak at your dictation? On turning to the connection, you will find that there were certain prophets sent of God to Israel who were unpopular. The message which they brought was not acceptable; the people could not endure it; and so we read in the sixth verse: "Prophesy ye not, say they to them that prophesy: they shall not prophesy to them, that they shall not take shame." The words of these prophets came so home to their consciences and made them so ashamed of themselves, that they said, "Do not prophesy: we wish not to hear you." To these Micah replies, "Is the Spirit of the Lord to be straitened by you?"

There were some in those days who would altogether have silenced the Spirit. They would banish all spiritual teaching from the earth, that the voice of human wisdom might be uncontradicted. But can they silence the Spirit of God? Has He not continually spoken according to His own will, and will He not continue to do so? While the Scriptures remain, the Holy Spirit will never be without a voice to the sons of men; and while He remains, those Scriptures will not be left without honest hearts and tongues to expound and enforce them.

The apostate Israelites also tried to straiten the Spirit of God by allowing only certain persons to speak in His name.

They Would Have a Choice

of their prophets, and a bad choice, too. See in the eleventh verse: "If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie, saying, I will prophesy unto thee of wine and of strong drink; he shall even be the prophet of this people." They had a liking for preachers who would indulge their lusts, pander to their passions, and swell their pride with windy flatteries. This age also inclines greatly to those who have cast off the restraints of God's revelation, and utter the flattering inventions of their own boasted "thought." Your liberal spirits, your large-hearted men, your despisers of the old and hunters after the new—these are

The Idols of Many.

Brethren, let me ask you, *do you imagine that the Gospel is a nose of wax* which can be shaped to suit the face of each succeeding age? Is the revelation once given by the Spirit of God to be interpreted according to the fashion of the period? Is "advanced thought" to be the cord with which the Spirit of the Lord is to be straitened? Is the old truth that saved men hundreds of years ago to be banished because something fresh has been hatched in the nests of the wise? My very soul boils within me when I think of the impudent arrogance of certain wilful spirits from whom all reverence for revelation has departed. Certain scriptural doctrines are, forsooth, discarded as dogmas of the mediæval period; others are denounced as gloomy because they cannot be called untrue. We are told that the teaching of God's ministers must be conformed to the spirit of the age. We shall have nothing to do with such treason to truth.

Certain of these backsliding Israelites went so far as to oppose the testimony of God. Note in the eighth verse—"Even of late My people is risen up as an enemy." It is sad when God's own people become the enemies of God's own Spirit; yet those who professed to be of the house of Jacob, instead of listening to the voice of the living God, began to sit in judgment upon His Word, and even to contradict the same.

The Worst Foes of the Truth

are not infidels, but false professors. These men called themselves God's people, and yet fought against His Spirit. "What, then," saith Micah, "is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?" Will the Spirit of God fail? Shall the Gospel be driven out of the world? Will there be none to believe it? none to proclaim it? none to live for it? none to die for it? We ask, with scorn, "Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?" It is to be greatly lamented that so many have turned aside unto vanities, and are now the enemies of the Cross; but fear ye not, for the victory is in sure hands. O ye that would control the Spirit of God, remember who He is, and bite your lips in despair; what can ye do against Him? Thus much upon the first use of our text.

Censurers of the Spirit

II. The second use of it is this, *to silence* those who would censure *the Spirit.* Some even dare to bring accusations against the Holy Spirit of God. Read the text again: "O thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? *are these His doings?*" If aught be amiss, is He to be blamed for it? The low estate of the Church, is that to be laid at God's door? It is true that the Church is not so full of life, and energy, and power, and spirituality, and holiness as she was in her first days, and therefore some insinuate that the Gospel is an antique and an effete thing; in other words, that the Spirit of God is not so mighty as in past ages. Instead of blaming the Holy Ghost, would it not be better for us to smite upon our breasts and chasten our hearts? What if the Church is not "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," as once she was; is not this because the Gospel has not been fully and faithfully preached, and because those who believe it have not lived up to it with the earnestness and holiness which they ought to have exhibited? Is not that the reason? In any case, are these His doings? God forbid! we cannot blame the Holy One of Israel. Then it is said "Look at

The Condition of the World.

After the Gospel has been in it nearly two thousand years, see how small a part of it is enlightened, how many cling to their idols, how much of vice, and error, and poverty, and misery are to be found in the world!" We know all these sad facts; but are these His doings? Tell me, when has the Holy Spirit created darkness or sin? What if the world be still an Augean stable, greatly needing cleansing; has the Spirit of God in any degree or sense rendered it so? Where the Gospel has been fully preached, have not the words of the Lord done good to them that walk uprightly? Have not cannibals, even during the last few years, been reclaimed and civilized? How, then, can the Spirit of Christ, the Spirit of the Gospel, be blamed? Will you attribute the darkness to the sun? It were quite as just and quite as sensible. No, we admit the darkness, and the sin, and the misery of men. But these are not the work of the Spirit of God. These come of the spirit from beneath. He that is from above would heal them. These are not His doings.

But some have said, "Yes, but then see how few the conversions are nowadays! We have many places of worship badly attended, we have others where there are

Scarcely Any Conversions

from the beginning of the year to the end of it." This is all granted, and granted with great regret; but "is the Spirit of the Lord straitened; are these His doings?" Cannot we find some other reason far more near the truth? Has Christ been preached? Has faith been exercised? The preacher must take his share of blame; the Church with which he is connected must also inquire whether there has been that measure of prayer for a blessing on the Word that there ought to have been. Christians must begin to look into their own hearts to find the reason for defeat. Have ye never read, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief"? But it is also said that there is

A Want of Power

largely manifested by individual saints Where are now the men who can go up to the top of Carmel and cover the heavens with clouds? Where are the apostolic men who convert nations? Where are the heroes and martyr spirits of the better days? Our degeneracy is not His doing. We have destroyed ourselves, and only in Him is our help found. Instead of crying to-day, "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord," we ought to listen to the cry from heaven which saith, "Awake, awake, O Zion; Shake thyself from the dust, and put on thy beautiful garments." Many of us might have done great exploits if we had but given our hearts thereto. We are straitened in ourselves; we have not reached out to the possibilities of strength which lie within grasp. Let us not wickedly insinuate a charge against the good Spirit of our God; but let us in truthful humility blame ourselves.

III. In the third place, our subject enters a more pleasing phase, while I use it to encourage

Those who Trust in the Spirit

of the Lord. My brethren, let us this morning with joy remember that the Spirit of the Lord is not straitened. Let this meet our trouble about our own straitness. What narrow and shallow vessels we are! How soon we are empty! We wake up on the Sabbath morning and wonder where we shall find strength for the day. Do you not sigh, "Alas! I cannot take my Sunday-school class to-day with any hope of teaching with power; I am so dreadfully dull and heavy; I feel stupid and devoid of thought and feeling"? In such a case say to yourself, "Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?" He will help you. As a minister of Christ I have constantly to feel my own straitness. Perhaps more than any other man I am faced by my own inefficiency and inability to address such an audience so often, and to print all that is spoken. Who is sufficient for these things? I do not feel half as capable of addressing you now as I did twenty years ago. I sink as to conscious personal power, though I have a firmer faith than ever in the all-sufficiency of God. No, the Spirit of the Lord is not straitened. Come, you that seem to plough the rock and till the sand, come and lay hold of this fact, that the Spirit of the Lord is omnipotent. No rock will remain unbroken when He wields the hammer, no metal will be unmelted when He is the fire. Still will our Lord put His Spirit within us and gird us with His power, according to His promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

This also meets another matter—namely, the lack of honored leaders. We cry at this time, "Where are the eminent teachers of years gone by?" The Lord has made a man more precious than the gold of Ophir. Good and great men were the pillars of the Church in former times, but where are they now? Renowned ministers have died, and where are their successors? I am not among those who despair for the good old cause; but certainly I would be glad to see the Elishas who are to succeed the Elijahs who have gone up. Oh, for another Calvin or Luther! He who found a Moses to face Pharaoh, and Elijah to face Jezebel, can find a man to confront the adversaries to-day.

Brethren, the great truth now before us may prevent our being dismayed by

The Peculiar Character of the Age

in which we live. It is full of a terrible unrest. The earthquake in the Riviera is only typical of a far greater disturbance which is going on everywhere. The foundations of society are quivering; the corner-stones are starting. No man can foretell what the close of this century may see. The age is growing more and more irreverent, unbelieving, indifferent. The men of this generation are even more greedy of gain, more in haste after their ambitions, than those that preceded them. They are fickle, exacting, hungering after excitement and sensation. Here comes in the truth—"The Spirit of the Lord is not straitened." Was not the Gospel intended for every age, and for every condition of human society? Will it not meet the case of London and Ireland as well as the case of the old Roman Empire, in the midst of which it first began its course? It is even so, O Lord!

But, then, sometimes we are troubled because of the hardness of men's hearts. You that work for the Lord know most about this. If anybody thinks that he can change a heart by his own power, let him try with any one he pleases, and he will soon be at a nonplus. Did I hear you cry, "Alas! I have tried to reclaim a drunkard, and he has gone back to his degradation"? Yes, he has beaten *you*, but is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? Do you cry, "But he signed the pledge, and yet he broke it"? Very likely *your* bonds are broken; but is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? Cannot He renew the heart, and cast out the love of sin? When the Spirit of God works with your persuasions, your convert will keep His pledge. "Alas!" cries another, "I hoped I had rescued a fallen woman, but she has returned to her iniquity."

No Unusual Thing

this with those who exercise themselves in that form of service; but is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? Cannot He save the woman that was a sinner? Cannot He create a surpassing love to Jesus in her forgiven spirit? *We* are baffled, but the Spirit is not. "But it is my own boy," cries a mother. "Alas! I brought him up tenderly from his youth, but he has gone astray. I cannot persuade him to hear the Word; I cannot do anything with him." Dear mother, register that confession of inability, and then by faith write at the bottom of it, "But the Spirit of the Lord is not straitened."

Ah well! says one, but I am oppressed with the great problem which lies before the Church. London is to be rescued, the world is to be enlightened. Think of India, China, and the vast multitudes of Africa. Is the Gospel to be preached to all these? Are the kingdoms of this world to become the kingdoms of our Lord? How can these things be! Judge after the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears, and the thing is quite beyond all hope. But is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? Surely the good Lord means to convince the Church of her own powerlessness, that she may cast herself upon the divine might. Looking around she can see no help for her in her enterprise; let her look up and

Watch for His Coming

who will bring her deliverance. Amid apparent helplessness the Church is rich in secret succors. When the time cometh for the Lord to make bare His arm, we shall see greater things than these, and then we shall wrap our faces in a veil of blushing confusion to think that we ever doubted the Most High. Behold, the Son of Man cometh; shall He find faith among us? Shall He find it anywhere on the earth? The Lord help us to feel in our darkest hour that His arm is not shortened!

IV. I must close by remarking that this text may be used to direct

Those who are Seeking

after better things. I hope that in this audience there are many who are desiring to be at peace with God through Jesus Christ. You are already convinced of sin, but you are by that conviction driven to despondency and almost to despair. Now notice this: whatever grace you need in order to salvation the Holy Spirit can work it in you. You want a more tender sense of sin. You want to be able to perceive the way of salvation; can he not instruct you? You want to be able to take the first step to Christ; Do you cry, "I would believe, but I cannot tell how"?

The Spirit will help you to believe. He can shed such light into your mind, that faith in Christ shall become an easy and a simple thing with you. The Spirit of God is not straitened: he can bring you out of darkness into his marvellous light. If you are quite driven from all reliance on your own natural power, then cry unto him, "Lord, help me!" The Holy Spirit has come on purpose to work all our works in us. It is His office to take of the things of Christ and to show them unto us. Yield yourself to His direction. Be willing and obedient, and He will lead you into all truth.

May I invite you to remember how many persons have already found joy, peace, and salvation by believing the teaching of the Spirit of God? In the text the question is asked, "Do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?" Many of us can bear testimony to-day that the word of the Lord is not word only, but power. It has done good to us.

Life In a Lighthouse.

I am like the good man and his wife who had kept a lighthouse for years. A visitor who came to see the lighthouse, looking out from the window over the waste of waters, asked the good woman, "Are you not afraid of a night when the storm is out and the big waves dash right over the lantern? Do you not fear that the lighthouse and all that is in it will be carried away?" The woman remarked that the idea never occurred to her now. She had lived there so long that she felt as safe on the lone rock as ever she did when she lived on the mainland. As for her husband, when asked if he did not feel anxious when the wind blew a hurricane, he answered, "Yes, I feel anxious to keep the lamps well trimmed, and the light burning, lest any vessel should be wrecked." As to anxiety about the safety of the lighthouse, or his own personal security in it, he had outlived all that. Even so it is with me; "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." From henceforth let no man trouble me with doubts and questionings; I bear in my soul the proofs of the Spirit's truth and power, and I will have none of your artful reasonings. My one concern is to keep the lamps burning, that I may thereby enlighten others. Only let the Lord give me oil enough to feed my lamp, so that I may cast a ray across the dark and treacherous sea of life, and I am well content. Now, troubled seeker, if it be so, that your minister and many others in whom you confide have found perfect peace and rest in the Gospel, why should not you?

In conclusion, just a hint to you. The words of God do good to those who walk uprightly. If they do no good to you, may it not be that you are walking crookedly? Have you given up all secret sin? How can you hope to get peace with God if you live according to your own lusts? Give up the hopeless hope. You must come right out from the love of sin if you would be delivered from the guilt of sin. You cannot have your sin and go to heaven; you must either give up sin or give up hope. "Repent" is a constant exhortation of the Word of God. Quit the sin which you confess. Is the Spirit of God straitened? No, His words "do good to them that walk uprightly," and if you in sincerity of heart will quit your sin, and believe in Christ, you also shall find peace, and hope, and rest. Try it, and see if it be not so. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A FOUR DAYS' COMBAT IN A PRISON.

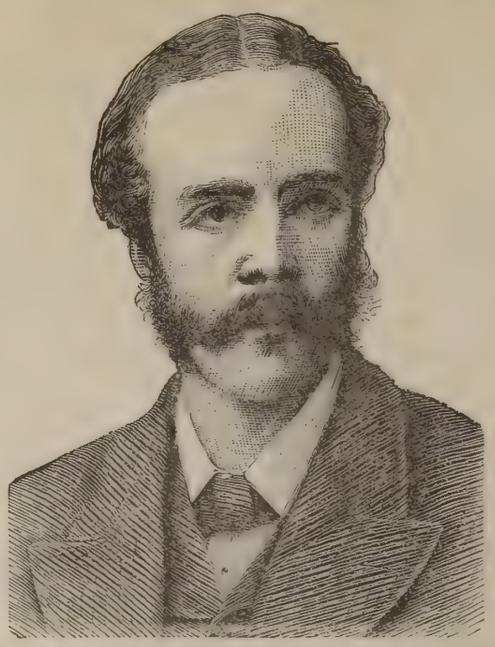
After the execution of the archbishop and his five companions, one of whom was Chief Justice Bonjeau, the prison was the scene of one of the most extraordinary incidents connected with the Commune; and when I visited the prison afterward, the guardian said he wanted to show me that portion of the prison in which it occurred. It was a struggle between the national guard and some prisoners, whom it had been determined by the Commune authorities to murder. On Friday, May 26th, thirty-eight gendarmes and sixteen priests were conducted from La Roquette prison to Père la Chaise, and there shot. The next day, May 27th, as the Versailles troops approached nearer and nearer the Commune, the Committee of Public Safety, which had sought La Roquette as a place of refuge, issued an order to shoot in cold blood all the priests, soldiers, and Sergents de Ville who were still in the prison. These fiends installed themselves in the office of the register of the prison for the purpose of seeing their orders carried out. On the afternoon of the 25th of May everything was got ready for this promiscuous assassination. One of the jailers, M. Pinet, who had observed all that was going on, and had been advised of what was to take place, determined, if possible, to save the prisoners, even at the sacrifice of his own life. Just before the order was to be given for them to be taken down into the court, he rushed in and opened all their cells and told the prisoners that it had been determined to murder them, and charged each one to arm himself with whatever he could get into his hands for the purpose of defence.

The guardian took me into the room where a fearful contest had then taken place. The prisoners had fastened the doors, and built barricades inside, behind which they could defend themselves when attacked. Mattresses had been put up, but these were set on fire for the purpose of suffocating the men behind them. The whole place presented to me the most extraordinary appearance. Every possible effort was made by the Communards to capture the prisoners, who defended themselves with the energy of despair; and this desperate attack continued for four days. Finding that they could not capture them by force, they then resorted to seduction, assuring them that they were there simply for the purpose of restoring the prisoners to liberty. Unfortunately, some priests and soldiers who were prisoners allowed themselves to be deceived by these wretches, and were persuaded to leave their defences, expecting to be placed at liberty. No sooner, however, were they outside than they were all seized and shot.

The night of Saturday, the 27th, in the prison was one of the most extraordinary and horrible that could be conceived of. The prison was surrounded by howling crowds uttering menac-

* From "The Downfall of the Commune," by the Hon. E. Washburne, formerly United States minister to France. He was the only foreign minister who remained in Paris during the terrible time in 1870, when the city was in the possession of the anarchists. He visited the archbishop of Paris, who was afterward murdered, and vainly endeavored to secure his release. Mr. Washburne's narrative is therefore the narrative of an eye witness. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Late Dr. Ray Palmer.



Mr. A. J. Balfour, M. P., the New Irish Secretary.

Eric Folke, the Swedish Missionary.

ing cries, and as the prisoners began to see some chance of escape, they grew more determined in their defence. At last, at daybreak, on Sunday, May 28th, there came to the besieged victims the sound of the musketry-firing of the Versailles troops, and at half-past five in the morning the barricade opposite the prison was carried by a vigorous attack of the infantry of marine which then took possession of the building. The assassins, who for some time had been on the look-out for the advance of the Versailles troops, prepared themselves for their escape. Unfortunately, too many of them got away. There were ten ecclesiastics, forty Sergents de Ville, and eighty-two soldiers of the line who were restored to liberty after four days of combat and of cruel agony which it is impossible to describe.

THE LATE REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

(*See Portrait on this page.*)

On Tuesday of last week, March 29th, Dr. Palmer, the Christian poet, whose hymns are sung in Christian homes and churches all over the world, breathed his last at his home in Newark, N. J. Early in March he was seized with paralysis for the third time. Fears of immediate dissolution were aroused, but he rallied a little, and his family hoped that he might recover. On March 27th, however, he had a relapse, became unconscious, and two days later he died. His son, the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, of Bridgeport, and his two daughters, with Mrs. Lansing, a cousin of his deceased wife, were with him at the last. His remains were borne to the grave on Thursday after a brief service in the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church, in which his intimate friends, Dr. William Hayes Ward, Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, Dr. William M. Taylor, and Dr. G. H. Hepworth, took part.

Dr. Palmer's portrait and life having appeared in this journal on April 15th, 1886, a brief summary of the leading features of his career and work is all that is required here. He was born at Little Compton, R. I., on November 12th, 1808, and was therefore nearly seventy-nine years old when he died. He was intended for a commercial life, but while occupying a position in a large business house in Boston, Mass., he showed so strong a predilection for the ministry that he was sent to Phillips' Academy, Andover, and subsequently to Yale College. He graduated in 1830, and after two years spent in teaching he accepted a call to the Central Congregational Church, at Bath, Me., where he preached from 1835 to 1850. Then he moved to Albany, where he preached in the First Congregational Church until 1866, when he retired from regular preaching to become secretary of the American Congregational Union. While at Albany he received from Union College, in 1852, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He contributed voluminously to periodicals, and wrote many books. His first important work was "The Spirit's Life," a poem published in 1837. Among his other works were "Spiritual Improvement," 1839; "Reminiscences," 1865; "Hymns for my Holy Hours," 1867; "Home; or, the Unlost Paradise," a poem in four parts, 1872; "Earnest Words on True Success in Life," 1873. His hymns are sung by all denominations, and true Christians, whatever their church connection, find in them expression of their highest and best feelings. His best-known hymn, commencing, "My faith looks up to Thee," has been translated into more than a dozen languages.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

(*See Portrait on this page.*)

In accepting a seat in the British Cabinet as Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Balfour has proved his courage if not his fitness for office. The position is a thankless and uncomfortable one, for the man who holds it is the target for the attacks of the whole company of Irish members of Parliament. He cannot satisfy them, and they take a delight in rendering his life a burden by incessant questioning. The British Parliamentary practice is for any member who conceives that he, or the people he represents in the House, has a grievance against the Government to give notice that on a certain night he will ask a question of the member of the Cabinet at the head of the department which has committed the alleged sin of omission or commission. In putting the question he can not only test the accuracy of information possessed by the official, but he can express his opinion of the course the official has pursued. It is easy to see how the ingenuity, wit, and pertinacity of the Irish brigade may try the patience of an Englishman whose duty it is to attend to Irish affairs.

Mr. A. J. Balfour is the ninth man who has held this office in less than seven years, and it may be doubted whether any of the nine, Mr. John Morley, perhaps, alone excepted, has any desire to return to it. Mr. Balfour is likely to have a worse time there than his predecessors, as it has become his duty to introduce and defend a line of policy with respect to Ireland peculiarly odious to Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. He is a younger man than usually occupies the post, having been born in 1848, and being, therefore, under forty years of age. Probably he owes the appointment to the fact that he is the son of Lady Cecil, the sister of the Marquis of Salisbury. He was formerly private secretary to his uncle, the Premier.

MR. ERIC FOLKE.

(*See Portrait on this page.*)

The young Swedish evangelist whose portrait appears on this page is one of the most recent additions to the number of Christ's heralds in China. Early last summer he went to England from Sweden, knowing very few words of English, and was one of the first students to enter the Missionary Training Home, believing that God had called him to preach the Gospel among the millions of China. He is a graduate of Upsala University, and has been a most successful evangelist. He stated in an address which he gave recently in explanation of his principles and motives, that he was going out in entire dependence on God for support, and that he had already received abundant proofs that God would supply all his needs. When he first entertained the hope that he might be privileged to go out to China to preach the Gospel he told no one of his desire, but prayed to God about it. Without asking any one for money the funds to pay for his voyage to England came to him, and his education and training had been completed in the same way. Only a few days before making the address the sum of $190 had been sent to him from Sweden in answer to prayer.

MINNIE'S HEART OVERCOME BY PRAYER.

(*See Illustration on page 221.*)

There were whisperings and shakings of the head and heavy sighs in the nursery at the Beeches when the news came that Mr. Enderwood was about to be married. Mrs. Osborn, the nurse, and Miss Wilmot, the governess, and Rachel, the children's maid, discussed the intelligence together and cast pitying looks on the four young children of whom they had taken charge since Mr. Enderwood became a widower.

"Poor little things!" said Mrs. Osborn, "I knows what stepmothers are; it'll go hard with the little dears."

"Ah, they'll be neglected now, I'll be bound!" said Rachel. "Of course we'll all be cleared out. New mistresses like their own folks about 'em. I shouldn't like to stay anyhow. I remember the first Mrs. Enderwood, and I shouldn't like to see any one in her place."

"What is it you are whispering about, nurse?" asked Minnie, the eldest of the four children, who had caught a word or two.

"Ah, my dear, it's bad news for you! You'd better tell her now, Miss Wilmot, she'll have to know soon."

Minnie was told, and the news was accompanied by gloomy forebodings of what her new mamma would do.

"I shall not have to call her mamma, shall I? She will not be my real mamma, you know."

"Your papa will insist on your doing that, I expect. Men always do what their second wives tell them."

Minnie looked solemn, but was silent, as her manner was when agitated. Herbert, her brother, however, who was a year younger and more impulsive, learning what was looming on the nursery horizon, spoke out. "I never will call her that, and I won't do what I am told, and I don't care if I'm spanked for it. I won't;" and the sturdy little fellow clenched his fists and already fired up with the martyr spirit.

"Ah, *you* ain't forgot your mamma, you ain't!" said Mrs. Osborn, approvingly, and with an invidious emphasis for Minnie's benefit. "But you'll be made to mind, I guess. Poor boy! it's a shame, that's what it is!"

Minnie's Capitulation.

The new Mrs. Enderwood's prospects of a peaceful, useful life at the Beeches certainly were not bright. Resistance and rebellion were being organized by the silly servants, who objected to a new mistress on their own account, and wished the children to fight their battle for them. It was a pity, for her heart was yearning with love for the bereaved little ones, and she had prayed earnestly that wisdom might be given to her to train them up for the Lord. She never doubted that she would win their love and confidence, and she hoped that she would receive help to do her duty well.

Her reception by the children astonished her. Herbert would not be kissed, and Minnie extended her hand in greeting with the most chilling politeness. The two younger ones were shy, and shrank from her into Rachel's arms. She was wounded, and for a moment tears gathered in her eyes. Mr. Enderwood saw them, understood their cause, and a frown settled on his brow.

"I am sorry about this, Marion," he said. "I ought to have told the children myself, instead of allowing them to be told by the servants. I will see to it that this sullenness does not annoy you again. I will speak to Minnie and Herbert about it."

"Leave it to me, dear," Mrs. Enderwood said. "I would prefer your not reproving them. It will all come right in a few days."

Mrs. Enderwood's prediction was fulfilled so far as Herbert and the younger ones were concerned, but with Minnie there seemed an insurmountable barrier of cold aversion. Herbert tried to thaw it in vain. Yes, Minnie admitted, the new Mrs. Enderwood was very beautiful; but that made no difference, she could never love her. Herbert might do as he chose; as for her, she should be faithful to her real mamma. The stepmother overheard one of these declarations, and was astonished at the quiet resolution and determination which the tone indicated. It grieved her, but it did not diminish her yearning for the child's love.

It was many weeks before the fortress of Minnie's heart capitulated. They were weeks of unfaltering kindness on the lady's part, and of sullen, impassive coldness on the child's. Mrs. Enderwood would have despaired but for her faith in God's power and His readiness to hear prayer. Constantly she prayed that this child's hard heart might be touched, and at last the answer came.

One evening after a trying scene, in which Minnie had been almost rude in her manner, and the stepmother had shed tears over the child's prejudice, Mrs. Enderwood threw a loose scarf around her shoulders and went to walk and meditate and offer silent prayer in the garden. It was very quiet there in the evening, and the sound of a stifled sob at a distance was distinctly heard. She listened, and soon heard a fierce, passionate burst of weeping, which lasted some minutes and was succeeded by a faint murmur which sounded like a prayer. A few minutes later Minnie came running out of a dense growth of shrubbery as if going to the house. But she saw her stepmother, and turning round ran to her, flung her arms around her waist, and then holding up a bunch of hastily gathered flowers as a peace offering, she sobbed, "Forgive me, *mamma*."

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 207.*)

In the Village Inn.

THE party at the Chequers, sitting over their pipes and mugs of ale, discussed local and national affairs with plenty of spirit, if not with marked intelligence. If they were not well informed, they were possessed of abundant confidence in their own penetration, which in other circles besides that of a village alehouse often serves to make men respected by their audiences. A man who is sure that he is right and will assert his opinions with sufficient emphasis, will always have listeners who will think him a Solon, if he is careful not to be too severe on their prejudices, and save his acrimony for absent men and men in high position. This was a marked feature of the council at the Chequers, and it was no uncommon thing to hear the leading statesmen, authors, and preachers of the day brought up for judgment and sentenced by the self-constituted jury of miller, gamekeeper, cobbler, and blacksmith; Middledick, the landlord, listening sententiously and occasionally interposing a few words in the interest of peace and good-fellowship.

On this particular morning a literary question was introduced by the miller. In his weekly visit to the market town on the previous Saturday a gaily-painted picture in a news-vender's window had attracted his eye. He had gone into the store to purchase it, and finding that it formed the supplement to a magazine, he had bought that, too, and having hung the picture up over a soiled place on the wall of his sitting-room, had spent an idle hour in reading the magazine. One article interested him particularly and excited his curiosity. He decided to submit it to the opinion of the council at the Chequers at a convenient opportunity. Here was the opportunity, and though there was an interloper present in the person of Chivey Stevenson, the poacher who, it will be remembered, hurt Alfred Atheling's self-respect on one occasion by claiming fraternity with him—he did not count, being, as the miller said, "like a chip in milk, doing neither good nor harm." Producing the magazine from the pocket of his meal-besprinkled coat, he said: "Diz ony o' ye knoa a chap called Ralph Ravensworth? Ah've niver heard on him mysen, but he knoas all aboot Thorpe Aspen, ah reckon, or he niver could ha written this here." Straightway the miller read aloud a short story called "A Last Peep at the Old Home." It was the story of a young man who had broken the laws of his country, and who in his desperate love for his old home had ventured to visit it by stealth after nightfall. It told of his stolen peep through the window; of his heart-sickness and sorrow as he gazed on his mother's mournful face and silver hair; of his high resolves to lead a better life in a foreign land; of his discovery by a gamekeeper, so that he had to run for fear of discovery; and of his imaginary peril from a poacher as he was fleeing through the night. The story gave a life-like picture of the scenery of Aspendale, and especially of Aspen Garth. Before Peter had finished, Chivey Stevenson exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"That farm's Aspen Garth, an' that gamekeeper's Jake Benson. It's 'is varry pictur'."

Then suddenly recollecting his own sudden meeting with Alfred Atheling, and his kindly meant though stinging remark to that young outlaw, he said no more, unwilling to do other than keep the young man's secret.

It was needless, however, for shrewd Peter Prout was ready to announce his own conclusions. "Ah was sure on't," said he. "That's why ah browt it wi' ma. Them 'at can put

this an' that togither, can mak' it as sartan as dayleet, 'at Ralph Ravensworth is only another neeam for Alf. Atheling, an' 'at young shaver's been doon te Thorpe Aspen as sure as eggs is eggs."

It will be remembered that Jacob Benson had taken Tim Crouch into his confidence as to that night's adventure, and so the cobbler, too, had no difficulty in making up his mind as to the fact that the miller was right in his surmise. Tim scratched his head in silence. Ordinarily he would have expressed his opinion in dogmatic terms and with the confidence that such men always have in the truth and justice of their opinions. But he remembered that it was by his own advice that Jacob Benson had kept the matter in the dark, and that they had both agreed that out of sympathy with Alfred and respect for the Widow Atheling they should say no word upon the subject. Jacob and he exchanged looks, but said nothing, and as Tim felt himself in a measure the custodian of Alfred's interests, he regarded it as his imperative duty to throw the miller off the scent.

The last they had heard of Alfred at Thorpe Aspen was that a reward had been offered for his apprehension, and Tim was resolved that so far as he was concerned the money—"blood money" he called it—should never be earned by anybody in Aspendale. So he replied to the miller in a supercilious tone—"Nut a bit on it. Alfred Atheling wad ha' niver been sich a noodle as te give 'em sich a clue as that. It isn't likely. Ah say, Chivey, did thoo iver knoa a hare stand up on its hinnd legs an' show its heead aboon its form an' squeal, when thoo was prowlin' roond wi' thee gun?"

"Why, naw, that ah niver did," replied Chivey, willing enough to back the cobbler. "They've ower mitch respect for their oan fur for that. It wad be like me sayin', 'Dilly-dilly, come an' be killed,' an' t' hare sayin', 'Ah's here, yo' can cum an' sattle ma withoot ony trubble.'"

"Ezactly," responded Tim, "an' you canna beleeave that young Alf. Atheling wad be softer than a silly hare. Nut a bit on it. There's other pairts o' t' country 'at's like Thorpe Aspen, an' as for farm-steeads an' gamekeepers, they're as like van another as two peas."

This was fairly good reasoning, or passed as such at the Chequers, but Peter was not the man to give in, and so the dispute waxed hot.

Landlord Middledick took sides with the miller, the poacher warmly supporting the cobbler. Sam Vause, the blacksmith, reserved his opinion, because so long as it was in suspense he occupied the position of a judge, and was appealed to by both sides. He ordered another pitcher of beer to keep up the dignity of the office. Jacob Benson, like the poacher, sat silent, his conviction being one which he did not wish to betray, and his honest tongue being unaccustomed to argue against his belief.

While the dispute was at its height Edgar Atheling happened to be riding past on his way to Chilworth. Resolved to test his own opinion on the matter by an application to Alfred's brother, the miller jumped from his seat and ran to the door of the inn, apologizing to the council for his abrupt movement by saying, "There's his brother; I'll ask him." Beckoning to Edgar, he said, presenting the magazine, "Mornin', Mr. Edgar. Just cast your eye ower this, will yo'. It weean't tak' yo' two minutes."

Edgar took it in silence. He had no great love for Peter, whose gossipy tongue was difficult to silence; but as he read his face paled, then reddened; the hand that held the paper trembled; and the miller felt sure that a tear-drop was checked by the rapid movements of the lashes of his eye.

"Lend me this for to-day, miller. I'm late," said Edgar, and rode off without another word.

"There! didn't ah tell yo'?" said Peter to his comrades, speaking through the window. "I'm off now. That settles it. I'm wanted at the mill."

Tim Crouch had been a keen observer. He was very wroth with the miller, and as the meddlesome knight of the meal-sack strode back homeward, the cobbler shook his fist after him, and said with a knowing sort of nod—"All right, Maister Meeally-feace, ah'll hev' it oot wi tha' for that."

Whatever was the general verdict at the Chequers Edgar Atheling had no doubt as to the identity of the author of the little sketch. His brother Alfred's hand was clearly revealed in it. He hurried through his business that he might get home and show the sketch to his widowed mother. But the Athelings were too well known around Chilworth, and Edgar himself was too much liked to make his journey a speedy one. One and another old friend of the family stopped him to inquire after his mother, and the state of his crops, and to give him advice about the farm. Young people recognized him, and had to receive a shake of the hand and a pleasant word, and more than one bright face smiled at him so sweetly from under a bonnet, that he could not for very shame ride on with only a nod. So it was not till after sunset that Edgar rode into the old farmyard with the magazine which the miller had lent him in his pocket.

One glance at the window told him that his coming was eagerly expected. His mother was standing there with Clara by her side. Clara must have received leave from Sir Godwin or Ethel to spend the evening at home. That, of course, would make it so much the more pleasant, and then she could be set to read the "Last Look at the Old Home." It would have a better effect read in her clear, bell-like tones. But what was that his mother held up as he went around to the stable? It must be a letter, and her smile told him that it contained good news.

"What's the news, mother dear?" said Edgar, as he came in and took his mother's comely face between his hands and gave it a resounding Yorkshire kiss.

"Read that," said Mrs. Atheling, putting the letter in his hands. "God is very good to us; no one can call Alfred a thief now."

Edgar sat down and read his brother Robert's letter describing the meeting with the Quaker merchant, and the strange discovery he had made, which vindicated Alfred's character of the heaviest charge against him.

"You see," said Clara, too eager to wait while Edgar finished the letter, "Alfred never stole that money. I was sure he never did, and this proves it. That good old man, Ephraim Hartgold, actually found it. Alfred had just lost it—left it behind him in the coach—and Mr. Harvey knew the bag, and the money was all right. What a good thing it was that Robert met him!"

"Give God the glory, my dear," said the widow. "It was in answer to prayer that Robert was directed to the good Quaker. I remember him well, but I never expected he could do anything for us in this trial."

"Well, now there is nothing to prevent Alfred coming home, and showing his face openly," said Edgar. "There's no accusation against him now. I wish we could find him. Oh, why was I not around that night!"

"What night?" asked Clara. "What are you talking about, Edgar?"

"Why, I believe he has been here, and not so very long ago. But now, Clara, you just bottle up the curiosity you inherited from your first ancestress, and let me have some supper, and after that you shall enlighten us."

"I enlighten you! It is you that have the light, and it is mean of you to get all our news and then keep yours while you gormandize."

"Oh, Clara, don't say that," said Mrs. Atheling. "The poor boy has been out all day, and I dare say has never had the thought to get bit nor drop. Let us give him his supper."

Edgar, with the air of a Sultan, which the boy entering on manhood generally assumes when there is no father at the head of the household, sat down to the repast which the loving hands of mother and sister set before him. Having enjoyed it with a deliberation tantalizing to Clara, he turned his chair from the table and produced the magazine. Just at that moment a knock was heard at the outer door, and Simon Holmes entered.

"Come in and hear our good news, Simon," said Clara. "It is really good, and we don't know it all yet."

"The Lord be thanked for any good news that comes to this house," said Simon, reverently. "Them that trust in Him are sure to be delivered sooner or later."

He was briefly informed of Robert's discovery, and then all turned to listen to the "Last Look at the Old Home," which Clara in obedience to her brother's request read to them. She had not read a dozen paragraphs before her vision was made clear. "O Alfred, Alfred!" she exclaimed. "My brother Alfred!" And the tears, whose fount is in the heart more than the eyes, told how the tender, plaintive story had gone home.

"Where is he now?" That question of deepest import was asked by his mother, who yearned with unmeasured desire to have the erring but evidently penitent lad by her side. "And why does he not write a line to say at any rate that he repents?" she continued, more inclined to rebel just now than at any time before. She wanted so much to lay her hand upon his head and bless her son. How could she know that he had sailed with the intention of writing from the other side of the Atlantic! How should she know that he was then but just rescued from the fate of a castaway at sea! Then worthy, wise, and ever helpful Simon Holmes came to the rescue.

"Wheriver he is," said the carpenter, "we knoa noo, wheer his heart is. *That's* cum home alriddy; an', efter all, it's t' main pairt on him; an' wheer his heart is, the lad hissen is sure te follow. What strikes me mooast is hoo clearly the Providence o' God is managing matters, bit by bit. Fost, He mak's Joss go to Lundon i' spite of his maister, sae that he may rickollect my owd jonnamun when he sees him. Then He puts Robert in t' varry hoose 'at Alfred lived in. Then He manages that your varry oan corn marchant should finnd t' missin' money. Then He sends you a few special drops o' balsam i' t' form o' this magazine, an' mak's Peter Prout, 'at isn't mitch gi'en that way, to drop 'em in. Ivery thing's goin' on all right an' reg'lar, an' sum o' theease days, it'll be a case o' 'lang leeaked for, come at last.'"

"God grant it," said Mrs. Atheling, solemnly.

"Amen to that," said Simon, "and I can't help thinkin' o' this point, Mrs. Atheling, that as you sit there this minnit, there's one tremendous difference between t' state o' things noo, an' what they've iver been befoore, since t' trubble aboot Maister Alfred com' te yo'. He's proved by Mr. Robert te be innocent o' brekkin' t' law, an' he's proved by his oan-writin's that whativer he hez been, his heart's warm te his mother an' his home, an' gives indications 'at it's warmin' te his God. It seeams te me that this mornin' afoore t' posst com' in you were all drinkin' the watters o' Marah, bitter an' brackish beyond degree. Noo the good Lord's tossed a wonderful healin' tree into it, an' you've gotten a sweeter teeaste i' your mouths then you've had for monny and monny a dark an' cloody day. Surely you may ha' fayth te beleeave that God 'll go on te be gracious, an' that by an' by you'll sit amang the palm trees an' the wells of Elim, here in your oan ingle-nook wi' Mr. Robert an' Mr. Alfred at your side. The Wonderworker that did this for yo, can do t'other."

"So He can, Simon, and under the influence of your cheering words, I feel as though I cannot help believing that He will," said Mrs. Atheling.

"The Lord hez a good monny healin' trees at His disposal," continued Simon, "an' He hez a way o' puttin' Elim patches o' green i' all sorts o' unexpected spots as we go travellin' on. I couldn't help thinkin' o' this all the while Clara was readin' and yo' hev got into a big patch o' green now. It's a sign as yo're gettin' near

more of it. You'll be in the land flowin' wi' milk and honey soon."

At the widow's request Simon led their evening devotions, and poured his soul in gratitude for that day's glad discoveries; and for the still undiscovered wanderer, that he might soon return to receive the loving welcome that was waiting for him there, and every kneeling soul gave heart-sanction to his strong petitions by their low "Amen!"

To be continued.)

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 17, Gen. 45 : 1-15. Golden Text, Rom. 12 : 21.

A Divine Principle—Evil Overcome by Good—The Principle of Joseph's Life Practised in Prison—In Official Life—Filling the Granaries—The Humiliating Obeisance of his Brothers—Joseph's Opportunity—His Discipline of his Brothers—Their Conscience Pricked—The Motive of Joseph's Austerity—The Entertainment—The Accusation—Judah's Plea—Joseph as a Type of Christ—The Recognition of God's Overruling Hand.

"BE not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." This is the principle which underlies the whole teaching of the Word of God. This is God's constant occupation, this is the meaning of redemption—to "overcome evil with good." God cannot be overcome of evil, and He provides for His children means whereby *they* may be overcomers and their eternal lifework dovetail into His—the work of overcoming evil with good. To oppose evil with evil, anger with anger, contempt with contempt, fraud with fraud, overreaching with overreaching, is the impulse of man's heart when left to itself and to the enemy of souls. But

To Overcome Evil with Good is Divine;

none can do this continuously but by the indwelling of Christ, for it is not in man to do it.

The history of Joseph is a lovely illustration of this principle. In his own home, in Potiphar's house, and in the prison he received evil, but always overcame it with good; and this by no inherent goodness of his own, but because the Lord (whose nature it is) was with him. Joseph bore no ill-will to his brethren, in spite of all their hatred of him. He knew that as surely as he was now lord over all the land of Egypt, so surely would God bring about that those very brethren who had so despised and ill-treated him would, some time or other, bow down to him. Meanwhile he was occupied in overcoming evil with good in the land of his suffering and humiliation. Seeing, as he did, the mind of God, Joseph knew what to do for the good of the land; and he who had been true as a son, a brother, and a servant, became equally

True as a Politician;

and always by the same power, "the Lord was with him." During the seven years of plenty Joseph opened and stored granaries in all the cities of Egypt, and the abundance of provision was so great that stock-taking became impossible; yet Joseph did not cease storing. Seven years of famine must be provided for, then seed for the following year, and food for all the people that same eighth year until the time of harvest. No doubt, many politicians in Egypt would look on the zeal of the young political economist with some measure of distrust; they would think that some bounds should be set to his enterprising spirit; but Joseph went forward, and the event proved that he was right.

The famine came, and prevailed not only in Egypt, but in all lands, so that people of all nations, hearing of the grain-store in Egypt, came thither to buy corn, and among the rest came the brethren of Joseph, who little suspected that the lord of the country to whom

They Bowed Down

was the very brother whom they had sold for a slave. Here, then, was Joseph's opportunity, in regard to his brethren, to overcome evil with good. Under such circumstances, what would be the best thing to do? To make himself known at once, and to let out all the love and forgiveness of his heart? That might never have brought them nearer to God; they might have been thereby attracted to *Joseph*, but not to God. When we fully belong to God, we have not to deal with those who have wronged us or others according to the dictates of *our* feelings or their feelings, but to wait before God and search His Word to see how *He* would have us deal with them. We may

Spare their Feelings to the Hurt of their Souls,

and this is no true love, and may hinder God's purposes for them. Joseph saw that, for the honor of God and for their own souls' sake, his brethren must see their sin; and yet *he* was not the one to show it them directly, for had he attempted it, personal feeling might have crept in. Only in one particular did he make himself known to them; it was

As a Fellow-Believer.

"I fear God." He made things difficult for them, asked of their kindred, and then insisted that they should not see his face again except their youngest brother came with them. Then began the first conviction of their sin against Joseph, and they said, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." This was too much for the tender heart of Joseph, and he went away and wept, for Joseph was faithful, but not hard. But the work was, as yet, only begun, so, for their sakes, he exacted that one of them should remain as hostage, and that Benjamin should come down to Egypt.

Nothing could be more trying to them than this proposal, which seemed so impossible, since Jacob lavished on Benjamin the love he had formerly bestowed on Joseph. When he heard the terms on which alone bread could be obtained, he said to his sons, in the bitterness of his heart, being nearer the truth than he knew,

"Me Have ye Bereaved

of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." The whole family was brought into trouble, but all was tending to work out the end which God had in view; and when the prospect of sheer starvation drove Jacob at last to let Benjamin go up to Egypt for a second journey to buy food, the wills of the whole family were brought down as Joseph's had been before.

On their first journey the money they had brought for corn was returned and placed in each sack of corn, and now, in the time of their trouble, they showed themselves honest men, and brought double money with them. The manner of their reception on this occasion was a great astonishment to them; they were to dine with the ruler of the land, and were treated with the greatest consideration, and Benjamin was singled out to receive special marks of honor. All seemed at first to be prosperous—Simeon was brought out to them and Benjamin had permission to go home—but when they had already started on their return journey, a messenger rode hastily after them, and they who had acted with such honesty were

Accused of Theft!

It was the last drop of bitterness in their cup, the last humiliation. When Joseph's missing cup had been found in Benjamin's sack, and the messenger sought to apprehend him for trial, all the eleven brethren returned to Joseph. In their brokenness of heart, they attempted no denial of the apparent theft, although they knew that they were innocent; but Judah told the touching story of his old father's sorrow, and how he had become surety to him for Benjamin, and now he offered to give himself up in place of his youngest brother. In all this Joseph had been acting in the truest love to his brethren and to his father. It was enough; the end was reached, the hearts were humbled, the brethren were where God could have His way with them; so now Joseph commanded all his servants to go out from him, that he might tell his brethren the astounding tidings that he, the greatest man in the then known world, Pharaoh's prime-minister, was none other than their brother whom they sold to be a slave.

At first—and no wonder—"they were troubled at his presence;" but he said,

"Come Near

unto me." Oh, what a type of Jesus! How His heart yearns that every soul among the sinners who have slain Him should yet come near to Him, touch Him, and so be saved, and comforted, and healed, and kept! Now could Joseph let out all the tenderness of heart, which would not have been understood or appreciated by his brethren but for their trials. He said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. . . . God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.

So Now it was Not You that Sent me Hither,

but God: and He hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt." Joseph might serve God's purpose in permitting his brethren to come into the most trying circumstances, but he could not reproach them, and he overcame evil with good in showing them how he traced the hand of God and not *their* hand in all which had befallen him. It is this which makes a man or a woman powerful at home and powerful abroad—this recognition of the hand of God, this dealing with Him rather than with persons and things. Oh, how blind and foolish we are to be oppressed and agitated by the things which occur day by day, when nothing can happen but what God permits, and He makes "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8 : 28). Unless we ourselves are steady in our own relations to God, we are powerless to help others. We cannot overcome evil by a *theory* of good, but only by good itself, good manifested in us, the life of Christ manifested in our mortal bodies.

In one of the English prisons there was a man condemned for murder. Before sentence was executed a Christian woman, yearning with love to his soul, visited him. He was hard, desperate, insolent, and utterly regardless of the state of his soul. Hitherto no one had been able to make any impression on him. But through the double grating he saw in that woman's face the likeness of Jesus, and he listened to her message of the love of Jesus for him. His soul was saved, and before his execution he became a sincere Christian. God had used her to overcome evil with good.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States on the receipt of *one dollar*. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

OUR FATHER KNOWETH.

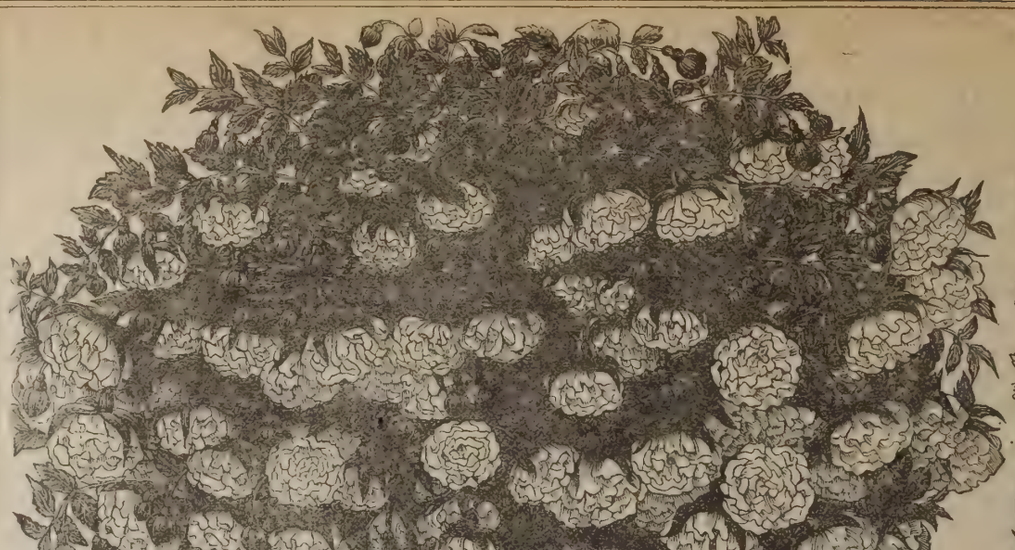
"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him. MATT. vi. 8.

THEREFORE, our Heavenly Father,
We will not fear to pray
For the little needs and longings
That fill our our every day;
And when we dare not whisper
A want that lieth dim,
We say "Our Father knoweth,"
And leave it all to Him.

For His great love has compassed
Our nature, and our need
We know not; but He knoweth,
And He will bless indeed.
Therefore, O Heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me;
And take the wants unanswered,
As offerings made to Thee.

—*Selected.*

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form for general distribution at twenty-five cents per hundred.



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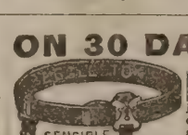

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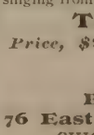

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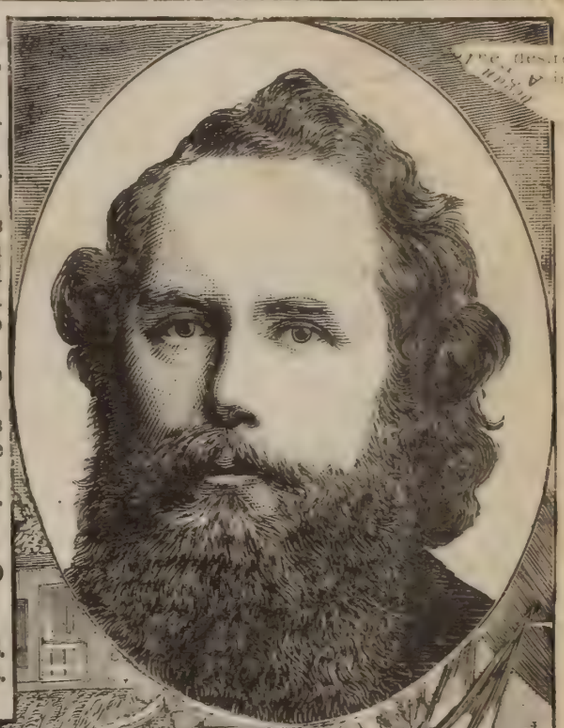

Bishop MOULE, of Mid-China—Rev. J. HUDSON TAYLOR—Opening of the First Railroad in China.

REV. GEORGE E. MOULE, D.D.,

Missionary Bishop in Mid-China.

THE eminent missionary whose portrait appears on the left of the illustration on the first page is one of two brothers who have consecrated their lives to the grand work of the evangelization of China. They are the sons of the late Rev. Henry Moule, an Episcopal clergyman in England. George Evans Moule, the elder, has been engaged in the work through thirty years, and his brother, Arthur Evans Moule, for twenty-six years. Both are still in the original field, Mid-China. Both of them labored for many years at Ningpo, and both subsequently moved to Hang-chow. The bishop [illegible] he mission in the latter city in 1865; [illegible]. E. Moule, the Archdeacon, took up the work there when his brother left for a visit to England in 1876. The bishop is now paying another visit to his native country, with the object of quickening the interest of the Christian public in the cause of missions in China. He realizes that the recent edict of toleration and the present disposition of the Chinese toward missionaries presents an opportunity which the Church of Christ cannot neglect without being recreant to its principles. He recently delivered a stirring missionary address to the students of Oxford University, in which he forcibly presented this view, and which it is believed will be followed up by some exceedingly gratifying results—a strong desire having been created in the minds of many of the young men to devote themselves to the self-denying but glorious work of preaching the Gospel in China.

The Sphere of his Labors

is appropriately named Mid-China, which contains, in the northern half, the missions at Chefoo and Peking; and the southern half those at Shanghai, Ningpo, Hang-chow, and Shaou-hing, the three latter being in the one province of Che-kiang, which is the *smallest* of the eighteen provinces of China, being about as large as Ohio and Pennsylvania together; but it is one of the most populous, containing about 26,000,000 of people. We are glad to know that though there is pressing need for a multitude of devoted laborers in the immense field which China presents to consecrated enterprise, Bishop Moule has secured an earnest and devoted band of consecrated pastors, evangelists, and helpers, and much spiritual blessing is being realized in the various districts within his episcopal jurisdiction.

At Grace Church, Ningpo,

there is *daily* evangelistic preaching. Many instances have been given of blessed results attending this daily service. A typical one may be given. One day a retired military Mandarin was passing by the door, and, attracted by the crowd, entered in to see what was going on. He was much struck by what he heard. He felt it was just what he wanted; for since he had left the army he had given himself up to a religious life, according to Buddhist notions. He became a vegetarian, and a frequent worshipper at the temples. But now he felt that there was something better in the religion of Jesus. From this day he was scarcely ever absent from the preaching. At length he accepted Christ as his Saviour. He was baptized last summer. The value of such a conversion is easily understood by persons conversant with Chinese ideas and prejudices. The conservative people have a dread of innovation, but when they see their Mandarins accepting Christianity, they cease to regard it as the terrible and pestilential heresy of the foreigner.

THE REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR,

Founder of the China Inland Mission.

Birth in 1832—Conversion—Early Interest in China—Dangers Encountered on His Travels—Returns to England—Founds China Inland Mission—Serious Illness and Manifold Labors.

JOHN HUDSON TAYLOR, whose portrait accompanies that of Bishop Moule on the first page, is the founder of the China Inland Mission, which has done more than any other agency for the evangelization of China. He was *born* at Barnsley, England, in the year 1832, and is now fifty-five years old. He was consecrated to God from his birth, and at a very early age it was evident that a wo : of grace was begun in his heart. When but a boy the spiritual needs and claims of China took hold of his mind, and appear never to have left him.

Having attained the age of fifteen, the need of that vast empire powerfully affected him, and from that time he began to direct his attention and studies to the subjects which would best fit him for missionary work in that land. So decided was he upon going to China, that he said he would go if he had to work his passage out as a common sailor. He gained some knowledge of medicine in the shop of his father, who was a chemist and druggist, and afterward successfully prosecuted medical studies in Hull and London, during which time he also availed himself of many opportunities for Christian work. In September, 1853,

He Sailed for China

as a missionary in connection with the Chinese Evangelization Society. After three or four years' residence in China, he was led by a combination of circumstances to resign his connection with this society, and to pursue that life of unreserved faith in God for temporal supplies which he has since continued.

In 1858 he was *married*, at Ningpo, to a lady of remarkable devotedness to mission work, and of uncommon mental ability, Maria Jane, second daughter of the late devoted Rev. Samuel Dyer, of the London Missionary Society. Then followed

A Perilous Journey in China.

Most interesting details of his mission work during these early years in China are given in his pamphlet on "China: Its Spiritual Needs and Claims."

In April, 1855, in company with the Rev. J. S. Burdon, of the Church Missionary Society, now Bishop Burdon, he visited the Island of Tsung-ming, and the north bank of the Yang-tse-Kiang, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel and distributing copies of the New Testament. As narrated in that pamphlet, they both narrowly escaped with their lives, being arrested by the Chinese police and followed by a howling mob, and at last only released through the friendliness of a Mandarin. But this was only one of the many perils encountered by Mr. Taylor.

In 1860, broken down in health by incessant labors, he returned to England. Oppressed by the spiritual destitution of China, which at that time had not

One Missionary to Three Millions

of its people, he was anxious for more laborers to go out, and the following extract from a letter written in January, 1860, when read in the light of subsequent experiences, has a special interest. He wrote to a friend thus: "Do you know of any earnest, devoted young men, desirous of serving the Lord in China, who, not wishing for more than their expenses, would be willing to come out and labor here? Oh, for four or five such helpers! They would probably preach in Chinese in six months. In answer to prayer the means would be found."

"Throughout our voyage," he says, in the pamphlet already referred to, "our earnest prayer to God was that He would overrule our return to this country for good to China, and make it instrumental in raising up *at least five helpers* to labor in Ningpo and Che-kiang." These simple extracts reveal to us the

Origin of the China Inland Mission,

though the mission was not formally inaugurated till 1865. What was the result of these prayers? Several young men offered, and were sent out. Let Mr. Taylor tell the story in his own words:

"Coming home with little hope of ever returning—being told that it was improbable that I should ever be able to return there—I was occupied for some time in the preparation of an edition of the New Testament for the British and Foreign Bible Society in the vernacular of that part of China in which I have latterly labored — Ningpo; and while engaged in that work, spending day after day with a beloved and honored friend of the Church Missionary Society in the task of revision and translation, the Lord laid more heavily upon my heart than ever before the need of the *whole* Chinese Empire.

"At the end of the year 1864 and the beginning of 1865 I found that there were only ninety-seven Protestant missionaries in China. There had been as many as one hundred and fifteen, but they had gone down to ninety-seven; and surely there could be no question that there was a needs-be for some further evangelistic effort on behalf of China. I found that in eleven of the eighteen provinces there was

Not a Single Protestant Missionary;

and I felt that, without interfering with the work of those existing agencies, which God was then and is still largely blessing, there was abundant room for additional effort, and not only abundant *room*, but a *loud and imperative call* for it.

"And recognizing that God means what He says—that He loves to hear and answer prayer—I was led, after a good deal of powerful conference with some friends interested in China, to sketch out the plan of the China Inland Mission, and to attempt its formation, and not without success.

"There was a little difficulty attending it. I was very anxious that what we did should not appear for a moment to conflict with the work of any of the older societies, and still more that it should not actually divert any help of any kind from channels already existing, because that would have been no gain to China or to the cause of God; but that we should have such a method of working given to us as should draw out *fresh* laborers, who probably would not otherwise go, and should open *fresh* channels of pecuniary aid which otherwise, perhaps, would not be touched.

"After a good deal of thought and prayer, I was led, in addresses on China, to lay its needs before the hearts of God's children as I was able, and to make it known that I should be glad to enter into correspondence with any persons desirous to go out to labor in an

Evangelical and Undenominational

mission in China, and who were prepared to go out *without guaranteed support.* For having no single denomination at our back, and being anxious not to interfere with existing channels of communication, I felt it best just to leave one's self open to receive such remittances through the mail as God might lay on the hearts of His children to send; in this way interfering with no collections in places of worship, nor with any collections made in other ways.

"Well, forty or fifty persons entered into correspondence with us, and fifteen or sixteen were selected, and came up to London from various parts of the United Kingdom, and had a short period of preliminary testing—testing rather than training—training in some measure, but rather testing than training. In the May of 1866 we found ourselves in this position, that we had full confidence that there were

Consecrated Men and Women

who desired to go and live and labor for God; leaning on Him for grace and strength and support, and prepared to trust to Him, indeed, in what circumstances soever they might find themselves.

"But, of course, their going out involved a considerable outlay. There were matters of outfits and passage money to be met, and we saw that not less than ten thousand dollars would be needed to launch the mission." Mr. Taylor then tells how, in answer to prayer, that sum was sent in, without appeals for money, and before the paper stating that so many persons were ready to go, which he had prepared, was received from the printer.

In February, 1879, Mr. Taylor returned to China, where, in the mysterious dispensations of Providence, he was destined to undergo a

prolonged and painful illness. Through the mercy of God he ultimately rallied, and was enabled to render invaluable service in the supervision of the work of the mission, and in the encouragement of laborers beset with difficulties. In 1884 he again visited his native country, seeking additional missionaries to go out to China, and there he found that, through the blessing of God on Mr. Moody's labors, Messrs. Stanley Smith, T. C. Studd, D. E. Hoste, M. Beauchamp, Cecil Polhill-Turner, and his brother Arthur, with the Rev. W. W. Cassells, students and graduates of Cambridge University, had resolved to give themselves to the work of the mission. Since his return to China Mr. Taylor has done splendid service for Christ in the way of organizing and founding new stations.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN CHINA.

(See Illustration on our front page.)

"THERE are two considerations," says the eminent missionary, the Rev. B. C. Henry, in his valuable work on "China," published by Anson D. F. Randolph, of New York, "which render the work of missions in China especially important. One is the vast population, which is nearly eight times that of the United States, or one fourth of the whole population of the globe; the other is the great antiquity of the nation. They were a people before Abraham was called; their early history is contemporaneous with that of the ancient Egyptians. Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome each in its turn flourished and fell; but China continued her national identity; preserved it intact through all the wars and revolutions that deluged the Middle Kingdom with blood, and hurled dynasties into the dust. The great nations of Europe and America are but infants of a day compared with the hoary centuries through which China has passed. The political system of the Chinese has come down to them with their moral code, and their standard books of philosophy and literature through twenty centuries or more. To them the past is not a mass of musty records, filled with the suffocating odors of decay, as it often appears to us, but a rich treasure-house fragrant with the aroma of purest wisdom and noblest example.

"Growing out of this intense love of the past, we find an ultra conservatism. The ruling classes, the officials and gentry, the custodians of these treasures of the past, are opposed to innovations and reforms of every kind. They are exclusive to the extremest degree, and would never have had intercourse with other nations had they not been compelled to do so; and today most of them would be only too glad to shut their doors, exclude every foreigner, and retire into their shell again for the rest of time."

The introduction and common use of tea in Europe about the middle of the last century was the means, in the hands of God, of partially removing the barrier which had so long separated the "Celestial Empire" from the rest of the world. Money answereth all things, and for the sake of gain the Chinese consented to hold some intercourse with "barbarians." Then came treaties of commerce with England, France, and America, toleration, and at last full liberty was accorded to Protestant missionaries, and now the first railway in China has just been opened, a little local line, only some two miles in length, but which, in all probability, will speedily lead to most important results throughout the entire land.

There is no doubt that this experimental line is the beginning of a movement which in time will cover China with a network of railways; and this will not only open up the resources and augment the commercial and military power of that empire itself, but must also materially affect the balance of power

In Asia and in the World.

The present railway is from Tien Tsing to Tsching-Yang, and was opened by Li-Hung-Chang, the Viceroy of Petcheli, in person. The gentleman who *in our engraving* is receiving the Viceroy is the engineer of the line, M. Galy, who has acted for the French contractor, M. Decauville, whose name will be read on the side of the locomotive. The European officer in uniform is M. Ristelhueber, the French Consul. It is a wonderful stride to have made in advance. The unofficial and private people were wheeled to the ground in a kind of truck with a sedateness which was amusing; the Viceroy came in his sedan-chair. From trucks and sedan-chairs they proceeded at once to first and fourth-class carriages, which conveyed them two miles in eight minutes.

The undertaking is said to have been eminently successful, not merely as an engineering enterprise, but successful in the effect it has had upon the minds of the Chinese officials and people. It has convinced them, as nothing but experience could have convinced them, of the wonderful conveniences which the new mode of travelling offers; and it has also dissipated all their prejudices against this engineering of the men whom they call "foreign devils."

NEW MISSIONARIES FOR AFRICA.

AT Mrs. Palmer's weekly meeting for holiness at 316 East Fifteenth Street, New York, on the afternoon of Tuesday of last week, some missionaries were present for the last time before going out to join Bishop Taylor's mission in Africa.

The missionaries going out are E. E. Claflin, of Hayworth, Ill.; William S. Briggs, of Medford, Wis.; four members of the Waller family, of Burlington, Vt.; Belle Grover, of Waterville, Me.; Mary A. Angus, of Conemaugh, Pa.; Susan Collins, of Huron, Dak. Terr.; Anna M. Healey, of Dennison, Iowa, and Susan J. Trimble, of Sewickley, Pa.

Mrs. Langford Palmer, at whose house the meeting was held, was the second wife of the late eminent Dr. Palmer, whose first wife, Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, was the authoress of many well-known works. The valuable monthly periodical, the *Guide to Holiness*, established by them, is published at 62 Bible House, at one dollar a year. Each number contains 32 pages.

Mrs. Palmer opened the meeting by reading a chapter from Isaiah, and making a few well-chosen remarks. A blind minister then delivered an earnest exhortation, and mentioned that the doctors held out no hope of his recovery of sight, and that he was resigning himself submissively to this appointment of Providence. We could wish that he had faith enough to say that he was going to trust Christ as his healer for the restoring of his sight. The missionaries then each uttered a few words. *Mr. Waller* expressed his thankfulness for having been cleansed from all sin, and that he was going to preach a full salvation to the natives of Africa. His wife, *Mrs. Waller*, thanked God for the gift of purity and of deliverance from all unrighteousness through the blood of Christ. She felt a consuming desire to bring poor Africans to the cross of Christ. Their souls are of inestimable value in the sight of Christ. He has died for them. *Miss Collins* testified that she was rejoicing all the time in the possession of a full salvation, which she desired to communicate to the heathen, and thus to show her gratitude to Christ. *Miss Trimble* said, "I praise God that I am continually kept by His power. I was converted at an early age, but did not receive the blessing of entire sanctification until the camp-meeting at Niagara Falls last August. I then prayed the Lord to send me anywhere in the Gospel field to win souls to Christ, and He said to me distinctly, 'Go to Africa.' I have recently been at the missionary training-school in Chicago, and there found plenty of work in visiting tenement-houses; and though often much fatigued in so doing, felt that the Lord was with me." *Miss Grover* testified that she prayed earnestly for God to send forth laborers into the harvest, under a deep sense of the needs of heathen lands, and she found her prayers answered by herself being constrained to go. Africa will not be a Dark Continent to missionaries who have the light of Christ in their souls. She had had an overwhelming glimpse of eternity and of the unspeakable worth of souls. Herself and all she had were laid upon the altar. *Miss Susan Collins*, from Huron, Dakota, rejoiced in the experience of being cleansed by the blood of Christ from all sin, and this was the message which she exulted in being able to carry to the heathen. Two brothers from Iowa spoke. One of them said he felt it at first hard to go; now he felt it would be hard to stop away from Africa, and asked prayer that he might be kept in the narrow way, and to have souls given to him that would rejoice with him before the throne. *E. E. Claflin* from Australia was thankful for the privilege of going to Africa, and hoped that he would never come back again. He expressed plainly the desire never to see those present any more. When in Australia he had thought it a sacrifice almost to go to a foreign country like America, but now it did not seem any sacrifice to go and spend the rest of his life in laboring among Africans to bring them to Christ.

A minister remarked that our feeling toward the missionaries was not one of condolence, but of congratulation. We should not sorrow, but be full of gladness at their departure on so sublime an enterprise. A negro who was once sold to an owner in Georgia was at first dejected at the thought of having to go South, but he afterward plucked up courage when he was reminded by reading in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation that heaven had not only gates on the north, east, and west, but three gates on the south, so that he could get in from Georgia as easily as from Virginia. So these missionaries could go up to heaven through the gates open to them from whatever part of the earth they might be.

It was mentioned that Missionary Cameron's death had been the means of inducing several to go out as missionaries in his place; and when an invalid missionary in Africa was lately advised to return to England, he replied, "I don't want to see England again, anyway within five years." His health has since improved.

A Magdalen's Conversion.—"One Day when I was holding evangelistic meetings in Manchester," says Richard Weaver, "I was leisurely walking toward the place of meeting, when a young girl came and asked if she might accompany me. I said 'Yes.' As we walked along she asked where I was going. To such and such a hall. She knew it quite well, she said, and had 'been there a night or two before at a ball. Was it another ball to night?' I made no reply, as we at that moment had arrived at the hall, and taking her round by the private entrance, before she knew where she was she was upon the platform. There I gave her over into the hands of a true mother in Israel, and I proceeded to address the meeting. I spoke upon Christ's willingness to accept any one, and to save even to the very uttermost. The poor girl was broken down, and before the end of the meeting had given herself to Christ. She wrote to her parents at Leeds, telling them of her conversion, confessing her sin, and asking to be received home again; and they, believing that Christ had changed her heart, joyfully received her. A year or two afterward I was preaching in the Theatre Royal, Leeds, and I noticed sitting near the front a person with a baby in her arms, and accompanied by a young man, apparently her husband. At the close of the meeting they came to me, and the woman said, 'Mr. Weaver, don't you recognize me?' As I looked at her, her features looked strangely familiar, and I said, 'What, can it be Lizzie?' 'Yes, it is I,' was the response, and turning to the man who accompanied her, she introduced him as her husband. They insisted I should go home with them to tea, and a happier tea I never had. After tea her husband said to me, 'Yes, she told me all about her early life, yet I took her, and I can safely say that since our marriage there could not have been a better wife or mother.'"

THE OVERTHROW OF THE MONSTER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 10, 1887.

[As is customary at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Easter Sunday, the platform, pillars and galleries were profusely decorated with flowers.]

"He will swallow up death in victory."—Isa. 25 : 8.

The Queen of Sabbaths—Holds the Key of All the Cemeteries—The Black Giant of Death—His Cohorts—A Conqueror of Kings and Generals—His Antagonist—His Two Armies—The Decisive Battle—Victory—The Abolition of Death Proclaimed—The Cloak of Flesh to be Restored—Cremation no Hindrance—The Resurrection Body—Resurrection in Nature—Vitality of Buried Seeds—A Crop After Three Thousand Years—Resurrection in Horticulture—The Trance State—An Evangelist's Long Trance—The Archangelic Reveille—Embryonic Faculties in the Body—A Renovated House.

About eighteen hundred and fifty-three Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX. made the year begin at January 1st. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaia to decide the particular day, and after a controversy more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after March 21st, is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The Royal Court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes, but

Easter is Queen.

She wears richer diadem, and sways a more jewelled sceptre, and in her smile nations are irradiated. Unusually welcome this year because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the snow-bank rather than the conservatory, come out of the North instead of the South, out of the Arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox ; but welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre, and holding high up in her left hand

The Key to all the Cemeteries

in Christendom. It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of ninety thousand corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own armies from Manassas, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hail-storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that

A Black Giant

proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches, and pains, and malarias, and cancers, and distempers, and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the north-east wind, and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave-mound. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread, commanded by consumptions ; some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle-axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick-rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battle-fields of all the five continents. Forward march, the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all presidents, and kings, and sultans, and czars drop under the feet of his war-charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given Him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see

The Decisive Battle.

When Christ shall lead forth His two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take Him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take Him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum, and catacomb, and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely khan of the Arctic explorer, and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "victory." Coronal word, embannered word, chief word of the triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory!

Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim ; at Megiddo and Solferino ; at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes ; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens ; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiselled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Aha ! when the jaws of the Eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim

The Abolition of Death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology, with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a Governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room, and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are *going to a King's banquet*, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh, and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved, and brightened, and purified, and glorified. You and I do not want

Our Bodies Returned

as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses, and all their susceptibilities to fatigue, and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil, and heat, and cold, and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn at Prospect Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation ; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished, and panelled, and pictured, and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory !

This view, of course, makes it of but little importance whether we are

Cremated or Sepultured.

If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula Bridge ; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution ; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford ; Pothinus, and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius—at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated—and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies.

If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for the resting-places ; but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation, we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called

The Resurrection Body ;

you will have it, I will have it. I say to you today as Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead ?" The far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of ? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats—up yonder there, embodied in a cloud, and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled, and impure, and fetched from miles away, can He not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth, and out of them build a radiant body ?

Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again, if they have fallen ? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again, so you can see through it ? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which He originally fashioned, can He not restore it ? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope by a change of the glass and a change of focus can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousand-fold additional forces of the resurrection eye ?

Resurrection in Nature

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead ?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers ? Out of the mould and the earth. Resurrected ! Resurrected ! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from ? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatros that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from ? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb, under a block were found flower-seed that had been buried two thousand years. The explorer took the flower-seed and planted it, and it came up ; it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveller says he found in a mummy-pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there three thousand years ago. He brought them out, and on the 4th of June, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead ?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes ? In

the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life,

Our Bodies Unfold

into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves, another force organizes. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew, and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as He does for the wasps, and the spiders, and the snails? This morning at half-past four o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced.

A Trance

is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—"Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit departed. People came in day after day and said, 'He is dead, he is dead.' But the soul that fled returned, and William Tennent lived to write out the experiences of what he had seen while his soul was gone." It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life, to which it must return. Do not this waking up of men from trance, and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness, and this waking up of grains buried three thousand years ago, make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine, after the vacation of the grave, shall rouse and rally, though there be three thousand years between our last breath and the sounding of

The Archangelic Reveille?

Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hinderment, and the injury of a toe-joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. They are no doubt the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbins had only a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which they said was to be the basis of the resurrection body. Perhaps that may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, the Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day; I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before, when I visited that house, everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And oh! what was his joy when he returned and found

The Old House Enlarged

and improved and glorified! That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after a while *your soul will go to the Holy Land*, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle, and bone, and tissue, and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished, and adorned, and raised, and cupolaed, and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day

When Body and Soul Meet Again!

They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have pain and your soul not pity it? or your body have a joy and your soul not re-echo it? or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it? growing wan and weak under the depressing influence. Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye, and cheek, and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be long separated. And so when

The World's Last Easter

morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that to-day we swathe this house with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, and with the deftest fingers on organ and cornet, and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection.

A Cruel Heathen Warrior

heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary, "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. "Then," said the warrior, "let me hear no more about the resurrection day. There can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah! there will be more to rise on that day than those want to see whose crimes have never been repented of. But for all others, who allowed Chrst to be their pardon, and life, and resurrection, it will be a day of victory. The thunders of the last day will be

The Salvo that Greets You

into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones, where you will reign forever, and forever, and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day, you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "He will swallow up death in victory."

"Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection Thou!"

LUDWIG WINDTHORST,

The Opponent of Prince Bismarck.

See Portrait on page

A CURIOUS result has followed the new alliance between the German Government and the Pope. Hitherto the fierce struggle in the Reichstag has been a triangular one. Bismarck has been opposed by two sections, neither of which had any love for the other, though allied together against the Chancellor. He was hated by the Liberals and Socialists for his despotic principles, and he was hated by the Ultramontanes for his anti-Catholic policy. The leader of the latter section is Herr Windthorst (whose portrait appears on page 236), who gloried in fighting the battle of the Pope against the Protestant statesman. Powerful as Bismarck is, he is unequal to the struggle against the two sections. He has apparently come to the conclusion that the Socialists were his more formidable opponents, and he has bargained with the Pope to assist him in crushing them. Thus Windthorst finds the ground cut from under him, and has written to the Pope a very humble letter, promising to cease his opposition to Bismarck.

Windthorst is a great man intellectually, an eloquent orator, ready in repartee and fearless in debate. His personal appearance is striking, his head being of vast size and exceedingly disproportionate to his tiny body. He wears spectacles to assist his weak eyesight, but has marvellously acute hearing to help his quick perception. A witty French writer describes Windthorst as extremely ugly to look at, with a mouth stretching from ear to ear, and "frog's eyes." He draws an animated picture of Prince Bismarck and Windthorst face to face in the Reichstag—"the one (Windthorst) a dwarf, the other (Bismarck) a giant; the one an ardent Catholic, the other an austere Protestant."

When Windthorst was first heard of he was a lawyer practising his profession at Osnabrueck, Hanover. Later he was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Police at Zella. He was elected to the Legislature of Hanover, and was its presiding officer for a time. In 1866, before the battle of Sadowa, he was Minister of Justice to the King of Hanover, and also "Procureur-General." The annexation of Hanover and the consequent dismissal of Windthorst from the Ministry of Justice left him without occupation and added to his political and religious antagonism to Bismarck the personal element which gave it point and force. In the new line of policy he has taken up in obedience to the Pope he will not be happy.

An After-Tea Episode.—Mr. Richard Weaver, speaking at the Orphan Home, Glasgow, recently, said: "One day I was representing to a man the necessity of all Christ's children speaking faithfully for their Master, and he replied, 'Well, yes, that is true enough, but I cannot preach, I have not that gift.' My answer was, 'You may not be able to preach, but there is one thing you can do. You can say, "Come to Jesus," and that is the essence of the Gospel.' The man left me, and that night went to have tea with a friend, determined not to let the evening pass without inviting his friend to come to Christ. What followed I give in his own words: 'When I reached the house I could not get rest, nor enjoy myself, for thinking how I should ask him to come to Jesus. When tea was over, however, I mustered up courage, and said to my host, "Will you please reach over that Bible" (there was one lying on a little table which stood by his side). He looked surprised, but at once complied; and I began to read a portion from the New Testament, after which I knelt down and prayed. As I rose from my knees, my friend said, "Joseph, what brought you here to-night? Was it to have tea, or was it to preach?" "James," I rejoined, "I did not come to preach, for that is beyond my power; but I came to ask you to come to Jesus;" and taking his hands in mine I pressed him to take Christ as his Saviour. Thanks be to Him, before I left that house he had come.'"

JAPANESE LADY CONVERTS.

It would appear that Christianity is to make its entry into Japanese life through, and find its chief workers in, the wives and mothers. An interesting letter to the *Missionary Record* from M. L. Gordon shows how this has been already inaugurated. The following are the facts:

Some of the most striking results of the presence of Christianity have occurred within the past few months. One of the Japanese professors in the Imperial University has taken the ground strongly and publicly that the Christian religion is *the only hope for the elevation of Japanese women*. This is remarkable in several ways. Professor Toyama is not a Christian himself, and he does not seem to recognize the fact that Christianity is just as necessary for the other sex. Like not a few of his educated countrymen, he praises Christianity and recommends it to others rather than accepts it himself. There has just been organized in Tokio a "Society for the Promotion of Ladies' Education in Japan." Count Ito, the President of the Imperial Cabinet, is the President of this Society. Many noble ladies are on the list of vice-presidents. Its immediate object is the establishment in Tokio of an institute for the higher education of women. This will comprise a club, a lecture institute, and a high-grade school. Besides a limited number of boarding pupils, it will be open to a large number of married and unmarried ladies to whom instruction will be given in housekeeping, nursing the sick, dress, deportment, literature, and morals. The whole institution will be entrusted to the management of a foreign lady-principal, with assistants appointed by the shareholders.

These changes that we have noted are clearly seen to be the immediate effects of Christian truth and life. Mr. Mori and many other high officials have been the pupils of missionaries. When he was once asked if he was a Christian, he replied, "*I try to live so that people will think me one.*" Count Ito holds Christianity to be the source of what is best in our civilization.

TWO BRILLIANT VICTIMS OF NARCOTICS.

Never was there a more impressive illustration of the fatal influence of narcotics than one that was reported in the New York daily journals of April 5th. Neither genius nor learning nor social influence is able to deliver the victim when once the seductive drugs have him in their power. Instances of emancipation, however, are chronicled in cases in which the enslaved man has gone to Christ in faith, and has been saved; but they are rare, for the drugs seem to deaden the feeling, paralyze the will, and leave their victim incapable of faith or resolve.

The fatalities reported last week were of the most melancholy character. An eminent physician and scientist with his wife, who also was a brilliant writer, died in New York in distressing circumstances. Francis Gerry Fairfield, A.M., Ph.D., M.D., who was only forty-three years of age, with his wife came to New York on March 30th, and took rooms in Stuyvesant Street. The next day the Coroner was notified that Mrs. Fairfield was dead, and when he went to see her, he found her body a mere shadow, wasted away by the constant use of the fatal drug, the empty bottles in which it had been lying on a bureau by her side. Four days later—on April 4th—he was called to an obscure hotel in Third Avenue, where the husband of the deceased woman also lay dead, the victim of the same fearful habit. The story of their lives is briefly told. Dr. Fairfield was born at Stamford, Conn., in 1844. At an early age he entered the Gettysburg University, where he graduated with distinction, and subsequently received his degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. Coming to New York, he studied medicine with the well-known Dr. Worcester, and subsequently graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. About this time his talents attracted the attention of the late Fernando Wood, and some of the spiciest, raciest, and most caustic articles published in a journal came from young Fairfield's pen.

In 1867 the young journalist married Miss Josephine Griswold, daughter of Daniel Griswold and granddaughter of the once widely known Dunham, of steamboat fame. Miss Griswold had already attained a reputation in the literary world, and as an operatic singer is still remembered by many old New Yorkers. Her sister is now the wife of Bret Harte. Her father—a learned jurist—at one time held the position of United States Circuit Judge.

After their marriage the couple lived in affluence, both contributing to papers and magazines, and receiving large prices for their work. After a time both commenced the use of a popular narcotic, and soon both were enslaved by it. Talent and intellect succumbed, and both husband and wife sank into helpless misery. The brother of Dr. Fairfield kept them from want, and helped them to the last. So ended two lives in their prime, which might have been happy, and prosperous, and helpful to the world.

THE COMING REVOLUTION.

In an interview with a reporter last week Joseph Gruenhut, a leader among the Socialists of Chicago, outlined the programme of his party. This is part of his statement: "There are two hundred and twenty-five assemblies of Knights of Labor in Chicago and fifty trades unions. People must not imagine, though," Gruenhut went on calmly, "that this election decides the fate of the labor movement. What we cannot do with our *votes* we shall do with our *fists*. Force of arms will take the place of the beaten ballots. Chicago is peculiarly adapted for *the first battle-ground in the great social revolution that is certain to sweep America within the next two decades. It is a European Colony.* I made that statement a few days ago, and it was poohpoohed. But however disagreeable the phrase may sound, it is true. I can take you in a *dozen districts of Chicago where English is an almost unknown tongue.* You will hear German, low Dutch, Scandinavian, Italian, Polish, everything but the language of the land. These people could not rebel at home, because they were watched by trained policemen, repressed by Europe's army of six million men. *Here the Government is weak, and in the midst of an uprising of the masses utterly powerless,* and so if at to-morrow's election we do not prevail by *ballot*, we shall look in future to the *bullet*. The Chicago labor people have nothing in common with Henry George and Powderly. We want swords; they give us sermons. They started a little breeze, and when the breeze grew to a whirlwind they were swept aside."

REFORMATION OF A TURKISH DRUNKARD.

During a recent visit of Mr. Fowle and several American missionaries to Roomdighin, in Western Turkey, several persons were admitted to Christian fellowship. Mr. Fowle thus describes one interesting case in a letter to the *Missionary Herald*: One of the women presenting herself was the wife of a Cæsarean. Her husband had lived at the village for some years, and had been given to the use of intoxicating drinks, and was noted for the profanity of his language. For years she had tried to induce him to reform, but all in vain; she had tried kindness and she had tried harsher measures, yet with no appreciable results. Her one thought and desire seemed to be for her husband's reformation.

Just at the beginning of the year our faithful old Bible-reader met him in the street and made one last appeal to him, directing his attention to the tears of his wife that had hardly ceased to flow all that day, and begging him, for her sake and for the children's sake, as well as for Christ's sake, to forsake his evil ways. The man seemed touched, and promised to repent the next day. As was natural, little confidence was put in such a promise; but it seems that the Spirit of God was striving with him, and he then and there determined that at the prayer meeting the next day he would publicly acknowledge his repentance. It was during the Week of Prayer, and the house was crowded; yet, true to his word, in the presence of three hundred or four hundred people, with tears in his eyes, he rose to his feet, and, taking his little child in his arms, he held it up before the weeping audience, and said that that little child had tried to get him to go to the house of God, but that by reason of his drinking habits he had been deaf to all appeals, yet that now he had repented of his evil course and, by the help of God, he would never touch another drop. You can imagine the joy that filled the heart of wife and friends at this announcement; this joy increases every day, as he remains firm to his pledge. We pray that his faith fail not.

A MAN TIED UP HAND AND FOOT.

In a town in which Dr. George F. Pentecost has been holding meetings, one gentleman who had made a profession of faith in Christ was met by an acquaintance who saluted him with: "I hear you have been converted?" "Yes." "How came you to be converted; you are the last man I expected to hear of becoming a Christian?" "Well, I just dropped into one of those meetings, and I was interested in the sermon; it put things in a somewhat new light to me; so I went again, and the truth is, he (meaning the preacher) just began to wrap the Bible right around me; and every night I found myself getting more and more helpless to resist the conviction that I was a sinner, and that Jesus Christ was the only Saviour. I tried to get away, but, as I say, I was just tied up, hand and foot, with the Bible. I held out a few nights longer, and then had to give it up and surrender. That is all I know about it; but I am mighty glad I have given in. It is a good thing to get that matter settled."

A FRIEND AT COURT

In a letter to the *Church* from Tabriz, in Persia, the Rev. S. G. Wilson speaks of the advantages already accruing to the mission work there through the appointment of Dr. Holmes to be consulting physician to the Vali-Ahd or heir-apparent. He says: It was on the ground that it gave us recognition and encouragement that it was opposed by the Mollahs. His Highness was so much interested in an exhibition of the powers of the microscope that he then and there insisted on purchasing the instrument for his own use. Photography and telegraphy are already matters of practical knowledge to the prince. The Amir-i-Nizam, the governor who showed Dr. Nelson honor, has required considerable attention. Besides the fees accruing from such practice, the friendship of the authorities is worth much. Not long ago one of the colporteurs of the American Bible Society was robbed and beaten by some villagers. The governor, when appealed to through the English Consul, immediately sent his soldiers, punished the villagers, and refunded the value of the property. As many cases at law are allowed to hang on interminably, the promptness in this case was due to friendship for our physician.

A NAME WITH ASSOCIATIONS

A suggestive first name which has appeared in each generation of a well-known family excited the curiosity of a reporter on a Maryland journal, and has led to the publication of an interesting story. In the record of the family to which General M. C. Meigs belonged, which has been carefully preserved, it is seen that in each branch the name "Return," has been given to some of its representatives. It originated in a brief letter. It appears that early in the last century one Jonathan Meigs fell in love with a young lady, who rejected his addresses. Meigs was too proud and sensitive to offer himself a second time, but as he still loved her he determined never to marry any one else, and to live and die a bachelor unless she, of her own volition, relented. After a few years the lady did relent, and sent a letter to her former suitor. Meigs got the letter, and found in it only the two words, "Return, Jonathan." It was

enough; Jonathan did return and made her his wife. Their first child was baptized "Return Jonathan," to commemorate the brief letter that had made father and mother happy, and from that day to this there has been a Return J. Meigs in every generation. There is a sense in which the same word lives in the grateful memory of every converted sinner, who, having turned again from his sins, finds in acceptance eternal joy (Ezek. 18 : 22, 23).

CARRYING A WIFE TO SCHOOL.

IN a recently published work by Annie R. Butler the following characteristic incident of Chinese life is reported: A lady was visiting a tiny Christian school, and was particularly struck with a bright little fellow about eight years of age, who for some months had refused to worship the village idols, and who repeated various Christian hymns with much feeling.

The little one carried in arms a wee baby girl, and the lady naturally asked whether it was his sister, whereupon he looked shy and did not answer. "She is his wife," said his brother. On the lady asking why so young a baby had been taken from its mother, the boy's mother explained that she had a baby of about the same age, and as another woman wanted a wife for her son, they had exchanged. Only as her baby was not so fat and large as this one, she had had to give a dollar and some cakes into the bargain to make things more fair and even.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

THE rapid advance being made by Christianity in Japan is not generally known. A letter recently received by the Presbyterian Board of Missions from Rev. J. B. Porter places it in a forcible contrast. He says: A few years ago there were no Christians here; now there are two churches, with about one hundred and twenty-five Christians, besides other members in the out-station. A few years ago public sentiment was against us, and wherever we went we had many to revile us; notably, at one time Mr. Winn was stoned in a town only half a day's journey from here. Now the more intelligent classes are in our favor, and the officials openly express their hope that Christianity may soon prevail. Our meetings are well attended, our Sabbath-schools are full, and our classes for inquirers are crowded. A few years ago we had no Christian school here; now we have three, all of which are crowded to overflowing. We have to turn off pupils because we can only accommodate a limited number. But best of all in regard to our schools is the evidence recently given of students turning to the study of the Bible, and to Christ as the Saviour. We have been surprised to see some of those who have apparently been the most thoughtless declaring their determination to follow the Saviour.

A LIFE-GIVING KISS.

A CHILD'S life saved by a kiss is an incident reported from Louisville, Ky. In that city a family was in deep distress over the dangerous illness of a beloved daughter. The father and mother and their little son surrounded the bed on which she lay dying, having been in convulsions all through the night. The child was barely breathing, and soon respiration stopped altogether. The doctor pronounced the child dead. The little boy, who was passionately fond of his sister, suddenly went to her, leaned over and imprinted a long-lingering kiss upon the pallid lips. The child's mouth was slightly open, and in kissing her the boy, who was sobbing bitterly, exhaled breath into her throat. The little lips suddenly moved, the child gave several sudden gasps, and then commenced to breathe—slowly at first, and then more naturally, until respiration became regular. From that time the child was gradually nursed back to life. The scene was a very impressive one, and though the doctor explained it by natural causes, the parents cannot forget that the brother's embrace was the means of saving their child's life. Nor can thousands of believers forget that when in danger of eternal death, the revelation to them of the infinite love of Him whom we are permitted to speak of as our Elder Brother has led them into everlasting life (John 3 : 16).

THE RETURN OF CHRIST.

By Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D.*

The Only Authority—Early Scholarship—The Reformers' Teaching—Modern Testimony of Much Value—The Meaning of Christ's Parables of the Kingdom—When it will Come.

THE one sole question for all loyal students of the sacred writings is, *What* do they teach? They are God's revealed will, and we are to take their witness as His truth, whether we can or cannot understand, or explain, or harmonize them. Their Author holds Himself responsible for all this; He holds *us* responsible for believing and obeying what He has revealed.

There is a prevalent impression that the doctrine of the Lord's pre-millennial return is a weak and unscholarly perversion of Scripture. There could not be a greater mistake. For the benefit of those not familiar with the facts, it may be stated that for three hundred years

The Scholarship of the Early Church

was a practical unit in teaching this doctrine as the clear testimony of the inspired writings. The rise of the Papacy and the growth of its superstitions enwrapped all truth as in a thick and almost rayless night. When the resurrection of the saints in the Apocalypse was declared by a Pope to mean the worship of their bones and their images, and intercession made to them by the Church, there was clearly no place for the truth as it is in Jesus, and, as always, true doctrine and true life died together.

When the reformers of Luther's time arose, they were too intensely absorbed in assailing the gross abominations and heresies of Rome, to have much thought as to *last things*. However in England, such heroes as Cranmer and Latimer and Ridley discerned the truth about the coming kingdom of the Lord, and gave ringing testimony thereon. And from that day to this, there has been a steadily increasing number of the most learned and devout scholars in all lands, who have taught the doctrine of the

Personal, Pre-Millennial

return of the Lord as the undoubted witness of the Word of God. Among these may be named such leaders and teachers of the churches in England as John Knox, John Milton, the great bulk of the divines who framed the Westminster Confession, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Newton, Chalmers, Candlish, Tregelles, Alford, Bishop Ellicott, Jamieson, and Fausset. Among the Germans, out of a very host I name but a few: Bengel, recognized as a prince of exegetes; Auberlin, Krummacher, Delitzsch, at the head of modern Hebrew scholars, Luthardt, Ebrard, Christlieb, Lange, Olshausen, and Stier—these as representatives of a multitude whose claims to the best scholarship none will question. Let no one call this doctrine the offshoot of ignorance, or the conceit of ill-balanced minds. Through all the centuries it has been the faith of many of the wisest and most devout students of the Word and defenders of the faith.

The Highest Authority.

The parables of the Tares and the Wheat, and of the Drag-net gathering in the good and the bad fish, given in the same discourse, plainly show that the Gospel is not to convert all men in this present age. No explanation can reconcile them with such a doctrine. So, likewise, the parables of the Ten Virgins, the Nobleman who went to receive a kingdom, the Lord who returned suddenly to the house, left in care of servants. What, then, is the intent of these parables? As I view them, this: Not to set forth the formal or regal characteristics of the kingdom, but to emphasize the outward and inward operation and development of the truth, which, in this dispensation, is the great central thing about the kingdom. Our Lord had said in the parable of the Sower, that only one part in four of the seed sown would come to fruit. He now adds this parable to show what

A Royal Outcome

that fourth part should have. His Gospel was, as compared with the philosophies and teachings of men, of the schools of Greece, Egypt, the Orient, utterly insignificant—a very mustard-seed of nothingness. But it was to have a mighty growth. The day was sure to come when that despised and jeered at Gospel would outgrow all philosophy, all human teaching, and, like a tree of prodigious size, spread its branches far and wide, till men of all kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, should find shelter and rest under its grateful shadow. It would not, indeed, fill the earth, but it would be the greatest among trees.

And in this development and spread of the truth of this Gospel, another thing would be true. There would be no blowing of trumpets to herald the advance, no flaunting of banners, no noisy demonstrations by which it would be marked. But instead, as silently as the leaven penetrates the meal, would the truth of the Gospel work its way in the hearts of men, bringing thoughts, desires, affections, the whole inner life of such as should receive it, under its control.

If it be objected that this view ignores

The Element of Kingship

as concerns the Gospel, two things may be said in reply. First, that it is *nowhere taught in the Scriptures* that all they who hear the truth will obey it in the present dispensation, but that believers are to be those "Separated," "Called Out," "Chosen," "Ordained," and in them the Gospel of the kingdom does now reign. And, second, that in the age to come, *after* the Lord's return, according to the Word, *all* men will receive the truth. And all the facts as to the way the Gospel works in the world agree with such a view. Nowhere do more than a fraction of those who hear the truth receive it, and in no community, not even in the most favored Christian lands, do all people who receive it become wholly penetrated thereby. So that if it be insisted that these parables are aimed at showing how thoroughly the Gospel conquers and subdues all opposition, the time of conquest must needs go over until another dispensation, for no such absoluteness of results is realized now.

The kingdom of Christ will not come with observation—*i.e.*, with heralding and pomp incident to the coming of some great human potentate like an Alexander or Cæsar. It

Will Come as the Lightning

flashes across the sky, in a moment, sudden, unexpectedly, *except to those watching for it*. And when the Son of Man thus comes in the clouds of heaven, it will be with power and great glory. That is to say, the kingdom comes with the King, and it cannot come before. And this kingdom is, indeed, "not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." These are the fruits which the Gospel of the kingdom now yields in all believing hearts. And these are what will be the blessed characteristics of that kingdom when it shall *literally* come, as we ever pray it may, upon the earth.

So of the phrase, "the kingdom of God is within you" (Luke 17 : 21). The revisers set readers right here by reading "among you." Our Lord was speaking to the Pharisees, His bitterest enemies, and the most malignant haters of His Gospel. He evidently did not mean to have them think that the kingdom of God's love was set up in their hearts, and hence they need not look for any other! But He meant them to know that He, as the promised Messiah, the true King of Israel, was there in their midst, offering them and all His countrymen, His kingdom—its honors, glories, everything connected therewith. The kingdom was, so to say, embodied in the King, and if the nation had accepted Him, it would have then begun that career of glory which, because of its rejection of Christ, was postponed for ages.

* Part of his address at the recent Prophetic Conference in Chicago. The full report of the address is contained in a fifty-cent volume of 261 pages, which also contains reports of the other addresses at the Conference, with portraits of the chief speakers. May be had by sending fifty cents in stamps to the CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, Bible House, New York.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Warning to the Rich Corporations which are rapidly absorbing the public domain was conveyed last week in an interview with President Cleveland, published in the New York *Herald*. The President is reported to have said: "When a real settler has legally taken possession of his one hundred and sixty acres he ought to feel that the Government is behind him, and that if his rights are ever invaded the Government will stand by him and see that no injustice is done. . . . I think it should be specially jealous of the rights of the farmers and the working classes. . . . I am of the people, I believe in the people, and I stand by them and with them first, last and all the time." That will be good news for the settlers, though it must be somewhat bewildering to the corporations, who hitherto have found little difficulty in ousting settlers and appropriating their land if it happened to be of value to them. Many of these corporations are composed of European shareholders whom it will be well to watch.

A Letter from the President on the Question of retaliation on Canada in the fishery dispute was published on Saturday. It was addressed to Mr. Steele, of the American Fishery Union, who appears to be anxious that the power entrusted to the President by Congress of prohibiting the importation of Canadian goods should be used only against the fishery trade. The President declines to take this view of the question. He says, "The retaliation contemplated by the act of Congress is to be enforced, not to protect solely any particular interest, however meritorious or valuable, but to maintain the national honor and thus protect all our people. In this view the violation of American fishery rights, and unjust or unfriendly acts toward a portion of our citizens engaged in this business, is but the occasion for action, and constitutes a national affront which gives birth to or may justify retaliation. This measure once resorted to, its effectiveness and value may well depend upon the thoroughness and extent of its application, and in the performance of international duties, the enforcement of international rights and the protection of our citizens this Government and the people of the United States must act as a unit—all intent upon attaining the best result of retaliation upon the basis of a maintenance of national honor and duty." It may be hoped, however, that some better means than this may be found for adjusting the dispute. It will be sad if designing men, intent only on winning the Irish vote for their party, persuade the Administration to quarrel with England.

The Defeat of Prohibition in Michigan Last week is, with apparently good reason, believed to have been achieved by fraud. At the close of the week the majority against the amendment stood at 3500—the report from every outlying district reducing the majority as given on the day after election. It is alleged that voters were imported in large numbers from Wisconsin by the anti-Prohibitionists, and beside this that in some cases the returning boards dealt fraudulently at the ballot-boxes. A thorough investigation will be made, and as a preliminary step advertisements have been issued requesting every citizen who voted for the amendment to send his name and address to the Prohibition headquarters. Gogebie County is stated to have given an anti-Prohibition majority of 2200, whereas the Prohibitionists assert that it does not contain 1800 voters altogether, and last fall, when the county formed part of Ontonagan County, the entire vote of Ontonagan County was only 1500. It is certain that the liquor interest was thoroughly aroused, and would do its utmost to defeat the passage of the amendment. That was within its right; but if illegitimate means were used, the result ought not to stand.

General Astonishment has been Produced by a Democratic triumph in Rhode Island. Among all the spring elections this has caused the greatest sensation, for it seemed the very climax of improbability that Rhode Island should go Democratic. The result does not appear to be due to a change of political principle in the State, but to the independent vote. A large number of citizens who are Republicans in principle voted the Democratic ticket this year as a reproof to the managers of their own party, and as an intimation to all whom it might concern that something more was required of a candidate to gain their support beside the fact that he was regularly nominated. The old party managers sneer at the independent vote and call it by opprobrious names, but it is evidently growing, and last week's result in Rhode Island is a conspicuous proof of it.

The Election of a Republican Mayor in Chicago on April 5th is a notable fact apart from party politics. The course taken by the present mayor, Carter Harrison, in the contest changed the issue involved from a political to a social one. His friends, who controlled the Democratic convention, renominated him, and Harrison, after declining, accepted the nomination. Later, he again resigned his candidacy at a time when it was unadvisable if not impossible to secure another Democratic candidate. The contest thereupon lay between Mr. Roche, the Republican nominee, and Mr. Nelson, the Labor candidate, who was supported enthusiastically by the Socialists. This fact excited deep interest not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. With so large a proportion of foreign Socialists in the city, it was realized that the election of a Socialist mayor would be a shock to public confidence, and might involve disaster in the event of an anarchist outbreak. The result has been reassuring, and has shown the public spirit of the Democratic Party. Though urged to support Nelson in preference to a Republican, they largely voted for Roche, who was elected by a majority of 27,858. The labor vote was 23,410. It is generally conceded that Nelson's candidacy was forced on the Labor Party by the Socialists, who have captured the labor organization, and are discrediting the cause of labor in the city by their extreme opinions and violent utterances.

Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, the Munificent philanthropist whose benefactions we have frequently chronicled, died on Monday, April 4th, in New York, at the age of fifty-nine. She inherited a fortune of seven millions from her father, who died in 1872, and her sole object in life after that event appeared to be to use her money for the good of others. Of her private charities there is no record, and Miss Wolfe always endeavored to keep them secret; but they are known to have reached an enormous total. Her gifts to public institutions during the past year will show the scale on which she gave. The first sum was $50,000 to purchase a site and building in New York for the Italian mission. In October last she presented the trustees of Grace Church with $30,000 for the purpose of purchasing a building on Fourth Avenue, and her last act was the endowment of a diocesan house at No 29 Lafayette Place, which cost $170,000. To the Virginia Seminary she gave over $25,000. The American Church in Rome was given $40,000 and the American School in Athens $20,000. In Iowa she endowed the chair of English literature and belles lettres at Griswold College, and gave $30,000 to that State for other educational purposes. In Nevada, California, Colorado, Georgia, Kansas, and Minnesota she gave large amounts to schools and churches, and over $100,000 to home and foreign missions. Miss Wolfe's valuable collection of pictures will not be sold by auction, as was the Stewart collection, but is given in her will to the city, with $200,000 to keep the pictures in order. Her will also bequeathes $350,000 to Grace Church, New York.

The After-Effects of the Earthquake in the Riviera are being felt at Monte Carlo, which escaped injury from the shocks at the time. On April 7th heavy land slides occured there. Immense masses of rock and earth slid down and entirely blocked the railway and carriage roads between Monte Carlo and Cannes and Mentone. Trains from Cannes and Mentone, well laden with tourists, had marvellous escapes from destruction, getting over the tracks just in time to avoid annihilation. The land slides were so great that they stopped all railway communication with Monte Carlo for twenty-four hours.

Increased Nihilist Activity is Reported from Russia. A plot to assassinate the Czar was discovered last week. A man and a woman who were standing on some steps overlooking the route by which the Czar was to pass on April 6th from the Winter Palace to the railway were observed to be acting suspiciously. They were arrested, and when searched dynamite bombs were found concealed in their clothing. Only eight days before, on March 29th, the Czar was shot at by an army officer. Efforts have been made by Russian officials to keep both attempts secret, but the reports being in cipher escaped their notice, and the numerous arrests being made confirm them.

The Discontent of Alsace and Lorraine Under German rule does not appear to diminish. On April 7th a disturbance occurred at the town of Zabern, Alsace, during which a number of recruits hauled down the German flag from the official buildings. About thirty men were concerned in the affair, several of whom have been arrested. The Strasbourg papers report increased expulsions of French sympathizers. The searching of houses for compromising documents is also being more vigorously prosecuted. The Chief of Police at Rappoltsweiler has arrested a suspected member of the League of Patriots. At Colmar a gendarme has been arrested for placarding the town with caricatures of Emperor William. Three leading residents of the town are implicated. Press correspondents aver that the impression is growing in France that Germany wishes to provoke a war.

The Papal Condemnation of the Knights of Labor was formally withdrawn on Sunday last. Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, who issued the mandamus directing priests to refuse absolution to members of the order, caused a letter to be read at morning service in all the churches of his diocese announcing the Pope's decision. The Cardinal attributes it to the influence of cardinals of the United States. Members of the order who confess their sins to the priests and express their willingness to abandon the order whenever the Pope may so command, may now obtain absolution from the priest, if they think it is of any value to them.

The Rev. M. Baxter Preached Three Times last Sunday in the principal theatre of Lynchburg, Va. He had good audiences. He hopes soon to preach at Charleston, S. C.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Two hundred persons are believed to have been converted at one station recently. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y. Received with thanks: $5 from C. H——, Des Moines, Iowa.

Subscriptions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $18. They are from : Ogdensburg, N. Y., $1 ; Fair Haven, Conn., $1 ; Chicago, Ill. ; $1 ; Minneapolis, Kan., 50 cents ; Lone Star, Texas, 50 cents ; Owen Sound, Ontario, Can., $1 ; Sherburne, N. Y., $1 ; Norwood, Minn., $1 ; Waco, Texas, $2.50 ; Pingree Grove, Ill., $1 ; Allegheny, Pa., $1 ; Edom, Va., $1 ; Hartford, Conn., $1.50 ; Antigonishe, Nova Scotia, Can., $1 ; Galt, Ontario, Can., $2 ; Newark, N. J., $1.

Legal Advice Gratis is to be Supplied in Connection with "the People's Mission" in Varick Street, New York. The Rev. C. C. Goss requests us to state that during his twenty-five years of mission work in the city he has found continually that many poor persons, especially immigrants, have suffered loss through their ignorance of the law, and have been imposed upon by unscrupulous men. He has, therefore, arranged with several eminent lawyers to attend every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock at the mission 97 Varick Street, to hear complaints and give advice gratuitously.

A Paralyzed Invalid Who has Not Walked for six years was restored at Kokomo, Ind., on March 23d, at a prayer-meeting. A despatch to the New York *Times* says that Mrs. J. A. Hermon was carried by friends to a prayer service held at the Kokomo Mission Church. After fervent supplication in her behalf by a large audience of faithful Christian workers the Rev. Mr. Shutters took Mrs. Hermon by the arm and walked twice across the church with her. Then addressing her he said : "My sister, have faith in Jesus and walk alone," and to the joy of her friends she walked, shouting, up and down the aisles of the church. The service closed at midnight with a grand jubilee. After the meeting was over Mrs. Hermon walked to her home, a distance of three squares. She was visited at her home by a reporter, to whom she stated that she had not been able to take a step for six years, and that she was perfectly free from pain, with the exception of a tingling sensation in one of her knees. To prove that there was no deception about the matter she walked about the room in the presence of the reporter. The cure is a remarkable one and is the all-absorbing theme of conversation in church circles.

Captain Boyton, the Famous Swimmer, Narrowly escaped drowning on March 26th. He made an attempt to swim from a south bound schooner to the Jersey coast. The sea being calm and the wind favorable, he donned his rubber suit and plunged overboard. No sooner, however, had he left the ship than the sea rose and the wind changed to the west. He struggled heroically to make the shore, but could make no headway. He sighted several vessels and burned his signal lights, but could not attract their attention, until he succeeded with the steamer Lawrence, at about four o'clock, by waving an ensign with the union down on his paddle. He was taken aboard and carried to Providence, R. I. Captain Boyton showed more wisdom than do many tempest-tossed men in danger of spiritual disaster. When he found that his vaunted strength and skill and the rubber suit in which he had unbounded confidence were of no avail, he put aside his pride and sought deliverance. Very often awakened sinners cannot be persuaded to do this. They continue trying to save themselves instead of looking to Christ to save them (Rom. 7 : 23–25).

A Surgeon's Terror at an Anarchist in Chicago occasioned prolonged suffering to a child on April 6th. The child had been run over by a street car, and was so badly injured that it was necessary to amputate his leg to save his life. The surgeon commenced the operation, but before he had completed it the child's father, a well-known anarchist, entered the room. He had heard of the accident while away from home, and was furious against the company which owns the car that had run over his boy. He was in a perfect frenzy, and when he saw what the doctor was doing, his anger turned against him. Drawing his pistol, he levelled it at the surgeon, who looked up just as the man pulled the trigger. Providentially the pistol missed fire ; but the doctor, realizing his peril, jumped through a rear window, carrying the sash with him. It was some time before the man could be brought to reason, and to understand that the surgeon was doing a work of mercy. When, at last, he was calmed, the doctor was induced to return and finish the operation, but in the interval the child had suffered horribly through the delay which his father's stupidity had caused. Similar wrong headedness is often shown by men upon whom trouble falls They rail against God for permitting it, as Job's wife urged her husband to do (Job 2 : 9) ; but they only show their folly. Even in chastisement God is proving His love (Heb. 12 : 5–8).

A Transfer of Blood from a Husband to a wife took place in Indiana recently. A press dispatch from Wabash, Ind., dated April 4th, states that Mrs. Daniel Slouder, of Goshen, has been very ill for several weeks through the impurity of her blood. As a desperate resort, the attending physician determined to try the transfusion process. Mr. Slouder, a strong man of thirty-five, offered himself as a subject. After Mrs. Slouder had been placed under the influence of an anæsthetic, a vein was opened in her left arm, while another was cut in the right arm of her husband. A rubber tube was used as a connection, and for thirty-five minutes there was a rapid flow of blood through the tube from husband to wife. The veins were then closed, and Mrs. Slouder immediately displayed indications of vitality she has not shown for months. The physician is confident she will now recover As this expedient involves danger to the person from whom the blood is taken, and sometimes causes his death, it is resorted to only when the ordinary means of purifying the blood have failed, and the case is really desperate. That was so in the case of the whole human race ; when sunk in moral corruption, Christ shed His blood for its salvation (John 6 : 53, 54).

An Interpreter's Assistance at a Wedding was required in New York on April 4th. The ceremony was performed at St. Joseph's Church, and the bridal couple brought an interpreter with them to help the clergyman in his duty. The bride was a pretty little German maiden, who understands no language but that of the Fatherland, while the bridegroom was a big raw-boned Irishman, whose linguistic accomplishments are limited to English, with the Irish brogue. They had been in domestic service together in the same household, and had fallen in love. The Irishman had done his wooing and the German girl had given her consent without verbal intercourse, but for the marriage the services of an interpreter were necessary. If now they would enjoy the familiar conversation and interchange of ideas that are associated with married life, one of them should learn the language of the other, otherwise their union will be but a partial realization of the intention of marriage. Their uncongeniality, however, even in their present state will not be so marked as that of those unions in which one person is a citizen of Christ's kingdom and the other is not. In that case the difference is one more important than in language, being one of thought and feeling and the whole being (II Cor. 6 : 14).

A Man Blown from a Moving Train Narrowly escaped death on April 2d. A telegram from Boston, Mass., says that shortly after the last train on the Saugus branch of the Eastern Road had passed Mystic Bridge it was brought to a standstill with a jerk, and the announcement was made that a man had fallen off. The wind was blowing a terrific gale at the time, and the snow was very deep. A full half hour was passed in a fruitless search, and train men and passengers came to the conclusion that the man was thrown over the bridge into the icy water of Mystic River. As the same train started from Boston the next morning it was boarded by a battered individual, who told the conductor that he was the missing passenger, and his story was that as he was passing from one car to another on the previous night he was caught by a gust of wind and blown clean off the train. He landed in a snow bank, which broke his fall, though he was badly bruised. When he got on his feet he found that he was on the bank of the river. The train dashed across the bridge, and he walked back and put up for the night. His escape was almost miraculous. It may be hoped that in his journey through life he may remember this experience, and by availing himself of the Divine shelter, escape the fate of him of whom it is said, "The east wind carrieth him away, and he departeth, and a storm hurleth him out of his place" (Job 27 : 21).

BRIEF NOTES.

The Legislature of Maine has abolished capital punishment and substituted imprisonment for life in all cases of murder in the first degree.

A revival is in progress among the pupils of Oxford Female College, Ohio. Of the 120 pupils, almost all have made a profession of faith.

More than 500 persons have been received into church-membership since the recent revival in Franklin, Ind. The city has less than 4000 inhabitants.

Union Evangelistic services under Major J. H. Cole are being held in Hannibal, Mo. Sedalia and Springfield, Mo., have been much blessed during his services.

In response to a circular asking their views on the subject, the Irish Wesleyan ministers, with six exceptions, have replied that they are opposed to Home Rule.

The American Missionary Association reports a serious falling off of receipts during February, making its total receipts $3438 less than up to the first of March last year.

The streets of Jerusalem, which have long been in a dilapidated and dangerous condition, are being repaved and widened. Those leading to Bethlehem and Hebron are now finished.

Mr. Moody's meetings in Chicago are now being held in the Rink on the south side. He expects to remain in Chicago about a month longer, and will close his work at the Chicago Avenue Church, which he established.

The fiftieth birthday of Mr. R. R. McBurney, the honored secretary of the New York Y. M. C. A., was celebrated in the rooms of the Association on March 31st. Mr. William E. Dodge congratulated him on behalf of the Association, and presented him with a velvet bag containing eighty-five gold eagles.

Mr. Richard T. Booth, the Blue Ribbon Temperance Evangelist, now on his way from Australia to his home in this country, has made a brief stay at Sacramento, Cal., to hold a few meetings at the request of the temperance friends in that city. The meetings have been crowded. It is estimated that through Mr. Booth's efforts in the various countries he has visited nearly a million persons have become abstainers and assumed the blue ribbon.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond addressed the students, by invitation, in Union Theological Seminary, on the "Conversion of Children," on March 31st. He repeated "The Story of a Bible," showing how a Bible given to a Catholic lady of high rank in London by S. A. Blackwood was the means of her conversion ; and then of a priest, to whom she gave it ; and then of a nun, to whom she gave it. This interesting story by Mr. Hammond has been issued by the American Tract Society in tract form.

Bishop Taylor's missionaries, whose farewell meeting is described on page 227 of this journal, sailed on Thursday on the White Star steamer Germanic, from New York to England, whence they will proceed to join Bishop Taylor in Africa. Bishop Taylor's mission, which has no superior in value or importance among the missionary societies of the world, has its headquarters at 181 Hudson Street, New York. Contributions toward its support, which are much needed, may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. Richard Grant, at that address.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, The Christian Herald. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York. **FIVE PRIZES** will be given on June 30th to the canvassers who have sold the largest number of copies each week between May 1st and that date. The two at the head of the list will receive *ten dollars* each and the next three *five dollars* each.

THE BREAKER AND THE FLOCK.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I will surely assemble, O Jacob, all of thee; I will surely gather the remnant of Israel; I will put them together as the sheep of Bozrah, as the flock in the midst of their fold; they shall make great noise by reason of the multitude of men. The breaker is come up before them; they have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it; and their king shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them."—Micah 2: 12, 13.

A Promise in the Midst of Threatenings—The Conversion of Israel Assured—The True Israel of the Church—A Greater Fulfilment—I. The Flock Gathered—Surely—Completely—Unitedly—Happily—Numerously—II. The Champion Shepherd—The Way Cleared—III. The Flock Advancing—Becoming Breakers, Too.

You will remember, dear friends, from our reading last Sabbath morning, in the second chapter of the Book of Micah, that the prophet was delivering reproofs and rebukes against a sinful people, a people who tried to straiten the Spirit and silence the voice of prophecy, and refused to listen to the messengers of God. He threatened them with condign punishment from the Most High. To our surprise, in the very midst of the threatening He delivers a prediction brimming with mercy. The thunder-bolts stay their course in mid-volley; when the prophet is hurling destruction upon sin and sinners He pauses to interpose a passage of promise most rich and gracious—a passage which I wish to open up to you at this time, as the Spirit of God shall enable me.

Certain wilful persons were proudly confident that no enemy could reach them behind the walls of their cities, though the Lord declared that He would make Samaria a heap, and would strip Jerusalem. They coveted fields and took them by violence, and went on with their oppressions as if there had been no Judge of all the earth. The Lord warned them again and again, and assured them that they must not expect to be preserved from chastisement because they were the Lord's people. They were by no means to escape the rod; rather might they look for grace after they had been severely chastened. The prophet cried to the daughter of Zion, "Thou shalt go even to Babylon; there shalt thou be delivered; there the Lord shall redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies." I have no doubt that

The First Fulfilment

of this prophecy was given when Cyrus conquered Babylon and gave permission for Israel to return to their own land. Then was this promise in a measure fulfilled. But, brethren, the promises of the Lord are perennial springs forever overflowing with new fulfilments. In the latter days, the God of Israel, in abundant grace, will remember His covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and will gather together His ancient nation, who are at this time a people scattered and peeled. The Son of David, whom their fathers slew, not knowing what they did, shall be made known to them as the promised seed, and then they shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him. May this day soon come!

Even this will not exhaust the prophecy. I regard this passage as setting forth a vision of spiritual things in which Micah dimly saw the gathering together, and the heavenward march of the true Israel, namely, the elect of God, whom He hath given to His Son Jesus, and whom the Lord Jesus has undertaken to save. It shall come to pass that all the elect of God shall yet be gathered together from the places whereto they have wandered in their sin, and for them a clear way shall be opened up to the land of their inheritance. The Breaker, who is also their King and God, shall lead them through all opposition, and bring them without fail to their quiet resting-place.

First, in the text I see *the flock gathered:* "I will surely assemble, O Jacob, all of thee; I will surely gather the remnant of Israel. I will put them together as the sheep of Bozrah, as the flock in the midst of their fold: they shall make great noise by reason of the multitude of men." Secondly, we behold the champion Shepherd clearing the way of the flock: "The Breaker is come up before them." He, with the arm of His strength, breaks all opposers, and breaks up for them a way from their captivity. Thirdly, behold the flock advancing, with their great Shepherd at their head: "They have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their king shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them." Jehovah leads the van, and the hosts of His redeemed march triumphantly after Him.

I. To begin then, brethren; here is

The Flock Gathered:

"I will surely assemble, O Jacob, all of thee." Who knows where God's chosen are? Babylon was far off from Jerusalem, but our places of wandering are further off from God than that. One is aloft yonder on the hill-side in his pride and self-conceit; another is down below in the despondency of His disappointment. One wanders in the pastures of worldliness, sporting Himself in the plenty thereof, and hard to be brought back for that reason; another is entangled in the briars of poverty, half starved and ready to die, and hopeless of ever seeing the face of God with joy. They are everywhere, my brethren—these lost sheep; they seem to have chosen out, as if deliberately, the most dangerous places; they stumble on the dark mountains, they are caught in the tangled thickets, they have fallen into pits. Therefore doth God Himself come to the rescue. He Himself shall assemble Jacob, and gather the remnant of Israel. Driving with the terrors of His law, drawing with the sweetnesses of His gospel, He shall surely bring them in. By one instrumentality or by another, and in some cases, apparently, without instrumentality at all, He will bring them from all points of the compass to the place where He will meet with them.

Following the text closely, we notice that this gathering is to be performed surely There are no "ifs" where there is a God; there are no "peradventures" where divine predestination rules the day. Let Jehovah speak, and it is done; let Him command, and it shall stand firm. God will not change His purpose, nor turn from His promise, nor forget His covenant; He will surely gather together His chosen people wherever they may be. Oh, thou that art buffeted by opposition, and driven to sore distress in thy holy service, be not thou dismayed, for the purpose of the Lord shall stand! *Thou* mayest fail, but the eternal God will not. Thy work may be washed away like the work of little children in the sand of the seashore, but that which God doeth endureth forever. Wherefore let us be of good courage, and seek out the lost ones in full confidence that they must and shall be found.

This leads us to notice that they shall be

Gathered Completely.

"I will surely assemble, O Jacob, *all of thee.*" The Lord will leave none of His sheep in their wanderings, and surrender none to the lion or the bear. Dear friend, sighing and crying afar off and thinking that God will never gather you, have faith in Him. Helpless as thou art, trust Him to do His work as a Saviour. Thou must not dream that Thou hast sinned Thyself beyond the power of grace, for His mercy endureth forever! Only do thou look unto Christ, and let thy soul stay itself on Him, and God will not overlook thee in the day when He gathers His own. He will not forget thee, thou weakest of all the flock. Thou art needful to the completeness of the company.

Further, our text declares that the people shall be gathered unitedly. There shall be a wonderful union among them: "I will put them together as the sheep of Bozrah." Oh, that the Lord would in these days more fully and evidently carry out this promise in the happy unity of His visible church! Sinners hate each other while they wander in their different ways; but when the Lord brings them together by His grace, then love is born in their hearts. The truly spiritual are really

One in Heart.

You may meet with a man from whom you differ in many respects, but if the life of God is in him, and in yourself also, you will feel a kinship with Him of the nearest kind. Often have I read books which have awakened in my soul a sense of true brotherhood with their authors, although I have known them to be of a church opposed to many of my own views. If they praise my divine Lord, if they speak of the inner life, and touch upon communion with God, and if they do this with that unction and living power which are the tokens of the Holy Spirit, then my heart cleaves to them, be they who they may. Is it not so with you? When the Lord brings people to Himself, He brings them to one another. What is wanted in the much-divided visible church of God is, that we should all come under the divine hand more fully, that we should all feel the touch of the divine life, and yield ourselves more completely to the teaching of the divine truth. Schemes of union are of small value; it is the spirit of union which is wanted.

This gathering together will be done happily; they are to be gathered "as the flock in the midst of their fold." Oh, you that are wandering afar from God, there can be no rest for you until the Lord gathers you to the fold of which Jesus is the centre and the Shepherd! When you come to Jesus you shall find rest unto your souls, but not till then. "The peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds by Christ Jesus," but by Jesus only.

One more note must be made on this head: they shall be gathered *numerously:* "They shall make great noise by reason of the multitude of men." The Lord's camp is very great. If you have taken into your head the idea that the Lord has chosen for Himself a very small company, and that in the end there will be only a few saved, dismiss the notion. The redeemed are a number that no man can number. The prophet represents them as making a great noise by reason of their multitude; he alludes to "the busy hum of men,"

The Buzz of the Crowd

as when the bees are swarming. As in a city there is an indescribable sound by reason of the multitude who are making traffic in it, so shall there be a noise in the Church of a great concourse of men. What a suggestion of the voices of the innumerable hosts of the redeemed when they shall finally be brought together, and shall all in fullest joy lift up their voices! If all the gathered-out company were to pray together, what a sound of supplication would go up by reason of the multitude of men! But when they all sing—what a sound shall that be! I saw one stand up at the opening of this service to look around the Tabernacle, to see the multitude; and well he might, for it is a thing to do one's eyes good to behold this vast assembly. But what shall be our joy when we shall stand up in the midst of the great company of the redeemed? We shall look far and wide, and see no end of the great gathering. When they begin to sing, how will our spirits bear the swell of that majestic psalmody? I know I shall find my best voice that day, when in the midst of the congregation of the faithful I shall sing praise unto the Lord my God.

II. Follow me while, next, I speak of

The Champion Shepherd

clearing the way. "The Breaker is come up before them." In the tenth verse the Lord says to His people, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted." But we say to ourselves—How are they to depart from the place where they now are, and press forward to the pastures on the hill-tops of heaven? They are as sheep. How can they find their way? How can they face their foes? How can they break down barriers? The answer to our fears is before us: "The Breaker is come up before them." That great Shepherd of the sheep, whose name is "The Through-

breaker" or "The Breaker-up," makes a way for His people, yea, creates it by force of arms.

Between us and heaven once lay the tremendous Alps of sin. Not one of all the flock of God could climb those hills; all must perish who attempt to cross those awful barriers. The way to heaven was effectually blocked by these heaven-defying mountains, for no passes existed; even the eagle's eye could not discover a way. One sin might keep a man out of heaven; but the multitudes of our iniquities, the blackness, the aggravation, the repetition of our offences made the case hopeless to all human power or wisdom. I see those awful hills, and wonder how the flock of God can hope to reach eternal bliss with those in the way. Behold, He comes, "The Breaker," before whom the mountains sink. "He His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree; and by that bearing He put them all away."

But, my brethren, if our sins were all forgiven us, there are other

Difficulties in the Way;

for we are without strength, and the depravity of our nature is not readily to be overcome. Think of the hardness of our hearts, the waywardness of our wills, the blindness of our judgments, the readiness of our minds to yield to temptation! How can we force our way through such obstacles! Why, if the Lord would forgive me all my sin, and give me heaven on condition that I should find my way to it, mine would still be a hopeless case. Even the regenerate find that they have a hard struggle with the flesh; how can we win our way in the teeth of our fallen nature? Beloved, the Breaker has gone up before us. The Lord Jesus Christ assumed our nature, and was "tempted in all points like as we are;" He overcame the adversary at every point of the conflict, that through His victory we might be more than conquerors.

Yet, even though this be so, that sin is forgiven and our corrupt nature overcome, still there is another difficulty; the prince of darkness has set Himself to obstruct the way; He defies us to advance, He stands across the road, and swears that He will spill our souls. By no means let us be afraid, for the Breaker is gone up before us, and the enemy knows the force of His strong right hand. This brings us face to face with the last enemy.

Death Blocks the Way

to eternal life. Be of good, courage the Breaker has gone up before you in this matter also. Jesus died; the Ever-blessed bowed His head and yielded up the ghost. Hearken yet again: He has risen from the dead; He slept awhile in the cold prison of the tomb, but He could not be holden with the bands of death, and therefore in due time He arose. He arose in newness of life, that all His own might also rise in Him. Come, be not afraid to die, for you will travel a well-beaten track.

But can I hope I shall ever enter the gates of heaven? Those gates of pearl whose mild, pure radiance chides my perturbed and guilty heart—can I hope to pass their portal? Can I hope to stand where all is absolutely perfect? I shrink in the presence of such matchless purity. But, brethren, the Breaker has gone up before us. He hath opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. It will be safe for us to enter where He has gone; yea, we must enter; for where He is, there also shall His servants be. He will welcome each one of us with, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without?" The Breaker has rent the veil from the top to the bottom, and given us free access to heaven itself.

III. Lastly, I have to show you for a minute

The Flock Advancing,

their royal Breaker leading the way. As the Lord Jesus, in His death, resurrection, and ascension, has gone up before us, so by His grace we are led to follow Him from grace to glory. "They go from strength to strength." He saith to them, "Follow Me;" they know His voice, and as His sheep they follow Him.

Along the way which the great Champion clears we find the whole of the flock proceeding. All down the centuries, in every land, they are marching along that appointed road which Jesus, the Breaker, has cleared for them. You and I, I hope, are in that goodly company; sometimes our following is lame and halting, but yet we are not turned out of the way. To whom else could we go if we were to leave our chosen Leader? Faint we may be, but pursuing we will be. Oh, that we could keep closer to the Breaker! Oh, that He would break our hearts with His love! Oh, that

All Our Evil Habits

might be broken by His grace! We would follow our King whithersoever He goeth.

Observe, that in the text the people of God are described as imitating their King; for it is written, "They have broken up." He is the Breaker; and are they breakers, too? Yes, they also have broken up. Christ is the great warrior for His people; but not without conflict will any one of them be crowned. It is so arranged in the wisdom of God, that everything is so done for us as not to drive us into inaction, but to draw us into holy diligence. Christ's warfare is repeated in His saints in their measure.

Notice that as these people were led on by the Breaker, they persevered in following Him. "They have broken up; they have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it." They did a little at a time; they advanced step by step; they stopped at nothing, but went onward and upward. So do saints go from grace to grace, from faith to greater faith. Note the sentences: "They have broken up, they have passed through the gate, and have gone out by it;" this looks as if they did it slowly but surely, gradually but grandly. So, when the grace of God enters into the heart, and we, the sheep of God, are made to follow Him, we are attentive to detail, and notice each part of our obedience. You cannot in grace, any more than in anything else, do a great deal at once, and do it effectually. I find that advance in grace, if it be suppositious, can be rapid; but if it be real, it requires patience. Our Lord gives us line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little. Let us be sure even if we be slow.

But now I would have you dwell upon the fact that they are marching

Under Royal Leadership:

"Their King shall pass before them." Christ is always at the head of His own church. Why? because He loves it so that He cannot be away from it. He is at the head of His own flock because He has purchased it with His own blood. He knows the necessities of His church to be such as He, and only He, can meet; therefore as the King He always remains at their head. Brethren, let us always reverence, honor, and obey Him. Our active, present King must be loyally and earnestly served. As Breaker He did us service; as King we must render Him service. Do you ever fear that the cause of truth and righteousness will fail? Shake this dust from off thee. Banish such a thought. If Jehovah leads the van, who shall stand against Him? If Jesus Christ, once the man of sorrows, but now the King of kings, is to the fore, He will reckon with our adversaries, and make short work of their boastings. Wherefore, follow quietly and unquestioningly as sheep follow the shepherd, and your way shall be prosperous. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge; wherefore comfort one another.

I cannot express the joy I feel that I am

One of the Company

which is following the Breaker's lead; but my sorrow is that some of you are not of His flock. Oh, that you may belong to those of whom He says, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring!" Oh, that He may bring you in speedily! Do you feel a desire toward Christ this morning? Have you any longings to be reconciled to God by Him? Then you may freely come, with the confident assurance that him that cometh to Him He will in nowise cast out. He invites you to His cross, yea, to Himself. Obey the gentle impulse which is now stirring your bosom. Jesus has come on purpose to seek and to save the lost: you are lost; pray that He may save you.

Should the enemy of all good tell you that if you should believe, yet you would never hold out to the end, remind him that the Breaker has gone up before His people, and their King at the head of them, and therefore you are not afraid of meeting anything upon the road which can beat you back from hope and heaven. Join the army which marches under our victorious Joshua, and through sin, and hell, and death the Breaker will clear your way. To Him be praise forever and ever! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A PASTOR'S HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.*

IN the year 1868 an incident occurred that should have a place among "Hair-breadth Escapes;" by which I mean all the time manifest deliverances in circumstances of great and imminent peril.

On Thursday, July 9th, I left home with two daughters to accompany them across the river to New York. We reached the ferry on the Brooklyn side just as the boat was being loosed from its fastenings. It was before the "ferry gates" were established, as they now are, to hinder passengers from passing on the boats, except when they are secured to the bridge. The tide was low, and it was quite down hill from the outer entrance to the boat. The younger daughter was ahead, and hurried down the bridge, and stepped aboard.

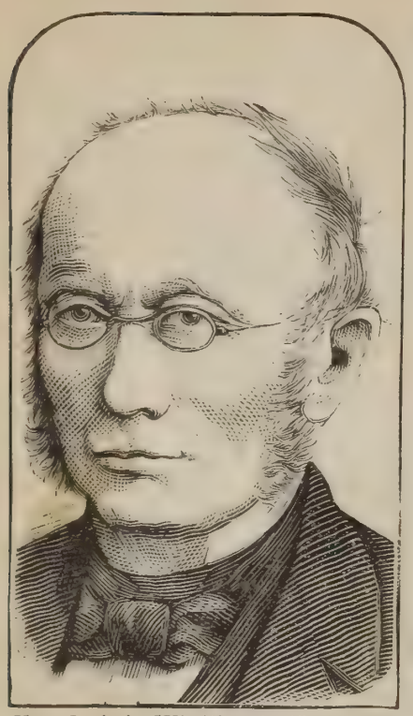
I stopped at the point where the chains are unhooked, and looked back for the elder daughter, who was coming. She started to run and the boat left the dock. She had quite a distance to come, and the declivity would have made it difficult to have stopped, if she so inclined. She did not realize the danger, and it was the work of a few seconds. As she reached me, I said "jump!" Had I attempted to arrest her, the great probability is that we had *both* gone down into the water together.

She jumped, and, as she went over the chasm, the opening was much wider than I would have thought it possible for her to have leaped. Her full foot did not land on the boat, but her momentum, *and what?* carried her safely over. The man at the wheel by me said, "I thought she was *gone* sure!"

But as she went over that increasing gap, another vision came to me. It was of an outstretched hand to lift the human form over the boiling flood. Whether there was a hand or not, I do not say. And *if there was*, whose it was I do not know. But if in the unfoldings of the future life I shall learn that there was really an agency present that, unseen to mortal eyes, carried this unthinking girl, I shall not be surprised to be *assured* of what appeared so real then as I stood in that eventful moment looking at what I could neither help nor hinder.

In the early summer of 1871 this same daughter, whom God so graciously preserved to us in the perilous feat just noted, in company with myself, had another marvellous deliverance worthy of record to the praise and glory of our loving and ever-present Heavenly Father. While enjoying a trip in the mountains of Colorado, we visited Green Lake. We started from Georgetown in our mountain buggy on June 15th, with two as good horses as ever need be desired for any trip. Some ladies accompanied us on horseback, as that was the usual method employed in climbing the mountains. The ascent was somewhat gradual at first. After a considerable distance had been passed we came to a place where carriages were left. But I had a remarkably strong and gentle pair of horses, and the buggy was not heavy, and I did not want my daughter to climb the hills beyond us. The road was rough to be sure, and went up at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees much of the way. But there were "break-waters" at reasonable dis-

* From Grace Magnified: Incidents in the Life and Ministry of William Garritson Browning. Pp. 451. Price, $1. Published by *Palmer & Hughes*, 122 Bible House, N. Y.



Herr Ludwig Windthorst. (See page 229.)

The Appeal to Lawyer Slocombe.

tances, and I thought, "Surely if I get out my daughter can guide the team." But difficult as was the getting up, it bore no comparison with the getting down.

When we were ready to return, our horses were hitched and we took our seats. About as soon, however, as I had fairly headed down the mountain, I discovered that what I had calculated would be easy was nearly impossible. My horses were almost under me. The brake, upon which I had depended, would not hold the buggy, but, despite my best efforts, let it slip and crowd the horses. The trace unhitched on the outside of the nigh horse, and he swung out at right angles with the pole. God kept me in mental poise, but I saw the perilous position, with the sloping mountain before us like a partial precipice. I remarked to my daughter, "I don't see but we are gone, unless the Lord interferes in our behalf!"

I did the only thing that I could see to do, and that was to draw the horses about to the right, until the carriage stood between some small trees or shrubs across the mountain side, and the pressure upon the horses was relieved. In a little while the ladies came to see what had become of us, and having ascertained, they rode to the lake and secured help from some young men who were there. The men, with their combined strength and by skilful lashing of the wheels, got the buggy down the steepest places to where the angle was not so sharp. I managed to get the horses to the lower grade, where we hitched on again, and were soon back to our place of entertainment for the night. I do not know whether I have the distinction of being the first man to take a carriage to the top of the mountain or not; and, as I did not feel very proud of the performance, I never took any pains to ascertain the facts as to this.

A SCENE IN A CHINESE TEMPLE.

(See Illustration on page 237.)

The Taoist temples in China, the entrance to one of which is depicted in the illustration, are places in which the Christian witnesses sights deeply saddening to his spirit. They are spectacles indicating gross ignorance and superstition. Taoism is altogether corrupt and bad, while Confucianism and Buddhism, which flourished by its side, have each elements of good in them which partially redeem them from the utter degradation of Taoism. Buddhism, especially, startles one by the resemblance of some of its doctrines to Christianity, until the discovery is made that the most ancient Buddhist books had no such resemblance, and it did not appear until after Christianity had been taught and the Buddhist priests had secured the opportunity of adopting such of its doctrines as could be applied to their system. Confucianism is merely a system of morality dealing with the relations of man to man, and not concerning itself except indirectly with the relations of man to God. Taoism, however, is a system of polytheism and demon worship of the lowest type, and being the religion of the million, its temples abound.

The worship in these temples, as described by the Rev. B. C. Henry, who was ten years a missionary in Canton, and whose interesting work on "The Cross and the Dragon" is well known, is a marvellous spectacle. He says that it consists not in prayer, but in burning incense, wax candles, gilt paper, and prostrations. Entering a temple, the worshipper takes up two semi-oval blocks of wood, and bowing before the idol, tosses them into the air. The position in which they fall is closely watched, and if they fall with one oval side and one flat side up they are satisfied. A cylindrical cup is next taken, in which are twenty or thirty bamboo slips, all numbered; and kneeling on a mat and repeating the usual formula for luck, the cup is held at an angle and shaken until one of the slips falls out. This is taken to the temple keeper or his assistant, who examines the number, and opening a drawer marked with the name of the idol worshipped, hands out a written answer corresponding with the number presented, for which a fee is charged. Unable to read the answer, it is taken to a fortune-teller, who gives his interpretation of it, and exacts another fee. If not satisfactory, the process is repeated.

In the main hall stands the image of the patron deity of walled cities, blackened by the smoke of incense, the silken scrolls and banners all begrimed, and the branches of the artificial flowers covered with dust. In front of this shrine is a scene that must be witnessed to be understood. Scores of worshippers are prostrating themselves. In an immense tripod censer three feet high long sticks of incense slowly consume, and wax candles cast a pallid glare. From a large iron receptacle flames of burning paper ascend, while with each act of devotion a great drum is struck to call attention to the worship. Idle crowds of the great unwashed press and jostle the worshippers on every side, and the din of fire-crackers, the heavy fumes of incense, and the smoke of burning paper, added to all the unpleasant concomitants of a promiscuous Chinese assembly, are very trying to the nerves.

LAWYER SLOCOMBE'S ADVICE.

(See Illustration.)

"I WISH we had not come," said Margaret Jepson, as she and her intimate friend, Mrs. Woodlake, sat in Lawyer Slocombe's reception-room waiting until that old-fashioned but eminent, respectable practitioner was disengaged. "It is a miserable thing to do—unkind, too, I think. Let us go away, Amy."

"I have no patience with you, Margaret," Mrs. Woodlake replied. "You have no spirit. You ought to have done this six months ago; and, then, see how sure you were last night that you would not draw back. You *must* go through with it now, for here is Mr. Slocombe."

The lawyer, who entered at this moment, was a quiet, sedate man, not a good hand at browbeating a witness, but a man whose influence in the courts was very potent—the influence of an honest man, who, as was well known, never appeared in any case which he did not thoroughly understand and approve. "Other professions," he used to say, "come under the ordinary Scripture laws and precepts, but lawyers have been specially warned, their temptations being extraordinary." "I dare not," he once said to a wealthy trickster who sought his services. "I fear God, and He has said, 'He that justifieth the wicked and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord'" (Prov. 17 : 15). "Stupid fellow!" said the client afterward; "he is a great deal too fastidious for a lawyer." But somehow Mr. Slocombe got on very well as a lawyer, and found that there was plenty of legal work that an honest man could do.

The two ladies were not strangers to him, and he greeted them cordially as he ushered them into his private office. He placed chairs for them, and composed himself to listen.

"Mr. Slocombe," said Mrs. Woodlake, "Mrs. Jepson must have a divorce. She is being treated shamefully. Her life is unbearable. Her husband is a horrid brute. I could not have believed that any man calling himself a gentleman could have treated a woman so. She must be set free, and I hope you will arrange it for her."

" Dear, dear!" said the lawyer, sadly; " I am sorry to hear that. How long have you been married, Mrs. Jepson?"

" Two years and a half, sir."

" Ah! I thought it was but a short time. And so you want a divorce?"

" Mrs. Woodlake thinks it is the only remedy. I have never wanted it, because I hoped things would mend; but they grow worse, and last night in my trouble I went to see her, and she advised me to come to you."

" Well, tell me all about it."

It was a very common story—a dissipated husband, a neglected home, love turned to coldness and then to harshness, cruel words and taunts, debts accumulating while money was poured out lavishly in pleasure, even—and that was the climax which had caused this appeal to the lawyer—threats of personal violence.

" You could not get a divorce on those grounds alone in this State, Mrs. Jepson."

" Not get a divorce!" Mrs. Woodlake cried excitedly. " That comes of *men* making the laws. It's an outrage! Then you can do nothing for her?"

" Excuse me, I did not say that. She cannot get a divorce on those grounds in this State, but there are laws short of that to which she may appeal successfully. Do you really want a divorce, Mrs. Jepson?"

" Oh, no, sir!" said the ill-used wife, covering her face with her hands and sobbing violently. " If he would only be as he used to be; that is what I really want."

" I am afraid the law cannot help you there. If you will forget for the moment that I am a lawyer, and will take the advice of a plain Christian man who has seen much of life, it is that in your trouble you seek grace rather than appeal to the law. Patience and love and prayer have done greater wonders than this of reclaiming your husband. Ask God to give him a new heart; show him always that in spite of his faults you love him still, as I see you do, and don't scold and reproach him, but be gentle and affectionate. Depend upon it, you will succeed. If not, come to me again."

The ladies were bowed out, Mrs. Woodlake indignant, but Margaret Jepson subdued, thoughtful, and resolved. Some months passed, and then Mrs. Jepson did go back to Lawyer Slocombe's office, as he had suggested. But it was not to crave his assistance. It was to thank him with tears of gratitude in her eyes for the advice which he had given her and which she had followed, and which God had blessed to the restoration of her husband's love.

Entrance to a Chinese Temple.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 223.*)

A Recognition.

LITTLE did they know, that little group at Aspen Garth, how near to them Alfred Atheling was just then: " So near and yet so far." Could their vision have penetrated space and darkness, they would have seen a young man dressed in a rough suit of seagoing clothes, disguised as a sailor in hat and flowing neckerchief, passing the Chequers with a swinging gait as of one whose life for some time past had been on the unsteady deck of a ship. A few men much the worse for liquor emerged from the hostelry as he passed, and he drew aside to let them go on. He did not wish to mix with them, for there might be a sober man among the company, who, looking under the broad-brimmed hat, might recognize in the disguised man Alfred Atheling. That would not have been pleasant, for he had only run down for the night to have another look at the home before setting out again for America.

But what was it that noisy reveller behind was saying? Alfred recognized voice and form in a moment. It was Tim Crouch the cobbler, and he was talking in a confused way about Alfred Atheling. After boozing all day in fulfilment of his wife's prediction, Tim was stumbling home, and the long pent-up knowledge about Alfred's former visit was exuding now under the influence of beer and the silence of the night.

" I know; I know," he was saying with a tipsy attempt at dignity. " They knows nowt. Tim's the man er knows. Course ah know R-raif R-a-ra—what yo' call 'im's Alf Ath'ling. What o' that? What bus'ness is't o' theirs? They've no call te med'l we't! Hang that musty-dusty-fusty oad mil'r! Mis'r Alf'd's a jolly good fello'. All the Athl'ngs jolly good fello's. Three cheers for Mis'r Alfr'd. Hip, hip, hip, hurra!" And so it came to pass that Alfred Atheling, who was standing on the grassy roadside, was unexpectedly startled into a standstill to hear himself, of all men, the subject of such unwelcome and noisy encomium.

For some moments, while Tim was talking and walking in this confused and crooked way, Alfred felt himself bereft of the power to move. It was a surprising thing to hear his own name at all in such a fashion, but to hear his cherished shelter name so intimately mixed up with it was very strange indeed. He felt that he must have more information; that this mystery must be explained. Tim evidently had drunk too much beer to recognize him, so he stepped boldly to the cobbler's side, and said cheerily:

" Good evening, my friend, good evening. You have been having a good time of it?"

" Evenin'," said Tim, lowering his tones considerably, and steadying himself as well as he could to get a good look at the newcomer. " Iss, ah've had a good tahme on it. It's a poor 'art 'at niver rejoices. Le's drive dull care way, eh? Them's my sentiments. What's yours?"

There is no doubt that those were Alfred's sentiments, too, but, alas! he had no means of driving his care away, a care so heavy that he could say with Shelley—

" I could lay down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear."

All the reply he could make, however, was, " Very good sentiments, indeed, so long as one can manage to do it. You seem not to have had much trouble; how do you manage it?"

Tim gave the questioner an arch look, which showed clearly enough that he had some of his wits about him, and was fully cognizant of his condition, as he replied — " Middledick's beer. That's the preshkiption. It's a wonnerfu' brew. You're a stranger i' these pairts, ah fancy?"

" I've come a long way," said Alfred, evasively. " I shall find some inn or other at Thorpe Aspen, I suppose?"

" No, yo' weeant," said Tim. " 'Cos why? There isn't yan. You mun gan back te t' Chequers. Middledick's gotten good commydation for travellers, an' his beer's wonnerfu' good. Stop," he continued, seeing as he thought another jug of it in prospect, " ah'll gan back wi' yo' an' show yo' t' way."

" Oh, dear no," said Alfred, hastily and thoughtlessly. " I'll go on with you. I expect I can get what I want at the Royal George."

Even to the beer-bemuddled wits of the tipsy cobbler it was evident that, in the slang of the day, the traveller had " given himself away." It was no stranger who would know that although there was no inn at Thorpe Aspen, there was the Royal George a mile beyond it. At that moment Tim's head was not in a condition to solve problems. He noted the inconsistency, but turned to the more practical business close to his hand of getting the traveller to " stand " beer.

" Royal George's miles awa'. You'll na be goin' sa far to-night. Come back to th' Chequers, I say. Good beds—good ale—best o' ale—what more d' y' want?" and Tim sang:

" Man wants b' little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

" Come 'long, I'll show you th' way. You must be drunk; sober man wouldn't walk to th' George wi' a good place like the Chequers close by. Here, don't go. Stop, I say," for Alfred was walking briskly on. Tim stretched out his hand to grasp Alfred's shoulder, but " Middledick's ninepenny" had disarranged the focus of his vision, and his reach fell short. Tim stumbled, and came to a collapse upon the ground.

" What did yo' push me doon for?" said Tim, with tipsy querulousness and a disposition to make the most of a grievance on which to found a claim for beer as damages.

Alfred was so anxious to hear more concerning himself, that though he was at first inclined to leave Tim seated where he was in the roadway, he coincided with Tim's way of putting it, with a view to keeping him in good humor. " I didn't mean it," said he, lending him a helping hand.

" All right," said Tim, scrambling on his feet again. " It's all right. Ah'll say ne mair aboot it. You'll stan' a quart of ale?" And so say-

ing, he sought again to turn his companion's steps in the direction of the Chequers.

"Come 'long, Tim," said Alfred, coaxingly, quite forgetting that he was a "stranger" in his anxiety to keep the cobbler from parting company with him or turning rusty on his hands, in which case he knew very well he should get but little information from him.

Tim put his arm within Alfred's uninvited, and with that substantial aid was able to get over the ground in a more satisfactory way.

"I heard you saying something about the Athelings just now," Alfred said. "Do they live in this neighborhood?"

"Iss," answered Tim, looking furtively at his companion. "They live at Aspen Garth. Jolly good fellows all on 'em; specially Mis'r Robert, an' Mis'r Edgar, an' Mis'r Alfred, an' Missus an' Miss Clara, specially, all on 'em. I knows 'em all. Friend o' the family. Le's go an' see 'em. You'll be welcome as friend o' mine. Mis'r Alfred's not there. He's jolly good fello'. De yo' knoa owt aboot 'im?"

"I've known a little of him," said Alfred, and added, with more truth than vanity, "but not much good any way," and could not help sighing to think how true it was.

By this time they had reached the outskirts of the village. At one side of the road, in a recess of hedge and bank, there was a pump whose clear, cold waters had been available for Thorpe Aspen from time immemorial. Alfred was inclined for a drink out of the well-remembered spout, and Tim seemed to have some views in the same direction. The cobbler laid hold of the pump-handle, and set to work with vigor to fill the trough with water. Then down he went, with the air of a man who had tried the same recipe before this; kneeling on the ground, and doffing his battered hat, he plunged his head into the water once, twice, thrice, and rose cool and sobered to his feet. He rubbed himself fairly dry with a big colored pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, put on his hat again, and turning to his companion, said:

"There! That's mah prescription for cheeatin' the ninepenny. Noo, Mr. Alfred, give us a grip o' your hand. Ah knoa yo', bud your seeacrit's as seeafe wi' me as if it were locked up i' the Bank o' England. If you'll cum' along o' me, oor Sally 'll gi' ye a corner an' a rasher o' bacon, an' jump at t' job. Ah reckon yo' deean't want to be knoan."

Alfred was nonplussed, taken thoroughly aback. He was just about to hasten back with all speed along the Chilworth Road, when Tim continued, "Jacob Benson tell'd me when yo' com' afoore, an' 'im an' me's kept it dark for your seeak fra' that tahme te this; an' ah can keep this dark an' all."

There was something so honest and straightforward in this avowal, and Alfred hungered so much for news of home, that he resolved to trust Tim for the night at any rate. He was strangely humble, and his heart was sick and sore. "Tim Crouch," said he, taking the cobbler's hand, "I'll trust you!"

"You may," said Tim, with a nod so vigorous as to topple his tall hat over his eyes, and as he brought one closed fist down upon the open palm of the other by way of solemn oath and covenant, the two passed along rapidly through the darkened village street to the cobbler's home. Doubtless Tim felt that in one thing he was already a gainer by this transaction; with Alfred by his side, he should escape the anticipated cudgelling of Sally's trenchant tongue. He would talk no more till they reached home, but plodded along in silence.

Alfred also was silent, busy with sad thoughts. The peaceful village scene with which he was familiar spoke eloquently and reproachfully to him as he passed each well-remembered spot. Here he had played as a boy; here the name of Atheling was an honored one; here people spoke well of his father and his brothers, yet he had been caught visiting it secretly at night, and under an assumed name. How much had passed since he, a light-hearted boy, had run along these very roads but a few years ago! How quickly time had flown!

How much, too, had passed since he was here, not many weeks ago, on the same errand that had brought him here again—the desire to look once more on the old homestead. That desire had come suddenly, irresistibly. He was in London, intent on making another effort to reach America, when everything was set aside to make this one more excursion to Aspendale.

Inez and her father would have been glad to have him visit them at Deal, but he had declined. When he discovered that his heart had been impressed by the loveliness of Inez and the gentleness of her disposition, he was much disconcerted. But when she said to him that she had obtained permission for him to spend a little time at Captain Lanyon's house, he thought to himself, "Then she has been speaking with her father for this," and found in the thought another proof that she would fain keep him at her side. It was a subtle and strong temptation, not only in that he should still be near her, still be within sound of her voice, and still see the love-glance of her eye, but that it might well afford him shelter and safety from the peril that he feared. Gladly, eagerly would he have said "Yes" to so fair a pleader, and at the prospect of having such a nurse, but he felt that it must not be.

"No, Inez," he said, kindly and gently. "Some day I may come to Deal and see you both, and talk over our strange perils and adventures; but I must get on shore at once, and —and—" "Yes, I know," she answered with a sigh; "your friends will be very anxious about you. I do not wonder at you wishing to go. I suppose you ought to, but it will be very sad for us to say good-by, and not to know—"

It was a very fortunate thing for many reasons that Captain Lanyon's approach cut short the conversation, for Alfred Atheling was impulsive, and the strain was great. "How long are we likely to stay here, think you, Captain Lanyon?" said Alfred.

"I fancy," said the captain, "the skipper will wait the arrival of his employer, Ephraim Hartgold, who, he says, 'has a knack of minding his own business, especially where his ships are concerned.' I shall be glad to see him myself. There would be some real satisfaction in getting into his employ. But what about yourself? I've been telling Inez that a fortnight at Deal would help to bring the color into your cheeks again. I need not tell you what pleasure it would give to us."

Alfred saw how Inez seconded the appeal and endorsed the statement with an expressive glance of her "eloquent dark eyes." But he held firm by his resolves, and explained to Captain Lanyon that as his plans had been so thoroughly broken in upon by the wreck of the Boadicea, it was absolutely essential for him to attend to his own affairs.

Now, Alfred Atheling felt an instinctive indisposition to meet the Quaker merchant, who was hourly expected to board the Good Intent. Whether he remembered the name in connection with the grain grown on the fields of Aspen Garth, or whether he simply dreaded to meet with one who had been in England all the time of his own absence, and who might therefore be supposed to be conversant with the continued "hue and cry," which he did not doubt would be made for himself, I cannot say. He resolved to take the first opportunity of leaving the ship, and so get out of the way alike of peril and temptation, and once more do battle with his secret trouble and carry his heavy burden alone. The opportunity came sooner than he hoped for. A boat which had brought fresh provisions for the ship was available for his purpose. Taking a last farewell look at the maiden who had so silently and unwittingly crept into his heart, he quietly waited his time, dropped into the boat unobserved by any of the three whose notice it was necessary to elude, and in the shadows of the evening he was put on shore.

Alfred's first impulse was to make his way direct to the well-remembered cottage of his good friends Ned Saltmer and his excellent "spouse Nancy." He felt well assured that they would gladly give him shelter for awhile, until he could again replenish his purse, and embark a second time to cross the Atlantic to find a sure haven from his perils beyond the sea. Had he done so, there is little doubt that his wanderings would have come to a sudden and perpetual end by the meeting with his brother Robert, who, as it will be remembered, had taken up his abode in the Saltmer household.

It is wonderful what small events and apparently insignificant incidents are sufficient to turn and curve the pathway of our pilgrim life, so that it leads altogether away from the pilgrim's original plans and first desires, and gives to his experiences an unanticipated loss or gain. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Passing along the London streets, Alfred perceived a group of people looking with evident interest into the window of a large shop well lit with gas, and he must needs turn aside in curiosity to see on what their eyes were looking. There was a large picture of a battle scene, an engagement, which some little while before had been the subject of high laudation. It had excited much admiration while it hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, and was now subjected, previous to engraving, to the popular gaze.

Alfred Atheling had no taste just then for that kind of art, and after a very brief inspection he was turning to elbow his way through the clustering sight-seers, when another picture, hanging on the side of the window, and of altogether a different kind, caught his eye. It was a remarkably well-painted landscape, and Alfred recognized at once the beautiful Valley of Aspendale. Closer inspection revealed to him the fact that on the right of the picture there was an exact representation of the queer old gables and steep-tiled roof and ivy-covered walls of Aspen Garth.

This unexpected vision riveted the wanderer's gaze, and for a moment the picture disappeared from view blurred by the mist of tears that filled his eyes. It produced in him sensations that cannot be described. He saw the very window, with its diamond panes, through which he had stolen a last long look on that former never-to-be-forgotten night when he was about to flee his native land forever. He found himself flattening his nose against the big plate-glass window of the shop, in the fond hope that he could find some shadowy presentment of his mother there. "O mother! mother!" he murmured, "would to heaven that I might look upon you once again!" And then the irresistible spell had come upon him:

Alfred resigned himself to the potent charm without a struggle. Turning from the window, he resolved to find some quiet secluded hostel for the night, and to-morrow to take the train for Chilworth, and in the dim twilight to walk the familiar lane that led from Chilworth to Aspen Garth, and steal another vision of that "home, sweet home," and that still more sweet, beloved mother, at whose feet he longed to kneel, and on whose lap he longed to lay his weary head. As he sauntered along the crowded streets, indifferent to danger and oblivious to every passer-by, he murmured the poet's touching lines—

> "Between broad fields of wheat and corn
> Is the dear old home where I was born.
> The peach-tree leans against the wall,
> And the woodbine wanders over all.
> There is the barn, and as of yore,
> I can smell the hay from the open door,
> And see the busy swallows throng,
> And hear the peewits' mournful song;
> Oh ye who daily cross the sill,
> Step lightly, for I love it still!"

Poor Alfred Atheling! so he thought as he moved along through the roaring streets of London town, a stranger and a wanderer with a houseless feeling at his heart, and, because of his misdoings, with a price upon his head.

Thus it was that he had braved the risk of discovery, incurred expense, and submitted to delay in his departure to America that he might visit once more the scenes of his youth. That accounts for his trudging along the roads by the side of Tim Crouch, and consenting to accept the hospitality of the cobbler's wife.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH HONORING HIS FATHER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 24, Gen. 46 : 29-34; 47 : 1-12. Golden Text, Eph. 6 : 2.

An Oft-Reiterated Command—The Invitation to Jacob—The Jubilant Journey Homeward—The Astounding News—The Halt at Beersheba—The All-Important Assurance—The Joyful Reunion—Joseph's Public Acknowledgment of his Family—The Believer's Occupation—Joseph's Bargain with the People—The King's Prerogative Enlarged—Jacob's Death.

"HONOR thy father and thy mother" is a command of God, so important in His eyes that it is given six times in Scripture, besides another which is very similar, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother" (Pro. 6 : 20). Our blessed Lord rebuked the Jews of His time for making the Word of God of none effect by their tradition, and among other things He specially alluded to their failure in honoring their father and mother (Mark 7 : 9-13). Joseph was a man with whom the Lord was; he walked with God in the midst of Pharaoh's court, and while occupied with all the pressing business which he had to attend to as Premier and Secretary of State of Egypt.

A True Man of God is Known by his Life.

Until now Joseph had no opportunity to manifest his filial devotion; but no sooner had he made himself known unto his brethren than he thought of his old father. "Tell my father," he said to his brethren, "of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither." Pharaoh endorsed Joseph's command, and in the most royal manner commanded a supply to be taken for the father's journey, and added, "Also regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

Very different was the return of Jacob's sons on this occasion. Before they had brought heavy tidings with the food supply; now all was changed; fear had departed; Simeon and Benjamin were with them; they had joy to bring to their aged father's heart, their own consciences were lightened, the load of years was gone, and there was overwhelming gladness in the hearts and voices which brought him

The Astounding News,

"Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt." The revulsion of feeling was too much for the old man—the spring of youth was gone, the months which had elapsed since the departure of all his sons had passed in gloomy anticipations of what might befall his beloved Benjamin; and now that Benjamin had returned, and all his other sons, and that with a story that seemed to him beyond the wildest stretch of imagination, it took time for the heart so used to sorrow to take it in. But when he listened a second time to the words of Pharaoh and Joseph which were told him, and when he saw the Egyptian wagons which were sent by Joseph for him, the truth dawned upon him, and he cried, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die." It must have been an exquisite joy to him to know that, in all his grandeur and state in the land of Egypt, Joseph had not forgotten his old father; and perhaps the proverb was never more true than in the case of Jacob, "A wise son maketh a glad father" (Prov. 10 : 1).

One stage of the journey was already passed, the caravan which contained all the large family, with wives and children, servants and cattle, had got as far as Beersheba, when, halting for the night, Jacob offered sacrifices "unto the God of his father Isaac," and God spoke to him and said, "I am God, the God of thy father:

Fear Not to Go Down Into Egypt;

for I will there make of thee a great nation. I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again; and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes." Now Jacob was free. If all his family had gone up with him into Egypt, and yet God had not been with him, he could not have been blessed. It is of the utmost importance in any step we take to know certainly, "Is the *Lord* with me in this?" Moses said, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence" (Ex. 33 : 15). Many of our mistakes arise from making our plans without an absolute certainty as to the will of God. Better far to wait if we are not sure than to run the risk of taking a wrong step.

The caravan approached Egypt, and Judah, the most energetic of the brethren, and the man of most princely bearing, was sent to court to apprise Joseph of its arrival. Joseph made ready his chariot, and came to meet his father. Oh, what a meeting! How the old man must have scanned the features of that lordly personage, who was and yet was not his lost son Joseph! He was so unlike the simple shepherd lad; but the same; Joseph "fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while." The cup of Jacob ran over, and he said, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive." But Joseph had yet much to do. He might indeed show honor, love, and respect to his father when he met him in a private way, but would it not be rather "a come down" to introduce this simple old man and these countrified brethren at court? Had Joseph lived only for himself, something of this mean pride might have influenced him; but Joseph lived for God, and he knew that it was to God's glory

That He Should be Real

and assume nothing. He instructed his brethren to acknowledge that they were shepherds, although "every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians." Some people are ashamed to own poor or uneducated relations; they wish to be thought superior to them, and so they conceal their relationship to them. Jesus taught that when we bid men to a feast we are not to call our friends, nor our brethren, nor our kinsmen, nor our *rich* neighbors, *lest they bid us again*, and a recompense be made us. There is no prohibition against inviting *poor* relations or neighbors, for they cannot recompense us. Self is always on the lookout to get credit—credit for being so highly connected, or so learned, or so tasteful, or so lavish, or something else; credit for sometimes in which we may excel our fellow-sinners. How few of us can take credit to ourselves for being so Christlike, for having in everything the mind of Christ!

Joseph boldly introduced his brethren to Pharaoh, who asked what was their occupation. This was before the degenerate days in which many men and women look upon honest labor as a degradation, while they go in debt for what they want, and expect others, who work hard for their living, to pay their debts for them.

Pharaoh expected every honest man to have an occupation.

"Occupy Till I Come,"

says our Lord, not, "Idle till I come." The men said that they were shepherds, and that they were come to dwell in the land, because they found no pasture in Canaan. The king graciously apportioned them the best of his land for their purpose. Then Joseph presented his aged father to the king, and set him before Pharaoh. The greatest king in all the earth and the oldest believer in the world at that time were face to face. Which should take precedence? The one was a servant of God, the other a king of men. "Jacob blessed Pharaoh," "and without all contradiction the less is blessed of the better" (Heb. 7 : 7). With courteous kindness the King of Egypt asked Jacob how old he was, and he replied, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." One cannot but be struck with the difference between father and son: Joseph, whose trials had been so bitter, yet saw God's hand in all, and was full of praise; Jacob, who had done so much in providing for himself, and whose trust in God had been very wavering, spoke with a tone of sadness; he did not recommend God to those with whom he had to do, as Joseph did.

Joseph lost nothing from frankly owning his relations; the same blessing of God followed him. The inhabitants of Egypt were now feeling the famine as much as strangers from other lands, and they mortgaged their cattle, their flocks, their land, and, at last, sold themselves to Joseph for bread, and still the granaries of Joseph's storing held out. By this means, Joseph readjusted the occupation of the whole land; he removed the people to the most distant parts of the land, so that the labor supply and the laborers should correspond, and then, when he knew the time of famine was coming to an end, he gave seed to the people to sow the whole land, and so insured the prosperity of Egypt, which might otherwise have been many years in recovering from such a blow as the seven years of famine.

Seventeen years Jacob lived in the land of Egypt, cared for all the time by his son Joseph. Then the time of his death drew near; he knew it without having any physician to tell him, and he sent for Joseph, and made him swear that he would not bury him in Egypt. The promised land must be his resting-place, and he would have his bones laid there, in token that he believed the promises of God. Soon after this Jacob was sick. This is

The First Mention of Sickness

in the Bible. It would seem that Adam, Seth, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, and all God's people up to this time had just gone home when their time was come, without any attack of sickness. Now, when Jacob was sick, instead of sending for the physicians, he, knowing that his time was short, sent for his grandsons, and then for his sons, that he might give them his parting blessing. There is a wonderful repose about the deaths of these old patriarchs. We read nothing of doctors, nurses, medicines, appliances, but of a quiet saying of the last words, and then departing. Jacob had yet to declare that as God had given him precedence of Esau, so should Ephraim have of Manasseh. He had yet to pronounce upon the present and prophesy the future of each of his sons as they came for a last farewell. In that solemn hour no sin was hidden or hushed up, everything was dealt with. From the threshold of eternity the inspired patriarch told out the truth of God.

"And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." His own words were like an epitaph, "Behold, I die; but God shall be with you, and bring you again unto the land of your fathers" (Gen. 48 : 21).

Volume IX. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1883, 1884, and 1885 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

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For *The Christian Herald.*

A PRESENT HELP.

By Lilla M. Alexander.

There is never a day so dreary,
But God can make it bright;
And unto the soul that trusts Him,
He giveth songs in the night.

There is never a path so hidden,
But God will show us the way,
If we seek for the Spirit's guidance,
And patiently wait and pray.

There is never a cross so heavy,
But the nail-scarred hands are there,
Outstretched in tender compassion,
The burden to help us bear.

There is never a heart that is broken,
But the loving Christ can heal;
For the heart that was pierced on Calvary,
Doth still for his people feel.

There is never a life so darkened,
So hopeless and so unblest,
But may be filled with the light of God,
And enter his promised rest.

There is never a sin or a sorrow,
There is never a care or a loss,
But that we may carry to Jesus,
And leave at the foot of the cross.

What more can we ask than He's promised
(And we know that His word cannot fail),
Our refuge when storms are impending,
Our help when temptations assail:

Our Saviour, our Friend, our Redeemer,
Our portion on earth and in Heaven;
For He who withheld not His own son,
Hath with Him all things freely given.

Greenville, Conn.

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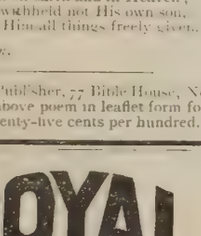

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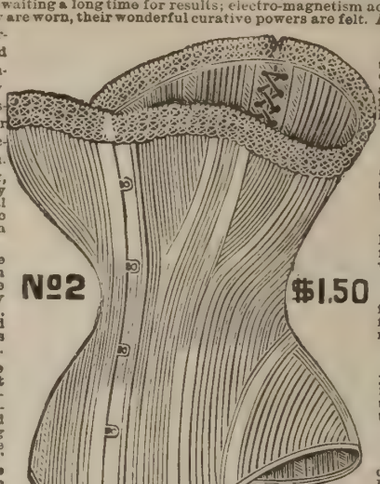

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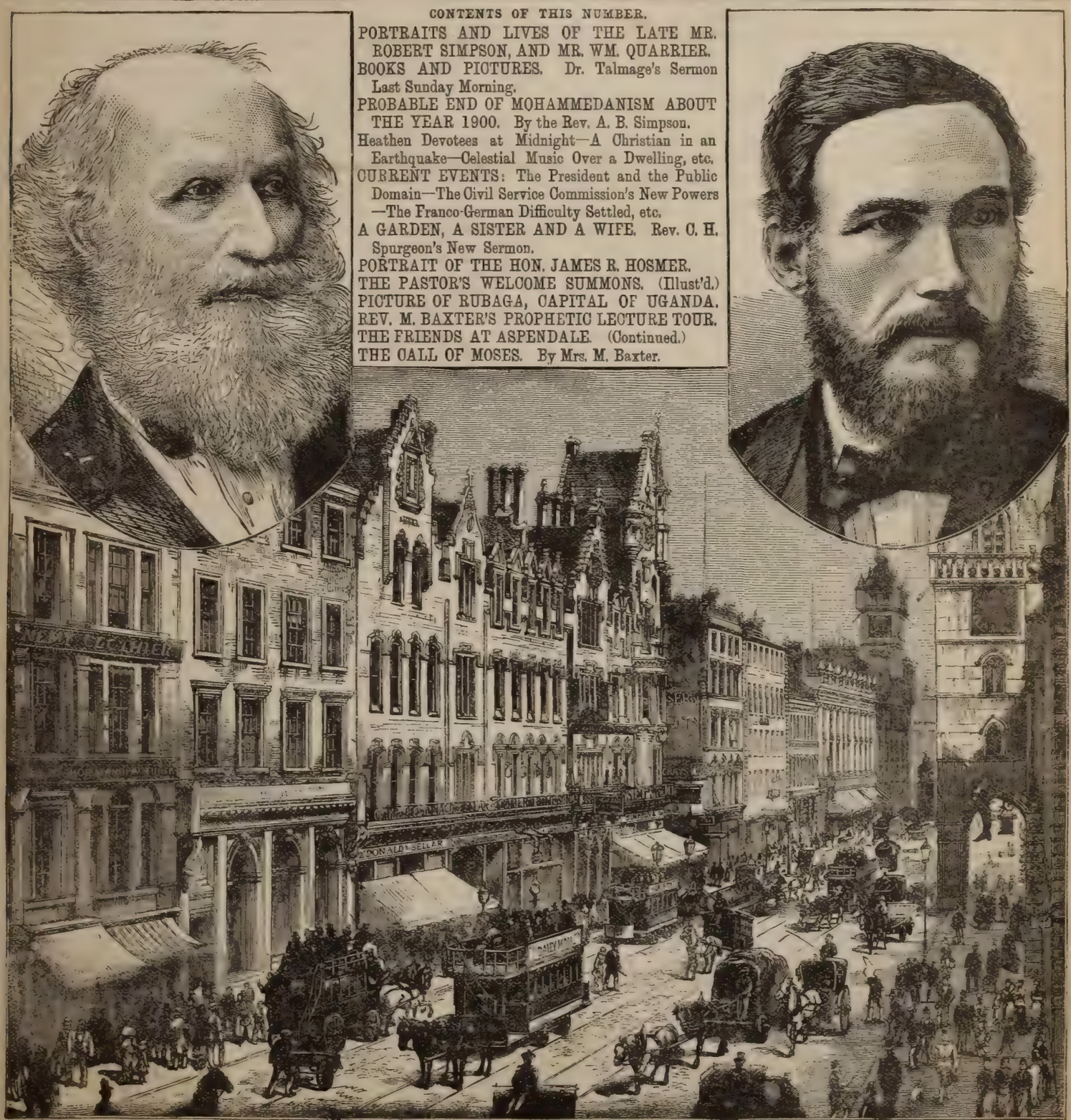

Mr. R. SIMPSON, the Christian Merchant—Mr. W. QUARRIER, the Friend of Orphans—Trongate, Glasgow.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT SIMPSON,

The Veteran Christian Merchant of Glasgow.

Born at Saltcoats in 1807—Enters on Business in Glasgow—Studies at the Congregational Academy and at Glasgow University—His Successful Evangelistic Labors—Work for the Temperance Cause—His Co-operation with Mr. Moody—A Man Rescued from Suicide—Latest Evangelistic Tour—His Last Sunday—Praying with Peddlers.

THE devoted and indefatigable Christian worker *whose portrait is given on our front page*, was born at Saltcoats, Ayrshire, Scotland, in May, 1807. He died on Sunday, April 3d, and had, therefore, entered the eightieth year of his age. He went to Glasgow early in life, and in 1826, when he was only nineteen, he opened a store of his own. He began a dry-goods

Business in Trongate,

an important thoroughfare in that great city, *a view of which appears on the first page*. God greatly prospered him in his commercial pursuits, which, with the help of his sons, he vigorously and successfully carried on until about two years ago, when he finally retired, leaving his sons as sole partners in the concern.

It might have been expected that a young man engaged in a thriving business, and with the prospect of making a large fortune very clearly before him, would have found enough in that to absorb all his attention, but after being in business twelve years Mr. Simpson entered upon a severe course of study. In the year 1838 he was converted, and was filled with the desire to engage in Christian work. In order to fit himself the more fully to work in his Lord's service, he entered the Glasgow Congregational Academy, and became a student for several sessions in Glasgow University. He studied hard for the ministry, *while, at the same time, he continued to conduct his business*. The brilliant Morell Mackenzie, acted as professor in the theological hall during a part of his course; and Mr. Simpson used to tell how difficult it was for him to get up so as to be at Mr. Mackenzie's house in Woodside Place, where a Hebrew class was taught at seven o'clock in the morning, and be back in town for the opening of his store. It must have been very difficult for him to run from hall to business, from business to college, from college back to business, and then to hall in the afternoon again, closing with business in the evening. He used to say with characteristic humor that Morell Mackenzie's Hebrew roots had taken out the roots of his hair and

Made Him Bald for Life.

He found frequent opportunity for preaching the Gospel, and as a result of his evangelistic labors in Bridgeton (a thickly-populated part of Glasgow), from 1838 to 1840, a Congregational Church was formed, and a place of worship was erected for that body. The church, under the pastorate of the Rev. Robert Hood, is still in the enjoyment of much prosperity. During the following forty years, Mr. Simpson was instrumental in raising some eight or ten churches in different parts of Scotland, and his labors in various directions were greatly blest.

In the year 1832 Mr. Simpson first threw himself with characteristic heartiness, into the temperance movement, and about 1870 he joined the Good Templars' Order on its introduction into Scotland. His reason for the latter step was twofold: First, he thought that the Church of Christ was paying far too little attention to the unfortunate class of men and women who were daily drifting into habits of helpless intemperance; and, second, he thought he could best reach them, and rouse public opinion on the subject, through Good Templarism.

From that time Mr. Simpson was an unsparing foe of the licensed victuallers' "trade." With unceasing energy he lifted up his voice against "the liquor," and never drew back the hand held out to the rescue of the liquor's victims. In saddest truth there was a wide field for his labors in Glasgow. He gave efficient

Aid to Mr. Moody

when the great evangelist visited Glasgow four years ago, and when the Mizpah choir and Mizpah band were formed one of his most trusted lieutenants and constant helpers in the work was Mr. Robert Simpson. To this task Mr. Simpson brought a ripened, albeit a melancholy experience acquired by labor among the outcasts of Glasgow, for whose benefit he arranged services in a tent in the summer, and a hired hall in the winter. He frequently conducted the meetings himself, and always was present conversing with the people, and trying to win them to total abstinence. Many a Glasgow family is now rejoicing in a peaceful happy home, who years ago was in poverty and wretchedness, and the change has been due to God's blessing on the efforts of Mr. Simpson to rescue the drunken father from his slavery to the glass. One case of the kind may serve as a specimen of a large number. At a public meeting in Glasgow not long ago, a prosperous, cheerful man rose and told how he had been

Rescued from Suicide,

through meeting with Mr. Simpson, at the Morrison Street Hall. He declared that for days he had gone about with *a razor in his pocket*, intending to destroy himself, but lacked the courage to take his life by that means. He then went to the railway station, bent upon throwing himself beneath one of the passing trains. Here, again, however, his resolution failed him. His wretched plight, however, was such that he induced a liquor-seller to lend him a sum of money to carry him home. But the passion for drink was still raging within him, and except the bare railway fare to Glasgow, he spent all the money he had received upon whiskey. He found himself in the streets of that city perfectly penniless. Thoughtlessly and aimlessly he wandered into the James Morrison Street Hall. There service was going on, his attention was aroused by something he heard; he remained to the after-meeting, was kindly spoken with and assisted, and, finally, being led to put his trust in One who is a sure refuge in time of need, he was saved from the grave of the suicide.

Time would fail to tell a tithe of all Mr. Simpson did in the service of the Master. He labored joyfully, and seemed to find refreshment and never fatigue in his work. After a day's occupation, when other men go home to rest, Mr. Simpson would go to a meeting of the poor, and there find his recuperation in laboring to win souls for Christ.

He died in harness. Though nearly eighty years old, he had returned less than three weeks before his death from Avoch, Inverness-shire, where he had preached daily for weeks with all the force and fervor of his youth. He came back, "bringing his sheaves with him." He gave an account of his work there in Dr. Ferguson's church exactly two weeks before the day of his funeral. Little did the people think that they would see his face no more.

"Let me tell," says Dr. Fergus Ferguson, "how he spent

His Last Working Sabbath

on earth. In the morning he addressed the Partick Free Breakfast, over which one of his sons presides. Next he came up to town to address the forenoon meeting at James Morrison Street Hall. Mr. Maughan was in the chair, and Mr. Simpson followed up his ten minutes' address on 'The Prodigal Son,' with a powerful discourse for another half hour on the same subject. The he retired to converse with two young women, anxious inquirers, and whom he was the means of bringing into the peace of the Gospel. Then he crossed the river and preached in the afternoon in Rutherglen Road Congregational Church, at four o'clock he dined at the house of Mr. Grant, of Overnewton Congregational Church, and preached for him in the evening. Thus our veteran merchant-minister preached four times that day at the age of seventy-nine, and was the means, besides, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, of bringing two seeking souls to the knowledge of the truth."

On the Friday before his death, in the evening, he delivered an address at a Mizpah meeting, in the town of Renfrew, walking through the town with the procession. At the close of the service, and while waiting at ten o'clock for the Glasgow train, he was found conversing with two peddlers about their souls' salvation, and actually *knelt down with them in prayer in the waiting-room*. That may be called the last direct work for God he was engaged in. It makes a fine close to more than half a century of service for his divine and beloved Master—Robert Simpson on his knees with two peddlers in the waiting-room of Renfrew Railway Station, when he had only a day and a half to live!

On Saturday afternoon, April 2d, he attended what is called the practice of the Mizpah choir, and took tea in the evening with his son-in-law, Mr. Hunter Craig. About eight o'clock he rose up, and, buttoning his coat, said, "I must be off now, as I will need a good sleep to-night. I have to preach to-morrow in the forenoon in Govanhill Congregational Church, and in the afternoon in my own church at Govan." These engagements he did not fulfil. "The Master came and called for him." Early on the Sunday morning he summoned his family, and complained of sickness. Neither he nor they felt any alarm, and he rallied a little, but a few hours later he quietly and peacefully passed away.

MR. WILLIAM QUARRIER,

The George Muller of Scotland.

A Poor Boy's Resolution—Learns Shoemaking—Conversion—Prosperity—Orphan Home Projected—Founds a Shoeblack Brigade—The Orphan Home—How the Work has Grown.

FORTY-NINE years ago a boy of eight years old stood, barefooted, bareheaded, and numb with cold, in the streets of Glasgow. He had tasted no food for a day and a half. His eager, imploring eyes looked in vain to each passer-by for help. He wondered in a boyish fashion why nobody pitied him, and thought if he could give a copper to the starving how differently he would act. That thought was ever after associated with the recollection of that day, and it grew in the mind of the boy with his years, until it took the form of a resolution that, when he got to be a big man, and earned enough money, he would comfort and care for the waifs of the street. That boy was William Quarrier, who is now known as "the George Müller of Scotland."

The boy's mother was a widow, and very poor so he was sent at an early age to earn his own living. At ten he was

Apprenticed to the Shoemaking

trade, to which he applied himself with such vigor that at fourteen he was able to help his mother with the income of the house. This early helpfulness, however, promised to be but short lived, for his companions were the boys of the district, rude in speech, and rough in manner, very fond of the low drama, and precociously acquainted with vice. Providentially Mr. Quarrier was brought under Christian influences. A lady persuaded him to go to church, where he was deeply impressed with the Gospel, about which his mother, an unconverted woman, had told him nothing. He went again and again, and finally was converted. The wild boys on the streets reckoned him no longer among their number.

When young Quarrier first knew the Saviour's love, his first effort was to bring his mother to the same knowledge, but she would not listen. He kept on speaking to her, and praying for her for more than seven years. Then she had two strokes of paralysis, and her life was in danger. This made him more importunate at the throne of grace on her behalf, and at last he was heard—his mother gave her heart to Christ. She lived long enough to give unmistakable proofs of the sincerity of her profession, and died in the joy of the Gospel she had long despised.

His Cherished Hope

had not been forgotten during those years, but before beginning to care for the outcast boys he wanted to acquire a fortune and begin on a large scale. He had settled in his mind that,

when he had a hundred thousand dollars, he would commence the work. Though he had begun life at the bottom, the acquisition of that sum did not seem very improbable when he was thirty-four years old ; for, so industrious and enterprising had he been that, in 1864 he was the proprietor of the three largest shoemaking establishments in Glasgow. Still he had not the hundred thousand, his liberal contributions to religious and philanthropic schemes having prevented his gathering the money so quickly as he had hoped. This disappointment was salutary, as it led him more and more out of self, and made him more dependent on God.

One night, in November, 1864, he came across a boy crying bitterly in Jamaica Street. His sympathy was awakened. He listened to the story of distress and relieved the want. That incident lay at the foundation of

The First Shoeblack Brigade

in Scotland. A house was rented in a suitable district, waifs were brought to it, and clothed, fed, and sent out to polish shoes. The movement turned out a success financially and morally. The boys soon became self-supporting, and the brigade, which began with forty, rapidly grew in size. Its members were bound by certain rules which kept them together, and furnished a discipline for their unruly natures.

His success with the shoeblack enterprise led him to doubt whether it was necessary to wait for the possession of so much money as he had thought before beginning

The Orphan Homes

on which he had set his heart. That doubt grew under the influence of the good lady, who has sent so many waifs out of the British streets to Canada, Miss Macpherson, who paid him a visit in 1871. She urged him to begin in faith, and begin at once. Eventually he resolved that if he could obtain five thousand dollars within twelve days from persons willing to help, he would "take it as a sign." He wrote a modest statement of his project to the newspapers, and in less than twelve days he received a guarantee of ten thousand dollars. He hesitated no longer, but he commenced on a smaller scale than he had at first intended. He rented a large room, intended for a workshop, partitioned off a kitchen, and brightened up the bare walls with Scripture texts. A homeless boy, without shoes or comfortable clothing, was brought to the fireside and invited to stay. He was not sure about passing the night there, but the warmth of the fire persuaded him. More came. Once they entered they did not think of leaving. What they all felt was expressed by one little fellow, who, on being asked, why he did not run away, replied,

"'Cause This Place is Guid."

It was good, for food and clothing were furnished, and a tender care was shown toward them which they had never experienced before. During the first year ninety-three waifs were received. Of these thirty-five were sent to Canada, and the others were helped to a respectable livelihood in Scotland—that was fifteen years ago. Since then the work has steadily grown, until to-day, instead of one room, with accommodation for thirty children, there are the Orphan Homes of Scotland, at Bridge-of-Weir, which cost $250,000 ; the City Homes, in James Morrison Street, which cost $60,000 ; and

Seven Hundred Children

are supported there. And there is not a penny of debt on the buildings or connected with the work. The total amount of money received during 1886, was upward of $64,130, of which sum over $5000 was earned by the boys of the Homes. The current expenses per day amount to $150. Scepticism and ridicule have been lived down, and scoffers silenced. Men have been forced to see the hand of God in the, to them, Quixotic scheme of the Glasgow shoemaker. Other movements rose and fell, but this one went steadily on, because it was rooted in obedience to the divine call, and sustained by believing prayer.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Trickster on his Rounds.—A Well-Known Christian worker pertinently remarked : "Some people make use of their religion as a means of furthering their interests in this life, and if they think a profession of religion will procure them pecuniary advantage they at once make a most obtrusive and demonstrative display of their Christianity. It is said that a man on one occasion called on Mr. Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who was very busily engaged at the time. Wishing to have an interview as quickly as possible, he sent word by the messenger to Mr. Spurgeon, that 'a servant of the Lord wished to see him.' 'Tell the gentleman who sent you,' was the response, 'that *I am at present engaged with his Master.*' Mr. Spurgeon concluded what was the nature of the visitor's errand, from the means that were adopted to secure an interview with him, and framed his answer to his demand accordingly."

Wine in Honor of a Great Man.—A Friend of home missionary effort observed : "Women have more to do with the discountenancing of the use of intoxicating liquor in the family than the men have. I heard of a husband and wife in America who had determined that in their house there should be no strong drink, and for a time the rule was strictly adhered to. One day they had a large dinner-party in honor of a distinguished man, and they wished to have as grand a display as possible. And the lady said, 'We're going to have this great man to dinner ; we must not have our dinner spoiled, and so we must have some of the best wine we can procure *just for this once.*' The husband grumbled, and replied, 'It's selling your conscience ; but if *it's only for this once*, I don't much care.' The day of the dinner-party came, the guests arrived, among them the man whom the hosts delighted to honor. The substantial part of the dinner had been discussed, and the wine was put on the table, when the great man for whom all this wine had been got, and for which the highest price had been paid, helped himself to a glass of water. 'Will you not take a glass of champagne?' said the host. 'No, thank you ; I'm a total abstainer,' was his unhesitating answer. This episode, I am happy to say, proved effectual in curing them of any shame they might have had of being total abstainers."

A Visit to Newgate Prison.—Mr. George Clarke observed : "When I was in London not long ago, I went to visit Newgate Prison, and was shown over the place by an official, who explained to me the different classes of criminals who were confined in its various parts. I felt a strange melancholy feeling creeping over me, and I wished to be off ; yet, wishing to see the whole place, I turned to the warder, and asked, 'Is there any other place I have not yet seen?' 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'this way, please.' He led me up a staircase to where there were two or three cells, with iron doors more than usually massive. Entering one, which to me seemed to contain nothing but a little bed, I asked him, 'What place is this?' 'This is a condemned cell, where men sentenced to death pass the short time between their condemnation and their execution.' I was sitting on the bed as he said that, but learning that I was sitting where probably many wretched men had sat listening to the neighboring St. Sepulchre's Church clock, as it tolled out hour after hour, I jumped up ; I could stand it no longer, and hastened from the cell. From there the warder took me to the prison chapel. 'Ah, here,' I thought, 'I can feel a species of joy as I urge upon the poor criminals around, the glorious offer of salvation.' I asked permission to enter the pulpit, and there I stood in fancy addressing a congregation of prisoners. Just then my eye caught sight of a large black chair, immediately beneath the pulpit. Inquiring for whom that was, I was informed that in it sat the men condemned to death upon the Sunday before their execution. Then I thought I should not care to preach to such an audience, in which there was a man so shortly to be ushered into eternity. But then the thought struck me, that all alike are condemned to death who have not accepted salvation from the Lord Jesus ; that there is just as pressing need to come to Christ on the legally free man as on the condemned prisoner. Yes, I can preach to condemned men because I was once condemned myself, but Jesus Christ came as my substitute, and taking my guilt upon Himself, He died in my place, that I might go free."

Saved Through the Wife's Prayers.—Mr. John Gilbert Forbes said : "Not long ago, a young man, a clever mechanic, came to Glasgow. In his native village he had been a sober, industrious, steady young fellow, but, coming into town, he took up with evil companions, and soon became as dissipated as they. A girl, whom he fondly loved, and to whom he was engaged, followed him to town, thinking to find in him an affectionate husband. They were married, and for a few short weeks theirs was a life of uninterrupted happiness. But soon old habits and associations began to renew their demand. He constantly left his wife in the evenings, 'to take a quiet walk,' he said, and generally on Sundays went an excursion down the river Clyde, returning home helplessly intoxicated, to abuse his wife, who, instead of retaliating, meekly bore it all, and often, when during the night she supposed him sleeping, he saw her get upon her knees and pray to God to change her husband's heart. God eventually answered that prayer, and now they live united in Jesus, praising and glorifying Him."

Some Cherished Idols.—Dr. Elder Cumming, speaking at a Christian conference in Glasgow lately, said : "When people stand up in a consecration meeting, and affirm that they give themselves and all that they have to their Lord, it is seldom indeed that they fully realize what they are doing. Sometimes we do meet with a young person who really gives himself up without reservation or repining to the Lord, with the whole-heartedness that He desires, but in the general run of cases there is *a something* that stands between God and us. I have at this moment in my bedroom two pipes, both given me by workingmen from the east end of Glasgow. On one of them is printed, 'This has been my idol for twenty years, but, by the grace of God, I have been enabled to give it up.' The other pipe, though it is not printed on it, is just a similar idol. A lady whom I know had made an idol of a piece of jewelry. Its intrinsic value was not much, but there were associations with it which made it specially precious, and she hugged that idol to her soul, and thought over it, and, in short, let it come between her and the Lord ; but, by the help of God, she has been enabled to relegate that to its right place, and now Christ alone is enthroned in her heart."

A Snowball Through the Window.—A Christian worker remarked : "There were a number of little boys in one of our streets during a time of heavy snow. They were amusing themselves throwing snowballs at each other, and one little fellow, throwing a ball at a companion, missed him, and sent it right through a large window. The other boys cried, 'Run, run!' but the brave boy stood still. The shopkeeper came out of his shop, and rushing up to the group of boys, angrily inquired, 'Who broke my window?' No one answered for a moment or two, then the perpetrator coming tremblingly forward, said, 'I did, sir.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'you broke my window, and dare stand there and tell me. Are you not afraid?' 'I am afraid to tell you I broke your window ; but I am more afraid to tell a lie, sir.' The man looked admiringly at the little fellow, and then asked, 'And what are you going to do about it?' 'Oh, sir,' he answered, 'don't tell my mother, please, and I'll do anything I can for you!' So it was arranged that the boy should every morning during that winter scrape the snow from the shopkeeper's door. Brave little fellow! Had half the Christians of the present day the same moral courage, and were as real as he, what a different world we should have."

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 1, 1887.

"Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver."—Acts 19: 19.

The Bad Books of Ephesus Burned—Plenty of Fuel Here for a Similar Bonfire—The Influence of the Press—What Shall we Read?—The Good and Bad Novel—The Freshet of Impure Literature — What Books to Avoid — False Pictures of Life—Compounds of Good and Evil —A Man's Hand Bitten by a Leopard—Exciting and Corrupting Books—Apologies for Crime—A Midnight Scene—Pernicious Pictures—The Bait Satan Fishes with—A Student Ruined.

Paul had been stirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their

Bad Books,

and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesian literature, and tossing it into the flames. I hear an economist standing by, and saying, "Stop this waste. Here are seven thousand five hundred dollars' worth of books —do you propose to burn them all up? If you don't want to read them yourselves, sell them, and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people, "if these books are not good for us, they are not good for anybody else, and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has turned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and roar!

Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities of this country is

A Great Bonfire

of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze two hundred feet high. Many of the publishing-houses would do well to throw into the blaze their entire stock of goods. Bring forth the insufferable trash, and put it into the fire, and let it be known, in the presence of God, and angels, and men that you are going to rid your homes of the overtopping and underlying curse of profligate literature. The printing-press is

The Mightiest Agency on Earth

for good and for evil. The minister of the Gospel, standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position; but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time, at what far-out cycle of eternity will cease the influence of a Henry J. Raymond, or a Horace Greeley, or a James Gordon Bennett, or a Watson Webb, or an Erastus Brooks, or a Thomas Kinsella? Take the simple statistic that our New York dailies now have a circulation of about eight hundred and fifty thousand per day, and add to it the fact that three of our weekly periodicals have an aggregate circulation of about one million, and then cipher, if you can, how far up, and how far down, and how far out, reach the influences of the American printing-press. Great God,

What is to Be the Issue

of all this? I believe the Lord intends the printing-press to be the chief means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great last battle of the world will not be fought with swords and guns, but with types and presses —a purified and gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down, and crushing out forever that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful. May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive Christian printing-press.

I have to tell you this morning that the greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums, and penitentiaries, and almshouses, and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair!

The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but

This Modern Pest

has already shovelled its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The longest rail-train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the beastliness and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years.

Now, it is amid such circumstances that I put this morning a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together. A newspaper is only a book in a swifter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book-reading will apply to newspaper reading.

What Shall We Read?

Shall our minds be the receptacle of everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mire in impurity, and chase fantastic will-o'-the-wisps across the swamps, when we might walk in the blooming gardens of God? Oh, no! For the sake of our present and everlasting welfare we must make an intelligent and Christian choice. Standing, as we do, chin-deep in fictitious literature, the question that young people are asking is, "Shall we read

Novels?"

I reply, There are novels that are pure, good, Christian, elevating to the heart and ennobling to the life. But I have still further to say that I believe that ninety-nine out of the one hundred novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us with the licenses and the assumed names of poetry. The world can never pay the debt which it owes to such fictitious writers as Hawthorne and McKenzie, and Landon and Hunt, and Arthur and Marion Harland, and others, whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthfully redolent with the breath of the seaweed, and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world, and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles, and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in caricaturing the pretenders to gentility and high blood. Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are a plea for the poor and the anathema of injustice.

Now, I say, books like these, read at right times, and read in right proportion with other books, cannot help but be ennobling and purifying; but, alas, for the loathsome and

Impure Literature

that has come upon this country, in the shape of novels, like a freshet everflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing-houses of the country. They are coming with recommendation of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your centre-table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception-room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in, and say, "What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book; it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book! Everywhere, everywhere, an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of ten thousand immortal souls, and I bid you this morning wake up to the magnitude of the theme.

I shall take all the world's literature—good novels and bad, travels true and false, histories faithful and incorrect, legends beautiful and monstrous, all tracts, all chronicles, all epilogues, all family, city, State, and national libraries—and pile them up in a pyramid of literature, and then I shall bring to bear upon it some grand, glorious, infallible, unmistakable Christian principles. God help me to speak with reference to my last account, and help you to listen.

I charge you, in the first place, to stand aloof from all books that give

False Pictures of Life.

Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depended upon much of the literature of the day, you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and woman for the duties of to-day, who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine, in the tin-shop, by the forge, in the factory, in the counting-room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane, and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store, nor the shop, nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair dishevelled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the daytime, when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing; biting her finger-nails into the quick.

The carpet that was plain before will be plainer after having wandered through a romance all night long in tessellated halls of castles. And your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever, now that you have walked in the romance through parks with plumed princesses, or lounged in the arbor with the polished desperado. Oh, these confirmed novel-readers! They are unfitted for this life, which is a tremendous discipline. They know not how to go through the furnaces of trial through which they must pass, and they are unfitted for a world where everything we gain we achieve by hard and long-continuing work.

Again, abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things, have also

An Admixture of Evil.

You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally exactly the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say, "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lock-jaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder-mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not.

In a menagerie in New York, a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and mangled, and bleeding. Oh, touch not evil, even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under

the clutch of the black leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile always carries a warning rattle.

Again, I charge you to stand off from all those

Books Which Corrupt

the imagination and inflame the passions. I do not refer now to that kind of a book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out, and then, looking both ways to see that there is no policeman around the block, offers the book to your son on his way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law and comes out in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the tocsin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. To-day, under the nostrils of this land, there is a fetid, reeking, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue, and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the Gospel blew the trumpet and rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to this great battle against a depraved literature.

Again, abstain from those books which are

Apologetic of Crime.

It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful bookbindery, and some of the finest rhetoric, have been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is a horrible thing anyhow. It is born in shame, and it dies howling in the darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, but afterward the thunders of God's wrath pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as looking from behind embroidered curtains, or through lattice of royal seraglio, but as writhing in the agonies of a city hospital.

Cursed be the books that try to make impurity decent, and crime attractive, and hypocrisy noble! Cursed be the books that swarm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with villainy! Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them, shall be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused community, then at last by the hail of divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all ye murderers of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be

Chained to the Rock,

and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and to pour hotter coals of fury upon your head, and rejoice eternally in the outcry of your pain, and the howl of your damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses."

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally, the color dashes to the cheek, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake

The Deadly Book

out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes "four," and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form that looks like a detained spectre of the night. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison, and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking, "My brain! my brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

There is one other thing I shall say this morning before I leave you, whether you want to hear it or not. That is, that I consider the

Lascivious Pictorial Literature

of the day as most tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures better than I do. The quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by picture. What the painter does by his brush for a few favorites, the engraver does by his knife for the million. What the author accomplishes by fifty pages, the artist does by a flash. The best part of a painting that costs ten thousand dollars you may buy for ten cents. Fine paintings belong to the aristocracy of art. Engravings belong to the democracy of art. You do well to gather good pictures in your homes.

But what shall I say of

The Prostitution of Art

to purposes of iniquity? These death-warrants of the soul are at every street corner. They smite the vision of the young man with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal discomfiture. There may be enough poison in one bad picture to poison one soul, and that soul may poison ten, and ten fifty, and the fifty hundreds, and the hundreds thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height and depth and ghastliness and horror of the great undoing. The work of death that the wicked author does in a whole book, the bad engraver may do on a half side of a pictorial. Under the guise of pure mirth, the young man buys one of these sheets. He unrolls it before his comrades amid roars of laughter, but long after the paper is gone the result may, perhaps, be seen in the blasted imaginations of those who saw it. The queen of death holds a banquet every night, and these periodicals are the invitation to her guests.

Young man, buy not this

Moral Strychnine

for your soul! Pick not up this nest of coiled adders for your pocket! Patronize no newsstand that keeps them! Have your room bright with good engravings, but for these outrageous pictorials have not one wall, not one bureau, not one pocket. A man is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure, your heart cannot be. At a news-stand one can guess the character of a man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book, he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture.

When Satan Goes A-Fishing

he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only draws his victim in. Beware of lascivious pictorials, young man, in the name of Almighty God I charge you.

Cherish good books and newspapers. Beware of bad ones. The assassin of Lord Russell declared that he was led into crime by reading one vivid romance. The consecrated John Angell James, than whom England never produced a better man, declared in his old days, that he had never yet got over the evil effects of having for fifteen minutes once read a bad book. But I need not go so far off. I could tell you of

A Comrade

who was great-hearted, noble, and generous. He was studying for an honorable profession; but he had an infidel book in his trunk, and he said to me one day, "DeWitt, would you like to read it?" I said, "Yes, I would." I took the book and read it only for a few minutes. I was really startled with what I saw there, and I handed the book back to him, and said, "You had better destroy that book." No, he kept it. He read it. He re-read it. After awhile he gave up religion as a myth. He gave up God as a nonentity. He gave up the Bible as a fable. He gave up the Church of Christ as a useless institution. He gave up good morals as being unnecessarily stringent. I have heard of him but twice in many years. The time before the last I heard of him, he was a confirmed inebriate. The last I heard of him, he was coming out of an insane asylum—in body, mind, and soul an awful wreck. I believe that one infidel book killed him for two worlds.

Go home to-day and look through your library, and then, having looked through your library, look on the stand where you keep your pictorials and newspapers, and apply the Christian principles I have laid down this morning. If there is anything in your home that cannot stand the test, do not give it away, for it might spoil an immortal soul; do not sell it, for the money you get would be the price of blood; but rather kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth, or in your back yard, and then drop the poison in it, and the bonfire in Brooklyn shall be as consuming as that one in Ephesus.

MR. JAMES R. HOSMER.

(*See Portrait on page 284.*)

THE newly-appointed Consul-General to Guatemala, whose portrait is given on page 284, is Mr. James R. Hosmer, a gentleman well known in New York. He had previously had some diplomatic training while attached to the United States Legation in London. Mr. Hosmer is fifty-three years of age, having been born in New York in 1834. In 1855 he was graduated from Columbia College, after which he read law in the office of Charles O'Conor. Previously to 1862, when he entered the Union Army, Mr. Hosmer had practised law in New York, Chicago, and Baltimore. He resigned from the army in December, 1864, and became a writer on the newspaper press. His present appointment is a responsible one. Though he is assigned to Guatemala nominally, his duties as Secretary of Legation and Consul-General relate to the five Republics known as the Central American States. These are Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador. While the aggregate of trade between the United States and these Republics is considerable, it is capable of expansion, which Mr. Hosmer will try to promote.

A CLERGYMAN'S WELCOME SUMMONS.

(*See Illustration on page 284.*)

A LONG summer day was drawing toward its close when Dr. Vernon, coming in from a long round of visits among the poor and sick members of his congregation, seated himself in his armchair to spend an hour with his wife and daughter before retiring to his study.

"You look tired, dear," said his wife.

"Yes, I am very tired, and somewhat depressed, too."

"You have been to see Mr. Thomas, I suppose?" said the wife.

"No, I wish I could, for he is very sick, and I am told that his recovery is improbable. But I have spent much time in prayer for him, for I fear God has given him over to his sins."

As he spoke a knock was heard at the door and Mrs. Thomas was ushered in. Very sadly she said, "Oh, Dr. Vernon, do come and see my husband. He is near his end and he has no hope. He wishes to see you now, though he refused when I asked him before. He says he knows you will not come, but I assured him you would. Here is a letter he has written."

The clergyman rose and went to the window to get a better light on the letter, which was written almost illegibly under the influence of pain and mental anguish.

"I will go back with you," said Dr. Vernon.

"Oh, thank you," said the wife. "My husband feared that after his rudeness you would refuse."

"That is nothing—less than nothing," said the clergyman. "I never felt any resentment on that score. I am glad that he will see me."

It was a difficult task to deal with the man. Well-educated and intelligent, he had drifted into scepticism, yet now he was in great dread of meeting the God whose existence he had denied. Dr. Vernon would not argue with him, but labored to convince him that mercy was what he needed, and that he might have it through Christ. The whole night was spent in prayer and in showing him, step by step, the way of salvation. As day broke the light of God broke upon his darkened soul, and to his great joy Dr. Vernon left him rejoicing in Christ.

FOOD FOR THE DEAD.

AMONG the superstitious rites practised in India, is that of making an annual offering of food to dead relatives. Miss Hamilton, writing to the *Missionary Link*, thus describes it:

On going into one home I saw a mother busily engaged in carrying large brass plates of eatables into a room in the outer court, which had the appearance of a preparation for puja. She did not make any excuse for her being engaged, as is usual, but placed a stool for me in an inner apartment, where I could see what was being done. I was distressed, although I could see she was doing this worship as a mere matter of business. She read her passage of Scripture with apparent pleasure. In the next house I learned that this was the anniversary of her father-in-law's death, and her husband being his only son and heir, was obliged to make him the annual offering of food and other necessaries to which he was accustomed while living. A Brahmin led the service, of course. The woman who informed me of this said it must be done by all who profess Hindooism, as their predecessors have all done it.

In talking of our duty in praying to God in spirit and in truth, she acknowledged the benefits she had received since she had prayed to Christ. She said she did not now use the foul language she used to before hearing of Him, and that "she knew her book better."

A WOULD-BE MURDERER BECOME A PREACHER.

AT the commencement of Pastor Christian Dieterle's work at Hall, in South Germany, much opposition was manifested. One man whose brother was converted was especially bitter. He was the son of a widow and one day the pastor went to the house.

The servant, an earnest friend of the work, warned him not to enter. "John," said she, "is watching for you with a gun at the head of the stairs, and I have been watching for you, too, from the kitchen window."

He turned away, and went to the meeting. The mother and the converted son, Henry, desired him to return with them, saying that John was now ashamed of his conduct. He complied, but had not been long in conversation when the mother suddenly sprang up, and he saw the muzzle of a gun thrust through the door. Henry seized the weapon, dragged John into the room, and, after a fierce struggle, gained possession of the gun, and John could vent his spite only in threats and curses. "John," said the minister, "if you had shot me you would have done me no real harm, for I should have now been in heaven, but you would have been a wretched murderer, and would have had no more peace. Thank God, then, that you failed. Were complaint made against you, you would go to prison, but I shall only pray for you." Said he, "I need none of your prayers." "But you cannot help my praying for you, and when you want to be a new man come to me for advice, and I will pray with you; I shall look for you every day."

Three weeks after, he came, weeping, determined to give himself up to Christ. He is now a faithful local preacher, and his brother Henry is also upon the circuit.

HEATHEN DEVOTEES AT MIDNIGHT.

MR. LAUGHTON thus writes from Si-Ning-Fu: "While I was at Taehersi, I was deeply impressed with the apparent zeal with which the Thibetans serve their false gods. One night I went out for a walk by moonlight, and saw all along the main road, in front of their temples, men and women prostrating themselves, and repeating their prayers. In their left hand they have a string of beads, and in their right a short piece of wood or bone, which they use when they prostrate themselves, to mark where their foreheads reach to; then, rising up, they place their toes at this mark, clasp their hands, kneel, and again prostrate themselves, travelling thus along the road for quite a long way. I spent two days amid crowds of these people, selling Scriptures, and preaching the Gospel. I had a very fair sale, especially of Arabic Scriptures. I was quite struck with the willingness of the Mohammedans to purchase. When we present the Scriptures to them they ask who the writer was, and when they hear the name of Moses they make such a work about it; then, when they open the book and see the Arabic characters, they smile, and, pressing the book to their lips, kiss it. Those who purchase a copy walk away for a short distance, and call to some of their companions to come and see what they have got. The Thibetans, on the other hand, are rather shy; they admire the paper and binding, but are afraid the books are not good. Before returning the book they touch their forehead with it. I returned pleased with my visit, and thanking the Lord for His goodness. I trust, God willing, to pay them another visit on their next festival, which takes place in the beginning of the sixth moon."

A CHRISTIAN IN THE EARTHQUAKE.

A LETTER from San Remo, signed E. A. G. O., describes the sensations produced in the writer by the recent earthquake. The following is an extract from the letter:

I never shall forget the morning of February 23d, when at 6.20 we experienced that fearful earthquake; it made one realize in some little measure what the "day of the Lord" would be; that day which is to be "darkness and not light," in which "sudden destruction" comes. The day before was so sunny and bright, one of those real Italian days, everything around seemed to speak of "peace and safety," so that no one could dream of danger. The night was quiet—there did not seem one sound of warning—when suddenly began this roar, advancing toward us "like the sound of underground artillery," and almost simultaneously we were in it. The whole house rocked hither and thither as in the wildest storm at sea; one could only wait breathlessly to see where one would be hurled in the fury of the elements beneath. It was only about thirty seconds, but it seemed like minutes.

Thanks to the mercy of God we came safely through undamaged and unscathed; but, oh! what suffering those few seconds wrought to this poor land! Numbers were buried under the ruins of their own houses, children left without their parents, parents without their children. Numbers fled and saved their lives, but most were left houseless and homeless. The consternation was dreadful, and each fresh shock seemed to increase the panic, even though they were slight compared to the first. The earth trembled for many a day from the effect of it, and one was made to realize that *terra firma* was not such a very solid foundation beneath our feet, and to cling more to "the things" which "cannot be shaken."

And yet we know that what we experienced is only a faint picture of what is coming. What will it be in that day when God says He "makes to tremble not the earth only, but also the heaven," when in the midst of "peace and safety," "sudden destruction" comes when *none* shall escape, when, through the effects of frightful earthquakes, every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places, and they shall cry to the mountains and rocks to hide them "from the wrath of the Lamb?" As we have tasted a foretaste, may it stir us up with new zeal to warn others to "flee from the wrath to come."

A MOORISH ASSASSIN.

MISS CALEY, the medical missionary, whose temporary headquarters are at Arzila, Morocco, gives the following sketch of one day's work: "On September 14th: Quite early we went to see a young woman who we feared was dying, but had the joy of seeing her greatly relieved by our treatment in answer to prayer; and heartfelt 'Hallelujahs' rose to God. Several came afterward for medicine; among them, one who, a month ago, was a poor, miserable, dirty, sick woman; she came many days to have a bad sore dressed, and to-day we hardly knew her, she looked so clean and tidy; she is now well, and has a much brighter expression. We trust she has learned that there is One in heaven who loves her, and some on earth who care for her. Then a man came to ask us if we would go to a collection of huts a little way out of the town, to see *a poor man who had been stabbed* four nights before in his home, and was in great pain. We started with the man who came to tell us. In about an hour we reached the hut to which we were bound, and found the poor man lying on a piece of matting, groaning, looking very miserable. The stab, made either with a sword or large knife, was in the thigh near the hip-joint. I did all I could for him. The people from the other huts gathered, and soon thirteen were listening while we sang and talked to him of sin and the Saviour. The poor man was much interested, and before we left, the dressing had relieved his pain; the words cheered his heart, and he looked quite happy. When we left we were presented with a chicken and two large melons, and the patient said when he is well he will come and see us, 'En shah Allah' (if God will). On our homeward journey I was told that the man who had been our companion and guide going, was the 'would-be murderer!' He had come for us because he feared the man would die, and then he would have been imprisoned; if the injured man lives, no notice will be taken of his dreadful deed. We thought he was rather a surly man, but spoke and sang to him as we rode along, so he has heard the Gospel message."

A BIBLE IN A MILAN WINDOW.

A CITIZEN of Milan put into his window a Bible printed in large type, so that passers-by might read therein, and every day he turned over a leaf. Thus many read the book, and so continued its study from day to day. But one morning there was some commotion outside, and on inquiring the cause of it, the good man was informed that he *had not turned the leaf!* This little incident indicates a certain condition of the public mind, not in Milan only, but everywhere, and it points to a method whereby that condition might be gratified very largely by a moderate expenditure.

A DAY WITHOUT WORK IN A FACTORY.

A MANUFACTURER speaking at the London Young Men's Christian Association three weeks ago, told how a work of grace commenced among his own employés. He was some months before in great distress and anxiety. It was pointed out to him that God had said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Acting on the suggestion, he and his wife did call upon the Lord, who abundantly answered; and praise and gladness filled their hearts and their home. Just at this time a Swedish evangelist, a man of beautiful Christian character, paid them a visit.

Having greatly enjoyed the conversation of his guest, it occurred to the employer that he would ask the men and women and young people in the factory if they would like to hear his friend give a short address. They replied, "Yes; they had no objection." So he came and told them, somewhat diffidently in his broken English, something of his own spiritual experience. During the day a petition, numerously signed, was presented from the operatives, asking that the Swedish gentleman would address them again the next morning. He gladly responded, and this time, being invited, he spoke with great liberty and power; he pressed home on their acceptance the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour.

At the close of the address, the employer, quite unused to evangelistic work, but being very desirous to secure some immediate result from the deep impression evidently made, asked those who had enjoyed the address, and would like the speaker to come again, to testify their approval by a hearty clap. They all responded. Being thus encouraged, he asked those who would promise not to make it "hot" and dis-

agreeable in the factory for any who desired to begin to live a Christian life, to testify their good-will in the same way. So many heartily responded that he was encouraged to ask that any who would like to accept the Saviour, and begin the new life at once, would testify their desire by coming to the front. He was astonished at the result of his inquiry. Men and women were seen *kneeling down all over the factory*—at the tables and at the machines, crying for mercy and acceptance. A group of four boys, in deep earnestness, were seen kneeling together at one machine. *There was no work that day*, but one continuous pointing of anxious, seeking souls to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Ever since that day it has not seemed out of place to commence the work in that factory with singing and prayer, and weekly meetings established for the workers have been well sustained.

CELESTIAL MUSIC OVER A DWELLING.

[THE following statement has been sent us by Rev. David Street, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Felicity, Clermont County, Ohio :]

On Sunday night, March 27th, Miss Lucy Zink, the daughter of a pious Methodist minister of this place, fell asleep in Jesus. She was about twenty-four years of age, and had been suffering with rheumatism during a period of eight years, which had rendered her physically helpless. She was a member of "The Shut-in Society," which I understand is a company of invalids who maintain correspondence with each other, and pray daily for blessings upon each other.

Miss Zink died about three o'clock in the morning, and messengers were then sent to several of the neighbors, to request their presence and aid in preparing the dead body for its coffin. One of these neighbors is a member of my church, the wife of a prominent physician, and a lady of superior intelligence and education, and a talented musician. The messenger who summoned her did not inform her of the death of Miss Zink, but told her that Mr. Zink's family desired her to come as soon as possible. It was a chilly night, and the wind was blowing strongly. When she opened the door to pass into the street she noticed that the air seemed vibrating with harmonious sounds, which seemed to proceed from the residence of Mr. Zink, a distance of two squares away. Her husband also noticed the singing, which was a surprise to both of them, and they thought the daughter must be living or the family would not be singing. After going a little more than a square, she stopped at the residence of a lawyer, whose daughter had also been summoned, and who was to accompany her to the residence of Mr. Zink. When this young lady came upon the street, her attention was immediately attracted by the singing, and they talked of it as they passed along. These two ladies called at the residence of a third, also an educated lady of intelligent Christian character, and noted for her sound judgment. The attention of this lady and of her mother were attracted immediately to the strange music which floated on the blustering night wind. These four ladies listened to the music, and talked of it until they were within a few feet of the bereaved family's residence, and then they ceased to hear it. Finding that the daughter was dead, they asked with some surprise who had been singing, and were informed that no person had been singing in the dwelling since the early part of the evening.

At the funeral service, Rev. Dr. W. H. Sutherland, the pastor of the Methodist Church, related the foregoing facts. The physician whose wife is mentioned is especially averse to recognizing any supernatural appearance or special providence. When I asked him what he thought of this remarkable singing, he replied promptly, "It was supernatural." The credibility of the witnesses establishes the facts beyond a doubt, and the event has produced a profound impression upon the minds of the people, as the only reasonable belief is, that it was the singing of angels

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PROBABLE END OF MOHAMMEDANISM AT THE END OF THIS CENTURY.

By the Rev. A. B. Simpson, Pastor of the Tabernacle, 45th St. and Madison Ave., New York.

The Little Horn in the East—Islam a Twin System with the Papacy—The Scourge of Corrupt Christianity—To Devastate the Holy Land—Its Destiny—Its Duration—Its Fall Initiated.

[*In January, February, and March monthly numbers of "The Tabernacle Sermons," by Rev. A. B. Simpson*, price 12½ *cents each number, at "Word, Work, and World" office, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York, Ten able sermons are given on Daniel's Prophecies from which we extract the following :*]

WE have seen that the seventh chapter of Daniel describes a little horn (the Papal Antichrist) which was to rise in the West and become the most prominent figure in the last ages of Christendom.

In the very next chapter, however, he describes another little horn which was to rise in the East, out of the subdivisions of the Greek Empire, and become the most prominent figure in the subsequent history of the Jewish people. It is to this we turn our attention at this time.

This vision describes the fall of the Persian before the Macedonian Empire, the breaking asunder of Alexander himself, and the rise of four horns that succeed him. These are the four sections into which Alexander's empire was divided. Out of one of these the little horn was to arise. That one was Syria. Its fulfilment is to be found only in the rise and progress of that widespread and long-continued system of iniquity and Satanic policy which has overspread the eastern world for centuries, just as *Romanism has the West.* We mean *Mohammedanism.*

This Little Horn was to attack Christianity, to magnify itself against the host of heaven, and to cast some of the stars down to the ground, and to cast the truth down to the ground.

This was Terribly Fulfilled

in the first conquests of the Moslems. Their opponents were chiefly the Eastern Christians and the armies of the Greek Empire. Their victims received no quarter except by embracing the Koran, and multitudes of people and pastors perished in the awful tempest. When we remember that Syria, Palestine, Persia, Asia Minor, and North Africa were the very seats of Eastern Christianity, and that it was in a generation almost wholly obliterated from all these regions, and we only find to-day a few scattered Nestorians, Armenians, and Copts, who have almost forgotten the very elements of Apostolic Christianity, we can realize how complete has been the desolation of this Oriental scourge.

It was to be "because of transgression" that God would thus suffer His cause and people to be spoiled and scourged. Oriental Christianity had become as thoroughly corrupt as the Roman Papacy. Image worship filled all the Greek churches, and Mohammed considered himself a real purifier of religion and destroyer of idolatry. And the latter he surely was, although he brought in a more terrible substitute.

It was especially to desolate the Holy Land—take away "the daily sacrifice and tread down the place of the sanctuary," and to set up "the abomination of desolation." The word "sacrifice" does not occur in the Hebrew. It is simply "the daily" or "continual," and it may refer to worship as much as sacrifice. We know that in the year 637 Omar captured Jerusalem and set up the Mosque of Omar on the site of Solomon's Temple. The place of the sanctuary was, indeed, cast down, and the old Bishop went out of the city crying, "The abomination of desolation is set up." Since that time for twelve hundred years the Turk has been the desolator of Jerusalem and Judah. It was to recover the city of Jerusalem from this humiliation that the Crusades were undertaken. But the Turk still treads down the ancient land, and will till the seed of Abraham inherit again.

This power was to "be broken without hand." And so the Moslem power has been breaking now for many years by the Unseen Hand of God, and all the fostering care of Europe cannot much longer keep the Turk alive.

The time that should elapse according to Daniel 8 : 14, from the initial date until the end of its oppression and

The Restoration of Jerusalem

was to be **2,300** years. If this period be measured from the most natural points of departure—viz., the beginning of the Restoration by the Decree of Artaxerxes by Ezra (*a*), 457, or by Nehemiah (*b*), 444 ; or from the close of the Old Testament (*c*), 400, we reach the following dates in order of time, respectively—(*a*), 1844 ; (*b*), 1856 ; (*c*), 1900.

In **1844** Turkey was compelled to pass an Edict of Toleration, revoking the law which prohibited a Turkish subject from embracing Christianity under pain of death. Our next important date is **1856,** and that marked the close of the Crimean War and

The Treaty of Paris,

by which Turkey virtually passed into the hands of the European powers, who have since acted as pall-bearers for the slowly dying corpse. In 1860 a cruel massacre of Christians in the Lebanon compelled the interference of France and England, and the renewal of the Treaty of Toleration, with stringent provisions for its observance, including the appointment of a Christian Governor of Syria. In 1877 a further dissolution of Turkey followed. After a series of atrocious cruelties in Bulgaria, committed by Turkish officials and soldiers, Russia declared war against her ancient enemy, and in a few months left her a shattered wreck, only saved by England's interference from the loss of Constantinople. The Treaty of San Stefano left Turkey despoiled of part of Armenia, all of the Dobroudcha, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Cyprus, with Great Britain as protector of Turkish interests in Syria and Palestine.

In 1882 the Egyptian war struck a final blow to Turkish power in that land, and revealed the imbecility of the Sultan. Every day shows more clearly the speedy approach of Turkis dissolution. The country is so bankrupt that it cannot even pay interest on its enormous debt. And its incorrigible worthlessness and wickedness make it an event to be heartily desired by all good men. The latest dates, according to the figures given

Expire With This Century.

May God grant that with them may expire this infamous and monstrous imposition.

It should be added, that in the closing chapter of Daniel the exact duration of Mohammedanism proper in its oppression of Jerusalem is 1,260 years. There are two dates from which to measure this : 622, the Hegira ; and 637, the Fall of Jerusalem under Omar.

In lunar, calendar and solar years the dates reached by this 1,260 years are 1844, 1860, 1878, 1882, 1897. The first was the Decree of Toleration, the second its Enforcement, the third the Treaty of San Stefano, the next the Egyptian war. The last is still to come, and with it perhaps the final stage of Islam's fall.

Mohammedanism as a system is still intensely alive. From its great university in Cairo 10,000 students are ever going out as evangelists of Islam. It holds 175,000,000 of the human race yet under its thrall, and they are almost inaccessible to the Light. Its followers are rapidly increasing every year. It will not be fully destroyed until Christ's coming. Then the Beast and the False Prophet shall both be cast into the Lake of Fire.

[*While we in common with many expositors hold to the above yearday fulfilment of the* 2,300 *and* 1,260 *days, yet we also hold that they will have a future literal day fulfilment in connection with the literal Infidel Personal Antichrist. The* 2,300 *years began in Nisan* 445 B.C. *and ended in Nisan* 1856 A.D. (*as Mr. Simpson states above*), *but then there are only* 45 *years more from Nisan* 1856 *to the end of the age in Nisan* 1901—*the excess of the* 1,335 *beyond the* 1,290 *years in Daniel* 12 : 11, 12.—EDITORS.]

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and Ten Signs of the Approaching Final Crisis, by Rev. M. Baxter—Dissolution of the Turkish Empire into the Five Ancient Kingdoms of Greece, Egypt, Syria, Thracian Turkey and Bulgaria, which with Britain (separated from Ireland), France, Spain, Italy and Aus tria, will be formed into an Allied Confederacy of Ten Kingdoms—Subsequent Rise of Napoleon as King of Syria—His Seven Years' Covenant with the Jews—Resurrection and Translation of Saints—3½ Years' Great Tribulation and world-wide Persecution of Christians—Descent of Christ at Armageddon—Ensuing Millennium of 1000 Years after the Year 1900. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Letter to Secretary Lamar, published last Thursday, is a document of the highest importance to settlers, corporations, and the general public. It was elicited by the claim of the Northern Pacific Company to a farm occupied by a settler named Guilford Miller. This wealthy and influential corporation received from Congress the grant of a belt of land reaching from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, forty miles wide in States and eighty miles wide in the Territories. It also has an indemnity grant empowering it in the event of its not being able to secure all this land, owing to prior ownership, to select other land within twenty miles of the belt to make up the deficiency. Under this grant the company selected among other lots a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in Washington Territory, which Guilford Miller had occupied as a homestead settler since 1878, and on which he had spent money and labor in improvements. The farm was outside the original grant to the company, but within the indemnity grant. The local land officer recommended that Miller's homestead entry should be cancelled, but Commissioner Sparks declined to do so. The case was then submitted to Attorney-General Garland, whose decision was, as might be expected, in favor of the company. It was at this point that President Cleveland interfered, and in a vigorous letter to the Secretary of the Interior, pointed out the injustice of the company's claim and practice in this and other cases, and directed him to use the power of the department whenever possible to protect settlers from the land-grabbing corporations. He also suggests that if the laws empower corporations to make such claims, those "laws should be repealed or amended." The letter does three very good things: it affords encouragement to settlers, gives wholesome warning to corporations, and administers a delicate reproof to the Attorney-General.

A Colossal Statue of President Garfield has been erected in Washington, D. C. It will be unveiled on May 12th. It stands at the foot of Capitol Hill, and looks down Maryland Avenue. Its height is ten feet six inches, and its weight five thousand pounds. It is supported by a granite pedestal eighteen feet high, which was paid for by the Government, Congress appropriating twenty thousand dollars therefor. Three recumbent, life-size figures representing Garfield respectively as the student, the warrior, and the statesman, are at the base of the pedestal. An inscription on the pedestal states that the statue was erected by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. With a singular lack of tact, the notorious ex-Speaker Keifer has been chosen to make the oration on the opening day. Efforts have been made to spare Garfield's memory this identification with Keifer, but without success.

Another Martyr to Prohibition has Fallen. A despatch from Portsmouth, a town on the Ohio River a hundred miles above Cincinnati, states that a struggle has been going on for some time at the adjacent town of Haverhill, between the law and order people and the liquor-sellers. A family named McCoy has been prominent among the latter, while the leader of the temperance men was an eminent physician, named W. T. Northup, who was Vice-President of the County Medical Society. Dr. Northup has been working hard to carry local option. He had incurred the enmity of the McCoys, one of whom, to the disgrace of the Government, has recently been appointed Postmaster. On Thursday last, Alfred McCoy, the Postmaster, with his brother and his two sons waylaid Dr. Northup as he was going to his office, and opened fire on him. The doctor had no weapon but his pocket-knife, which he used in self-defence. He was shot three times, but still continued the fight until one of the young McCoys placed his gun almost against the doctor's breast, and fired both barrels, killing him instantly. Dr. Northup was only thirty-five years old, and was engaged to be married. His brutal murder has intensely excited the community, and has stimulated public feeling against the saloon-keepers as a dangerous and lawless class.

An Extension of the Functions of the Civil Service Commissioners is being advocated. It is proposed to give them power over promotions as well as appointments. Then if the proposal is adopted, would follow examinations conducted with a view to ascertaining the familiarity of the candidates with the business of the offices in which they have been employed. These examinations are expected to show whether the clerks are taking an interest in the business, or are doing their work in a merely perfunctory and mechanical fashion.

The Failure to Carry a Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution in Michigan, has led to the introduction of a bill to restrict the liquor traffic and abolish some of its most deplorable results. The bill, which is known as the "Bates Liquor bill," requires every person to pay a tax of $500 for manufacturing, selling, or keeping for sale spirituous and malt liquors, with a bond of from $3000 to $6000. The husband, wife, parent, child, guardian, or employer may forbid the sale of liquor, and may recover actual and exemplary damages for injuries inflicted upon persons to whom sales had been forbidden. Ten dollars are to be paid to the person making the complaint on conviction of the accused. Half the tax goes to the county, and half to the city or township. A fine of $100 is provided for any official, or prosecuting attorney, or other officer refusing to take complaints. No billiard, card, or pool-table is to be kept in the same room with a bar or in adjoining room. No bar is allowed in any place of amusement. Bars are to be on the first floor of a building, in a front room, and no screens will be permitted.

Intelligence of a Momentous Proposal Which is said to have been presented by Russia to Turkey, was cabled to the New York *Times*, by its European correspondent last week. He states that Russia has reminded Turkey that the war indemnity has not yet been paid by the Sultan, and suggests that, as the Constantinople treasury is empty and no prospect is discernible of the money ever being paid, Russia is willing to accept territory in lieu of money. The location also was intimated. A certain district in Asia Minor in the neighborhood of Batoum would be acceptable to the Czar. How the Sultan may decide is doubtful, though if left to himself he would probably accept the offer. But England's consent would be necessary, because she is pledged to maintain the integrity of the Sultan's Asiatic territories. Possibly it would suit England better to lend the Sultan the money to pay off the Czar's claim rather than have Russia secure more land in Asia.

Mr. H. M. Stanley's Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pacha is making good progress, and Mr. Stanley hopes that by June he will be able to render effectual assistance to him. Mr. Stanley's letter is from Matadi on the Congo River, at which place the expedition arrived on March 22d. It had come there from Boma, the capital of the Congo Free State, where it received a cordial reception. From Matadi the route is to Leopoldville by land, the river route being impracticable by reason of the Livingstone Falls. This will occupy eighteen days. Mr. Stanley is reserving his strength for the final march from Stanley Pool, which he means to make a swift one, in the hope of surprising the forces surrounding Emin. Four steamers belonging to the Congo Free State and two missionary steamers await the arrival of the expedition at Leopoldville. The alliance with Tippoo Tib will, Mr. Stanley believes, suffice to insure the safety of the expedition when it gets beyond the limits of the Congo Free State. The progress of the expedition is being watched with deep interest by the whole civilized world, and many prayers are being offered that Emin may be saved from the fate of his friend General Gordon, who fell only a few days before the arrival of the expedition sent for his rescue.

The Release of M. Schnaebeles, the French Commissary, whose arrest by the Germans caused Europe a week of anxiety, took place on Friday last. The negotiations were conducted on the French side with consummate tact, and an evident desire to avoid war. Dignified representations were made to the German Government, and proofs given that the arrest was a violation of the treaty between the two nations. Bismarck, finding that a mistake had been made, and that public opinion in Europe, and especially in England, was against him, consented to release the arrested man. He refused, however, to admit that a trap had been set for Schnaebeles, or that there had been any infringement of the law regarding the frontier, notwithstanding that the investigation of the Procureur Général of Nancy proved the contrary. He said that the German Commissary, whose invitation led to the arrest, had no intention, when he wrote to Schnaebeles about the repairing of the frontier post, to decoy him across the frontier for the purpose of arresting him, and that the fact that he was arrested as he was crossing the frontier was due solely to a coincidence. The incident shows that, in spite of outward courtesy between the two Governments, there is a deep suspicion and hostility under the surface. The Germans insist that Schnaebeles was stirring up disloyalty and was acting as a spy, while the French contend that the arrest proved German disregard of treaties and an arrogance almost intolerable.

The German Reichstag has Been Asked by the Government to vote a supplementary credit of forty-two million dollars for military purposes. When pressed to explain the necessity for so large a sum in addition to the usual credit, the Minister of War said that it was rendered inevitable by the new military law. The amount, he said, was not too much. The Government was in every way prepared to prove that the credit was indispensable. These vague and general assurances not being satisfactory, and details being demanded, it was decided to refer the credit to a committee, as it was partly connected with matters which could not be discussed in public. Such incidents explain how it is that the pacific assurances of kings and statesmen are not credited.

The Trial of the Nihilists Charged With complicity in the plot to kill the Czar, on April 10th, commenced on Thursday last. Nine men and three women were arraigned. The most painful detail is the extreme youth of the accused. One of the young girls, Raisa Schmidova, is remarkably beautiful and excites great sympathy. The judges are the political law senators. The trial is conducted with closed doors. Even the relatives of the accused persons are excluded from the court. The indictment, which has been drawn up by the Attorney-General, is a voluminous document of twenty-three folios. It is stated that the accused have confessed their guilt. It is said that the Czar would have been killed without a doubt on the day named, if he had taken his usual carriage-drive. The plot leaked out through information given by the landlady of the house where some of the students boarded.

The Rev. M. Baxter Held Meetings Last Sunday at Norfolk, Va., and Portsmouth. He had large audiences at both places, and an intelligent interest was manifested in his lectures. A descriptive sketch of some of his movements will be found on page 284 of this number.

The New Mission in "the Devil's Kitchen," as the district at Tenth Avenue near Thirty-second Street, New York, is called, will soon be an accomplished fact. On Saturday afternoon last a most interesting spectacle was witnessed there. In an excavation surrounded by high tenement houses a number of Christian people were gathered, a small organ set on a mound of dirt gave forth sacred music, and several hymns were sung. Prayer was offered, and then Rev. A. B. Simpson, the pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, laid the foundation-stone of the new Berachah Mission. Dr. Wilson, of St. George's Church, Dr. John Cookman, Rev. Stephen Merritt, and several other ministers gave congratulatory addresses. From every window of the tenement houses around, and from the fire-escapes, faces looked down on the scene with strange interest, and on all those faces were signs, if not that the locality is appropriately named, at least that it is a locality sorely in need of just that kind of Gospel work which the mission is to introduce, and which it has carried on for a year and a half in its old quarters. The captain, officers, and crew of the steamship Otranto of the Wilson Line, and sailors from other ships, were among the spectators, and many of them were living witnesses of the blessing of God on the Berachah Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Naylor expect to spend thirty thousand dollars in the erection of the building, which will be in every way suited to its purpose, and will include a free day school in addition to its distinctively religious operations. The sailors who have been blessed at the mission in the old quarters have insisted on contributing a testimony of their gratitude in the shape of a stained glass window to be placed at the back of the platform.

The New York Medical Missionary Society is extending its work, and has been reorganized on a more efficient basis to meet the new opportunities and better facilities at its disposal. *The gift of a thousand dollars* from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and of *five hundred* from Mr. George Vanderbilt, has auspiciously opened the list for the twelve thousand dollars needed for the year's work. The society will in future be known as the International Medical Missionary Society. While enlarging the scope of its operations the new society will have the same object in view as the old one—that of training and sending out medical missionaries to foreign lands on an unsectarian and self-supporting basis. Dr. Dowkontt retains his office as *medical superintendent*, at the head of the movement which he originated. *The treasurer is Mr. B. C. Wetmore, of 7 Nassau Street, New York, to whom subscriptions in aid of this most deserving work may be sent.*

The Desperate Leap of a Heroic Railroad conductor cost him his life on April 28th. He had charge of a freight train on the Boston & Albany road, which, while climbing a steep grade between Spencer and Brookfield, Mass., broke apart in two sections owing to the failure of one of the couplings. The rear cars instantly sped down-hill at a terrific rate toward Brookfield. The conductor saw them and trembled, for he knew that unless their course was checked they might dash into an east-bound passenger train then due. He signalled to his engineer to reverse and go back at full speed after the runaway cars. The chase was begun, but the speed soon became so great that there was danger of collision between the two sections. The conductor, therefore, told the engineer to run near enough to the runaways, to permit him to jump on board, and then slow up while he set the brakes on the runaway section. The conductor then went to the rear car and stood ready to jump as soon as it appeared safe. He miscalculated, however, for, though he leaped with all his might, he fell short, and, dropping on the track, was ground to pieces. Providentially the baggage-master at Brookfield saw the approaching cars and turned them into a siding in time to save the passenger train. The despatch narrating the incident does not say if the heroic conductor was a Christian man, but it may be hoped that a man capable of risking his life to save that of others had given his heart to Him who, seeing a whole world going to destruction, went to it and died to save it (Rom. 5 : 7, 8).

Four Gold Bricks Worth Forty-Five Thousand dollars was the description given of a package which a wealthy gentleman took to the Assay Office, in New York, on April 19th. He desired to have the bricks refined and made into standard bars. The Receiver who attends personally to all such deposits, lifted one of the bricks, and as soon as he touched it, remarked that he didn't believe it would pan out quite so well as the depositor expected. Oh, yes, it would, that gentleman insisted, and went his way confidently, after explaining that he was an old Californian himself and could not be fooled. He learned better the next day. The Receiver sent him word that the four bricks all together were worth about twenty dollars. They were merely bricks of copper lightly washed in gold. He was therefore proved to be neither so rich nor so shrewd as he had supposed. This is not the first time that men have learned those two facts at the Assay Office, for the gold-brick swindle has made many dupes. A similar discovery awaits many self-righteous persons who think that their spiritual position is an exalted one, and have perfect confidence in their own judgment in spiritual things (1 Cor. 3 : 13–15).

The Loss of a Fortune of Thirty Thousand dollars is likely to occur through a clergyman's forgetfulness. Two weeks ago a widow lady residing in New York was notified that her deceased husband's father, who lived at Bath, England, was dead, and had left his property to his son or his heirs. The widow immediately presented her claim on behalf of herself and her daughter who is twelve years old. The English lawyers, however, required legal proof of the marriage, but when the widow produced a transcript from the books of the church where she was married in 1868, they declined to accept it as legal proof, and demanded a certificate from the Bureau of Vital Statistics. When the widow went there for it, it was found that, although the clergyman had duly recorded the marriage in the church books, he had omitted to register it at the Bureau. As the lawyers will not pay the money until they are furnished with the certificate from the Health authorities, it seems probable that the widow will fail to get her fortune, unless she can induce the Bureau to register the marriage on the testimony of the church books. It was doubtless a surprise to her to find that the church record was not sufficient to substantiate her claim to the inheritance, and there is reason to fear that in a far more important matter a similar mistake is being made by many persons. The title to the heavenly inheritance is not valid, if there is no record of union with Christ, except the record of membership in a Christian church (Matt. 7 : 22, 23).

A Withering Denunciation of American Institutions, particularly prisons, was uttered by Johann Most, the Anarchist, at Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday, where he was invited to speak by the International Working People's Association. "Liberty is a lie," he screamed, in German. "The American prisons are the worst in God's world—worse than the pen of the filthiest hog! But nothing can kill me. I am only made more bitter. It is time for the bullet, not the ballot." Some one in the audience cried out, "And bombs! and bombs!" "Yes, bombs! bombs are far better!" screamed Johann. "The Church," he said, "was run by the rich to exclude the masses and keep them in ignorance." "The Church kills the spirit of man," he said, "and the State kills his body. I agree with the Anarchists of Chicago. I agree with everything they did. I would and will do the same. I am proud of them." He concluded by giving murderous advice as to the measures to be taken preparatory to the great crash of anarchy to come soon. The applause with which these utterances were greeted showed that Most is not alone in his villainous ideas. Students of prophecy will remember that among the signs by which we are told that we may recognize the last days is that such men as Most will appear (II Timothy 3 : 3).

An Interruption at a Wedding Caused Some amusement in a church in Georgia, recently. The Griffin *News* states that a few days ago a clergyman was reading the marriage service in that city, the bride and bridegroom being colored, when the latter interrupted him as he read the obligatory clauses defining the wife's duty. When the words "love, honor, and obey" were reached, the groom stopped the preacher and said, "Read that again, sah; read it wunce mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solmnity ob de meanin'; I'se ben married befo'." Apparently his experience had not been a happy one, and, in making another experiment, he was anxious that there should be no uncertainty in his wife's mind about the nature of her duty. Unhappily, this tendency to withhold love, honor, and obedience is not only manifested by some wives, but it is too often seen in the Church, the bride of Christ, where there is no excuse (Eph. 5 : 22–24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

THE Rev. George F. Pentecost has commenced a series of special services in Montpelier, Vt.

Messrs. Whittle and McGranahan have been holding meetings in Bradford, Pa., and the blessing of the Lord has evidently been added to the preaching of His Word. Many have been led to Christ.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been invited to visit Toronto under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. A movement is in progress to secure union efforts. This has been successful in other cities visited by Dr. Munhall.

A committee of Baltimore clergymen have sent a document to President Cleveland urging him to consider the propriety of a change in the army regulations that will secure to the United States soldiers the privilege of a better observance of Sunday, and protect them against excessive duties on that day.

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding meetings at Yonkers, N. Y., in the Temperance Hall on week-days and in the Rev. C. E. Allison's church on Sunday. Though the meetings were intended for children, many adults found their way with the young to the inquiry-room and made a profession of faith.

The havoc wrought by the cyclone at St. Clairsville, Belmont County, O., has resulted in the most appalling distress. A large number of families have lost everything they possess, and are actually dependent on charity for food and shelter. This is being freely rendered, but outside help is needed to do all that is needed in the town. Any contributions to the relief fund will be gratefully received by the treasurer, Samuel D. Riley, Esq., St. Clairsville, Ohio.

A tablet to the memory of Jerry McAuley was unveiled in the old mission in Water Street, New York, on April 17th, by the present superintendent, Mr. S. H. Hadley, who was converted from a life of hopeless drunkenness five years ago at Jerry's Mission. The tablet is of pure white marble, set in the southern wall, and has the following inscription: "In loving memory of Jerry McAuley, the founder of this mission." "He rests from his labors, and his works follow him." "Where I am there also shall My servant be."

The Chicago Evangelization Society, of which Mr. D. L. Moody is president, will hold an Institute for Christian students and workers, men and women, in Chicago, commencing on May 10th. There will be lectures to young converts on practical subjects and a four-weeks' carefully arranged plan of Bible teaching and study. This part of the Institute will be under the leadership of Professor W. G. Moorehead, of Xenia, O. Applications for admission may be sent to Mr. D. L. Moody, 150 Madison Street, Chicago, or to Miss E. Dryer, secretary.

A Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference, at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers; Seventy-five cents bound in cloth.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. **FIVE PRIZES** will be given on June 30th to the canvassers who have sold the largest number of copies each week between May 1st and that date. The two at the head of the list will receive *ten dollars* each and the next three *five dollars* each.

A GARDEN, A SISTER, AND A WIFE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."—Song of Solomon 4 : 12.

What the Church is—I. Nearness of Kin to Christ—Sister and Wife—Relationships of Birth and Choice—No Divorce Possible—II. The Security Involved—A Legend of Solomon's Court—Care Necessary for a Garden—Weeding and Pruning—III. Separation Implied—Not Seclusion—Not Singularity of Dress or Manner—IV. Reservation Declared—What the Church Exists For—Trespassers Warned Off—The Captive King Richard Cheered by his Friend.

We understand this sacred love-song to be a Canticle of Communion between the Lord Jesus Christ and His Church. He is the Bridegroom, and she the bride. Solomon furnishes the figure, as some think, and his Solyma is with him; but the type is dimly seen, it is the antitype which shines forth as the sun to the view of all spiritual minds.

At the very outset of the discourse it is needful, for the sake of the less instructed, to say

What the Church Is.

A church is a congregation of faithful men—that is to say, of men who are believers in the Lord Jesus, men in whom the Holy Spirit has created faith in Christ, and the new nature of which faith is the sure index. The one Church of Jesus Christ is made up of all believers throughout all time. Just as any one church is made up of faithful men, so is the one Church of Christ made up of all faithful churches in all lands, and of all faithful men in all ages.

The love of the Lord Jesus is to His Church as a body, and it is the same to each believer as a member of that body. That which is true of the whole number is true of the units which make it up. He who invites a company to a feast virtually invites each person of the company. Jesus loves each one of His people with that same love wherewith He loves the whole of His people; insomuch that if you, my brethren, are Christ's beloved, and if you were the only persons that were ever born into the world, and all His love were yours, He would not then love you one atom more than He loves you now. The love of Jesus is dispersed, but not divided.

I. The Nearness of Kin

of the Church to Christ, and Christ to the Church. He calls her in the text, "My sister, my spouse." As if He could not express His near and dear relationship to her by any one term, He employs the two. "My sister"—that is, one by birth, partaker of the same nature. "My spouse"—that is, one in love, joined by sacred ties of affection that never can be snapped. "My sister" by birth, "My spouse" by choice. "My sister" in communion, "My spouse" in absolute union with Myself. I want you who love the Saviour to get a full hold of this thought of near and dear kinship. Oh, how near akin Christ is to all His people!

But first, do try to realize the person of Christ. I am not going to speak to you at this time of a doctrine, or a mere historical fact that has vanished into the dim past. No, we speak of a real Person. Jesus Christ *is*. As Man and as God in the perfection of His nature He still exists. Then let this further truth be equally well realized, that He has so taken upon Himself our human nature that He may correctly call His Church His sister. He has become so truly man in His incarnation, that He is not ashamed to call us brethren. He calls us so because we are so. No; He is not a deified man any more than He is a humanized God. He is perfectly God, but He is also perfectly man; and man such as we are, touched with the feeling, not only of our attainments, but of our infirmities; not only trusting in all points as we do, but tempted in all points like as we are, though without sin. He was, when He was here, evidently man and eminently man; and He now so remembers all that He passed through while here below that He remains in perfect sympathy with us at this very moment. Change of place has made no change of heart in Him. He in His glory is the same Jesus as in His humiliation.

We may not think of Him as one among a vast number who may be distantly akin to us, as all men are akin to one another by descent; but the Lord comes near to each individual. He takes each one of His believing people by the hand, and says, "My brother." In our text He salutes the whole Church as

"My Sister."

He says this with tender emphasis. He is your brother. "The man is next of kin unto us." You may have the joy of saying, "I know that my near Kinsman liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Happy man who, without presumption, can feel the ties of kinship with the Son of Man, and can sing with the poet of the sanctuary—

> "Jesus, our Kinsman and our God
> Array'd in majesty and blood,
> Thou art our life; our souls in thee
> Possess a full felicity."

As we have already observed, the first term, "sister," implies kinship of nature; but the second term, "my spouse," indicates

Another Kinship,

dearer, and, in some respects, nearer; a kinship undertaken of choice, but, once undertaken, irrevocable and everlasting. This kinship amounts to unity, insomuch that the spouse loses her name, loses her identity, and, to a high degree, is merged in the greater personality to which she is united. Such is our union to Christ, if, indeed, we be His, that nothing can so well set it forth as marriage union. We may henceforth forego our name, for "this is the name wherewith *she* shall be called, The Lord our righteousness." Wonderful that the very name which belongs to our Lord Jesus, and one of the most majestic of His names, should yet be used as the name of His Church. We feel no dreadful lordship now. Though He is Master and Lord, yet it is such a loving lordship which He exercises toward us that we rejoice in it.

I do not know how to preach upon this subject. Who can? One with Jesus! By eternal union, one with Jesus! There can be no divorce between Christ and His Church, for thus it is written, "The Lord, the God of Israel, saith that He hateth putting away." He will have nothing to do with putting away. Having espoused us, He declares the thing done. "I am married unto you, saith the Lord." He has taken our nature, and made us "partakers of the divine nature;" and, after He has done that, who shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord? Neither height, nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever be able to effect a break-up of this most complete, perfect, mystical union between Christ and His people.

II. To a second thought I would call your attention. See in the text

The Security of the People

of God in consequence of being what they are. "A garden enclosed is My sister, My spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." We are not only like a garden, but a garden *enclosed*. If the garden were not enclosed, the wild boar out of the wood would bark the vines, and uproot the flowers; but infinite mercy has made the Church of God an enclosure, into which no invader may dare to come. "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." Is she a spring? Are her secret thoughts and loves and desires like cool streams of water? Then the Bridegroom calls her "a spring shut up." Otherwise, every beast that passed by might foul her waters, and every stranger might quaff her streams. She is a spring shut up, a fountain sealed, like some choice cool spring in Solomon's private garden around the house of the forest of Lebanon—a fountain which He reserved for His own drinking, by placing the royal seal upon it, and locking it up by secret means, known only to himself.

The legend has it that there were fountains which none knew of but Solomon, and he had so shut them up that, with his ring he touched a secret spring, a door opened, and living waters leaped out to fill his jewelled cup. No one knew but Solomon the secret charm by which he set flowing the pent-up stream, of which no lip drank but his own. Now, God's people are as much shut up, and preserved, and kept from danger by the care of Christ, as the springs in Solomon's garden were reserved for himself.

Beloved, this is a cheering thought for all believers, that the Lord has set apart him that is godly for himself. He has taken measures to *preserve* all His chosen from all those who would defile and destroy them. He sets a hedge about them in providence, so that nothing shall by any means harm them. He has shut them up from the enemy, and sealed them up for perpetual preservation. A garden is a dependent thing, requiring perpetual care from the husbandman; and that care the Church of God shall have, for it is written, "He careth for you." Jesus says, "My Father is the husbandman;" and surely that is enough.

In a garden weeds spring up; and, alas! in the Church, and in our hearts,

The Weeds

of sin are plentiful; but there is One who will take care to pluck up evil growths, and cut away all rank shoots, that none of the precious plants may be choked or overgrown. In all ways every single plant, however feeble, shall be tended with all sufficient skill. It is very precious to see how the Lord lays Himself out to preserve His own beloved. We are too dear to Him to let us perish. Yet, oh tender plant, thou art often fearful! Didst thou say the other day that He had left thee? How can this be? Dost thou know at what a price He bought thee? Leave thee! Will the husband forget his beloved spouse, and will the Husband of your soul forget you? Let not the thought tarry with you for a moment, for it is dishonoring to your Lord's love. Do not let anything drive from your mind a sense of your security in Christ. I hear somebody say that this might lead men to carnal security. Far from it; the security of the Spirit is death to the security of the flesh.

I look upon this sense of security in a Christian as being the mainspring of unselfish virtue. A man is drowning, the ship is going down from under him; he is not a likely man to be looking after the interests of those about him. Once let him grasp an oar in the lifeboat, and he is the man to be the saviour of others. I want you to be out of the wreck, and in the lifeboat, that you may be a hearty worker for the salvation of the perishing. When you are assured that you are not only a garden, but a garden enclosed, not only a spring, but a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed against all adversaries—then you will give all your strength to Him who has thus secured you.

III. Thirdly, a striking idea of the text is that of

Separation:

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." A garden is a plot of ground separated from the common waste for a special purpose; such is the Church. The Church is a separate and distinct thing from the world. I suppose there is such a thing as "the Christian world;" but I do not know what it is, or where it can be found. It must be a singular mixture. I know what is meant by a worldly Christian; and I suppose the Christian world must be an aggregate of worldly Christians. But the Church of Christ is not of the world. "Ye are not of the world," says Christ, "even as I am not of the world." Great attempts have been made of late to make the Church receive the world, and wherever it has succeeded it has come to this result, the world has swallowed up the Church. It must be so. The greater is sure to swamp the less. They say, "Do not let us draw any hard and fast lines. A great many good people attend our

services who may not be quite decided, but still their opinion should be consulted, and their vote should be taken upon the choice of a minister, and there should be entertainments and amusements, in which they can assist." The theory seems to be, that it is well to have

A Broad Gangway

from the Church to the world; if this be carried out, the result will be that the nominal Church will use that gangway to go over to the world, but it will not be used in the other direction. If the world will not come up to the Church, let the Church go down to the world; that seems to be the theory. Let the Israelites dwell with the Canaanites, and become one happy family. Such a blending does not appear to have been anticipated by our Lord in the chapter which was read just now; I mean the fifteenth of John. Read verses eighteen and nineteen: "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Did He ever say—"Try to make an alliance with the world, and in all things be conformed to its ways?" Nothing could have been further from our Lord's mind.

Let us, however, take heed that our separateness from the world is of the same kind as our Lord's. We are not to adopt

A Peculiar Dress

or a singular mode of speech, or shut ourselves out from society. He did not so; but He was a man of the people, mixing with them for their good. He was seen at a wedding-feast, aiding the festivities; He even ate bread in a Pharisee's house, among captious enemies. He neither wore phylacteries, nor enlarged the borders of His garments, nor sought a secluded cell, nor exhibited any eccentricity of manner. He dwelt among us, for He was of us. No man was more a man than He; and yet, He was not of the world, neither could you count Him among them. He was neither Pharisee, nor Sadducee, nor Scribe; and at the same time, none could justly confound Him with publicans and sinners. Those who reviled Him for consorting with these last did, by that very reviling, admit that He was a very different person from those with whom He went.

We want all members of the Church of Christ to be, manifestly and obviously, distinct persons, as much as if they were of

A Separate Race,

even when they are seen mingling with the people around them. We are not to cut ourselves off from our neighbors by affectation and contempt. God forbid. Our very avoiding of affectation, our naturalness, simplicity, sincerity, and amiability of character, should constitute a distinction. Through Christians being what they seem to be, they should become remarkable in an age of pretenders. Their care for the welfare of others, their anxiety to do good, their forgiveness of injuries, their gentleness of manner—all these should distinguish them far more than they could be distinguished by a livery, or by any outward signs. See what came to pass when the Church and the world became one in Noah's day; when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair," and were joined with them. Then came the deluge. Another deluge, more desolating even than the former, will come, if ever the Church forgets her high calling, and enters into confederacy with the world.

Come, now, my dear friends, are you of this sort? Are you foreigners in a country not your own? You are no Christians, remember, if you are not so. If there is no difference of life between you and the world, the text does not address *you* as the "sister" and the "spouse" of Christ. Those who are such are enclosed from the world, and shut up for Christ. "I wish I were more so," cries one. So do I, my friend, and may you and I practically prove the sincerity of that desire by a growing separateness from the world!

IV. Lastly, I think the text bears even more forcibly another idea, namely, that of

Reservation.

The Church of God is "a garden enclosed." What for? Why, that nobody may come into that garden, to eat the fruit thereof, but the Lord Himself. It is a "a spring shut up," that no one may drink of the stream but the Lord Jesus. I beg you to consider this for a few minutes, and then practically to remember it all your lives. I am persuaded that if any church desires to be much honored of the Lord in these days, both as to internal happiness and external usefulness, it will find that the nearest way to its desire is to be wholly consecrated to the Lord. The Church is not formed to be a social club, to produce society for itself; not to be a political association, to be a power in politics; nor even to be a religious confederacy, promoting its own opinions: it is a body created of the Lord to answer his own ends and purposes, and it exists for nothing else.

You are a spring shut up, a fountain sealed for Jesus, for Jesus only, and that altogether, and always. Should self come forward, or personal advantage, you are to bid them be gone. They must have no admission here. This garden is strictly private.

Trespassers Beware!

Should the world, the flesh, or the devil leap over the wall, and stoop down to drink of the crystal fountain of your being, you are to chase them away, lest their leprous lips should defile this spring, and prevent the King from drinking thereat again. Our whole being is to be a fountain sealed for Jesus Christ alone. All for Jesus; body for Jesus, mind for Jesus, spirit for Jesus, eyes for Jesus, mouth for Jesus, hands for Jesus, feet for Jesus, all for Jesus. The wall must wholly enclose the garden, for a gap anywhere will admit an intruder everywhere. If one part of our being be left under the dominion of sin, it will show its power everywhere.

I recollect, some years ago, when I was very weary, faint, and heart-sore, I was vexed with the question as to whether all was right between my Lord and my heart. I went into an obscure country meeting-house, where a brother who preached did me a great service. There was not much in the preaching of itself, but it was all about Jesus Christ, and I found myself within a few minutes weeping freely. The Gospel had found out the secret fountains of my being, and set them flowing. The name of Jesus acted on me like a charm. Ay, I thought, my Lord knows how to get at my heart as nobody else does; depend upon it, He must have been there before! Beloved, I am sure that many of you can thus assure yourselves of your interest in Christ. My heart is often like

The Captive King,

who sat pining in a lonely tower, with nothing to relieve his sadness, as he remembered his native land and his vacant palace, and the malice of the enemy who kept him in exile. Nothing aroused him from his dreamy melancholy. Many were the voices within and without the castle, but they were nothing to him. The serenade of troubadours only mocked his misery. But on a day a tender voice thrilled him. He listened to the verse of a song. It was even as life from the dead. None knew the next verse but himself. See what effect that sonnet has had on the monarch! His eyes, how they sparkle! His whole frame, how it is re-animated! He sings in response. With what rapture he pours forth the lay! He is a fine singer, surely! We did not know that the king had such a voice. How charmed he is as a third stanza is sung by the minstrel below! And why? Because it is Blondel, his friend, who has at last found him out, and thus salutes him. They knew, and nobody else in the world knew that song. Even thus, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. My Lord knows what it is that can move me, and my heart melts when he speaks.

Dear friends, if you know that this is so, be happy in His love. See to it that you live wholly to Him, and for Him. As you have a good hope that He is altogether yours, *be* altogether His. Honor Him in your families, and honor Him in the outside world. Serve the Lord wherever you are, whether you are most found in the kitchen, the parlor, the workshop, the street, or the field. Make it your delight that you are reserved unto Him. Acknowledge that the vows of the Lord are upon you. You are His sister and His spouse—give Him love in both forms; find in Him brother and bridegroom. You are His garden enclosed, His spring shut up, His fountain sealed—then yield your all to Him, both of fruit and flow, of work of hand and warmth of heart. Be yours the honor, the bliss, of being altogether your Lord's.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE TEN GENERATIONS.*

IN the life of Fidelia Fiske, the devoted Persian missionary, we have an instance of the covenant blessing descending not only through generations but through centuries.

In the year 1637 when the effort seemed hopeless to establish in England a practical world based on belief in God, two brothers, William, and the Rev. John Fiske, emigrated from the county of Suffolk to America, settling first in Salem, Mass., and subsequently in the adjoining town of Wenham. According to the testimony of Cotton Mather, who places the name of John Fiske in the list of reverend, learned and holy divines, by whose evangelical ministry the churches of New England have been illuminated, they were children of pious and worthy parents, yea of grandparents, and great-grandparents, eminent for zeal in the true religion.

Let this last sentence be noticed. These two Englishmen were the children of ancestors eminent for zeal in the true religion, we shall thus be able to arrive at one of the most encouraging and remarkable instances of the blessing of the Lord in the seed of the godly. It may be presumed that these grandparents of Suffolk lived a hundred years before these two brothers sailed for America. Let parents observe, and let the fidelity of God to His promise be adored—for more than three hundred and thirty years the line of the holy seed has been preserved.

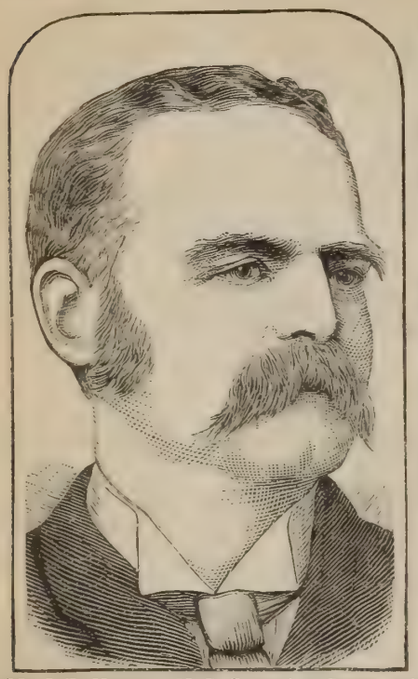
From William Fiske, a man of great intelligence and Christian integrity, descended a second William, who inherited largely his father's abilities and virtues, was deacon of the church, and, like his father, held various offices of public trust and honor, representing his town for six years in the General Court.

Ebenezer Fiske, son of William Jun, was born in 1679, resided at Wenham, was deacon of the church, and died at the age of ninety-two. The son of Ebenezer was born in 1786, and removed to Shelburne. He was a man of inflexible religous principles, and exerted great influence on the growing community. His wife was a woman of energy and eminent piety, and would frequently set apart whole days to pray that her children might be a goodly seed, even to the latest generation. In 1857 *three hundred of the descendants* of this praying mother were members of Christian churches!

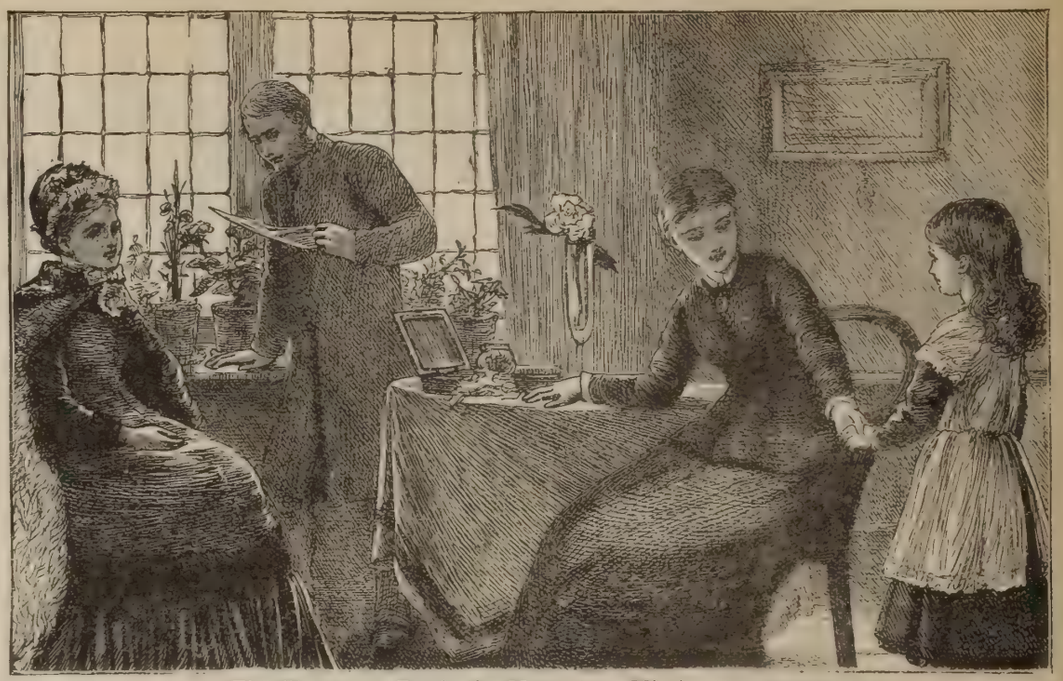
Ebenezer Fiske was the child of these Shelburne settlers. He was a man of noble form, benignant face, saintly character, and he, like his grandfather, lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-two. His son Rufus was a devout and exemplary Christian, sound in doctrine, firm in principle, and of a meek and benevolent spirit. His wife was a woman of great activity and *equability* [the latter a most rare and delightful trait], a native of Taunton, Mass.

What a blessed testimony is this to the faithfulness of God to His people through more than ten generations! How impossible for any human mind to estimate the chain of sanctifying influence which must have extended more and more as time rolled on! Ye praying fathers and

* From "The Children for Christ." By Rev. Andrew Murray. A book full of excellent advice and practical suggestions for parents and children. Pp. 448. Price, $1.25. Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.*, 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



Mr. J. R. Hosmer, U. S. Consul to Guatemala.



The Clergyman Reads the Momentous Missive. (See page 277.)

mothers, let this remarkable genealogy confirm your faith in the promise of God. The emotions of the sainted head of such a house as he beholds his descendants through successive generations coming into heaven, and the numerous converts they have won from Satan and from eternal death can scarcely be conceived much less described.

A PROPHETIC LECTURE TOUR.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, AND RICHMOND.

At the end of February, 1887, I visited Washington, D. C. The Federal capital of the United States, is called "the City of Magnificent Distances," from the fact that, instead of growing up and extending as the needs of commerce and the increase of population required, as other cities have done, it was "made to order" for the capital. When the Government was first established each State was anxious to have the capital city within its borders, and the rivalry was ended by taking a section of land offered by the State of Maryland, and planting on it a city which was to be free from the control of any State. That is called the District of Columbia, and is the only section directly governed by Congress. A magnificent design for the new city was prepared with the object of making it a city worthy to be the capital of so great a nation. Avenues a hundred and fifty feet wide were marked out, all radiating from the Federal buildings like the spokes of a wheel, and each called by the name of a State. These were intersected by streets which crossed each other, those running from North to South being designated by numerals, and those running from East to West by the letters of the alphabet. The avenues and streets thus marked have at last filled up with residents although slowly.

The city contains about 150,000 inhabitants, but when the Senate and House of Representatives are in session the population is larger. It is the great show city of America. There is more of interest for the stranger to visit there than elsewhere. The stately buildings used for public offices, such as the Treasury, the Naval and Interior Departments, and especially the magnificent marble palace called *the Capitol*, in which Congress holds its sittings. This is the most imposing edifice in the whole country, having a dome of the same shape as St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Any one can go into the galleries of the Senate and House during the sessions and there behold the celebrated statesmen, whose names are household words alike in the great cities, and the Western settlements, for in America interest in politics and public affairs is widespread. If people would only take as lively a concern in the interests of their own souls and in Christ's kingdom, it would be well. There are several colossal paintings on the walls of the Capitol representing historical scenes connected with the organization of the Government, and the independence of the nation.

There, also, is to be found *the largest library* in America, and any respectable person may enter its reading-room and have any book brought to him that is in the library. One of the librarians was good enough to have brought down to me all the books that were on the shelves under the head of Daniel and Revelation. They did not number many more than a hundred, but I found a few among them that I had never heard of before. In the British Museum Library, in London, the number of books on Daniel and Revelation I should estimate at about two thousand. Altogether, there are half a million books on various subjects in the Library of Congress.

Other sights visited by tourists are Fairmount Cemetery and *the White House*, the official residence of the President of the United States, who can be seen there and be shaken hands with by any citizen, or by any stranger who is introduced by his ambassador on certain reception days. The cemetery is like the cemeteries of other cities, a place much frequented, and picturesque both with trees and monuments, and strangers are generally taken to visit it. This custom caused some amusement in England in 1863-64, when the Prince of Wales was visiting the United States. It was said that to whatever city he went the first object of interest he was taken to see was the cemetery.

I gave three discourses each day on Sundays, February 27th and March 7th, in the Masonic Temple to some hundreds of hearers, and on a Monday evening in a large church for colored people. There is an excellent mission, called the Central Union Mission, which is doing good work in Washington. It is conducted by some intelligent, zealous, devoted Christians, whose efforts have been blessed. The city is provided with many large and well-attended churches but neither here nor in Baltimore nor Richmond, could I hear of any settled minister or church holding forth the proclamation of the Speedy Second Advent of Christ. How true it is that "while the Bridegroom tarries all the Virgins slumber and sleep." But it is equally certain that *all* these Virgins are to arise when the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh" shall be preached after 1891, when the Ten Kingdoms shall have been formed (Matthew xxv. 5, 7). The conspiracy of silence has indeed been broken for one evening lately by the Rev. Mr. Dinwiddie, a Southern Presbyterian minister, who lectured in Washington. He was an able speaker at the Chicago Prophetic Conference.

Sundays, March 13th and 20th, I was at Baltimore, Maryland, a beautiful city of about 300,000 inhabitants. I occupied a large hall in the centre of the city called the Mammoth Museum Hall, costing fifty dollars each Sunday. Several hundred persons were present in the afternoon, which was the largest audience of the day on each occasion. Although Baltimore is accounted a stronghold of Roman Catholicism, yet there are many earnest evangelical preachers there. On two successive Saturdays, I found in the Baltimore *Sun*, a list of Sunday services in about one hundred different churches, filling two long advertisement columns. There are three daily morning journals published in the city—the *American*, *Sun*, and *Herald*. They are edited with markworthy talent, as is the case with most of the leading daily papers in large American cities, standing in vivid contrast to the papers in small towns. They gave fairly long reports of my lectures. A large tabernacle in Pennsylvania Avenue has now been secured for evangelistic services every evening, to be conducted by the Gospel Union. A leading detective in the Baltimore police force, who was converted some time ago in one of Mr. Moody's meetings, was one of those present at my meetings. All the audiences included a higher class of people than is generally found at such meetings in England, and here as well as in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington the collections for expenses were much better than in the Western cities of Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, etc.

Baltimore is called "the monumental city," and certainly the imposing character of the monuments it contains justify the title. It is well built, with numerous streets of brown stone and brick houses in continuous rows, presenting a marked contrast to the Western cities, which consist largely of streets of detached or semi-detached wooden frame houses. The result of this is that the Western cities are scattered over a much larger space of ground, rendering it less easy for large audiences to come together at any given point.

The Sunday observance laws appear to be strictly enforced in Baltimore, so that not only drinking saloons but barbers' shops, etc., are closed, and the city is very quiet, in pleasant contrast to the Continental Sabbath-breaking in Chicago, and some other cities, where theatres, saloons, and some stores are open on Sundays.

At Richmond, the capital of Virginia, containing 80,000 inhabitants, I occupied on Sundays, March 27th and April 3d, the Richmond Theatre on Broad Street. Some of the audiences numbered about eight hundred persons. The subject of prophecy was much newer to the people here than in Baltimore and Philadelphia, where there has been preaching on the subject from time to time. No one here seems to have made any public utterance of late years on the speedy Second Coming of Christ. The general public does not appear to have so much ready money to give at collections as in some towns in the North, and this is said to be the case generally in the South.

Richmond was the seat of the Confederate Government during the Civil War, and when it was taken by the Federal Army, the Confederacy practically collapsed. The streets are wide and compactly built, and the general aspect of the people and thoroughfares is very like that of an English city. The journey from New York to Richmond is by way of Baltimore, and occupies about ten hours—five from New York to Baltimore, and five from Baltimore to Richmond. There are day and night trains. The railroad and sleeping-cars are very commodious, and the tracks are solid and smooth, very different, indeed, from some of the Western roads, which rock the cars like a cradle. The fare from New York to Richmond and back is about $18.

Rubaga, the Capital of Uganda in Central Africa.

RUBAGA, THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE Central African city of Rubaga, of which a picture appears on this page, is the capital of Uganda, though King Mwanga has left the spacious palace there which King Mtesa built, and has gone to reside at a new palace erected at Mengo, a mile and a half off, where, with his thousand wives the young ruffian of eighteen years holds his orgies. The Church Missionary Society has also removed its station from Rubaga to Natate, a mile and a half in the opposite direction. It was toward Rubaga that Bishop Hannington was journeying when he was seized and murdered, and it was at Rubaga that Mr. H. M. Stanley was royally entertained by the late King Mtesa. The city is now an uninhabited hill, but when Stanley visited it in 1875 it was thickly populated by the aristocracy of Uganda, a race of much higher intelligence and civilization than other denizens of Central Africa. King Mtesa's palace, a huge, handsome building, was in the centre of the city with extensive grounds well fenced in. From this palace radiated avenues one hundred feet wide, and these were crossed by streets narrow and crooked. On the avenues lived the higher classes, each house or hut embowered in gardens of bananas and figs, and neatly fenced. A villa was placed at Stanley's disposal, and there he spent some weeks visiting the king daily, and receiving much kindness at his hands. It was Stanley's report of the king's urbanity and intelligence that led to the Church mission establishing a station there. Recent reports show that King Mwanga is not the ferocious monster we have been led to suppose, but simply a weak, pleasure-loving man, whom bad counsellors sway as they please.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 271.*)

A Potent Ally.

Now there arose a question which neither Jacob nor Ethel could well answer—What were they to do with their prisoner? Jacob scratched his head, as though to draw a suggestion from his brain in that direction; but it did not help him. He was in a quandary. He had come into possession of a white elephant. What to do with him, Jacob did not know.

Should he disarm him and let him go? Should he march him off to the village and haul him up before the alcalde, or whatever other legal functionary was available? Then he suddenly thought of the absent Don Antonio de Diaz, and wondered, as he was such a great man in these regions, what effect his name would have upon his captive.

"What will Don Antonio de Diaz have to say when you are brought before him?" inquired Jacob, drawing his bow at a venture.

A sinister flash, noted well by the questioner and by Ethel, too, lit up the robber's dark eyes with a dangerous light. The color mounted to his olive cheeks, and his fettered hands twitched as though they would seek a weapon at his belt, as he replied in a hoarse whisper, and with an awful exclamation that may not be repeated, "I fear him not. I wish I could get at him and kill him." Ethel, who had heard the answer, and had noted the gleam of rage with which the name of her guide had been received, began to fear for the safety of that gentleman if he fell into the hands of men who could speak of him like this. She requested Jacob to ask him if he was a member of Red Pedro's band. The question was asked, and the reply came instantly:

"I was. Red Pedro had not a more faithful soldier in his troop than I, and he has repaid me with foul wrong. Have I not said that I would kill him?"

"It was De Diaz that you wanted to kill, you murdering villain!" said Jacob. "I believe I should save some lives if I gave you your own quietus. First it was De Diaz, then it was Pedro; how many more do you want to kill?"

"That is only one," said the man, sullenly. "What matters his name? Here it is Pedro, a mile or two away it is De Diaz. It is all one."

Ethel turned deathly pale as she heard this, and realized the danger which threatened her. She was utterly in the power of this desperate fellow, whose fascinating, polished courtesy had decoyed her into his power. Jacob, however, having distrusted the man all along, was not so much overcome by the discovery. Moreover, he quickly perceived that in his captive he had a valuable ally if he acted adroitly.

"Well," he said to his prisoner, "you shall have your life on one condition, and perhaps I can help you to your revenge. You must accompany us part of the way to the village, and must wait while I take this lady to the hotel. Then I will see you again, and tell you what I will do. But first tell me, has this scamp of a Pedro any captives now in his lair?"

"Yes, two," said the man; "an Englishman, a young one, held for ransom, and a rich old Cuban. Oh, let me live; surely you will let me live, and I will serve you in any way! Pray, lady, intercede for me."

"I have told you that you shall live," said Jacob, "but I suppose you can't be expected to trust promises. Now, then, you obey me, and if I see any crookedness, you'll die sure."

There was as Jacob soon saw no need of threats. The desperado walked submissively in attendance, and showed no disposition to escape. In truth, the prospect Jacob held out to him of aid in getting vengeance on Red Pedro was a sufficient inducement to secure his alliance. Besides which, he had a shrewd idea that these English people would pay him well for his services, and he might make more money and incur less risk by aiding them than by highway robbery. He therefore accompanied them willingly toward Montana. When within half a mile of the town he called Jacob's attention to a clump of thick bushes, and, beckoning him to follow, showed him a dark recess.

"Yes," said Jacob, "that will do. Wait there till I return, and you shall hear our terms."

"I will serve you willingly," said the fellow, "and none can serve you so well as I. Give me enough money to carry me away from this place, and help me to start fair, and I will never rob another man, I swear."

"Well, we will see. I should think you are about tired of this life."

Jacob returned to Ethel, and conducted her to the hotel. There they consulted as to the best way of employing the resources thus strangely placed at their disposal.

"That fellow wants nothing more than to kill De Diaz," said Jacob. "All we have to do is to keep him around until De Diaz returns, and then put him on his track. When that treacherous, sneaking Spaniard is dead, we can get Mr. Harold easy. You give our man ten pounds—or twenty, if you want to act handsome—and he will be satisfied. I'd kill him myself for nothing."

Ethel shuddered. "Oh, Jacob," she said,

"you would never kill a man! I cannot believe you would do such a thing. It is dreadful. Think what it must be to have the responsibility of sending a fellow-creature into eternity unprepared. Never let me hear you express such a desire again."

"All right, miss. If you want him to live, I'm agreeable. Myself—I should say there's no more need to worry about killing him than about killing a rat. But you're in command, and I take orders."

"Then this is what we should do, I believe. Tell this man that we do not want murder done. Tell him we are Christians, and there must be no bloodshed in our service. We want Harold, and his fellow-prisoner released. If he can get the two at liberty, we will give him five thousand pounds."

Even Jacob's obedience was staggered by this proposal. "Five thousand, Miss Ethel! it is wicked; it is a waste; it is sinful! No, give him a hundred, if you must, but not a penny more."

The dispute was continued, until at last Ethel agreed to reduce her offer to one thousand pounds, and Jacob could not induce her to go lower than that. Then he set out for the robber's hiding-place, and made him acquainted with the service required of him, and the prize he would win by performing it. As he anticipated the man grasped eagerly at the offer, and would have been content with a much smaller sum. This, however, whetted his zeal, and he was profuse in his thanks. He pledged himself to deliver the two prisoners, and bring them safely to the hotel. Jacob supplied him with a little money in advance, as the man said it would be necessary to bribe the guard, and, untying his wrists set him at liberty with a hearty prayer for his success.

All unconscious of the efforts being made for his deliverance, Harold lay in the robbers' lair growing more despairing every day. He was waiting for his death, and not now hoping, and, in truth, not caring for escape. His physical suffering had latterly been very great, and his guard, the ruffianly Blackbeard, seemed to have either received orders to treat him with gross indignity, or his natural tendencies that way had received a sudden and special development. Harold was pale and haggard, and his whole appearance gave proof and token that he had been, and was still, drinking of a bitter cup, indeed.

The desperate discipline to which he had been subjected had been nevertheless of great service to him. His was a real repentance, and his remorse for his many and shameful misdeeds was very genuine, however it might have been brought about. His long imprisonment and his growing peril had led him to think seriously, and to think righteously, concerning himself and his past conduct. With this had come memories of his godly mother, the mother whom he had so often and so greatly grieved, and his sister Ethel, the sister who he knew was praying for him at that hour. With this had come a desire and a resolve to pray for himself. Many a time and oft, while on his bed of leaves, with the brawny Blackbeard walking to and fro as sentinel outside, he had asked of Heaven the pardon of his sin; had dared at times to ask for liberty and life, but in these wiser moments, with this proviso—"Rather than live as I have lived, let me die."

For some short time past, Harold had had a comrade in distress, one who shared his cave with him, and was of great value to him, not only in relieving the monotony of his solitary imprisonment, but in strengthening and guiding those better feelings and desires which had come to him in these dark days. This was Señor Bonanza, a Cuban of great wealth and high character, who had fallen into the hands of the brigands while on a tour through Spain, and was brought, like Harold, into the Montana forest fastness to be imprisoned until a large ransom should be paid. He was a gentleman who, judging from his snow-white hair—white as his locks were his beard and brows—was considerably over middle age. But it was not so, grief, a double grief, a grief that had taken out of life all that seemed to him to make life worth having had whitened his hair and permanently saddened his soul. He was a man of commanding and yet attractive mien, and his influence over his fellow-prisoner was good, and that continually. He refused to write for his ransom, for said he, "The sea has swallowed up all my real treasures, and as for my life, it is not worth robbing my heirs for. Let them have the money. My life is not worth the ransom. My dear Lord has already ransomed my soul with His precious blood, and that is all that is of value in my being. As for my body, I care not. If these wicked men put an end to its existence, I shall be all the sooner with my loved ones. That will be better for me than life on earth without them." So they waited, these two, expecting every morning the summons to come out and lay down their lives.

One evening, just as twilight was darkening into night, the robber whom Benson had overcome, and had set to the task of effecting the rescue of Harold, drew near to Red Pedro's camp in the forest, where the two were confined. He silently crept toward that portion of the glade known as the "prisoners' cave," by a way known only to the initiated. Safely hidden on the hill-slope behind the foliage of some stout evergreens, he could see the miserable Harold pacing to and fro along the ground in front of the cavern in which he spent the greater part of his time. Just within the cave he saw another individual. This he had no doubt was the Cuban, though the place was too dark to recognize him. Blackbeard, the stalwart and brawny jailor and sentinel who had these two in charge, was leaning against the face of a rock at some short distance with his loaded musket, placed handily by his side. The spy among the evergreens knew Blackbeard well, knew also his prevailing weakness. It was by taking advantage of this that he hoped to gain his purpose without danger and without alarm.

He had provided himself with a flask of spirits in which an opiate had been judiciously mingled. Moreover, he had taken care that flask and case and leathern strap should be just like those which were constantly in use among the brigands on their sorties after prey. Carefully watching his opportunity, he succeeded in lowering this into such a position that it would be seen by the sentinel as soon as he changed his position and began to stroll again along his monotonous path. He had not very long to wait in order to see the success of his bait. The night was cold, and Blackbeard not averse to gaining a little temporary artificial warmth in his feet while walking. He caught sight of the strap, and then the eminently suggestive case to which it was attached. It looked precisely as though it had come unbuckled by accident, and had dropped from the shoulder of one of his absent comrades.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Blackbeard, as he drew a cigarette which he was lazily smoking from between his lips, "I don't know who has been unlucky enough to lose you, but I know who is the lucky man to use you. That's just the sort of cordial I've been wishing for." Blackbeard lost no time in uncorking the flask, and finding, as he expected, that it was well replenished, he lifted it to his lips with a prophetic smack to give it welcome, and regaled himself with a few such hearty draughts that but little was left behind.

"Both good and strong!" said he, and smacked his lips again with evident relish. Then he proceeded to drain the bottle dry. The man above him, secreted behind the evergreens, smiled grimly at the success of his scheme. He soon perceived that the opiate was beginning to work. Blackbeard felt drowsy. Leaning against the face of the cliff, he gradually sank to the ground as his sleep deepened, and, at last, as he lay prone and insensible upon the earth, his stertorous breathing convinced the plotting watcher that he had lost all power for some hours to interfere or sense to understand.

It was not many moments before Harold Spofforth noticed this unusual sound, and was asking himself the question whether he might not make a bold dash for freedom.

"Señor Bonanza," said he, to his noble-looking, white-haired fellow-prisoner, who had greatly won upon his regard, and whose kind and helpful companionship had made his trouble less—"Señor Bonanza, why shouldn't we give our good friends the slip? Blackbeard's asleep, and, as it seems to me, drunk into the bargain."

At that moment, they were both startled by a voice from the slope above. It was the emissary of Ethel and Jacob Benson who spoke, and as he spoke, he came boldly forward with a bow and a smile. "Señor," said he to Harold, "if you desire to make your escape, follow me. Jacob Benson waits you at the waterfall."

Harold thought he had lost all desire to escape, but now that an opportunity occurred all his old love of life returned, and he was prepared to follow anywhere, for nothing could be worse than to remain. He did not know anything about the waterfall, but he did know Jacob Benson, and rightly argued therefrom that his friends had not only not forsaken him, but were hard at work on his behalf.

"I have a comrade in trouble," said Harold to the new-comer; "we must escape together."

"Certainly," said the man, "only make haste, lest Blackbeard come to life again." This was said with a low exultant laugh, and in a tone which showed that he did not by any means expect to see such a sudden resurrection.

As may be imagined neither of the two prisoners needed pressing to make haste from their prison. They followed their guide along the tortuous path he had previously trodden. This was necessary in order to avoid the outposts of the camp, for Red Pedro was a military genius, and no camp could have been better guarded, so far as his plans were concerned.

Without further speech or adventure they made their way until they came into the open country, and were drawing near to the neighborhood of the waterfall, where Jacob Benson was supposed to be in wating to complete the transaction by payment of the thousand pounds promised to the bandit in the event of his success. But he was not there. The robber began to think he had been deceived, and saw his hope of the promised prize begin to vanish. He waited, however, a few moments on the chance of Jacob appearing. The three stood silently under the shadow of the trees in suspense. As they waited a piercing shriek rang on the still air, and they cautiously crept out of their place of concealment to see what was going forward. There they saw at a short distance a desperate struggle around a carriage. At the window of the vehicle was a woman's face, evidently she who had given utterance to that cry. Beside the carriage were two men, whom Harold recognized as De Diaz and Jacob Benson. They were engaged in a life-and-death struggle, and with the same impulse Harold and his guide sprang forward to take part in the fray.

The robber guide threw himself instantly on De Diaz, and Jacob, thus unexpectedly reinforced, sprang to his feet, he having been felled to the ground by a blow scientifically delivered by his assailant. Harold made for the carriage door, where, in the lady whose face had been before but imperfectly visible, he now recognized his beloved sister. He found that she was carefully but securely bound with shawls and wraps, so that she could not move hand or foot, but he lifted her from the vehicle and embraced her tenderly.

That done, he went to the assistance of Jacob Benson. That worthy, however, needed no more help. He was panting, and somewhat dizzy with the struggle, but De Diaz had been engaged by his vengeful enemy, and the two had closed in a death struggle fatal to both. They now lay motionless side by side.

It appeared that no sooner had Jacob set out

that evening to keep his appointment at the waterfall than De Diaz had returned, and, finding Ethel unprotected had attempted to carry her off to his mountain fastness. But he had taken the way by the waterfall, and Jacob, waiting there, had recognized both Ethel and the driver, and, shooting the mule he had been able to stop the nefarious project. Then he and De Diaz had engaged in the struggle, which might not have ended so well for Jacob had not Harold and the robber providentially arrived.

(To be continued.)

THE CALL OF MOSES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 15, Ex. 3 : 1-12. Golden Text, Ex. 4 : 12.

Moses Visiting the Brick-field—His Interference Resented—All Lost and Nothing Gained—A Common Rebuff—Self-Nothingness a Difficult Lesson—Forty Years Learning—The Groaning People—The Instrument Prepared—A Scientific Problem in the Desert—The Ineffable Name Imparted—Encouragement for the Diffident—The Call Recognized.

EITHER by the teaching of his mother, or by some direct dealing of God with his own soul, Moses came to feel an irresistible conviction that he was called to deliver his people. This conviction was so strong that, when he went down from Pharaoh's palace to the brick-fields, where his countrymen were at work, counting, perhaps, upon his position at court, he took the law into his own hands, slew an oppressing Egyptian, and hid him in the sand, and then

Appealed to His Own People

who were striving together, and he marvelled that they did not recognize his vocation. "He supposed that his brethren would have understood how that God by His hand would deliver them; but they understood not" (Acts 7 : 25). Instead of rallying round him, and taking up the cause of their national freedom, and their inheritance in Canaan, which cause lay so heavily on Moses' heart, they reproached him, and said, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Thinkest thou to kill me as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday?" When Moses had slain the Egyptian, he had "looked this way and that way," and saw no man (Ex. 2 : 12). Now that his secret was known, he passed from the highest hopes for his people and himself to the deepest despair. One day, he saw himself the once heir-apparent of Egypt, nobly sacrificing himself for his people's good, leaving riches, fame, all he had for them, and hoping they would understand and appreciate his noble patriotism; the next day, he saw that he had foregone the honor of being called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, had given up position and prospects such as few men ever had for God and for his people; and yet, to all appearance, neither God nor his people appreciated the sacrifice! It must have been a bitter moment when he felt that all was lost to him, and he was in the eyes of the Egyptians and the Hebrews neither more nor less than a murderer, and

An Unsuccessful Revolutionist

who had turned his hand against the country to which he owed so much! Poor misunderstood Moses! How like numbers of God's children who, with beating hearts and eager spirits, rush into projects for doing good which involve immense personal sacrifice, and yet, to their immense disappointment, are not appreciated by older and wiser people. It is easy to say that the latter have no zeal, and have grown cold, but the bitterest part of their trial is that God has permitted that cold water should be thrown upon their grand schemes. But God is at work in all this. He sees that many of these dear enthusiasts really, at heart, want people to believe in *them*, to appreciate *them*, to understand *them*. God wants His children to be a means whereby men may believe in *Him*, appreciate *Him*, understand *Him*.

Moses fled from Egypt, disappointed with God, with his people, and with himself, and he who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds," had to learn that most difficult of all lessons—

His Own Nothingness.

For forty years, the best years of his life, humanly speaking, this chosen deliverer of Israel was learning his lesson while he tended the sheep among the unlearned shepherds of Midian. There Moses married the daughter of Reuel, a priest of Midian, and one son was born to him.

Meanwhile, God was not sleeping. The children of Israel who did not believe in the mission of Moses when he came, perhaps with a patronizing air from Pharaoh's court, now began to groan and sigh under their burdens. They were Godward sighs, and "their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. And God heard their groaning, and

God Remembered His Covenant

with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. And God saw the children of Israel, and God took knowledge of them" (R. V.). All the time that God is providing and caring for His work with souls, He is also schooling His instruments, both for their work in time and for eternal companionship with Him. He never sacrifices the instrument to the work, for He could just as easily work without them. Moses' call to deliver Israel was truly from Him, but Moses had to learn that it was not for him to initiate the way of deliverance or pioneer God. He must be ready and willing to follow, but must never in anything precede God, or go forward unsent. Patiently and industriously this learned man worked as a common day laborer, and was thus made much more fit for the work to which God called him than he was just when he left college in Egypt.

One day, "the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." It was something unusual to see a bush burning, and yet no single twig consumed. Moses' learning had *not* had the effect on him of making him exalt natural law above its Maker. He knew very well that nothing could happen but that God was some way in it. He turned aside to see why the bush was not burned. Just at that moment the Lord called him by name, and directed him to take his shoes off, for the place whereon he stood was holy with the presence of God. The Lord then revealed Himself as the God of his forefathers, and showed him that the cause for which he thought he was a martyr, and about which God had *seemed* so indifferent, was really on the heart of God all the time. "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of My people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their task-masters, for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land into a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey. . . . Come, now, therefore, and

I Will Send Thee

unto Pharaoh that thou mayest bring forth My people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt." Had Moses waited for that "Come, now, I will send thee," the children of Israel might, perhaps, have been delivered sooner! We lose time when we do not wait for the Lord.

Human nature is terribly prone to exaggerate. Now that the call of God really came to Moses as a present thing, and God said, "Come, *now*," Moses made the very lesson he had been learning an obstacle in the way of doing God's will. "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" Formerly, he had been bitterly disappointed that the Hebrews did not know he was a somebody; now, he was equally anxious to teach God he was a nobody. "Certainly I will be with thee," was the passport God gave him; not His authority only, but His very presence. But Moses would now make sure of every step, and he asked by what name he should speak of the God who sent him. "I AM THAT I AM," was the answer. "I am thy Salvation," "I am the good Shepherd," "I am the Lord that healeth thee," etc. "I am that I am." God gave full directions to Moses as to how he should proceed, how he should gather the elders of Israel together, and tell them that God had visited them (v. 16), and declare to them the coming deliverance. "And they *shall* hearken to thy voice, and thou shalt come, thou and the elders of Israel, unto the King of Egypt, and ye shall say unto him, The Lord, the God of the Hebrews hath met with us; and now let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the wilderness, that we may sacrifice to the Lord our God. And I know that the King of Egypt will not give you leave to go, no, not by a mighty hand. And I will put forth *My* hand, and smite Egypt with all My wonders which I will do in the midst thereof; and after that he will let you go" (vs. 13-20, R. V.). Here was God's plan of operation clearly unfolded to Moses. But this man of God was now as much occupied with his littleness as he once had been with his greatness. He even took upon himself

To Contradict God

who had told him that the people would hearken to him. He said, "But, behold, they will *not* believe me, nor hearken to my voice, for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee." His unbelief set up probabilities against the Word of God. How many do this! God lovingly met him here by giving him signs which should prove his mission, just as He has given signs as one proof of Christianity (Heb. 2 : 3, 4; II Cor. 12 : 12). Moses made another difficulty, "O Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant; for I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." Still it is "I" and "me;" he is harping on what *he* is and what *he* is not, instead of considering Him who is with him. The Lord said, "I will be with thy mouth." Once Moses had been "mighty in words," now he was "slow of speech," but if the Lord who made man's mouth was to be with his mouth, Moses was not much to be pitied! Reader, if you are dumb in the prayer-meeting, or if you cannot open your mouth to speak to a lost sinner, let God be with your mouth, and out of the abundance of the heart, it will speak (Matt. 12 : 34). Once, again, Moses demurred, "O my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of Him whom Thou wilt send." At last, God was angry, and, contrary to His first plan, driven to it by

Moses' Unbelief,

He gave him Aaron to be his spokesman. Had Moses trusted God, perhaps the golden calf of the wilderness would never have been made.

At last, Moses was satisfied. He returned home to his father-in-law, and, without telling him his mission, he asked leave to visit his friends in Egypt. God made all easy at home, and He departs. But yet one more controversy had God with him—it was that his son was not circumcised, and, therefore, had not come to belong to the covenant of promise. The omission was made right on the journey. By God's call, Aaron came to meet Moses in the wilderness, and Moses told his brother of God's revelation to him, and the two brethren went to the elders of Israel, "And Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people. And the people believed; and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that He had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped." Thus was Moses' call recognized.

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"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

"To be with Christ, which is far better."—PHIL. i. 23.

These are words of Bible lore,
Dear to every Christian heart:
How we long yet more and more
Christ to meet, and never part.
But the Saviour bids us rest
On His promise sweet and true:
"In My Father's House on high
I'll prepare a place for you."

Only here "a little while,"
Then to enter home above,
Where there's nothing to defile—
All is brightened by His love.
Oh! to be with Jesus there,
"Better far" than earthly friends;
Sweetest rest forever share—
Blessed rest—it never ends.

But while left upon time's shore,
Let us work with all our might,
For we know 'twill soon be o'er:
Then for us 'twill all be bright.
Not the light of sun or stars,
But the Lord Himself the Light:
No more death, nor naught that mars,
When our faith is changed to sight.

REV. G. B. GREIG.

Sydney, Australia.

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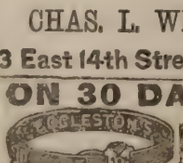

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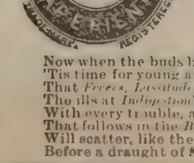

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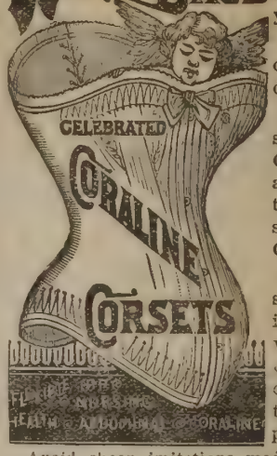

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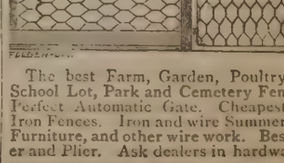

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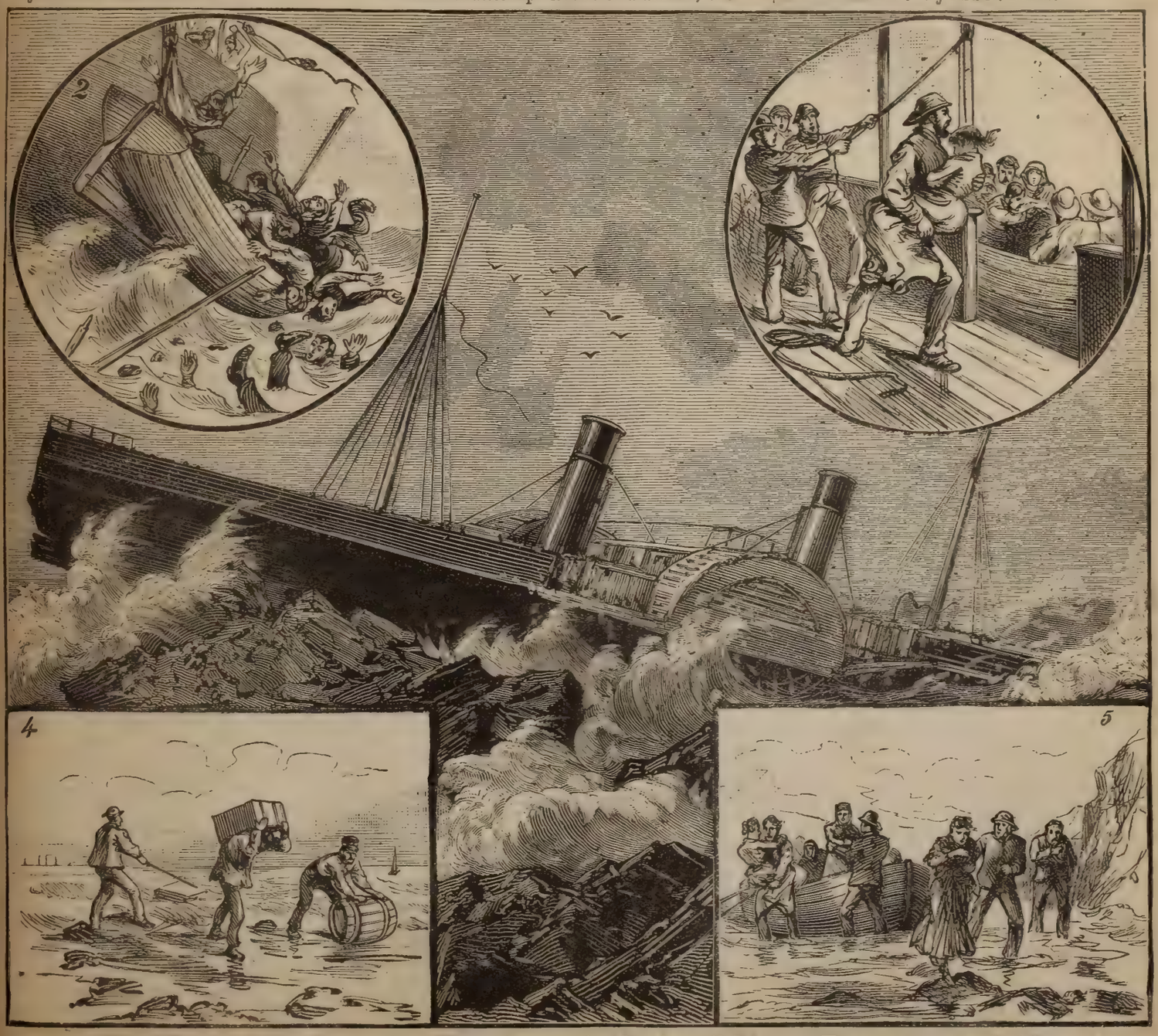

The Wreck of the Steamship Victoria on the Rocks off Dieppe, France, on April 13.

THE WRECK OF THE VICTORIA.

The Ship and Its Captain—A Fatal Fog—Mischief Wrought by a Shawl—Explanation of the Disaster—The Captain's Report—The Stories of the First Mate and the Second Steward—A Lady Passenger's Narrative—Wreckage—Generous Hospitality to Those Who Reached the Shore.

To the record of the calamities which will make the early months of this year memorable, must be added the wreck of the steamship Victoria, a picture of which appears on the first page of this number. She was wrecked on the French coast on April 13th, and about twenty of her passengers lost their lives.

The Victoria was a stanch, swift vessel, built in Glasgow in 1878, to carry passengers between the British port of Newhaven and the French port of Dieppe. The passage was generally made in about six hours, and, owing to the care of the captains and the excellence of the boats the line has been heretofore remarkable for its freedom from disasters. On the night of Tuesday, April 12th, the Victoria left Newhaven at half-past eleven with about a hundred and twenty persons on board, ninety-four of whom were passengers. She was commanded by Captain Clarke, one of the oldest and steadiest officers of the company. All went well until about four o'clock, when the Victoria should have been nearing her destination. Then she ran into a bank of dense fog. The captain proceeded cautiously, and listened for the fog-horn which is stationed near Dieppe. Suddenly, however, all being still, he saw a dark shade, which he took for land, and he immediately reversed the engines, ported his helm, and went ahead pointing N.W., but the ship struck on a ledge of rocks, and by 4.35 the bows of the steamer were deep under water. He gave orders for the boats to be lowered, and begged the passengers to be calm. The ladies got into the first boat, but some Frenchmen jumped in also. As a crowning disaster a lady's shawl got entangled in the davit, causing the boat to tilt over and upset many into the sea. In fact, out of about fifteen, only four who were in that boat survived.

The Panic

that ensued may be conceived. In that mad rush of men to the first boat there was the danger which all seamen would understand. The boat would be overcrowded and would probably founder. That consideration would cause them to hurry the lowering of the boat lest more should jump in. Then, when the lady's shawl stopped the running of the pulley-block at one end of the boat, that end would become stationary in mid-air while the other would fall, emptying the passengers out into the sea. The drowning of so many of those who had entered the first boat does not seem to have taught the other passengers prudence. Some Italians in the bows, who were first startled by the crash, and immediately afterward by a rush of water and steam under their feet, and as the steamer sank by the head would assume that she was going down altogether, rushed aft in a mad charge for the second boat. This time, however, the officers were able to enforce order, and the ladies remaining on the ship were placed in the boat, and were carried safely to Fécamp. A third boat also got away, and, having landed its living freight on a strip of shingle it returned to the ship for another party. This boat made five trips in all, and at her last voyage took the last man on board the ship off. This was the captain, who conscientiously refused to quit until every one else was safe.

The Silent Fog-horn.

All this time no warning sound of fog-horn had come from the lighthouse on the cliff, and it was not till about an hour after the accident that the steam trombone on the shore gave forth the signal, which, heard earlier, would in all probability have prevented the disaster. Instead of this apparatus being kept ready for use at a moment's notice, it seems that an hour had to be wasted in lighting a fire and getting up steam to work it. In this instance, the loss of that hour meant the loss of the ship and of precious lives. Even when the vessel had struck, however, no lives need have been lost. The wretched selfishness of the men who struggled to get into the first boat, though in doing so they risked their own lives and those of their fellow-passengers, was the cause of the fatalities. Had they remained calm, and obeyed orders, probably not one life would have been lost.

The Captain's Official Report

made to the company of the ill-fated vessel is: "Left Newhaven at 11.30 P.M. on 12th. Flood setting; wind east, fresh. All went well till about 4.15 A.M. Weather thick on land. Had seen no light, nor heard the horn on the cape. All at once I perceived a dark shade, which I thought to be land. Stopped engines and went full speed astern for the space of three or four minutes. Then went ahead on port helm [to the right], thinking it was easterly of Dieppe, not hearing the horn on the cape. When the ship's head was north-west by compass, she struck upon the rock, at once began to fill, settling down by head, still upon the rock.

"Ordered mate to lower boats and land passengers. When lowering the port quarter boat, level with the rail, passengers all made a rush to her, jumping in as soon as the boat was being lowered, in opposition to all the officers could do to prevent them, being the first boat. While in the act of lowering, a lady's shawl became entangled in the after-fall, and after choking the block, and, at the time, a sea striking the boat, caused the fore-tackle to unhook, capsizing the boat and throwing the passengers into the water, of whom we saved two with a lifeboat. We then put as many as prudent into the other lifeboat, and they drifted away to leeward of the ship. Landed the remainder with the other lifeboat in safety under the cape. Remained by the ship till the sea was making a clean breach over her. I left with the remainder of the crew and proceeded to Dieppe, where we arrived about midday. I very much regret the loss of life which has occurred, but feel assured that had all the passengers listened to my entreaties, and been amenable to my orders, all would have been saved. I attribute the sad accident to the fog and the not sounding of the horn at the cape."

The Steward's Story.

The second steward of the Victoria, whose name is Scadden, furnishes a graphic picture of the scene. He says: "I was below in the main cabin at the moment of the collision, which took place about ten to twelve minutes after four o'clock. The shock, which made the ship reel, was very apparent to all around, and caused every one to rush up the cabin stairs on deck to see what was the matter. When I reached the deck I saw the captain, and heard him giving his orders with distinctness to lower the boats. The first boat lowered was that to leeward. Into this I saw Frenchmen scrambling without the slightest regard for the women, who were piteously crying for aid. The French travellers, no doubt, lost their heads completely. We did our best to restrain them from overloading the boat, and in this we were somewhat successful.

"Seeing there was no hope for it but to lower the boat, so as to get the women into the next boat, we let go the ropes. A woman with a shawl upon her arm, stood near the stern-davit, and as the rope ran through the block it caught the shawl and dragged it into the pulley-block, so that the latter got clogged. The bow-davit ran true, so the bows of the boat reached the water first. At that moment a wave came, and rising the bows, threw the ring in the boat off the hook of the davit-pulley, and the craft instantly dropped low down into the water, and the people in her were thrown into the water struggling. Lifeboats, rafts, seats, coops, and other helps were thrown overboard to them, but whether stricken by panic, or by reason of clutching to each other, only two or three of the lot were saved. There was a choppy, nasty sea, and we could see in the midst of

The Turmoil on Board

that many people were preparing to jump overboard. I kept several back from doing such a mad thing, and had to use some force. I left the bows, and went to assist at the stern boats, and a few minutes afterward I saw that the whole of the forepart of the ship was submerged, and the sea was rushing over the foredeck as far as the saloon doors. In the second boat, which we launched successfully, there were a great number of women, and also in the third boat, but there was a great difficulty in making them take their seats properly, as they were all in such fear. Every one was dressed, as only ten minutes before the collision the chief mate and the carpenter (the latter of whom is missing), had gone round the ship to tell the passengers that they were close to the harbor, and to collect tickets. There was

Only One Boat Left

and this the captain ordered to make straight for the cliffs, half a mile distant, find a landing-place, and then return. The boat went and found a piece of shingle about a mile away, where five times she landed loads, the captain coming off last. I came off the fourth journey, and then I saw that the Victoria was rapidly being covered with the flow tide. At high tide there was nothing to be seen of her except her masts and funnels. I saw Moneypenny rush into the engine-room and turn off all cocks. I think he saved us from a terrible death, for a few minutes after he had done this the water rushed into the boiler-rooms, and there was nothing to be seen through the steam that came up from there. There would have been an awful explosion only for Moneypenny. It was a full hour after the Victoria struck when we first heard the fog-horn."

A Lady's Experience.

A lady on the boat gives this account of her impressions during and after the shipwreck: "Everything gave promise of a charming passage. The sea looked so lovely that I remained on deck for nearly an hour after we went out of Newhaven; but, the weather being bitterly cold and the wind freshening, I went to the second-class cabin, the first-class one being rather crowded, and cases of sea-sickness numerous. When below I found myself close to a nun who was engaged in her devotions. When she had finished I ventured to get into conversation with her. I learned that she was English, and going to teach in a convent in Normandy. She seemed a little nervous, and I, to strengthen her courage, said that *wrecks were unknown* on the Dieppe line. An old lady here joined in the conversation, and said she remembered a wreck twenty-two years ago. It was caused by a steamer running on a rock just outside Dieppe Harbor during a foggy morning.

"After that I lay down, and was considerably shaken by the increasing swell of the sea, but managed to sleep for a few hours, and was awoke by a man coming round to ask for tickets. I then got up and went to the other cabin for some parcels I had left there. As I was just descending the stairs I felt the ship go to smash, and was by

The Violence of the Shock

thrown head forward to the bottom. The ship was lurching forward, and the deck was a steeply inclined plane toward the figurehead. Men, women, and children rushed up on deck. We were in a thick fog, and unable to see beyond the ship. I could not see well the fore-part. My friend the nun joined me. I must say that the seamen and the captain were wonderfully cool, brave, and unselfish, but how describe the

Fearful Cowardice

of some of the passengers, or their hideous conduct as the boats were being taken from the davits! Everything was done so fast that my impressions are muddled. A strong pair of arms, belonging to whom I do not know, swung me into a boat (*see Illustration No. 3*). I had at first tried to get into the one that sunk, but a wretched, troublesome woman, the one whose shawl caught in the tackle, so delayed things that my unknown saviour thrust me into the other one which took me to land. Some gentle-

men fired revolvers, hoping that they might be taken as tokens of distress. There were some men who *acted like perfect savages* in cutting the tackle of a boat to get it for themselves.

"As we were putting off from the sinking Victoria, the oarsmen pulled as if for their very lives to be quickly out of the vortex of the vessel. We were quite in the dark when we got off from the lanterns of the ship, for, though day was going to dawn, the fearful fog encompassed us. After the fog cleared, we found we were running parallel to the coast, and getting near Fécamp. I wonder we ever got there."

The Vessel Breaking Up.

On the following evening (Thursday, April 14th), the Victoria was lying deep upon the rocks, and tremendous head seas were making a clean breach over her. The bridge had been washed away, and the quarter-deck had disappeared. Everything that was loose on board the vessel was washing toward shore, and numerous boxes, crates, hampers, fish-boxes, and timbers, were being picked up both on the French shore and at sea. There was then no doubt that the vessel was breaking up fast. The banks of rocks upon which the vessel lay have sharp points, and each successive wave drove her farther upon the piercing edges, which tore open her keel.

The shipwrecked passengers who were landed at Fécamp received the utmost kindness and assistance from the inhabitants of that place. On reaching the land they were, of course, in a most pitiable condition, being wet and exhausted. The inhabitants of the town, however, quickly made them comfortable, doing all for them that their circumstances permitted, private families entertaining one, two, or three, as their accommodation allowed. They also cheerfully supplied those who needed with change of clothing.

Many affecting incidents have been related, among them that of the death of

A Young Husband and Wife.

As the first boat was lowered, a tall, fair-haired girl was lovingly embraced by her husband and placed by him in the boat. He was apparently going to swim by her, and was standing on the bulwarks when the little craft capsized. Suddenly he disappeared. It is conjectured that, seeing his wife in the water, he jumped to save her, and both were drowned. From the description it is surmised that the pair were Mr. Towers Brown and his wife, who were but recently married. Mr. Brown was the son of a clergyman. Their baggage has been recovered, but not claimed, and, while every search is being made by sorrowing relations, no news of either of the bodies has been obtained. Another sad case was that of a boy named Swift, who saw his mother and brother drowned. These members of the family were on their way to Switzerland, to join the father, who now had to travel to Dieppe to consign his dear ones to the grave. Most of the English in that town attended the funeral, and marks of the deepest sympathy were shown by all, whether French or English. There are three children missing who were seen to go on board with a middle-aged woman. It has been stated by the saved seamen that the women and children were seen to run aft after the Victoria struck, but there is no tidings of them. It is more likely that these children were drowned in the fore-cabin as they lay sleeping. It appears that the carpenter, also, was drowned in his berth, which was in the forehold.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may now be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Baker and His Bible.—At a Workers' meeting the Rev. William Ross remarked: "A day or two ago, I was visiting a baker, and while speaking to me he went on with his work, and as I watched him handling the dough, my eye caught sight of a book propped up before him, and I asked him what book is that? The Bible, he replied, that while I am preparing the bread for the physical body, I may be feeding my soul with manna from the store-house of God."

A Magnetized Bar of Iron.—Mr. Campbell White remarked: "The best way I can explain how the Christian worker, in complete contact with Christ, is a power to save souls, is by the following example: Take a common bar of iron, and first bending it into the shape of a horseshoe, apply it to a battery. The stream of magnetism flows through it, and by this power it is enabled to hold, even though there be suspended from it extremely heavy weights. As long as the iron is in contact with the battery, so long does the power endure; but the moment the connection is broken the power ceases, the weights fall, and the magnet becomes only a piece of iron. Similarly the Christian worker, in immediate contact with Christ, has His Spirit flowing through him, and this Spirit is the power, and by it we are enable to do great works for Christ; but the moment we lose touch of Christ, that moment we lose power, and become, for God's purpose, a worthless piece of clay."

A Band of Imperilled Swimmers.—Mr. White said: "When I was at school, I was very fond of swimming, and with a few of my companions took every opportunity to indulge in our favorite sport. We were not very good swimmers, and the utmost we could conveniently do was about one hundred yards at a stretch. Just about that distance from the shore there was a rock to which it was our custom to swim, and then, having rested ourselves a little, swim back. One day we started as usual, but as we came to where we expected to find the rock, to our horror we discovered we had lost our bearings; we could find no rock there. We therefore swam about looking for it, but no rock could we find. Here was a fix; about half a dozen boys floundering about in the water, a hundred yards from the shore; some of them already faint and beginning to sink; when suddenly I felt my feet on the rock, which the tide had covered by about a foot, and, standing straight up, I cried, 'Here you fellows, here's the rock!' and soon they were all standing beside me. When I felt myself safe, I was so glad I could not rest till I had my companions all safe. That is how a man feels who gets upon the Rock Christ: he wants all his friends there too."

An Appalling Colliery Explosion.—Mr. Weaver said: "On one occasion I was speaking at Allerton, in Lancashire. The audience consisted mainly of colliers, and I was telling that I had been in six explosions, and by the goodness of God had escaped unhurt. I went on to say that if there is anything on earth that resembles hell, it is a pit immediately after an explosion. The lurid flame of the exploded gas has given way to intense darkness. No one knows what has happened; he is afraid to move, lest he bring something down upon him. Then the fearful, sulphurous smell, which impregnates the air, while from the utter darkness around issues the groans of the dying, and the howls, oaths, and imprecations of the maimed. Oh, it is an awful experience through which to come; and as you stagger forward you trip over the dead body of a friend, perhaps, or that of a father or a son. The men to whom I spoke knew the truth of this picture, and some were moved to make their peace with God on the spot. Next night I had another meeting at the same place, but my audience was small—very small. Why? There had been an explosion at the pit close by, and thirty-nine poor fellows had been hurled into eternity, prepared or unprepared. I was told that one of the young men after he had been taken up out of the pit, and realized that he was indeed safe, while his mate had been killed by his side, fell down on his knees and gave himself to Christ, and has since led a consistent Christian life. 'For,' as he said, 'if I had been taken instead of him, where should I be now?'"

The Work of Two Detectives.—A Worker testifying at a Gospel meeting, observed: "Three years ago I was loitering one evening in the neighborhood of Gaol Square, Glasgow, when a friend asked me to accompany him to a Gospel meeting in this place. As I accompanied him here I was spoken to about my soul, but obstinately declined to decide. On leaving the meeting my friend and the missionary said they would walk home with me. As we approached the street in which I live, I met my wife. 'Is that you, John?' she said. 'Yes; and two detectives with me,' I replied. 'Two detectives!' she rejoined in alarm; 'what have you been doing?' 'Oh, they are detectives from the Lord, and they won't let me go,' was my answer. However, I would not yield myself to Christ that night. But my friend, in parting, said he would call for me the next night, and warned my wife not to let me have any drink; but I forced her to give me the price of a glass. Next evening, according to promise, my friend called on me, and insisted on my going to the meeting; and glad am I to-night that I did so, for there Christ met me, and I gave myself to Him, and He has kept me by His grace ever since."

A Drunken Sleep in the Snow.—The Rev. Mr. Leithley observed: "As I was coming along the street the other day, it was snowing heavily, and the ground was covered to a depth of two or three inches; and, as I passed up one of the less frequented streets I came upon a man dead drunk. His face and clothes showed he had not been home since he had ceased his labors, and been paid off; yet there he was, having, doubtless, squandered, in pandering to his selfish and insatiable appetite for strong drink, the money which his wife and family impatiently awaited at home. To have allowed him to remain there in the state in which he was might have meant death; consequently he was awakened, but so stupefied had he become that he was unable to give his address, or even his own name; and had not a friend recognized and escorted him home it might have fared badly with him. Though we may all be addicted to the sin of intemperance, yet there are other vices which as completely enslave the body and taste, and paralyze the will; and though friends may awaken them and show the danger—the ruin to which they rush—yet ofttimes they madly continue the downward course. Oh, for some friendly hand to snatch such victims from the consequences of their own folly!"

A Ruined Man's Regret.—Mr. Clyde Re-marked: "I knew a gentleman, at one time a most active Christian worker. He was fairly well off, and had a good business, which business began to improve, getting better and better, and engrossing more and more of his time, energy, and thought, until he had almost wholly slipped back again into the world. And Satan was watching him, and as soon as he saw him leave his stronghold and sure defence—Christ Jesus—he darted upon him. The man fell into his old snare, strong drink, and his business became neglected. Business losses did not, however bring him to his senses, they only drove him to indulge in the cup, still more deeply, to drown his cares; and now that man has scarcely a shilling, and lies at home dying of consumption. One day last week, as I sat with him by the fire, he rolled up in a blanket, he said to me, 'I am converted now; it happened last week. I knew I was a sinner, and that I was dying, so one night last week, as I lay there in bed I prayed, "Oh, Father, Thou knowest I am a sinner, and deserving of punishment, but for Christ's sake have mercy on me."' 'Well, and what after that?' I asked. 'Oh, I felt as if God had immediately answered my prayer, and cried, "Lord Jesus, I thank Thee, and I am so sorry that now I have nothing of all my wasted years to dedicate to Thy service."'"

A SPRIG OF HEARTSEASE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 8, 1887.

"And his disciples . . . went and told Jesus."—MATT. 14 : 12.

The Agonized Soul Craving Sympathy—The Vandal Troubles of Life—A Prescription for Heartaches—I. Suited to the Sinful and Unpardoned—False Refuges—King Alfred's Horologic Candles—II. To the Tempted—Temptations for Every Temperament—A Crafty Pope—III. To the Slandered and Persecuted—Every John has a Herod—Slanders a Proof of Worth—The Best Course for the Maligned—IV. To the Bereaved — The Constant Emigration — Eternity Being Peopled—Sympathy Assured Always at Hand—A Captain's Child in a Storm—Xerxes Weeping Over his Army.

AN outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman, King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing Christian, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenceless. There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then

The Agonized Soul

will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos, and at the same time a most admirable picture, in the words of my text: "They went and told Jesus." He could understand all their grief, and He immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another is thrust under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, His brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outcry of bereavement, are expressing their woe. Raphael, with his skilful brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skilful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes, "They went and told Jesus."

The old Goths and Vandals once came down upon Italy from the north of Europe, and they upset the gardens, and they broke down the altars, and swept away everything that was good and beautiful. So there is ever and anon in the history of all the sons and daughters of our race an incursion of

Rough-handed Troubles

that come to plunder and ransack and put to the torch all that men highly prize. There is no cave so deeply cleft into the mountains as to allow us shelter, and the foot of fleetest courser cannot bear us beyond the quick pursuit. The arrows they put to the string fly with unerring dart, until we fall pierced and stunned.

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle, and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar.

The Prescription that Cured

the sorrow of the disciples will cure all your heartaches. I have read that when Godfrey and his army marched out to capture Jerusalem, as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the pinnacles of that beautiful city, the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. Oh, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward heaven, I would that to-day, by some gleam from the palace of God's mercy and God's strength, you might be lifted into great rejoicing, and that before this service is ended you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord!

I. In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all in this audience who are

Sinful and Unpardoned.

There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such heft as to fell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One man to get rid of that impression will go to prayer, another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another man will dive deeper in secularities. But sometimes a man cannot get rid of these impressions. The fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty, and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands, or else fly for refuge.

If there are any here who have resolved that they would rather die of this awful cancer of sin than to have the heavenly surgeon cut it out, let me say, my dear brother, you mingle for yourself a bitter cup You fly in the face of your everlasting interests. You crouch under a yoke and you bite the dust, when, this moment, you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed as you have been by sin,

Go and Tell Jesus.

To relax the grip of death from your soul, and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden throne, Christ let the tortures of the bloody mount transfix Him. With the beam of His own cross He will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of His own Crown He will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear on His wet cheek; in every gash of His side; in every long, blackening mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder; in the grave-shattering, heaven-storming death groan, I hear Him say, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out."

"Oh," but you say, "instead of curing my wound you want to make another wound—namely, that of conviction!" Have you never known a surgeon to come and find a chronic disease, and then with sharp caustic burn it all out? So the grace of God comes to the old sore of sin. It has long been rankling there, but by Divine grace it is burned out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child;" "where sin abounded, grace much more aboundeth." With the ten thousand unpardoned sins of your life, go and tell Jesus. You will never get rid of your sins in any other way; and remember that the broad invitation which I extend to you will not always be extended.

King Alfred, before modern time-pieces were invented, used to divide the day into three parts, eight hours each, and then had three wax candles. By the time the first candle had burned to the socket, eight hours had gone, and when the second candle had burned to the socket, another eight hours had gone, and when all the three candles were gone out, then the day had passed. Oh, that some of us, instead of calculating our days and nights and years by any earthly time-piece, might calculate them by the numbers of opportunities and mercies which are burning down and burning out, never to be relighted, lest at last we be amid the foolish virgins who cried, "Our lamps have gone out"!

II. Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples

To All who are Tempted.

I have heard men in mid-life say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hoppled and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain; but when he rises up, and with determination resolves to snap the handcuff or break the hopple, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain, because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind, lying on your oars; but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly; but if after a while we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardonand heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You will have your temptation. You have one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one,

"I Could Not Be Tempted

as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say, "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness and over-eating and drinking; a temptation to ignore the great work of life; a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temperament decides the styles of temptation; but sanguine or lymphatic, you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling-hook just fitted for your soul. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation. You say when a man gets to be seventy or eighty years of age he is safe from all Satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A man at eighty-five years of age has as many temptations as a man at twenty-five. They are only different styles of temptation. Ask the aged Christian whether he is never assaulted of the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mistaken.

A man who wanted the Papal throne pretended he was very weak and sickly, and if he was elected he would soon be gone. He crawled upon his crutches to the throne, and having attained it he was strong again. He said, "It was well for me while I was looking for the sceptre of another that I should stoop, but now that I have found it, why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again. How illustrative of the power of temptation! You think it is a weak and crippled influence; but give it a chance, and it will be

A Tyrant In Your Soul,

it will grind you to atoms. No man has finally and forever overcome temptation until he has left the world. But what are you to do with these temptations? Tell everybody about them? Ah, what a silly man you would be! As well might a commander in a fort send word to the enemy which gate of the castle is least barred as for you to go and tell what all your frailties are, and what your temptations are. The world will only caricature you, will only scoff at you. What, then, must a man do? When the wave strikes him with terrific dash shall he have nothing to hold on to? In this contest with "the world, the flesh, and the devil," shall a man have no help, no counsel?

Our text intimates something different. In those eyes that wept with the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In that voice which spake until the grave broke and the widow of Nain had back her lost son, and the sea slept, and sorrow stupendous woke up in the arms of rapture—in that voice I hear the command and the promise, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." Why should you carry your burdens any longer? Oh, you weary soul, Christ has been in this conflict. He says, "My grace shall be sufficient for you. You shall not be tempted above that you are able to bear." Therefore, with all your temptations, go, as these disciples did, and tell Jesus.

III. Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all those who are abused and to

The Slandered and Persecuted.

When Herod put John to death the disciples knew that their own heads were not safe. And do you know that every John has a Herod? There are persons in life who do not wish you very well. Your misfortunes are honeycombs to them. Through their teeth they hiss at you, misinterpret your motives, and would be glad to see you upset. No man gets through life without having a pummelling. Some slander comes after you, horned and husked and hoofed, to gore and trample you; and what are you to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must

suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be able to say, "I haven't an enemy in the world." A woe is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom everybody speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world, and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is because you are an idler in the Lord's vineyard, and are not doing your duty.

All those who have served Christ, however eminent—

All Have Been Maltreated

at some stage of their experience. You know it was so in the time of George Whitefield, when he stood and invited men into the kingdom of God. What did the learned Dr. Johnson say of him? He pronounced him a miserable mountebank. How was it when Robert Hall stood and spoke as scarcely any uninspired man ever did speak of the glories of heaven? and as he stood Sabbath after Sabbath preaching on these themes his face kindled with the glory. John Foster, a Christian man, said of this man, "Robert Hall is only acting, and the smile on his face is a reflection of his own vanity." John Wesley turned all England upside down with Christian reform, and yet the punsters were after him, and the meanest jokes in England were perpetrated about John Wesley. What is true of the pulpit is true of the pew; it is true of the street, it is true of the shop, and the store. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. And I set it down as the very worst sign in all your Christian experience if you are, any of you, at peace with all the world. The religion of Christ is war. It is a challenge to "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" and if you will buckle on the whole armor of God, you will find a great host disputing your path between this and heaven. But

What are You to Do

when you are assaulted and slandered and abused, as I suppose nearly all of you have been in your life? Go out and hunt up the slanderer? Oh, no, silly man! While you are explaining away a falsehood in one place, fifty people will just have heard of it in other places. I counsel you to another course. While you are not to omit any opportunity of setting yourselves right, I want to tell you this morning of one who had the hardest things said about Him, whose sobriety was disputed, whose mission was scouted, whose companionship was denounced, who was pursued as a babe and spit upon as a man, who was howled at after He was dead. I will have you go unto Him with your bruised soul, in some humble, child prayer, saying, "I see Thy wounds—wounds of head, wounds of feet, wounds of heart. Now, look at my wounds, and see what I have suffered, and through what battles I am going; and I entreat Thee, by those wounds of Thine, sympathize with me." And He will sympathize, and He will help. Go and tell Jesus!

IV. Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples

To All the Bereaved.

How many in garb of mourning! If you could stand at this point where I am standing and look off upon this audience, how many signals of sorrow you would behold! God has His own way of taking apart a family. We must get out of the way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for this reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of shadows.

This emigration from time into eternity is so vast an enterprise that we cannot understand it. Every hour we hear the clang of the sepulchral gate. The sod must be broken. The ground must be ploughed for resurrection harvest. Eternity must be peopled. The dust must press our eyelids. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." This emigration from time into eternity keeps three fourths of the families of the earth in desolation. The air is rent with farewells, and the black-tasselled vehicles of death rumble through every street.

The body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose scatters. The boy in the harvest-field of Shunam says, "My head! my head!" and they carry him home to die on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with

Tragedies of Woe

struck into the pallor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and mother. Oh, the grave is cruel! With teeth of stone it clutches for its prey. Between the closing gates of the sepulchre our hearts are mangled and crushed. Is there any earthly solace? None. We come to the obsequies, we sit with the grief-stricken, we talk pathetically to their soul; but soon the obsequies have passed, the carriages have left us at the door, the friends who stayed for a few days are gone, and the heart sits in desolation listening for the little feet that will never again patter through the hall, or looking for the entrance of those who will never come again—sighing into the darkness—ever and anon coming across some book or garment, or little shoe or picture, that arouses former association, almost killing the heart. Long days and nights of suffering that wear out the spirit, and expunge the bright lines of life, and give haggardness to the face, and draw the flesh tight down over the cheek-bone, and draw dark lines under the sunken eye, and the hand is tremulous, and the voice is husky and uncertain, and the grief is wearing, grinding, accumulating, exhausting.

Now, what are such to do? Are they merely to look up into a brazen and unpitying heaven? Are they to walk a blasted heath unfed of stream, unsheltered by overarching tree?

Has God Turned Us Out

on the barren common to die? Oh, no! no! no! He has not. He comes with sympathy and kindness and love. He understands all our grief. He sees the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of it. He is the only one that can fully sympathize. Go and tell Jesus. Sometimes when we have trouble we go to our friends and we explain it, and they try to sympathize; but they do not understand it. They cannot understand it. But Christ sees all over it, and all through it. He not only counts the tears and records the groans, but before the tears started, before the groans began, Christ saw the inmost hiding-place of your sorrow; and He takes it, and He weighs it, and He measures it, and He pities it with an all-absorbing pity. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Heart of our heart. Sorrow of our sorrow. As long as He remembers Lazarus's grave He will stand by you in the cemetery. As long as He remembers His own heart-break, He will stand by you in the laceration of your affections. When He forgets the footsore way, the sleepless nights, the weary body, the exhausted mind, the awful cross, the solemn grave, then He will forget you, but not until then.

Often when we were in trouble we sent for our friends; but they were far away, they could not get to us. We wrote to them, "Come right away," or telegraphed, "Take the next train." They came at last, yet were a great while in coming, or perhaps were too late. But

Christ is Always Near

—before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstasy of affection as Christ has shown toward you. Close at hand—nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup you put to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears—I preach Him an ever-present, all sympathizing, compassionate Jesus. How can you stay away one moment from Him with your griefs? Go now. Go and tell Jesus.

It is often that our friends have no power to relieve us. They would very much like to do it; but they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sickness and raise our dead; but glory be to God that He to whom the disciples went has all power in heaven and on earth, and at our call He will balk our calamities, and, at just the right time, in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding heaven, will raise our dead. He will do it. He is mightier than Herod. He is swifter than the storm. He is grander than the sea. He is vaster than eternity. And every sword of God's omnipotence will leap from its scabbard, and all

The Resources of Infinity

be exhausted, rather than that God's child shall not be delivered when he cries to Him for rescue. Suppose your child was in trouble; how much would you endure to get him out? You would go through any hardship. You would say, "I don't care what it will cost. I must get him out of that trouble." Do you think God is not so good a father as you? Seeing you are in trouble, and having all power, will He not stretch out His arm and deliver you? He will. He is mighty to save. He can level the mountain and divide the sea, and can extinguish the fire and save the soul. Not dim of eye, not weak of arm, not feeble of resources, but with all eternity and the universe at His feet. Go and tell Jesus. Will you? Ye whose cheeks are wet with the night-dew of the grave; ye who cannot look up; ye whose hearts are dried with the breath of a sirocco; in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ, which lifts every burden, and wipes away every tear, and delivers every captive, and lightens every darkness, I implore you now, go and tell Jesus.

A little child went with her father, a sea-captain, to sea, and when the first storm came the little child was very much frightened, and in the night rushed out of the cabin and said, "Where is father? where is father?" Then they told her, "Father is on deck guiding the vessel and watching the storm." The little child immediately returned to her berth and said, "It's all right, for

Father's on Deck."

Oh, ye who are tossed and driven in this world, up by the mountains and down by the valleys, and at your wit's end, I want you to know the Lord God is guiding the ship. Your Father is on deck. He will bring you through the darkness into the harbor. Trust in the Lord. Go and tell Jesus.

Let me say that if you do not, you will have no comfort here, and you will forever be an outcast and a wanderer. Your death will be a sorrow. Your eternity will be a disaster. But if you go to Him for pardon and sympathy, all is well. Everything will brighten up, and joy will come to the heart and sorrow will depart; your sins will be forgiven and your foot will touch the upward path; and the shining messengers that report above what is done here will tell it until the great arches of God resound with the glad tidings, if now, with contrition and full trustfulness of soul, you will only go and tell Jesus.

But I am oppressed, when I look over this audience, at the prospect that some may not take this counsel, and go away unblessed. I cannot help asking what will be the destiny of these people? Xerxes looked off on his army. There were two million men—perhaps

The Finest Army

ever marshalled. Xerxes rode along the lines, reviewed them, came back, stood on some high point, looked off upon the two million men, and burst into tears. At that moment, when every one supposed he would be in the greatest exultation, he broke down in grief. They asked him why he wept. "Ah!" he said, "I weep at the thought that so soon all this host will be dead." So I stand looking off upon this host of immortal men and women, and realize the fact, as perhaps no man can, unless he has been in similar position, that soon the places which know you now will know you no more, and you will be gone—whither? whither? There is a stirring idea which the poet put in very peculiar verse when he said:

"'Tis not for man to trifle: life is brief,
And sin is here;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!"

"THE MADMAN" IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

THERE is a poor stone-cutter in Macomer, Sardinia, who is called "the madman." An evangelist visited him, and believes him to be a man truly converted simply through the reading of God's Word and *Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, translated into Italian.* His knowledge of Scripture is wonderful. He can give a good account of the doctrines of the Bible. He is very fond of reading, but the Bible is his favorite book. He talks to others of the truth he has found. One day, in the market-place, he was maintaining that the saints ought not to be worshipped, but God only. A priest, who heard him, said, "This madman utters many truths. What are the saints? Many who are called such will be in hell, and many whom we think of as in hell are with God." Another time a priest stood by him. "Yes," said he, "our religion is no longer the religion taught by Christ and His apostles."

A WINDFALL OF QUAILS.

A SHOWER of birds in Navada is reported by the Virginia City *Enterprise.* It states that about four o'clock one evening a flock of quails was observed approaching the city from the north, and as they came over the city they fell by hundreds about the streets, where they were easily caught with the hand. Where the quails came from no one could imagine, as they were of the large mountain variety, and perfect beauties. The fall of birds extended from about Sutton Avenue out north to the Union shaft, reaching over three-quarters of a mile of ground. Besides the birds that were killed, about a hundred were caught alive and kept in cages and pens in various parts of the town. The most probable solution of the phenomenon was that the birds had collected at some point in the Sierras for the purpose of migrating to the southward, but had either mistaken their course or had been blown out of it, and so flew on and on till they were obliged to come to the ground through exhaustion. It is quite in accordance with the spirit of our times to seek a solution of the phenomenon; it is, however, significant that when the sacred writer had occasion to chronicle the shower of quails which made provision for the Israelites in the desert (Num. 11 : 31) he did not experience the difficulty which was found in Nevada. He states simply that the quails were brought by "*a wind from the Lord.*" It would be well if Christian men when they are delivered out of trouble would thus give the glory to their God (Deut. 8 : 16–18).

PRICELESS TREASURE TROVE.

PASTOR CREMER, of the Evangelical Continental Society, in the course of his evangelistic journeys, has met with an excellent woman, who is making it her business to sell Scriptures, and to read them from house to house. Her history is not a little singular. She had an uncle, a priest, who recommended her to read the New Testament assiduously. For a long time this excellent advice was neglected, but one day she happened to pick up a New Testament in which was a card with the name and address of a priest in the neighborhood. On taking it to the priest in question, he said that it was not his property, and told her to keep it until somebody should claim it, but added, "Don't let your children read it." This stimulated her curiosity, and she began to read it, and then discovered that it was the same book which her uncle had urged her to read. She soon became interested, and continued to read it eagerly. Soon after, her confessor, learning what she was doing, threatened her if she did not give up the practice, but it was too late. The book had won her heart. As she goes about, she reads the New Testament to the people, and explains it. She is described as utterly fearless, and has again and again resisted the priests with an amount of authority which must have been given her of God. Her face is radiant with joy, and yet her trials have been neither few nor small. She has watched over a drunken husband with exemplary care and patience, and has now much hope of seeing him reclaimed. She is thus in herself a shining light. In one house she helps the housewife a little, in another gives a tract to a child, in many she lends books, and in several gives regular instruction to women who, at present, are secret disciples.

TREASURED DOOR-STEPS.

IN a recent address on the duty of the Church to look after young men and women who quit the villages to get employment in large cities, the Rev. Thomas Champness related a remarkable incident. He said: I want to tell you a story. I find folks remember my stories even when they forget my sermons. I have not to go to books for them; I meet them in my daily walks. Some years ago there was a family of farmers, well-to-do. They came down in the world. The sons emigrated, but the girl said she would not emigrate; she would go out and seek a situation, and she became—not a governess, not a companion, but just a straightforward servant-girl. This girl felt it a nobler thing to go and work in a big town and earn wages as a servant-girl than to idle at home; and one day, when she was cleaning the steps a bricklayer fellow came up. He saw this nice girl cleaning the steps, and he said, "I must see her again." So he managed to find out what place of worship she went to, and it turned out to be the Methodist chapel, and so he said, "I'll go there." When he went there for something he hoped to get, he got something he never expected. He was converted. After a time his thoughts turned again to the girl, and he asked her if he might come and see her a bit, and so "they made it up." They got married, and he worked at his trade for some time. He kept on saving money till by and by, he said, "I shall build a house for myself." He built this house, and when it was finished he took his wife and children up to the front door, and there he said to his wife, "Do you see those steps?" And she said, "I do." "Those were the steps thee wert cleaning when I first saw thee. The master's house was pulled down, and I went and bought the steps. I said, 'When thee hast a house of thine own these steps shall be in the front.'" It is too long a story to tell, but their son went into business with his father, and they bought a field of clay which turned out to be almost like a mine of gold to them. It has made their fortune, and the son of the woman who cleaned the steps when I saw him last lived in a villa of his own, a rich man, and a great blessing to Christ's cause, and my feeling is that we must care for the girl that cleans the steps.

A NEW SOLDIER'S ACCOUTREMENTS.

THE Rev. S. R. Brown, of the McAll Mission, in Paris, relates the following: In one of our Paris stations a young woman was observed who was nicely dressed for a Parisian *ouvrière,* and who was most attentive to the things that were spoken. Seeking an opportunity to talk with her, I found her a devout Roman Catholic, but being disappointed, she, as a last resort had come to the meeting for advice.

She had completed a "Neuvaine" at the privileged altars of Notre Dame des Victoires, without any result. "What is a '*Neuvaine?*'" I inquired, and the answer given was a small book of directions. A *Neuvaine* is nine days of prayers offered fasting at a special church, with a candle burned each morning at the altar.

A Testament was given her, with several tracts. She continued to attend the meetings.

One day, stepping down from the platform, I asked her, "Have you found?" "Oh, no!" was the answer. "I have been seeking three months and have not found." "They that seek Me shall find," was the word given to her.

The next Sunday after the meeting had commenced, she came forward to a front row of chairs, and I saw at once that a change had come, the sparkling eyes, the radiant face, were outward and vsible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. So, after the meeting, I said, "All is well!" and she answered in the words of Scripture, "I have found rest." "Now, then, tell me how it happened?" "Well, I went home, and I did ask, and I received, and then I just believed altogether. But won't you come and see me?"

I went, and found her in a quaint attic in what was once the hotel of the Prince de Condé, the old Huguenot chief.

We bowed our knees and gave thanks to God for what He had done for her, and then we interceded for her mother and brother, and for a person whom she is trying to bring to the meetings. For she, too, has joined the army and become a soldier. She showed me *the weapons of her warfare.* First, a bundle of tracts received at the Salle, and now lent to her neighbors; small arms in which she has great faith. Second, a Bible and a New Testament: the sword of the Spirit. And another weapon, called All Prayer, which she asked me to wield in her room for an unknown person. She is starting on a campaign soon to see her mother, and already she is sure of victory.

We came down the stairs of the old hotel, tarried a moment in the quadrilateral court-yard, from whence armed men had often gone forth to battle for religious liberty and to die. Times are changed, and the quiet, unpretending work done and doing by such agencies as the McAll Mission, soldiers like Mlle. Dupont going forth with tracts, with the New Testament, with prayer and faith, is destined to do for France more than the armies of Condé and others of the fifteenth century.

[Money for the support of the McAll Paris Mission should be sent to Miss Frances Lea, 1622 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

A MISSIONARY AT A LEOPARD'S DEN.

THE Rev. A. E. Haegert, of the Bethel Santhal Mission, India, sends the following to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: One Thursday morning an enormous leopard visited Goomro village and wounded four men. The old Zemindar sent a man on horseback to beg the Padri Sahib to bring his firearm. In consequence, I went with five men, armed with battle-axes and clubs. On my arrival I attended first the wounded; one of them was in much pain, having been bitten three or four times. After an hour we all marched off to a neighboring rock, where the leopard had his castle. On the road I was shown the place where two men had been attacked in the village street by the leopard.

To go hunting a leopard in the rainy season, when the ground is wet and slippery and vegetation abounds, is no easy matter. The rock where the leopard dwells is rather bare, and of gray sandstone. The wind has carried sand and dust into the crevices, and planted trees, which have been irrigated by passing clouds, and now give shade, and a picturesque appearance to the fearless robber's abode. On arrival, I poked my head into the den, and saw a pair of fiery eyes gleaming in the dark, and fired. The thunder reverberated in half-a-dozen caves, but the leopard died without a murmur. The bullet penetrated his head between his eyes. I hear he had killed three calves, and many goats, besides wounding four men. Having reloaded my gun, I again cautiously pushed my head and shoulders into the den, and saw some yellow spots, and fired; but the leopard was quite dead. By and by a man crept in, tied a cloth round his foot, and four men pulled him out; he measured eight feet seven inches. His legs were then tied together, a pole passed through them, and four men carried him home. We had to cross four villages, and everywhere the men, women, and children rushed out to have a peep at their dead foe. Very profound and smiling were the salaams made to me. I urged on the throng that they should put their trust in Christ, who would save them from a greater enemy. As for the country at large, they get heartily ashamed of their dead idols, that cannot even move a finger to save themselves from the white ants that devour them. When I was attending the wounded, a man suggested that if a leopard came they should throw their idol in his mouth.

WAS THE CRUCIFIXION ON THE 14th OR ON THE 15th DAY OF NISAN?

DID CHRIST EAT THE PASSOVER FOR THE LAST TIME AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 15TH OF NISAN?

By the Rev. Canon Browne, Author of "Ordo Sæculorum."

An Apparent Discrepancy in the Gospels—John's Statement Explicit—The Meaning of the High Day—A Probable Misunderstanding of the Three Gospels—The Prohibitions of Jewish Law—Trials Unlawful on High Days—Intrinsic Improbabilities—An Anticipative Celebration—A Probable Explanation—A Type Fulfilled.

[The importance of this question to students of prophecy is greater than may at first sight appear. Its answer would help to solve several problems. One of them is the actual year of our Lord's death. It is certain that our Lord was crucified on a Friday, because reference is made to the next day as being the Sabbath (Mark 15 : 42). Now if we can discover whether it was Nisan 14 or 15, and if astronomers can tell us in what year the moon's changes caused the day to fall on a Friday, then that year will be the year of the crucifixion; and we then know positively the date of the end of Daniel's sixty-nine weeks and consequently the end of this age, which, according to Daniel, is to be 1862 years afterward.—EDS.]

IT has long been a controverted question among theologians (giving rise to endless debates, dissertations and ecclesiastical councils and schisms and even conflicts) whether the day on which our Lord suffered was the 14th day of Nisan, the day of the Jewish passover, since the three first Gospels seem at variance on this point with the fourth. At least the statements differ so much that it is still a critical question whether the crucifixion is to be referred to the 14th or to the 15th. This question must needs be discussed; let us see, then, first what St. John says or implies on this matter, and afterward examine the counter-statements of the other three Gospels.

It appears from John 18 : 28, that, at an early hour (*πρωΐ*) on Friday morning the Jews who conducted our Lord to the prætorium had not yet eaten the passover, and intended to eat it; *ἵνα φάγωσι τὸ πασχα.* The expression *φαγεῖν τὸ πασχα* invariably denotes the supper on the paschal lamb, which

Supper was to be Held

between sunset and midnight of the night following the 14th Nisan, *i.e.*, in the first six hours of the *νυχθήμερον*, called 15th Nisan. It follows that the 15th Nisan was not arrived on the morning of Friday when the Jews stood with our Lord before the prætorium.

St. John says of the same day, 19 : 14, *ἦν δὲ παρασκευὴ τοῦ πάσχα*: a phrase which, agreeably with its invariable usage, can only mean the day immediately preceding the celebration of the paschal supper, the day ending at sunset of 14th Nisan, the עֶרֶב־פֶּסַח or passover eve, in short, the day on which the paschal lamb was to be sacrificed. He further says that the following

Saturday Was An High Day,

ἦν μεγάλη ἡ ἡμέρα ἐκείνου τοῦ σαββάτου. This Saturday was either the 16th or 15th Nisan. If it was the 16th, it was in no pre-eminent sense *μεγάλη ἡμέρα*, being only a common Sabbath in passover week; the 15th, on whatever day of the week it fell, was a higher day, being the Sabbath extraordinary, the first day of unleavened bread. The execution of criminals on that day was a greater desecration of the Sabbath than the suffering the bodies to remain on the crosses on the ordinary weekly Sabbath. But if the Saturday was the 15th, it was pre-eminently a great day, not only as being the extraordinary Sabbath, but by its concurrence with the weekly Sabbath. These statements prove unanswerably, that, *according to St. John*, the Friday of the crucifixion *was not* the 15th and *was* the 14th day of Nisan.

But then on the other hand

The First Three Gospels

declare that "on the first day of unleavened bread" (Matt. 26 : 17; Mark 14 : 12, *Τῇ πρώτῃ τῶν ἀζύμων*; Luke 22 : 7, *ἡμέρα τῶν ἀζύμων*), the disciples asked, Where shall we prepare for Thee to *eat the pascha?* were sent to a certain householder to prepare it, did accordingly prepare it (*ἡτοίμασαν τὸ πάσχα*, Matthew, Mark, Luke), and that our Lord at even ate a supper there with His disciples, which supper in Luke 22 : 15, is called *τοῦτο τὸ πάσχα.* From all which it is concluded that in the view of the three earlier evangelists the Last Supper was the ordinary pascha, and, therefore, occurred in the first six hours of the 15th Nisan, consequently, that the Crucifixion itself occurred on the 15th. If this be so, the fourth Gospel is at variance with the other three on a matter of fact of no slight importance; for it is vain to attempt to prove that in the view of John the day of the Passion was the 15th. But let us examine this

Supposed Contradictory Statement

of the first three Gospels. In the first place, it is scarcely credible that this should be its true meaning, because of the intrinsic improbability which attends this view of the matter. The first day of unleavened bread, or 15th Nisan, was one of the most sacred days in the year, a day on which no servile work was to be done. Ex. 12 : 16; Lev. 23 : 7. As soon as the sun went down on the 14th all work must cease, none must go abroad out of their houses until the morning (Ex. 12 : 22, Lightfoot, *Horæ Heb.* in Mark 14 : 36), at least not beyond the city. But if that night was the Thursday night, not only Christ and His apostles transgressed this peremptory law by leaving house and city, but the persecuting Jews did the same. Nay, the whole Sanhedrim, by sitting in judgment on our Lord, and all those Jews who took part in His execution, violated the sanctity of a most holy Sabbath, and, moreover, transgressed

An Express Precept

of the elders, which prescribed that "on Sabbath days and festival days no trial or judgment may be held." The disciples, also, in taking down the Body from the Cross and laying it in the tomb, were guilty in the same respect; and Luke must have overlooked this antecedent breach of a positive command when he says, concerning the holy women 23 : 56, "they returned and *prepared* spices and ointments, and *rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment.*" It is intrinsically improbable both that these should have been done on the 15th Nisan, and that the authors of the three narratives should have intended to represent that they were done. It is vastly more likely that we misconceive their meaning in affixing this sense to the narratives, than that writers, acquainted as these were with matters of Jewish observance, should have delivered an account which would surprise and shock every Jew who should read it. Independently, therefore, of the flat contradiction afforded by St. John's narrative to this supposed statement of the three former Gospels, the intrinsic improbability of the one interpretation obliges us to presume that there must be some other and true statement of their meaning.

Accordingly, on looking into Matthew, one is struck by that expression of our Lord in the

Message to the Householder

Ὁ καιρός μου ἐγγύς ἐστιν· πρός σε ποιῶ τὸ πασχα μετὰ τῶν μαθητῶν μου. Surely that first clause stands as a reason for something unusual in respect of the pascha about to be celebrated. Might it be meant as a reason why the celebration should take place at this particular person's house? This is conceivable, as if (*e.g.*) it were said, My time is at hand; I will do thee this honor—or, thou shalt do Me this service, ere I suffer, that, etc. But it is at least equally conceivable that the meaning may be of this kind, My time is at hand, I may not celebrate the passover at its appointed time after to-morrow's sunset, I will therefore hold it *this night* at thy house. To which we may add from the same narrative (for I take them separately, as discussing the question on the ground of those who will not allow us to fetch explanations and corrections from the other two narratives of the same incidents), that the householder was probably himself a disciple, as he was to be addressed with the words *ὁ διδάσκαλος λέγει*, and that he may be supposed to have received in some other way, some previous intimation respecting the Lord's purpose; and, further, that there is nothing to forbid the supposition, that the time when the question was put was at the very beginning of the 14th Nisan, *i. e.*, at sunset; for, upon any view of the case, the day called "first of unleavened bread," cannot mean the day strictly so called but only the 14th Nisan, since if the 15th had commenced there would not have been time for due preparation, nay, such preparation had been unlawful.

The question then was put at some time on the 14th, and why not at the very beginning of it? The householder, too, may have had the paschal lamb in readiness, and whatever else being requisite could not be procured at short notice. All this is conceivable enough, and, notwithstanding that it is not expressed in the narrative, is more credible than a view of the transaction which labors under improbability.

In Mark, we find the *πρώτη τῶν ἀζύμων* plainly marked as the 14th Nisan by the note *ὅτε τὸ πάσχα ἔθυον*, 14 : 12; but I do not perceive anything in the other additions which tells one way or the other. In Luke, the day called *ἡ ἡμέρα τῶν ἀζύμων*, is described as that *ἐν ᾗ ἔδει θύεσθαι τὸ πάσχα*, 22 : 7. The words of our Lord *ἐπιθυμίᾳ ἐπεθύμησα τοῦτο τὸ πάσχα φαγεῖν μεθ' ὑμῶν πρὸ τοῦ με παθεῖν*, like those in Matthew, *ὁ καιρός μου ἐγγύς ἐστιν*, may be understood as meant to imply that the time of holding the supper was anticipated.

It may be objected, indeed, that such

An Anticipation of the Passover

was a thing so unprecedented, that the disciples themselves must have expressed their surprise, and have asked the reason of this new thing; while yet there is nothing in the three first gospels to show that they were at all surprised, or that there was anything extraordinary in the circumstances of the case. No doubt they were surprised, unless the Lord had prepared them for it beforehand. But was it necessary that all this should be *recorded*, when in the narrative itself the anticipation is explained by the very fact that when the appointed hour arrived, the Lord lay in the tomb? It should also be considered, that the first Gospel in particular was written at a time when it must have been well known to every one who should read it, that the Lord suffered on the very day on which the paschal lamb was to be slain. No Christian Jew could need to be expressly informed that such was the fact, or, consequently, that the paschal supper at which Christ instituted the Eucharist was anticipated by the space of four-and-twenty hours. The knowledge of this fact the reader or hearer brought with him to the recital of the evangelist; what need then was there to record the expression (if such occurred) of the disciple's surprise, the mention of which could lead to nothing which the reader did not already know—as, for instance, *Now this was done*

Because the Lord Foreknew

that ere the appointed hour were come, He would have given up the ghost? Objections, in short, of this kind rest upon a mistaken view of the Gospels, as if they were intended to afford complete information to persons possessed of no previous knowledge of the facts; whereas, in truth they were designed for persons who would, so to say, *interlineate* the written story with that information which they had obtained from the common notoriety of the facts, and from the Church's catechetical and liturgical teaching. For it may be confidently affirmed that until the destruction of the temple and cessation of the sacrifices, as often as the Jews' passover-day came round, the very liturgy would teach all *Jewish* Christians, at least, that this was the day on which *τὸ πάσχα ἡμῶν ἐτύθη ὁ Χριστός* (1 Cor. 5 : 7); as also on the second day of unleavened bread, that on it the Lord's resurrection fulfilled the type of the first-fruits, *Χριστὸς ἐγήγερται ἐκ νεκρῶν ἀπαρχὴ τῶν κεκοιμημένων* (1 Cor. 15 : 10).

[*Dr. Eadie's Cyclopædia and the Eastern Churches and the Church of Rome also hold the above view. But some expositors adduce strong arguments in support of the view that Christ eat the passover on the evening of Nisan 14, which was the beginning of Nisan 15* EDITORS.]

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Executive Order of Much Significance was issued by the President on May 4th. It forbade the importation into the Territory of Alaska of *breech-loading rifles and intoxicating liquors*. The prohibition is absolute except under a permit from a customs officer at the port of destination, who may issue a permit in the case of the rifles, when he is satisfied that they are for the use of temporary visitors and white settlers who are not traders. In the case of liquors he may issue a permit only when he is satisfied that they are to be used for sacramental, medical, or scientific purposes. It is a significant fact that when the Government sets itself to consider how best to promote the peace, security, and prosperity of the Territory, it concludes that the two articles which it will be wise to keep out of it are firearms and liquor. The Government is quite right. In their own interest, as well as in that of their neighbors, it will be well that the Indians should not have those two articles within easy reach. White men being better civilized and having more self-control continue to have access to them; but as we read the reports of crime in the newspapers of every State in the Union, and notice how frequently the combination of firearms and liquor appears, the thought suggests itself that Alaska is not the only place nor the Indians the only race that would be all the better for such an executive order.

The Fishery Difficulty with Canada Appears to have given the diplomatists plenty of work. The correspondence laid before the Dominion Parliament on May 3 filled three hundred pages and comprised one hundred and ninety-five despatches. The Liberal members appeared to be under the impression that Canada was suffering in the discussion and that some of her rights had been abandoned. Though no agreement has been reached, a spirit of conciliation and friendliness pervades the despatches, which encourages the hope that a settlement is probable. Mr. Bayard's proposals are that the line of limitation in bays shall not be more than ten miles from the mouth, and not be reckoned as a straight line from headland to headland three miles from each; that each Government have a war vessel and a cruiser to see that the treaty is observed and that the in-shore fisheries are not encroached upon; and that vessels engaged in the deep-sea fisheries be allowed to enter Canadian ports on the same terms as other vessels not engaged in fishing. These and other details of the Secretary of State's proposal indicate that his endeavor is to make the treaty of 1818 effective. The Governor General of Canada rejects these proposals, and an answer was sent proposing a modification of the Treaty of Washington.

Queen Kapiolani, the Wife of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, visited the President on May 4th. Her Majesty is on the way to England to be present at the jubilee celebrations, and is making a short tour of this country before crossing the Atlantic. The President gave Her Majesty a very kind welcome to our country, and she in reply expressed the pleasure she had had in visiting the different cities, and her gratitude for the flowers he and his wife had sent her, and for the welcome which has been given her. The President and Mrs. Cleveland returned the Queen's call a few hours later. The Queen does not speak English, but her husband's sister, Princess Lydia Kamekaeha Lilinokalani, who accompanies her, acted as interpreter. The princess is heiress to the throne of the Sandwich Islands. She is married to Colonel John O. Dominis, an Englishman, fifty-seven years of age, who, in the event of his wife succeeding to the throne, will not be King, but Prince Consort. The Queen is very intelligent, and the interest she takes in her subjects, especially in the poor and afflicted, has made her very popular. Not long ago she set a good example to other royal personages by founding and endowing out of her private fortune a large home for the children of the sick and indigent.

The Treasury Report Issued Last Week shows an increase both in income and expenditure over last year. Ten months of the fiscal year are now complete, and the total showing so far is an increase of income of about $27,000,000, of which $20,000,000 comes from customs, and an increase in expenditure of $24,000,000, half of which is in pensions. The public debt was reduced during the month of April by $13,053,098.

A Shocking Mining Disaster Occurred at Nanaimo, on the eastern shore of Vancouver Island, on the night of May 3, in a pit belonging to the Vancouver Coal Company, the stock of which is held in England. About six o'clock a terrific explosion was heard, and soon afterward smoke and flame issued from the shaft. A volunteer rescuing party went down, and found dead bodies near the foot of the shaft and the deadly gas pervading all parts of the mine. One of the rescuing party inhaled the gas, and died from its effects. Seven dead bodies and six injured men were brought up, but eighty-eight white men and over fifty Chinamen were imprisoned and could not be reached. Efforts to extinguish the fire and force air into the pit were continued without intermission until Friday, when a second descent was made. Only dead bodies were found, and the rescuers believe that all the imprisoned men must be dead. The scene of desolation in the village is melancholy in the extreme. Every family mourns the loss of some member. One woman has lost husband, father, and brother by the explosion. It has made thirty women widows and one hundred and forty children fatherless.

Severe Earthquake Shocks Disturbed Sections of California, Texas, Arizona, and Mexico on May 3d. Slight shocks are frequent on the Pacific coast, but this was heavier than any experienced there in fifteen years. A despatch from Tucson, Ariz., says: Considerable damage was done to buildings, goods were thrown from shelves of stores, and many houses were more or less cracked. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling sound. Many clocks were stopped, and the entire population of the city took to the streets terror-stricken. The court-house cupola swayed like the mast of a ship in a turbulent sea, and the building itself seemed as though it were toppling over. When the shock struck Santa Cataline Mountain great *slices of the mountain were torn from its side* and thrown to its base. Vast clouds of dust rose above its crest, 7000 feet above sea level, at three different points from three to four miles apart. It was believed for some time that a volcano had burst out on the crest of the mountain. One towering peak, known as the "Old Castle," a prominent landmark from Tucson, has entirely disappeared. The extent of the damage done cannot be told for several days. The public school building rocked to and fro like a cradle, and some of the plastering fell, creating the utmost consternation among the scholars. The school was at once dismissed, for fear of a repetition of the shock. According to a gentleman who timed it, the shock lasted just twenty seconds. At Benson several large buildings were cracked from roof to basement, and will have to be torn down. At Tombstone a lake covering an acre of ground completely disappeared in a few minutes. At Albuquerque, N. M., the adobe dwellings were levelled, and many families are destitute and homeless. Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth, commanding Fort Huachuaca, reported that a severe earthquake shock passed through the Huachuaca Range on Tuesday afternoon, followed by two lighter shocks at intervals of forty minutes. A heavy pall of smoke hung over the San José Mountains and a heavy column of smoke began to ascend from the highest peak of the Whetstone Range, the top of the cone becoming aflame. As there is no timber in this range, and the hills in the vicinity are covered with lava, it is thought the mountain was once and has again become an active volcano. Students of prophecy will not fail to observe that the opinion expressed more than twenty years ago by the Rev. M. Baxter, that this period would be marked by the increased frequency of earthquakes, is being proved a correct interpretation of prophecy.

The Nihilists Convicted of Conspiring to Assassinate the Czar have, with two exceptions, had their sentences commuted to imprisonment at hard labor for life instead of execution. This does not appear to have been due to their contrition, for Polianovsky, one of the condemned, said he and his accomplices acted from firm conviction that what they set out to do it was their duty to perform. Another of the prisoners, a young student who had just finished his studies with brilliant success, having taken the gold medal of the university, was so ardent in the cause of Nihilism that he sold his gold graduation medal to obtain funds to enable an accomplice to leave the Empire. All the prisoners pleaded guilty, and every one refused, under threat or promise, to betray any accomplice. The evidence adduced at the trial of these men indicated the existence of four widely ramifying Nihilist organizations, having head centres at St. Petersburg, Kief, Vilna, and in Siberia. A Nihilist sheet declares that the order will persevere in trying to kill the Czar unless he grants a constitution.

The Production of Wagner's Opera Lohengrin led to a popular disturbance approximating a riot in Paris on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The performance in the theatre was not interrupted, the audience being lovers of music rather than patriots of the howling variety; but outside the theatre there was wild excitement. Hundreds of students assembled, blowing tin whistles and shouting "Down with German music," "Down with the Germans," "Down with Bismarck," etc. Another mob surrounded the Russian embassy hurrahing for Russia and the Franco-Russian alliance. The same mob was proceeding to the German embassy, with the intention of expressing its sentiments by unequivocal words and acts, but it was intercepted by the police and, after a short contest, dispersed. The French Government had previously been warned that any such demonstration would be regarded by Bismarck as *an insult to Germany*. The opera, though financially successful, has now been withdrawn in deference to the wish of the French Premier, who has promised to recoup the manager for his loss. It is clear that the French Government is anxious to avoid giving offence to Germany, but a prominent French journal announces that "France has concluded a defensive alliance with certain other powers, and that henceforth she will not be alone in the event of aggression against her. The statement is interpreted as meaning that the Czar has promised to help France if the latter should be attacked, and that Denmark, Sweden, and Norway have favorably received overtures to join in the same alliance."

The Rev. M. Baxter Delivered Three Discourses on "Coming Great Events" in the Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass. He had large audiences. He expects to preach there again next Sunday.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Two hundred persons are believed to have been converted at one station recently. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y. Received with thanks 55 cents from F. De Forest, St. Louis, Mo.

A Methodist Clergyman has Left a Practical memorial behind him in a church in New York. The Rev. A. C. Morehouse, who has been thirty-two years in the Methodist ministry, has presented the Seventh Street Church, on the occasion of his removal under the arrangements of the Conference, with a black walnut pulpit designed and made by himself.

A Legal Decision of Interest to Young Men's Christian Associations has been rendered by the Supreme Court of New York State. The officers of associations in other States will do well to note it, and ascertain whether their laws will not bear the same construction. The decision, which was written by Judge Lawrence, establishes the fact that the Young Men's Christian Association is a religious organization within the meaning of the law, and is therefore entitled to the privilege accorded the religious incorporations in this city of exemption from taxation. When a tax of $1200 was imposed on the Young Men's Institute on the Bowery, a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, having its headquarters at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, its payment was resisted. The court has declared that this branch establishment is a religious society, and therefore exempt from taxation.

A Solid Gold Invitation Card is on Exhibition in the National Museum at Washington, D. C. It is among the relics of General Grant, which were presented to that institution during the General's illness. The unique invitation card was made in San Francisco and sent to General Grant to invite him to a reception on his arrival in that city, in 1879, from his tour around the world. It is engraved on solid gold, and was enclosed in *a silver envelope* with the address engraved upon it. In the right-hand corner is a two-cent stamp, and in the left the usual "If not delivered in 10 days return to," etc. Apart from its intrinsic value its reception must have pleased the General by the evidence it gave of the desire to show him the highest honor. The seeking soul yearning to receive the Saviour to abide and reign in his being has the same desire, but it is a still more precious offering that is acceptable to Him (John 14 : 23).

A Child's Conception of Heaven may be Inferred from a remark made to his mother by a little boy in St. Paul, Minn. He was recently taken to the place where his grandfather had been buried a few weeks previous—a lonely spot on the edge of a gloomy wood down in Le Sueur County. "Is this heaven, mamma?" whispered the little fellow, fearfully. "No, dear; this is a graveyard." "Well," returned the little fellow, thoughtfully, "I'm glad it isn't. You told me grandpa had gone to heaven, and I thought that this was the place." The mistake was very natural, and his disappointment can be understood. It may be hoped that the high conception he evidently has of the glory of the place will remain with him, and that although no one can tell him where heaven is, he may learn that it is possible to begin the heavenly life here, of which the life beyond the grave will be only the development (Rom. 10 : 6-9).

A Lady's Appeal for Mercy for her Imprisoned lover was made at Nashville, Tenn., on May 6th. Eighteen years ago a citizen of Maury County was sent to State prison for life on the charge of having murdered a German peddler. He stoutly protested his innocence, but was convicted, and a new trial ordered by the Supreme Court also ended in his conviction. He was assured that if he would plead guilty he might get off with fifteen years, but as he would not he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. During the eighteen years the man has been in prison he has won the good opinion of every officer of the prison, but all his friends outside, except one, have died or forgotten him. On Friday last that one—the young lady to whom, before his conviction, he was engaged to be married—entered Governor Taylor's office and begged for his release. She made an eloquent appeal, concluding by saying, "I am the only friend he has in the world. I believe in him, and have loved him through all these long, weary years, and I want you to pardon him. I do not ask you to think him an innocent man, but for the sake of two lives that may yet be happy I implore you to set him free." It is stated that the Governor, though not satisfied of the man's innocence, was so impressed with the lady's constancy that he decided to release him for her sake. It is in that way that sinners may have mercy from God. The merits of their Advocate are alone effectual, only in their case their guilt, which is indisputable, must be confessed (1 John 1 : 9).

Sound Advice to a Future Senator was Given by his college president. Among some recently published reminiscences of the late Senator Anthony is one related by a friend, who said: "I recollect his telling me that, at an interview with the president of his college, when a young man, he confessed a doubt or want of thorough conviction of the personal existence of the devil. Dr. Wayland entered into no argument and brought no proofs from the Bible nor the newspapers, but merely said, 'Believe in him or not, my son, but be sure you keep out of his way.' Advice which, perhaps, the good doctor would have reiterated with emphasis if he had foreseen that his pupil was, as a public man, to pass so many years among Washington politicians." It would be well for many other young men if they would follow the same advice. Safety is secured rather by the performance of duty than by speculation and theorizing. The Saviour inculcated this principle (Luke 13 : 23, 24).

A Buried Chest of Gold was Found Recently in Milwaukee, Wis. An eccentric citizen who died six months ago left no will, but told his wife on his death-bed that she would find plenty of money to support her and their children. No money, however, was found anywhere about the place, nor any record of a bank deposit, though careful search was made. A few days ago some repairs having to be made in the cellar of the house which the dead man had occupied, the workmen came upon a chest buried under the cellar floor. The widow was called and the box opened. It was found to contain over twenty thousand dollars in gold coin. The delight of the widow, who had begun to believe that her husband had deceived her, may be imagined. There are many who have similarly been led to distrust God's assurances, who have come to find that inexhaustible riches of grace are laid up for all who diligently seek them (Eph. 1 : 18).

The Absence of Wax from a Legal Document has raised a curious dispute in a New Jersey court. In the course of a trial on April 27th in the Court of Chancery before the Master, one of the parties produced in evidence a transcript of the proceedings of a court in Missouri. The opposing lawyer objected to its being received as evidence because it was not properly authenticated. An appeal was taken to the Vice-Chancellor, and it then appeared that the objection was based on the fact that there was no wax used on the transcript, whereas it was provided that all such documents must bear the *seal* of the court. The Vice-Chancellor, to the surprise of the lawyers, pronounced the document admissible, because a court might print its seal, and there was no law to compel any State to use wax on its documents. He said that it seemed to be against reason and to violate the principles of justice and equity to reject the document on that ground. Congress was much more liberal than those who have been called upon to interpret its acts. Congress said that the seal of the court should be annexed, but Congress was not so worshipful of the seal as to assign to it the sole arbiter of the rights of men. Under the act of Congress everything in the shape of a seal may be dispensed with and the proceedings entitled to credit when the clerk certifies that he has affixed the seal of the court, even though the wax is absent. Questions like this have often disturbed the peace of the Church, and in that case, too, it is those who interpret the laws who are persistent in requiring the observance of minute technicalities. Many successful preachers would have been silenced for this cause if the dignitaries of the Church could have had their way (Mark 9 : 38-40).

A Wife's Trusteeship was Discovered by her husband shortly after her decease in New York about two weeks ago. The lady died somewhat suddenly, and her husband had no opportunity of conversing with her after she became aware that her death was imminent. After the funeral, in examining the contents of her safe at the Safe Deposit Company, he found a United States bond for five thousand dollars indorsed with her name as "trustee." As he had never heard of his wife being trustee for any one he consulted her mother, and then learned for the first time that he was the person for whom his wife had constituted herself trustee. It appears that she had a fixed idea that some day misfortune would come upon her husband, whose income was precarious; she therefore saved from the money with which he lavishly supplied her sufficient to purchase the bond, intending to surprise him by giving it to him when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb. That day never came, and until he discovered the bond the husband did not know of this "provision for a rainy day." Anxious Christians will find when they enter into life that their forebodings were needless. They would not have dreaded poverty had they known of the inexhaustible provision from which God would have supplied all their wants (Phil. 4 : 19).

BRIEF NOTES.

MRS. KENDALL, a young widow who has studied at Vassar, is preparing to go as a missionary to Japan at her own expense.

The gift of a free circulating library to the city of New York is promised by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. He expects to spend fifty thousand dollars.

The Rev. Justin D. Fulton left Brooklyn for California, to commence his Anti-Popery Crusade, last Thursday. The society which he has founded is appropriately designated "The Pauline Propaganda."

Mr. Moody's summer school for college students will be held this year at Northfield. Three hundred and fifty can be accommodated in the Seminary, about fifty in the town, and any others who may attend will occupy tents on the Seminary grounds. Fully five hundred are expected.

Dr. Summers, the well-known medical missionary, reports his safe arrival at Lueba, on the Congo. A letter from him has just been received by Dr. Dowkontt, the Director of the Medical Missionary Institute. The many friends of Dr. Summers in this country will be glad to learn that he is well.

Many colored Sunday-schools in the South have no lists of the International Lessons. Mr. George Farrar, a colporteur who has recently visited among them, asks Sunday-schools in the North to forward to him any they can spare, and he will distribute them. His address is South Lincoln, Mass.

Dr. George F. Pentecost held eighty-eight services in Cleveland, Ohio, during his mission there. The results, as described by Rev. George R. Leavitt, D.D., are unprecedented in the city. The churches are receiving large accessions, and the members have been wonderfully quickened. It will be remembered that some years ago Mr. Finney attempted to hold services there and retired through lack of support.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Cornell University numbers over three hundred members, and the Association is already so large that no room obtainable or, in fact, existing in the University buildings, is large enough to hold more than two thirds of its members, much less to accommodate the Association and its friends among the students. The members have raised $9000 toward a new building.

As Clerk or Compositor.—A Young Lady desires employment in either or both capacities in New York or Brooklyn. Is recommended by the manager of this journal. Address G. M., CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE, 63 Bible House, New York.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. **FIVE PRIZES** will be given on June 30th to the canvassers who have sold the largest number of copies each week between May 1st and that date. The two at the head of the list will receive *ten dollars* each and the next three *five dollars* each.

THE RISEN LORD WITH THE ELEVEN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And as they thus spake, Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, etc."—LUKE 24 : 36–44.

The Interviews of the First Day After the Resurrection—The Chief Confirmation—The Lessons of the Appearance—I. The Certainty of Christ's Resurrection—The Evidence of Hearing—Of Sight—Of Touch—The Identity of the Body Preserved—II. The Character of the Risen Lord—Anxious for Peace—Encouraging Faith—Wonderfully Patient—Tender of Scripture—III. Light on Our Own Resurrection—The Body to be Raised—A Nature Full of Peace—Friends Recognized—The Past Remembered—The Spirit of Service.

THIS, beloved friends, is one of the most memorable of our Lord's many visits to His disciples after He had risen from the dead. Each one of these appearances had its own peculiarity. I cannot at this time give you even an outline of the special colorings which distinguished each of the many manifestations of our risen Lord. The instance now before us may be considered to be the fullest and most deliberate of all the manifestations, abounding beyond every other in "infallible proofs." Remember, that it occurred on the same day in which our Lord had risen from the dead, and it was the close of a long day of gracious appearings. It was the summing-up of

A Series of Interviews,

all of which were proofs of the Lord's resurrection. There was the empty tomb and the grave-clothes left therein ; in itself most impressive evidence. Moreover, the holy women had been there, and had seen a vision of angels, who said that Jesus was alive. Magdalene had enjoyed a special interview. Peter and John had been into the empty tomb and had seen for themselves. The report was current that "the Lord was risen indeed, and had appeared unto Simon." It was a special thing that He should appear unto Simon ; for the disciples painfully knew how Simon had denied his master, and His appearance unto Simon seemed to have struck them as peculiarly characteristic ; it was so like the manner of our Lord.

They met together in their bewilderment ; the eleven of them gathered, as I suppose, to

A Social Meal,

for Mark tells us that the Lord appeared unto them "as they sat at meat." It must have been very late in the day, but they were loath to part, and so kept together till midnight. While they were sitting at meat two brethren came in who, even after the sun had set, had hastened back from Emmaus. These new-comers related how one who seemed a stranger had joined Himself to them as they were walking from Jerusalem, had talked with them in such a way that their hearts had been made to burn, and had made Himself known unto them in the breaking of bread at the journey's end. They declared that it was the Lord who had thus appeared unto them, and, though they had intended to spend the night at Emmaus, they had hurried back to tell the marvellous news to the eleven. Hence the witness accumulated with great rapidity ; it became more and more clear that Jesus had really risen from the dead. But as yet the doubters were not convinced, for Mark says : "After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country. And they went and told it unto the residue ; neither believed they them." At that moment the chief confirmation of all presented itself ; "for Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them."

Brethren, though you and I were not at that interview, yet we may derive much profit from it while we look at it in detail, anxiously desiring that we may in spirit see, and look upon, and handle the Word of Life manifested in the flesh. Oh to learn all that Jesus would teach us, as we now in spirit take our places at that midnight meeting of the chosen ones !

I. First, then, let us see here

The Certainty

of our Lord's resurrection. When He appeared in the room, the first token that it was Jesus was His speech ; they were to have the evidence of hearing ; He used the same speech. What our Lord said was just like Him ; it was all of a piece with His former discourse. Among the last sounds which lingered in their ears was that word "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you ;" and now it must surely be the same person who introduces Himself with the cheering salutation, "Peace be unto you." Do you not think that they were almost persuaded to believe that it was Jesus when He proceeded to chide them in a manner more tender than any other chiding could have been ? How gentle the accents when He said, "Why are ye troubled ? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts ?" Our Lord's chidings were comforts in disguise. His upbraidings were consolations in an unusual shape. Did not His upbraiding on this occasion bring to their minds His question upon the sea of Galilee when He said to them, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith ?"

I want you to notice that this evidence was all the better, because they themselves evidently remained the same men as they had been. "They were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit ;" and thus they did exactly what they had done long before when He came to them walking on the waters. The same men, then, are looking at the same person, and they are in their ordinary condition ; this argues strongly for the

Correctness of Their Identification

of their well-beloved Lord. They are not carried away by enthusiasm, nor wafted aloft by fanaticism ; they are not even as yet upborne by the Holy Spirit into an unusual state of mind, but they are as slow of heart and as fearful as ever they were. If *they* are convinced that Jesus has risen from the dead, depend upon it, it must be so. These apostles were in special manner to be witnesses of the resurrection, and it makes assurance doubly sure to us when we see them arrive at their conclusion with deliberate steps.

Thus far in the narrative they had received the evidence of their ears, and that is by no means weak evidence ; but now they are to have the evidence of sight ; for the Saviour says to them, "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself ;" "and when He had thus spoken, He shewed them His hands and His feet." John says also "His side," which *he* specially noted because he had seen the piercing of that side, and the outflow of blood and water. They were to see and identify that blessed body which had suffered death.

The Nail-Prints Were Visible,

both in His hands which were open before them, and also in His feet which their condescending Lord deigned to expose to their deliberate gaze. It was the same body, and they identified it, although a great change had doubtless come over it since it was taken down from the tree.

Furthermore, that they might be quite sure, the Lord invited them to receive the evidence of touch or feeling. He called them to a form of examination, from which, I doubt not, many of them shrank ; He said, "Handle Me. Handle Me, and see ; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have." The Saviour had a reason, no doubt, other than some have imagined, for the use of the terms, "a spirit hath not flesh *and bones* as ye see Me have." The Saviour had not assumed a phantom body ; there was bone in it as well as flesh ; it was to the full as substantial as ever. Jesus cried, "Handle Me, and see."

Thus our Lord was establishing to the apostles, not only his identity, but also His

Substantial Corporeal Existence:

He would make them see that He was a man of flesh and bones, and not a ghost, airy and unsubstantial. This should correct a certain form of teaching upon the resurrection which is all too common. I was present some years ago at the funeral of a man of God for whom I had much respect. In the chapel a certain excellent Doctor of Divinity gave us an address before the interment, in which he informed us as to the condition of his departed friend. He said that he was not in the coffin ; indeed, there was nothing of him there. This I was sorry to hear, for if so I was ignorantly mourning over a body which had no relation to my friend. The preacher went on to describe the way in which the man of God had ascended to heaven at the moment of death, *his spirit fashioning for itself a body as it passed through the air.* I believed in my friend's being in heaven, but not in his being there in a body. I knew that my friend's body was in the coffin, and I believed that it would be laid in the tomb, and I expected that it would rise again from the grave at the coming of the Lord. I did not believe that my friend would weave for himself a filmy frame, making a second body, nor do I believe it now, though I heard it so affirmed. I believe in the resurrection of the dead. I look to see

The Very Body

which was buried raised again. It is true that as the seed develops into the flower, so the buried body is merely the germ out of which will come the spiritual body ; yet still it will not be a second body, but the same body, as to identity. I shall enter into no dispute about the atoms of the body, nor deny that the particles of our flesh, in the process of their decay, may be taken up by plants and absorbed into the bodies of animals, and all that ; I do not care one jot about identity of atoms ; there may not be a solitary ounce of the same matter, but yet identity can be preserved ; and it must be preserved if I read my Bible aright.

Still further to confirm the faith of the disciples, and to show them that their Lord had a real body, and not the mere form of one, He gave them evidence which

Appealed to Their Common Sense.

He said, "Have ye any meat ? And they gave Him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And He took it, and did eat before them." This was an exceedingly convincing proof of His unquestionable resurrection. In very deed and fact, and not in vision and phantom, the man who had died upon the cross stood among them.

Note well that this is our grand hope concerning those that are asleep. You have buried them forever if Christ was not raised from the dead. They have passed out of your sight, and they shall never again have fellowship with you, unless Jesus rose again from the dead ; for the apostle makes the resurrection of all who are in Christ to hinge upon the resurrection of Christ. I do not feel it necessary, when I talk with the bereaved, to comfort them at all concerning those that are asleep in Christ, as to their souls : we know that they are forever with the Lord, and are supremely blessed, and, therefore, we need no further comfort. The only matter upon which we need consolation is that poor body, which once we loved so well, but which now we must leave in the cold clay. The resurrection comes in as an undoing of all that death has done.

II. Secondly, will you follow me while I very briefly set forth our Lord's

Character when Risen

from the dead ? What is He now that He hath quitted death, and all that belongs to it ? What is He now that He shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ? He is *much the same as He used to be ;* indeed, He is altogether what He was, for He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Notice, first, that in this appearance of Christ we are taught that He is still anxious to create peace in the hearts of His people. No sooner did He make Himself visible than He said, "Peace be unto you." Note again, that He has not lost His habit of chiding unbelief and encouraging faith ; for as soon as He has risen, and speaks with His disciples, He asks them, "Why are ye troubled ? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts ?" He loves you

to believe in Him, and be at rest. Find if you can, beloved, one occasion in which Jesus inculcated doubt, or bade men dwell in uncertainty. Oh, beloved, you that are troubled and vexed with thoughts, and therefore get no comfort out of your religion because of your mistrust, your Lord would have you come very near to Him, and put His Gospel to any test.

The next thing is that the risen Lord was

Still Wonderfully Patient,

even as He had always been. He bore with their folly and infirmity; for, "while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered," He did not chide them. He discerned between one unbelief and another, and He judged that the unbelief which grew out of wonder was not so blamable as that former unbelief which denied credible evidence. Instead of rebuke He gives confirmation. He says, "Have ye here any meat?" and He takes a piece of broiled fish, and of a honeycomb, and eats it. Eating was His own sweet way of showing them that if He could He would solve all their questions. He would do anything in His great patience that they might be cured of their mistrust. Just so to-day, beloved, Jesus doth not chide you, but He invites you to believe Him.

Let me call your attention to the fact that when Jesus had risen from the dead He was just as tender of Scripture as He was before His decease. I have dwelt for two Sunday mornings upon the wonderful way in which our Lord always magnified the Scriptures; and here, as if to crown all, He told them that "all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning Himself; and He opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures." The learned at this hour scoff at the Book, and accuse of Bibliolatry those of us who reverence the divine Word; but in this they derive no assistance from the teaching or example of Jesus.

Once, again, our Saviour, after He had risen from the dead, showed that He was anxious for the salvation of men; for it was at this interview that He breathed upon the apostles, and bade them receive the Holy Ghost, to fit them to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature. The missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ—not only the spirit of Him that died to save, but the spirit of Him who has finished His work, and has gone into His rest. Let us cultivate that spirit, if we would be like the Jesus who has risen from the dead.

III. I can stay no longer, because I would draw your attention to the light which is thrown by this incident upon the nature of

Our Own Resurrection.

First, I gather from this text that our nature, our whole humanity, will be perfected at the day of the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we that may then be alive shall be changed. Jesus has redeemed not only our souls, but our bodies. "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" When the Lord shall deliver His captive people out of the land of the enemy, He will not leave a bone of one of them in the adversary's power. The dominion of death shall be utterly broken. Our entire nature shall be redeemed unto the living God in the day of the resurrection. After death, until that day, we shall be disembodied spirits; in the resurrection, however, the body shall be quickened also, and the resurrection shall be to the body what regeneration has been to the soul.

I gather next that in the resurrection our nature will be full of peace. Jesus Christ would not have said, "Peace be unto you," if there had not been a deep peace within Himself. He was calm and undisturbed. There was much peace about His whole life; but after the resurrection His peace becomes very conspicuous. There is no striving with scribes and Pharisees, there is no battling with anybody after our Lord is risen. An infinite serenity shall keep our body, soul, and spirit throughout eternity.

When we rise again our nature will find its home amid the communion of saints. When the Lord Jesus Christ had risen again

His First Resort

was the room where His disciples were gathered. His first evening was spent among the objects of His love. Even so, wherever we are we shall seek and find communion with the saints. I joyfully expect to meet many of you in heaven, and to know you, and commune with you. I should not like to float about in the future state without a personality in the midst of a company of undefined and unknown beings. That would be no heaven to me. No, brethren, we shall soon

Perceive Who Our Comrades Are,

and we shall rejoice in them, and in our Lord. There could be no communion among unknown entities. You cannot have fellowship with people whom you do not recognize; and, therefore, it seems to me most clear that we shall in the future state have fellowship through recognition, and our heavenly bodies shall help the recognition and share in the fellowship.

Furthermore, I see that in that day our bodies will admirably serve our spirits. A thousand infirmities in this earthly life compass us about; but our risen body shall be helpful to our regenerated nature. It is only a natural body now, fit for our soul; but hereafter it shall be a spiritual body, adapted to all the desires and wishes of the heaven-born spirit; and no longer shall we have to cry out, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." We shall find in the risen body a power such as the spirit shall wish to employ for the noblest purposes. Will not this be well?

In that day, beloved, when we shall rise again from the dead,

We Shall Remember the Past.

Do you not notice how the risen Saviour says, "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you." He had not forgotten His former state. It is rather a small subject, and probably we shall far more delight to dwell on the labors of our Redeemer's hands and feet; but still we shall remember all the way whereby the Lord our God led us, and we shall talk to one another concerning it. In heaven we shall remember our happy Sabbaths here below, when our hearts burned within us while Jesus Himself drew near. Since Jesus speaks after He has risen of the things that He said while He was with His disciples, we perceive that the river of death is not like the fabled Lethe, which caused all who drank thereof to forget their past.

Observe that our Lord, after He had risen from the dead, was still full of the spirit of service, and, therefore, He called others out to go and preach the Gospel, and He gave them the Spirit of God to help them. When you and I are risen from the dead, we shall rise full of the spirit of service.

What Engagements We May Have

throughout eternity we are not told, because we have enough to do to fulfil our engagements now; but assuredly we shall be honored with errands of mercy and tasks of love fitted for our heavenly being; and I doubt not it shall be one of our greatest delights while seeing the Lord's face to serve Him with all our perfected powers. He will use us in the grand economy of future manifestations of His divine glory. *Possibly we may be to other dispensations what the angels have been to this.* Be that as it may, we shall find a part of our bliss and joy in constantly serving Him who has raised us from the dead.

If any of my hearers have no share in our Lord's resurrection, I am truly sorry for them. Oh, my friend, what you are losing! If you have no share in the living Lord, may God have mercy upon you! If you have no share in Christ's rising from the dead, then you will not be raised up in the likeness of His glorified body. If you do not attain to that resurrection from among the dead, then you must abide in death, with no prospect but that of a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and of fiery indignation. Oh, look to Jesus, the Saviour! Only as you look to Him can there be a happy future for you. God help you to do so at once, for His dear name's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN OCEAN GRAVE-YARD.*

IT is little more than a mere dot of dry land in an immensity of ocean space, the restlessness of whose hissing surges is so incessant that here might Jeremiah have stood when he said, "there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet." (Jer. 49 : 23.) Sorrow there is, too, right often, and sorrow there has been ever since Sable Island first figured in human history. No other island on this globe can show so appalling a record of shipwreck and disaster.

Since the founding of the Humane Establishment, in 1802, a wreck register has been carefully kept, and on its pages may be read to-day the names of more than *one hundred and fifty vessels that have come to their undoing on these fatal sands.* Once entangled amid the shallows, once stranded upon the bars, and it was all over with the hapless craft, whether she were stately frigate, speedy steamer, clipper ship, or humble fisher's boat. Mr. Simon D Macdonald, F.G.S., of Halifax, N. S., some time ago prepared with great skill and care a most interesting chart of Sable Island, indicating so far as possible the exact locality and date of each disaster, as well as the character of the vessel wrecked; and looking at this chart the island is seen to be completely encircled by these grim proofs of its destructive powers.

It need hardly be said that even the tremendous total of one hundred and fifty-two wrecks falls short of representing the whole truth. On the contrary, for every wreck that is recorded, at least one other never to be known may be safely added. After many a storm do the waves cast up at the patrolman's feet the evidence of some fresh disaster—a shattered spar, an empty hen-coop, a fragment of cabin furniture, or, perchance, a bruised and battered corpse. And then, alas! there must be added the dread work done by the distant bars, from which not even such pathetic tokens as these find their way ashore. The following brief account of a disaster that occurred in December, 1884, will serve to convey some idea of what it means to be wrecked on Sable Island:

The A. S. H. was a French brigantine en route from St. Pierre to Boston with a cargo of fish. Toward evening of December 19th she was caught in a violent snow-storm and hurled upon the West End bar, beginning to break up almost immediately. The thermometer stood at twelve degrees below zero, and the sufferings of the unhappy men were so terrible that death assumed the guise of a welcome relief. Three were washed overboard when the ship struck, and although the water was strewn with floating débris, they made no effort to prolong their lives. The captain, the mate, and the remaining sailors succeeded in reaching the shore on a spar; but they only escaped the terrors of the deep to encounter the still more fearful terror of the frost-king. They could just discern through the blinding snow a faint glimmer from the lighthouse, three long miles away, and they set out toward it. The sand was being driven with tremendous force before the gale, and the grains dashed against the faces of the half-dozen men like tiny hail-stones. At length the captain could hold out no longer, and lying down, was speedily frozen to death. A little further on three sailors succumbed. Left alone in

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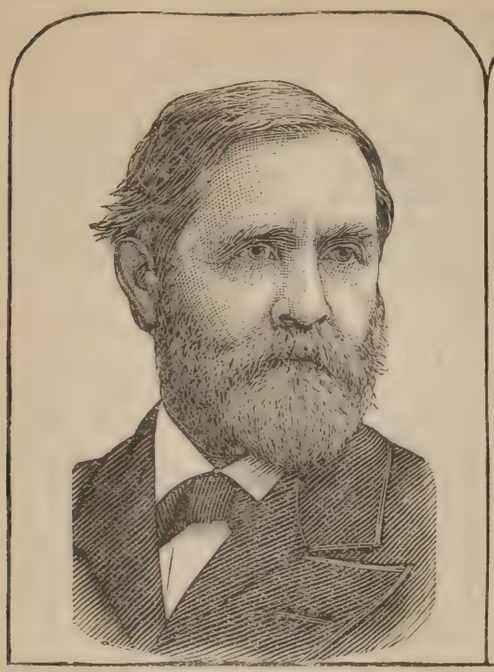
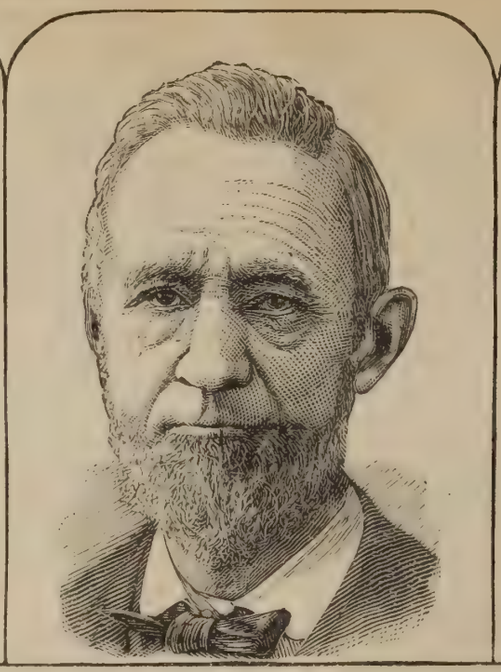
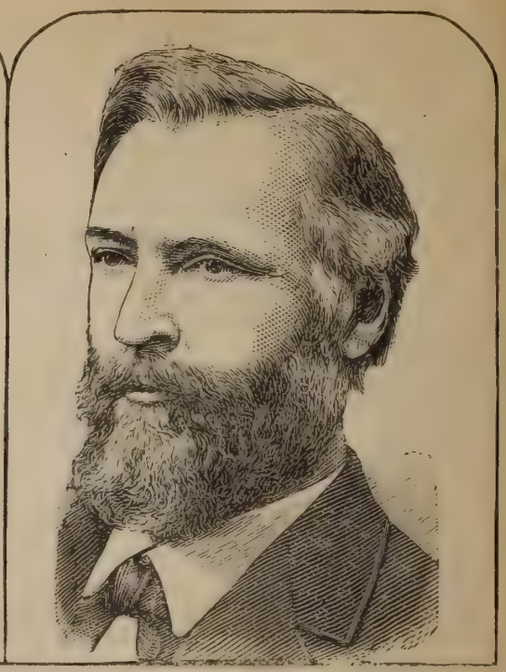
* From *Scribner's Magazine* for May.



The Hon. William R. Morrison, of Illinois.



The Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan.



The Hon. Augustus Schoonmaker, of New York.

the struggle with death, the mate, fortunately a man of unusual strength, pushed desperately forward. Becoming too weak to stand upright, he took to his hands and knees, and in this fashion, after six hours of suffering such as human beings rarely endure, reached the lighthouse, at two o'clock in the morning, so bruised, bleeding, and frost-bitten that for a time his life hung trembling in the balance.

Another and much earlier wreck deserves attention because of its bearing upon a problem now deeply interesting seafarers the world over. It happened in 1846, and Superintendent Darby is our authority. A wild gale had suddenly sprung up, and he and his men were patrolling the beach, when they descried a large schooner running right down before the storm dead on to the lee shore. The sea was breaking everywhere as far as the eye could reach, and it seemed impossible for any vessel to live in it for a moment; yet, as if by a miracle, the sea became smooth ere it reached her, and she left a shining track behind. After some minutes of thrilling suspense, she was hurled high and dry upon the beach, and her crew rescued uninjured.

Then came the explanation of the strange phenomenon which had so mystified Superintendent Darby. Two large casks filled with fish-oil had been lashed in the fore-rigging, and, securely lashed beside them, two of the strongest sailors in the crew, with long wooden ladles in hand, had been throwing the oil high up in the air, where it was caught by the wind and carried far to leeward in advance of the vessel, spreading over the sea with such effect that, while it was raging, pitching, and breaking all about her, not a barrel of water fell upon the Arno's deck. I believe this may with safety be claimed as one of the earliest recorded instances of the application of oil to the troubled waters.

THREE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONERS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

William R. Morrison,

of Illinois, one of the best-known members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, occupied prior to this appointment a prominent place on the Democratic side of the House of Representatives, being chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and the recognized leader of the section in favor of reducing the tariff. At the election of the Fiftieth Congress Mr. Morrison lost his seat. The President was therefore able to secure his services on the Commission without taking the responsibility of depriving the House of a conspicuous member.

Mr. Morrison was born in Monroe County, Ill., on September 14th, 1825; he is therefore in his sixty-second year. His education was received at the common school and at McKendree College of his native State. At the completion of his course in college he began the study of law, and soon after his admission to the bar he became clerk of the Circuit Court. He also was a politician of note, and was elected for four consecutive terms to the Illinois House of Representatives, serving one term as Speaker. His career in the State Legislature was such as to commend him to still higher honors, and retiring from that body he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress. He was re-elected to the Forty-third and to each succeeding Congress until the Fiftieth, his Congressional career terminating on March 4th last.

Thomas M. Cooley,

of Michigan, who is chairman of the Commission, is a Republican, and has attained high honors in his own State and a great reputation throughout the country. He was born on a farm in Attica, N. Y., on January 6th, 1824, and is therefore sixty-three years of age. His early years were spent in farm work, while he devoted every moment that could be saved from labor to improving his education. He early resolved that he would follow the legal profession, and he set himself with energy to the mastery of the lore necessary to qualify him for his work. So well did he succeed that in 1845, when he was twenty one years old, he was admitted to the bar. He first came to notice through the publication of a digest of decisions in the Michigan courts, which he made while he held the office of reporter of the Supreme Bench. This digest was remarkable for the lucidity of style which since then the public has always noticed in all Judge Cooley's literary work. In 1864 he was elected to the Supreme Court of the State and was subsequently re-elected until the last judicial election. Judge Cooley is a member of the Congregational Church and is highly esteemed, socially and professionally.

Augustus Schoonmaker,

of New York, the third of the trio whose portraits are give here, was born in Ulster County, N. Y., in 1828, and is therefore fifty-nine years old. He became active in politics while still a minor, stumping his native county for Van Buren and Adams in 1848. During the two succeeding years he was a teacher in the district schools, and in 1851 was chosen Superintendent of Schools. Two years later he was admitted to the bar and served as a law clerk at Kingston, N. Y. He subsequently formed a partnership in the practice of law, which continued until 1872. In 1863 he was elected county Judge; in 1875 a member of the State Senate, and in 1877 Attorney-General. Mr. Schoonmaker was the Democratic candidate for Court of Appeals Judge in 1881, but was defeated. In May, 1883, he was appointed on the State Civil Service Commission. In politics he was the friend and political ally of the late Samuel J. Tilden.

LARRY'S PROMISE.

(See Illustration on page 301.)

"SURELY He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Larry O'Meara read as far as those words in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah when his wife stopped him.

"Will you let Him carry yours, Larry?" she said, pleadingly.

Larry's lip quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. What a sorrow his was! No one knew its poignancy but himself. The wife whom he had courted when they were boy and girl together in Ireland was slowly dying, and the doctor had said there was no hope. Some men lose their wives and bear the loss easily, but that was not Larry's case; for not only did he differ from other men in having a softer heart, but his wife differed from some wives in what she was and in what she had done. Larry had come to America a year or two before Kate, and when she came and found her old sweetheart she was heart-broken at the change in him. Larry had not had as much money to spend in a year in Ireland as he had in a week in America, and he was drinking and going the wrong way rapidly. "There's good in him," Kate had said then, "and I'll have him, as he wants me still. Maybe it'll save him." And it had saved him. Larry had been a sober, industrious man for the last four years, and he knew whose influence it was that had rescued him. Love and gratitude and fear for a future without Kate to take care of him all lay heavily on his heart now as he sat beside his dying wife, with their only child on his knee.

"Lay the book down, Larry, darlin', and let me tell you what's in my mind," she said. "I may not have another chance."

Larry laid the book on the table by the lamp and came back.

"It's no use hoping any longer, is it, my

love?" said Kate. "I've got to go. It'll be hard for you, Larry, without me. I know it. I'd like to ha' stayed, but this is the Lord's will. You won't forget *me* I know, but I want you not to forget what I'm going to say. You'll feel lonely and dull after I'm gone, and you'll be tempted to drink to keep your spirits up. Don't do it, Larry. Just wait, and the Lord'll help you bear it. There's yourself, Larry; how would I feel to know you were going wrong; and there's little Nell; she'll have no one to look to but you now. You won't neglect the little child, will you, dear Larry?"

Larry's face was hard set. He dared not trust himself to speak. He kept his teeth tightly clinched, his breath came heavily, and his throat throbbed as if it would burst. "I cannot bear it," he said at last. "What'll I do wi'out ye, Kate? Ye've saved me and kept me, and if you go I'll go all to pieces."

Larry Makes a Solemn Promise.

"I know, I know. You'll be sure to feel that way, and that's why I'm talking to you. But, Larry, it isn't I that has done it. It's the Lord, and He'll help you now without me. You'll get to know that after a bit. Doesn't He say He 'carries our sorrows'? Won't you trust Him, Larry?" And she added, sweetly, "For my sake, dear boy."

"There's naught I wouldn't do for your sake, Kate," said Larry, breaking down.

"Then do that for my sake. When you are tempted just think of me, and do as I want you: kneel down and ask God to help you and keep you. He'll do it, Larry. He'll put peace in your heart, and you'll get to love Him, Larry, as I do."

"I can't love anybody any more, 'less its little Nell, bless her!"

"You'll love God, Larry; He'll be your Almighty Friend if you'll let Him, and you'll need a friend, Larry. Time's getting short, and I can't die till you've promised, and then I'll die in peace. I can trust Him to keep you and Nell if I know you'll look to Him and pray."

Kate held out her hand, the hand that he had clasped at the altar, that had dragged him out of the mire, and that had toiled for him for four years. Larry put his broad palm in it, and she tried to clasp it with her old clasp, but her strength was gone. "Promise me, Larry," she said.

It was a solemn moment. Larry felt it to be more solemn than their marriage. "I will," he said simply. Kate looked her thanks. She closed her eyes and prayed. A few moments later she was gone, and the time for Larry to keep his promise had come.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 357.*)

The Bag Lost and Found.

MANY a time on the day after the fire which had consumed a part of Ephraim Hartgold's mansion did the worthy Quaker look in upon Robert Atheling and spend a few minutes in encouraging talk. As a matter of fact, the young man did not need much cheering, for though he was suffering severe pain from his injuries the consciousness that he had saved Ruth from a terrible death compensated for all his agony. Besides this Mrs. Hartgold, full of gratitude and tender motherly solicitude, attended him, passing to and fro between her daughter's room and Robert's, and bringing messages from Ruth, charged with thankful regard. Ruth herself was not hurt, but the shock to her nerves and a contusion or two rendered rest necessary.

The household was in confusion, servants searching for articles mislaid in the panic or personal belongings which might or might not have been burned, and lamenting their losses.

Ephraim, however, had a source of anxiety which made him as near miserable as a man can be who knows that all events are in the hand of a loving Father. The trouble was that the black bag with the green string, containing the money which had been the occasion of Robert's visit, was missing. The Quaker remembered distinctly taking it from the cabinet when he and Robert were engaged in saving the valuables, just before the alarm about Ruth's peril was made. It was put on the lawn with a number of important legal documents, and one of the servants was placed in charge. The man had, however, run around to the rear when he heard that his dear young mistress was in danger, and when he returned the bag was gone. Mr. Hartgold searched everywhere about the house and grounds for it, but could not find it. He therefore concluded that it had been stolen, and knowing how precious it was, not only for its intrinsic value, but for the proof it furnished of Alfred Atheling's honesty, he sent to all the papers an advertisement, minutely describing the bag and offering a reward for its recovery. He also notified the police.

Mr. Hartgold was right. The fact was that the bag had indeed been stolen. A disreputable tramp prowling around the neighborhood no sooner heard the alarm of fire, and saw the engines arrive, than he entered the grounds of the burning house, to see if an opportunity occurred for getting some plunder more easily than by burglary. He marked the bag as one likely to contain money or valuables, and when he thought himself unseen he seized it and made his way by back streets back to his home in London.

The building he called "home" stood by the riverside. It was an old half tumble-down house which had formerly been an office in connection with an adjoining wharf. Thrusting open the creaking door, which was neither locked nor latched, he closed it carefully behind him, struck a match, which lighted him up the broken stairs to a higher floor.

The man stepped noiselessly to a candle which was inserted in the neck of a bottle and lighted it. Then he passed into a smaller room, knelt upon the floor, removed a loose and decaying skirting-board through which the nails that held it had been inserted into wooden wedges in the wall. Into a cavity previously made by the extraction of a few bricks he put the bag of gold, and having replaced the board, passed out into the other chamber, blew out the candle, laid himself down upon the floor, with only the edge of the mattress for a pillow, and disposed himself to sleep. But it was not to be.

Whether the policeman who was on that beat had seen him enter, or whether a spirit of exploration and inquiry had laid hold upon him, may not be known. Suffice it to say, that scarcely had the man on the floor sunk into his first "beauty sleep" than the constable's bull's-eye lantern was turned upon his face. "Hallo, Slinkey! Caught at last!" said the policeman, exultantly; for Slinkey was "wanted" at headquarters for a miscellaneous assortment of misdeeds, and had hitherto successfully eluded all pursuit. A shrill whistle was answered by another member of the force, who searched the house while the first-comer kept the prisoner secure. Slinkey, however, was an adept at hiding plunder, and the officers failed to discover the bag containing the money.

Slinkey congratulated himself on the safety of the bag, and thought what a splendid start it would be for him when he came out of prison at the end of the term to which he was pretty sure to be sentenced. He resolved to tell no one of it, not even his wife, for if she knew she might pay some of his debts with it or otherwise put it to a use of which he did not approve. What Slinkey did not know, however, or he would not have acted so, was that the owner of the house was tired of having it made the abode of thieves, and had secured a good tenant, for whom he was about to make repairs.

Now, it so happened that Ned Saltmer, who had been promoted by merit to be a foreman in his master's employ, was the man employed to put this same building into tenantable repair. Of course it was necessary to make a thorough examination of the place, and a few days after Slinkey's arrest Ned, taking his "two-foot rule," pencil, and note-book, repaired hither for that purpose. Robert Atheling's dog, Jess,

was permitted to accompany him, and indeed would have gone without permission if his fancy or his sense of duty disposed him that way. While Ned was thus engaged Joss was making a close examination of the premises on his own account, probably with a view to the pleasures of an expected chase after a rat.

Joss had concluded a preliminary scamper round the building, and had taken a superficial glance into all the rooms and corners, and at length had brought himself to a temporary standstill in the room where the hidden money lay. Into that room Ned had come, and was jotting down certain measurements and memoranda for business use. Just as he was turning away Joss began to bark. He had been pawing and sniffing at the skirting-board for some time, but he could not manage to pull it away, although it was not held very tightly in its place. When Ned turned to leave the room, Joss thought it was time to appeal for help, and so he lay just in front of the suspected spot, stretched out his fore-feet, and barked as though he knew that there was a rat just there, and he meant to have it before he went away. Ned came back, and instantly Joss's paw was on the skirting-board, and his black nozzle sniffing at the point of junction with the floor.

"All right, all right, old fellow!" said Ned, and in a moment the skirting-board was pulled away. "Rats!" said Ned, content to stimulate his efforts now the hindrance was away. But for an answer Joss inserted his paw in the hole made by the withdrawal of the brick, and straightway scratched out the bag, seized it in his mouth, and dropped it at Ned's feet. The metallic chink that followed told Ned of the nature of its contents, and with much wonder and some fear he lifted up the prize, and silently discussed the question, not how it came there, but what he ought to do with it now that it had fallen into his hands. That it did not belong to the owner of the house he was sure, and he did not know who the tenants were, for Slinkey's wife and child had been ejected summarily, having no money to pay the long arrears of rent. Ned was quite clear of one thing, however, and that was that great credit was due to Joss. So the clever and sagacious dog was petted and patted to his doggish soul's delight. "Well done, Joss!" said Ned. "It isn't often that you hev a chance o' baggin' game o' that kind."

Matter-of-fact Ned quickly dropped the precious bag, more precious than he knew, into an inner pocket of his jacket, and finished his measurements and inspection. Then, as the shadows of the night were falling, he made his way to his own snug cottage, close followed by the faithful Joss, who felt staid and sober, as became a dog who had come into possession of a large fortune and of special thanks.

As usual, Ned Saltmer was met at the door by his buxom little wife, who seemed always as if she were on the watch for a sight of his honest face. He paused for a moment until Joss had passed in before him. "Honor to them that hez honor due to 'em," said Ned, with a smile on his face. "Joss is a good deal richer than I is, an' so I gives him preference, Nance."

"Whativer are yo' talkin' about, Ned?" said Madge.

"Why, the fact is," said her merry spouse, "Joss hez cum' in for a fortan, an' he's gi'en it into my hands for safe-keepin'." Ned led the way, not into the kitchen, but into the parlor, the little room which was nominally the special quarters of Robert Atheling, but which was used, at his own request, by Ned and his cheery spouse. Then Ned brought out the bag, and without a word dropped it on the mantelpiece, so that its sonorous and suggestive chink might tell its own story.

"There, lassie," said Ned, "that's Joss's private property. It lay behind an old skirtin'-board in a house that we're repairin' by the Thames' side. Joss smelt it, or summat, an' niver gav' me ony peace till I knocked off the board. Then he fishes it oot of a hole in the wall, and brings it to me."

"What a wonderful thing!" said Madge, looking at the bag with widely-opened eyes.

"That's just what I've been sayin' to myself all the way home," said Ned. "What made him know that there was onythin' there? Was it only what they call instink? Or did he smell it? Had somebody—somebody that he knows, handled it, and did he reco'nize the scent? Or was it just a Providence o' God, that nobody but Him can understand? I give it up. I'll be hanged if I know what to make of it. I'll warrant there's a matter o' two hundred an' fifty pounds i' that bag. Aye, three hundred, if there's a shillin'," he continued. "Now then, Madge, the question is, What is the next business? Can we find oot if onybody hez a better right to it? What next, Madge? Dear owd gell, you gen'rally manage to hit t' nail on the head. What shall we do with it? Say, gell, what next?" and Ned, feeling exultant, clapped his hands in merriment.

"Why, the next thing, Ned, is your supper. Let's go an' get that business settled. That'll give us a bit o' time to think o' this. I's as well not to be over-hasty in a matter o' this sort."

"Right again, bless her!" said Ned, first slapping his wife's broad back and then paying compensation for the liberty he had taken by giving her two kisses of such vigor that Joss was constrained to come from his resting-place in front of the kitchen fire to see what was the matter.

Madge did right to advise that they should take time to consider, for as they sat by the fire after supper had been disposed of, they were surprised, for the hour was getting late, by a vigorous rap-tap at the door. When Madge went to open it, a pleasant voice came from between a flourishing mustache and beard: "Well, Mrs. Saltmer, how are you? Ay, but I'm glad to cross your threshold again;" and so saying the speaker entered without another word.

"Why, Ned," Madge called out, with a little cry of satisfaction, "here's Mr. Alfred! I knew he would come some of these days."

"Yes," said Alfred, shaking hands with Ned. "I've come again for shelter, and I need your confidence as much as ever." Whereupon Ned looked at his wife and smiled an "aside." Alfred clearly did not know that this very room was rented by his brother Robert, with the express object of searching for him. Ned, however, was not going to tell Alfred about that, or the young man might take alarm and levant before any explanation could be given. Robert had notified them of his accident, and stated that he hoped to be well enough to return in a day or two, and both Ned and his wife thought it best to let the two brothers meet and settle things between themselves.

But how came Alfred back to London at this time? The reader will remember that we left him accompanying the suddenly sobered Tim Crouch to that worthy's house, and his subsequent proceedings have not been narrated.

Once in the cobbler's home Alfred saw that there was no need to doubt their good faith. Sallie felt herself honored in having an Atheling for a guest, for the family was held in high repute, and was accounted only a very little less aristocratic than the family at Aspen Towers. So she put an extra ribbon on her cap, and made a point of donning her best "bib and tucker," and quietly rejoiced in the thought that as a hostess she could now boast herself as being something out of the common.

Moreover, Tim had in him all the elements that were likely to favor an outlaw. His radicalism was of a very pronounced type indeed, and he was always willing to help to foil a bailiff, sheriff, constable, magistrate, or other legal official in their attempts to interfere with anybody's liberty. "One man's as good as another," was Tim's sweeping political creed, nor would he have hesitated to say, "and a great deal better," if the comparison lay between a "proud minion of the law" and an outlaw, from almost whatever cause. Besides, both Tim and Sallie were fully as kind-hearted as the Yorkshire peasantry are said to be, and they rank high, though I say it myself.

So Alfred Atheling's secret was quite safe; and any danger of discovery was far likelier to arise from their over-anxiety to prevent it than from any probability that they might be induced to betray their trust. Beneath the humble shelter of their roof Alfred recovered health and strength, was able to write for the replenishment of his purse, and under cover of the evening shadows and by the aid of sundry disguises could pay frequent visits to the Garth, and obtain fleeting but most welcome glimpses of those who dwelt within. He felt as though he could be content with such rude quarters for a lifetime rather than face continuous banishment from Aspendale and home.

But, as usual, there was to be no rest for his wandering feet. He wore the yoke of his own misdoings; and the goad of retribution seemed to be constantly pricking his sides, that he might be made to move on and feel the galling pressure of the yoke the more. Tim Crouch received occasionally a London newspaper from a relative in the great city, who took that method of reporting himself alive and well. These newspapers Alfred perused with much interest, always, however, with the dread of seeing some reference to his own past misdoing.

In one and the same paper Alfred read two paragraphs that greatly disturbed and alarmed him. The one was an items of news about the fire at Sharon Lodge; and by it Alfred was made acquainted with the fact that his brother Robert, who had saved Miss Hartgold at the peril of his life, was the guest of that very Ephraim Hartgold to whom belonged the Good Intent—the vessel that had saved him, and the captain, and Inez from the open boat. His eye lighted upon another paragraph, an advertisement, and the while he read it, his face became deathly white. It was placed in the same column and nearly in the same place in which some months before he had read beneath the ugly word "ABSCONDED!" his own name and shame. "Fifty pounds reward!—Lost or stolen, a canvas bag containing upward of three hundred pounds. The bag bears the letters H. H. stamped upon it, and is tied at the neck with green tape. The above reward will be paid to any one who shall bring the same to the chief of the police at Scotland Yard or to Ephraim Hartgold, Thames Side."

Alfred Atheling could not and did not for one moment doubt that this bag was that missing one to the absence of which all his troubles owed their origin. But how did Ephraim Hartgold come to be mixed up with it? It was clear to him that the search for himself as a thief, and for the money as his booty, still continued, or had been revived in connection with some fresh clue through which he might be arrested almost on the steps of his mother's door. That mention of the chief of the police and Scotland Yard left no doubt in Alfred's mind that prosecution and a prison were impending; that the search would be sure to extend again to Aspendale, and that for his safety's sake he must hide himself among the teeming millions of the modern Babylon.

"You seeam as if you've dropped on te sumthin' nut varry pleasant," said Tim Crouch, watching Alfred's changing countenance as he sat with the newspaper in his trembling hands. Alfred showed him the paragraphs, and declared his intention of going instantly to London, as search for him was certain to be made in Aspendale.

"Why," said Tim, "it isn't for me te set my opinion up afoore yours; but if ah was i' your shoes, ah wadn't leeave a seeaf corner, though its nobbut a lahtle 'un."

"I've been very thankful for the corner, Tim. But I can't help it," said Alfred, with a sigh. "The curse of the wandering Jew is on me, and I must go. But I should like to come back if it be possible. Will you keep the corner open?"

"You'll be allus welcum', Mr. Alfred, varry," said Sallie, who was scarcely able to command

her voice, for here, as elsewhere, Alfred had made himself a favorite. "What Sal sezs ah sezs," added Tim, with as much sincerity as brevity. "An' until further orthers, mum's the wod at Crooch Cas'le."

Early the next morning, before most of the villagers were astir, Alfred walked to the railroad depot and bought a ticket for London, where he meant to make his home again with his old friends the Saltmers.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSOVER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 22, Ex. 12 : 1-14. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 5 : 7.

The Empty Man a Fit Instrument—God Manifested to His People and to the Egyptians—The Education of the Worker—The God-appointed Difference—The Sprinkled Blood—The Bitter Herbs of Persecution—The Attitude of Readiness—The Inevitable Separation—The Worldling Eager for It.

MOSES was a man of faith; by faith his parents hid him when an infant, "by faith" he "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter," "by faith" he afterward "forsook Egypt," and "by faith he kept the passover" (Heb. 11 : 23-28). All which God had foretold him when he was in the land of Midian (Ex. 3 : 16-22) came literally to pass.

The Resistance of Pharaoh

to the demand of Moses that he should let the children of Israel go into the wilderness to worship God, only proved the occasion for God to stretch out His hand and to smite Egypt with all His wonders. Now that Moses had learned that he himself was nothing, God would use him without injury to Himself, and again and again He called upon him to stretch forth the rod in his hand, when plague after plague followed until Egypt was destroyed. The water supply had been turned into blood and the fish killed; a fearful plague of boils and blains had broken out upon the people, even upon the very magicians, who, in their daring pride attempted to imitate the work of God's judgment; the crops had all been ruined by hail or eaten by locusts, terror had seized upon the inhabitants of the land, while a darkness that could be felt had visited them; and at last death came into every house in Egypt, and carried away in one night the heir of every family.

God was dealing with Egypt, and making Himself known to His own people at the same time. In all He does,

God Has Different Purposes in View.

He was dealing simultaneously with the Egyptians, the children of Israel, and Moses. Egypt was responsible as a nation for her rejection of God, because God had dealt with her as a nation in blessing during the days of Joseph. Egypt, when she knew God, "glorified Him not as God, neither was thankful" (Rom. 1 : 21), and God must deal with it in judgment. The children of Israel, who had appealed to God, were learning that God keeps covenant with His people; and Moses' education in faith and in the knowledge of God was carried on step by step in all his intercourse with Pharaoh and with the children of Israel. Every Christian worker is being educated daily, and often the apparent hindrances to the work are the exercises by which he is instructed and brought on by his infallible Teacher.

The eve of Israel's departure out of Egypt had come. Though he was little in his own eyes, "the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people" (Ex. 11 : 3); *they* saw Moses, but *Moses* saw God. Before

The Death-Knell

of Egypt's first-born sounded abroad in the land, Pharaoh and his servants knew that they were doomed, for by the express command of God, Moses had declared to them that none should escape, from the first-born of Pharaoh to the first-born of the lowest beast in the land. "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more. But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue against man or beast that ye may know how that

The Lord Doth Put a Difference

between the Egyptians and Israel." God makes the distinction very strong between His children and the children of this world. Man tries to minimize this difference, but it is all the difference between death and life, darkness and light, danger and safety, sorrow and joy, despair and peace, hell and heaven!

The hour of death in Egypt was the hour of life for Israel; "The Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, saying, This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you." The beginning of all to the child of God is the life out of death which the passover typifies. By Moses God directed that every head of a household should take a lamb, "according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house." If the household was too little for the lamb, a man and his neighbor might divide the lamb. God would have us share Christ and His salvation, not only with our children, servants, and all the members of our own family, but with our neighbors also.

The lamb must be "without blemish;" faultless, perfect; so only could it be a type of Jesus, for He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Pet. 2 : 22). It must be "a male of the first year," just in early strength, as Jesus in His manhood when He suffered. On the fourteenth day of the month each family must slay the lamb "between the two evenings" (margin). "And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side-posts and on the upper door-post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it." "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and

When I See the Blood,

I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." Oh, the shelter of the blood of Jesus! Reader, is it between you and your past sins? Is it a token to you and a token to God that you are redeemed? Does it speak to God for you "better things than that of Abel" (Heb. 12 : 24)? Does it tell you, does it tell God, does it tell men and angels and devils that God has accepted for your soul the poured out life of the God-man who died for you? No man of Israel, no woman, no child might pass outside the blood-sprinkled door during that night of destruction in Egypt. No redeemed soul may leave for an instant the shelter of the blood of Jesus. "He that believeth not . . . the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3 : 36).

Within the houses where the blood had been sprinkled, the flesh of the lamb must be eaten. It must be "roast with fire," literally, crucified (the eastern spits take the form of a cross), and every member of the family must eat his share. Not only did our beloved Lord shed His blood for us, but He gave Himself to be our very life. He became bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, that we might become "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." The lamb must be eaten with

"Unleavened Bread."

The Apostle Paul says: "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: Therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven; neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth" (1 Cor. 5 : 7, 8). Jesus said: "Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." It is utterly impossible to feed upon the life of Jesus so long as there is anything untrue, unreal, insincere in our spirit. God loves "truth in the inward parts" (Ps. 51 : 6). "And with bitter herbs shall ye eat it." Nothing provokes the world's enmity, scorn, and contempt so much as the spirit of Jesus. "Men will praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself" (Ps. 49 : 18). But, oh, how the world scorns those who are like Jesus!

We may not eat the Passover Lamb without the bitter herbs; "all that will live *godly* in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (II Tim. 3 : 12); we must count the cost as well as the gain. "And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning." God does not give us a supply of the life of Jesus which is to last us; we must be continually receiving. "And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet; and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste." We cannot take in the life of Christ unless we are willing, standing ready to do the will of God—not simply willing to think it over, and, perhaps, make up our minds to it by and by, but standing with our loins *now* girded to it, our shoes *now* on for the march, our staff *now* in our hand. To have and to live the life of Christ means a move *now*, if God shall so order it. It means that if He calls us to China or India we should go, even if it were to-morrow. It means that if He calls us to some work in the house which we have never done before, and, perhaps, may not like to do, we shall do it *now* without waiting. It means that if He calls us to confess a fault, we shall be ready at once, that if He would have us change the order of our day, we shall do it promptly, and that if He wants us to do nothing, we shall be just as ready.

The Passover feast was eaten, and every Israelite was within the blood-sprinkled doors. Were they asleep? Perhaps very few of them. Then there arose the Egyptian wailing. All Egypt was awake, all Egypt was in terror: "There was not a house where there was not one dead." Now the commandment of Pharaoh was reversed; he commanded the people to flee. It was

Well They Were Already Prepared,

for the Egyptians were urgent upon them to depart, for they said, "We be all dead men." In their haste they took their dough before it was leavened, for they had prepared no food for their journey. "They borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment." So eager were the Egyptians to see the last of them, that they denied them nothing, and "they spoiled the Egyptians." Sooner or later the life of Christ in His children leads to a separation from the worldlings. If they do not yield to God, they feel the presence of God's children intolerable to them, they feel God is too strong for them. Let us not fear, if it is so with some of our loved ones for whom we pray. If they *cannot endure to have us near them*, let us not fear, God is at work. It may be He is letting it be that they may learn to know themselves before they are brought to His feet.

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Why will you stand and weep without the gates,
O sorrowing one ?

You say you cannot see
Why, If He loves, He wants to grieve you so,
Why thro' this dreade l path He made you go;
O if you would but enter in to-day
And let Him show you in His own sweet way,
Dear suffering one.

But you will enter in,
I am so sure you will some blissful day,
And then, and then you'll joy to hear Him say
Why you have suffered so and wept so sore,
And you will see your sorrow was your door
To let you in.

To let you in,—
O Alchemist divine, O wondrous sight!
Your counted tears all changed to jewels bright,
For you have entered in the secret place,
Where He reveals the wonders of His grace,
Where you can see the all things of His Word!
For you have entered the sweet Will of God.

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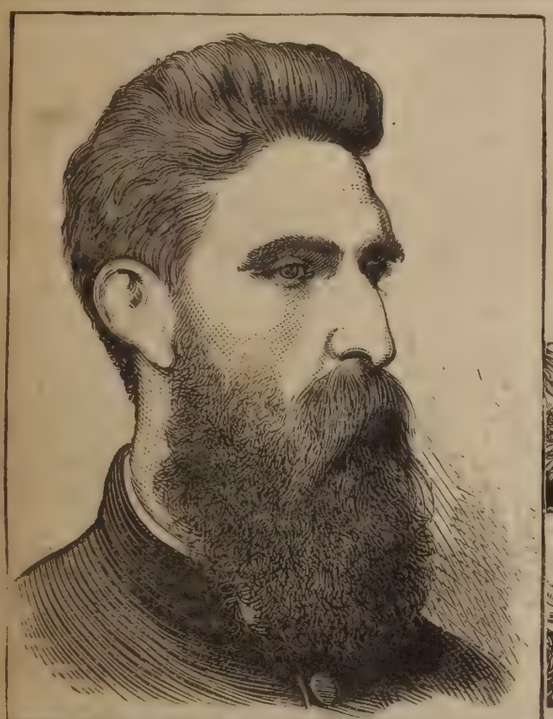

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REV. JOHN B. GRIBBLE,

Missionary Among Australian Aborigines.

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JOHN B. GRIBBLE, the founder of the Warangesda Mission, New South Wales, Australia, *whose portrait is given on our frontispiece this week*, was born in the town of Redruth, Cornwall, England, on September 1st, 1847, and is therefore now forty years old. His parentage was very humble, his father being a miner.

John was the youngest of eight children, all the others being girls. When he was about nine months old his father conceived the idea of going to Australia, then a young and comparatively unknown colony. After a long and tedious voyage they reached Melbourne, and settled down in the t wn of Geelong, situated on the coast, about fifty miles south of Melbourne. There it was that the following incident occurred, which Mr. Gribble relates in his little book, "Black, but Comely." "My first

Childish Recollection

is most intimately connected with the aborigines of Victoria. On the great *separation* day, when Victoria became a separate colony, the aborigines, then numerous, were feasted by the white settlers of Geelong. During the excitement and crush I got away from my mother's side, and was really lost, but while wandering on I was met by an old aboriginal woman, Biddy, to whom my mother had been always kind. She was so delighted at finding the white 'piccaninny,' that she at once led me away to the camp of her tribe, and feasted me the lifelong day on roast beef and damper." (*See Illustration on first page No. 1.*) "At sunset she took me safely home, to the joy of my mother, who was almost distracted in consequence of the non-success of the search-party, they never having dreamed that I was safely located in a black camp."

Mr. Gribble's father was a man of enterprising spirit, but of careless habits, much given to worldly amusement, and, unfortunately, very fond of "fast" company, which caused the family much trouble in their subsequent career. His mother, happily, was a godly woman, who sought to instil into the minds of her children the great principles of the religion of Jesus Christ, and it is doubtless through her example and precepts, under God, that her son John is what he is—a herald of salvation to-day.

On the discovery of gold at the now famous Ballarat, a fever of excitement occurred, and the Cornish settler made his way to the gold fields. Being fortunate, he was soon able to remove his family to the novel scenes of the early gold-digging days. Amid such scenes the childhood days of the future missionary were spent. The first school he attended was held in a tent. Before John had reached his eleventh birthday he was taken away from school, to engage in

Gold Digging.

When he was about fifteen years of age the turning-point in his life was reached. He was powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, and led to trust in Christ as his own personal Saviour. With this radical change of heart came a strong and irresistible desire to do something for God. The youthful convert soon took up the work of *tract* distribution. Then he gathered a Sunday-school class, and all his spare moments were devoted to the earnest study of the Holy Scriptures and other good books which might throw light upon the sacred page.

John Gribble by this time cherished the hope of becoming a minister of the Gospel; college, alas! there was none; facilities for poor students there were none; and he very soon discovered that if the goal was ever reached by him it would be reached by self-reliance and earnest perseverance. And now the real work of study commenced. As he was able he purchased books and devoured their contents. But the Word of God he made his special study. It was his rule to take his Bible with him into the depths of the mine, and placing it in a convenient spot, he would snatch a few lines as he passed and re-passed with his truck of gold quartz (*See Illustration No. 2.*)

Soon Mr. Gribble was requested to present himself for examination for the office of *lay reader and preacher*. His examination gave almost unqualified satisfaction, and it was now to the joy of his heart that he was *officially authorized* to declare publicly the glorious Gospel of God. His progress during the next two or three years appears to have been very rapid. The services he rendered were received with universal favor, and much blessed of God. He also passed some severe preliminary examinations, and in every one of them his examiners gave him praise for extensive knowledge of Scripture, and eventually he was received as a candidate for

The Ministry.

Having gone through the curriculum with credit, he was appointed to labor first of all in the city of Melbourne. After spending a year, with some blessing, in that city, he was sent away to the interior of the colony of Victoria, to do *pioneering missionary work* among the settlers, who were taking up the reserves. Accordingly on the Great Murray River Mr. Gribble spent five years, during which time he built five churches, and travelled many thousands of miles, scattering the seed of Divine Truth.

And now the time came for a new line of Christian life and work. Riverina, on the New South Wales side of the Murray, was in a state of great spiritual destitution. He received from the settlers there a pressing invitation to become their minister, which invitation he accepted. He removed his family (for in the meantime he had married a devoted Christian young lady, Miss M. A. Bulwer, of Geelong, of good education and comfortable social position) to Jerilderie, which became the headquarters of

His Great Parish,

seventy miles long and forty miles wide. While engaged in the ordinary work of the ministry there he was brought into frequent contact with the *native tribes*, and he soon saw that he must relinquish his comfortable position and undertake a mission on the Murrumbidgee. For six months a severe struggle was kept up between the flesh and spirit. The flesh said, "Stay where you are; why impoverish your wife and family, and isolate them from all society?" But the Spirit said, "Go and rescue the perishing! Go and build them a home in the wilderness!" At length he said to his wife, "I cannot bear this any longer; I must bring the matter to some issue. I have just been praying about it, and I seem directed to leave the whole matter with you. If you say No, I will not go; but if you say Yes, I will go." Her answer decided him. In her own quiet way she said, "If you think God is leading us among the blacks, go, and I will do what I can to help you; but if you think God is not leading us, don't go." (*See Illustration No. 3.*)

He at once set about arranging matters for the establishment of the native mission. He resigned his charge, a very comfortable and successful one, and early in March, 1880, to the utter amazement of his old friends, he and his family left the town of Jerilderie. After three days and nights spent on the road they arrived at their destination—a rough log cabin in the wild forest, which had been previously secured from the owner as a temporary home for Mrs. Gribble and the children and the few black girls they had brought from Jerilderie. After a day or two Mr. Gribble drove down the river, with his four black men, in search of a suitable spot for the proposed mission, and decided to commence operations on a reserve which had but recently been legally revoked from lease. "Here, then," says Mr. Gribble, "on the south bank of the Murrumbidgee, three miles from Darlington Point, and twelve from our temporary home, we knelt down amid the beautiful pine-trees, and gave ourselves to God for the work. We then began in real earnest, cutting down the trees and preparing timber for building." (*See Illustration No. 4.*) It was at that time that the poor black waifs and strays in the district, hearing that a home was prepared for them, began in considerable number to flock to

Warangesda, or "House of Mercy,"

for protection and food. Mr. Gribble says: "Our accommodation was small and our means were slender, but seeing so many unfortunate women and children in a state of hunger and nakedness touched our deepest sympathies, and we were compelled to admit them. We had no regular or certain income except my salary for teaching, so that we were frequently reduced to the deepest poverty. But in ways most wonderful God interposed for us in every season of want, and cheered our hearts with the assurances of His favor and guidance."

Although the work during the first two years was hard, and privations many, these trials did not affect the servants of Christ nearly as much as did the cruel conduct of those around them who were nominally and professedly Christians. In different ways they sought to break up the mission and to scatter the blacks. On one occasion a man, who passed for a gentleman, brought a case of gin during Mr. Gribble's absence, sent it to the women's camp, at some distance from the mission, and made them all helplessly intoxicated. The scene which followed was indescribable.

On another occasion the keeper of a low bush hotel supplied the camp with drink, called in the white men around, and, as an eye-witness declared, "The scene was

A Little Hell."

"The following morning," writes the missionary, "I visited the native camp, and there I witnessed a most revolting sight—poor old women and quite young girls helplessly drunk. One poor young creature, with a half-caste babe upon her bosom, staggered toward me at my approach." (*See Illustration No. 5.*) "I said, 'What have you been doing, Louisa?' 'I have been drinking,' she replied hysterically. 'Who gave you the drink?' 'Mr. D.,' and then, with the big tears streaming down her black face, she cried, 'Oh, do take me away from this place! I don't want to be a bad girl. I did not want to take the drink, but they made me take it.' I said, 'If you will wait till to-morrow I will bring a conveyance of some sort and take you away,' which, of course, I did, to the exceeding joy of the poor creature."

One day an *employé* from a neighboring station rode deliberately into the mission square, and after tearing off the stirrup-iron from his saddle and flourishing it over his head, vowed that he would kill the first man, white or black, that ventured near him. (*See Engraving No. 6.*) After keeping everybody in a state of the utmost terror for about half an hour he gave the missionary a *fortnight's notice* to break up the mission, saying that if he did not abandon it he would have to stand to the consequences.

A Crisis.

The mission were once very badly off for food. The season was very dry, and the sheep were dying of starvation. Mr. Gribble was sorely exercised, not knowing what to do; so he prayed for help and direction, and direction and help came. "An old black fellow came home one evening, saying, 'Plenty of fish down long river.' At first," says the missionary, "I took no notice, but as he kept repeating it, I said, 'All right, I will send a horseman to-morrow.' Upon this he became very warm, and said, 'You no send horse, you send big dray; plenty fish.' I was struck with the old man's confidence, and thinking that in *that* way the Lord might provide, I arranged for a fishing expedition. The following morning I started for the place indicated by old Jackey, with four black men. He led us on mile after mile till we were ten miles from home. Suddenly reaching a steep

slope to a back-water of the river, three of the black fellows bounded down the incline, and pulling off their clothes, plunged into the water, and began spearing the fish." (*See Illustration No. 7.*) "Such a sight I never before witnessed. The three spearmen kept Sambo and myself gathering up and bagging, and in the course of three hours we had secured about six hundred-weight. After thanking God, we returned home, and caused a general rejoicing throughout the settlement. On the following Friday I sent Mr. Carpenter, the schoolmaster, with another party of blacks, and they brought home more; so that our fishing expedition resulted in

Half a Ton of Fish.

This timely supply helped us to tide over existing difficulties. Even the black fellows themselves were amazed at our success. We could only remember Galilee, and take courage."

We cannot better close this brief outline of the history of this useful though little known mission of Mr. Gribble than by referring to the experience of two or three of those who have already died in the faith of Christ. Eliza Nelson,

A Pure Aboriginal,

was, when found in the camp by Mr. Gribble, a most pitiable object; but under Christian training she soon exhibited some most attractive traits of character. First of all, she was led to see herself a lost sinner, and then there followed a simple trust in Christ, which she never lost. It was seen from the first that she was very delicate. Consumption, the dead enemy of the blacks of Australia, claimed her, and she rapidly declined. A few days before she died her sister went to the Mission House to say that Eliza was very ill, and would like to see the minister. He found her surrounded by weeping friends. She was having a hard struggle for breath. He said: "You are very weak, Eliza. Have you any fear of death?" She replied, "No, because Jesus is with me." "The Lord Jesus," he said, "is always near those who put their trust in Him, and especially those who, like you, are passing through the dark valley." Clasping her hands, and with a look full of meaning, she said, "I know that, sir, I know *that*." Her boy stood by her side, and to him she had said just before Mr. Gribble arrived, "Harry, I am going away from you to Jesus; I want you to be a good boy. Give Jesus your heart; serve Him, and then when you die you will meet me in heaven." (*See Illustration No. 8.*) Thus Eliza Nelson, one of the first-fruits of the mission, was gathered to the eternal home.

Johanna, a Little Black Girl,

about twelve years of age, accompanied Mr. Gribble to the mission station from a place called Cootamundra, about one hundred and fifty miles away. "Her heart seemed pure and tender, and soon yielded to the touch of the Saviour's love. Very earnestly she listened to 'the old, old story,' until the love of Jesus became to her a great reality. One evening after service I was walking to the Mission House, when I heard the familiar pattering of bare feet behind me. Looking round, I saw the little girl. 'Well, Johanna, what is it?' With a great deal of native shyness, she replied, 'I would like you to baptize me, sir.' 'Why would you like me to baptize you?' I said. 'Because I love the Lord Jesus, sir, and I want to show my love for Him for saving me before my friends.'" (*See Illustration No. 9.*) "Tears came to my eyes at these touching words, and I said, 'All right, Johanna, I will baptize you;' and one Sunday shortly afterward the dear girl came forward, in the presence of the whole of our mission community, and I baptized her in the name of the Holy Trinity on her profession of repentance, faith, and love. Only a few weeks afterward Johanna's pure and loving spirit passed away from 'our home of mercy' to join that 'great multitude' before the throne. It was my sad duty to prepare the coffin, and to place the little wasted black form therein; but amid my tears joy filled my heart to overflowing at the thought of this precious gem, the glorified spirit of our dear little Waradgeri girl, shining in the Saviour's crown."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Wish to be a Finger Post.—Mr. Weaver remarked at a recent meeting: "One of my little boys said to me some time ago, 'Father, do you know what I would like to be?' 'No, my boy,' I replied; 'what would you like to be?' 'Well, father, I should like to be a finger-post, showing others the way to Jesus. I can't speak or work much for Him, but if I could only be a finger-post pointing the way!' Should we not all be so many finger-posts pointing the way to our blessed Saviour, showing whose we are by our daily walk and conversation, and never missing an opportunity to direct others to the cross of Jesus Christ?"

A Timely Message from the Lord.—A Devoted evangelist remarked: "I had this week a very convincing proof that God guides His children, even in seemingly trifling things. I was asked at the beginning of the week to address a meeting that night. I had no time to prepare, so went trusting the Lord to give me a message. I had no sooner entered the anteroom than I saw that there was some disagreement between the workers. I asked the chairman what subject he wished me to speak upon, and his reply was that he would leave it to myself. I rose, and before I had finished my address I saw that the Lord had given me a special message to those people. At the close of the meeting the gloomy faces had all vanished, and the workers were smiling at each other. I was asked by one of them, 'How did you know all about our business, and were able to give us that message?' My reply was, 'I did not know anything about your affairs, but the Lord did, and He it was who sent you the message which you received to-night.'"

The Military Substitute.—Mr. White said: "At the close of the late Franco-Prussian war a visitor, walking through a part of one of the cemeteries, in which so many of the gallant soldiers of France lie buried, was surprised to come across a man standing by one of the tombs, weeping bitterly. The visitor, thinking that it might be a son or brother over whom he was mourning, went up to him and tried to comfort him. But he sternly refused to be comforted, and as he still gave way to his excessive grief, he said, as he pointed to the stone upon which was written the inscription, 'He died for me.' 'He died for me.' He then related his story. The dead and buried man had been his substitute. When he had been drawn for the army his friend had taken his place, had fought, and bled, and died for him. So Christ became *our* substitute, and died for us that we might live forever. And have we less gratitude to Him than that Frenchman had for his friend? Shall we hear, without obeying, His loving command, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest'?"

The Wreath on the Grave.—The Rev. Mr. Ross narrated: "A young man, who had lately lost a dear friend by death, on Sabbath morning set out to visit the grave. On entering the graveyard another young man, who was lounging about, spending the Sunday morning in idleness, observed the first comer's mournful expression, and determined to follow him. He walked slowly along one of the principal paths, until he came to a recently opened grave, and there, kneeling for some minutes, he prayed earnestly; then rising, he drew from his pocket a beautiful white wreath, and laying it tenderly on the grave, turned to depart. The other young man had, in the meantime, been viewing this scene from a short distance. There he stood with curled lip, scornfully supercilious, listlessly tapping his boot with his cane, as he thought of the foolishness of putting a wreath of flowers at the feet of the dead. When the mourner had gone a few yards he advanced to the grave, and lifting the wreath, looked at it curiously, then scattering the flowers to the wind, resumed his walk. Thus the world treats the offerings of love, either to a departed friend or to a buried, risen, and victorious Saviour, as evidence of sentimental weakness, unfit for the intelligent beings of the nineteenth century. Nor do sceptics and atheists scruple in their senseless infatuation to attack that which their fellow-creatures hold most sacred, scattering it to the wind, and leaving the mourner amid his bereavement with an aching void the world can never fill."

Sad Story of an Indian Chief. Mr. Simpson remarked: "Forty-five years ago there was converted, by the instrumentality of a faithful missionary, the chief of one of the Indian tribes of Canada. He joined the Church, and for some years labored there for the salvation of his brethren; but strong drink got introduced into the tribe. The fire-water did its usual deadly work. Many of the members of the little Christian community fell under its power, and, sad to relate, that chief, the first convert of his tribe for thirty years, became a slave to this cruel appetite, and consequently wandered far from God. But the Good Shepherd followed and brought him back. At the end of thirty years in the wilderness of sin God put forth His arm and brought the wanderer again to the fold. And now, at the advanced age of eighty, he bears witness of what the Lord has done for him. But what of our civilization that sends out ministers to preach the Gospel, and at the same time exports strong drink and opium, which degrade and debase? Who would raise up the savage, only to dash him down to a still greater depth than ever?"

A Bible-Class Trophy.—Mr. Oatts Observed: "I often think I do very little for the Lord when I see others doing so much more, going to the foreign mission field, facing dangers and overcoming difficulties, while I stay at home. There is a young man, a member of my Bible-class, whom I have often watched. How earnestly and constantly he works for his Divine Master. He carries little books and tracts, which he gives to his companions, and thus gets an opportunity of speaking to them. I remember once meeting him at the house of a friend, and there he was trying to persuade a young fellow to come to our Bible-class, and ultimately he consented. At the next Bible-class meeting I stood shaking hands with the members as they went away, and toward the end, having forgotten all about this young fellow's promised visit, I was surprised to hear a voice remark, 'Well, you see I *did* come, after all.' I turned round and recognized him, and asked him to wait a few minutes and have a talk. He did; and the result was that before he left the room he yielded himself to Jesus, and his life now testifies to his loving, earnest devotion to his Lord."

An Irresistible Story.—An Evangelist Remarked: "A day or two ago I met the greatest swearer in Glasgow. I was visiting a house, and was in one room speaking with a friend, while this man was in another. He did not know I was in the house, so spoke quite freely, and the oaths which he used made my very blood run cold. Unable to sit calmly and hear that fearful language, I went to him, and just as he had given utterance to a more than usually blasphemous expression, I said to him, 'Are you not afraid? Do you know you are in the hand of God?' 'In the hand of God!' he repeated. 'How do you make that out? I should like to hear you prove it.' 'All nature is in God's hand,' I replied. 'Does not your body belong to nature? and you are in your body. By your own way of reasoning you are in God's hand, and God's wrath and curse is now abiding upon you. But if that were all I had to tell you, it would be bad news indeed.' Then I told him of the love of God, and of the Lamb that was slain for sinners. 'You can't prove these things,' he half-mockingly interposed. I turned to the Scripture, and after I had read the story of the Prodigal Son, the poor blasphemer burst into tears, and was completely broken down. He said, 'It is years since I heard that story, and I have tried to put it from my memory.' There and then he was enabled, by God's grace, to give himself to Christ. A brand, indeed, snatched from the burning."

THE TEMPEST.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 5, 1887.

"And there arose a great storm," etc.—MARK 4 : 36–39.

A Beautiful Gem in a Glorious Setting—The Flotilla on the Lake—The Master Asleep—The Hurricane—Stilled by a Word—I. The Importance of Having Christ with the Ship—Storms in Commercial Enterprises — II. Following Christ Not Always Smooth Sailing—Martyrs in the Tempest—Their Place Nearest the Throne—III. Good People Sometimes Frightened—Spiders Trying to Imprison a Lion—Infidels Causing Fear—Fears of Revivals—A Foolish Captain's Order—The Revival at Somerville, N. J.—IV. Jesus the Divine Man—Offers Sympathy and Power—V. Christ can Hush a Tempest—The Storms of Life—Surges of Death.

TIBERIAS, Galilee, Gennesaret—three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance: the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty, the waters rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills and bounding into the sea. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm-tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of

Beauty on All the Scene,

and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing the lake, and countrymen in fish-smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little

Excitement Up the Beach,

and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize; but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life and light and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting

The Master Asleep.

And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and His head touched the pillow, than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother. Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors of

Hurricane and Darkness.

The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliff of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling, and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky, and another for the waves. Looking upward, He cries, "Peace!" Looking downward, He says, "Be still."

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the stars re-light their torches.

The Tempest Falls Dead,

and Christ stands with His feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

I. The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have

Christ with the Ship;

for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship, if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment, if you can command a brigade; you have no right to be engineer of a boat on river banks, or near the coast, if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do; but, oh! have Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage, Christ in every ship.

There are men who ask God to help them at

The Start of Great Enterprises.

He has been with them in the past: no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a while the storm comes, and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat and the long-boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it Arctic blasts, or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well.

You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but when sorrow hovers over the soul, when

The Waves of Trial

dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

II. But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they

Must Not Expect Smooth Sailing.

These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said, "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! and as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down, and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then the disciples of Jesus Christ ought to have had such a departure and such a life.

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were

All Tossed in the Tempest!

John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go to history when I can come into this audience to-day and find a score of illustrations of the truth of this subject. That young man in the store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity, the young men in the same store antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian." Does this young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Here is a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no; all who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way.

The question was asked, "Who are those nearest the throne?" and the answer came back, "These are they who came up out of great tribulation"—great flailing, as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding—"and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Oh, child of God take courage! You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all these trials, and He will deliver you.

III. My subject also impresses me with the fact that sometimes

Good People Get Frightened.

In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more.

In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say, "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the spiritualistic societies; look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern, and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread is spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself; he shakes his mane; he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and scepticism about Jesus Christ;

He Seems to be Sleeping.

They say, "We have captured the Lord; He will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the Tribe of Judah will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say, "Oh, this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the Church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the Church that are going to be of no use to it!" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival in the churches.

As though a ship captain with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo should say some day, coming upon deck, "Throw overboard all cargo;" and the sailors should say, "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard!" Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the Last Day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that these gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century there broke out

A Revival at Somerville, N. J.,

and some people were very much agitated about it. They said, "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the Church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival! Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said, "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall very slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said, "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling away from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious

Emotion in the Audience

was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly, and said, "But the grace of God can stop you, as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for the gales from heaven, and Christ on board the ship! The danger of the Church of God is not in revivals.

IV. Again my subject impresses me with the fact that

Jesus was God and Man

in the same being. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks; what sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him, He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man! But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear Him say, "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God!

If I have sorrow and trouble and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say, "Oh, Christ! weary One of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, Man of Nazareth, Man of the Cross." A man, a man! But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death, and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say, "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief; hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!" A man, a man; a God, a God!

V. I learn once more from this subject that

Christ can Hush a Tempest.

It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and He puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest.

You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the falling arches and the crumbling stairways.

Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with

Your Troubles.

She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket, or in the locket, didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle, or in the country church. Or, your property gone, you said, "I have so much bank stock, I have so many Government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms"—all gone.

Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled their thunders, all the shipwrecks have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away. Christ says, "I have that little one in My keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, oh bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said, "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this life and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking

On the Surges of Death;

all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears; calm, satisfied, peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well. Jesus hushing the tempest.

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright, silv'ry tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last."

AN OLD TUNE WITH A NEW NAME.

(See Illustration on page 365.)

AN appetizing smell pervaded the blacksmith's dwelling, and, if you had watched the movements of the blacksmith's buxom wife you would not have been in any doubt as to the cause. It was nearing twelve o'clock, when the children would be home from school, and when Mark Brainerd would lay aside his tools, and come in from the adjoining shop with an appetite that was not easily satisfied. At present his hammer was going vigorously, as if cessation for dinner was nowhere in his mind. His wife could hear it, for it made the whole house vibrate, but she knew that when the children came home not another blow would be struck, Mark would come in and set to at his dinner with the same vigor as he displayed at his work, and when that was done he would rise and return to the anvil with his usual declaration, "I've eaten well and drunken well; now I'll go and worken well."

The shouts of the children trooping out of school fell on Emma's ear, as she laid the cloth for dinner, and in a few minutes little Luke and his sister Martha rushed in. The blacksmith heard them, and, without waiting to change his apron came into the kitchen, which served also as dining-room for the family.

"Look here, father," said little Luke, rushing up to the blacksmith with an open blank book. "And look at this, father," said little Martha, holding up her slate. These exhibitions always were submitted to Mark, for it was no use, as the children knew, showing them to mother while she had the dinner on her mind. And, besides, mother's tongue had always a sharp speech within reach, which father's never had.

Mark looked down at the two little ones with a glance full of genuine affection. "Ah! what's this?" he said, seizing Luke's book. "Music. Why, lad, thou'rt coming on. I'm the boy for music. Sooner you learned that than all the Latin in the world."

"Copied it myself, father," said Luke, proudly.

But Mark was not listening; he was staring intently at the manuscript score, as if he could not believe his own eyes. At last snapping his fingers in ecstatic glee, he cried, "Here's a joke, Emma. What do you think of a Yankee schoolmaster teaching his boys 'God Save the Queen.' Listen, Luke, boy, I'll sing it for you. Many's the time I've sung it in the old country." And Mark, in a rich bass voice, trolled "God Save Our Gracious Queen, Long—"

"Stop, father," said Luke, holding up a warning finger. "That's not it. You've got the tune, but there's no words like them to it. 'My Country 'tis of Thee—'"

"Nonsense, boy; this is the British National Anthem. You ask your mother."

"Yes; that's it," said Emma, promptly, agreeing for once with her husband.

The boy looked puzzled, but Mark was delighted. "Best joke I've had for months; I can't hardly wait till night till I put the laugh on the teacher. They've taken our tune and called it, "America," and put new words to it. Ha, ha, ha!" and the blacksmith fairly roared.

"Ain't it a good tune, father?"

"Oh, yes, it's good enough, but I never thought to hear it here! I'm glad, though, they've put new words to it. I should not care to hear 'em sing about gracious queens or kings in this country. The tune's enough to make Washington turn in his grave."

"Nonsense," said Emma, "don't put such ideas in the boy's mind. Don't set him against the Queen."

"Well, boy, I'll say no more about it now. You'll learn fast enough when you're older. You stick to the Stars and Stripes, though, and own no king but Jesus. He is my King now, thank the Lord. You stand up for Him, and He'll never treat you with scorn as the wretched creatures do as call themselves kings nowadays. I'll say nothing about queens as your mother's here."

"For shame, Mark," was Emma's comment.

A PARALYZED MAN'S RECOVERY.

THE following testimony by R. E. Jeanson, of Iowa, is from a statement published by Dr. A. B. Simpson in his *Word, Work, and World:*

"One day, four years ago, while speeding my horse on the prairie, it stepped into a wolf or badger hole, and fell with me. When I awoke —I do not know how long I was unconscious— I tried to rise, but my limbs would not assist me. They were paralyzed. The grass was two or three feet high. Evening was drawing near, and I feared the worst. If I did not die before dark, wolves would attack me during the night. I prayed, and got rest in Jesus. The horse returning home riderless alarmed them, and men started in search of me. As it was the spinal cord that was injured near the base of brain, I suffered the most intense agony. I was brought home, but my body was so sensitive that every particle of clothing was cut in pieces and removed.

"The pain in my arms was so intense that if a fly lit on them or on my hands, it would cause almost unendurable suffering. My lower limbs slowly regained their sensibility, but the arms and hands remained the same. Doctors came to take me to New York. They had me out several times, but were obliged to turn back, as I could not endure the movement. A stretcher was procured from Clear Lake, Iowa, and hung in rubber straps. It was thought I could be carried in this way; but no, they did not get me over forty rods before we had to turn back.

"One day I said to my wife, 'Do you believe this just as it reads: "If any is sick among you, call the elders, let them pray over you, anointing with oil in the name of Jesus"?' 'Yes,' she said, 'but now where are the elders that believe this?' They as well as myself had preached and taught that this part of the Word of God belonged to the apostolic time when the Word of God had to be established by signs and wonders. I turned to my wife, saying, 'Wife, as you are the only one that believes God in this promise at this place, I call you to act in accordance with the Word of God. Bring the oil.' She brought it, knelt by my bed, prayed and rubbed the suffering parts with the oil. We were feeling our way in the twilight, praying that Jesus would bless this means, as we had acted according to His Word, instead of taking Jesus as our Healer and the anointing as a seal of accepted healing. Still, the Lord blessed us as far as we could trust Him. My wife arose from her kneeling position, thanking the Lord that I should be healed, never from that moment doubting my recovery. From that moment life force was visible in the apparently lifeless parts, and the swelling of the hands commenced to go down. Still we had not learned that we must give up doctoring, so my wife, as soon as I was able, took me to New York.

"I now searched for and found such people as could rely on the Lord for the healing of the body as well as the soul. Finally, I was directed to the Tabernacle, and the Spirit assured me at once that I was in the right place.

"I was anointed by Mr. Simpson, went West with my heart full of Jesus, who now was to me all in all. I now looked no more to Jesus to patch up this poor miserable me, but took Him as mine, to will and to do in me according to His own good pleasure."

A REPRIEVE ON THE SCAFFOLD.

A DESPERATE race against time, with a man's life as the stake, was won by a few seconds in Georgia two weeks ago. In a prison at Reidsville, an out-of-the-way corner of that State, was a man named Jacob Leggett, who had been convicted of murder, and whose execution was fixed for May 13th. On the morning of May 12th the governor received a communication which satisfied him that the execution ought not to take place. He therefore signed a reprieve, and sent it to the prisoner's lawyer, asking him to deliver it to the sheriff. This was done, because Reidsville is separated from the nearest telegraph station by forty miles of very bad road, and a telegram to the sheriff would not be likely to arrive in time. The lawyer, realizing that he had not a minute to spare, set out immediately. The first twenty miles of his journey was through the swamps and lowlands of Liberty County, and the remaining twenty miles in Tattnall County lay through dense pine woods—a bad prospect for an all-night ride. On the swiftest horse to be had the lawyer rode at a furious speed, but the country was bad and there were many delays. He was still some miles from his destination when the sun rose, and the lawyer began to despair. He urged his tired horse to a final effort, and at last dashed into the crowd assembled to witness the execution. The noose was around the man's neck, his arms were pinioned, and the sheriff, axe in hand, had gone below to cut the rope. The lawyer gave a loud shout, and waved the reprieve. The sheriff dropped his axe and read the official order. When the condemned man heard the news he seemed paralyzed for a moment, unable to realize that his life was given to him. Then the noose being removed from his neck, he dropped on his knees and, with tears, poured out his thanks to God. He did not hear the news with indifference or incredulity, as men do who, in danger of an infinitely worse fate, listen to the message of pardon and eternal life which ministers of the Gospel deliver to them (Rom. 5 : 18).

PRAYER ANSWERED BY A JOKE.

TWO dollars found in an old man's shoes was recognized as an answer to prayer recently. A Southern journal states that a short time ago a professor was walking in the country with one of his students, a wealthy young man, when they saw an old man hoeing in a corn-field. He was advancing with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. "I will hide his shoes." "No," said the professor; "it would not be right. You have money enough, just put a dollar in the old man's shoes, then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do." The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the laborer had finished his row of corn he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off, and found the dollar. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it, and looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground, and returned thanks to God for the blessings which had been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor, and that the old man had been praying to God to help him in his trouble. His thanksgiving showed that he knew who had sent the dollars, though he might have been surprised had he known that God had overruled a spirit of mischief to fulfil His promise (Ps. 91 : 15).

A REMINDER TO AN UNDERGRADUATE.

AN incident which shows how much good is sometimes done through a word of earnest admonition was related recently at a meeting when the subject of tract distribution was under consideration. A clergyman said:

"Some fifteen years ago a young Cambridge undergraduate was travelling during his holiday in the Lake country. He was separated from his companions, and happened to get a seat in the corner of a railway carriage which was filled with young men. The train drew up at a railway station, and a gentleman opened the door, and handed him a tract. This young Cambridge undergraduate was not altogether thoughtless with regard to religious things, but, alas! he was content merely with going once or twice to the house of God upon the Sunday, and striving to live as far as possible, so he thought, a moral life. But if there was one thing which he despised it was the giving of tracts. So he refused the tract, and, of course, when it was offered to the next man in the carriage, he likewise refused, because you know young men are very like sheep, and where one leads, the others are pretty sure to follow. The tract was offered all the way round the railway carriage, and every man refused. The gentleman who offered the tract shut the door with a sigh, saying to the undergraduate, 'Remember, sir, you have a soul,' and went away. Those simple words fell like a stone in the stagnant pool of that young man's heart. 'Remember, sir, you have a soul.' At first he got angry. 'Why did the man tell me that I had got a soul? I know I have got a soul as well as he does.' Still the word sank, driven in by the power of God's Holy Spirit. The very thud of the engine seemed to him to say, 'Remember, you have a soul.' The words stuck and went home, and when he returned to Cambridge he allied himself to some other Christian men, who taught him the way of God more perfectly. He entered the ministry, and that young Cambridge undergraduate is the speaker who is addressing you to-night."

A NERVOUS MAN'S REQUEST.

THAT religion inspires confidence even among unbelievers was proved by an incident related by the Rev. E. Mackenzie Cobham, who has recently returned from India. He says:

"Christianity in South India has won the respect and esteem of the whole community. Not very long ago one of my evangelists met in the street a Hindoo with a troubled countenance —a man who had a great deal of money with him. He had gone to the town to collect a debt, and he had got it. He had tied the money round his waist. Then came anxiety about its safety. He was afraid, since he was in a strange town, that it might be stolen, and that he might be murdered. He met my evangelist, and saw by his dress that he was a Christian; he saw, too, by his face that he was a Christian; for God puts a bit of sunshine beneath a brown skin, you know. He said, 'Sir, I should like to stay at your house, if you please, to-night.' 'Oh, but,' said the evangelist, 'my dear sir, I am a Christian, you are a Hindoo; there are thousands of Hindoos here!' 'Yes, it is just because you are a Christian I want to stay with you. I can trust a Christian, but I cannot trust a Hindoo.' And he stayed. Yet another: one of our vakeels, or lawyers, was struck down with paralysis just before I came away from India. A Maharajah, one of the best-known princes in India, heard of his illness, and sent to invite him to stay at one of his palaces, knowing all the time he was a native Christian. These things show that the intelligent Hindoos in the country feel that Christianity is a power."

INCIDENTS OF WORK AMONG THE SANTHALS.

ONE of the regions in which Christianity has been preached with signal tokens of success is Santhalistan, a district in the Province of Bengal, India. It has a population of a million and a half, and gross spiritual darkness lay upon the land until American and English missionaries, taking their lives in their hands, went there and preached Christ to the people. The results, morally as well as spiritually, have been most blessed. The following interesting incidents of the work are related by Mr. Stephenson, who has labored in that country for many years:

The Solitary Christian.

One of the first-fruits to Christ was the chief of a village. Soon after the mission was opened he made his appearance, announcing that he wished to be taught Christianity. In the course of conversation we found that some time ago a missionary had passed through his district, scattering the seed of Divine truth as he went, and this young chief had heard enough of the Gospel to make him ardently thirst for more. As soon as he heard that there was a Christian missionary in the neighborhood, he hastened to learn what more he was able of the way of eternal life through Jesus Christ. He became deeply interested and anxious concerning his soul's salvation, but he soon found in the Lord Jesus his Saviour. For seventeen years he was *the only Christian in the district*; but he remained

steadfast, and to-day his testimony bears abundant fruit. He is now no longer alone, but is surrounded by a large Christian community.

A Devotees' Fair.

I was once at a religious fair in Santhal, and the people came to it in thousands. It was held upon a vacant piece of ground, upon which numerous booths had been erected. The whole ceremony consisted in the devotees bringing their offerings. One might be seen carrying a bunch of grapes, perhaps others would approach with a little Indian corn, which they threw at an idol, then salaaming, went away. The offerings then given were divided into two portions, the one for the priests, and the other for the landlord, on whose ground the booths were erected. As I stood looking upon this scene, I noticed, in one part of the ground, a woman kneeling before a stone on which was some moistened rice, and on the top some large fruit. She was praying for something, and the sign was, if the fruit fell toward her, then her prayer was granted, but if it fell from her, her request was refused. How sorely do people so given over to superstition need the light and liberty of the Gospel!

A Boycotted Head-Man.

A Santhal villager came into the hospital to be treated, and while there he heard the Word of God proclaimed. When he was cured and ready to return to his home, he asked to be allowed to stay in the school. He was a man considerably over thirty years of age, but he sat down among the others and became a disciple of the Lord Jesus. After his conversion he said, "I want to serve Jesus; let me go that I may tell my friends of Him." He was the headman of the village, and he called his friends together, and told them of the way of salvation. They tried in many ways to dissuade him from his loyalty to Christ, but it was of no use, he remained firm and came back to us, and was baptized, and then he returned to his village again, determined to live quietly as before. But that was not to be; he was cast out from among his people, and even those who ate with him had to pay a heavy fine. But he thought that if he let them pay their own fines it would prejudice them against Christianity, so he paid their fines himself, and became a common laborer for the sake of the Lord. His sacrifice has not been in vain, for now his wife, his brother, and his nephew have all, through his example and preaching, been brought to accept and publicly acknowledge the Lord.

A Santhal Convention.

About two years ago there was a short time when there was very little of God's blessing evident on our work, and it was resolved that we should have a three days' conference for Christian fellowship and prayer to the Lord. It was a most interesting meeting, and to hear the simple remarks made by the Christian natives as they read the Bible, and made their whole-hearted utterances in prayer as they laid their requests before God, was most interesting and solemn. At that meeting I got a letter from a young man, who had been prayed for six weeks before, stating that he had given himself to the Lord. And what joy was reflected upon the faces of all present, when they saw that God was answering their prayer, even while they were asking. The last meeting of that conference was held in the open air, and one young fellow asked us to pray for him, as he was to be left there all alone to stand up for Christ. We prayed for him, then the others jumped up, one after another, to be especially prayed for, until at last the meeting was closed.

Native Preaching at Home.

A young man, eighteen years of age, once came to the mission, and after a short time gave himself up to the Lord. He was married, and his first efforts were toward the bringing in of his wife to Christ. This was most difficult, as upon his conversion she was taken from him by her friends; but, through God's blessing, he succeeded, and now they both live most happily together. Then his brothers and his sisters were converted to Christ, and eventually his old heathen mother. When last I saw him he said to me, "Now I am very hopeful of my grandmother." "Why?" I asked. "Because first she would not stay in the room at family worship, but now she stays in, and kneels down." And then he added, "Oh, please pray for me!"

DEACON ABRAHAM'S WORK IN PERSIA.

(*See Pictures on page 364.*)

DEACON ABRAHAM, of Oroomiah, Persia, is well known throughout that country as an earnest devoted worker for Christ. He belongs to the Nestorians, about whom some particulars were given in this journal on December 23d, 1886, in connection with Mr. Yaroo M. Neesan, whose portrait was then given. Oroomiah, where Deacon Abraham is laboring, is in a locality famous for its historical associations. It is in the neighborhood of ancient Assyria and the old city of Nineveh. It is not far from Mount Ararat and the city of Shushan. At one time the region was beautiful, but now it is wasted and spoiled, and presents a picture of desolation. The roads are bad, and robberies are very frequent. The people, for the most part, are miserably poor and densely ignorant. The peculiar nature of the Deacon's work among the people thus situated is of a very remarkable and interesting nature.

Deacon Abraham is about fifty years old, and had the privilege of being born of Christian parents, both of whom were members of the Nestorian Church. He cherishes the tradition that his ancestors went to China as missionaries as early as the seventh century, and there they continued to labor in the service of Christ until the twelfth century. He himself is a most enlightened and enthusiastic follower of the Saviour, and has been a preacher and teacher of the religion of Jesus ever since he was fifteen years of age.

Second only to his devotion to the cause of Christ is his patriotic love for his native land and fellow-countrymen. Twice has he left his home, and travelled to England, in the hope of enlisting the sympathy of the British Government and people for his race. Subject alike to the depredations of the Kurds and to the oppression of the Persian Government, the Nestorians are between the upper and nether millstones. On the occasion of his last visit, in 1884, he gave a sketch of his labors, his efforts, and his hopes. In the course of it he said:

"It was about ten years ago, after looking at the condition of my own people, and the darkness in which they were living, especially in the mountains of Kurdistan, for there were only one or two people in some villages who could read, and while seeing them under Mohammedan rule, as the Israelites of old were under the Egyptians, that I resolved to come to England. Accordingly, with three members of my own people, I took

My Journey Through the Mountains

of Kurdistan, and started for England in November, 1874. Coming over the mountains and crossing the Tigris and the Euphrates on our way, we went down to Jerusalem by caravan, and visited one place after another. It took us a long time to do all this, but at last we came to those spots we desired most to see. We went to the Garden of Gethsemane, and while there we thought of Christ's agony and bloody sweat. We went to where stood the temple, to the sepulchre, and to the various places of interest in the Holy Land.

"After visiting the Holy Land, we made our way to London. On arriving we found that the course which we had thought good could not be taken, although the Archbishop of Canterbury was kind enough to receive us and to hear our petition. We also had an interview with the Earl of Shaftesbury.

"Still, what we had come for was to work for the good of our own people, and to get right done for them through the influence of the English people. This, however, we found was rather difficult, although in some way something *was* done. But I am very thankful that we had the opportunity of stating the case to so many good men. At last I saw Lord Salisbury, and I told him all about the political wants of my people. His lordship kindly promised to assist us as much as he could.

"After my return home, in addition to the work of peaching the Gospel, I intended to open

A School for Poor Boys,

who could not afford to pay for going to school. So in 1879 I opened one school, then two, and then four, and five schools. I gave those who came everything except their food. But in that summer of 1879 there came a great drought, and my country lost its crops of corn. Then the autumn of that year brought with it unusually heavy rains, which destroyed the vineyards, and so we lost our vine crops. A severe famine sprung up, until bread became twenty times dearer than it was before or than it is now. The consequence was that about twenty thousand people perished in our neighborhood alone, and many corpses were eaten by dogs. Neither Mohammedans nor the Government would help in this dreadful state of things. They used to say, 'It is a judgment from the Lord that they should die in this way—so let them die.'

"Then I myself saw that, probably, we should be under very great difficulties. I could not clearly see my way out of them, but I gave myself to prayer, and began to write to friends in England. One day I was visiting my schools, in which I had one hundred and ten children and three teachers, and I saw it was impossible for them to go on—they could not prosper, and were not prospering. I asked if there was any reason for this. 'Oh,' was the answer, 'many of them come here without any breakfast!' On this I closed the school. But I kept on praying to the Lord, and writing to my friends in England. And in the great hour of need help came over, and I was enabled to do some good to those around me. This went on till April of 1880. I saw that we were going to have a very severe season, and that unless something was done at once for the children, who were quite destitute, that to-morrow they would be dead. Thus it was that I found myself becoming

The Director of an Orphanage.

"After a little while the famine was over and gone, and we had a good harvest. But then the Kurds came and invaded us, and as we Christians believed that we should be trodden down under their feet I sought an interview with the Sheik Obeidola. I was granted the privilege of seeing him because I had an English dress; and I told him that it would be far better for him if he did not persecute the Christians. He promised that he would no longer do so. We were thenceforth well preserved in one way, although four or five of our villages were burned, our people killed, and their property taken. After that help came to us from the Persians, and the Kurds could not remain.

"Then it became necessary to keep on with the Orphanage, and I built premises for it, and the blessing of the Lord came to us and to our schools, and the name of the Lord was glorified, and the condition of the children was changed temporally and spiritually, and the Holy Ghost appeared to rest on them. My great wish is that they should work and get their own living. We may make farmers of them, teachers, and of course preachers of the Gospel. We want to see as many of these as the Lord will help to make, for the people around us, Persians and Kurds, although Mohammedans, will, I believe, in time receive the Gospel of Christ Jesus."

The pictures on page 364 give *first* of all the portraits of four young men whom the Deacon saved from the devastating famine in 1880, and who are now students in the American College, in Oroomiah, hoping shortly to go forth among the Kurds and Mohammedans as evangelists of Christ. The photograph from which the engraving has been made was taken by the Deacon's son, Simon. The *second* picture shows a threshing instrument drawn by a yoke of oxen, with two men belonging to Deacon Abraham's institution directing operations.

Five Cents, Postage Free.

END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald;" Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Present Condition of the Fishery Difficulty with Canada is more hopeful. In the course of a despatch received by the New York *Tribune*, and published on Saturday last, purporting to give the opinions of Secretary Bayard, he says: "There has been a proposition made by Lord Salisbury, and another by myself. No settlement, however, has been arrived at. The official correspondence will be made public at the proper time. At present I cannot say anything regarding that correspondence. Lord Salisbury has throughout shown a spirit of moderation, fairness, and a desire to arrive at an honorable and satisfactory settlement of the case, honorable and satisfactory to both countries alike. Since the fishery season opened our fishermen have been treated with courtesy, and have been met in a spirit far different from that which they encountered last year. The whole controversy at present turns upon the interpretation of the article in the existing treaty referring to the fisheries in Canadian waters. The Canadians claim that that article allows our vessels to enter their ports for three purposes only, to obtain shelter, water, or make repairs, and for no other purpose. We claim that they can enter for any purpose, except fishing."

A Remarkable Speech by Senator Sherman, delivered at Springfield, Ill., on June 1st, shows that the announcement was premature which represented him as laboring to remove sectional animosity, and anxious to promote amity and kindly feeling. The following extract from his speech shows Mr. Sherman's present attitude: "There is not an intelligent man in this broad land of either party who does not know that Mr. Cleveland is now President of the United States by virtue of crimes against the elective franchise, including murder, arson, ballot-box stuffing, forgery, and perjury, but for which James G. Blaine would now be in his place. There has not been a moment since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment when, if there could have been a fair election for President, a majority of the Constitutional voters of at least five of the Southern States would not have voted for the Republican nominee. One duty I think the Republican Party has not yet performed, and that is that in States where it is ascertained that free and orderly elections for Senators and Representatives in Congress cannot be had, Congress should assert and exercise its unquestioned power to regulate the times, places, and manner of holding such elections."

The Advocates of High License Have Met with another repulse in New York. The "Vedder" Bill, passed by the Legislature, was vetoed by Governor Hill on May 30th. The Governor's objections to the bill are twofold. First, that it would be unequal and unjust in its operation, and it would tax the interests of localities for the benefit of the State at large. Thus, the Governor argues, it was flagrantly unjust, levying a tax upon certain cities eight times as great as that upon others, and thirteen times as great as upon towns and villages. Secondly, that while the bill proposed to put the main burden of the tax upon the large cities, it deprived them of its benefit. A double share and more of the revenue was to be drawn from those cities, but it was all to go into the State Treasury for the relief of communities which paid the smallest part, or none at all. There might be no licenses granted in a city or town, and hence it might pay no tax on liquor sales, and yet it would enjoy the benefit of a reduction of taxes at the expense of New York and Brooklyn. These arguments had been dealt with in the Legislature before the Governor sent his veto message. Our high license friends will be driven to despair by them—or to Prohibition.

The Application of the New Interstate Commerce law to the old question of the conveyance of colored persons is to be tested. In spite of the Civil Rights Act colored travellers are on many railroads refused admission to first-class cars. A colored preacher of Alabama proposes to test this question under the new law, and has sent his complaint to the commission, having been forcibly ejected from a car after paying the fare which would entitle a white man to travel in it. The third section of the law makes it unlawful to "give any undue or unreasonable preference or advantage to any particular person," or to subject any particular person to "any undue or unreasonable prejudice or disadvantage in any respect whatsoever." It is under this clause that the question is raised.

An Earthquake in Mexico Caused General alarm on May 29th. A despatch from the city of Mexico describes the convulsion as being general throughout the country, and doing much damage to property, though attended by little loss of life. It says that at ten minutes to three o'clock in the morning the first shock passed through the city. The oscillation movement was from north to south and its duration thirty-five seconds. At five minutes past three another shock was felt, the movement being from east to west. It was accompanied by an oscillatory motion which lasted five seconds. The first shock aroused the city, causing a perfect panic in some neighborhoods. Men, women and children rushed into the street. The shock rung bells in the church towers, threw articles from shelves, and damaged some buildings. During the shock houses swayed like ships at sea, and persons arising from their beds were in many cases thrown with force to the floor. Many doors were forced open. A scene of general confusion then ensued, dogs barking, and horses neighing and stamping in their stables.

A Protestant Episcopal Cathedral for New York is projected. In a letter published in the daily journals on Thursday last Bishop Potter advocates its erection, explains the reasons which make it desirable, and points out the valuable practical purposes it may be expected to serve. A board of trustees has been organized, and the nucleus of a building fund formed. Among the subscribers is a well-known wealthy Presbyterian gentleman, who has given a hundred thousand dollars. The cost of the edifice, with the land, is variously estimated, but it is expected to be over five and under ten million dollars. The project was broached some years ago, but was abandoned for the time, owing to the time of financial stringency which came on. At that time the late Miss Catherine Wolfe promised a contribution of a million dollars, but afterward it was revoked.

The French Political Crisis has been Terminated for the time by the formation of a Cabinet under M. Rouvier. Its most important feature is the exclusion of General Boulanger, which has caused general excitement in Paris. When it was known that the popular soldier was to quit his office as Secretary of War there was a popular demonstration, thousands of persons gathered in the vicinity of the Opera House, shouting "Resignation! Resignation!" "Long live Boulanger!" "We will have him!" etc. In a short time the crowd greatly increased in numbers, and became so turbulent that the Republican Guard, which was held in readiness, was ordered out to disperse them, which task was accomplished amid volleys of hisses from the assembled people. The new Cabinet is said to be respectable rather than brilliant, and moderate in its republicanism. This is confirmed by the attitude of the press. One press correspondent says that the moderate republican papers cordially welcome the new Ministry. The monarchist press receives it rather favorably, but the radical and independent papers are decidedly hostile.

A Revival of the Anglo-Russian Hostility in the Afghan affair loomed up in the Transatlantic cable despatches last week. It was stated that the English were helping to fortify Herat, and an ominous warning was published by the Russian *Novoe Vremya* newspaper. It said: "We can only suppose that England cherishes an intention to profit by the present disorders in Afghanistan, and to become mistress of the country. In that case Russia would demand serious guarantees that England's proximity would not embarrass Russia's position in Central Asia, and if England refused to give the guarantees, Russia would take such measures regarding the Afghan frontier provinces as she deemed expedient, and would not be concerned whether they were agreeable to England or not."

The Members of the Liberal Party in England who have seceded from Mr. Gladstone's leadership held a grand conference in Birmingham on June 1st. The conference was attended by two thousand delegates, representing all parts of Great Britain. The tone of the speeches was bitterly anti-Gladstonian. It was the first representative unionist meeting where irreconcilable hostility to the Gladstonians has been the rallying cry. Mr. Chamberlain declared his belief that conciliation would be mere deception. Lord Hartington's letter described the Gladstonians as absorbed in the Parnellites, their only object being to retain at any cost the support of the Parnellites by their policy of following unreservedly the leadership and adopting the parliamentary methods of their Irish allies.

A Plot to Blow up the City of Vienna with dynamite has been discovered according to a despatch to the New York *Herald* from that city. The correspondent of that journal in the Austrian capital states that much excitement had been caused there by the revelation of the plot. The conspirators were arrested at a suburb called Sechshaus. A quantity of explosives were seized, and several letters—two of which had been written by Belgian agitators—savagely inciting the Viennese workingmen to follow the example of their Charleroi brethren. The police believe that they now have all the clues to the conspiracy in their hands, and know of every move made by the Viennese anarchists. Eighty detectives are engaged in watching their movements. Fresh arrests are expected.

The Labor Troubles in Belgium Appear to be tending toward a crisis. A universal strike is contemplated, and is only postponed until the workingmen are sufficiently organized and united to overthrow the middle classes, as the latter tried to overthrow the aristocracy in 1789. This implies that danger will remain hanging over Belgium, this agitation being, as it were, a rehearsal for a future general onslaught on its institutions and society. The general upheaval seems only postponed because all the preparations necessary are not yet completed. There was rioting during the week at several places where strikes are in progress. The programme of the workmen was formulated at the Radical Congress which was in session last week. The prominent demands are for limitation of the hours of labor by the State, the establishment of State pension funds for old or disabled workingmen, the separation of Church and State, compulsory education, regulation of employment of children in factories, the enactment of a law holding employers liable for accidents to workmen, the equality of the French and Flemish languages in Belgium, and a free pardon for the authors of last year's outrages.

The Rev. M. Baxter has Returned to England. He sailed on Saturday last on the steamship Werra of the North German Lloyds Line. We pray that he may have a safe voyage and that God may bless the words of warning that he has spoken in various parts of our land during his visit here, to the awakening of the Church on the important subject of prophecy.

The Fight for Prohibition in Texas has the best wishes of this journal and its readers. A friend who has the cause much at heart writes us, suggesting how help may be rendered. Any reader having back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on hand who will send them to Miss Lizzie L. Bridges, Box 158, Pilot Point, Tex., may be sure of having them distributed. Numbers of persons who have votes, and have very little religious or temperance literature at hand, are glad to accept it when it is offered them. Parcels of back numbers of this journal may be had from this office at nominal rates for this purpose.

A Quartette of Christian Workers are Laboring among non-church-goers in Boston and other cities in Massachusetts. Their past experience fits them specially to deal with the indifferent as well as the sceptic and the outspoken infidel. Under the style of "*The Christian Brothers*" they hold meetings in halls, theatres, etc., inviting the co-operation of evangelical Christians of the cities they visit. They are anxious to hold *meetings in a tent* during the summer and fall, and will rejoice to do so if God sends them the means to purchase one. Any of our readers who may be moved to assist them in this effort may send contributions to Mr. E. Eben Bayliss, 744 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.

A Death Caused by an Orange Seed, a Death from the bite of a spider, and a death from the bite of a rat have all been recorded recently. The first was that of a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died on May 29th. He had been suffering for some weeks from an abscess in a small intestine, which is only the sixteenth of an inch in diameter. He underwent several operations for the cure of the abscess without success, and he died in great agony. After his death the autopsy revealed the cause of the abscess to be an orange pippin, which he must have swallowed in eating an orange recently. The second death was that of an infant. It was heard to scream, and the mother on hastening to its side saw an immense spider crawl off its arm. Soon afterward the limb began to swell, and was soon double its natural size. The child died the next day, and the physicians believe its death was caused by the bite of the spider. The third case was that of a young lady in Massachusetts, who, on going into the cellar of her father's house, was attacked by a rat. Her arm was bitten by the ferocious creature, who it is supposed was maddened by having eaten rat-poison. The young lady expired after a few hours of intense suffering. As life is menaced by causes so apparently trivial, as well as by disease and accident, it is marvellous that the offer of eternal life through Christ, which is made in the Gospel, should be slighted, and its acceptance postponed by any sane person (1 Samuel 20 : 3).

Objections to Unmarried Men as Jurors were expressed by a lawyer who defends the accused man in a trial for murder, commenced in New York last Thursday. The prisoner is charged with having murdered his wife, and the evidence is based mainly on the frequent quarrels and mutual antipathy known to exist between the couple. Beside this there is a quantity of circumstantial evidence which is worth little by itself, but becomes weighty when taken in connection with the angry feelings manifested by the husband for some months before the crime was committed. At the opening of the trial it was noticed that the prisoner's counsel used his right to challenge the jurors with less regard to their intelligence or station than is usual, and at last the criterion of his action was found to be whether the jurors presented were married or not. The entire panel was exhausted, and an additional panel of fifty was summoned before the counsel obtained twelve married men, with whom he was content to trust his client's life. "Only married men,' he said, "are competent to try this case impartially." It may be inferred that the lawyer will try to convince the jury that a husband may be angry with his wife and often quarrel with her without harboring murderous feelings, and that he thinks married men will be more readily convinced of this than bachelors. However that may be, it is certain that none are so fitted to discharge the duty of judging their fellows as they who have undergone similar temptations. It is well for the human race that at the last great judgment such a Being will preside (Heb. 4 : 15).

The Amputation of a Lady's Ink-Stained finger in New York was rendered necessary last week, by the poisonous nature of the ink she was using. Information reached Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the Health Department, on Thursday that a lady, whose name was withheld, had lost her right index finger under peculiar circumstances. He made an investigation, and found that the lady soiled her fingers with a few drops of a patent ink which is used to make impressions on glass. It poisoned and inflamed the finger to such an alarming extent that amputation became necessary. An analysis showed that the liquid was composed of fluor-spar dissolved in sulphuric acid. Dr. Edson warned the venders that as it did not contain the word "poison" on the label, as required by the statute, any further sale of the stuff would be followed by arrest and prosecution. The lady's misfortune will be a warning to persons using this ink, that as it penetrates glass, it can penetrate the flesh, too. It would be well if a similar warning as to the deadly power of sin could also be heeded. That, too, leaves an indelible mark on the world, and works injury on the wrong-doer (Prov. 8 : 36).

A Panic Among Policemen Occurred in Jersey City, N. J., last Thursday night. On the previous day the county physician sent a notice to Police Headquarters that a small-pox patient had escaped from under his care, and the police were instructed to search for him. Not long afterward the afflicted man made his appearance at his previous home, and demanded admission. The tenants told him the police wanted him, and slammed the door in his face. He marched to the police station, where the sergeant told him he was wanted at Police Headquarters. When the man reached Headquarters and told who he was the officers rushed away in all directions. The inspector retreated to his private room and shut the door. The Building Inspector ran out of the door and two reporters leaped through the windows, and in a few seconds the sick man was in full possession of the building. He waited there patiently till the ambulance, driven by a colored man who had survived an attack of the disease, carried him to the pest-house at Snake Hill. Persons who have had this dreadful disease or who have seen the sufferings of others in it will not ridicule the policemen who were afraid of contracting it by coming in contact with the man. Their fear was natural, for the contagious nature of the disease is well known. It is much to be wished that there was the same dread of the malady of sin, which, as Scripture warns us, may be contracted by intimate association with sinners (II Peter 2 : 17).

A Disappointment for American Ladies is prepared in a circular recently issued by the Secretary of the United States Legation in London. An English journal says: "There has been such a rush of American ladies lately, all panting to be presented to the Queen, that a most uncompromising circular has been issued from the American Legation, in which Mr. Henry White announces that there can be presentations from the diplomatic circle only under special circumstances—*i.e.*, when the lady is *a person of genuine distinction*, whose position in the United States justifies her attending the drawing-room under the auspices of her minister. The feverish yearning to 'bend the knee' at Buckingham Palace which possesses so many American ladies arises from an extravagant notion that attendance at a drawing room will inevitably produce an invitation to the jubilee entertainments; but it is one thing to attend a drawing-room, but quite another to get an invitation to the Palace." So it appears that it is to be more difficult than formerly to secure an introduction to the Queen, and that even those who obtain it are not sure of being received as guests by Her Majesty. If these ladies who so yearn to become acquainted with an earthly monarch would accept the invitation of the King of kings, they would show more wisdom and be saved from disappointment (John 14 : 23).

A Baby Held as Security for Debt was the subject of an action at law in New York last week. A woman whose husband had deserted her obtained employment about a year ago as a cook. Being unable while so engaged to give her infant the care and attention it required, she made arrangements with another woman to keep it, and undertook to pay ten dollars a month for the child's board. After paying twenty dollars she was unable to pay more, and the other woman kept the child for eight months. Last week the mother went to fetch her child away, but was informed that she could not have it until she had paid the eighty dollars then due, and until she did so the child would be held as security for the debt. Thereupon the mother appealed to the courts. Justice Ford told the nurse that a child could not be held in that way, and ordered it to be handed back to its mother. The foster-mother did not want to part with the babe, but was compelled to do so, after being told that she must sue for any money due to her. It is matter for thanksgiving when through God's mercy Satan also is compelled to release from his bondage sons or daughters whom careless parents, intent only on securing worldly advantages for them, have placed within his reach (Ezek. 23 : 39).

BRIEF NOTES.

REV. DR. BRGADUS, of Louisville, Ky., is to assist Mr. Moody in his Bible school, beginning at Northfield, June 30th.

Special mission services, conducted by the Rev. H. H. Waters and the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, have been held with much success in Grace Church, New Orleans.

Seven young men recently graduated from Mr. Moody's School for Christian Workers, at Springfield, Mass., have been offered positions as secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations.

In the annual parade of the Brooklyn Western District Sunday-schools this year, about 60,000 scholars and teachers marched through the streets in ten divisions, the largest of which numbered 15,000.

The money given by the women of the Presbyterian Church in the United States during the past sixteen years was $2,150,000—supporting 200 women missionaries, 200 native Bibles readers, and 150 schools.

A suit brought by Mrs. Annie Boyd, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has resulted in a verdict of $9500 damages from a rumseller who sold her husband liquor, under the influence of which he killed a man and was sentenced to prison for life.

The services conducted by Dr. George F. Pentecost at Winsted, Conn., were carried on after his departure by the resident ministers. It is now announced that there have been three hundred and twenty-five conversions and one hundred and twenty-five of them were in fifty families no member of which was a Christian.

At the annual commencement of the New York Young Women's Christian Association on May 31st, the first held in its new building, there were graduated 51 stenographers, thirty-three book-keepers, and a number of pupils in photography. Since the occupancy of the new quarters 688 young women have received instruction. The course includes type-writing, designing, sewing, and other practical branches. Next year the scope of the work will be increased.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, at its recent session at San Francisco, reported the present number of associations as 1145, with a membership of 152,000; net value of property, $5,540 000, against $11,000 eleven years ago. The report covered a comparison of seventeen years, showing the marvellous growth of this arm of the Church. The association now employs more than 600 paid secretaries, those in the international work alone numbering nine.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE SEARCH FOR FAITH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"—Luke 18 : 8.

The Coming of the Lord Absolutely Sure—The "Speedily" of Celestial Time—The Faithfulness of God Assured—The Faithfulness of Men in Question—I. The Person Searching for Faith—The Object of Christ's Quest—Will Seek it when He Comes—The Time of the Scrutiny—The World Growing Worse—II. The Kind of Faith Sought—A Faith that Prays Importunately—III. An Unanswered Question—Suggests Self-Examination—Processes Tending to Extinction of Faith—IV. Personal Duty.

It is absolutely certain that God will hear the prayers of His people. From beneath the altar souls cry unto Him day and night to vindicate the cause of Christ, the cause of truth and righteousness, and to cast down His adversary : these shall be answered speedily. Here on earth, scant though the supplication may be, yet there is a remnant according to the election of grace, who cease not to importune the Almighty God to make bare His arm, and display the majesty of His Word. Though for wise and gracious purposes the answer to those prayers may be delayed, yet it is absolutely certain. Long suffering keeps back

The Advent and the Judgment

for a while ; for the Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance ; but He will not forever delay the long-expected end. The Lord Jesus Himself gives us this personal assurance, "I tell you that He will avenge them speedily." No doubt remains when Jesus says, "I tell you." The Lord will come, and, according to His own reckoning, He will come *quickly*. His reckoning is according to the chronology of heaven, and this the heirs of heaven ought gladly to accept : it is meet that we keep celestial time even now.

The matter to be questioned is not what God will do, but what men will do. Faithfulness is established in the very heavens ; but what of faithfulness upon the earth? The part that God allots to us is that we believe His Word, for so shall we be established : it is the child's part to trust his father, it is the disciple's part to accept the teaching of his Master. Alas! how little there is of it at this moment! Knowing the feebleness of the faith of those around Him, and foreseeing that future generations would partake of the same folly, the Saviour gave utterance to this memorable question, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" God is faithful ; but are men faithful? God is true ; but do we believe Him? This is the point : and it is upon this that I shall speak this morning as the Holy Ghost shall help me.

I. I notice with regard to our text, first, that it is remarkable if we consider the person mentioned as searching : "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

When Jesus Comes

He will look for precious faith. He has more regard for faith than for all else that earth can yield Him. Our returning Lord will care nothing for the treasures of the rich or the honors of the great. He will not look for the abilities we have manifested, nor the influence we have acquired ; but He will look for our faith. It is His glory that He is "believed on in the world," and to that He will have respect. This is the jewel for which He is searching. This heavenly merchantman counts faith to be the pearl of great price—faith is precious to Jesus as well as to us. The last day will be occupied with a great scrutiny, and that scrutiny will be made upon the essential point—where is there faith, and where is there no faith? He that believeth is saved ; he that believeth not is condemned. A search-warrant will be issued for our houses and our hearts, and the inquiry will be, Where is your faith? This is the object of His royal quest—"Dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus?"

When our Lord comes and looks for faith, He will do so in His most sympathetic character. Our text saith not, When the Son of *God* cometh, but "When *the Son of Man* cometh, will He find faith on the earth?" It is peculiarly as the Son of Man that Jesus will sit as a refiner, to discover whether we have true faith or not. He also as the Son of Man displayed faith in God. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is mentioned as one of the points in which He is made like unto His brethren, that He said, "I will put my trust in Him." The life of Jesus was a life of faith—faith which cried, "My God, my God," even when He was forsaken. His was, on a grander scale than ours,

The Battle of Faith

in the great Father, waged against all the rebellious influences which were in array against Him. He knows what fierce temptations men experience, for He has felt the same. He knows how want tries the faithful, and what faith is needed to be able to say, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live." He knows how elevation tests the soul ; for He once stood on the pinnacle of the temple, and heard the infernal whisper, "Cast thyself down : for He shall give His angels charge over thee." He knows what faith means in contradistinction to a false confidence which misreads the promise, and forgets the precept altogether. He will not err in judgment, and accept brass for gold. He knows what it is to be tempted with the proffer of honor and gain : "All these things will I give thee," said the fiend, "if thou wilt fall down and worship me." He knows how faith puts all the glory of the world away with its one brave and prompt utterance, "Get thee hence, Satan : for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Beloved, when Jesus comes as the Son of Man He will recognize our weaknesses, He will remember our trials ; He will know the struggle of our hearts, and the sorrow which an honest faith has cost us. He is best qualified to put the true price upon tried faith, self-denying faith, long-enduring faith. He will discern between the men who presume and the men who believe ; the men who dote upon vain delusions and those who follow the plain path of God's own Word.

The Son of Man will give a wise and generous judgment in the matter. Some brethren judge so harshly that they would tread out the sparks of faith ; but it is never so with our gracious Lord ; He does not quench the smoking flax, nor despise the most trembling faith. The question becomes most emphatic when it is put thus. The tender and gentle Saviour, who never judges too severely, when He comes, shall even He find faith on the earth? What a sad and humbling question it is! When even He shall come to make a kindly search, will He be able to find faith on the earth? Unbelief is rampant indeed, when He who is omniscient can scarce find a grain of faith amid the mass of doubt and denial!

Once more : I want to put this question into a striking light by dwelling on

The Time of the Scrutiny,

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" I know not how long this dispensation of longsuffering will last ; but certainly the longer it continues the more wantonly wicked does unbelief become. The more God reveals Himself to man in ways of providence, the more base is it on man's part to belie His solemn witness. But yet, my brethren, at the winding-up of all things, when revelation shall have received its utmost confirmation, even then faith will be such a rarity on the earth that it is a question if the Lord Himself will find it. You have, perhaps, a notion that faith will go on increasing in the world ; that the Church will grow purer and brighter, and that there will be a wonderful degree of faith among men in the day of our Lord's appearing. Our Saviour does not tell us so ; but He puts the question of our text about it. Even concerning the dawn of the golden age He asks, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

I want you to notice the breadth of the region of search. He does not say, shall He find faith among philosophers? When had they any? He does not confine His scrutiny to an ordained ministry or a visible Church ; but He takes a wider sweep—"Shall He find faith *on the earth?*" As if He would search from throne to cottage, among the learned and among the ignorant, among public men and obscure individuals ; and, after all, it would be a question whether among them all, from the pole to the equator, and again from the equator to the other pole, He would find faith at all. Alas, poor earth, to be so void of faith! Is there none in her vast continents or on the lone islets of the sea? May it not be found in some of the countless ships upon the deep? What! not upon the earth? Not with Jesus Himself to look for it?

The Kind of Faith Sought.

II. Let us somewhat change the run of our thoughts : having introduced the question as a remarkable one, we will next notice that it is exceedingly instructive in connection with the parable of which it is part. Let us carefully note that this passage occurs in connection with the parable of the importunate widow pleading with the unjust judge ; for it is to be interpreted in connection with it. Hence, it means, first, of all : When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find upon the earth the faith which prays importunately, as this widow did? Now, the meaning is dawning upon us. We have many upon the earth who pray ; but where are those whose continual coming is sure to prevail? In the olden days there was a John Knox, whose prayers were more terrible to the adversary than whole armies, because he pleaded in faith ; but where shall we find a Knox at this hour? Every age of revival has had its men mighty in prayer—where are ours? Where is the Elias on the top of Carmel who will bring down the rain upon these parched fields? Where is the Church that will pray down a Pentecost? If the Son of Man cometh, will He find much of such praying faith among our own churches? Ah me! that I should have to ask such a question ; but I do ask it, hanging my head for shame.

The importunate widow waited with strong resolve, and never ceased through sullen doubt. If the judge had not yet heard her, she was sure he must hear her, for she had made up her mind that she would plead until he did. A waiting faith is rare. Men can believe for a time, but to hold out through

The Long Darkness

is another matter. Some soldiers are good at a rush, but they cannot form a square, and stand fast hour after hour. When the Son of Man cometh, will He find many who can believe in a delaying God, and plead a long-dated promise—waiting, but never wearying? Go, learn to plead on when no answer comes, and to press on when repulsed : this is the test of faith.

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth," such as He deserves at our hands? Do we believe in Jesus practically, in matter-of-fact style? Is our faith fact, and not fiction? If we have the truth of faith, have we the degree of faith which we might have? Just think of this : "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove." What does this mean? Brethren, are we not off the rails? Do we even know what faith means? Is not the question an instructive one when set in connection with the parable which teaches us the power of importunate prayer?

III. In the next place, our text seems to me to be suggestive in view of its very form. It is put as a question, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" I think it warns us not to dogmatize about

What the Latter Days will be.

Jesus puts it as a question. Shall He find faith on the earth? When our Lord was here before, He found little enough of faith ; and He has distinctly told us that when He shall come the second time, men will be as they were in the

days of Noah: "they did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark." I am inclined to take neither side. Let it remain a question, as our Lord has put it. This question leads us to much holy fear as to the matter of faith. If our gracious Lord raises the question, the question ought to be raised. They say that some of us are old fogies, because we are jealous for the Lord of hosts. They say that we are nervous and fidgety, and that our fears are the result of advancing age. Yes, at fifty-three I am supposed to be semi-imbecile with years. If I were of their way of thinking, I do not suppose that this would occur to them. We fall into a

Pessimism

—I think that is the word they use: I do not know much about such terms. Surely the Saviour was not nervous. None will dare to accuse Him of foolish anxiety; but yet He puts it, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" As far as my observation goes, it is a question which might suggest itself to the most hopeful persons at this time; for many processes are in vigorous action which tend to destroy faith. The Scriptures are being criticised with a familiarity which shocks all reverence, and their very foundation is being assailed by persons who call themselves Christians. A chilling criticism has taken the place of a warm, childlike, loving confidence. If this continues we may well say, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" In some places the greatest fountain of infidelity is the Christian pulpit. If this is the case—and I am sure it is so—what must become of the Churches, and what must come to the outlying world? Will Jesus find faith in the earth when He comes?

In addition to many processes which are in action to exterminate faith, are there not influences which dwarf and stunt it? Where do you find great faith? It seemed almost

A Novelty in the Church

when it was stated some years ago that Mr. George Müller walked by faith in regard to temporal things. To feed children by faith in God was looked upon as a pious freak. We have come to a pretty pass, have we not, when God is not to be trusted about common things? Abraham walked with God about daily life; but, nowadays, if you meet with a man who walks with God as to his business, trusts God as to every item and detail of his domestic affairs, persons look at him with a degree of suspicious wonder. They think he has grace in his heart, but they also suspect that he has a bee in his bonnet, or he would not act in that sort of way. Oh, yes, we have a fancied faith; but when it comes to the realities of life where is our faith?

Do you not think that this, put in a question as it is, invites us to intense watchfulness over ourselves? My fear is that when Christ comes, if He delays much longer, He will find many of us faint because of

Our Long Waiting,

and because of the disappointments which arise out of the slow spread of the Gospel. The nations continue in unbelief. O Lord, how long! Because we have not accomplished all that we hoped to have done, we are apt to grow weary. Or perhaps when He comes He will find us sleeping for sorrow, like the disciples in the garden when He came to them thrice and found them very heavy. We may get to feel so sad that the Gospel does not conquer all mankind, that we may fall into a swoon of sadness, a torpor of despair, and so be asleep when the Bridegroom cometh. I fear, most of all, that when Jesus comes He may find that the love of many has waxed cold because iniquity abounds. Warm-hearted saints keep each other warm, but cold also is contagious. If the Master comes and finds us lukewarm, it will be a calamity indeed. The question stirs a bitter anguish in my soul. I trust it moves you also.

It is a question. I cannot answer it, but I open wide the doors of my heart to let it enter and try me. It acts like a fan in the Lord's hand to purge the floor. It sweeps away my self-confidence and leads me to watch and pray, that I enter not into the temptation of giving up my faith. I pray that we may stand fast when others slide, so that when the Lord cometh we may be found accepted of Him.

IV. I will close with this remark: my text is very impressive in respect to

Personal Duty.

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Let faith have a home in *our* hearts, if it is denied a lodging everywhere else. If *we* do not trust our Lord, and trust Him much more than we have ever done, we shall deserve His gravest displeasure. Wherefore do we doubt? Since conversion some of us have been led in a strange way, and every step of it has shown us that the Lord is good and true, and ought to be trusted without stint. We have been sore sick, and full of pain, and anguish, and depression of spirit, and yet we have been upheld, and sustained, and brought through. In great labors we have been strengthened, in great undertakings we have been supported. Some of you have been very poor, or your business has been declining, and emergencies have been frequent, and yet all these have proved the truth of God. Do not these things make it the more incumbent upon you to trust Him? Others of you have suffered sad bereavements: you have lost, one after another, the props of your comfort; but when you have gone to God He has heard your prayers, and been better to you than father, husband, or friend. It is down in your diary in black and white that His mercy endureth forever; and you have said to yourself many times, "I shall never doubt again after this." Brethren, it ought to us to be impossible to mistrust, and natural to confide; and yet I fear it is not so. If after all this watering we grow so little faith, we may not wonder that our Lord said, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

I think I hear you say, "We are resolved upon it; we are called to have faith in our Lord, even if none else believe Him." Then look to it that you do not fail in these evil times. If you do believe,

Believe Up to the Hilt.

Plunge into this sea of holy confidence in God, and you shall find waters to swim in. He that believes what he believes shall see what he shall see. No man was ever yet found guilty of believing in God too much. Among the high intelligences of heaven no creature was ever censured for being too credulous when dealing with the Word of the Most High. Let us believe implicitly and explicitly. Let us believe without measure and without reserve. Let us hang our all upon the truth of God. Let us aspire also to walk with God in the heavenlies, and become the King's Remembrancers. Let us seek grace to become importunate pleaders of a sort that cannot be denied, since their faith overcomes heaven by prayer. Oh, that I might have in my church many a prevailing Israel!

Some here know what it is to be up early in the morning to besiege the throne of grace with all the power of believing prayer. How much I owe to these dear ones, eternity alone will declare! Oh, that we had many

More Intercessors,

who would bear poor sinners on their hearts day and night, before the Lord, and, like their Saviour, would never rest till the Lord built up His church! Alas, for the rarity of such conquering faith! I question whether there are not Christian people here who have never heard a certain text which I am about to quote; and I am sure there are others who will shudder when they hear it. "Thus saith the Lord, concerning the work of My hands command ye Me." "Surely that cannot be Scripture!" cries one. But it is so. Turn to Isaiah 45: 11, and read it both in the Authorized and the Revised Versions. Can a man command the Lord? Yes, to believing men He puts Himself at their call; He bids them command His help, and use it as they will. Oh, that we could rise to this! Is there such faith among us? If there be not, may our Lord Jesus, by His Spirit, work it *in* us for His own glory! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE DEATH OF OLE 'STRACTED.*

"Ole 'Stracted's advent in the neighborhood a few years after the war had been mysterious. The first that was known of him was one summer morning, when he was found sitting on the bench beside the door of this cabin, which had long been unoccupied and left to decay. He was unable to give any account of himself, except that he always declared that he had been sold by some one other than his master from that plantation, that his wife and boy had been sold to some other person at the same time for twelve hundred dollars. He was particular as to the amount and that his master was coming in the summer to buy him back and take him home, and would bring him his wife and child when he came. Everything since that day was a blank to him, and as he could not tell the name of his master or wife, or even his own name, and as no one was left old enough to remember him, the neighborhood having been entirely deserted after the war, he simply passed as a harmless old lunatic laboring under a delusion. He was devoted to children, and Ephraim's small brood were his chief delight. They were not at all afraid of him, and whenever they got a chance they would slip off and steal down to his house, where they might be found at any time squatting about his feet, listening to his accounts of his expected visit from his master, and what he was going to do afterward. It was all of a great plantation, and fine carriages and horses, and a house with his wife and boy."

"Is you gwine in there, Eph?" asked his wife, as they approached the old man's hut.

"Hi! Yes; dat ole man oon hu't nobody; he jes' as tame as a ole tom-cat."

"I wonder he ain' feared to live in dat lonesome ole house by hisself. I jes' lieve stay in a graveyard at once. I wonder he don' go home?"

"Whar he got any home to go, sep heaven?" said Ephraim.

"What was your mammy name, Ephum?"

"Mymy," said he simply.

They were at the cabin now, and a brief pause of doubt ensued. It was perfectly dark inside the door, and there was not a sound.

"Who dat?" was called in sharp inquiry.

"'Tain' nobody but me an' Polly, Ole 'Stracted," said Ephraim, pushing the door slightly wider open, and stepping in. They had an indistinct idea that the poor deluded creature had fancied them his longed-for loved ones, yet it was a relief to see him bodily.

"Who you say you is?" inquired the old man, feebly.

"Me an' Polly."

"How is you, Ole 'Stracted?" asked the woman.

"Dat ain' my name," answered the old man, promptly. It was the first time he had ever disowned the name.

"Well, how is you, Ole—what I gwine to call you?" asked she, with feeble finesse.

"I don' know—he kin tell you."

"Who?"

"Who? marster. He know it Ole 'Stracted ain' know it; but dat ain' nuttin'. He know it—got it set down in the book. I jes' waitin' for 'em now."

* From "In Ole Virginia." By Thomas Nelson Page, whose graphic descriptions of life in the South have delighted this generation of readers. Pp. 230. Price, $1.25. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

Deacon Abraham's Students. (See page 359.)

Deacon Abraham's Farming Operations in Persia. (See page 359.)

A hush fell on the little audience—they were in full sympathy with him, and knowing no way of expressing it, kept silence. Only the breathing of the old man was audible in the room. He was evidently nearing the end. "I mighty tired of waitin'," he said pathetically.

"What did you say my name was?" he said.

"Ole 'Str—" she paused at the look of pain on his face, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and relapsed into embarrassed silence.

"Nem min'! Dee'll know it—dee'll know me 'dout any name, oon dee?"

He appealed wistfully to them both. The woman for answer unfolded the shirt. He moved feebly, as if in assent.

"Hit gittin' mighty dark," he whispered faintly. "You reckon dee'll git heah 'fo' dark?"

The light was dying from his eyes.

"Ephum," said the woman to her husband.

The effect was electrical.

"Heish! You heah dat?" exclaimed the dying man, eagerly.

"Ephum—" she repeated. The rest was drowned by Ole 'Stracted's joyous exclamation.

"There! I knowed it!" he cried, suddenly rising upright, and with beaming face stretching both arms toward the door. "Dyah dee come! Now watch 'em smile. All y' all jes' stand back. Heah de one you lookin' for. Marster—Mymy—heah's little Ephum!" and with a smile he sank back into his son's arms.

The evening sun dropping on the instant to his setting flooded the room with light; but as Ephraim gently eased him down and drew his arm from around him, it was the light of the unending morning that was on his face. His Master had at last come for him, and after his long waiting Ole 'Stracted had gone home.

A COLD RIDE IN RUSSIA.

In the north of Russia a carriage was slowly toiling through a steep pass. The cold was intense, and the three men who occupied the carriage were wrapped in the thickest furs, but the cold pierced even through them, and one of the gentlemen felt he must soon succumb to its intensity. In a faint voice he told his comrades. One of them proposed at once to stop the coach and try every means to restore him, but the other would not move, and advised that they should all heap more furs upon themselves. But the first gentleman grew colder and colder until his sympathetic companion, unable longer to listen to his moans, stopped the carriage and lifted him out, and took handfuls of snow and rubbed him until the blood began to circulate freely in his veins once more. In spite of the screams of his patient, he persisted in this rough but efficacious restorative, until both were glowing with heat, and he himself streaming with perspiration. After dressing they reentered their carriage, and were surprised at the heavy way in which their companion, who had remained in the carriage, lay, and on closer examination he proved to be dead. Afraid to move, too much taken up with himself to help his friend, his own selfishness had killed him. So it is only those who use the grace God has given them, to help others, that they grow in grace.

THE CRIMEAN WAR TREATY OF PEACE ON APRIL 27, 1856, A PROPHETIC DATE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

The Sultan's Momentous Concession in 1856—The Death-Blow to the Mohammedan Abomination—The Prophetic Significance of the Crimean War—The Treaty of Peace—The Crucial Fourth Clause — The Sultan's Firman — Its Solemn Promulgation.

The Treaty of Paris closing the Crimean War, which was ratified on April 27, 1856 (the 22d day of Nisan, and last day of the Passover Week), contained in its 9th Article a moral engagement on the part of the Turkish Sultan to give to all his subjects *civil and religious liberty and freedom of worship*, which up to that time had practically been withheld to a great extent from Christians and Jews in Palestine and elsewhere in Turkey. This momentous liberal concession of the Sultan constituted measurably in the year-day fulfilment "*the cleansing of the sanctuary*" of the Holy Land with which the 2,300 years were predicted in Daniel viii. 14, to end. Thus the Mohammedan *abomination of desolation* or *false religion* which with the Koran as its sacred book, Mahomet had fabricated and set up A.D. 604–6, terminated its predicted **1,290** lunar years, *i.e.*, **1,252** solar years, 1856, and thenceforth *ceased to be a persecuting desolation* to the Holy Land, as it had formerly been. And **1,260** lunar years, *i.e.*, **1,222** solar years, from the Mohammedan conquest of the Holy Land in 634–5, likewise ended in 1856.

The CRIMEAN WAR was a prophetical war associated in a remarkable manner with the close of this Great Period of 2,300 years. It commenced in the autumn of 1853 by Russia's invasion of Turkey. Then in the summer of 1854 the Allied Powers, Britain, France and Sardinia, engaged in active operations for the defence of Turkey, and at the battle of Alma in September they defeated the Russians. The battle of Balaclava in October, when 600 English cavalry soldiers, through a mistaken order, rode to certain death, was indecisive, and severe sufferings and mortality were experienced by the Allied armies in the winter of 1854–5. They successfully repulsed an assault of the Russians in great force at the battle of Inkerman in November, 1854, and they besieged Sebastopol for 11 months, from October, 1854, until their capture of it in September, 1855. This, with the death of the Russian Czar, the same autumn, opened the way for Austria, as a neutral intermediary, after conferring with the Allied Powers, to present to Russia Peace Propositions embracing Five Conditions. These were accepted by Russia on January 16, 1856, as bases of negotiations for a Treaty of Peace. They were: 1. The Russians to relinquish all claim to the right of protection over the Danubian Principalities. 2. The southern part of Bessarabia to be ceded by Russia to Turkey. 3. Neutralization of the Black Sea. 4. All the Powers to protect the non-Mussulman subjects of Turkey —*i.e.*, Christians and Jews. 5. Consuls to be admitted to all the ports of the Black Sea.

On January 16, 1856, Russia accepted these propositions. Three conferences were subsequently held at Constantinople between the representatives of Turkey and of England, France, and Austria upon the *Fourth Proposition*—viz., that all the Powers should protect the Christian and Jew subjects of Turkey: and as the result, those Powers presented to Turkey on January 22, 1856, a long statement of the Reforms they desired in consideration of the services rendered to Turkey in helping her to repel Russia.

These Reforms, as stated in the London *Times* of February 8, 1856, required the security of the persons and property of Christian and Jew subjects of Turkey, and their equality with Mohammedans and their right to possess property, along with the same right for foreigners; the right likewise to be admitted as witnesses in courts and the reform of their tribunal of justice and of the police; their right of admission to civil and military offices and duties; the development of the agricultural, industrial, and commercial resources of Turkey, etc.

On January 30, 1856, the Sultan of Turkey agreed to these Reforms, and on January 31 was present for the first time in the history of the Sultans, at a Ball at the British Ambassador's mansion, to show his desire to break down the barriers of Mohammedan exclusiveness and to mingle freely with foreigners. He even partook of supper with them, although the Sultan's custom is always to eat alone. Subsequently the

Sultan framed and caused to be recited before the chief dignitaries of his Empire, and the heads of the Mohammedan religion and law, and of the non-Mohammedan sects assembled at Constantinople, a Firman of considerable length and numerous clauses granting civil and religious liberty and equality and freedom of worship throughout all the Turkish Empire. The Allied Powers were desirous of making the Firman as binding as possible upon the Turkish government by incorporating it textually in the Treaty of Peace or appending it so as to make it part of the Treaty. The Sultan objected to this as an infringement of his independence and dignity which would afford a constant excuse to the Contracting Parties, Russia, Austria, France and England, to interfere in the local affairs of Turkey. Hence the matter was compromised by the Firman being only adverted to and recorded in Article 9 of the Treaty, but still this is held to be equivalent to a solemn pledge from Turkey to carry out the provisions of the Firman because it underlays and forms part of the groundwork of the Treaty.

The Blacksmith's Lesson. (See page 357.)

On March 30 the Treaty of Peace was preliminarily signed at Paris by the Ambassadors of the Powers, who, however, held further conferences during April regarding the Danubian Principalities and other matters. The conditions and articles of the Treaty were not published until after its full Ratification by the Ambassadors in Paris on April 27. Its articles were then communicated to the French and English Parliaments. A Proclamation of Peace was made in London on April 29, and a Day of Thanksgiving observed on May 6.

The 9th Article of the Treaty Read as Follows:

"Article 9. His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, having in his constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects issued a Firman which, while ameliorating their condition without distinction of religion or race, records his generous intention toward the Christian population of his empire, and wishing to give further proof of his sentiments in that respect has resolved to communicate to the Contracting Parties the said Firman, emanating spontaneously from his sovereign will. The contracting parties recognize the high value of this communication."

Thus it will be perceived that the Sultan hit upon the expedient of framing and publishing, professedly, of his own free will, a Firman granting civil and religious freedom and equality to all his subjects; and then the record and declaration of his having done this spontaneously was embodied as the 9th Article in the Treaty. For he realized that if he gave such guarantees in the Treaty alone, he would appear to be yielding to coercion, and would suffer loss of dignity and respect among Mohammedans. Moreover each of the Treaty Powers would thus be empowered on any occasion of complaint by a Jew or Christian to go beyond mere remonstrances, and to interfere by force of arms to compel the performance of this Article of the Treaty, which thus instead of being a Treaty of Peace would soon issue in further strife.

The London *Times*, May 5, 1856, commenting on this Treaty of April 27, said, "Turkey is now bound by its own Firman mentioned in Article 9 to give its Christian subjects entire political rights and equality with its Mohammedan subjects." *Lord Palmerston*, then Prime Minister, said in Parliament on May 6, "This Treaty having recorded in Article 9 that the Firman has been issued by the Sultan, I hold that it is almost as impossible for the Firman to be revoked as for the sun to go backward. The fact of the Firman having been adverted to in the Treaty and the issuing of it having been recorded in the Treaty, gives to all the Powers *the right* of watching whether the Firman is carried into effect, and of remonstrance in case of its violation. I am convinced that this right will in course of time cause the Firman not only to be looked upon as law, but also to be carried into practice throughout the Turkish Empire. Its value cannot be overrated. It gives to one half of the subjects of the Sultan of Turkey, who are Christians and Jews, equal rights with the other half who are Mohammedans, and admits them to serve as soldiers in the army of the Turkish Empire from which they have hitherto been precluded." The London *Times* of May 15 said, "The Sultan's Firman recorded in the Treaty of April 27 gives general dissatisfaction in Turkey, for the bigoted Mohammedans are not willing that the Christians should be put on the same footing as themselves, and the Christians would rather pay an additional tax than be made to serve in the army."

The ceremony of the public reading of the Firman in the great Council Hall of the Porte in Constantinople, before a crowd of notables, among whom copies were then distributed, was most impressive. The Sheik-ul-Islam offered up a prayer at the close of the reading. The London *Times* commented on it thus: "If the will of the Sultan be supreme, then the greatest revolution of any age has been accomplished before our eyes. His Firman establishing absolute equality between all his subjects has been read before the assembled dignitaries of his Empire, including the Grand Vizier, and the *Sheik-ul-Islam* clad in the green robes of his office—*the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Chief Rabbi of the Jews, who came to receive for his oppressed race the promise of equality in their own Holy Land, from the lips of a Mussulman Sultan. This event must always remain one of the most interesting in the history of mankind. Religious freedom has been proclaimed for the first time to the followers of churches persecuted by Sultans and Emperors. It is like a vision of dry bones called to life.* All persons, irrespective of their religion, can now be admitted into the public service, civil and military. The testimony of Christians is permitted in courts. Christians and foreigners may now legally hold property in land within the Turkish Empire." The chiefs of non-Mohammedan communities (Jews and Christians) were then convoked to confer as to the admission of their delegates to the Council of State.

The Rev. W. G. Schauffler, American missionary in Constantinople, wrote in 1857 of this Firman or Hatti Scheriff, "Although for some time after its promulgation this Firman seemed destined rather to arouse the slumbering fanaticism of bigoted Moslems, still it is pouring light upon the minds of millions. Translated into all the languages of Turkey and read to its various nations publicly, it has created a ferment never before witnessed in Turkey."

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 351.)

Inez's Father.

THE meeting between Ephraim Hartgold and his old friend, Señor Bonanza, was one of a most cordial character. It was, indeed, one of Señor Bonanza's first acts after arriving in London with Ethel and Harold Spofforth, attended by the honest gamekeeper, Jacob Benson, to write to Mr. Hartgold.

"You will like to know this gentleman, Miss Ethel," he said. "He is a man of eminent piety, a shrewd practical business man, too, but one who lives continually in the fear of God."

Ephraim entered the room just as Señor Bonanza pronounced this deserved encomium upon him. He was introduced to Ethel and her brother Harold, and listened to the story of their adventures among the Spanish brigands.

"I would never have ransomed my life," said the Señor. "I was resolved about that. All my treasures are divided from me by death—my beloved wife is gone and my sweet little daughter; death would have united me with them, so I did not dread it. Though I should think it wrong to seek death, I would make no desperate effort to avoid it. If those miserable cutthroats had decided to kill me, as I suppose they would in default of ransom, they would have done me a service."

Ephraim noticed this reference to Señor Bonanza's daughter, which was the first intimation he had received of such a personage having existed, but he postponed his questions for the present. Turning to Harold, he said, "I suppose life was of more importance to thee. Thou, with thy opportunities for distinguishing thyself and doing service in the world, wouldst not be so philosophical and resigned as our friend?"

"No," said Harold Spofforth; "but I, too, looked forward to death without much regret. It seemed that I could not be ransomed without

impoverishing my father and sister, and looking back over my life, it did not really seem that the remainder of it was worth the sum those fellows demanded. I am ashamed to say that I had wasted it, and though I resolved that, if I did escape, my future should be better than my past, yet I had made too many good resolutions and broken them to have much confidence in my ability to keep that one. Nor should I now if my sister had not pointed me to the Source of strength. Now I have hope, and am humbly thankful that my life has been saved."

"Put thy confidence in the Lord, my young friend; none who do so ever find themselves worsted in the struggle. I am an old man now, and in my long life I have seen many persons commence life under varied circumstances, but my invariable observation has been that the issue does not depend on the circumstances, but on that one rule alone. The young man who puts his trust in the Lord will prosper, though in business ability, in capital, and in connections he may be less advantageously circumstanced than others."

Señor Bonanza, with a meaning glance at his friends, said, "We were speaking of that matter when you came in. My impression of you was that you served God with your whole heart, but that in business you formed your plans and decided doubtful matters, such as the probability of the rise or fall of markets as all of us do, according to your business judgment. Is it not so?"

"Well, friend," said Mr. Hartgold, "thou art partly right and partly wrong. In all my transactions I look to the Lord for guidance, but I do not ask Him if I shall make this or that purchase or sale. I ask Him to bless me and lead me, and then I go to business assured that He will do so. When a difficulty arises, or I have to make a decision, I examine the facts, and use my judgment as thou wouldst do. God gave us our faculties to be used, I think. That is my rule, and God has blessed me. But I am no judge of others. 'Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He will direct thy paths.' That is the promise; let every godly man do his part as his conscience directs, and God will do His part."

"You surprise me, old friend," said the Señor; "I told my young friends that I thought you kept your religion and your business distinct. This young lady has more in common with you than I had supposed. I would like you to hear the story of her life. You would be interested. Miss Ethel, if you have no objection to tell our friend of your illness and wonderful recovery as you told it to me, I am sure he would be glad to hear it."

With a listener so thoroughly in harmony with herself in principle and practice, Ethel delighted to tell the thrilling story, with its grand climax, "*Talitha Cumi.*" Ephraim listened with rapt attention, and added but the one comment, "Truly this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

"That Simon Holmes, of whom my sister has spoken," said Harold, "is a strange man. I remember him well, though I have not seen him for a long time. A common workingman, with no pretension to culture, scarcely able to read, yet quite a philosopher. I used to think him a fanatical, semi-crazy fellow, but I believe now that he has grasped the grandest truths within human capacity, and I shall be glad to learn of him."

"Very likely he will prove thy best teacher. None know so much of God as those who trust Him and go to Him as a child. An illustration from my own experience will show thee what I mean. I remember when I began business with a small capital that I was often in a sore strait for money, through the neglect of my customers to pay on time. On one occasion the manager of the bank at which I kept my account spoke sympathetically to me, and expressed his interest in my prosperity. He indirectly intimated that I should do well to go to him in an emergency, but I made inquiries from other friends, and learned that it was the rule of the bank never to lend money to tradesmen without actual security, so I did not think much of his suggestion, because it was money that I needed, not advice nor sympathy. Well, a crisis came, and I worried and applied for help to this and that friend without avail. I wasted time and incurred humiliation all to no purpose. At last, in despair, I went to the bank manager, and telling him my situation, asked his advice. 'You have been to all your friends, Mr. Hartgold,' he said. 'Yes,' I said, every one.' 'You should have come to me at first,' he said; 'I shall be pleased to advance all that you need; why did you not come to me before?' I told him that I did not because I had heard that the bank's rule was opposed to advances in such cases. 'Ah!' he said, 'that is quite true, but not all the truth. The manager is empowered to set aside the rule whenever in his discretion he deems it advisable. Now you see you would have saved yourself much anxiety and trouble if you had trusted me, instead of pursuing your own inquiries about the bank's rules.' I have often thought of that incident since then. God governs the world by laws, and we can find out many of them, but I would sooner trust to His promises than what I can learn about His laws. Miss Ethel here ought to have died according to law, but God raised her to life because she trusted Him. My experience convinces me that nothing is impossible to those who trust in God."

"It seems so, indeed," said Harold.

"Now," continued Mr. Hartgold, "since I have been in this room I have begun to think that we may all of us witness a most wonderful illustration of this fact. It concerns thee, friend Bonanza. Thou hast mentioned a matter that is new to me. Didst thou not but now refer to thy loss of a daughter? Tell us the circumstances of her death. Who knows but that if thou wilt trust God, light may come on that trial of thine."

"I fear not," said the Señor. "But I will tell you. She was a beautiful little creature but delicate, and it became necessary to send her to Spain to save her life. The physicians assured us that only in the climate in which her mother was born could the child recover her drooping vitality. Her mother was sick, too, and being unable to make the voyage myself, I sent my wife and child, with a faithful colored servant to wait upon them, across the Atlantic. The vessel was lost at sea, and all on board perished. I have never been able to speak much of it. The calamity broke my heart. Even now, though many years have elapsed, the mention of it is torture."

"I see that," said the Quaker; "but believe me, friend Bonanza, I have not pressed thee for the facts in idle curiosity. A strange circumstance has occurred which leads me to hope that thy daughter may be restored to thee."

"No, no," said the Señor; "I shall go to her, she cannot return to me. Sailors who could swim and could have saved themselves had it been possible were lost; I have made diligent inquiry, and not one has ever been heard of since the wreck. How, then, could a child, a helpless infant, have lived? Never shall I see her until the sea gives up its dead."

"It may be so, but listen, friend," and Ephraim related the story he had heard from Captain Lanyon of the rescue of Inez.

"I fear it cannot be my daughter," old friend," said Señor Bonanza, "but I would see the child; her story interests me. Why did you think of my loss in connection with her?"

"That is the strongest part of the connection, friend," said Mr. Hartgold. "I did not know of thy loss, nor, indeed, that thou hadst a daughter, yet the maiden's extraordinary resemblance to thee prompted me to ask thee about her. I was on the point of writing thee when thy letter announcing thy presence in London arrived. Come and see her."

"That will I, but I am without hope."

"There is nothing too hard for the Lord," said Ethel. "You have not learned that yet, Señor Bonanza, though you were delivered out of the brigands' hands."

"True," he said. "Oh, that I had your faith, Miss Ethel! But let us go at once. Did I understand you, friend Hartgold, that the maiden is at your home?"

"Yes; let us go. Who can tell but God has this gift for thee, and is better than thy fears?"

On the way to Sharon Lodge Mr. Hartgold suggested to Señor Bonanza that, considering the trials Inez had already undergone, it might be well that she should have some preparation before being subjected to the strain that would try her nerves, if it should turn out that Señor Bonanza was indeed her father. To this he consented, urging his friend, however, to be cautious not to raise hopes which must in all probability end in disappointment. On their arrival, therefore, Mrs. Hartgold entertained the Cuban merchant, while Ephraim went to Ruth's room to talk with Inez. He found them both with tear-stained cheeks talking of Ralph Ravensworth and his little published sketch.

"Thou hast a strange way of entertaining a friend, my daughter," he said. "I see that you have both been weeping. Tears, unless indeed they are tears of joy and thankfulness, I should not have expected to see on the faces of maidens who have both been saved from peril by the mercy of God."

"We are not sad, dear father," said Ruth, "though we must plead guilty to the tears. We have found in a periodical a story of the shipwreck and the rescue, written by one who was there and who was a comfort to Inez in her trouble, but who has since her arrival unaccountably disappeared. It was in speaking of him that the tears where shed."

Ruth would have had her father read the sketch, but he said no, he would rather that Inez told him the story in her own way that he had already heard from Captain Lanyon, and which would be new to Ruth, too. So Inez repeated it, but as she evidently knew nothing of the circumstances of her rescue but what Captain Lanyon had told her, Mr. Hartgold gained no new light from the recital.

"Hast thou ever wondered who thy parents might be?" Ephraim asked.

"At times," said Inez, "the thought has crossed my mind, but it has never disturbed me or occupied my attention for any period. God has given me so good a father in Captain Lanyon, so loving and wise a father, that I have not sought further or craved more at His hands."

Clearly there was no need, as Ephraim saw, to dread the agitation that Señor Bonanza might cause, even if it proved that he was her father, for Inez in her present mood seemed to think but lightly of the tie of nature which she had never known. He felt, therefore, that he might go directly to the point, without danger of distressing her.

"Miss Inez," he said, "I have heard a story to-day that has deeply interested me, and I think it possible that thou mayest have an interest in it, too, of a closer character. I have been talking with an old friend whose features thine resemble, and I learn that he lost his daughter in her infancy. The vessel on which she sailed for Europe was lost, and he has mourned her since then as dead, as indeed there was good reason that he should, from a mortal standpoint. There is an aching void in his heart still, though many years have passed, and I would fain bring him to thee, that he may look upon thy face and see if there be any ground for my hope that thou art his long-lost daughter whom he has so long mourned as dead. Couldst thou bear to meet him?"

"Oh, yes; I will see him with pleasure," said Inez. "I should not know him, though he might be my father, for I have not the slightest recollection even of the circumstances of my rescue, much less of any earlier time."

"Then come, my dear, thou shalt see him; he is below with my wife. I would not bring him to thee without speaking to thee first, lest the shock of a recognition, though it might be a joyful one, should distress thee."

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMMANDMENTS, II.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 19. Exod. 20 : 12-18. Golden Text, Matt. 22 : 39.

The Pith and Centre of the Commandments—Love Fulfils the Law—Duty of Children of Ungodly Parents—Angry Thoughts Prohibited—The Solemn Warning to Transgressors—The Command Against Stealing—How it May be Broken—Incurring Debt—Improvident Purchases on Credit—Violations of the Law Against Lying—The Covetous Man—Selfishness in Churches and Families.

"THOU shalt love." This is the pith and centre of all God's commandments. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deut. 6 : 5). "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Lev. 19 : 18). Moses gave this as God's epitome of the law. Jesus said, "There is none other commandment greater than these" (Mark 12 : 30, 31). The apostle John, who is the apostle of love, and who spoke more about the commandments than any of the writers in the New Testament, says, "This is love, that we keep His commandments" (1 John 5 : 3). Paul says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and "he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law" (Rom. 13 : 10, 8). God is love; He

Shines Down, Like the Sun.

upon the world of lost souls in the face of His only-begotten Son, and beams forth love and pardon upon all who will receive Jesus. His commands are calculated to place men in the same position of shining forth love upon their fellowmen. It is our privilege to meet not only love, but hatred, injustice, unkindness, malice, envy, and evil of every kind, with love.

The old saying that charity [or love] should begin at home is fully endorsed by the Word of God; the first commandment from Sinai regarding our duty to man concerns home life and

Filial Obedience.

Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. When Moses repeats this command (Deut. 5 : 16) he adds: "That it may go well with thee in the land," etc., and Paul quotes this when he enforces this fifth commandment on the Christians of his day (Eph. 6 : 1-3). Our Lord Himself repeatedly insists on this command (Matt. 19 : 19; Mark 7 : 10), and He cites the breaking of it as "making void the law of God by your tradition which ye have delivered" (Mark 7 : 13, R. V.). God had ordained family life on earth to typify the family and household of God. If we cannot obey those whom God has set over us, how shall we obey God? Again, obedience to parents ought to spring not only from duty but chiefly from love. But an age of "disobedience to parents" (II Tim. 3 : 2) has set in, it is part of the lawlessness which will characterize the last days, and which will bring about the final struggle before Christ comes to reign. Parents have had much to do in bringing this about. The numerous exhortations to filial obedience in the Book of Proverbs and elsewhere in the Word of God presuppose that the parents are worthy of obedience. Alas! this is not always so. But God, in His love, has made His will plain. In placing the four commandments which teach our duty to Him *first*, He has shown us beforehand that we are to "seek *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." Thus if a command from a parent is contrary to the revealed will of God in His Word, God must take precedence, God must be obeyed. But wherever a parent can be obeyed at a cost to *us*, and not at a cost to His own Word, we are to sacrifice self, and obey.

Thou shalt do no murder has been explained by Jesus Himself in its spiritual significance to include a prohibition against angry thoughts and angry words (Matt. 5 : 21-24). "Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother" (1 John 3 : 10). Surely evil speaking comes under the head of this command. There are many who would not do bodily harm to any one who yet go hither and thither, and say all they know against another; sowing the poison of want of confidence broadcast and doing irreparable injury. While we are bound to answer direct questions which are asked us as witnesses, we are not bound to volunteer what we may know against another. God is love, He breathes out goodness, He is kind even to the unthankful and the evil. Satan is the exact reverse; when he comes there comes sin, trouble, sorrow, wounded feelings, bitterness, envy, spite, and all evil things. When we scatter abroad evil about another which is uncalled for, are we not doing Satan's work? As God's Levites, it is our privilege to "bless in the name of the Lord" (Deut. 10 : 8); if we curse by evil speaking, in whose name do we do it? Are we ministers of love, light, hope, joy, peace wherever we go? Or are we ministers of discomfort, distrust, suspicion? Whose work are we doing? God's or Satan's?

Whom are we Representing?

"*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*" Were the veil to be lifted in every town, in every city, in every congregation, and all the adulterers were brought to light, what an awful, hideous revelation we should have! The way in which the English Government is regulating and patronizing vice in all her colonies, and at the same time forcing the liquor traffic on unwilling peoples, shows that in high quarters in the land there must be the most horrible moral rottenness! and that we have to look to our workingmen and the small shopkeepers for the chief witnesses against impurity; certainly not to the aristocracy, not to the Government. But however much the guilty Government of England may introduce vice and drunkenness they cannot take out from God's Word the solemn declaration. "Fornicators and adulterers

God will Judge"

(Heb. 13 : 4). They may be patronized at court, but "Neither fornicators . . . nor adulterers . . . shall inherit the kingdom of heaven" (1 Cor. 6 : 9, 10). We thank God for the noble exertions of Mrs. Josephine Butler and many others in our day against this horrible evil, and we thank God that the national conscience is aroused in our land. But let those of us who are parents claim the Lord's succor very specially that our children, introduced into such an atmosphere of impurity as obtains in our day, may be "kept by the power of God" from its taint.

"*Thou shalt not steal.*" Many Christians would think it superfluous that such a command should be mentioned to converted people, but here again the conscience is often at fault. When a man who has but enough money to buy a loaf with, and then buys a pound of bacon, because he does not like dry bread, though he knows he has not a penny wherewith to pay for it, is he not stealing? The bacon is his if he pays for it, otherwise it belongs, by right, to the shopkeeper, and not to him. If a lady whose income suffices only to provide just rent, food, education, and the plainest clothing for her children buys a handsome silk dress, because she has always been accustomed to have one, and yet she does not know how to pay for it, is she not stealing? Either the landlord, the butcher, baker, draper, or milkman will have to do without his money. Is this honest? Is it not breaking this command, "Thou shalt not steal?"

"*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*" Oh, the power of the tongue! The tongue and the temper are the most ungovernable of things! The man who conquers his tongue is "a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body" (James 3 : 2). A man who is perfect in patience is "perfect and entire, wanting nothing" (James 1 : 4). To bear false witness includes all lying, the sin which is so often and so specially named in Scripture. There shall enter [the heavenly Jerusalem] "nothing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, and are shut out of the new Jerusalem (Rev. 21 : 8; 22 : 15). But there are many who would not willingly be liars, and yet border on lying. If we willingly give a false impression we are at heart lying even though our *words* would not convey anything contrary to truth. Jesus is Truth, and Jesus dwelling in us makes us transparent. If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin (1 John 1 : 7).

"*Thou shalt not covet.*"

"Be Content with such Things as ye Have."

"Godliness with contentment is great gain." "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Oh, how these words of God cut at the root of the selfishness which reigns throughout the world! The policy of government is selfish in its iniquitous sacrificing of the morals of the people we conquer for the sake of increasing the revenue. The Church is selfish; each denomination is for its own; "our church" is the word with some, 'our cause" is the word with others. Christian home missions are often selfish; every man for himself is the ruling principle with many of them. Business is selfish. If a man can do a good stroke of business, although he knows that in doing it he will ruin some dozens of other men, he will not scruple. He keeps within the law because it is to his interest, but he covets the extra income which encroaching on another man's line of business will bring him, and he knows not the royal law,

"Thou Shalt Love."

From the first command to the last, the spirit of the law is transgressed in the ordinary walks of life. In the early days of Christianity it was remarked, See how these Christians love one another. It might be said of our day, "See how these Christians swindle one another, and hate one another, and despise one another." Even among converted people this anti-Christian spirit obtains. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and unless a man is converted from selfishness to love, which is unselfish, he is certainly not converted to Jesus. He has only changed from an irreligious to a religious selfishness; he lives for himself still. This is His commandment that we *love* one another. Wrong nobody by word or deed, as you would not be wronged. Live always putting yourself in the place of others. But Christ goes farther when He says that all which is done to one of His little ones for good or bad is done unto Him. He says, "See *Me* in everybody, deal with everybody as though it were Myself." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me" (Matt. 25 : 40).

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knows
Each struggle that my hard heart
makes to bring
My will to His. Often when night-
time comes
My heart is full of tears, because
the good
That seemed, at morn, so easy to
be done,
Has proved so hard; but then re-
membering
That a kind Father is my Judge, I
say,
"He knows." And so I lay me
down with trust
That His good hand will give me
needed strength
To better do His work in coming
days.

—*Selected*

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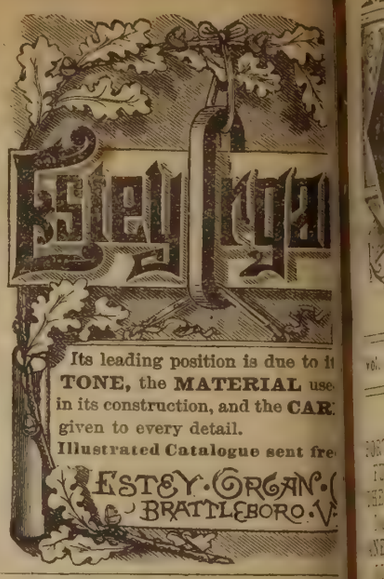

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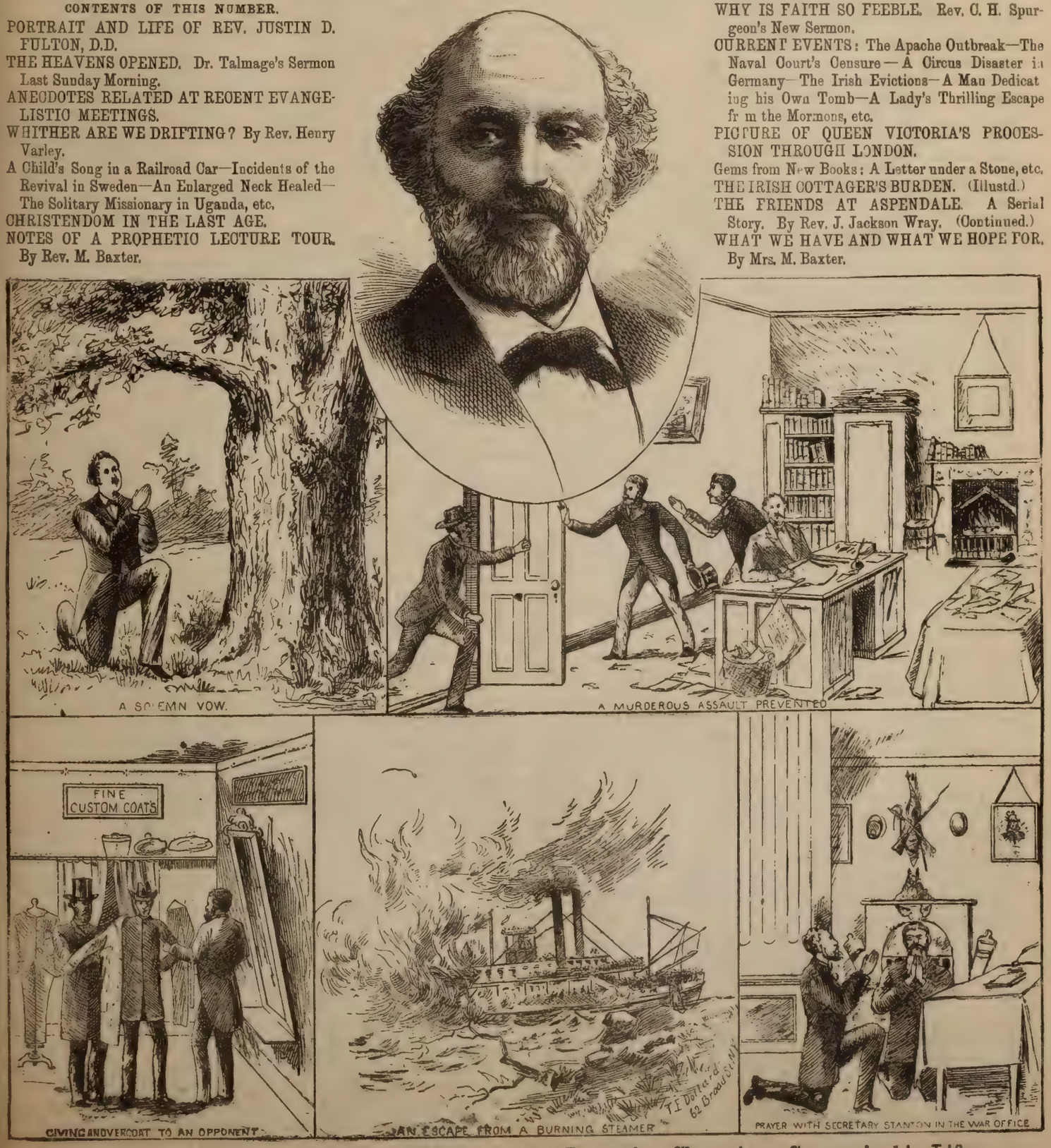


The Rev. JUSTIN D. FULTON, D.D., the Anti-Romanist Champion—Scenes in his Life.

REV. JUSTIN D. FULTON, D.D.

Personal Characteristics—Birth and Early Life—A Solemn Vow Under an Oak—Self-Support in College—Editorial Labor—An Attack by an Infuriated Man—A Time of Peril on a Burning Steamer—Resignation of his Editorial Chair Removal to Boston—Giving an Opponent an Overcoat—Removal to Brooklyn—Enters on a Crusade—The Pauline Propaganda.

THE well-known clergyman whose portrait appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, has achieved fame chiefly through his prowess as a member of the Church *militant*. That aspect of Christ's kingdom is the one ever-present to his view, and in that department of duty he is ever ready to engage. Christ has need of such men. When He called to His side the twelve men who were to carry on His work after His departure, He summoned the bold and impulsive Peter as well as the gentle and affectionate John. In our day, too, as in all ages, there is

Work for Peter to Do

as well as for John. The Church would recognize this more generally than it does were it not that sometimes the one drifts into the position which ought to be occupied by the other.

Doubtless it would be pleasant, as a sage of the last generation remarked, if the world could move along always in the way of music, or, failing that, could move equably with a minimum of friction and fighting; whether it would be better for the world is another question. There is always some restless, highly inconvenient man who cannot be persuaded to rest content with things as they are, but must go out tilting against abuses and stirring up strife. Very often these men might have quiet lives, and the abuses they go out to attack would never inconvenience them if the men did not attack the abuses. Luther need not have denounced Tetzel and brought upon himself the quarrel with the Pope if he had been content to go his own way leaving the scandal alone. Tetzel would not have troubled him, and as he had not bought and was not compelled to buy an indulgence it is probable that many good easy people thought him quixotic in going out of his way to expose the pious fraud. So it has been in every age. Some men cannot be content to hold their own opinions quietly and let the world go its own way, but must be

Continually Reforming and Battling

with abuses. Probably few men in the Christian Church in America to-day have done more of this kind of fighting than Dr. Fulton. It is in the nature of the man to be frequently in hot water. Five minutes' conversation with him—the very look of the man, prepares one to expect this of him. He is so desperately in earnest, so full of life and energy, so absolutely certain that he is right, so forcible of speech, and so aggressive in manner, that where he is, one realizes that it will not be safe to predict "quarrels will never come." Yet, as often happens with men of pugnacious temperament, stories abound of his kindness, generosity, and magnanimity. A hard hitter, an undaunted adversary, a man ready to lead a forlorn hope, one who is not deterred from entering a conflict by the strength of the enemy, or the weakness of the side he espouses, he is, nevertheless, free from malice and vindictiveness, and is warm-hearted and compassionate beyond the majority of men.

Birth and Early Life.

Justin D. Fulton was born in Earlville, Madison County, N. Y., March 1st, 1828, he is therefore now fifty-nine years old. His father, Rev. John J. Fulton, was descended from North of Ireland stock, and his mother, Clarissa Dewey Fulton, had her birthplace at Great Barrington, Berkshire County, Mass., and was heir to many of the shining qualities of the Puritan element. In 1836 he removed with his parents to Brooklyn, Mich., and at the age of eleven united with the Baptist Church.

Ministers in Michigan, as a rule, were poor, and Mr. Fulton, senior, was not an exception. He offered his son his time, but could not promise him other help. When eighteen years of age, the son, who up to this time had studied as best he could when not employed on the farm, after long and prayerful thought decided to consecrate his future life entirely to the Lord's service. He was out in the fields when he came definitely to this decision. He immediately

Registered his Vow

by kneeling down under the shadow of an oak (*see illustration*), and solemnly giving himself into the Lord's hands for His exclusive use. At once he began preparations, and in the fall of 1847 entered the University of Michigan and remained there three years, paying his way by working for his board during term-time and by selling books in vacation.

At once he took a foremost position. In his Junior year he was elected president of the college literary society, an honor generally reserved for students of the Senior Class. In his fourth year he entered the University of Rochester, that he might take Hebrew and be ready to enter the Theological Seminary in advance. He was graduated from the University of Rochester in 1851, and, entering the Theological Seminary, he remained through a part of the second year, when, urged by the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, D.D., and W. H. Wyckoff, LL.D., to become

Editor of a Bible Paper

in St. Louis, Mo., he went there in December, 1853. The paper under his charge sprang into a large circulation. In St. Louis he found a city permeated with the false teaching of Rome. A description of its condition is given in "The Way Out," a book published by The American Baptist Publication Society, descriptive of the life he led, and of some of the work achieved. It is not difficult to see in the Edward Hervey of the book the Justin D. Fulton of the world. His "Roman Catholic Element in American History" at once arrested attention and excited opposition. Its ringing words called attention to the man, and twenty-four men and women meeting in Biddle Market Hall, having had their attention directed to him, invited him to preach.

It was to him a providential call. Up to this time he was not known as a preacher. In college and in the Theological Seminary he was seldom asked to supply a pulpit, and when he did so his efforts gave little promise of his subsequent career. He loved to preach. He tried to preach, but the characteristics which made him a success as an editor interfered with his success as a minister. He was bold, radical, and outspoken. The young editor had given himself to the ministry years before, providing God opened the way. Now that the door was opened he entered it with eagerness. The committee in charge of the paper objected to the arrangement. The editor replied, "I believe that I am called to preach the Gospel. If editing your paper interferes with this duty, I can give up the paper, but I will not give up the ministry." He began to preach with great acceptance to the people and with unalloyed pleasure for himself. At once he struck Romanism hard blows in the pulpit. It cost him dear. In 1854 the Know-Nothing riot came. His life was threatened. On one occasion a violent man, exasperated almost to insanity by Dr. Fulton's denunciations, made his way to the editorial-room intent on killing the enemy of his Church. Happily two of Dr. Fulton's friends were in the room at the time and interposed to save his life (*see illustration*).

One other narrow escape from death may be mentioned in this place, as an illustration of the way in which Dr. Fulton has enjoyed the Divine protection. He was

On a Burning Steamer

when every one on board gave up hope of life. Passengers and crew were alike panic-stricken. They crowded to the forward part of the boat and stood there huddled together, waiting the moment when the flames must reach them. Some were shrieking and wringing their hands, others were cursing, and all were in terror. Dr. Fulton's stentorian voice resounded over the throng with the words, "Let us pray." Kneeling there with the flames at his back he besought the Lord for deliverance. Meanwhile the captain of the boat was heading for the shore at full speed. The burning boat was beached and every one on board was saved (*see illustration*).

Dr. Fulton's position on Romanism, which he pictured as an intolerable despotism, gave him the sympathy of very many of the people. The true and the tried stood together in the town. He had enemies, however, and from another cause. Dr. Fulton was at heart

An Abolitionist

and as usual made no secret of his opinions, though he knew that they were unpopular both with the readers and the proprietors of the paper. A meeting of the stockholders was held at Palmyra, Mo., and it was resolved that slavery must be defended in the columns of the paper. Dr. Fulton promptly resigned his editorial chair, and his successor was appointed.

The turning-point in the life of the editor was reached. Years before he had vowed that he would preach if God would open the way. Now invitations to enter one of the most successful law firms of St. Louis, and to become the literary editor of one of the brightest daily papers in the city, were received. For six hours, while stripped of property, this young man kept in his room questioning what he should do. The vow made years before under the shade of the oak came to his memory. He declined the offers, and, almost penniless, turned his back on this city of his love, accepted the invitation of his brother, Dr. S. J. Fulton, then residing in Toledo, O., to make his house his home until he had prepared for the press "The Roman Catholic Element in American History," and while engaged in this work received

An Invitation

to supply the pulpit in Sandusky, O. The result was a call to the church and the securing of a helpmeet in the person of Miss Sarah E. Norcross, who for twenty-seven years was the companion of his life and the mother of his four children. In Ohio he worked zealously; six churches in the Huron Association were revived under his leadership, and the church in Sandusky passed from feebleness to strength. Exposure to the lake winds enfeebled his voice, and this compelled his removal to Albany, N. Y., where in 1859 he became pastor of the Tabernacle Church and spent the ensuing four years in a very successful ministry.

A Prayer in the War Office,

which is the subject of one of the illustrations on the first page, was an incident of momentous import in Dr. Fulton's career. During the progress of the war Dr. Fulton, while on a visit to Washington had occasion to visit the War Office. There he conversed with Mr. Secretary Stanton, and, as his habit is, he took the opportunity to present the claims of religion. So earnestly did he plead with the Secretary that, at Mr. Stanton's own suggestion, he knelt down with him there and then in the office and prayed for his conversion. In after years Mr. Stanton referred to this incident as one that God had blessed to him.

In 1863 he was for the third time invited to the charge of the Tremont Temple congregation in Boston, Mass., and the church having complied with his conditions, he accepted their invitation, and labored in this field nearly ten years. During his residence in Boston

An Act of Kindness

was performed by the preacher, which is so thoroughly characteristic of the man that it deserves special mention. A Southern clergyman, who believed that the attitude of the Southern churches on the slavery question had been misrepresented, came North to present his views to the people. In Boston the abolition excitement was at its height, and the people would have none of him. He tried in vain to get a hearing. The doors of every church and public building in the city were shut against him. Dr. Fulton heard of it, and the spirit of fairness and honor within him rose against that way of treating an opponent. He offered him the use of his own

pulpit which was gratefully accepted. Nor did Dr. Fulton's kindness end there. Noticing that the Southern gentleman had come North unprepared for the bitter weather which had set in, he took him to his tailor (*see illustration*), and there spent seventy-five dollars out of his small savings in purchasing a good overcoat for the man who had come to the city to denounce him and his teachings. At a later date his magnanimity bore fruit. Being himself in a Southern city and unable to find accommodation, owing to his unpopularity, he was surprised to receive an invitation from the Governor of the State, and, on his expressing his astonishment, the Governor said that he was drawn toward him by the story he had heard of the Boston episode, from the lips of his friend, to whom years before Dr. Fulton had given the overcoat.

In 1873 Dr. Fulton removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., to build a People's Church, and to carry out the scheme he cherished in his heart, of preaching the Gospel to the people without regard to class or condition. Dr. Fulton entered upon it with all the force and vigor of a healthy manhood, a strong will, and a heart warmly responding to the popular need.

As our readers are doubtless aware Dr. Fulton has now relinquished his work in Brooklyn to devote himself exclusively to

A Crusade

against Romanism. His motives and plans will be best understood from the following extract from the manifesto he issued early this year: "Beloved in Christ: For years the woe has been unto me, if I preach not the Gospel to the people in America, who are deluded by the errors of Rome. There are more than seven million Catholics in the Republic, ruled by a cardinal, 12 archbishops, 61 bishops, 8000 priests, and an army of 40,000 monks and nuns.

"The American and Foreign Christian Union has abandoned the field. No organization of Christian men is in existence that seeks as a specialty to turn Romanists to Christ. There are leagues and alliances that deal with Romanism as a political power. *My mission is to the souls of Romanists.* For them Christ died.

"It is not my purpose to thrust myself upon the churches, but to respond to such invitations as may come to me, and to enter, as far as it is in my power, the doors which shall be opened. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto this work, which few are willing either to undertake or become identified with. I am to separate myself from the fellowship of my Church, go without patronage, dependent upon the covenanted promises of my heavenly Father for an effectual door to be opened to me to the hearts of this people, and for the aid necessary to scatter books and tracts, which shall help to refute the errors of Romanism, and preach Christ to millions who are tiring of the bondage of Rome."

The Pauline Propaganda

is the name given to the society which has been organized to promote the work which Dr. Fulton has taken up. Its object is thus stated in its articles of incorporation: The object of this society shall be the conversion to Christ of Roman Catholics and others.

We pledge ourselves to pray for the conversion of this people, and work for it by speaking in love to those whom we meet, by seeing that they are supplied with a copy of God's Word, and with such literature as shall be helpful in building them up in the knowledge and grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We will strive to gather children into Sabbath-schools, promote the observance of God's holy day, and secure places of worship (such as tents, halls and meeting-houses), as shall be best suited to the necessities of the people among whom we are to work, encouraging them when converted to unite with Gospel churches.

The Offices of the Society are at 62 Liberty Street, New York, where Dr. Herbert G. Lyttle, the Secretary, will be pleased to receive the names of all persons who sympathize with Dr. Fulton's self-denying work, and the contributions of all who are ready to prove their sympathy by helping the funds of the Society.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Saved from the Wreck.—"A Vessel when nearing the land struck upon a sunken reef, and as the water rushed into it, it was soon evident that there was but little hope; but the shore was near, and although the sea was rough, there were numerous boats putting off to their rescue. The vessel soon sank, and then the passengers and crew were left struggling in the angry waters. A boat reached one of the swimmers, and he was helped in. What would you think of that man if, as soon as he was safe himself, he sat back in the boat with folded arms, and refused to give his assistance in helping to rescue his late companions in distress? Such a man, I hear you say, ought to be tossed back into the sea and left to perish. But that is exactly what hundreds of so-called Christians are doing. They are rescued from the sea of sin, but now, being free and safe themselves, they sit with folded arms, and see around them hundreds of their fellow-creatures struggling and sinking for want of a helping hand to guide them into the sure haven, Jesus."

From an Infirmary Ward to Glory.—The Rev. Mr. Campbell, chaplain of a Royal Infirmary, said: "In one of the wards of the infirmary where I labor for Christ, there lay a little girl. Her case was a hopeless one. Her only chance of life had been an operation, but although everything possible had been done, she lay there slowly but surely dying. She herself knew her state, and was greatly distressed. 'No, I cannot, will not die!' she would cry; 'I am not ready.' The hideous thought of death seemed ever present with her; but a Christian friend came to see her, and spoke to her about Christ and His great love. She was led to put her trust in Him; then her sorrow and fear were changed to joy and anticipation. She was no longer afraid to die, but looked eagerly forward to the time when she should meet her Saviour. When any one spoke to her on the subject she would say, with a sweet smile, 'Oh, I'm not afraid to die now, for I have come to Jesus. It used to be so dark before, but now all is light and joy.' Soon she passed away, and went to meet the Saviour, whose pardoning love and grace had taken away the sting and the darkness of death, and who has welcomed her into the glorious home He has prepared for her.

A Right Royal Wife.—The Same Friend Remarked: "When Alexander the Great was on his eastward march, and conquered so many countries, he carried their kings and queens captives in his train. It is related that, on one occasion, he had an interview with the sovereigns of a country which he had just conquered, and said to the King, 'You wish to be free. Now, I will restore you to liberty.' The regal prisoner looked proudly into Alexander's face, and said, 'True, Alexander, I should wish to be at liberty, for I love it well, but keep me forever a prisoner; take all my wealth and my kingdom, but only let my queen go free.' But the loving wife would not, even for the bribe of personal liberty, be separated from her beloved husband. Throwing her arms around him, she said, 'Wherever he is, let me be also; I would not be separated from him, for without him life would be void. Is not that the answer which the Bride—the betrothed of Christ, her Divine Husband—should give when tempted, for worldly advancement or any temporal gain, to forsake Christ? 'I will never leave Him, nor be separated from Him. Wherever He is, let me be also, for life without Him is void.'"

A Lot of Lazy Shepherds.—Mr. J. G. Forbes remarked: "Once a severe snow-storm came on in Argyleshire, and the owner of a large sheep-farm became alarmed for the safety of his flocks. Summoning the shepherds, he told them to set out at once and bring the sheep into the fold. The shepherds went away as if to get their dogs and staffs, but, being indolent in their habits, they came to the conclusion that they might be lost in the dangerous parts of the mountains, and therefore left the sheep to care for themselves. They would be sure to find them safe when the storm was over. So, instead of doing their duty, they went to one of the outhouses, and there spent the day in smoking and talking. As evening approached the farmer became anxious about the shepherds, the more so that he saw the dogs about the place. Could it be possible that some harm had happened to them, and the dogs had returned themselves. He determined to set out and look for them, but before going he came upon the men sitting comfortably together. He refused to let them accompany him, and set out for the mountains in search of the flocks himself, and returned late that night with almost the whole of the sheep; only a few had died. Oh, how like these indolent and selfish shepherds are some of those whom the Great Shepherd sends out to gather in His sheep."

The Plea of an Advocate-Brother.—Mr. White observed: "In the days of ancient Greece, a citizen was arrested for a crime against the State, the punishment for which was death. Though there was no doubt of his guilt, he was allowed a trial, and his brother was appointed his advocate. The day of judgment came. The hall was crowded when the judges took their seats, and all was hushed to hear what defence the advocate-brother should make for the prisoner. Slowly he advanced toward the judges, and when he was just at the foot of the dais he stopped, and rolling up the sleeve of his tunic he said, 'Often has that arm fought for Greece. It was broken for Greece. My body is covered with wounds, all for Greece, and once did I almost die for my country. Will you not take my blood so freely shed for my fatherland, and for the sake of it forgive my brother? 'Tis true he is guilty, and deserving of death, but, for the sake of the blood which I shed, the sufferings and trials which I endured, will ye not forgive him?' The judges were touched with that appeal, and pardoned the prisoner. Are not sinners in exactly the same state as that prisoner? guilty of sin against God and deserving punishment, with no plea to advance that mercy should be shown to them. But Jesus, our Advocate, our Elder Brother, pleads for us, pleads the virtue of His blood shed for us, of God's law kept for us, of His life given for us, and God the Father is glad to pardon us for Christ's sake."

A Girl's Plea for a Drunken Father.—Mr. Richard Weaver observed: "Once when I was preaching in Scotland I had retired after a hard day's work for a quiet rest, when a knock came to the door. It was a little girl asking for me. 'Oh, please, sir,' she exclaimed as she entered the room, 'is it true that God is willing to save every person, no matter how bad?' 'Surely,' I replied, 'it was for that purpose that Christ came into the world and died.' 'Then there is hope for my poor drunken father,' she cried. 'You'll come home with me and pray for him?' I was much fatigued, but I knew what Jesus would have done had He been in my place, so I went with her to her home—such a home! A low-roofed apartment, with a broken chair and two old boxes, and on a bundle of straw in one corner lay a woman. As I entered she slowly raised her head, which was roughly bandaged. She removed the bandage and disclosed a fearful sight. Her hair was matted and tangled with blood, while in several places about her face were deep wounds, and on her left side was a stab with a knife, which had evidently been inflicted with a deadly intent. And this was all done by her husband. When I was about to leave, he came in, and I said, 'How are you going to answer God for the treatment of your poor wife?' 'When I treat her like that,' he replied, evidently under deep remorse, 'I feel like putting this knife into myself; and I will do it some of these mornings.' I did not try to argue with him, but said, 'Let us both pray that God may take away this craving for strong drink, and give you a new heart!' He rose from his knees a saved man, saved from the power of strong drink, and, through faith in the atoning blood of Christ, saved for eternity."

THE HEAVENS OPENED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 12, 1887.

"Behold, I see the heavens opened."—Acts 7 : 56-60.

The Murder of Stephen — Five Pictures — I. Stephen Looking into Heaven—The Art Gallery of God's Palace—Many Friends there—Gazing After them—II. Stephen Looking at Christ—How to See Him now — Scales Removed from the Eyes—A Wonderful Invitation —III. Stephen Stoned—All Good Men Pelted—Cannot be Killed —IV. Stephen's Prayer—Concern about his Spirit—His Desire—Does the Spirit Travel?—Where it Will Land—John Quincy Adams's Dying Prayer — V. Stephen Asleep—An Infinite Calm.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and whoop, and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this

Horrible Rain of Missiles,

Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground ; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ;" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge ;" that was for his assailants. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day *five pictures.* Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

I. First, look at Stephen

Gazing into Heaven.

Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever-increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments : tessellated floor of amethyst, and on

The Winding Cloud-stairs

are stretched out canvas on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it : "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad-voiced acclamation of angelic dominion to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man in this house to-day so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-by, and they went away ; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam-tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction ; so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing, as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud, and give us one glimpse of their

Blissful and Transfigured Faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the viper of pain, and sorrow, and bereavement keeps gnawing at your vitals, you still stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older ; and sometimes, in the evening-tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer ; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names, and listen, and sit gazing into heaven.

II. Pass on now, and see Stephen

Looking upon Christ.

My text says he saw the Son of man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that He had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful structure ; but I suppose it was all guess-work. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ, and put them upon canvas ; but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear Him in heaven.

Look! There He Is.

Behold the Lamb of God. Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying : "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels. Belshazzar gathered the Babylonish nobles to his table ; George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet ; Napoleon III. welcomed the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey to his feast ; the Emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Bancroft, sit down with him at his table ; but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast, to come and sit beside him?

Oh, Wonderful Invitation!

You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say : "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that, and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him ; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear that voice which pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven! What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

"His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him, too."

III. I pass on now, and look at

Stephen Stoned.

The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So

All Good Men Must be Pelted.

All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to State or Church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say : "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grog-shops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the Church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say : "Stephen stoned." The world, with infinite spite, took after John Frederick Oberlin, and Paul, and Stephen of the text. But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted him they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but

You Cannot Kill him.

On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrim ; this Sabbath morning he addresses all Christendom. Paul the Apostle stood on Mars Hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school-girl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair ; but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre, there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

IV. Pass on now, and see Stephen in

His Dying Prayer.

His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future ; but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are

going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulchre in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that

Your Obsequies

will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the Soul Have to Travel

through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to take up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I leave this house this morning I will find out

Where It will Land.

Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered,

How Sweet It Will Be

to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world, we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful, and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

V. Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is

Stephen Asleep.

With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life.

His Chief Work

had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know; but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man, whose life has been tossed and driven, coming down at last to

An Infinite Calm,

in which there was the hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep! I saw such an one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door knob while he was dying, with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded, heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread, or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes; but spread your death couch amid the leaves of the forest, or make it out of the straw of a pauper's hut, the wolf in the jungle howling close by, or inexorable creditors jerking the pillow from under your dying head.

Christ Will Come In

and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

"Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of Divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven; Stephen looking at Christ; Stephen stoned; Stephen in his dying prayer; Stephen asleep.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN LONDON.

(*See Illustration on page 380.*)

ON January 13th a picture appeared in this journal of the new People's Palace which was being erected in London. It has now been completed, and on May 14th Queen Victoria went in state to take part in the opening ceremonies. Of late years she has very seldom appeared publicly in the poorer districts of her capital, so her advent was made the occasion of a general holiday. The procession, a picture of which is given on page 380, was greeted everywhere with shouts of welcome and the demonstrations of delight with which the dwellers in the slums greet a free show. But few hisses and groans were heard, and those were speedily drowned by Her Majesty's loyal subjects.

The Queen was driven through the dark and crowded streets lined with the tenement-houses in which poor creatures live on the borders of starvation and without the common decencies of life. At the magnificent edifice which has been erected by private munificence in the hope that some of those poverty-stricken people may, through the free education to be there given, rise to better things, she was received by the officials. After the customary fulsome flattery had been spoken in her presence, she formally declared the institution open, and returned to her palace far away from the sights and scenes of misery and want which abound at the East End of London.

SPECULATION IN FUTURES.

THE phrase is familiar in the stock exchanges of our great cities, but the practice is in China extended to a future far beyond that recognized by stock speculators. A lady missionary in that country writes: "About sixteen miles east of Ningpo, China, lies a noted mountain, Ling Fong, to which tens of thousands, from all parts of Chekiang, go up yearly to worship. The first day of the ceremonies few besides women attend. Although the path up the mountain was paved, and the steeper ascents were furnished with steps, still it was a tedious climb, even for one with natural feet. The wonder grew upon us how the women, with their little bandaged stubs, could not only climb the mountain, but walk miles to reach it. As we neared the place we were beset by vendors of incense-sticks urging us to buy. Arriving at a level space, about half-way up the mountain, we found rows of wretched straw huts on either side of the path leading to a building scarcely more than a shed, containing one large room. In it were a few small, dilapidated idols, before which the people burned incense-sticks and made prostrations. A desire to worship was by no means the only motive that brought these eager throngs hither. These multitudes had left their homes and busy pursuits to come hither for the special purpose of buying bills of credit to be burned at death in order to secure *a large sum of money in the next world.* These bills of credit, costing twenty-four *cash*, or about two cents, are small strips of yellow paper, upon which are roughly printed a few characters. These are supposed to be good for about $1500 after death. Behind tables stood men selling these bills. Others busy stamping with red paint pieces of cotton cloth, which were carried away as evidence that they had been to the sacred spot. The more years they make this pilgrimage, and the more bills of credit they get, the greater will be their merit and wealth in the next life.

Volume IX. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1883, 1884, and 1885 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Thy Healer and Faith Witness, a Monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where Missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 75 cents, may be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, N.Y.

A CHILD'S SONG IN A RAILROAD CAR.

An evangelist was making a long journey on a northern railroad recently, when, as the train stopped late at night at a city station, a gang of hilarious revellers entered the car. There was a delay of some minutes, but no one got out. Many of the travellers were half asleep. Others were settling themselves comfortably in their wraps and rugs, preparing for their long night journey before them. Suddenly the silence was most painfully broken by a loud, harsh voice from one of the carriages beginning to roar out a profane and ribald song. What the words were I am thankful to say I do not know, but they were bad enough to horrify every one who heard them. All the passengers were shocked and indignant. They would gladly have silenced the vile and insolent singer, but how was this to be done?

Hark! another voice is heard, sweet, clear, and childlike—the voice of a little girl, singing the words,

> "Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
> For all the blessings of the light;
> Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
> Beneath Thine own Almighty wings."

Only a few notes were sung, when the hint was taken, and another voice joined, then another and another. Manly basses and tenors threw in their deep tones with all their strength, and soon a full and powerful volume of song to the glory of God—"the voice of a great multitude"—poured forth, and the voice of the profane singer was heard no more.

INCIDENTS OF THE REVIVAL IN SWEDEN.

In a letter to Rev. A. B. Simpson, published in his *Word, Work and World*, from Miss Nellie Hall, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on the 25th of June, 1885, she gives a vivid sketch of the revival now going on in Sweden. The following are some of the incidents she mentions:

A young man rose in a praise-meeting to tell that the Lord had saved him. He had been a Rationalist. Directly his mother also rose, telling us that she had for years been very anxious, especially for this son, and almost despaired of his salvation on account of his ungodliness. Last morning, however, when seeing old men and women kneel, seeking salvation, she thought God will save my children also. I need not be anxious. When the son, in the evening, prepared for going to the meeting (even the unconverted could not stay away), she said quite loud, "Now go for the last time from home as an ungodly person." That evening he was saved.

A rather unmanageable man, and a disputer, began going to the meetings. His little boy, when seeing his father preparing to go to the meetings regularly, said, "Father, are you going to be saved now?" And when seeing him back, "Father, are you saved now?" This at last became more than the father well could bear, so he fled to the Saviour and got saved.

A very ungodly soldier abused his wife for having been at one of our meetings, where she professed to have been saved. He even threatened her with divorce for her "madness." After this, however, he could not sleep the next night, and soon began to cry aloud for mercy, and that same night he got saved. The next morning he came to our meeting to tell us this, and was then very glad.

Five young men, rather bad characters, called once, at midnight, at a Christian brother's home, wanting him to cry to God with them for mercy. They all found peace.

An old hunter, Blom, a confirmed drunkard and swearer, had long been freely fed and lodged by a farmer family, all the members of which have now been saved. The three young sons in this family were alone at home, and singing their new glad songs, when old Blom came as usual and sat down. They went on singing, and at last asked him about his own condition.

"I'm afraid the evil one takes me alive," answered the old man, bursting into tears. They told him that Jesus was very willing to save him if he were in full earnest. "I should be very glad if there be any possibility for me," was his answer. They then all knelt down and prayed, Blom also praying, whereupon the young men read to him out of the New Testament, asking him if he had got the matter clear. He answered "yes," and went to another Christian family to tell what the Lord had done with him.

Another young convert told us he had lately just been afraid of darkness, feeling as if Satan himself were hanging about him. He is now blessedly saved.

There is every probability that this glorious revival will spread widely in Wermband. In one place especially many sick ones have been healed almost instantaneously in connection with this great work of God.

A SEARCH FOR THE DOOR.

A pathetic confession was made in China recently to the Rev. Jonathan Lees, a missionary at Tientsin. He says: "During a journey I took into the interior one day, near the close of the afternoon, my carter was pushing on to reach our halting-place for the night, when, on passing through a village, my eye was suddenly caught by what was evidently an extemporized temple mat-shed. Though pressed for time, curiosity led me to enter. Yes, there was the idol—a large picture hanging at the end opposite the door, and there was the familiar altar-table, with its incense-pot and candlesticks and various offerings, while the sides of the enclosure were made gay with pictures. A few old men were at the moment the only visitors. As I stood there one man came to burn incense and to perform his prostrations. Then we talked. You can imagine it easy enough. They told me that their worship was to secure good crops. I spoke of the great loving Father in heaven who supplies all our wants, and then I spoke of Jesus. Rising to go, they begged me to retell the story, and when at length I must leave, sad at heart that we might almost certainly never meet again on earth, one old, white-haired patriarch cried out, 'Oh, do stay and teach us. We did not know this was wrong. Our fathers worshipped thus; *we cannot find the door.*' Those words haunted me for many a day; they haunt me still. There are myriads who, consciously or unconsciously, are feeling for some one or something, they know not what. They cannot find the door. Shall we not show it them?"

AN ENLARGED NECK HEALED.

Sceptical persons in reading testimonies to Divine healing in cases like spinal disease, where there are no outward and visible proofs of the malady, are disposed to doubt whether the disease and the cure are not alike the work of the imagination alone. To such persons the following incident reported in *Thy Healer* for June, may be commended:

Mr. John Potter, of 28 Bennerley Road, London, writes: The glands of my son's neck had been overgrowing, enlarging and hardening for about three years. A severe cold in November last greatly increased the complaint, rendering his breathing hard and difficult, the glands pressing on the windpipe; his neck also was much swollen. Our physician said: "I am afraid it is serious, and he will have to go into a hospital and undergo an operation;" but we kept him at home. He became much worse, and on Monday, December 20th, 1886, Miss E. A. Hopwood came and anointed him. *He believed, and his faith did not fail*, though he got much worse, as Miss Hopwood said before she anointed him he might. That evening, two doctors came to see him, and said, "It is impossible for him to remain long in this state, and if a spasm should come on, he would be gone in two minutes; *no medicine will do him any good*, and you must be prepared for the worst." When the doctor saw him in the morning, he said, "As he is at present, he is not in danger, but his throat is still the same, and the spasm may return at any moment, to save his life you must take him to the hospital to be operated upon, and what is done must be done at once." My wife and I did not consent. We decided to trust the Lord, whether it were for life or for death, and our lad should not leave home, or go under any operation, let the consequences be what they might. My son retained calm faith and trust in God. The next day (Christmas) he was up to dinner with the family. On that day the doctor examined him, and said, "I will call again to-morrow, for I should like to see how he goes on." He continued his visits, *but did not give him any medicine*. To satisfy him (the doctor) I took my son to Charing Cross Hospital; he was there examined by three doctors and two students, neither of whom could find anything serious the matter with him, but said, "It appears that he has been very seriously ill, but he is going on all right now."

On February 14th, 1887, they again examined his neck, and found it much smaller than it was last summer, and nearer to its proper size; there is no hard substance, but all is soft and comfortable, *the Lord has healed him;* he is gone to his employment.

THE SOLITARY MISSIONARY IN UGANDA.

Since the murder of Bishop Hannington much anxiety has been felt about Mr. Mackay, who is still in Uganda. How long the savage young King Mwanga will suffer him to live none can say. After a long silence a telegram has been sent from Zanzibar, which is the nearest point of civilization to Mr. Mackay's location, stating that letters have been received there for despatch to England, and have been sent on. It also states that at that time (January 24th) Mr. Mackay was alive and well. Prior to that no news from him had been received since a letter arrived dated September 28th, in which he said:

"About a week ago, on Sunday evening, there was a fresh arrest. All and sundry found in the neighborhood of our station and the Frenchmen's were tied up and taken to the King's palace. Some had just left this, after reading with me; but fortunately, next morning, when all the prisoners were brought out for examination, none was *known* to be a Christian or to be a 'reader,' and all were let free. That shows, however, how the wind blows yet.

"I have not seen the King since Ashe left. I went to court a few days ago, and his Majesty sent out to tell me that he had given no instructions to guard our place: hence, I 'need not be annoyed'! He presented me with three cows as evidence of his good-will! To you that may seem very encouraging, but not much so to me, because it is, unfortunately, just as true that he had given the most strict orders to arrest any natives coming about the mission, as that he now affects to have never done anything of the sort. But Baganda are the veriest adepts at deception. I have seen the *katikiro* lately, and had a long talk with him. He has been ill of rheumatism, and has consented to take my medicine and even send for more. I am thankful to say that he has recovered under the influence of salicine. The Lord may touch his heart yet; no other power can. He has been giving good presents to old Isaya, whose boys he was bent on burning last June! Let us have patience. We shall yet see the salvation of God.

"That the tide will soon turn I believe and know. The sun will rise to-morrow morning. How do we know? By no great process of faith or reason. We will not hasten the sunrise by rushing eastward to help it; the chances are that we shall stumble in the dark. When the light begins to dawn we can see where we are going. Night has its value, but we all laugh at a cock beginning to crow at midnight. Our midnight will, however, soon be morn, and all our dark be light. Some teaching is going on. I have visitors every day, and with some I have read and reread in the past month two or three of the stiffest books in the New Testament. The Word of God is living and powerful. Now and then I have a fair number collected in the library, and we have a prayer-meeting."

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

By Rev. Henry Varley.

The Value of Inspired Prophecy, Fulfilled and Unfulfilled—How Men Treat the Divine Testimony Concerning Christ's Advent—Reasons Why Men Dislike the Doctrine—The Closing Days of the Gentiles—The Drift of the Time.

PROPHECY rightly understood is a most important safeguard against false views concerning the future, and means the plan of the Divine purpose graciously disclosed by God to His people, in order to their establishment in the faith. Fulfilled prophecy is a sheet-anchor to the soul in these days of sceptical unrest and doubt. It is a brilliant light shining out from the past, clear and bright.

Unfulfilled prophecy also, is a light projected into the future. By the knowledge which it imparts we know practically where we are. We are confident as to that which shall be, and are preserved alike, on the one hand, from undue haste, and from false statements concerning the future of the world on the other. The prophetic testimonies of God's Word are invaluable as

The Guide to the Church of God,

and for this conclusive reason: neither jot nor tittle has failed in the past, or shall fail in the future.

In regard to the subject of the Lord's pre-Millennial Advent, men are constantly asking of the plainest testimonies of the Word of God: "Cannot these passages be made to mean something else? And are you sure that the words teach what they seem to import?" Into this loose and corrupt habit of mind multitudes have drifted, until the Scriptures are made to mean anything or nothing. Nor this only: the ministry of the Holy Spirit, the purpose of the Gospel during the course of this age, the perfecting of the Body of Christ, the breaking off of Israel, the times of the Gentiles, the election of God in regard to Israel, the Coming Kingdom of Christ on earth, the first, as distinguished from the final resurrection—these diverse and weighty factors in the economy of God are either ignored or mixed up in hopeless confusion.

The solemn truth of the Lord's second, pre-Millennial, and personal appearing in power and great glory carries with it so much that abases man, that we need not be astonished at its limited acceptance among men. It cuts up, root and branch,

The Popular View

of the world's progress; and is altogether out of touch with men's views and ideas concerning the future. It denies *in toto*, from God's point of view, the asserted improvement and upward evolution of man. The faith of God is not in man, because man is a sinner. That man, as a sinner, should have confidence in his future is not surprising, though it certainly is in direct violation of all legitimate and philosophic thought and reasoning. Men cannot understand why God (if such a being exists) should not be satisfied with the growth of big cities, vast populations, and great men. So little have they in common with the thoughts of God, that they are surprised that He should not forego His own claims in order that the praises of national greatness, of great men, and the glory of war, should be chanted to the ends of the earth.

I am far from denying that some of the dusky sons of Eastern countries have been brought to Christ, and to the knowledge of the living God by Christian influence. My position, however, is that for every heathen which our western Christianity has saved and blessed, at least fifty, through our

Social and Commercial Intercourse,

have been blasted and slain. If the design of the existence of these heathen nations was that they might be corrupted and cursed by the English people, the United Kingdom has scored a splendid success. If, however, God intended England to be the pioneer of right and good and truth to the nations sitting in darkness, she has unutterably and miserably failed.

I for one distinctly refuse to be dazzled or blinded by the glamor and tinsel of this corrupt age. Our Lord described it as both "wicked and adulterous." He was right. Our experience is the proof and justification of His words. Some of us are fully prepared to be accounted fools and madmen by our fellows. The prophet made no mistake when, sketching the closing days of "the times of the Gentiles," he said, "Yea, truth faileth! and he that departeth from evil is accounted mad, and the Lord saw it, and it displeased him that there was no judgment."

The Drift of the Present Time

has three prominent tendencies. First, a feeble and sluggish religious current distinctly favoring the ecclesiastical supremacy of the *Papacy*, and a consequent ignoring of the mighty forces of truth which were identified with the Protestant Reformation. The second, a stronger current, drifting toward intellectual scepticism, the ripe fruit of which will be the avowed antichristianism of the last days. Under the attractive guise of modern Liberalism this force is rapidly gathering strength. The third, and by far the strongest, is the common selfish lawlessness which is prepared to sweep away the restraints of human and Divine laws, in order to give free course to licentiousness, blasphemy, intemperance, and corrupt commercial freedom. The desire which is increasing in ever-widening circles, finds its parallel in the worst days of Israel's democratic era, for is it not written there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes (Judges 21 : 25)?

LECTURING TOUR IN THE FAR WEST OF AMERICA.

By Rev. M Baxter.

ST. PAUL, in Minnesota State, is a city of 150,000 inhabitants, about the population of Nottingham, in England, but spread out over a much larger extent of ground, for, excepting the business part of the city, the houses generally stand detached with an interval of space between each other. This is unfavorable to large audiences at meetings, because people have such a great distance to go to reach any given point.

St. Paul has grown from 5000 inhabitants in 1855 to 150,000 in 1886, and is rapidly increasing. Two million pounds sterling of new buildings have been erected in it during 1886. Like Minneapolis, it possesses very fine buildings, wide and well laid-out streets, with numerous street tram-cars and hansom cabs and carriages, just the same as in London, plying for hire. A stranger will notice the quantities of telegraph-poles along the streets, as lofty "as an Admiral's mast," and sometimes supporting nearly one have hundred wires.

St. Paul is ten miles distant from Minneapolis, another city of much the same size but of more rectangular and modern streets, and which has grown from 13,000 population in 1870 to about 150,000 in 1886. It is considered to be a moderate computation that each of these cities will have 300,000 population in several years' time.

They are situated more than four hundred miles west of Chicago (the distance from Edinburgh to London), and, therefore, about fifteen hundred miles from New York. This immense distance is traversed by the mail-train in thirty-six hours, at a cost of six or seven pounds—being about forty miles an hour. As it is three thousand miles across the American continent from New York to San Francisco, it follows that St. Paul and Minneapolis stand in the position of a *half-way house* in the journey across America. being midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

A considerable number of Germans, Swedes, Bohemians, and other foreigners are found in these cities the same as in Chicago; and this leads to halls being used by them on Sundays for balls and concerts. Thus, at St. Paul, two large halls, Turner's and Pfeiffer's, are occupied for this purpose on Sundays, and the Market Hall every other Sunday. I occupied Market Hall one Sunday (costing £6), and Pfeiffer's Hall on Monday and Tuesday (£3 each evening). Halls, partly owing to the expense of heating and lighting them, cost twice or three times in the Western American States more than in England. But the collections at religious meetings certainly do not much exceed the average amount given in England. The audiences were a thoughtful, intelligent part of the community, but on no occasion exceeded three hundred persons.

CHRISTENDOM IN THE LAST AGE.

By Rev. John Storie.

As to the *spirit* and *faith* of Christendom in this closing age there is distinct prediction. "A time will come when they will not endure *the sound*—health-giving teaching" *—the doctrine provided by God for healing the soul of man; "but after their own lusts," *i.e.*, predilections, "will they with ears itching" for *something new, ingenious, startling*, "procure for themselves teachers in abundance; avert their hearing from *the truth*; and be turned aside to fables—to myths;" and thus they lose with the Gospel faith, the Divine impulse and its saving power. With this declension there will be a self-righteous and dead formalism that moves the Saviour's heart to indignation. "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot, . . . so, then, because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of My mouth. . . . Thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art the wretched one, and miserable and poor and blind and naked." When these features stamp the time, the Advent is nigh, and faithful men must lift their voice: "I charge thee in sight of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ *who is coming* to judge the living and the dead at His appearing (His Epiphany) and His Kingdom, proclaim *the Word*; be instant in season, out of season: convict, *i.e.*, bring conviction home; rebuke, exhort in all possible longsuffering and teaching" (II Tim. 3 : 13; 4 : 1-5; Rev. 3 : 15, 17).

As to the future *morale* of Christendom, domestic and social, the prediction is dark and sad. With a wide religious profession it will fail, as the age is drawing to its close, even in what passes as Christian society, to regulate the life. In the family, disobedience to parents, want of a natural affection, intense self-love; in personal and social life, a spirit of covetousness, a pride of boasting; a failure of truth and honor; a refusing to submit to authority; in respect to duty, an accepting only of what commends itself to each man's judgment—a love of pleasure and indulgence; and amid all this a maintaining of churches, and over it all a religious varnish. "Know this," is the inspired warning, "that in the last days grievous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, haughty, railers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, implacable, slanderers, without self-control, fierce, no lovers of good, traitors, headstrong, puffed up, lovers of pleasures rather than lovers of God; *holding a form of godliness*, but denying the power thereof" (II Tim. 3 : 1-5).

And what of the *spiritual* life; is it to be an increasing communion with God? Here, too, there is prediction and warning. The most striking and plainest, perhaps, this: "And confessedly great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached among the nations, believed on in the world, received up into glory." Nevertheless, the Spirit declares that "some shall fall away—apostatize—from the faith, giving heed to deceiving spirits and teachings of demons, who, branded in their own conscience as with a hot iron, speak lies in hypocrisy, prevent, *i.e.*, hinder or check marriage, and advise to abstain from foods, which God created to be received with thanksgiving of them that believe and know the truth" (I Tim. 3 : 16; 4 : 1-5).

* Dr. Gerhard Uhlthorn, Member of the Consistory in Hanover, writes thus of Germany and Protestant Europe: "Even to-day we are in the midst of the conflict; for stronger almost than ever, the heathen spirit in modern guise is wrestling against Christian thought and life; and it almost seems as if the questions of the time should be gathered up into *the* question: 'Shall we remain Christians, or become heathen again?'"

Five Cents, Postage Free.

END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald;" Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Revocation of the Indemnity Withdrawals of public lands is likely to take place. Secretary Lamar, in the course of an interview published by the New York *Herald*, said that the time had arrived when the great corporations ought to select the lands to which they lay claim under the indemnity privilege if they do so at all. The vast tracts now reserved for them must be opened to the people. As the corporations have not obtained all the land absolutely granted to them by Congress, they are entitled to select other pieces within the indemnity limits, but they cannot expect that the entire tract of indemnity land shall be reserved from settlement indefinitely while they make up their minds which portions they will take. The lands would soon be opened for settlement, and the corporations after that time would be allowed to select only such lands as no settler had chosen. An order to show cause why the revocation should not take place has accordingly been issued, and it is expected that nearly thirty million acres will thus be restored to the public domain. This is good news for settlers, but it must astonish the corporations, who hitherto have been very tenderly and liberally dealt with.

The Interior Department is Preparing to Put n operation the law enacted by the last Congress breaking up the tribal relations of the Indians. The complete execution of the law will necessarily be a work occupying a long time, but it is one that ought not to be hurried. The change it will effect in the situation of the Indians is radical, and though at first sight it would appear to be a wrong to them, there can be no doubt that if they adapt themselves to the new order of things they will be in a better position than they now are. Instead of dealing with them as tribes and supplying their wants, treating them, in fact, as paupers or imbeciles, farms are to be allotted to them as individuals, which they cannot sell or give away, and they will have the rights of citizens and be expected to maintain themselves. The best friends of the Indians have long advocated the change, not only as an immediate advantage to them, but as a means of promoting their independence and development. The first reservations to be thus divided and allotted will be in Northern and Eastern Dakota and Northern Oregon. Representatives of the Indian Rights Association are to assist the Department in the allotments.

Mr. O'Brien, the Irish Editor, was Denounced more vigorously and encountered more opposition in New York than he did in Canada. He offended the Labor Party, which polled sixty-eight thousand votes last November. There was an immense demonstration of the party arranged in his honor on June 4th, but Mr. O'Brien refused to attend it, and in consequence the speakers at the meeting castigated him, and advised their friends to refrain from contributing to the funds of the Land League. One of O'Brien's reasons for not attending was that the chairman of the meeting had recently acted as chairman for Tynan, who is supposed to have been the leader of the Phœnix Park murderers, and the recent accusations of the London *Times* render it most important just now that Parnellites should not in any way be connected with them. *A second reason* was that Mr. George's theories of land reform were to be endorsed, and O'Brien and the Parnellites do not believe in nationalizing the land, even if they get rid of English landlords, but intend to keep up the landowning and rent systems. *His third reason* was that the Pope was to be denounced for threatening Dr. McGlynn with excommunication, and O'Brien could not afford to offend Roman Catholics by countenancing the proceeding with his presence. In the very city, therefore, in which O'Brien might justly have expected the warmest welcome he was most ruthlessly attacked. It seems probable that in choosing the least evil by staying away from the meeting, the cause O'Brien came to advocate will suffer a heavy loss in subscriptions. His visit has certainly injured the Parnellite cause more than it has injured Lord Lansdowne.

New Trouble with the Apaches is Apprehended. A despatch from Nogales, Ariz., dated June 7th, stated that seventeen Indians had left the reservation and gone on the war-path. Two days later news came in of murders and depredations so extensive as to indicate that a much larger band than at first reported were marauding. Three citizens of Crittenden were attacked by them on June 8th, and one was killed. Appeals for aid are being received from various quarters between Nogales and the Mexican frontier, which indicates that the Apaches are making for the Sierra Madre Mountains. Captain Lee, with a strong force, is on their track, but unless the Apaches are intercepted before reaching the mountains it will be very difficult to capture them.

The Captains of the Two White Star Steamers which were in collision on May 19th were both censured by the Naval Court of Inquiry which was convened in New York to investigate the fatal disaster. The court listened carefully to voluminous evidence, and gave this decision on Thursday last: "Taking into consideration all the circumstances, the court orders that Captain Perry, of the Brittanic, be very severely censured for his non-observance of regulations, and that Captain Irving, of the Celtic, be severely censured for not moderating the speed of his vessel. The court takes into consideration the excellent previous record of both masters, and thinks it due to Captain Perry to record its opinion that in ordering the fullest speed on the Britannic after he had sighted the Celtic he exercised the best judgment and probably averted a much more serious disaster to his own vessel as well as the Celtic." Both captains were blamed for going so fast as fifteen knots in a fog, and the captain of the Britannic was deemed the more blameworthy because he did not slacken speed after hearing the Celtic's whistle, and for not indicating by signal the course he was taking. It may be hoped that this censure will be a warning to other captains, some of whom are much in need of it.

Threats of Dynamite Attacks are again Being made by Irishmen in this country. The extent of the preparations being made for the celebration of the Queen's jubilee has prompted them to a new demonstration of their antipathy to Her Majesty and the English Government. An Irishman in New York, who is acquainted, though he does not sympathize with the movement, told a reporter of the *Times* last week that Irishmen meant to make the celebration a reign of terror. Meetings of the dynamiters are being held, he said, and at one of them recently it was announced that arrangements were perfected for opening of the dynamite campaign in a few days. Special efforts are being made to have an extensive explosion on the day appointed for celebrating the jubilee. A party of English detectives has been sent here to investigate.

The Exposure of Vice in London by Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for making which he was imprisoned for three months, received ghastly confirmation last week. A man and three women were arraigned for carrying on a vile traffic in girls, between the ages of ten and fourteen, whom they procured and sold to abandoned men for vicious purposes. The detective who arrested the prisoners stated that during the past four years he has rescued four hundred girls, between the ages of *four and a half* and fourteen years, from lives of crime. The prisoners, being of humble rank, will be prosecuted. Nothing has yet been said about prosecuting the detective. Possibly as his revelations inculpate only the humble classes, while Mr. Stead's affected the aristocracy, the detective may escape.

Organized Resistance to Eviction was Continued in Ireland last week. The signal was given by Michael Davitt, who addressed large meetings in the districts in which the evictions are taking place, and advised the tenants to resist the officers of the law. The advice was taken, and the tenants barricaded themselves in the upper parts of their dwellings, and when the sheriff and the police came to take possession boiling water and whitewash was poured upon them. Many of the officers were seriously injured. In some cases it took several hours to turn a family out, and then if the house was not razed to the ground they would return as soon as the sheriff had left and resume occupation. The reports of the struggle cabled to this country have aroused a very bitter feeling against the British aristocracy and the Conservative Government.

Another Disaster from Fire and Panic was reported by cable last week. A despatch from Berlin states that during a circus performance at Neschen, on Sunday, June 5th, a storm arose and a portion of the roof of the circus structure was blown off. The pendent lamps hanging from the roof were broken, and the *blazing petroleum poured down upon the heads of the people below*. There were two thousand spectators, and a fearful panic arose. In the midst of the tumult one of the lightly built walls of the structure fell in, and the whole building immediately collapsed. A large number of persons were burned, many were trampled to death, and three hundred others were more or less injured.

Mr. Stanley's Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pasha is reported to be making slow progress, as is inevitable from the nature of the country. A despatch from St. Paul de Loando, received June 8th, says: "The latest Congo advices are to the effect that Stanley's expedition was making a successful but slow progress up the river, owing to the fact that the vessels were heavily laden. The expedition passed the confluence of the Kassi River on May 6th, and Stanley expected to arrive at Bolobo on May 8th. A slight accident had happened to the engines of the steamer Peace, which was soon rectified. Otherwise all was well."

France and Russia Unite in Protesting against the Anglo-Turkish arrangements for the evacuation of Egypt by the British troops. The Russian Ambassador at the Turkish capital, in communicating his Government's objections, hinted that if the Sultan ratified the Convention such action might cost him his throne. He also indirectly charged England with bribing the Grand Vizier with £600,000 sterling, and other palace officials with large amounts, in order to secure their approval of the Convention. This, however, the English Ambassador indignantly denies. England appears determined to have her own way, and presses the Sultan to ratify the Convention. It is proposed to invite the concurrence of the other European Powers, but the British Government intimate that if such concurrence is refused they will regard the refusal as a menace to Egypt, and will postpone evacuation under the clause of the Convention empowering them to do so if at the time fixed Egypt is in danger from external foes or internal commotion.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

The Prohibition Mass-Meeting Held in Cooper Union, New York, on June 7th was one of the most enthusiastic meetings the city has seen. The large building was densely crowded, and the audience manifested the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. John P. St. John, the Hon. John B. Finch, General Clinton B. Fisk, and the Rev. J. H. Hector, of Washington, familiarly known as "The Black Knight," were among the speakers. Every one present was convinced that the Prohibition movement in the State has made rapid progress.

The Remarkable Revival Services at Toledo, Ohio, which have been continued for four weeks by Dr. L. W. Munhall and Professor and Mrs. Towner, have closed with an enthusiastic jubilee meeting. The capacious First Congregational Church was crowded, and large numbers were unable to gain admission. Dr. Munhall gave an address to the converts on the beginning of Christian life. His text was, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong" (I Cor. 16 : 13). The Toledo *Bee*, a secular daily journal, which has published full reports of the services, states that the number of conversions during the revival exceeds *nine hundred*.

An Effort to Put the Saturday Half Holiday, which is now a legal institution in New York State, to its legitimate use, is being made by the Young Men's Christian Association. The managers, realizing that the holiday involves temptation, have organized a series of summer rambles, which cost from fifty cents to a dollar a head. The party take the train to some pleasant place near the city, and thence go on a pedestrian ramble, returning in time to take the evening train home. This hint may be useful to Associations in other cities.

The Eruption of an Immense New Volcano in Mexico has followed the destructive earthquake of May 3d. On June 7th, the explorers whom Governor Torres sent out after the earthquake returned to Hermosillo. They state that they discovered an active volcano fourteen miles south-east of Bavispe, in the Sierre Madre Mountains. The party could not approach nearer than four miles of the mountain. The crater was pouring forth an immense volume of smoke, fire, and lava, and boiling water was issuing from the side of the mountain. Boulders weighing tons are hurled down from the crater. The noise proceeding from the mountain was most terrific—like a number of vast engines at work accompanied by sounds of thunder. The air was dense with smoke and cinders. The entire surface of the earth presents a woebegone appearance, and not a bird or living thing could be seen within ten miles of the volcano. The town of Bavispe is a complete ruin. The people have all moved out on the high plains, and are living in tents in mortal fear. Such appalling convulsions would strike terror into the bravest. In a few years they will become general all over the world. Happy are they who now discern the signs of the times and seek Christ, the only safe Refuge (Rev. 6 : 14–17).

A Lady who Escaped from a Harem in Utah arrived in New York on June 8th. A policeman on duty at the railroad depot noticed an attractive young lady apparently in a state of bewilderment. He accosted her, and found that she had just come from Salt Lake and wanted to get to the Eastern District of Brooklyn. She stated that her name was Eleanor Paston, and about three months ago she was living in Cornwall, England, when, deceived by a Mormon emissary's glowing accounts of the prosperity to be enjoyed in Utah, she and a number of other girls accompanied him to this country. They were taken to Salt Lake City, where she and another girl were assigned as wives to an elder who had three other wives already. Rather than become his wives they resolved to risk their lives in an effort to escape. They tied the bedclothes together and lowered themselves from the window. They ran away as fast as they could, and eventually were found by a resident of the city, who sympathized with them, and provided them with a suit of men's clothing each. So disguised he helped them to get on board an East-bound train. They told their story to the passengers and found help. Some ladies gave them proper clothes, and the gentlemen made up a purse for them. They were thus enabled to come East, and Miss Paston, having a relative in Brooklyn, came to seek a temporary refuge with her until she could find employment or return to England. One cannot but admire the courage of the girls in making their escape from the clutches of these fiendish seducers. If the victims of Satan, whom he holds captive at his will, exercised similar determination and looked to Christ for deliverance, they, too, might escape (II Tim. 2 : 26).

The Romantic Story of a Foundling Came to light last week. The Girls' Lodging House in St. Mark's Place, New York, was thrown into a state of panic on Thursday night last by the sudden dementia of one of the inmates. In the silence of the night she uttered piercing shrieks and maniacal cries. She was at length sent to the insane asylum, and the matron of the home related her history. She was left on the street by her parents when less than a year old, and was cared for by the city for two years. Then she was adopted by a wealthy merchant and his wife, who were childless, who treated her as their own daughter. After some years the merchant's wife died, and he married again and had several children. Then the adopted daughter did not fare so well, and she ran away. She was possessed by the hope of finding her natural parents, and as fast as she earned money she spent it in following clues which ended only in disappointment. The hope had been frustrated so often that her mind became affected, and last week her reason was wholly dethroned. It is a pity that, instead of harassing herself in searching for the worthless parents who had deserted her, she was not led to seek her heavenly Father, whom to seek is surely to find (I Chron. 28 : 9).

A Man Dedicated His Own Tomb in Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 5th. The people who happened to be in the cemetery saw a curious procession advancing up its beautiful avenue. At the head was a venerable, well-dressed gentleman, and after him came a group of friends. They were followed by a number of little girls, with tracts in their hands. The procession halted at one of the lots on which was erected a tall granite shaft, surmounted by a model of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and bearing an inscription recording the name of the old gentleman at the head of the procession with the date of his birth, and a vacant space in which the date of his death is to be inserted when that event occurs. Another inscription on the shaft records his scheme for reforming the world, and getting rid of poverty by dividing the earth up into equal sections, giving to every man his share to hold as an inalienable possession for life. The old gentleman then proceeded to dedicate the monument by giving a short address on the merits of his scheme and the benefit the world would derive from adopting it. The little girls then distributed the tracts, which were on the same subject, and the ceremony was at an end. The monument cost three thousand dollars, and it may be supposed that the man thinks it will perpetuate his memory after his death. It will do but little of that ; his scheme, if it had been adopted, might have done more ; but the only immortality which is worth aspiring after is that promised ages ago by the prophet to those who labor for the spiritual, not the material, good of their race (Daniel 12 : 3).

A Dog's Revenge on a Sheep-Dealer is Described in a despatch from Washington, Pa. The farmers in Washington County keep very large flocks of sheep and have a very intelligent breed of collie dogs, who show almost human sagacity in looking after them. A few days ago a farmer sold a flock of sheep to a dealer who lived thirty miles distant from the place of purchase. The seller of the sheep loaned the man who bought them his dog to assist him in driving them home. The man was instructed simply to feed the dog when he arrived at his destination, and then tell him to go home, which the collie would do. The dog showed such great intelligence in managing the sheep on the way that the dealer made up his mind to keep him instead of sending him home. He locked the collie in his barn. The dog became sulky and cross and refused to eat. After keeping the animal locked up nearly two days the sheep-dealer concluded that the dog was determined to be of no service to him, and he let him out and told him to go home. The dog appears to have thought that, as the man had been keeping him wrongfully, he was also keeping the sheep in the same way, and so the collie went to the field where the sheep had been put and drove them back the entire distance to their former owner's farm. The dealer tried to drive the dog away from the sheep, but the collie met every attempt with such fierce attacks that the man finally let the drove go, and went over the next day and got them again. The dog was mistaken, but his fidelity and sagacity teach a lesson. The first duty of a man released from Satan's bondage is to work for the liberation of other captives (Ps. 51 : 13).

BRIEF NOTES.

THE Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., has commenced a series of revival services at Burlington, Vt.

Class prayer-meetings have been established at Harvard College for students who feel an interest in religion without regard to sectarian views.

Mr. Charles Herald is conducting services in South Chicago with much success. His meetings at Orange, N. J., in April, have resulted in permanent good to the churches of that city.

The corner-stone of the new library building of Mr. Moody's schools at Northfield, Mass., the gift of Mr. James Talcott, of New York, was laid on June 4th. It will cost $25,000, will have a capacity of forty thousand volumes, and will be fire-proof.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has sent another party of one hundred boys and girls to Western homes through the Children's Aid Society, making fourteen hundred and thirteen of the homeless children of this city to whom she has given a start for respectability and usefulness.

Any persons having religious books or papers which they do not need would help in a good work by sending them to J. B. Mitchell, Corporteur American Tract Society, Defiance, O. He informs us that in visiting among the poor he finds many who are glad to get such reading and have been benefited thereby.

The ladies of Evanston, Ill., gave an entertainment on June 2d, in honor of Mrs. C. B. Buell, Corresponding Secretary of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, who has recently taken up her residence there. Miss Frances E. Willard, the President of the Union, took part in the proceedings. Five hundred guests were present.

The King of Siam has given $1440 to the Presbyterian Hospital at Bangkok, and the Queen has given $960 to the schools and the Old Ladies' Home established by those missionaries. The King has also instructed his Minister of Education to place the missionary schools on the same plane and to furnish them the same aid with the Government schools.

Dr. Oscar Lenz, the eminent scientist, has lately returned to Europe, after travelling on foot across the African Continent, through regions literally reeking with marsh fevers, agues, and small-pox. During the entire journey he enjoyed robust health, and not once felt the need of medicine. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor passed his lips. Rice, chicken, and tea formed his fare, and he dressed entirely in flannel.

The International Missionary Union of returned missionaries of all denominations in the United States and Canada will hold its annual meeting this year at Thousand Island Park, St. Lawrence River, August 10th–17th. Returned missionaries will be entertained free of cost. All persons interested in missionary work are cordially invited. Further information may be obtained from the President of the Union, Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D., 202 Eagle Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman, or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WHY IS FAITH SO FEEBLE?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?"—MARK 4 : 40.

Faith Tested in the Storm—Its True Proportions Revealed—Trouble in the Path of Duty—In Spite of Christ's Presence—Christ's Reproach—I. An Exclamation of Pity—That that were so Unlike Him—So Unhappy—So Unkind—Oranges for a Horrible Deacon—II. The Censure of Love — For Unreasonableness — For Lack of Common-Sense—III. An Inquiry of Wisdom—A Letter to a Preacher.

LAST Lord's-day morning our music was pitched upon a high key. We sought after great faith in the Master's name. It struck me that I might, perhaps, have discouraged some of the feebler sort, and that, therefore, it would be meet this morning to follow up that sermon by endeavoring to encourage those of weak faith to exercise it until it becomes stronger, and also to invite those who as yet have no faith to venture in the direction of childlike trust. With this brief introduction, let us come at once to our subject.

I should not wonder if the disciples considered that they had much faith in Jesus, their Master and Lord. I do not question that they each one of them esteemed himself a firm believer in Jesus. How could He tolerate a doubt? But, my brethren, we have none of us any idea how scanty our faith really is. When trial comes, the heap from the threshing-floor becomes very small beneath the influence of the winnowing fan. After a day of calm service with Jesus a storm came on, and

That Storm Tested their Faith,

and left so little of it, that Jesus said to them, "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" Remember that *we have no more faith at any time than we have in the hour of trial.* All that which will not bear to be tested is mere carnal confidence. Fair-weather faith is no faith; only that is real faith in Jesus Christ which can trust Him when it cannot trace Him, and believe Him when it cannot see Him.

This storm was a special trial to the disciples, because it was so exceedingly severe, and because it came upon them when they were

In the Path of Duty.

Their master had bidden them cross the sea; they were not upon a holiday trip. They had not even followed the suggestion of a brother who had said, "I go a-fishing;" but they were steering under their great Captain's orders. They were doing right, and suffering trouble in consequence. This has often perplexed good men. I have heard a believer say, "I prospered more before I was a Christian than I have done since. Things went smoothly with me before I knew the Lord. How can these things be? The very fact of my endeavoring to do what is right, and laboring to maintain my integrity, has become the cause of my severest trial." This is no new thing upon the earth. *The living child of God will have to swim against the stream.* Not without fighting will he win his crown.

Moreover, it was an item which helped to try their faith, that the storm assailed them when Jesus was in the ship. Had the Lord been absent, they could have understood it; but He was in the vessel with them! How could the sea be so boisterous with Christ in the vessel? If I am out of communion with Christ, I can understand why I am chastened; but if I am walking in conscious nearness and fellowship with Him, and I am even then tried and perplexed, how can I account for it? Herein is the test of faith. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." This we forget, and fancy that trials must mean anger, when, indeed, they may be tokens and tests of love.

See, my brethren, how these disciples came out of the tempest! They went into the trial well enough, but they were in an evil plight before long. Such are we, as a rule, after severe trial. We make a fair show in the flesh till we are tried, and then our feathers cling around us, and we droop and hide away, till our Master has to say to us, "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?"

I. We will first use the questions as

The Exclamation of Pity.

The dear Master waking up from His sleep, calm as if it were a bright summer's morning, though it was the dead of night and the midst of a storm, looks upon them with wonder, finding them so strangely different from Himself; and He asks in all the calmness of His own brave spirit, "Why are ye so fearful?" He pitied them, and He pitied them, I think, for several reasons. First, that their fears had made them so unlike Himself. They were His servants, and they should have been as their Master; they were learning of Him, and they should have put in practice the lessons of His example. He was delightfully quiet, and the contagion of His peace ought to have affected them. Our blessed Master must often look upon us, dear friends, with much pity, and grieve over us, that after being with Him so long—for some of us are getting gray in His service—we still fall so far short of His glory. We are predestinated to be conformed to His image; but the process is a slow one. After copying His handwriting our own writing is still greatly marred with crooks and turns. Each page of the copybook of life is marred with errors and blots; therefore the great Teacher pities His poor scholars.

Jesus pitied them again, because their fears made them so unhappy. The apostles were made wretched by their fears. I know some Christian people who suffer greatly from the same cause. I know *a man who lives where I live*, and stands in this pulpit where I stand, who has to confess his own faults this day; for he might enjoy unbroken peace were it not that in the care and labor of this great church, and all its various agencies, he looks to the difficulties and the necessities of the case, and to his own weakness, and then fears rush in. Beloved, we must not forever be thus childishly timorous. Our sorrows are mostly manufactured at home, beaten out upon the anvil of unbelief with the hammer of our foreboding. The Lord pardon us! Jesus pities us that we should lacerate ourselves by our needless fears, and miss the joy of faith.

Again, the Master felt pity for them because their fears made them so unkind. Does unbelief make the timid unkind? I am sure it does.

The Disciples were Ungenerous

to their sleeping Master. If they must needs wake Him, might they not have addressed Him in fitter words? To say, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" was fretful and wicked. It was enough to wound their Lord's tender heart to be thus spoken to. Our unbelief has a tendency to make *us* unkind also. We are not tender of others when we are disturbed about ourselves.

Here let me digress to teach a lesson of pitying love. It is well to recognize that sour speeches often proceed from a sad heart. It is wise to view ungenerous language as one of the symptoms of disease, and rather pity the sufferer than become irritated with the offensive speech. It is a pity to take much notice of what some sufferers say, for they will be sorry for it soon. If we knew the real reason for many a harsh word, our sympathy would prevent even momentary anger. Our Lord did overlook the petulance of the apostles; for He did not say, "Why are ye so unkind?" but He inquired, "Why are ye so fearful?" In every case let us cure unkindness with double love. I heard yesterday of a wise old Welsh minister of a generous spirit, who was afflicted with

A Horrible Deacon:

and if a deacon is unkind, he can wound terribly. This deacon was most perverse and cruel, and tormented the old gentleman in all sorts of ways. At last he fell sick, after having said certain dreadful things which were more bitter than even his usual gall and wormwood. The patient pastor soon went to see him, and on the road he bought some of the best oranges, and took them with him. "Brother Jones," he said, "I am sorry you are so ill; I have come to see you, and I have brought you a few oranges." Brother Jones was very much astonished at this kind act, and had not much to say on the matter. The minister gently talked on, and said, "I think it would refresh you to eat one of these. I will peel you one." So he went on with peeling the orange, and talked with him pleasantly. Then he divided the fruit very neatly, and handed the sick man a nice tempting piece in the gentlest possible manner. The bitter-spirited man ate it, and began to melt a little; the conversation became hearty, and the prayer was pleasant. Brother Jones was getting

Better in More Ways than One.

An outsider, who knew all about brother Jones and his ill-humor, could hardly believe that the minister had acted thus to one who had opposed him constantly, and slandered him foully, and so he asked, "Did you really go and see that cruel old Jones?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I went to see him; I was bound to do so." "And did you take him some oranges?" "Oh, yes, I took him some oranges; I was glad to do so." "And did you sit down by his bedside, and peel him an orange?" "Yes, I peeled him an orange, and I was pleased to see him enjoy it; for I have learned, brother, that when a man is afflicted with a very bad temper, an orange is a good thing for him to take. At any rate, it is a good thing for me to give."

The lesson is—if you wish to cure a man of ill-feeling, be very kind to him. View unkind and petulant speeches as symptoms of a disease for which the best medicine is not a dose of bitters, but an orange. Yet, beloved, if you have used such speeches yourself, do not repeat them. Cease from being so fearful, that you may cease from being so ill-humored. Our blessed Master did not find fault with the unkindness of His disciples, but He went to the root of the evil by silencing their fears. He said to them, "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?"

II. But now, secondly, these words were

The Censure of Love.

They were intended to convey a measure of gentle rebuke to their mistrustful hearts. Their unbelief was grievous to the Lord Jesus. They ought to have believed Him, and it was an injury to His perfect love that they should so readily mistrust Him, or even mistrust Him at all. How could they think that He would let them sink? He was in the vessel with them; did they suppose that, after all, He was a mere pretender to Deity, and that the ship would go down with Him on board? Beloved, let us smite upon our breasts to think that we should ever have caused a pang of heart to that dear Lord who yielded up His life for our salvation. He must not be doubted any more; it is wanton cruelty. Our Lord questioned His apostles thus, not only because their unbelief grieved Him, but because it was most unreasonable. The most unreasonable thing in the world is to doubt God. Faith is pure reason. That may seem a strange paradox, but it is literally true; nothing is so reasonable as to believe the Word of God, which cannot err or lie. Moreover, their unbelief was

Contrary to Their Common-sense.

Some people make a great deal of common-sense; and well they may, for it is the most uncommon of all the senses. Was it reasonable for these men to think that He, who could foresee the future, would take them on board a ship when He foreknew that a storm would wreck them? Would so kind a leader have taken them to sea to drown them? Our unbelief, my brethren, seldom deserves to be reasoned with. Our fears are often intensely silly, and when we get over them, and ourselves look back upon them, we are full of shame that we should have been so foolish. Our Lord kindly censured their unbelief because it was unreasonable.

Jesus censured His friends because He foresaw that such unbelief as theirs would unfit them for their future lives. That ship was the symbol of the Church of Christ, and the crew of the ship were the apostles of Christ. The storm represented in parable the persecutions which the

Church would have to endure; and they, if they were cast down as cowards in a storm on the paltry lake of Galilee, would be proving themselves altogether unfit for those more tremendous spiritual storms which in after years tossed the Church, and mingled earth and hell in dire confusion. Brethren, our present trials may be a training-ground for more serious conflicts. We do not know what we have yet to endure; the adversities of to-day are a preparatory school for the higher learning. If we do not play the man now, what shall we do by and by? Oh, for calm hope, and a childlike repose on the love which cannot fail! I have hurried over ground where I might profitably have tarried, because I want to have an earnest word with you upon the third point.

III. We may now regard these words as

An Inquiry of Wisdom.

It is always good to probe a sorrow to the bottom, if there is any hope of finding out its cause, and putting it away. If you are in fear you may rise above it by removing its cause. If there be clearly no reason for fear, you will cease to fear; and if there be a cause of fearfulness, you can deal with it. My utterances will be as short as telegrams; please enlarge on them at your leisure. "How is it that ye have no faith?" This is the inquiry.

Is it want of knowledge? If the disciples had known Jesus better they would have had no fear, but would have exhibited firm faith. Is it so with any of you? Are you badly taught in the Gospel? If it be so, your quickest way to faith will be to read your Bible more, to study it with greater attention, and to hear the Gospel oftener. Spend three, four, five times the amount of time you now do in devotion, and so draw nearer to your Lord, entreating the Holy Spirit to lead you into all truth. Next, is it want of thought? Did these good people know and yet forget? Did they fail to consider? Were they superficial in their thinking? Is that the reason why you, also, are so fearful and have so little faith? If so, mend your ways, my brethren. Mend them at once. Have more thought more prayer—much more prayer, more praise—much more praise, more meditation, more calm investigation of your own heart, and more acquaintance with the things of God.

The inquiry as to why we are so fearful may be helped by another question: is it that our

Trials Take Us by Surprise?

Perhaps the disciples reckoned that everything must be right, since they had Christ on board. Let us not indulge such a notion. Never let any affliction surprise you; for your Lord has told you, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." If your children die, do not be surprised; shall mortal parents bring forth immortal offspring? If your riches disappear, do not be surprised—they always had wings; what wonder if they fly! If any other adversity happeneth to you, be not surprised; for "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." The Lord has told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass you may believe. Reckon upon tribulation, and then you will not be overtaken by surprise, nor fret as though some strange thing had happened unto you.

Have I hit the nail on the head? If you have not found out the cause of your fearfulness I must leave you to look for it yourselves, and I trust you may discover it and destroy it at once. We must not continue to be of little faith. We must glorify our Lord by a believing confidence in Him, such as neither storm of sorrow nor tempest of temptation can shake.

I shall conclude by carrying this inquiry into another region for another purpose. In this congregation there are a considerable number of friends who are not yet believers in Jesus Christ, and I want to know from them this morning why they have no faith. I entreat them to help me in the inquiry. Why it is that they are still so fearful, still so undecided? My dear friend, you will want faith soon, for you will have to die. Whether you live in Christ or not, you will have to die; and dying is hard work to those who have no Saviour. Perhaps before another Sabbath day you may be in the swellings of Jordan, and what will you do if you have no faith in Christ? Do you say that you desire to have faith? I am glad to hear it, but I should like to press this matter home, and to ascertain whether this desire is earnest, thorough, and hearty.

Do you know what it is that you desire? are you in earnest to be saved? I do not mean, are you in earnest to escape from hell? That I should think is very likely, if you are in your senses; but are you in earnest to escape from *sin?* Do you want to be saved from the power of evil? Do you desire to be made good and obedient and true and pure in life? If you do, then I would remind you that faith in Jesus is the only way of salvation; and I would press upon you eagerly to desire immediate faith. Yes, I would urge you now to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart. Trust Him, because of what He is, what He has done, and what He is doing for sinners. Remember that this is

The Whole of the Business,

as far as you are concerned. You are to accept what the Lord Jesus presents to you. Accept Him. Yes, take Him to be your own. Look you here. I turn to this friend behind me, and I say, "Will you take my hand?"* See! he takes it freely. Jesus Christ is as free to every sinner that feels his need of Him as my hand was to my friend. He took my hand at once without question—will you not take Jesus? Take Him now. If you take Him, He is yours forever. Take His hand, and He will not withdraw it from your grasp. Oh that you would cry out, Lord, I accept Thee!

If you are not believing in Christ, I should like to know why not. Is it that you are believing in yourself? If so, give up such folly. You cannot trust yourself and trust Christ too; away with all notion of such a conjunction. Hang up self-confidence on a gallows high as that whereon Haman was suspended, for it is an abominable thing.

Perhaps it is your great sin that leads you to despair of pardon. There is no occasion for such unbelief, for God is abundant in mercy, and the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin. Instead of doubting, I pray you to glorify God by believing in the greatness of His salvation. It was a pleasure to me in years past to enjoy the friendship of

Mr. Brownlow North.

Before conversion he was a thorough man of the world, and, I suppose, about as frivolous and dissipated as men of his station and character often are. After his conversion he began to preach the Gospel with great fervor, and certain of his old companions were full of spite against him, considering him to be a hypocrite.

One day when he was about to address a large congregation, a stranger passed him a letter, saying, "Read that before you preach." This letter contained a statement of certain irregularities of conduct committed by Brownlow North, and it ended with words to this effect, "How dare you, being conscious of the truth of all the above, pray and speak to the people this evening, when you are such a vile sinner?" The preacher put the letter into his pocket, entered the pulpit, and after prayer and praise, commenced his address to a very crowded congregation; but before speaking on his text, he produced the letter, and informed the people of its contents, and then added, "All that is here said is true, and it is a correct picture of the degraded sinner that I once was; and oh, how wonderful must the grace be that could quicken and raise me up from such a death in trespasses and sins, and make me what I appear before you tonight, a vessel of mercy, one who knows that all his past sins have been cleansed away through the atoning blood of the Lamb of God! It is of His redeeming love that I have now to tell you, and to entreat any here who are not yet reconciled to God, to come this night in faith to Jesus, that He may take their sins away and heal them." Thus, instead of closing the preacher's mouth by this letter, the enemy's attempt only opened the hearts of the people, and the Word was with power. Oh that you, my dear hearers, would believe the Lord Jesus to be a real Saviour of real sinners, and come to Him with all your sins about you! God bless you, for Christ's sake! Amen.

* The preacher suited the action to the word, and his hand was readily grasped by one of the deacons.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN INFIDEL'S ADMISSION.*

WHEN David Hume was in Paris doing the duties of Secretary to the Embassy, it happened one evening at the table of Baron D'Holbach that the conversation turned on natural religion, and Mr. Hume declared that in all his life he had never met an atheist. The baron replied, "You now encounter seventeen all in one bunch." Hume did not ask to be counted as the eighteenth. He had never seen an atheist in Great Britain. But at that time atheism was spreading in France; and it is a common impression that a few years later, in the Revolution, all France was atheistic. Yet probably in the highest frenzy of the Revolution the atheists were a small minority of the population of that country. Some years before this incident Mr. Hume's mother died. His friend Boyle, finding him in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears, expressed regret that he had not the consolations of the Christian faith. Mr. Hume replied: "Ah, my friend, I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and the metaphysical world; yet, in other things, I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine."

A DEAF MUTE'S ECSTASY.

The Abbé Sicard, speaking of his celebrated pupil Massieu, relates that when after preparing his mind in the way already adverted to, he announced to him God, the Author of the beings that he saw and the object of our worship, Massieu, awed and trembling, "prostrated himself and thus offered to this great Being the first homage of his worship and adoration. When recovered from this sort of ecstasy he said to me by signs these beautiful words, which I shall not forget while I have life: 'Ah, let me go to my father, to my mother, to my brothers, to tell them there is a God; they know it not.'"

A LETTER UNDER A STONE.

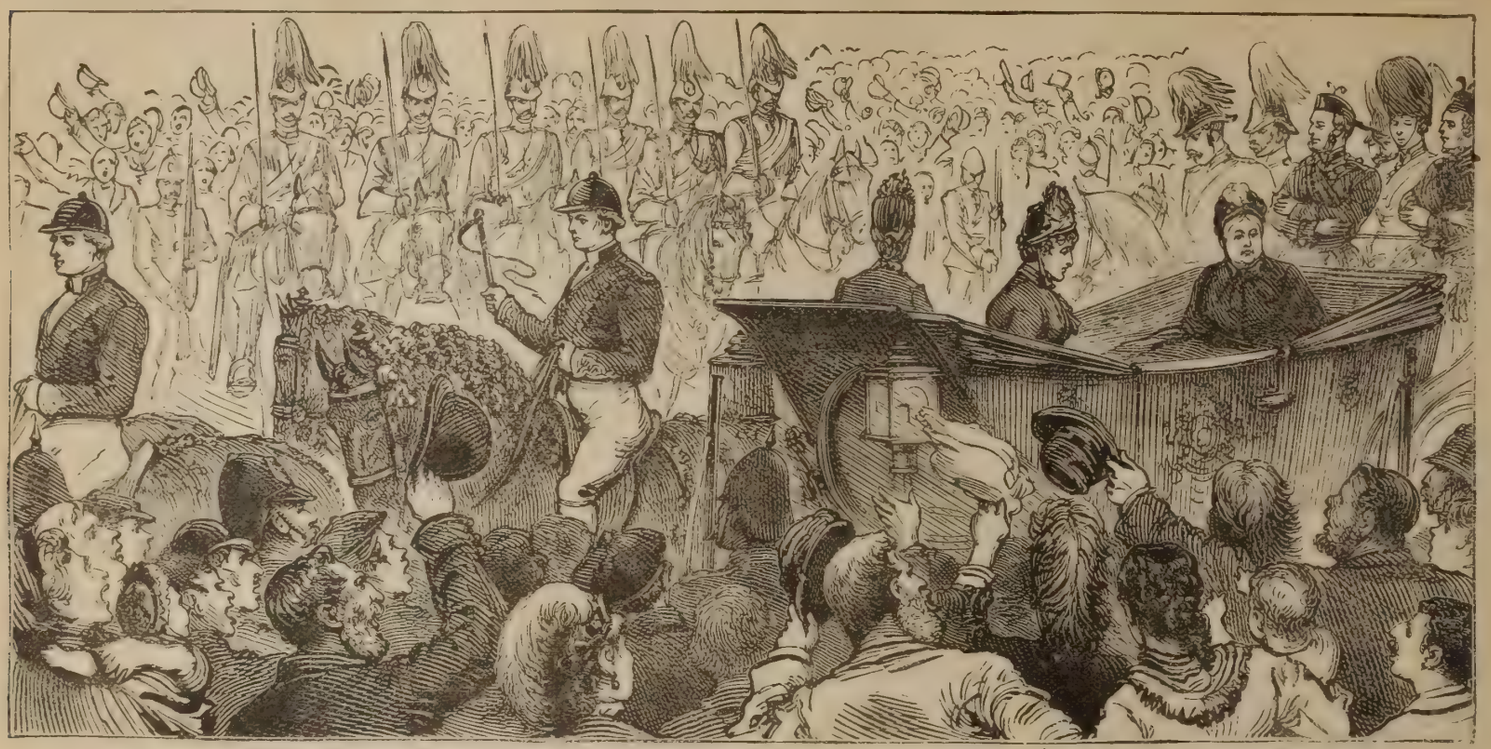
A missionary to a savage people sent a boy with fruits to another missionary's family in the neighborhood, with a letter specifying the number. The boy had learned that a letter communicated information. Therefore in a retired spot on the way he hid the letter under a stone and ate some of the fruits. He then took out the letter and delivered it with the remainder. When asked for what was missing, he was astonished, and wondered how the letter hidden under the stone could have known what he was doing. So the savage regards the transcendent and incomprehensible powers, before which he is awed, as intelligent like himself. In the sense of his dependence he cries to them for help, and considers by what offerings or service he can avert their displeasure and gain their favor.

HUGH MILLER'S NIGHT IN A CAVE.

The very thought of a spiritual presence, when vivid, produces a sense of awe. Experiences in thoughts and visions of the night analogous to those recorded ages ago in the Book of Job, are not uncommon now. One wakes from a deep sleep; in the darkness, the loneliness, the silence he thinks of the world of spirits, its reality, its nearness, his own inevitable approach to it; he things of the great God looking on him out of the dark; he imagines spirits of the dead near him. Who has not felt at that hour the peculiar and thrilling awe of the unseen and spiritual world?

This is why proximity to the dead inspires man with fear, and a corpse, silent and still,

* These incidents are used as illustrations in an exhaustive treatise entitled "The Self-Revelation of God," by Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., a book designed to meet the difficulties which students and men of learning find in accepting the doctrines of Evangelical religion. Pp. 570; price, $3.50. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



Queen Victoria Going in State to Open the New People's Palace. (See page 373.)

daunts the soul that never feared the living. Hugh Miller in his boyhood was one night shut up by the rising tide in a cave. He says: "The corpse of a drowned man had been found on the beach about a month previous, some forty yards from where we lay. I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace; and though I had never done the poor nameless seaman any harm, I could not have suffered more from him during that melancholy night, had I been his murderer. Sleeping or waking he was constantly before me. The near neighborhood of a score of living bandits would have inspired less horror than the recollection of that one seaman."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S EPITAPH.

It is said that since science has revealed the vastness of the universe, it is unreasonable to suppose that God would have done so great a work to redeem from sin men on this earth, when the earth itself is but a speck in the immensity of space and amid innumerable planets, suns, and systems. This is now one of the common objections of unbelief. Daniel Webster had been troubled with this objection. About two weeks before his death he dictated, and afterward revised with his own hand, copied and signed, the following declaration, which he said was to be engraved on his tombstone: "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief. Philosophical argument, especially that from the vastness of the universe as compared with the comparative insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. The belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it."

Bishop Riley's Mission in Mexico, which We fully described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for April 7th, is in a most critical position for want of funds. A gentleman in Mexico writes to him: "If you become obliged to sell the church in the city of Mexico, it will be a great blow to the missionary work here. Is it possible that American Christians can find it in their heart to abandon you and your mission after so many years of sacrifice and anxiety on your part? To see your work here crumble to pieces is too sad to contemplate." Contributions should be sent to Bishop Riley, Bible House, New York.

THE IRISH COTTAGER'S BURDEN.

(See Illustration on page 381.)

EVERY year got worse with Patrick O'Brien. He was an old man, quite seventy, and all the time since he was married, fifty years back, things had been going badly. The little plot of land in Ireland which he rented was miserably poor. Pat had promised himself every year that next year he would improve it sure; but when next year came it had to be planted as before, and the land was further impoverished. At first he had paid his rent pretty regularly, but after the children began to come he drifted into arrears, and the arrears grew.

The agent who collected the rents of the estate was a kind man. Pat always admitted so much. Indeed, he had been heard to say that if all Protestants were as good as he, he would not care how many Protestants there were. The agent, on his side, too, liked Pat, and once, though Pat never knew it, when he received peremptory orders from the landlord to evict Pat if no money was forthcoming on next rent day, he had paid out of his own pocket a small sum to Pat's credit to keep the old man on his land. That, however, could not be done more than once, and at last the order came for Pat to be turned out.

He moaned and lamented about it for some weeks, for he had nowhere to go, and he grieved at leaving the place where he had lived all his life. Only two daughters were with him, the sons having gone to America long ago, and his wife having been laid in the old church-yard fully seven years. One of the daughters sent the news to America unknown to him, and that was all that was done in preparation for the day when they must quit. The old man had no heart to prepare, and, indeed, as he had no money, and not much strength for work, it was not easy to see what he could do.

"Put your trust in the Lord, Pat," the agent had said to him when he gave him the notice to leave. "I am sorry for you, but I cannot help you. God can; go to Him;" and he told him of One who had come to bear his burden for him, and had died to redeem him; but Pat left all those matters to the priest, and could not realize the blessing described to him.

It wanted but a few days to the fatal day, and nothing had been done. It seemed as if the old man and his two daughters would be turned out to die on the roadside. One morning, however, the postman, who seldom paid a visit to Pat's cottage, made his way thither and handed in a good-sized package. It was opened under the inspection of the three pairs of anxious eyes, and was found to contain three passage tickets for America and a fifty-dollar bill. Pat's sons, it seemed, were going to stand by the old man and their sisters.

How suddenly the house of mourning was changed to a house of joy! The few things they were going to take with them were quickly packed, and the little furniture that was left was sold or given away. One basket of peat for fuel remained, and this Pat resolved to give to an old widow who lived across the hill about two miles away. She and Pat were old friends, and she would grieve when she heard of the approaching voyage. Well, this peat would keep her fire going on winter nights, and Pat liked the thought of giving it to her. He fastened a bit of rope to it, and, slinging it over his shoulder, was about to set out for the old widow's house when the agent drove up. He was told the good news, and was pleased for Pat's sake, though he would have been better pleased if the boys in America had spent the money in paying Pat's debts.

"Where are you going with that peat?" he asked. "Oh, put it on my cart," he said, when he had been told where it was to go. "I'll take it for you. You are too old, Pat, to carry such a load over the hill."

Pat accepted gladly, and when it was safely fixed he thanked his friend.

"You would have found it a heavy load to carry, Pat," said the agent, "and I am glad you accepted my offer. I wish you would accept another offer with that heavier burden you are carrying. Christ is asking you to let Him bear the burden of your sins. Will you not do it?"

But Pat could not see it, and, sad as it was, continued to put his trust in the priest.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 366.)

The Quaker Surprised.

WITH a light heart Inez tripped down-stairs, and entered the room in which Señor Bonanza was. Interest in the romantic possibility before her sat upon her face, but the thrilling suspense

which would have filled her heart had she known aught of a father's love was entirely absent. It was, therefore, almost with unconcern that she passed into the stranger's presence. Not so, however, did Señor Bonanza feel as he looked up and saw her in the doorway. No explanation, no effort of memory was necessary for identification with him. He looked at her at first with startled surprise, then springing from his chair he clasped her in his arms, and covered her brow with kisses. And here was a strange thing. It was the likeness to him which had led Mr. Hartgold to suspect the relationship, but it was the likeness which he saw in Inez to his dear dead wife that convinced Señor Bonanza of her identity. Of her resemblance to himself he saw nothing.

"My daughter," he exclaimed, kissing her again and again, and stroking back her hair, "my beloved daughter! Mourned as dead, lost to your father, a gift from heaven! I can never let you go from my side again."

"Father," said Inez, timidly, and almost shrinking from the utterance of the sacred name to a stranger, "do you know that I have another father who has been so kind and true, and whom I love dearly?"

"I know all about it, sweetheart," said her father. "Be very sure that I shall never grudge good Captain Lanyon your love for him. He deserves it all. Indeed, I hope that he may be willing to give up the perils of the sea and be content to dwell with us on shore. I have more than enough for all. Is there any other in whom my darling takes an interest? I should like to celebrate this happy day and show my gratitude to heaven, by owning and aiding every one who has acted kindly to my child."

At this point Ruth, who had come in unobserved, and had been a delighted listener, looked with meaning eyes into Inez's dark orbs. That fair maiden's olive cheeks were suffused with blushes as she bent her head in an agitation that she could not control. Taking advantage of the silence, Ruth handed the magazine they had been reading to the happy and kindly Señor, saying with a smile, "I think there is, sir. If you will read that it will tell you all about it."

So saying she pointed out to him the touching and thrilling story, "Cast Adrift: An Episode of the Sea," by Ralph Ravensworth. "That," she said, "will tell you of one whom your daughter has learned to love."

Señor Bonanza, with his arm clasped around his daughter's waist, as if he feared that they might again be separated, read the story. As he proceeded, Ruth could see the tear coursing down his cheek.

"May Heaven bless thee, my daughter!" he said at length, "and Captain Lanyon, too, who has proved so true and good a teacher of trust in God. As for this young man Ravensworth, tell me where to find him, and it shall go hard with me if I do not prove the depth of my indebtedness to him for the succor and comfort he rendered, and for his fidelity to my child."

The Old Cottager Relieved of his Burden.

Then Inez found her voice. "Alas! dear papa, I know not where he is; but this I know—that Ralph Ravensworth is worthy of all your thanks, and of—of—your esteem."

"I shall find him," said the Señor, confidently. "Providence will not deprive me of the opportunity to do my duty, nor him of his reward."

Rightly judging that the father and daughter would like to have some time alone, Mr. Hartgold signalled to his wife, and said to Señor Bonanza, "Thou hast probably much to tell thy daughter after all these years, and she will have many things to ask thee; Keturah and I will pay a visit to an invalid guest whom this joyful reunion has caused us to leave to himself more than is seemly. Come, Keturah, let us see how Mr. Robert fares."

Robert was faring very well, and was making progress of a kind neither his host nor hostess suspected. Ruth, observing that all the family were in the room with Inez and her father, and, therefore, that Robert Atheling must be alone, had stolen from the room to pay him a visit. She had not seen him since the day of the fire, and she went therefore with a heart brimming over with gratitude to thank him for the self-forgetful effort he had made to save her life. In such a matter words are but a poor expression of the heart's emotion. How can one person thank another for life preserved? Ruth feared that she could not do it, and as she entered the room where Robert sat she realized that she could not. Words altogether failed her, but her agitation and the vain effort she was making to tell her preserver all that she felt were revealed in her flushed face and her sparkling eyes. Robert read that face aright, and, grasping the hand held out to him gazed lovingly into her eyes. His look, too, was eloquent, and doubtless Ruth, too, could read what it expressed. It is an old language—old as the world itself, and there is no speech in which its voice is not heard.

It was scarcely a minute that the two stood so, hand locked in hand and eyes asking and answering questions in the silence, but in that minute the story was told which was to decide their future lives. "Dear Ruth," said Robert, but Ruth would not wait to hear. With her face suffused with blushes, she loosed his hand, and turning quickly vanished from his side and fled to her retreat in her own room. There, trembling and quivering with the nervous joy which comes but once in the life of any of us, she threw herself on her knees and poured out her soul in prayer and thanksgiving for—as yet she knew not what.

Robert, too, was profoundly moved. There was no mistaking the meaning of that glance which had shot from Ruth's eyes in response to the question, which as he knew his own gaze must have asked. She loved him, and her heart was surely his whatever might betide. It was for him now to make the path straight for their union. He therefore set himself with the concentrated powers of his mind to solve the problem how best to ingratiate himself with the good Quaker and his wife, and induce them to give a favorable answer to his petition. Not many minutes elapsed before Mr. and Mrs. Hartgold entered the room, and briefly told him of the relations which had been discovered between Señor Bonanza and his daughter.

Robert gave to the marvellous story such attention as he could command, but all the time that Ephraim occupied in relating it the one thought was thrusting itself prominent how best to introduce to the worthy couple the desire of his heart. He felt that there was no time likely to be so favorable as the present opportunity.

"I feel," he said, suddenly changing the current and ordinary topics of conversation, "that I shall never be able to express my deep sense of your kindness to me while—"

"Then thee had better leave it untold," said Ephraim, promptly. "Keturah and I feel exactly like thee on that point. Our debt to thee would put thine to us so far into the shade, that it will be a real relief to us both if thou wilt be good enough not to challenge the comparison."

Here Ephraim Hartgold, the hard-headed merchant, came to a full stop by reason of a certain difficulty of speech that was greater than he could well manage. Keturah would fain have come to the help of her husband as in duty bound, but all that she could do was to take off her glasses and rub them carefully, though why she should do that I cannot tell; for the dimness was certainly not on them, but on the gentle and kindly gray eyes behind them, which were just then so blurred as to make clear vision quite an impossibility.

"Don't," said Robert, waving down with his hand all attempt to continue in that groove. "You make it harder for me to say what I want

to say; for, indeed, indeed, I do not ask it by the way of reward."

Then prosecuting his enterprise in what is ever the best and weightiest fashion, he simply went direct to the point with his heart upon his lips: "The simple fact is, dear friends, that I love your daughter Ruth as my life. Will you spare her to me for my wife?"

We may be quite sure that Robert Atheling had no intention just then of making poetry. But from the beginning until now, love is supposed to be strong in the poetic element, and so his odd way of putting it may be taken as a token that he had the genuine afflatus. The calm and sedate Keturah did not seem to be astonished by this frank avowal. Mothers as a rule seem to have intuitions on such subjects that far out-travel the duller minds of their spouses. Ephraim, on the other hand, was taken by surprise, which shows that, like Mary in the sacred story, Keturah had been content to ponder these things in her heart.

"Thy wife, Robert Atheling!" said the Quaker. "Nay, that cannot be. The maiden has been as good as promised to her cousin Paul, who is at this time in Chicago, where he is transacting business for our firm, and he is eventually to be my partner and successor. He is a good youth and a clever and hath a comely countenance."

By this time the blur had passed away from Keturah's eyes, at least so much so as to enable her to see the look of blank distress which sat on Robert's pallid face. It was not in her woman's heart to sit unmoved. She had long since divined Robert's passionate love for the maiden whose life he had saved. She had seen, too, not without some dismay, Ruth's evident tenderness for him, and for the life of her she cou'd not help taking sides with them both. She glanced at her worthy husband, who was looking at her with disturbed and anxious eyes, stroking his white hair down upon his forehead as he always did when stirred and much troubled.

"It hath troubled me greatly," Keturah said, quietly, "that our daughter hath never taken kindly to her cousin Paul's wooing, and for that matter the youth himself hath displayed but very little eagerness. Perhaps, however, it may not be from coldness toward her, but it may be because he hath learned to become quite assured of her."

That last limb of the sentence was a wonderfully clever diplomatic stroke. Its effect on Ephraim was to make him open his eyes and his mouth, as he felt a suspicion that a mere family arrangement might not be sufficient to settle so important a matter to everybody's satisfaction, and that the little heart that beat so strongly under Ruth's bodice might prove a protesting party.

Robert fixed his eyes on Keturah, looked the thanks he could not speak, and said: "Eagerness! Oh, Mrs. Hartgold, I could die for her!"

"Thou hast proved the truth of thy words beforehand, friend Robert. Very nearly thou didst do so," said Keturah, in strong agitation. "Verily thou didst redeem her from death at great cost, and at the risk of a still greater one! Hadst thou valued thine own life as against hers in the moment of her peril, verily it would not have been in our power to give her either to thee or to her cousin. Even now should we have been mourning over her in loneliness and desolation."

Ephraim Hartgold was a strong man as well as a good one; he had a strong will as well as a kind one; but he felt that in the presence of such a combination "his strength was as tow."

"Wife! it must not be well," said Keturah, to her husband, "that as this question concerns our daughter so nearly that we consulted her. She hath a good and an obedient disposition, and would do whatsoever her parents required of her, but neither thou nor I would be right in requiring her to give her hand to one if her heart is given to another. Let us hear her and after that let us pray to be guided aright."

"Thou art right, my wife," said Ephraim, falling, as men generally do when dealing with women, into a trap where victory becomes impossible, "thou art right. Send for Ruth. Let us hear how she hath been led in this momentous matter."

He was still stroking his hair as if he was trying to force inspiration on the knotty point by means of friction, when the fair young Quakeress herself, in answer to the summons, entered the room. At one glance the clever maiden took in the whole scene and read its meaning clearly without need of words. First, she blushed red as any poppy with which her namesake might have adorned her hair in the cornfields of Boaz in the olden time. Then there came a pallor on her cheeks that told how greatly she was concerned as to the possible issues of that conversation; and then, with one keen, searching, and appealing look into her honored and beloved father's eyes, she turned and silently left the room.

In that glance of Ruth's, which went right into the secret chambers of his soul, honest and tender-hearted Ephraim read a whole volume of information on a subject to which he had given not much more than a passing thought. He could not resist it. He followed his darling out of the room and found her in the drawing-room looking steadily at nothing through the window, and doubtless seeing nothing—nothing, that is to say, with her eyes; but still looking steadily with her mental vision at that suggestive picture in the parlor—mother, father, Robert—which she had just seen.

"Dear Ruth," said her father, quietly and tenderly, "answer thy father two questions directly from thy heart." The first question had to do with her cousin Paul, and the answer was a decided "No." The second question had to do with Robert Atheling, and the answer was a soft-whispered "Yes," which made Ruth's pale cheeks to assume the rosiest red. What the questions were may be fairly understood.

In a few minutes he returned, and Keturah had no difficulty as she looked at his discomfited face in learning the result of her stratagem. Ephraim had allowed his opponents to be reinforced, and Ruth had joined her mother and Robert, while he alone in the absence of the suitor Paul, was left to do battle for the prize. He saw that he was beaten, but he tried to console himself with the thought which Keturah had thrown out that Paul would not be greatly distressed, not having been as she had said, not without a touch of disdain, by no means an eager wooer.

"Let us pray," said Ephraim, and kneeling down silence fell on the little company of three. After a few minutes of silent prayer Ephraim's voice was uplifted—the voice of a man who had been accustomed through the years of a long and eventful life to go to the same Source of wisdom for guidance, and to invariably receive an answer. The rectitude of the man, the respect for the sanctity of a promise was struggling within him as he told God the difficulty in which he was placed by this new love which had revealed itself, and he begged for light on his way. Robert respected him as he listened to that earnest pleading, and felt that he should continue to respect him though the issue might be adverse to his hopes.

They knelt in silence for a few minutes after Ephraim had ceased. When they rose Ephraim took Robert by the hand and said to him, with much solemnity: "My son, I see not how this has happened, I know not how it is that this arrangement for our daughter's marriage hath been thus disturbed, but it is so, and who am I that my promise should stand when the Lord who ruleth all hearts hath put in both of yours a desire opposed to it. I have committed the whole matter to Him, and I see that it is my duty to concede thy request." He shook Robert's hand cordially and added: "The Lord bless thee, my son, and fill thy heart with His grace."

Loosing Robert's hand he went in search of Ruth, leaving Keturah to hear the young man's broken but eloquent thanks. He soon returned leading in his blushing daughter, and, placing her hand in Robert's he and his wife left the two lovers to themselves.

> "Love is master of all arts,
> And puts it into human hearts
> The strangest things to say and do,"

says the poet Longfellow, and no doubt it was as well they were left alone.

When Robert Atheling stood by the bedside of his dying father, and had given his solemn promise to fulfil his last request, the dying saint had said with almost prophetic ardor: "God bless thee, my son. The God of thy fathers bless thee. Now, Robert, I die content. As for thee, thine shall be the best of blessings from the hand of God."

The best of blessings! Robert Atheling looked upon the upturned face of the sweet maiden at his side, his plighted love, and knew that his aged father's prediction had come true. He was in the cue to quote the "poet of all time" and say,

> "Why, man, she is mine own!
> And I as rich in having such a jewel,
> As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
> The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

(To be continued.)

WHAT WE HAVE AND WHAT WE HOPE FOR.

By Mrs. M. Baxter. Rom. 8: 14-28.

Various Opinions on the Subject — What the Scriptures Teach—Present Possessions—Jesus the First Possession—Power to Become Sons of God—God as a Father—The Spirit of Adoption—The Firstfruits of the Spirit—Victory Over Temptation—Not Immunity—Not Resurrection Bodies—Full Possession when Jesus Comes.

THIS is a subject of great perplexity among many dear children of God. They say: "How shall we discover what of the blessings of God we may at present lay claim to as ours, and what we have still to wait for?" There are some who assert that they have their resurrection bodies and that they never expect to die. There are some who affirm that they have reached a condition in which they can no longer sin, and who claim immunity from all temptation. Let us search the Scriptures to see what God shall teach us on all these subjects.

First, we will investigate what we have in John 3: 16. We read: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Thank God we have not to wait for, not to hope for, God's only begotten Son. What God has given we may receive, and having received Him we can now say before men and angels and devils: "I know that

I Have Jesus,

God's only begotten Son." In John 1: 12, we see that in this possession of God's Son we *have* power to become the sons of God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The throbbings of everlasting life are ours *now*. We have not to wait until the future for divine quickening, the very life of God is an ever-blessed, glorious reality within us *now*. We can see in God's light now. We can think God's thoughts now. We can reciprocate God's love now. We can know and do the will of God now. This privilege of being the sons of God is ours now. Blessed be God, we have not to wait for this. "He that believeth *hath* everlasting life." "He that hath the Son *hath* life." And again (John 3: 18), "He that believeth on Him *is* not condemned." Although our sins may be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, or even sixty years old, yet in that Jesus who died for us, who bore those sins upon the cross, we *have* a perfect freedom from all condemnation. We can look forward to the Judgment-seat without one throb of fear. We could stand there to-day and face those judgment

books with calmness, for we know that "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." Many of us can remember the time when we dreaded death, and, "after death the judgment." We saw ourselves exposed to the wrath of an angry God. We saw the shame that would come upon us as one after another of our secret sins were dragged to light and we saw ourselves lost. But all this is a thing of the past. We have the "no condemnation" which belongs to those who are "in Christ Jesus." This, thank God, is our present possession. "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but *is* passed from death unto life" (John 5 : 24).

But this is not all: we have in God a Father. 'For [we] have not received the Spirit of bondage again to fear; but [we] *have received* the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we *are* the children of God." That awful Being to whom we used to pray, whom we used to dread—feeling as though in the presence of some awful, terrible Presence—is now our Father. We have made acquaintance with Him. It is no longer the terrors of Sinai, the shaking rocks, the clanging trumpet, and the fearful thought of a God who knows all our sins; all we have thought, or spoken, or done; but when we look up to God now, it is to One with whom we are well acquainted; our loving Father. One who is nearer and dearer to our hearts than all we know upon earth. The spirit of bondage is gone. The Spirit of adoption is

Our Present Possession.

But this, again, is not all. "If children, then heirs;" heirs of what? "Of God, and joint-heirs with Christ!" We are heirs *now*, but we are coming into possession of what God Himself is. Is God love? Then you and I inherit the very love of God. We know we have it not in its fulness, but this is what we know, that we have love of God *now*, and we will have the fulness by and by. Is God holy? Then you and I are heirs to the perfections and holiness of God. This is the heritage we are to come to in proportion as we know God. We are heirs of the wisdom and power of God. We are heirs of God's very self. We are heirs *now*.

Again we read "we *have* the firstfruits of the Spirit." Some will say: "But are we not then filled with the Spirit?" Yes, surely, if we receive the fulness, that is only the measure of a very small vessel, and this is but the firstfruits of what we shall know by and by, when the vessel shall be enlarged in the consummation. Then the firstfruits of the Spirit shall give way to the very fulness. Then when we have our resurrection bodies, when we are changed into His glorious likeness, the vessel will expand, and be other than it now is. And if we have already so much for salvation, so we shall find we have for sanctification and for healing. But if we are possessors of God's only begotten Son—if we know the present breathings of everlasting life; if the Spirit of adoption reigns in our hearts; if we have the firstfruits of the Spirit—can we then be subject to temptation? Let us look for a moment. Who spent forty days and forty nights alone in the desert tempted by the devil? Who "suffered being tempted?" Who was "tempted in all points like as we are?" If we are to have no temptation, then we are superior to our Lord; and the creature takes a place higher than the Creator. The Scriptures tell us to "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations" (James 1 : 2). "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him" (James 1 : 12). "Behold, we count them happy which endure" (James 5 : 11). "Now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. 1 : 6, 7). "No temptation hath taken us but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10 : 13). There is no promise of immunity from temptation but every promise for victory over it. Jesus tells us (John 16 : 33) that "In the world we shall have tribulation," but He says also: "Fear not, I have overcome the world." There is

Overcoming Power

in the blood of the Lamb. There is overcoming power in the word of our testimony, when we "love not our lives unto the death" (Rev. 12 : 11). God is He who fights our battles for us, and our fight is but the fight of faith. It is not the fight of effort, or struggling, or striving, but of faith in the living God who is the Conqueror of Satan for us. There is no promise that we shall be brought into a state in which it is impossible to sin, but the promise is that we may be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, and therefore kept from sinning.

Now what does the Scripture say with regard to our sanctification? First, we find that as Jesus Christ was made unto us Redemption, so He is made unto us Sanctification (1 Cor. 1 : 30). He Himself stands between us and condemnation, between us and the Judgment-seat, so as our Sanctification He stands between us and the power of sin in the present. The same Jesus who stands at God's right hand and who ever liveth to make intercession for us (Heb. 7 : 25), lives also in my heart to keep me from sinning. As He is my Guarantee against condemnation, so He is my Guarantee against the present power of the wicked one. Thank God, "For this is the will of God, even

Our Sanctification"

(1 Thess. 4 : 3). He wills that we should be holy, for He says: "Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Pet. 1 : 16). But we never find any promise in Scripture that we shall be put in such a position that it is impossible for us to sin. In order to be holy, we must needs be cleansed from sin. We are told in Scripture of a clean heart and the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth us from all sin; but in order to be cleansed, it is absolutely necessary that we should present our bodies, through which we sin, as living sacrifices to God that He might cleanse and use them for Himself, and that He should bring them wholly under His control, and that He should be our Keeper as well as the Cleanser moment by moment. And so with our souls and spirits; and thus we see how moment by moment we have to be dependent upon Him. He puts us into no position in which we can go on of ourselves without His constant help. If for a moment we cease believing for Salvation we are practically in the same position as the unsaved sinner. If for a moment we leave off believing for Sanctification, we are in the same position practically as though we had never accepted Christ for our Sanctification. And so it is with the Holy Spirit. We have, thank God,

The Firstfruits

of the Spirit. We may, if we will, be filled with the Holy Spirit; but it is only as moment by moment we recognize the indwelling of the Spirit by faith that we live under His power. No man was ever created to master the Holy Ghost, or to dispose of Him as he willed, but by faith we may be filled with the Spirit and led by the Spirit day by day and hour by hour.

It is just the same with healing. We have no promise in the Word of God that we shall be placed in such a condition that sickness can never touch us and that we shall never die, but the same Lord who manifested Himself as our Salvation, our Sanctification, said also: "I am the Lord that healeth thee." He has provided healing for the sick ones, and, consequently, we see that sickness is presupposed. It is healing which is offered to us, and we are never to suppose ourselves in such a condition as a marble statue, which can feel neither heat nor cold, or be subject to any exterior influences. The Lord would have the body brought to the same relation as the soul—a relation in which He saves from sickness and sin; in which He keeps from sickness as from sin; in which He fills with His own life to counteract the evil of disease, but in which there is no possibility of being independent of Him.

Those who imagine we have

Our Resurrection Bodies

now can surely never have studied the Scriptures regarding the resurrection, for we read in 1 Cor. 15 how in sowing the seed we sow not "That body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body" (37, 38). "So" we read in verse 42, "also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Except the seed is sown, the plant cannot spring forth; and so, for the resurrection there needs be the actual death of the body. Some will say: "But I have given over my body to death by faith, and I have my resurrection body by faith." But here we see that a change, such as the resurrection implies, can never take place without the actual death of the material body except when the Lord Jesus shall come; then "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory" (51–54). So that we see that what we have is present salvation, present sanctification, present filling with the firstfruits of the Spirit, present healing, and all this we hold by faith, in which moment by moment there is dependence upon Jesus.

When Jesus Comes.

What we hope for is perfect immunity from sin, but only when Jesus comes again; perfect immunity from temptation, perfect immunity from sickness, perfect immunity from death, but all this will be when Jesus comes again. And this is what we read of in Rom. 8 : 23, "And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

Let us praise and glorify God for all that we have, but do not let us antedate that which we hope for or get confused and desponding because we have not in possession that which God has taught us only to hope for. All that we have by faith, God has the keeping of it in trust until Jesus comes. We have Him and in Him all we claim by faith.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for June:

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The Shadow of Evil Things to Come. By G. W. Houghton.
The Rev. M. Baxter's American Tour.
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[*For The Christian Herald.*]

"WHITHER HE HIMSELF WOULD COME."—Luke x. 1.

BY LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

See the glorious morning sunlight
Flash o'er fields begemmed with dew,
Where the harvest standeth waiting,
For the laborers are few.
Christian! doth the Master bid thee
Leave thy friends and leave thy home?
Shrink thou not; He'll only send thee
"Whither He himself would come."

Lo, the nations sit in darkness,
Where no Gospel light is shed,
Thirsting for the living water,
Dying for the living bread.
Are there tender ties that bind thee?
Dost thou love thy land and home?
Yet stay not; the Master sends thee
"Whither He himself would come."

Dost thou fear, thine heart within thee
Trembling, faint, and sore dismayed?
Bend thine ear! the Ma ter cometh:
"It is I; be not afraid."
Go thou forth in faith triumphant
Everywhere 'neath heaven's high dome
Waits the work; the Master sends thee
"Whither He himself would come."

Rend the veil of midnight darkness,
Lift the crimsoned cross on high,
Herald forth the glorious tidings
Of a Christ who came to die.
While for Jesus thou art working,
He prepares for thee a home,
Endless rest and joy eternal,
"Whither He himself would come."

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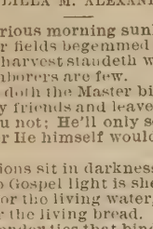

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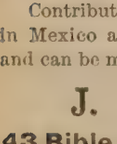

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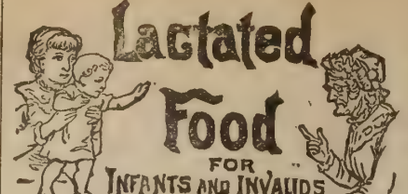

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Jubilee Celebrations this Week—Fifty Years of Prosperity—The Queen's Personal Life—Born in 1819—Her Early Training—Accession to the Throne in 1837—Her Reception of the State Messengers—Opens Her First Parliament—Her Coronation in 1838—Marriage to Prince Albert in 1840—Death of the Prince Consort in 1861—The Queen's Children—A Curious Prophecy.

The most prominent topic in the public affairs of Europe this week is the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which Queen Victoria began her reign over the British Empire. Interest in this celebration is not confined to Great Britain, for every Royal Family in Europe has sent representatives to present congratulations, and even the dusky Queen of the Sandwich Islands felt it incumbent upon her to travel in person to London to participate in the festivities. The loyal British people have been preparing for months to make the day a memorable one, and scarcely a city, town or village in Great Britain, and some parts of Ireland, has neglected to organize a fund for the cost of a proper demonstration of joy. It must be eminently gratifying to the Queen after

Half a Century's Rule

to see that so large a proportion of the people are ready to join her in celebrating the day. It is not every ruler who, fifty years after his accession to office, would find his people rejoicing that his sway had continued so long, and wishing that it might continue longer. We have known cases in which even four years of one man's rule have seemed too long to a people, and in which they have given unequivocal intimations that a change was desired. Altogether it is very creditable, both to monarch and people, that the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of the reign is being celebrated with so much unanimity and cordiality as the people of Great Britain are manifesting.

The Past Fifty Years

have been a period of natural growth and development, which must also be gratifying, both to Queen and people, and which render the service of thanksgiving in the Abbey on Tuesday, no unmeaning ceremony. The growth of the realm in extent alone has been enormous. During the Queen's reign there has been added to the area she governs no less than 7,260,000 square miles, with a total population of 168,900,000, of whom nearly eight millions are whites.

By extension and annexation, the area of the Queen's dominion has grown until now her flag floats over nine million square miles—one fifth of the habitable globe, and four times the size of the Roman Empire in its palmiest days. But in population, and in wealth and enterprise, the growth of the empire during the half century has been prodigious, and though, of course, the Queen has had little to do with promoting the prosperity, her people do not forget the negative consideration that, had she chosen, she might have materially retarded it, as other potentates have done, by stirring up ruinous and desolating wars. She has been content to accept the situation which new ideas of liberty and self-government have brought about, and has gracefully permitted her parliament and people to encroach on the ancient prerogatives of the crown, and while she has taken an active and intelligent interest in public affairs, she has made no attempt to resist the popular will, although at times it has been opposed to her own inclinations. The English people are aware of the fact, and they appreciate the good sense and sound wisdom which the Queen has displayed. They also, having on occasion known what it is to have the social standard of morality lowered by the example of a profligate monarch, are grateful for the purity and domestic virtue which have characterized

The Queen's Personal Life.

Her Majesty *Victoria*, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, is the daughter of *Edward*, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. She is now over *sixty-eight years of age*, having been *born* at Kensington Palace, on the 24th May, 1819. Her mother, *Victoria Mary Louisa*, was the fourth daughter of *Francis*, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. The Duke of Kent died on January 23, 1820, and the Duchess was thus left in charge of the princess when the latter was only eight months old. The training of the future Queen was, however, superintended with admirable wisdom and care. Her mother was often blamed for the seclusion in which she kept her young charge. It was so close that even the King, her uncle, and her nearest relatives seldom saw her. But those who knew most of court life approved the course taken by the Duchess of Kent. No one could have seen without apprehension and regret the young princess a frequent visitor at the court over which her Uncle George IV., and subsequently his brother William IV. presided. Both men were vile, sensual, wicked men, without principle or sense, debased, depraved, and brutish. Their example was closely followed by those about the court, and it is stated by a contemporary historian that the ordinary manners of society about the royal palace were "worse than those of a decent taproom of the present day." It was then with good reason that, remembering her responsibility, the Duchess of Kent kept her daughter, the future Queen, away from such a cesspool of vice.

The Duchess of Kent had a valuable coadjutor in the lady appointed governess to the future Queen, the Duchess of Northumberland, who selected the teachers under whom she studied and from whom she acquired many accomplishments, including drawing, music, and a knowledge of the continental languages. She also made proficiency in science, especially in botany, for which she showed a marked taste. The year 1837 was a momentous year in the life of Victoria. Her uncle *William IV.* expired on June 19. He was the third son of King George III. The eldest son was George IV. who died in 1830; the second was Prince Frederick, who died in 1827. As not one of the three left any legitimate children, the crown passed by law of succession to Victoria as heiress of the fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent.

Victoria was residing at Kensington Palace with her mother, when early in the morning of the 20th the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain arrived from Windsor Castle. The circumstances under which the Princess Victoria was made aware of her

Accession to the Throne

may be recalled with interest. The Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain reached the palace at about five o'clock in the morning. They knocked and rang for some time before they could arouse the porter at the gate. Finally they were admitted into one of the lower rooms, but seemed forgotten by everybody. They then rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the princess might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. The answer came that she was in such a sweet sleep that the attendant could not disturb her. The messengers then stated that they were come on State business of so great importance that it was necessary to arouse her.

Shortly after she came into the room, dressed in a loose white dressing-gown and shawl, her hair falling upon her shoulders, and her feet in slippers. She had guessed the significance of the message. Tears rose in her eyes, but she was perfectly collected and dignified. The princess was now *Queen of England*, and the news was received with becoming dignity. Though young in years, she showed that she felt the solemn responsibility, and was resolved to do her duty to the best of her ability. On the 21st of June her *accession* to the throne was proclaimed under circumstances of great interest. At St. James's Palace

A Brilliant Reception

awaited her. She was received most enthusiastically; and, subsequently, in response to the cheers of the crowd, she appeared at a window to acknowledge the welcome of her subjects. Her unaffected manner and her charming simplicity won the hearts of all. She also presided at a Privy Council (*See Illustration on first page*), and the venerable nobles who composed it were as delighted with her charming manners as the people had been.

In virtue of the law excluding females from the throne of Hanover, the Duke of Cumberland became king of that country, so that the connection between the crowns of England and Hanover was severed, after having existed one hundred and twenty-three years. This was not regarded as a misfortune by the English people, who were glad to be thus relieved of a connection with German politics, and also to be relieved of the presence of the Duke of Cumberland, who, like his elder brothers, was a most abandoned profligate, who did fearful harm in English society. We may here notice parenthetically that this was *a fulfillment of prophecy*, which shows that Britain must be separated from every portion of its territory which, like Hanover, lies outside the Roman Empire.

On the 20th of November, the Queen, for the first time, *opened Parliament*, declaring her confidence in the loyalty and wisdom of her people; and asking that, under Divine Providence, she might, at so early an age, have their cordial co-operation in discharging her duties.

The next great event of the Queen's life was

Her Coronation,

which took place at Westminster on the 28th of June, 1838. On the route from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey, her Majesty was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The streets through which the procession passed were lined with crowds of spectators, all eager to gain even a passing glimpse of the youthful sovereign. The scene at the ceremony was most imposing.

The most prominent topic of national curiosity was as to the man who would be the husband of the Queen. It was to *Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel*, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha (*whose portrait accompanies that of the Queen on the first page*), that she gave her affections, and the result proved the wisdom of her choice. The

Marriage

of the Queen and Prince Albert was celebrated with great splendor on the 10th of February, 1840 (*a picture of the scene copied from the painting by Sir George Hayter, R. A., appears on page* 396). As on the occasion of the coronation, the people of London testified how delighted they were with their new sovereign. There can be no doubt that the Queen's subjects evinced the highest interest in this union. Rejoicings throughout the country were universal. From the largest cities and towns down to the smallest hamlet the event was celebrated with enthusiasm. The marriage was a singularly happy one. Prince Albert won completely the Queen's affections, and she sought his advice with confidence on all occasions. This advice was not always wise and prudent, for the Prince was by nature and education opposed to popular rule, but happily he possessed a well-balanced mind, and the English statesmen were able to convince him that too much interference with State affairs would be mischievous. He accordingly turned his attention to amateur farming, in which he was very successful.

Nine Children

were the issue of this union. On November 21, 1840, was born the *Princess Royal*, who was married in 1858 to the Prince Imperial of Germany. On November 9, 1841, was born *the heir apparent* to the throne, *Albert Edward*, Prince of Wales. The dates of birth of the other children are as follows: Princess *Alice*, April 25, 1843, who died December 14, 1878; Prince *Alfred*, now called the Duke of Edinburgh, August 6, 1844; Princess *Helena*, May 25, 1846, married July 5, 1866, to Prince Christian; Princess *Louise*, March 18, 1848, married March 21, 1871, to the Marquis of Lorne; Prince *Arthur*, now called the Duke of Connaught, May 1, 1850; Prince *Leopold*, April 7, 1853, who

ed March 27, 1884; and Princess *Beatrice*, April 1857, married July 23, 1885, to Prince Henry Battenberg.

The personal life of the Queen was a singularly happy one, for the cares of government lling chiefly upon her advisers, she was at isure to devote herself more to the society of er husband and family than are most monarchs, id their affection seemed to be the joy of her fe. But in December, 1861, this delightful mily picture was broken up by the

Death of Prince Albert,

a event which has clouded all her subsequent fe. The news of the Prince's decease produced national shock. The Queen, the Prince Wales, Princess Alice, and Princess Helena ere present at the last moment. To the peoe of London the event was made known at idnight by the tolling of the heavy bell of St. aul's. The Queen's grief was intense. She ut herself up in seclusion for several years, id, though now twenty-six years have passed way, she has never laid aside her mourning ress or resumed the prominent part she used take in public and court festivities.

During the years immediately following the eath of the Prince Consort the ceremonies and stivities of the court were suspended. The gular balls and receptions, which, in court hrase, are called drawing-rooms, were not held, id the Queen gave herself up to grief. But by egrees, as the Prince of Wales grew to years of aturity, and especially after his marriage, he id the Princess, by the Queen's wish, took her ajesty's place as leaders of society. Latterly, long intervals, she has appeared in public, but it as always been evident that her duties were istasteful to her, and she has never seemed ntent, except when staying at Balmoral, her at in Scotland, or in the Isle of Wight.

The Marriages of Her Children

ave been the only occasions on which the ueen has come prominently before the people f late years and reminded them of the existnce of royalty. The most important of these as the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the rincess Alexandra, daughter of the King of enmark. The Princess arrived in England on arch 7, 1863, and her singular beauty, sweetess of manner, and dignified, graceful bearing on the hearts of the people. They gave her eir sincere affection, and since her marriage, hich took place on March 10, 1863, have ever wavered in their regard for her.

The marriages of the other sons and daughrs followed, and were each celebrated with the tmost magnificence. The one that caused e greatest sensation was that of the Princess ouise. Her brothers and sisters had married reigners, but the Princess Louise was united a British subject, the Marquis of Lorne, who as for a time Governor-General of Canada. It as hailed with pleasure by the people, but it as been productive of some little unpleasantess to the parties concerned. The absurd and diculous prejudices of royalty have inflicted ights on the husband of the Princess which ust have been hard to bear. He has been xcluded from privileges reserved for royalty, to hich his wife was welcomed, and he has had e mortification of seeing petty German princets, the bulk of whose income is extracted from e pockets of English taxpayers, greeted and ntertained in places where his presence would ave been resented as an intrusion.

There is a rather singular story told of one of e Georges—we believe George I. It is that e had his fortune told by a woman who preended to be a prophetess, and that she told im "the House of Guelph should never want a an to stand before the Lord for ever," using he words of the Hebrew prophet to Jonathan, he son of Recab. This pretended prophecy eally seems one of those which chance to be lfilled, for Her Majesty's throne is surrounded y children, grandchildren, and latterly greatrandchildren. *A picture on page* 397 is from photograph of a group in which representaives of the four generations are shown.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Lighting Up a Dark Office.—Mr. Campbell remarked: "In myplace of business, the room in which I sit is very dark during the greater part of the day; but sometimes in the afternoon, the sun shining upon a window on the other side of the street is reflected in a perfect blaze of light over into my office, giving me the rays of the sun, though not direct. So the Christian should receive light from Christ the Divine Sun only to transmit it to those around who are in darkness; as the moon having no heat or light of its own, is irradiated by the glory of the sun, and reflects to us, not her own light, but the solar light which shines upon her."

A Negro Lad's Resolution.—A Christian worker says: "I heard of a little colored lad who was dying, and a gentleman, much affected by the boy's condition, asked him about his soul. The boy answered with more brightness than he had shown for a long time, and said: 'I am resting in Jesus.' 'And where are you going when you die?' the gentleman inquired. 'I am going home to Jesus,' the lad confidently replied. 'But what if Jesus should leave heaven, what will you do then?' queried his friend. 'I will follow Him,' answered the boy. 'But if He should enter into the blackness of darkness, will you follow Him there?' 'That is impossible,' said the little negro lad, 'for there can be no hell or darkness where Jesus is.' It was not long ere the dear lad entered into glory."

Tears Turned Into Joy.—The Rev. Peter Leys, the Scottish clergyman who, in the true spirit of martyrdom, recently went to prison rather than deliver his two grandchildren to the Roman Catholic Church, says: "The other day I visited the house of a woman, given to notoriously evil ways. I spoke to her about her soul, but she did not seem much impressed until I said, 'Suppose you were to die now, just as you are, where do you think you would go?' 'Oh, sir,' she answered, 'do not speak of that; it is bad enough here, but of the hereafter I dare not think of it,' and she bowed her head in her hands. I continued to speak in a kindly manner to her, showing her the evil of her ways, and the danger in which she placed her immortal soul. A day or two afterwards I met her; she was evidently under deep conviction of sin. With the tears streaming down her face she exclaimed, 'I am not worthy to be saved.' 'I know that,' I replied; 'but Christ did not come to save those who *deserve* salvation. He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; and down on to the sinner's platform we all have to go before we can be saved.' She was just then on that platform, but very soon was led by the Holy Spirit to accept Jesus as her Saviour, and now is full of rejoicing in His perfect and all-sufficient redemption."

A Hard Battle Well Ended.—Mr. M'Kay says: "In a country village one stormy night, a man, under the influence of strong drink, was walking along the high road with unsteady steps. He presently came to a building that was lighted up, and which looked warm and comfortable. A meeting of a Bible Society was being held there. He entered, and took his seat, scarcely conscious of what he was doing. At the close of the meeting every one was presented with a Bible. The man tried to make his way home, but at length unable to go any further, he dropped down by the roadside, fell fast asleep, and did not wake until the morning sun was streaming down upon him. He roused himself up, and putting his hand into his pocket, he took out the Bible which he had received the previous night. It sent his thoughts back to the time when he used to read and love that Book. But he drew from another pocket a bottle of whisky. There he sat, holding in one hand the symbol that called up in man much that was vile and base, and in the other the symbol of all that was pure and holy. He raised his hand to dash the bottle from him, but drew it back; the temptation was strong. The struggle was a fearful one; no one knows but those who have been similarly tempted, what it is. Finding that in his own strength he could not resist, he cried for Divine help, and as the power of God is equal to any sin, the man dashed the bottle and its contents to the ground, and went home praising God."

The Roots Seeking the Water.—Mr. Smith, an evangelist observed: "Travelers tell of a tree that grows in the desert which has long fibrous roots, that push their way through the sand, until they come to water, and then through those tubular roots enough water is conveyed to feed the tree, and enable it to defy the drought, or even the fierce tornado. The traveler coming upon this is naturally surprised, and often looks in vain for the cause of this luxuriance in the desert; he knows not of the hidden connection with the fountain of life. So it should be with the Christian; to be rooted and grounded in Christ, and from Him draw strength daily and hourly for his requirements, so that he may be enabled to overcome tornadoes of temptation, or the drought of the wicked age in which he lives."

A Very Narrow Escape.—Mr. Minto related: "One summer evening, just as the darkness was coming on, I was walking by the river side, when suddenly there arose a cry for help. I strained my eyes across the water, but no one could I see; again the piercing cry arose, and a third time more feebly, 'Help! help!' came sounding across the water. At last I saw a small boat put off from a vessel moored in the neighboring harbor, and swiftly go in the direction from which the sound came. In a short time they returned to shore, bringing with them the almost lifeless body of a young man. He was carried to my house, and for days he lay in an unconscious state. One morning he slowly opened his eyes, and said, 'Where am I? Where is my mother?' After he was able to speak, this was his story. 'The evening on which I fell into the water, I was induced by some companions to accompany them into a saloon a few miles from my home. When I had spent all my money the men left me alone, utterly helpless with drink, and when I was staggering home by the bank of the river I slipped my footing, and fell into the water. I cried for help, and then I knew nothing until I opened my eyes in your comfortable room, for which, and the tender care you have bestowed upon me, I sincerely thank you.' Some time afterwards I called at his home and found him a changed man, for he had turned from his evil ways and accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour."

The Judge and the Culprit.—The same speaker remarked: "Two boys, who belonged to honorable and wealthy families, were brought up at the same school. They were close companions, and after leaving school they went to college together to complete their education. When they left college their paths in life separated, and they saw nothing more of each other for more than thirty years. Robert, the elder, became a highly honored and eminent judge, while the other, Thomas, became a wretched, debased criminal. At last, Thomas was convicted of an offence for which he was brought before the judge. As the poor trembling culprit stood there, he recognized the face of his judge, who was looking down upon him with tears of pity in his eyes. 'Can that really be Robert, my once dear friend?' he thought, 'if so he will not be hard upon me.' The sentence was pronounced by the judge, and it was the full penalty of the law. He was to pay a heavy fine and be imprisoned until it was paid. The culprit's heart sank. He thought he would have to lie in prison for years, for how could he, a penniless and friendless man, pay so large a sum. That night the judge visited him in his cell, spoke to him of old times, and finding him penitent, not only paid his fine but promised to give him employment. He went out a free man, his penalty paid by the judge. He is now a Christian man, and he is saved from endless punishment because his sin was borne by the Judge of all the earth.

THE SALVATION OF THE CITIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, June 19, 1887.

"And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, we pray thee the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth; but the water is naught and the ground barren. And he said, bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein," etc.—2 Kings 2: 19–22.

The Impure Water of Jericho—Miraculously Purified by Salt—Corruption in Modern Cities—Cleansing Needed—Dirty Brooklyn—Christianity for the Printing Press—The Potent Publishers—Efficient Schools—Criminals Generally Ignorant—Awful Statistics—The Policeman and the Lost Child—Reformatory and Benevolent Societies—The Great Remedy—A Homeless Child's Answer—Orphans and Neglected Children—The Rise of an Elm Street Boy—Lending Five Dollars to a Boy—A Letter from the West—Mary Lost and Found.

IT is difficult to estimate how much of the prosperity and health of a city are dependent upon good water. The time when, through well-laid pipes, and from safe reservoir, an abundance of water, from Croton or Ridgewood or Schuylkill, is brought into the city, is appropriately celebrated with oration and pyrotechnic display. Thank God every day for clear, bright, beautiful, sparkling water, as it drops in the shower, or tosses up in the fountain, or rushes out at the hydrant.

The city of Jericho, notwithstanding all its physical and commercial advantages, was lacking in this important element. There was enough water, but it was diseased, and the people were crying out by reason thereof. Elisha, the prophet, comes to the rescue. He says, "Get me a new cruse, fill it with salt, and bring it to me." So

The Cruse of Salt

was brought to the prophet, and I see him walking out to the general reservoir, and he takes that salt and throws it into the reservoir, and lo! all the impurities depart through a supernatural and divine influence, and the waters are good and fresh and clear.

At different times I have pointed out to you the fountains of municipal corruption, and this morning I propose to show you what are the means for the rectification of those fountains There are four or five kinds of salt that have a cleansing tendency. So far as God may help me, I shall bring a cruse of salt to the work, and empty it into the great reservoir of municipal crime, sin, shame, ignorance and abomination.

In this work of cleansing our cities, I have first to remark that there is a

Work for the Broom

and the shovel that nothing else can do. There always has been an intimate connection between iniquity and dirt. The filthy parts of the great cities are always the most iniquitous parts. The gutters and the pavements of the Fourth Ward, New York, illustrate and symbolize the character of the people in the Fourth Ward. The first thing that a bad man does when he is converted, is thoroughly to wash himself. There were this morning, on the way to the different churches, thousands of men in proper apparel, who, before their conversion, were unfit to don their Sabbath dress. When on the Sabbath I see a man uncleanly in his dress, my suspicions in regard to his moral character are aroused, and they are sometimes well-founded. So as to allow no excuse for lack of ablution, God has cleft the continents with rivers and lakes, and has sunk five great oceans, and all the world ought to be clean. Away, then, with the dirt from our cities, not only because the physical health needs an ablution, but because all the great moral and religious interests of the cities demand it as a positive necessity. A filthy city always is, and always will be, a wicked city.

Through the upturning of the earth for great improvement, our city could not be expected to be clean as usual, but for

The Illimitable Dirt of Brooklyn

for the last six months there is no excuse. It is not merely a matter of dust in the eyes, and mud for the shoes, and of stench for the nostrils, but of morals for the soul.

Another corrective influence that we would bring to bear upon the evils of our great cities is *a Christian printing-press*. The newspapers of any place are the test of its morality or immorality. The newsboy who runs along the street with a roll of papers under his arm is a tremendous force that cannot be turned aside, nor resisted, and, at his every step, the city is elevated or degraded. This hungry, all-devouring American mind must have something to read, and upon

Editors and Authors

and book publishers, and parents and teachers rests the responsibility of what they should read. Almost every man you meet has a book in his hand or a newspaper in his pocket. What book is it you have in your hand? What newspaper is it you have in your pocket? Ministers may preach, reformers may plan, philanthropists may toil for the elevation of the suffering and the criminal, but until all the newspapers of the land, and all the booksellers of the land, set themselves against an iniquitous literature—until then we shall be fighting against fearful odds. Every time the cylinders of our great publishing houses turn, they make the earth quake. From them goes forth a thought like an angel of light to feed and bless the world, or, like an angel of darkness, to smite it with corruption and sin and shame and death. May God, by His omnipotent Spirit, purify and elevate the American printing-press!

I go on further, and say we must depend upon

The School

for a great deal of correcting influence. A community can no more afford to have ignorant men in its midst than it can afford to have uncaged hyenas. Ignorance is the mother of hydra-headed crime. Thirty-one per cent. of all the criminals of New York State can neither read nor write. Intellectual darkness is generally the precursor of moral darkness. I know there are educated outlaws—men who, through their sharpness of intellect, are made more dangerous. They use their fine penmanship in signing other people's names, and their science in ingenious burglaries, and their fine manners in adroit libertinism. They go their round of sin with well-cut apparel, and dangling jewelry, and watches of eighteen carats, and kid gloves. They are refined, educated, magnificent villains. But that is the exception. Generally

The Criminal Classes

are as ignorant as they are wicked. For the proof of what I say, go into the prisons and the penitentiaries, and look upon the men and women incarcerated. The dishonesty in the eye, the low passion in the lip, are not more conspicuous than the ignorance in the forehead. The ignorant classes are always the dangerous classes. Demagogues marshal them. They are helmless, and are driven before the gale.

It is high time that all city and State authority, and the Federal Government, appreciate

The Awful Statistics,

that while years ago in this country there was set apart forty-eight millions of acres of land for school purposes, there are now in New England one hundred and ninety-one thousand people who can neither read nor write, and in the State of Pennsylvania, two hundred and twenty-two thousand who can neither read nor write, and in the State of New York two hundred and forty-one thousand who can neither read nor write, while in the United States there are nearly six millions who can neither read nor write—statistics enough to stagger and confound any man who loves God and his country.

Now, in view of this fact, I am in favor of compulsory education. When parents are so bestial as to neglect this duty to the child, I say the law, with a strong hand, at the same time with a gentle hand, ought to lead these little ones into the light of intelligence and good morals. It was a beautiful tableau when in our city

A Swarthy Policeman

having picked up a lost child in the street, was found appeasing its cries with a stick of candy he had bought at the applestand. That was well done, and beautifully done. But, oh! thes thousands of little ones through our streets, wh are crying for the bread of knowledge and intel ligence. Shall we not give it to them?

The officers of the law ought to go down int the cellars, and up into the garrets, and brin out these benighted little ones, and put then under educational influences; after they hav passed through the bath and under the comb putting before them the spelling-book, an teaching them to read the Lord's Prayer an the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are th poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom o heaven." Our city ought to be father an mother both to these outcast little ones. As a recipe for the cure of much of the woe and want and crime of our city, I give the word which Thorwaldsen had chiseled on the open scroll in the statue of John Gutenberg the inventor of printing, "Let there be light!"

Reformatory Societies

are an important element in the rectification of the public fountains. Without calling any of them by name, I refer more especially to those which recognize the physical as well as the moral woes of the world. There was pathos and a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to Dr. Guthrie when he was telling her what a very good woman she ought to be. "Oh," said she, "if you were as hungry and cold as I am, you would think of nothing else." I believe the great want of our city is the Gospel and something to eat. Faith and repentance are of infinite importance; but they cannot satisfy an empty stomach! You have to go forth in this work with the bread of eternal life in your right hand, and the bread of this life in your left hand, and then you can touch them, imitating the Lord Jesus Christ, who first broke the bread and fed the multitude in the wilderness, and then began to preach, recognizing the fact that while people are hungry they will not listen, and they will not repent. We want more common sense in the distribution of our charities; fewer magnificent theories, and more hard work.

The Great Remedial Influence,

however, is the Gospel of Christ. Take that down through the lanes of suffering. Take that down amid the hovels of sin. Take that up amid the mansions and palaces of your city. That is the salt that can cure all the poisoned fountains of public iniquity. Do you know that in this cluster of three cities, New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, there are a great multitude of homeless children? You see I speak more in regard to the youth and the children of the country, because old villains are seldom reformed, and therefore I talk more about the little ones. They sleep under the stoops, in the burned-out safe, in the wagons in the streets, on the barges, wherever they can get a board to cover them. And in the summer they sleep all night long in the parks. Their destitution is well set forth by an incident. A city missionary asked one of them, "Where is your home?" Said he,

"I Don't Have no Home, Sir!"

"Well, where are your father and mother?" "They are dead, sir." "Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No, I don't think I ever heard of Him." "Did you ever hear of God?" "Yes, I've heard of God. Some of the poor people think it kind of lucky at night to say something over about that before they go to sleep. Yes, sir, I've heard of Him." Think of a conversation like that in a Christian city!

How many are waiting for you to come out in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ and rescue them from the wretchedness here? Oh, that the Church of God had arms long enough and hearts warm enough to take them up! How many of them there are! As I was thinking of the subject this morning, it seemed to me as though there was a great brink, and that these little ones, with cut and torn feet, were coming on toward it. And here is a group of orphans. Oh, fathers and mothers, what do you think of

Fatherless and Motherless

little ones? No hand at home to take care of their apparel, no heart to pity them. Said one

ttle one, when the mother died, "Who will ake care of my clothes now?" The little ones re thrown out in this great, cold world. They re shivering on the brink like lambs on the erge of a precipice. Does not your blood run old as they go over it?

And here is another group that come on to-ard the precipice. They are the children of

Besotted Parents.

hey are worse off than orphans. Look at that ale cheek; woe bleached it. Look at that ash across the forehead; the father struck it. Hear that heart-piercing cry; a drunken moth-r's blasphemy compelled it. And we come out nd we say, "Oh, ye suffering, peeled and blis-ered ones, we come to help you." "Too late," ry thousands of voices, "The path we travel is teep down, and we can't stop; too late." And e catch our breath and we make a terrific utcry. "Too late!" is echoed from the garret o the cellar, from the ginshop and the brothel. Too late!" It is too late, and they go over.

Here is another group, an army of

Neglected Children.

hey come on toward the brink, and every time hey step ten thousand hearts break. The ground s red with the blood of their feet. The air is eavy with their groans. Their ranks are being filed up from all the houses of iniquity and hame. Skeleton Despair pushes them on to-ard the brink. The death-knell has already egun to toll, and the angels of God hover like irds over the plunge of a cataract. While hese children are on the brink they halt, and hrow out their hands, and cry, "Help! help!" Oh, Church of God! will you help? Men and omen bought by the blood of the Son of God, ill you help, while Christ cries from the heav-ns, "Save them from going down; I am the ansom."

I stopped on the street and just looked at the ace of one of those little ones. Have you ever xamined the faces of the neglected children of he poor? Other children have gladness in their aces. When a group of them rush across the oad, it seems as though a spring gust had un-oosened an orchard of apple-blossoms. But the

Children of the Poor!

here is but little ring in their laughter, and it tops quick, as though some bitter memory ripped it. They have an old walk. They do ot skip or run up on the lumber just for the leasure of leaping down. They never bathed n the mountain stream. They never waded in he brook for pebbles. They never chased the utterfly across the lawn, putting their hat ight down where it was just before. Childhood as been dashed out of them. Want waved its izard wand above the manger of their birth, nd withered leaves are lying where God in-ended a budding giant of battle.

Once in a while one of these children gets out. Here is one, for instance. At ten years of age he is sent out by his parents, who say to him: "Here is a basket—now go off and beg and steal." The boy says, "I can't steal." They kick him into a corner. That night he puts his swollen head into the straw; but a voice comes from heaven, saying:

"Courage, Poor Boy,

courage!" Covering up his head from the bestiality, and stopping his ears from the curs-ing, he gets on up better and better. He washes his face clean at the public hydrant. With a few pennies got at running errands, he gets a better coat. Rough men, knowing that he comes from a low street, say, "Back with you, you little villain, to the place where you came from!" But that night the boy says: "God help me! I can't go back;" and quicker than ever mother flew at the cry of a child's pain, the Lord responds from the heavens, "Courage, poor boy, courage!"

His bright face gets him a position. After a while he is second clerk. Years pass on, and he is first clerk. Years pass on. The glory of young manhood is on him. He comes into the firm. He goes on from one business success to another. He has achieved great fortune. He is the friend of the church of God, the friend of all good institutions, and one day he stands talking to the Board of Trade, or to the Chamber of Commerce. People say: "Do you know who that is? Why, that is a merchant prince, and he was born on Elm Street." But God says in regard to him something better than that: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

O, for some one to write the history of boy heroes and girl heroines who have triumphed over want and starvation, and filth and rags. Yea, the record has already been made—made by the hand of God; and when these shall come at last with songs and rejoicing, it will take a very broad banner to hold the names of the battle-fields on which they got the victory.

Some years ago a roughly clad, ragged boy came into my brother's office, in New York, and said: "Mr. Talmage, lend me five dollars." My brother said: "Who are you?" The boy replied, "I am nobody.

Lend me Five Dollars."

"What do you want to do with five dollars?" "Well," the boy replied, "My mother is sick and poor, and I want to go into the newspaper business, and I shall get a home for her, and I will pay you back." My brother gave him the five dollars, of course never expecting to see it again; but he said, "When will you pay it?" The boy said, "I will pay it in six months, sir."

Time went by, and one day a lad came into my brother's office, and said, "There's your five dollars." "What do you mean? What five dollars?" inquired my brother. "Don't you remember that a boy came in here six months ago, and wanted to borrow five dollars to go into the newspaper business?" "O yes, I remember; are you the lad?" "Yes," he replied; "I have got along nicely. I have got a nice home for my mother (she is sick yet), and I am as well clothed as you are, and there's your five dollars." O, was he not

Worth Saving?

Why, that lad is worth fifty such boys as I have sometimes seen moving in elegant circles, never put to any use for God or man. Worth saving! I go further than that, and tell you they are not only worth saving, but they are being saved. One of these lads picked up from our streets, and sent West by a benevolent society, wrote East, saying: "I am getting along first-rate. I am on probation in the Methodist church. I shall be entered as a member the first of next month. I now teach a Sunday-school class of eleven boys. I get along first rate with it. This is a splendid country to make a living in. If the boys running around the street with a blacking-box on their shoulder, or a bundle of papers under their arms, only knew what high old times we boys have out here, they wouldn't hesitate about coming West, but come the first chance they got."

So some by one humane and Christian visitation, and some by another, are being rescued. In one reform school, through which two thousand of the little ones passed, one thousand nine hundred and ninety-five turned out well. In other words, only five of the two thousand turned out badly. There are thousands of them who, through Christian societies, have been transplanted to beautiful homes all over this land, and there are many who, through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, have already won the crown.

A Little Girl

was found in the streets of Baltimore and taken into one of the reform societies, and they said to her: "What is your name?" She said: "My name is Mary?" "What is your other name?" She said: "I don't know." So they took her into the reform society, and as they did not know her last name, they always called her "Mary Lost," since she had been picked up out of the street. But she grew on, and after awhile the Holy Spirit came to her heart, and she became a Christian child, and she changed her name; and when anybody asked her what her name was, she said: "It used to be Mary Lost; but now, since I have become a Christian, it is Mary Found."

For this vast multitude are we willing to go forth from this morning's service and see what we can do, employing all the agencies I have spoken of for the rectification of

The Poisoned Fountains?

We live in a beautiful city. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage; and any man who does not like a residence in Brooklyn must be a most uncomfortable and unreasonable man. But, my friends, the material prosperity of a city is not its chief glory. There may be fine houses and beautiful streets, and that all be the garniture of a sepulchre. Some of the most prosperous cities of the world have gone down, not one stone left upon another. But a city may be in ruins long before a tower has fallen, or a column has crumbled, or a tomb has been defaced. When in a city the churches of God are full of cold formalities and

Inanimate Religion;

when the houses of commerce are the abode of fraud and unholy traffic; when the streets are filled with crime unarrested and sin unenlightened and helplessness unpitied—that city is in ruins, though every church were a St. Peter's, and every monied institution were a Bank of England, and every library were a British Museum, and every house had a porch like that of Rheims, and a roof like that of Amiens, and a tower like that of Antwerp, and traceried windows like those of Freiburg.

My brethren, our pulses beat rapidly the time away, and soon we shall be gone; and what we have to do for the city in which we live we must do right speedily, or never do it at all. In that day when those who have wrapped themselves in luxuries and despised the poor, shall come to shame and everlasting contempt, I hope it may be said of you and me that we gave bread to the hungry, and wiped away the tear of the orphan, and upon the wanderer of the street we opened the brightness and benediction of a Christian home; and then, through our instrumentality, it shall be known on earth and in heaven, that Mary Lost became Mary Found!

A BANK NOTE FOUND IN A WALL.

THE curiosity of the loungers about the old State House at Little Rock, Ark., was aroused one morning, says the *Gazette* of that city, by the spectacle of a poor old man who was walking about the corridors minutely examining the walls. He conducted his search with considerable patience, and though no one could understand what the old fellow could find to interest him in the masonry, nothing was said to him. At last he was observed to insert his knife in one of the cracks in the wall, and presently, after much effort, he brought out a piece of paper, which, being unrolled, proved to be a hundred dollar bill. It seems that during the war, when General Steele was commander of the post at Little Rock, a Missourian named Robert H. Crowley, of Price's command, was made prisoner of war, and confined temporarily in the State House. From there Crowley was taken to Camp Chase, where he remained until the close of the war. When taken prisoner he had on his person the one hundred dollar note, and fearing it would be taken from him, he took the opportunity, while waiting in the State House, to roll it up and push it into this crack in the wall, where it lay undiscovered for more than twenty years. The events of his imprisonment and the absorbing occupations that followed his release caused the incident to pass from the old man's mind, but a short time ago it was recalled to his mind when he was pressed for money. He then resolved to visit the State House at Little Rock, and look for the bill. It is probable that he would have remembered it earlier had he been in dire poverty. It was with him as it is with many people in the concerns of the soul: the hidden treasure of promise is unsought until a time of trouble comes (Hos. 13:6).

MR. MOODY'S SUMMER SCHOOL.

WE cheerfully comply with a request from Mr. Moody to publish the following in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"A great many letters are coming to me concerning the College Students' Summer School for Bible study at Northfield, June 30 to July 12, asking if any besides college students may attend.

"While the accommodations in the school buildings are reserved *for young men*, especially college students, there will be abundant room in the large hall for as many as wish to attend the meetings. Table board and meals can also be secured in the dining-halls at a moderate price. Many parties of young men are arranging to bring tents and camp on the Seminary grounds, which are well suited to that purpose. A limited number of young ministers and other Christian young men can doubtless secure entertainment in the school buildings at $1.00 per day.

"Ladies are welcome to attend the meetings, and can also secure meals at the dining-hall, if they can procure rooms in the village.

"Among those who have consented to aid in the conduct of the meeting are the following: Prof. Henry Drummond, of Edinburgh University, Scotland; Ex-President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College; A. T. Pierson, D. D., of Philadelphia; Rev. W. H. Marquess, of Fulton, Mo.; John A. Broadus, D. D., of Louisville; Prof. L. T. Towhsend, of Boston University; and Messrs. R. P. Wilder and John N. Forman, who have been visiting colleges during the past year in the interest of foreign missions.

"All who wish to attend will please write at once to C. K. Ober, 52 East Twenty-third Street, New York City. "D. L. MOODY,

"Northfield, Mass."

THE JEWS FLOCKING TO PALESTINE.

A PRIVATE letter from Jerusalem, recently published in the *Watchword*, contains the following remarks, which show that the views of students of prophecy are receiving confirmation from events:

"Many striking changes have taken place, during the last four years, in Jerusalem and through the land. Each day sees an increase in the Jewish inhabitants of Palestine. No matter what port or other regulations are made for their exclusion, or temporary stay, still they come and remain. Houses are being built up by hundreds. Last spring I made a visiting tour to their eight or nine agricultural colonies, scattered through the land, and was delighted at what I saw in many of them. Several of them are soundly prosperous in material things. They have taken hold, with brave hearts, of the task of making the land bloom again, and God is acknowledging and blessing their labor. It is a glorious time. The plans of God are hastening to an end. The outward signs keep pace with the work He is doing in the hearts of His children. The change will come suddenly, for that is what compels men to acknowledge that the hand at work is God's."

AN IDOL BEHEADED.

A TEST of an idol's power was recently applied by the consent of its worshippers. The Rev. Edward Greaves, who lately visited an idol temple about twelve miles from Mirzapore says: "The idol, an ugly image of the warrior-god Mahabir, had been brought from some old temple and built into the wall of a house, and was in a dilapidated condition—one hand had been broken off, nearly the whole of both legs was wanting, and the head also was missing. A head, however, had been manufactured of mud, with a couple of small shells for eyes, and there stood the stone and mud image. One would have laughed at its ridiculous appearance, were it not for the thought that men and women for whom Christ died, worshipped this miserable thing. I asked the people how they could think that a crippled, maimed stone could help them in their troubles. They acknowledged that it was somewhat battered about, but still maintained that, if they only had faith in it, it would help them. I suggested that they should break it down, but they said they could not do that. I asked them if they would let me do so, as I stood in no fear of it, but they did not like to have their god damaged. 'But,' said I, 'if it be a god, it will not let me injure it, and, seeing that it is the warrior-god, it will conquer me.' After a great deal of talk, they said, 'Well, sahib, we will not give you permission to do it exactly, because it is a god, and not in our power; but we will not prevent you doing what you like.' Enough; I took two good pokes at the head with my umbrella, and down came tumbling the mud; and poor old Mahabir, for the second time, found himself headless. The people did not take the demolition of their god much to heart, and were not cross with me at all for what I had done. I entreated them not to put another head on, but to turn with their whole hearts unto the one living and true God and Jesus our Saviour, and to serve Him."

A HIGHWAYMAN'S CONVERSION.

THE following is an extract from a letter recently received by the Rev. R. W. McAll, the founder of the famous Paris Missions: "Lately I was present (not for the first time) at your meeting, 37 Rue de Rivoli. The preacher explained the Word of God with such deep conviction that I was moved by it. He recounted several instances of Christian heroism. I listened with great attention. On leaving the room a lady (I would rather say an angel) who stood at the door put into my hand a little tract, named 'The Prisoner.' I took it and thrust it into my pocket, intending to cast it to the winds. A few days ago (having forgotten the book) I put my hand in my pocket without thought. The little book was there; it had followed me. So, to drown dull care, I read it. It was the story of a brigand—a history like my own, in fact. As I turned over its precious leaves, a crowd of thoughts, each darker than the other, flitted across my mind. I felt crushed beneath the weight of my sins, and said within myself, 'What can I do to enter the kingdom of Heaven, with such a burden of guilt and so many stains? Unless some one cleanses me from my sins, and removes my burden, I cannot be saved. Why attempt the impossible?' When I read that the prisoner spoken of fell on his knees to confess his sins and ask forgiveness in the name of Jesus crucified, I could not hold back my tears, as I perceived that a sinner like me could be saved in turning to the cross of Calvary. I pray God, through Jesus Christ, to give me grace, for I am resolved to walk in the narrow path which He marked out for us in dying on the cross. Pray for me, sir, that I may persevere in the faith of Christ; for I can do nothing of myself."

A COMMISSION IN A DREAM.

THE following incident, which occurred in the experience of an eminent Christian, is related in Dr. Gordon's *Watchword:* I will give an incident, in which I thought I saw a mark of divine interposition in some small degree. I owed a man a sum of money, which came due on a certain day specified, on which I was particularly anxious not to disappoint my friend. When the day arrived, notwithstanding all my care, I lacked twenty dollars to meet the amount I owed. This was rather strange to me, as I thought I had done my best. On the morning of that day I arose early and meditated on the matter. Some might think twenty dollars a small matter to meditate upon; but I wished to see where, if at all, I had erred. True, I had given away some money to the poor. I had not kept account how much. Had I displeased God in this? Or why was Providence seemingly suffering me to feel the regret of a broken promise made to my neighbor? I took no breakfast, but went from home fasting, to see what God was about to unfold to me. In a secluded place I bowed to God in mighty prayer. Before I rose from my knees, I was impressed with a strong assurance that the twenty dollars would be in my possession by the hour I needed it. I had not gone far before I was accosted by a man—a good Methodist—with these words: "My brother, just stop; I have something for you. I had a dream last night. In it I was told to let you have twenty dollars, the extra profits of my business last week." Saying which, he took from his pocket-book four five-dollar notes and laid them down before me on a full sack that stood on the sidewalk. I took the money and paid my debt, with an increased confidence in the Providence of God, not regretting that I had given a few shillings to the poor.

THE REVIVAL ON THE CONGO.

IN the last letter sent from the Congo by Mr. Stephen J. White, who has, since writing it, gone to his reward, are the following remarks which show that God graciously permitted him to see the fruit of his labors before he died: "During the last month nearly 700 people have been blessedly converted to God, and one who saw these people five years ago, as I did, and sees them now, can see the great change, and cannot but praise God for his wonderful grace, which has brought them salvation. Their faces tell the story, and their lives confirm their profession. This evening two of the converts returned from a preaching tour, and they have visited several villages. They report five conversions. They met with a good deal of opposition, and some of the people threatened to shoot them, but they replied that they were not afraid of death now, for it was not death to them, but only going to be with Jesus. One man got up and defended them, and said he would kill anyone who killed them. From this same town a man and his family have been driven away, because he tried to teach his fellow-townsmen what he himself has learned. He is rejoicing in his new-found love. I wish those who take an interest in the work out here could just peep in at the morning and evening services, and see with what vigor the people sing the hymns of praise, the eagerness with which they drink in the Word, and the simple, child-like faith they show in their prayers. They would pray and give more liberally to forward the glorious work of 'Congo for Christ.'"

A NIGHT IN A SHEIKH'S HOME.

TWO tired missionaries asked hospitality a short time ago of a sheikh in a village in Syria. The sheikh received them cordially, and *promised to make them comfortable.* Dr. Ira Harris, one of the two missionaries, sends to the *Church* the following description of how the night was spent:

"Soon our baggage was unloaded and taken into the house. When we entered we were almost blinded by the smoke from a large fire burning in the middle of the room, such a room as probably you never saw used as a dwelling-place for human beings—thirty feet by twenty, and ten feet high. On the right side of the door there was a raised room, eight feet square, elevated on sticks driven in the floor, which was mother-earth. The sides of this room were covered with reeds and dry twigs. This is the sleeping-room of the young sheikh, his wife and two little ones. Back of this is the stable for cows, goats and sheep. The remaining half of the large room is raised about three feet, so that the animals cannot intrude. At the end is a large platform of small logs, about ten feet square, with a two-foot railing around the edge to keep the children from falling out, and a resting-place for the arms of the women folk. This is used at night as *a common bedroom for the old sheikh, his two wives, three little boys, and a daughter about seventeen years old.* Along the front wall were a number of small bins for stores.

"We were invited to take a seat near the fire, which we did with pleasure. Our wet clothes were removed, and, held by various members of the family, were soon steaming by the fire. When the time came for us to retire, the cows, the goats with their kids, sheep and lambs and my

horse were brought into the room. The young man and his family retired to their room, our beds were put up, our three men lying on the floor by the fire. The old man and his family went to rest on the platform, making in all seventeen persons, besides the animals, sleeping in this small room, with no window, the only ventilation being from the cracks in the rickety door. The room filled with smoke so dense near the ceiling that one could not stand up without suffering. Gladly we greeted the morning, having passed a most wretched night. This is about the worst experience I have had since I came to Syria."

A JEWISH CONVERT'S TESTIMONY.

ON Sunday, June 12, the Rev. Jacob Freshman, whose work among the Jews of New York is being much blessed, baptized an intelligent young man, the son of a well-known Rabbi. The young convert, in relating his experience, said: "Some five years since I attended a prayer-meeting in Mr. Freshman's house. Here I was urged to become a Christian. I also went to the Saturday afternoon meeting in Allen Street, and a Jew who saw me there told me if I came again he would beat me. I attended the Sunday-school and received a Bible, which I soon lost. Still, what I heard led me to think whether I had the right religion. So I went to Mrs. Freshman, and she gave me a Bible. I read it, with prayer to God to teach me the truth, and He has brought me to trust in Christ as my personal Saviour."

There was a large congregation present, and at the close of the service several Israelites requested Mr. Freshman to give them copies of the New Testament in Hebrew. The same request is frequently made by Jews, and they read the book carefully, and generally with the best results. Mr. Freshman would like to distribute these Hebrew New Testaments in greater number, but his means are limited. Any persons willing to help him in the good work, can *send contributions to Rev. Jacob Freshman, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.*

THE FLAG HOISTED IN A HUT.

A CLERGYMAN of Lancashire, England, speaking to young men on the duty of testifying for Christ, said: "In Lancashire we had a lad who worked in a factory; he was what we call a 'stripper;' and there were odd half-hours in the day when the lads had nothing to do. They had a hut, and made the most of their leisure by holding meetings in it, and having what they called a 'jolly time.' They were all worldly men. They had amateur concerts, and so on, and there was often a contest to see who could say the wickedest thing. But this lad I speak of got converted to Christ. The time came for him to go with the rest into the hut, and the question was how he was to declare what the Lord had done for him. He did not see the chance just then. He made up his mind to show that he was on the Lord's side, if he could. The chairman for the day said, 'Dick, thou'll sing us a song.' 'Well,' said Dick, 'if I am to give thee a song, I suppose I may sing what I like,' and away went the flag up, and he sang, 'Crown Him Lord of all!' The company were all taken by surprise. They thought there would be a verse, and then a blasphemous chorus. Nothing of the kind. 'Well,' said the chairman, 'Dick, thou may'st as well pray.' Nothing loth, Dick replied, 'Very well; let us kneel down.' And he prayed fervently. And that day began a good work in the old mill, which is going on yet."

PRAYER IN A KRAAL.

AN incident described in a letter from Mr. Elbert Clarke, of Ixopo, Rock Fountain, Natal, well illustrates the character of the work in that region: "During the journey of about one hundred and fifty miles up the Kahlamba Mountains, I stayed at the kraal of a chief, where I had been before. After we had cooked some food, and were sitting on the ground round the fire, the chief sent to ask for a little word of prayer before they went to sleep. Of course, I was delighted, and went at once to the chief's hut, where I found every man, woman and child of the kraal assembled to hear the Word. There were about sixty in all; the Holy Ghost was working in many of their hearts, and a most blessed sense of God's presence was felt. In the morning, just as the day was breaking, I was waked up by a woman praying on the other side of the hut; while listening to her I could hear in the hut to the left of me another woman praying, and in a hut to the right of me the chief himself was engaged in the same way. He plainly said, before his wives and children, that he intended from this time to serve God, and that it was his wish that they should do so too."

THE REMOVAL OF THE VAIL.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

Gloom in the Valley—Light on the Mountain Crest—The Mount of Feasting—Difference of Interpretation—The Feast on Mount Zion—The People to be Feasted—The Vail to be Removed—Already Lifted but not Removed—To be Swallowed Up—The Intellect Cleared—A Revelation to Israel—Eden and Gethsemane.

WHEN the Swiss herdsman, at the approach of day, looks at the top of the Alpine mountains, he sees the first rosy beams of a joyous sun leaping around and enlightening their snowy crests; in the valley around him all is gloom and darkness; but his soul is rejoiced, because the harbinger of another day has come. This Swiss scene pictures out our present hopeful condition—gloom and darkness may yet surround us, and objects may be yet obscure, "the daybreak of the East" is coming, the first beams of the Sun of Righteousness are seen, and the day is at hand "when the covering which is cast over all the people shall be removed, and the vail shall be taken away, which is spread over all nations." Isa. 25:6, 7.

Different Expositions.

We are aware that the words of the prophet Isaiah in those verses are taken in different ways. We have heard them called *The Mount of Ordinances*, and have seen them applied to *the holy communion services*, and explained them as a prophecy spoken and belonging to the Christian Church of this present dispensation, *meaning a sacramental feast* of fat things prepared for the believers—a feast in which death is swallowed up in victory.

Others have taken a wider view, stating that in those texts is spoken *of the whole Christian Church* in this present dispensation, which was commenced with the Ascension of Christ on *Mount Olivet*, and with *the Feast of Pentecost*. Acts 2:1, showing that this Dispensation is called "*a feast*," Matt. 22:2; Luke 14:16, 17; and, of course, they allege that all the particulars mentioned in Isa. 25:6, 7, 8, must be spiritualized; and, by way of allegory, must mean the great privileges enjoyed by true believers in Christ.

At the first sight, those expositions seem to be the true meaning, and have a great weight in the mind of many believers—being held by many able expositors of the Bible; yet, if we accept those ideas, we have entered into a labyrinth from which no skillful guide ever can find his way, or is able to bring the weary traveler to the entrance. Therefore, we differ from their opinions, advocating *the literal* meaning of the Word of God.

The Feast on Mount Zion.

Every careful reader of the twenty-fifth chapter of Isaiah must observe its connection with Isaiah 24:18–22, in which a catastrophe is spoken of, which will happen in the latter days: "When kings and high-ones shall be visited with fearful judgments." The same event is mentioned in Rev. 6:15, 16, after the opening of the sixth seal, with Isa. 24:23, in which is said at that time, "When the Lord of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and that there shall be glory before his ancients" (margin,) and also with Isa. 26:1–4, where it is said, that "In that day a glorious anthem will be sung in Jerusalem." Yea, with Isa. 26:19, where the resurrection of the dead is spoken of, and this connection with Isa. 25:6, 7, 8, standing in the midst of those three chapters, shows conclusively that "this mountain" is indeed the same spoken of in Isa. 2:3, and is located "in Jerusalem, the land of Judah."

It might be urged against this view that this glorious event spoken of by the prophet, is called "*a feast or banquet*," which shall be given unto "*all the peoples*." But examining this matter carefully, that objection must have *little* weight, if we consider the fact that the word rendered "a feast" in Hebrew is found in Gen. 13:3, where it is said, That Lot entertained the angel Jehovah in Sodom; and also in Gen. 21:8; 26:30, where it is mentioned, "That Abraham made a feast." In Job 1:5, mention is made "Of the days of feasting." We surmise the text has special reference to Esther 9:17, 19, 22, in which it is said that after the downfall of Haman, "The Jews had a day of feasting, gladness, yea, a good day."

No doubt, that day on Mount Zion will be a day of public acknowledgment of mercies received, an inauguration day of the new order of government, and a public manifestation of loyalty to King Jesus by Israel. We say especially by Israel—the Hebrew word means "*the peoples*," plural, and is commonly used to point out the people of Israel, and all the tribes. It is to be noticed how different the words of those three verses are; there is spoken: "For all the peoples," off all faces—the rebuke: "reproach" of *His* people, and then, over all the nations—the Hebrew word, speaking of the nations as a rule, is mostly used for *heathen nations*, a particularity worthy our observation, and leads us to the fact. That the feast will be given to Israel, restored in their own land, Canaan.

A Problem.

Another objection might be urged, namely, that the authorized version reads: "A feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things, full of marrow, of wines on the lees, well refined." This rendering of the text has often puzzled us, and we could not find a better explanation than to take them as words of comparison, as we find in the Song of Solomon, ch. 7:9, 8:2. The most faithful and original translation, expressing every word found in the Hebrew text, we read in Dr. Robert Young's Bible, "And made hath the Lord of Hosts for all the peoples in this mount, a banquet of fat things, a banquet of preserved things, fat things full of marrow, preserved things refined."

The Hebrew word "*shemarim*," plural, which is rendered in the authorized version, "of wines on the lees," is only found in the four following places: Isa. 25:6; Ps. 75:8; Zeph. 1:12; Jer. 48:11 (Frommins Concordance, 1691), and means "*rigid, kept, preserved*," and was applied by the ancients "to the dregs of liquor, and to the settlings and sediments of wine." So in Ps. 75:8, "But the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth wring out and drink." In Zeph. 1:12, is spoken of "hardened" persons denying God's providence, and in Jer. 48:11, it is applied: To the sinful, "easy condition of Moab."

The Vail.

Although in thirty-two places of the Old Testament mention is made of the vail, yet the word "massekah" is only found in Isa. 25:7, 28:20, 30:1—"a covering." Its original root-word is most beautiful, expressing "pouring out, entwined, surrounding with a hedge," and this gives a clear insight into the natural condition of mankind, as being surrounded by a darkness which has taken hold on their mind, and is, as it were, "poured out" in their hearts—a state beset with obstacles like a thorny hedge, obstructing their pathway and being entwined by many schemes, designs and evil devices, so that their intellectual powers are covered with a wrapping which is wrapped over all the people and nations. This covering, called a vail, shall be swallowed up when the Lord of Hosts shall take away from all the earth the reproach of His people Israel.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

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END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Proposal to Return to the Southern States the flags captured from the Confederate regiments in the war, caused general excitement last week throughout the North. He has now rescinded his order on the subject, subsequent reflection having convinced him that any action of the kind should originate with Congress. The flags, however, are to be inventoried, and classified, and properly stored, with a view to their careful preservation. The original order appears not to have been an idea of the President's, but of General Drum, who suggested it to the Secretary of War, and subsequently to the President himself. Without careful consideration, the President approved the project, but the emphatic protests which the publication of the idea evoked, led to a new consideration of the subject, with the result mentioned. It is sad that an officer so generally respected as Gen. Fairchild, should have been betrayed by his indignation into an exhibition of temper which was unjustifiable. He publicly invoked palsy on the hand and brain and tongue of the man responsible for the proposed return of the flags. The invocation was as unworthy of him as it was futile and needless. Now that it is proved that arguments without curses were sufficient to prevent the return of the flags, it may be hoped that the General will rehabilitate his character by expressing his regret.

The Collapse in the Corner on the Wheat market shook the markets of this country and Europe on June 14. It is many years since so gigantic a project was launched, maintained so obstinately and failed so utterly. The combination succeeded in locking up in Chicago millions of bushels of wheat which, in the ordinary course of trade would have been exported. The price rose, and if the schemers could have held their stock until it rose to the figure expected, and could then have sold, their profits would have been enormous. But the break came, and on the very first day half a million bushels were liberated. Little commiseration is felt for the sufferers. They alienated public sympathy because it was realized that they were intent on making a fortune for themselves, careless of the fact that their gain involved the increased cost of living to the general community and the risk of starvation to thousands. It is this selfish disregard of the public welfare that is embittering the poor against the rich.

The Office of Commissioner of Jurors is one deserving more attention from the public than it generally receives. Perhaps a description of the state of affairs existing in New York may arouse citizens of other cities to inquire whether the scandal of miscarriage of justice, so generally complained of, is due to carelessness in regard to the character of the man selected for this office. The question has been forced on public attention in New York by the fact that four weeks have been occupied in getting a jury to try Jacob Sharp, who is charged with conspiring to bribe the Aldermen of the city. *Eighteen hundred talesmen* were summoned before twelve suitable men were found. Among them were people who were deaf or over age; many who had actually served within three months, and whose names, in some unaccountable manner, had got back into the great wheel; many who were exempt by law, non-residents, poll clerks, militiamen, persons without the property qualification, people suffering from permanent ailments, occasionally the names of even deceased persons. Numbers could neither read, write nor speak English understandingly, and many of those who could were lacking in intelligence, and ignorant of the duties of a juror, Judge Barrett did not conceal his opinion of the cause of this waste of time. He said: "If the dregs of the Directory, supplemented with a limited percentage of good names, had been pitched haphazard into the jury box, we could not have had anything worse than at present exists. The box is an insult to this great city. It seems to preponderate with a representation of everything that is low, ignorant, vicious and unintelligent." Judge Beach also emphasized this opinion by saying that "it is an outrage on justice that a better class of jurors is not furnished." Wherever such a system prevails there need be no surprise if wealthy and influential criminals escape.

A Manly and Sensible Letter from General Sherman was published last week, in which he gives advice very much needed in these days, when strong political feeling is apt to make us forget the respect due to regularly constituted authority. President Cleveland's vetoes of pension bills have caused some indignation in many quarters, and there has been manifested a disposition to express it in the matter of the invitation to him to visit the encampment at St. Louis. Gen. Sherman, who will not be suspected of any lack of sympathy with veterans, vehemently protests in his letter against any such behavior. He says: "Mr. Cleveland, the President of the United States, by a fair election of all our people, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, is free to come and go wherever the jurisdiction of this our National Government extends. The idea of his being insulted, much less endangered, should he be on the stand when the Grand Army is passing in review, seems to me monstrous. Should Mr. Cleveland accept the invitation, which I hope he will, to attend the parade, I will stand by his side, or march past in the ranks of Ransom Post, as may be ordered by Gen. Fairchild." It is especially important, now that efforts are being made by socialists and anarchists to sow the seeds of lawlessness in the community, that Christian men, however strong may be their allegiance to the Republican party, should set the example of showing respect to the man who occupies the office of chief executive. The apostolic injunction as to this duty is emphatic (Rom. 13: 1–3).

Fresh Atrocities Perpetrated by the Escaped Apaches are reported. A despatch from Tucson, Arizona, states that they have attacked the ranch of the Inter-Ocean Cattle Company, and burned all the buildings. Thirty hostiles are believed to be in the band. The troops are in close pursuit. The Indians have also fired the mountains from the San Carlos Reservation and 80 miles south to the Mexican line. This is to prevent the use of heliograph signals. The Eskinzine Indians say the hostiles have got a captain who talks, writes and reads white man's talk, and who knows all about the white man's "big chief." It cannot yet be definitely learned if the Hampton Indian is the leader, but the manœuvres of the hostiles show much more than ordinary intelligence. The panic among the settlers has been in a measure allayed by the arrival of Gen. Miles, whose success in capturing Geronimo inspired confidence in his abilities.

The Abandonment of the Panama Canal enterprise was pronounced probable by M. Boulanger, a distinguished French engineer, who delivered a speech on the subject in New York, on June 15. He has just returned from the Isthmus, and spoke of the work with despair. He said: "We have funds enough on hand to continue the work about four months. After the money is exhausted, I think De Lesseps will be forced to abandon the enterprise for good, or for some years at least. The scarcity of money, impracticability of the present route, and unexpected obstacles are reasons sufficient. Not more than one-fifth of the work has been done, or about 30,000,000 cubic metres out of 140,000,000 cubic metres have been excavated. It has cost $200,000,000. Great difficulty has been experienced in getting laborers, owing to the unhealthy climate. I was four months getting six men. We have sent to Trinidad, Hong-Kong, and other remote places, with varied success. We got about 800 Chinese, and they brought their own cooks and physicians for sanitary reasons. Sixty per cent. of the common laborers die each year. *Eighty per cent. of the whites perish.* Last year our society sent seventy-two engineers, agents, clerks, &c., to Panama, and there are eleven of us left fit for work. Forty-five died and the remainder are as good as dead."

A Revolution in Hawaii is said to be in Progress. The New York *Herald* says that a missionary who left Honolulu on June 7, and arrived at San Francisco on Thursday last, states that affairs in Honolulu are in a state of chaos. He says that at the time he left it was in a seething condition, and while the king has not been deposed, he thinks it is liable to occur soon. Both the Chinese and the white population are arming themselves, and they demand a change of government. The royal palace is barricaded and preparations are made for its defense in case of an attack. Other persons of authority are of the opinion that a revolution will surely occur, and foreigners residing there have gone so far as to call on their home governments to send men-of-war for their protection. Various causes are assigned for the outbreak, the principal one being the extravagance of the king. It appears that the Chinese are leading in the outbreak—their hostility having arisen in disputes over the opium monopoly.

Reports that the Crown Prince of Germany was suffering from cancer of the throat, were current last week and caused general concern in Germany and throughout Europe. The Crown Prince is very popular, and the advanced age of his father, the Emperor, renders his accession to the throne in the near future, a probability in which the people rejoice, especially as his son, who would take his place if he died, is not noted for wisdom or discretion. The rumor that he was suffering from the incurable disease which killed Gen. Grant, has therefore startled the public. Up to the close of last week the suspense continued; it is hoped, however, that the affection of the prince's throat is not cancer. It appears that in January last he was troubled with hoarseness, and a morbid growth was discovered by his physician. This growth not yielding to treatment, specialists were called in, and eventually Dr. Mackenzie, a skilful professor of London was summoned. He performed an operation on May 20, in which a portion of the growth was removed. It was examined under the microscope, and medical opinion is divided as to the result. Some physicians believe it to be cancereous, while others think that it is a harmless tumor. Meanwhile the Prince has gone to England, to be under the charge of Dr. Mackenzie, who is reported to be hopeful of his recovery. The statesmen of Europe, who realize what might happen if the present Emperor of Germany should be succeeded by a hot-headed young soldier, await results with anxiety.

A Severe Earthquake with Serious Loss of Life is reported from Turkestan a region of central Asia on the border of China. A despatch from St. Petersburg dated June 10, says: Several shocks of earthquake have occurred at Vernome, in Turkestan. The town was almost entirely destroyed. One hundred and twenty persons were killed and 125 injured. Among the latter is Gen. Friede, the Governor of the province of Semiretchinsk. Shocks still continue to be felt at intervals. The inhabitants of the town are panic-stricken, and have fled to the open country.

A Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference, at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.

The Death of Dr. Stevens, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, on June 11, though not unexpected, is deeply deplored, not only in his own diocese but throughout the Church. Dr. Stevens was seventy-two years of age, having been born at Bath, Me., in 1815. He was consecrated Assistant Bishop to Bishop Alonzo Potter in 1862. Three years later Dr. Potter died, and Dr. Stevens succeeded him. In 1871 the diocese was divided, so as to comprise only Philadelphia and the four adjacent counties; but the change left the diocese still a large one, and the Bishop was too conscientious a worker to neglect any part of his duties. His frequent journeys, and the exposure some of them entailed, caused a failure of health, and Dr. Ozi W. Whitaker was appointed to assist him. He will now succeed to the Bishopric.

The Legislature of Rhode Island is Energetically wrestling with the problem of rendering Prohibition effective. The House on Thursday last passed a bill which it labored to make exhaustive. It provides that "No person shall manufacture or sell, or suffer to be manufactured or sold, by any person, or keep or suffer to be kept on his premises or possession, or under his charge, for the purpose of sale, any ale, wine, rum, or other strong or intoxicating liquors, or any mixed liquors, a part of which is ale, wine, rum, or other strong or intoxicating liquors." Two per cent. of alcohol in any liquor suffices to bring the liquor into the category of intoxicating drinks.

The Temperance Party in Michigan are not relaxing their efforts for the suppression of the liquor traffic; and the Legislature appears to have profited by the lesson taught by the casting at the recent election of 178,000 votes for absolute prohibition. On June 16 a local option bill for counties was finally passed by a vote of 27 to 7 in the Senate, and 67 to 11 in the House. It provides that whenever one-fifth of the voters at the last preceding election for Governor in any county shall petition for a special election to be held on this question of totally prohibiting the sale of liquor throughout that county, such election shall take place, nothing else being voted upon. An affirmative vote establishes prohibition in the county. Such an election once held, cannot be repeated until the expiration of three years, and the decision, whatever it is, will be binding for that time.

One of the most Remarkable Trials on Record was concluded on June 10, in the Court of Calhoun County, Michigan. Eleven years ago a man was charged with forgery and perjury. He was admitted to bail, and being a very wealthy man, was able to secure the services of astute counsel. His efforts were directed to the postponement of the trial. Every plea known to adepts in legal practice was used for the purpose. It was hoped that the judges would lose patience and discontinue the case, but they would not; they were, however, obliged to postpone it from term to term. Every term it was called, and on some plea or other, put forward by the accused, it was adjourned. When at last the pleas were exhausted and it seemed that the case must be tried, the accused man had a fit in court, and his convulsions were so frightful to witness that every one left the court-room, and the case was again adjourned. This was repeated several times, the man alleging that excitement produced the fits. Altogether the case was *adjourned forty-four times*, and last week it came on again. The prosecutor produced medical men, who testified that the horrible fits were simulated, and the judge arrived at the conclusion that they were a mere trick to evade a trial. The man had five fits, but the trial went on, and finally, after a delay of eleven years, he was convicted and sentenced to ten years in State's prison. The interval between the commission of the crime and the punishment is unprecedented, but the man has not escaped, as he hoped to have done. Some persons cling to the same futile hope about God's justice; but neither gifts to churches, nor reformation of life, nor even repentance will save the sinner from punishment, though it be long delayed. The only way of escape is the way God has provided through faith in Christ. (Eccles 3: 15).

A Riot at a Mineral Spring in Central Park, New York, is predicted by the policeman on duty there as an event sure to occur at no distant time. A visitor to the Park one morning at sunrise noticed a crowd of men and women surrounding the big mica rock from which the water trickles, and asked the policeman what was going on. "They are cranks," he said irreverently; "some medical ass recommended a patient to drink water from that spring just at sunrise, and he did so and got well. Now all the neighborhood comes here, and they all want to get the water exactly when the sun gets up. It takes two or three minutes to fill the glass, and they all struggle to be the lucky one. There'll be a fight and a regular riot some of these days over it." The policeman's prediction may come true, for it is quite natural that a sufferer who has no more sense than to believe in the virtue of drinking a particular kind of water at a particular time will make a struggle to be first, as was the case at the pool of Bethesda (John 5: 7). It is a pity that there is not the same anxiety manifested to get the water of life, which is free to all and its efficacy beyond question (Rev. 22: 17).

A Blind Beggar Received a Fortune on June 11, at Elmira, N. Y. The man, who has subsisted by begging for more than twenty years, was formerly a soldier in the Union Army, having enlisted during the first year of the war. He was then a robust, healthy man with good sight. One day while on picket duty he was struck completely blind. He tried to find his way back to camp, but was unable to do so, and wandered off, where he does not know. He was classed as a deserter, but escaped arrest. He went to Elmira, where his infirmity was established, and from that time he has roamed the streets of Elmira a beggar. He was led around by his son a few years, but during the past eighteen years his leader was a well trained shepherd dog. For several years his counsel has been urging his application for a pension, but found much difficulty, owing to the charge of desertion against him. Within the past few days the charge was removed, and on June 11, $13,322 back pay, and an order for $72 a month pension, the largest amount ever paid by the government, was received. It is well that the right has been done at last. If, as is stated, the man was injured in the service of his country and was also wrongly accused of the heinous offence of desertion, the large pension awarded is not too much by way of atonement. In the day of final award the world will be surprised at some of the honors conferred. Christ will see that those who have suffered in His service and who have been slandered and vilified do not miss their reward. (Mark 10: 30, 31).

The Gratification of a Bereaved Father, as described in the *Commercial Gazette*, of Pittsburg, Pa., exhibits a curious side of human nature. Some years ago a young man came to this country from Italy, and obtained employment at the Union Station, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Pittsburg. He was industrious and thrifty, and had the good sense to join the Pennsylvania Relief Association, which provides for support during incapacity by sickness or injury, and the payment of a sum of money to the member's heirs in case of his death. The young Italian was killed in an acccident a few months ago, and the association buried the body and forwarded to the man's father in Italy a cheque for $500. The old man was so overjoyed at securing so much money for the loss of a son that he immediately dispatched another son to this country, with instructions to get a job on the Pennnsylvania Railroad and become a member of the association. It may be supposed that the father will not be overwhelmed with grief if he receives news of that son's death too, if it is accompanied by another cheque for $500. He evidently was not aware until now what his sons were worth. We may despise him as an unnatural parent, but there are many parents among ourselves who do not scruple for the sake of gain to place their sons in positions where they are liable to lose their souls through evil associations (Ezekiel 23: 39).

A Problem was solved in a Dream recently, in Pennsylvania. A school-teacher writing to the *Christian Advocate*, states that he submitted an intricate mathematical problem to an acquaintance who was fond of such mental exercise. But the problem was so difficult that both he and the teacher decided that it could not be solved. The next day, however, to the astonishment of the teacher, his friend handed him a solution which was not only correct, but a marvel of arithmetical simplicity. On asking him how it had been achieved, his friend told him a remarkable story. He said that during the preceding night he dreamed that he was talking to an old man, long since dead, who taught the school to which he went as a boy, and that he submitted the problem to the old man, who at once took it in hand, solved it, and told him how it was done. When he awoke he remembered the dream, and wrote out the solution, which proved correct. Probably psychologists may be able to explain this phenomenon without admitting that the solution was supernaturally imparted, and their explanation may be true as to the mathematical problem, but when the Christian is perplexed by spiritual difficulties, and the seeming inconsistences of God's providence, light comes to him generally, not by his own mental effort, but as a revelation from heaven (Ps. 73: 16, 17).

BRIEF NOTES.

MR. BURDETTE, whose brilliant work on the *Hawkeye* has made him one of the most famous of American journalists, will have charge of the service of the Second Reformed Church, North River, among the Adirondacks, this summer. Last year he conducted the services with many tokens of the Divine blessing. It is stated, that out of the offerings he took one dollar as a memento and put the rest into the Church fund.

Mrs. N. F. Shipman is now conducting special services at Lawrence Mass., where the Primitive Methodist Conference has recently opened a Mission Hall. Her mission at Lowell was remarkably successful.

The project of a Cathedral in New York which was advocated by Bishop Potter, as mentioned in these columns recently, meets with popular approval. Half a million dollars have already been promised to the fund.

The New York Board of Excise has refused a firm a license to open a liquor saloon opposite the University Place Presbyterian Church. The wealthy and influential applicants had previously boasted, with some appearances of probability, that they would be successful.

In fifty counties of Iowa, where the saloons are banished, the jails have stood empty for a year. The Iowa *State Register* is our authority for the assertion.

Canon Wilberforce is reported as saying in Philadelphia that when a physician prescribed alcohol for him, he prescribed the door for the physician.

A church capable of holding one thousand persons has been built at Bergen, Norway. Its peculiarity is that no material has been used in it but papier maché.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills, the eminent Evangelist, who labored successfully in Brooklyn last season, is now conducting services at Exeter, N. H.

The annual statistics of the United Presbyterian Church show an increase during the past year in the membership of 3,915, and in income of over $10,000.

The next Convention of the International Young Men's Christian Associations will be held in Philadelphia.

An appropriate gift is projected by some veteran soldiers. Mrs. Hannah Shaw, whose labors in connection with the Christian Commission during the war will never be forgotten, is now the wife of Dr. Happer, missionary in China. It is proposed that the veterans subscribe for the endowment of a professorship in the college which Dr. Happer is about to establish there, the endowment to be a mark of recognition of the value of Mrs. Happer's services.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

THE WAY AND THE EXPECTED END.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."—Jeremiah xxix. 11.

A Message to the Exiles—Their Two Dangers—False Hope and Needless Despair—A Double Admonition—Needed by the Church Now—I. The Lord's Thoughts—The Exiles not Forgotten—Kindness done Thoughtfully—The Engine Understood by the Engineer—Definite Thoughts—Men who are Slow to make up their Mind—God's Thoughts Always of Peace—The Needful Discipline—II. The Proper Attitude of God's People—Submission—Hopefulness—Not Presumption.

THESE words were written by Jeremiah in a letter to the captives in Babylon. A considerable part of the people of Israel were carried away by Nebuchadnezzar into a far country. They were exhorted by the prophet to build houses, form families, and to abide peaceably there till the Lord should

Lead them back

at the end of seventy years. But at that time there was a general uneasy feeling among the Jews and other subjected nations, who did not rest quietly under the iron yoke of Babylon. They were plotting and planning continual rebellions, and certain false prophets in Babylon worked with them, stirring up the spirit of revolt among the exiles. Jeremiah, on the other hand, assured them that they had been sent of God into the land of the Chaldeans for good, bade them seek the peace of the city wherein they now dwelt, and promised them that in due time the Lord would again plant them in their own land. A people in such a position were in

Danger in two ways:

either to be buoyed up with false hopes, and so to fall into foolish expectations; or, to fall into despair, and have no hope at all, and so become a sullen and degraded race, who would be unfit for restoration, and unable to play the part which God ordained for them in the history of mankind. The prophet had the double duty of putting down their false hopes, and sustaining their right expectations. He, therefore, plainly warned them against expecting more than God had promised, and he aroused them to look for the fulfillment of what He had promised. Read the tenth verse, and note that pleasant expression, "and perform my good word unto you."

At the present time the Church has need of both admonitions. Expectations which are not warranted are being raised in many quarters, and are leading to serious delusions. We hear men crying, "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" This wonder and that marvel are cried up. It would seem that the age of miracles has returned to certain hot heads. Take ye no heed of all this. False prophets will be left in the lurch, but the word of the Lord will stand.

This morning my desire shall be to comfort any of God's people who are in a state of perplexity, and thus are carried away captive. I would assure them of the Lord's kindliness to them, and urge them to trust and not be afraid. God's thoughts towards them are good, though their trials may be grievous.

I. First, then, dear friends, consider

The Lord's thoughts

towards His people. It is noteworthy, first of all that He does think of them, and towards them. These people in captivity were likely to fear that their God had forgotten them: hence the Lord repeats His words in this place, and speaks of thoughts and thinking three times. His words are so repeated as to seem almost redundant, out of a desire to make His people feel absolutely sure that not only did He act towards them, but that He still thought towards them. To the banished this would be a grand consolation. The Lord thought of them when they walked the strange streets of "the golden city," and heard a language which they understood not. He thought of them when they were buffeted as aliens by those who marched in the proudest pomp, and danced in cruel derision to the sound of their viols. The Lord thought of His exiles when their sole solace was solitude by the brink of the Babylonian canals, where they remembered Zion.

All that the Lord was doing towards them was done thoughtfully. A person may happen to do you a good turn; but if you are sure that he did it by accident, or with no more thought than that wherewith a passing stranger throws a penny to a beggar, you are not impressed with gratitude. But when the action of your friend is the result of earnest deliberation, and you see that he acts in the tenderest regard to your welfare, you are far more thankful: traces of anxiety to do you good are very pleasant. Have I not heard persons say, "It was so kind and so thoughtful of him!" Do you not notice that men value kindly thought, and set great store by tender consideration! Remember, then, that there is

Never a Thoughtless Action

on the part of God. His mind goes with His hand: His heart is in His acts. Never has anything happened to you as the result of a remorseless fate; but all your circumstances have been ordered in wisdom by a living, thoughtful, loving Lord. Brethren, if I said no more you might go on your way rejoicing. Remember that the infinite God has thoughts of peace towards you, and your own thoughts will be thoughts of peace all the day.

To go a step further, let us next note that the thoughts of God are only perfectly known to Himself. It would be a mere truism for God to say, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you." Even a man usually knows his own thoughts; but the meaning is this: when *you* do not know the thoughts that I have towards you, yet *I* know them. Brethren, when we cannot know the thoughts of the Lord because they are too high for our conception, or too deep for our understanding, yet the Lord knows them. Our heavenly Father knows what He is doing: when His ways towards us appear to be involved and complicated, and we cannot disentangle the threads of the skein, yet the Lord sees all things clearly, and knows the thoughts that He thinks towards us. He

Never Misses His Way.

Despite our ignorance, nothing can go wrong while the Lord in infinite knowledge ruleth over all. The child playing on the deck does not understand the tremendous engine whose beat is the throbbing heart of the stately Atlantic liner, and yet all is safe; for the engineer, the captain and the pilot are in their places, and well know what is being done. Let not the child trouble itself about things too great for it.

> "His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
> His wounds a cure intend;
> And though he does not always smile,
> He loves unto the end."

Let us go a step further still: the Lord would have us know that His thoughts toward us are settled and definite. This is

Part of the Intent

of the words, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord." Sometimes a man may hardly know his own thoughts, because he has scarcely made up his mind. There are several subjects now upon the public mind, concerning which it is wise to say little or nothing, because it is not easy to decide about them. Upon a certain matter, one asks you this question, and another asks you another question; and it is possible that you have so carefully weighed and measured the arguments both *pro* and *con* that you cannot come to a conclusion either way. Your thoughts differ from day to day, and therefore you do not yet know them. You need not be ashamed of this; it shows that you have a just sense of your own imperfect knowledge. *A fool soon makes up his mind, because there is so very little of it;* but a wise man waits and considers. The case is far otherwise with the only wise God. Your way may be closed, but His way is open. God knows all when you know nothing at all.

Now we have advanced some distance into the meaning of our text, and we are prepared to go a step further, namely, that God's thoughts toward his people are

Always Thoughts of Peace.

Note well the negative, which is expressly inserted. It is very sweet to my own heart. It might have appeared enough to say, "My thoughts are thoughts of peace." Yes, it would be quite sufficient when all things are bright with us: but those words, "and not of evil," are admirably adapted to keep off the goblins of the night, the vampires of suspicion which fly in the darkness. When under affliction we are sorely depressed, and when conscience perceives that there are reasons why the Lord should contend with us, then the enemy whispers, "The Lord has evil thoughts toward you, and will cast you off forever." No, beloved, his thoughts are *not of evil.* Though the Lord hates thy sin, He does not hate thee.

The hardest blow that He ever laid upon His child was inflicted by the hand of love. Thou mayest rise from thy bed in the morning to be chastised, and ere thou dost fall asleep in the night thou mayest smart under the rod, and yet be none the less, but all the more, the favorite of heaven; therefore, beloved, lay hold upon the negative, "not of evil." There shall not a hair of your head perish, but yet

That Head May Ache

with weariness. It is for good, and only for good, that God thinks of us and deals with us. Oh, that we could settle this in our hearts, and have done with dark forebodings! Though thy way may now lie through dark ravines where the crags rise so steep above thee as to shut out the light of day, yet press thou onward, for the way is safe. Follow the Lord, for where the road is rough, thou wilt be less likely to slip than in more smooth and slippery places. If the way be steep, thou wilt the sooner ascend on high; or if thy way inclines downward, thou wilt the sooner feel the needful humiliation, and the more readily cease from thyself, and cast thyself upon thy Lord.

No, His thoughts are "not of evil." The next time the devil comes to you with a dark insinuation, tell him that the Lord's thoughts are "not of evil." Drive him away with that. When he hisses his foul suggestions, say "Not of evil." God cannot have an evil thought toward his own elect. He that gave His own Son to die for us cannot think anything but good towards us.

Once more, and then we shall have fully compassed this text. The Lord's thoughts are all working towards "an expected end," or, as the Revised Version has it,

"To Give You Hope

in your latter end." Some read it "a future and a hope." The renderings are instructive. God is working with a motive. All things are working together for one object: the good of those who love God. Let us comfort ourselves with this. God meant in Babylon to prepare a people that should know him, of whom He could say, "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." At the end of seventy years, he would bring these people back to Jerusalem like a new race, who, whatever their faults might be, would never again fall into idolatry. He knew what He was driving at in their captivity; and in our case the Lord is equally clear as to his purpose. We do not ourselves know, for "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." O brethren, we should not know ourselves if we could see ourselves as we are to be when the Lord's purpose is accomplished upon us! We know that we shall be like Him when we shall see Him as He is; but what is He like "as He is"? God is working, working, working always to that end, and so all His thoughts tend towards this expected end.

I am probably addressing many a child of God who is vexed in daily conflict with his inward corruption. Alas! we find the old man yet alive within us. The old nature in the Christian is no better than the old man in the sinner; it is the same carnal mind which is enmity against God, and is not reconciled,

neither indeed can be. The new nature has a hard struggle to hold its own against this embodied death. We are, as it were, chained to a rotting carcase, and we cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" Now, do not despair because of this experience. It is better to mourn over imperfection than to be puffed up with the idle notion that there is no sin in you to be watched and conquered. You will come to true holiness by this painful process, and so shall you glorify God.

II. In the second part of my discourse I would ask you to consider

The Proper Attitude of God's People

towards their Lord. You will all agree with me when I say that our attitude should be that of submission. If God, in all that He does towards us, is acting with an object, and that object a loving one, then let Him do what seemeth Him good. Henceforth let us have no quarrel with the God of Providence; but let us say, "Thy will be done." Who would not yield to that which works his health, his wealth, his boundless happiness? "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Next, let our position be one of great hopefulness, seeing the end of God, in all He does, is to give us "a future and a hope." We are not driven into growing darkness, but led into increasing light. There is always something to be hoped for in the Christian's life. Let us not look towards the future nor regard the present with any kind of dread. There is nothing for us to dread. The death of Christ is the death of evil to the child of God. Let us trust, and not be afraid. Let us not be content with sullenly making up our minds to storical endurance. We must not only bear the will of the Lord, but rejoice in it. It is a blessed thing when we come to rejoice in tribulations, and to glory in infirmities. It is fine music when we can sing, "Sweet affliction."

"Hard work," says one. Yes, but it is worth the pains; for it

Secures Perfect Peace.

If thy will is brought to thy circumstances; and better still, thy will is brought to delight in God's will, then the fangs of the serpent are extracted. The sorrow is sucked out of the sorrow by the lips of acquiescence. When thou canst say, "Not my will, but thine be done," thou shalt have thy will. There is always something "better on before" for those who believe in Jesus. Be you sure of that.

Our relation to God should, next, be one of continual expectancy, especially expectancy of the fulfilment of his promises. Brethren, do not heap up to yourselves sorrow, as some do in these days, by expecting that which the Lord has not promised. I earnestly warn you against those who have been led by a fevered imagination to expect, first, perfection in the flesh, and then perfection of the flesh, and then an actual immortality for the flesh. God will fulfil His promise, but He will not fulfil

Your Misreading

of it. I should not wonder if there should arise a race of people who will believe that they can live without eating, because it is said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live." *If healed without medicine, why not fed without food?* What absolute need of any visible means when God can work without them? Those who think it needful to lay aside all outward means in order to a true faith in God, are on the way to any absurdity. Truly, if God had bidden me live without eating, I would fast at His command, and expect to live; but as He has not done so, I shall not presume. Faith that is not warranted by the word of God is not faith, but folly. The Lord will perform His own word, but He will not perform the delirious declarations of madmen.

Again, beloved, our position towards God should be one of happy hope as to blessed ends being answered even now. In the twenty-fourth chapter we observe one of the ends of the Lord's sending His people into exile. I noticed in the fifth verse that the Lord said, "So will I acknowledge them that are carried away captive of Judah." Their sorrow would bring about the Lord's acknowledgment of them. Thus do we, brethren, bear in our body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Affliction is the seal of the Lord's election. I remember

A Story of Mr. Mack,

who was a Baptist minister in Northamptonshire. In his youth he was a soldier, and calling on Robert Hall, when his regiment marched through Leicester, that great man became interested in him, and procured his release from the ranks. When he went to preach in Glasgow, he sought out his aged mother, whom he had not seen for many years. He knew his mother the moment he saw her; but the old lady did not recognize her son. It so happened that when he was a child, his mother had accidentally wounded his wrist with a knife. To comfort him she cried, "Never mind, my bonnie bairn, your mither will ken you by that when ye are a man." When Mack's mother would not believe that a grave, fine-looking minister could be her own child, he turned up his sleeve and cried, "Mither, mither, dinna ye ken *that?*" In a moment they were in each other's arms. Ah, brethren! the Lord knows the spot of his childre1. He acknowledges them by the mark of correction. What God is doing to us in the way of trouble and trial is but his acknowledgment of us as true heirs, and the marks of his rod shall be our proof that we are true sons. He knows the wounds he made when he was exercising

His Sacred Surgery

upon us. By this also shall you yourself be made to know that verily you are a piece of gold, or else you would not have been put into the furnace. This will be one "expected end" of the Lord towards us; let us rejoice in it.

But to close. We have kept the best wine until now. The thoughts of God toward us are that he will give us "an expected end." *An end:* there is good cheer in that. We do not wish to remain here forever. We would be diligent in running the race, but we long for the end of it. I should be satisfied to preach here throughout all eternity if I might always bring glory to God; but yet I am glad that there is to be an end of preaching, and a season of pure praise. You, my brethren, love the Lord's work; but still you look forward to the time when you shall take your wage, and have done. It is a comfort that there is an end.

Christ's Coming.

Blessed be God, it is an expected end. You ungodly people can only look forward to a dreaded end; an end of your foolish mirth, an end of your carelessness, an end of your boasting. You fear your end. But God will give his people an *expected* end. Suppose that end should be the coming of Christ! Oh, how we long for it! Oh that the Bridegroom would now appear! Oh that he would descend from heaven with a shout, and gather his chosen from the four winds of heaven! "Even so, come quickly!" That is our *expected end.* If our Lord does not come, and we must be taken home by death, we feel no alarm in looking forward to that expected end. One by one our dear friends go home from this church. It makes me feel happy to see how the brethren and sisters die; they pass away as if they were going to a wedding rather than to a tomb—as if it were the most joyful thing that ever happened to them to have reached their expected end. Doubts are all driven away when you see how believers die. Grace is given them, so that they surmount the weakness of the hour. When the believer comes to die, it will not be to an end which he feared, but to an end which he expected.

Brethren, when death is past, then comes that expected end which shall never end. What will the first five minutes in heaven be? There is a larger question; what will thousands of years in heaven be? What will myriads of ages be? My disembodied spirit will at the first be perfectly happy in the embraces of my Lord; but in due time the resurrection day will dawn, that this body may rise again in full glory. Then there will be a re-marriage of soul and body, and we shall be perfected, even as our risen Lord. Oh, the glory of that expected end!

Ending this discourse, I would ask you to plight your troth that you will meet me where glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land. We shall soon be with the angels. The Lord is thinking of us, and he is expecting us home. Our Lord Jesus is waiting for his wedding-day, which is his expected end. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.*

WE are told (Gen. 9:19.), "These are the three sons of Noah, and of them was the whole earth overspread." Now, you know there has been a great deal of opposition to the doctrine of the Bible; that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth;" but the old difficulties that were raised in connection with this subject are rapidly disappearing, and confirmations of the Bible doctrine are coming to the front; for example, there was much made, not long ago, of the great physical differences between the races of man—between the negro and the white man, between the Hottentot and the Anglo-Saxon. We do not hear much about this now. As long as it suited Infidelity to make a great deal of these differences, they were constantly held up as an objection to the Bible; now Infidelity has shifted its position, and those who are opposed to the Bible, instead of wishing to exaggerate these differences, want to reduce them as much as possible. Instead of making a great deal of difference between the white man and the negro, as they used to do, they want to make almost nothing of the difference between man and the beasts. They want to bridge all these chasms, and show not only how the different races of men, but how all the different species of animals, have come from the same parentage. Thus unbelief is constantly shifting its base; it is only the word of the Lord that endureth forever.

Then again, there are the differences in language. Before the study of comparative philology arose, the languages of men were thought to be so radically different that it was impossible to get any explanation of the variation that would be consistent with the unity of mankind. But in the beginning of this century, the researches of Sir William Jones, in the Sanscrit, followed by those of Schlegel and Bopp in other languages, opened up the way for a solution of the difficulty. In 1833, Bopp's "Comparative Grammar" was published, setting forth the then wonderful fact that the Sanscrit, the Zend, the Greek and Latin, the Lithuanian, Old Slavonian, Gothic and German languages were all derived from the same stem. About the same time Prichard published his work on "The Eastern origin of the Celtic Nations;" and the Indo-European or Aryan group of languages was complete, extending all the way from India on the East to Ireland on the West, all coming from the same stem. Then, as the study of comparative philology progressed, it was discovered that the Semitic languages, which seemed to be so vastly different from all the Aryan group, had close relations with them. The two great departures of the Semitic, on the one hand, and the Aryan on the other, come together, when you trace them back far enough. Still more recent investigations in the Turanian languages, which seemed, at first, to be so utterly diverse

* From "The Ages Before Moses," a Series of Lectures on The Book of Genesis, by Rev. John Monro Gibson, D. D, of Chicago. A timely book, which ought to be read by every young man whose faith in the Bible has been unsettled by the quibbles of scientists. Pp. 258; price 75 cents. Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.*, 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

The Marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on February 10, 1840.

from all the rest, have shown their affiliation also with the others.

The ethnologist Latham, than whom none is more impartial as an investigator, and who betrays no leaning toward the Bible, in his book on "Man and his Migrations," based especially on linguistic considerations, traces back all the races of men to one origin. He works geographically from the extremities to the centre, and is constrained, by following the affinities of languages, to follow the races of men back to the same region of the world where the old Bible puts man in the beginning, and even Haecel, than whom none is more bitterly opposed to the Bible and all Christian ideas, is constrained to take substantially the same position. But when he finds his investigations pointing exactly in the same direction as the Bible does, viz., to the neighborhood of the Euphrates Valley, what does he do? He will not carry his lines there. He traces them a little further south and runs them into the ocean, and then says, "We must suppose there was a continent here!" There is not one particle of evidence to show that there was ever a continent there; but he tells us we must suppose a continent there, now sunk into the ocean, on which continent, if you could get down to it, you would find the remains of the ape-like men, and the man-like apes, which form the missing link.

NEW LIFE FROM AN OLD TREE.

A REMARKABLE natural curiosity is described in a Southern journal. It states that near Columbus, Ga., there is a china-tree that grew up to an unusual height. Several years ago the top was taken off, leaving the main trunk of the tree about twenty feet high. On the top it has become somewhat decayed, but is making up for lost life by *supporting a young forest*. There are several different varieties of shrubs growing on its top, among others an evergreen three or four feet in height, a blackberry bush, which has put on leaves and flowers, and a water-oak which is about two inches in circumference. It is said that the spectacle is a very remarkable one, and arboriculturists take great interest in it. The old tree is a type of many lives. When God has withdrawn one of His children from active service, he is frequently able to continue his usefulness in another way, by supporting others, lifting them nearer to Heaven and sustaining them with his own stalwart spiritual growth (2 Tim. 2: 10).

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

(See Illustration.)

WHEN the Queen ascended the throne of England there were many whose thoughts went back to the other time when in Elizabeth England had an unmarried queen, and every one saw that much of the success of her reign would depend on whether she married, and, if she did, the kind of man she would marry. In her earlier years there had already been many suitors for the hand of the Royal maiden. Her uncle, the King, favored the suit of Prince Alexander of the Netherlands; then Prince Adalbert of Prussia was named; Duke Ernest of Wurtemburg; and Prince George of Cambridge. It was certainly time that the destined Prince should appear; therefore the Duchess of Kent, in spite of obstacles raised by the King, invited her brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to pay her a visit with his two sons in the spring of 1836, and in the blossoming May the two who were to be united met for the first time. The father and his sons stayed for a month, and as the visit closed it was clear that an affection had sprung up between the young couple. About three years later—on November 23, 1839, the Queen announced to her council her approaching marriage to her cousin Prince Albert.

On February 10, 1840, the marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Queen's procession was in the words of a chronicler of the time "plain without pomp, and rich without a show." The Queen wore no jewels, save a necklace of brilliants. She and her bridesmaids were all clad alike, in dresses of rich white satin trimmed with orange flowers, and wore on their heads wreaths of the same blossoms: the only thing that distinguished the Royal bride was the Honiton lace which enveloped her dress, and the fact that she wore a veil, which, however, did not conceal her face, especially noticeable for its extreme paleness and traces of nervous effort. Next to the Queen walked the Mistress of the Robes, a lady of majestic beauty, while the procession of bridesmaids and ladies presented a fair array of loveliness.

All the ordinary formula of the liturgy was observed, no other title being given the bride and bridegroom beyond that of Victoria and Albert. When the Queen was asked, "Wilt thou obey him and serve him," etc., she replied in accents which, though soft and musical, were distinctly heard through the Chapel. The Duke of Sussex gave away the bride; and exactly at a quarter to one the guns in the Park announced the putting on of the ring. So commenced the happy married life which continued for twenty-one years.

SLAVE YOKES IN AFRICA.

THE invitation of Christ to all who "labor and are heavy-laden," "Take my yoke upon you . . . . for my yoke is easy and my burden is light" (Matt. 11: 29), has not the force of application with us that it has, by painful contrast, to travelers in Africa, who see yokes that are far from easy. In a recently published work entitled, "The Far Interior," Mr. Montagu Kerr describes what he saw in the Zambesi district when he was there, little over a year ago, and personally witnessed the cruelties inflicted on the poor creatures torn from their homes and driven across the country to be sold to the slave dealers. He says:

"Every village shows the familiar sight of the slave in the yoke. After purchase the poor things are taken to the headquarters of the East Coast traders, some of whom are constantly in

this district. At the agents' the yoke is made secure, and it is not exaggeration to say that it is often allowed to remain upon a slave for nine months or a year, night and day, without being once taken off. Constant rubbing by the yoke upon the neck chafes the skin, and gradually ugly wounds begin to fester under the burning sunshine. Slaves, however, are to some extent looked after with a view to prevent serious bodily injury, the appearance of which would certainly depreciate their marketable value. Until all is ready for a start, the miserable slave sits waiting with all the compulsory and hopeless patience of bondage. Day after day he sees the sun rise and set. The dreary days pass by and are numbered into weeks and months, and still the victim is bound by the yoke about his neck.

"The yoke is a young tree fixed to their necks, the weight of the implement depending upon the disposition of the slave; for, should he be fractious, he will be tamed by the employment of the heaviest yoke. Those I saw were very heavy. This appliance of torture is made from the forked branches of a tree, about five or six feet long—some are much larger—and from three to four inches in diameter at the thickest part. Through each prong of the fork a hole is bored for the reception of an iron pin. This ready, a soft fibrous bark is wrapped round until the whole forms a thick collar of bark, making a sort of pad much rougher than a horse's collar. The forked branches vary in thickness, to suit docile or fractious subjects.

"Mrs. Hore, the brave wife of a missionary in Central Africa, traveling through a district far to the north of that visited by Mr. Kerr, was shocked, as he was, at passing through the grim relics of slave caravans. 'Every now and then I saw curious dark objects lying on or beside the path, and shortly afterwards became aware that they were the dead bodies of helpless laggards.'"

Queen Victoria, Her Daughter, Grand-Daughter, and Great-Grand-Daughrer.

HOW A FINE WAS COLLECTED.

A CURIOUS incident in a Texas Law Court is thus described in a local journal: "It was in Crosby County, and a prisoner was convicted of shooting a bull that did not belong to him, and was fined $75. 'Why, jedge,' said the doomed man, 'I heven't got no $75; I can't pay no sich fine.' His honor replied, 'The State of Texas puts me in this office to find out a way to make men pay their fines. You will cut cedar poles until you have cut enough to satisfy the majesty of the law.' 'But, jedge, what use has the State of Texas got for cedar poles.' Said the justice: 'The State of Texas hasn't got no use for cedar poles. It's this court who needs them cedar poles to build a fence. I'll take the poles and settle with the State of Texas for them.' And the prisoner forthwith commenced his work." He probably supposed that as he was too poor to pay a heavy fine, and his imprisonment would entail the expense of his board on the State, he might escape altogether. The discovery that another alternative existed, which solved both difficulties, must have been a disagreeable surprise to him. It may be that a similar surprise awaits the men of liberal ideas who now expect to escape eternal punishment on the ground that such punishment is inconsistent with the character of a loving God. Like the reasoning of the Texas culprit, their logic will fail as a defense in the day of trial (Thess. I : 8).

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 335.*)

Ethel's Companion.

IN two households of Thorpe Aspen there was exceeding gratitude and joy. That wondrous outcome of civilization, the mail, which distributes so much of daily joy and sorrow over the wide area subject to its influence, had both at Aspen Towers and Aspen Garth brought brightness to the hearth so long shrouded in unlimited gloom. Ethel Spofforth's ready and triumphant pen had informed her father that Harold, the waif and wanderer, was clothed and in his right mind; was with her in London; and that he was about to return with her to his long neglected sire and his long forgotten home.

Sir Godwin, thanks to Clara Atheling's diligent and tender care, and in the new peace and strength that had come into his soul, was still cheerfully and hopefully bearing the absence of his darling Ethel: but this letter, with its pleasant news of Harold, almost rejuvenated him, so great was his delight. He found plenty of employment for Clara and for everybody else at the Towers in getting things arranged and making special preparations for a hearty welcome on the happy day when his son and daughter should again dwell in peace beneath his roof.

At Aspen Garth matters had not yet reached so definite a phase of expectation and preparation. Still the Widow Atheling's ageing features wore a new glow, and were oft irradiated by the pleasant smiles which used to be there so constantly, but which, since the absence of her youngest born, had only come, like angels' visits, few and far between.

It is a sad thing to drive the smile from a mother's face and the brightness from the home. Whatever Alfred might be during the remainder of his life, that time of anguish would be a burden on his conscience. He often thought of the old home and his mother's face as he had seen them during those stolen night visits, and contrasted the sorrowful look on the widow's features and the increased whiteness of her hair with both as he had known them in his early years, and reflected that his evil deeds had much to do with the sad change. The home was the same, however, and to that his thoughts constantly turned like the needle to the pole.

East or west, home is best, says the racy, rhyming old Saxon saw. "The reek of my ain hame is better than the fire of another's," tells us how the Scotchman values his ingle-nook; and the Spaniard cries with true feeling, "Home! my own home! Tiny though thou be, to me thou seem'st an abbey." Washington Irving somewhere remarks, "It was the policy of the good old couple to make their children feel that home was the happiest place on earth, and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts that a parent can bestow." That was what had made Alfred Atheling's home so dear to him now, and that is what parents everywhere, who are wise and good, will endeavor to make of theirs.

There is an epitaph in a certain churchyard which runs thus: "She Always Made Home Happy." No mother need wish a fairer record. That answer was beautiful and true which was given by the little child when she was asked, Where is your *home? Where my mother is.* In the old feudal days of castles, moats, barons and armed retainers, a belief in magic was part and parcel of the mediæval state of things, and the magician's aid was oft invoked to keep the inmates of the castle safe. Never necromantic spell or wizard's wand of old could work the wonders which are wrought by the magic charms of a wise good wife and mother; and never subtler, stronger bonds were meshed by kindly fairy than the web woven round a household by a mother's love.

That influence increased with Alfred day by day, and who can tell but some subtle power which science has not yet discovered, may have communicated to the widow's heart the knowledge that her darling boy was thinking of her and longing to be with her again. However that may have been, she certainly grew more cheerful and hopeful, as Edgar and Clara rejoiced to see.

The little household knew now that Alfred's character, so far as the eyes of men were concerned, was cleared of its most shameful stain;

they knew, moreover, that though his whereabouts was unknown, he was still in the flesh; that his life and conduct, as judged from the writings of "Ralph Ravensworth," were all that could be desired; and they had good reason for believing that by-and-bye, when Robert was able to travel northward, he would be able to crown their hope with full fruition by bringing the wanderer home again.

The sympathetic villagers of Thorpe Aspen, who had heard the good news, seemed to entertain a common feeling of pleasant anticipation.

Tim Crouch, who felt as though he had a hand in it, and who longed for the return of Jacob Benson, that he might tell him how faithful he had been to his trust, hammered away at his lapstone, sang a jovial song, and, much to the laborious Sallie's satisfaction, kept away alike from the "Chequers" and the "King's Head." The fact is, that Alfred Atheling's brief residence beneath his roof had been of great moral service to the cobbler; and he was determined that when Alfred did return, he should find him sober and acknowledge his friendship without a blush. He even went so for as to endeavor to impress the propriety of a change of conduct on Sam Vause; but that bibulous blacksmith was too far gone, I fear, so that he looked forward to the return of the two young men as affording a fair and reasonable excuse for a prolonged and intimate interview with John Barleycorn. Even Peter Prout, the loquacious miller, felt constrained, if not to hold his gossipping tongue, at any rate to give his gossip a more mild and genial flavor.

"Ah'll tell yo' what it is, Tim," said he to the cobbler one day, when Tim had come to the mill for a couple of stones of flour, "we'll gi' them young chaps a welcum sitch as Thorpe Aspin hezn't seen for a munth o' Sundays. It's nowt but right we sud, beeath for Sir Godwin an' Mrs. Atheling's sake. Ah meean te shut up t' mill an' hev a halida. Hey, though t' wind may be strang aneef te tonn all t' mill steeans an' work t' beean-crusher inte t' barga'n."

The days passed on, however, and the miller hadn't that excuse for closing the mill. There were no arrivals at Aspen Tower nor at Aspen Garth. Beside this Simon Holmes did not return, and the miller inferred from the fact that his order for the "mill-wreet" had not been executed, that Simon had not been to Hull, after all. He wondered whether Simon had deceived him that morning when he told him that he was going to Hull. He might never have intended going to that town, thought the suspicious miller, or, perhaps he had overtaken Alfred Atheling, and the two had gone off together. That, however, was so unlike Simon, that even the miller, who was naturally disposed to take the most uncharitable view of any subject, was constrained to reject the idea, but he meant to "have it out" with Simon when he did return. If a man said he was going to a certain place, and he did not go there, had he told the truth or a falsehood? The miller was no casuist, but he thought he had a good case against Simon.

The truth of the matter was that, as we have seen, though the miller had not, Simon had been too busy to go to Hull, or to return to Aspendale. He was well content with the delay, though many men would have fretted at leaving their own business while they attended to that of some one else, which would never yield a profit. But this was not an uncommon thing for Simon to do. When an opportunity for going on his Master's business occurred, it would not be missed by Simon, though loss to himself might result from using it.

As to Robert Atheling, his mission was not yet fulfilled, though its success was now assured. His injuries, in any case, prevented his return, and, while under the same roof with Ruth Hartgold, he was not pining for Yorkshire. Ethel and her brother Harold were still in London. When they went to the hotel on their arrival from Spain with Señor Bonanza, it was necessary, on Ethel's account, that immediate rest should be had before proceeding to Thorpe Aspen. This she would fain have done, but her physical strength, never really robust since that strange illness out of which faith and prayer had brought her, was sadly shaken by the excitement of the last few weeks.

"We will wait here a few days, Harold, dear," she said to her brother, "I feel that I am not equal to so long a journey. I will rest quietly here for a while, and you can take the opportunity of calling on any old friends for whom you care."

"I had no friends, dear sister, when I was in London, so there cannot be any old friends now; and my acquaintances were such that, God helping me, I will never resume them nor seek their like again. In all this, however, I make one exception; I would give much and go far to find Alfred Atheling. I wonder where he is, or what has become of him?"

"I think he was your friend, Harold; at least you always seemed to like him from a boy, and I know he cared for you." "That he did, sister. More's the pity," he replied. "Alfred Atheling's ruin, if he is ruined, which Heaven forbid, lies at my door. May God forgive me! There is nothing upon earth I would not do; there is no place on earth to which I would not go; I think there is little that I would not suffer, if I might lay my hand upon his shoulder, ask his forgiveness, and try to lead him back again into the paths from which both of us unhappily wandered so long and so far." There was that in the tone of Harold's voice that displayed how deep were his feelings on this subject. Had she needed convincing as to the genuine character of Harold's reformation, it would have been sufficient to have heard him now; and his tone became still more tender as he added: "At present, however, my dear sister, as I owe you a debt such as I can never repay, my duty is by your side. Rest awhile, and then you shall go with me to gladden the dear old man's heart by saying, "Father, Harold's come home!"

But Ethel did not get any better. She was tired, always tired—tired when she went to bed at night, tired when she arose in the morning, tired and listless, feeble and faint, at noonday. One morning, after a restless and unrefreshing night, Ethel joined her brother at the breakfast table, with cheeks so pale, lips so white, rings so dark round her eyes, and she entered the room with a step so slow and feeble, that Harold started from his chair at the sight of her, and helped her to her place.

In that moment the scales had fallen from his eyes. The truth had dawned upon him at last that his sister's "weariness after travel" would not pass away with rest, unless it was the repose of the quiet grave. "Don't be alarmed, Harold, dear," she said, with a reassuring smile, "I was afraid you would notice something wrong this morning; for, to tell you the truth, I am far from well. I shall be better, no doubt, after I have had a cup of tea."

The breakfast passed almost in silence. Ethel was doing her best to seem to eat in her brother's presence, but it was a pitiful effort at deception. Harold was silenced by the awful oppression of his new-born fears.

When the table was cleared and the two were left alone, Ethel said, "Harold, dear, you must not feel alarmed or sad by what I am going to tell you. All is right. All is in God's hands, and as it should be—all is well. I feel that my mission is almost over. I have been right down to the brink and border of the grave before, so that I know all about it; and I do not fear it any more than I fear putting my head upon my pillow. My Saviour, in answer to prayer, raised me from the bed of death, that I might have the joy of bringing you home, dear brother. So you see there is no need of any regrets on your part, for if it had not been for you I should never have left my sick-bed alive. I thought I should be better able to travel if I rested; but it is not so, and we had better not delay. Remember, we are going to cheer our father in his weakness and age, and I shall expect you, dear boy, to take your cue from me. If ever you see me unhappy, why, I will let you follow suit; but until then, for dear father's sake, remember that cheerfulness is to be the order of the day,"

So saying, Harold was dismissed with a light laugh and lifted finger, to make preparations for their departure to the north. Poor Harold was obedient—he could not trust himself to try his voice, lest he should break down altogether. But when he had found Jacob Benson, more than ever thankful now that he had not sent that faithful servant home before, he told him the sad story, to which honest Jacob could only answer, "Then the sun's going out o' heaven, an' t' summer's going out o' t' year. That's all I can say;" and stalwart Jacob made his way to some quiet corner to have it out with himself. Meanwhile Ethel, nerving herself, as usual, for the duty that lay next her, went about her preparations with a feeble frame made strong by a noble purpose and an indomitable faith.

In the evening Señor Bonanza called, bringing his new found daughter Inez with him to introduce her to his friends and fellow-travelers. The señor was painfully struck with the change which a few short days had made in the appearance of the amiable and gentle Ethel. With the courtesy and delicacy peculiar to his race, and still more peculiar to himself, he suppressed his feelings, said but little on that or kindred subjects, and instead went off into a stream of cheerful talk about his new-found darling, who certainly at that moment looked as well worth finding as any diamond picked out of Brazilian sands.

The rich dark eyes of the young Creole were lifted to the gentle orbs of Ethel, fairly lustrous with sympathy and liking. She had heard from her father the whole story of Ethel's sisterly search for her brother, and to see her now, in the joy of full success, evidently fading out of life, touched the maiden to the heart.

As soon as it was known that Ethel was to take her long journey into Yorkshire on the following day, Inez went over to her and kissed her, as she said, softly, "May I go with you? You are not fit to go so far without a friend of your own sex; and I do love you. Oh, if I might!"

"You certainly may, dear, and, what is more, I shall be very grateful, for I am sure you will help me to bear the journey more bravely. When I prayed this morning for strength to travel, it was in my mind to ask for such a friend; but I did not dare to seem to dictate to my Heavenly Father. O, dear Inez! do you see how much better He is than all our fears, and does more abundantly for us than we can ask or think; for certainly I never hoped for such a companion as you will be. Besides, it will do my father good to hear Señor Bonanza talk of Harold and his kindness to him in the brigand's cave."

"What are you two young ladies discussing there so earnestly and pleasantly?" said the señor, with a smile. "Or is it a secret that cannot be told?" "No, papa, it is a secret that can be told now. You told me you would do anything I ask you, and I have found out now what I want."

"What is thy request, and I will give it, to the half of my kingdom—or the whole of it, for that matter, little sweetheart?"

"I want to go with Miss Spofforth to Yorkshire," said Inez, "because she ought not to travel without a lady friend, and I want you to go with me."

"And *we* want *you* both," said Ethel, with a little ripple of laughter—"Don't we, Harold?"

Harold heartily joined in the request, and the matter was settled to everybody's content. So the visitors left immediately, and repaired to Sharon Lodge to make preparations for the journey, having promised to be at the hotel the next day, in time for Inez to join her friend at the outset of the journey.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE INFANT JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 3, Matt. 2: 1–12. Golden Text, Matt. 1: 21.

The Message of the Evangelists—Each with a Distinct Line—Matthew's View—Jesus as King A King Born—The Inquiries of the Magi—Their Search for the King—Herod's Consternation—His Inquiry of the Priests—The Predicted Birthplace The Injunction to the Magi—Their Leading—Their Significant Offerings—The Real Kingship of Jesus—Cases in which it is not Acknowledged.

THE four evangelists who wrote the life of Jesus upon earth, had a great task before them. Except the Holy Ghost had taken them in hand and used them as His pen it would never have been accomplished. The apostle John says that if all the things were written which Jesus did, he supposes "the world itself could not contain the books *that should* be written." (John xxi. 25). The Spirit of God so ordered it that each of the evangelists should take a certain line. S. Matthew represents

Jesus as the King.

He speaks continually of the kingdom of heaven, and in the parables which he records we hear again and again of "a certain King." He begins his Gospel with the genealogy of Jesus, not reckoning it from Adam, as S. Luke does, but from David the king, and Abraham, the priest and king, in his own person of the family of the faithful. Having related the circumstances of the birth of Jesus, and the fulfilment of Isa. 7: 14. He goes on to tell how Jesus, even at his birth, was recognized as king.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, which means: "the house of bread." It was fitting that He who was "the Bread of Life," "the living Bread which came down from heaven," should be born there. He was born in the most lowly circumstances, in one of the tavern stables which belonged to the inn, or inclosure, where the guests who had assembled for the census then being made, had pitched their tents and encamped for the time. There was no room for His mother and Joseph in this inclosure, and so His birth took place just where the camels and asses were tethered. Yet God instructed Magi, who came from the East, and enquired for Him as a King, spite of all the surroundings. They asked of one and another, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

Born King!

This is an unusual thing, yet it was true of Jesus. He was born into the world as its King. If He is born in our hearts, He is equally born there to reign. No doubt the commotion was very great among the crowd at the idea that there should be an unknown king among them. The King of the Jews was their promised Messiah. Some few, old Simeon and Anna, and some others with them, looked for redemption in Jerusalem, but the greater number were content with things as they were, and, no doubt, they looked upon the wise men as fanatical, and misled in thinking that they had found traces of the Messiah. Men in general are willing enough to hear of God at a distance, they have no objection to hear of what he did many years ago, or to hear and take part in discussions of doctrine concerning Him. But to be brought face to face with God in a way which entails personal responsibility, which claims that they shall come in contact with, receive Him and obey Him—this is unpalatable to most men. If the King of the Jews was indeed born among them, it was their bounden duty to search Him out, to yield Him homage, and to give in their adherence to Him. This the Magi were ready to do, but the world of that day shrunk from it. "When Herod had heard these things,

He was Troubled,

And all Jerusalem with him." *Troubled* that God's chosen Messiah was come! Troubled that the Son of God was come unto His own! Yes, even so. The presence of sin does not inconvenience the world; they can get on very well with drunkenness, swearing, sabbath-breaking, lying, gossip, etc. Worldly people will smile at these things, and sometimes "make a mock at sin." But when God comes to the front, and there is some undoubted answer to prayer, some making bare of His arm in the conversion of one of the most depraved and wicked, then the world begins to be *troubled*. Conscience is aroused, and it is very inconvenient to have this quiet sleeper, who knows so many secrets, waken up and begin to tell them. The Messiah *in prospect* was all very well, not really amongst them. No? They would see if it would not be proved untrue. If it were true, surely the priesthood would know all about it; therefore, instead of examining the witnesses, those wise men who had seen his star in the East and were come to worship, Herod called together the chief priests and scribes of the people and "demanded of them where Christ should be born."

Was it not somewhat strange, that when the enquiries of the wise men reached Jerusalem, and even Herod's court, the chief priests and scribes did not bestir themselves to enquire if the promised Messiah were really present among men? What were these leaders of the people about? Yet this is what we find, even in our own day. It is the ministers and religious leaders, who are more averse than any others to examine for themselves any experimental truth of God, which may have lapsed through the unbelief and unfaithfulness of the church. But the chief priests and scribes were acquainted with the letter of the word, and they gave answer: "In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet: And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people Israel." Scripture confirmed the testimony of the wise men. Herod must do something; he must take up his position for or against the infant King of the Jews. He chose the latter, and, in so doing, influenced all Jerusalem.

Is it not marvelous, that when their own witness from the Word confirmed the wise men's testimony, the chief priests even then did not seek Jesus? Their indifference must have encouraged Herod, his hostility must have influenced them, and thus in Jerusalem were

Church and State Allied Against Jesus.

It must have been a marvel to the wise men, set as they were on finding Jesus, in order to yield themselves to Him, that these very keepers of the Scriptures who testified to Him should have no concern about him! They found themselves alone on a path little trodden; and so it is to all who will follow on to know the Lord; there are not many, even of Christ's disciples, who are willing to follow "withersoever He goeth."

When Herod had obtained the information he needed from the priests, and had also come under the influence of the position of unconcern which they took up, he sent for the wise men, and set up for a would-be enquirer, asking them diligently what time the star appeared. They had no object to gain by concealing anything, and, no doubt, they told him freely all which God had revealed to them. Perhaps they were cheered and their hopes greatly raised by the apparent interest of the royal enquirer; perhaps the Spirit of God shewed them the duplicity of his conduct; we know not. His words were fair enough. He said: "Go, search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also." But all the time, murder was in his heart.

When the wise men had come out from their interview with the king, they got

On Divine Ground Again.

While they were occupied with kings and priests, they had no guidance direct from God, but no sooner did they get away, than "the star which they saw in the East went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was." In our life with God he is jealous over us, desiring always to have the first place. Since He has permitted that we shall *know* Him, and hold personal intercourse with Him, He would not have any person or thing come between Him and us. He may and does use and help religious teachers, but, after all, every step of our way has to be trodden with him alone, the venture has to be upon him, the confidence in him.

Once within sight of the star, the wise men were at home again. We read nothing of their joy at Herod's court, or among the troubled population in Jerusalem. The "glad tidings of great joy" had found a welcome in their hearts, and "when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." When they arrived, Mary and the infant Jesus were no longer in the stable, they had been moved into the house. But there was nothing to be seen which betokened the birth of royalty, nothing to impress the senses. It was the revelation of God to their souls, and the confirmation of it from His written Word which made them recognize in that lowly babe the Saviour of the world, the King of the Jews. It was not what they felt nor what they saw which made them worship, it was their belief in what God had said. They would by faith see in that baby the Son of God, and their rightful and lawful King, and they treated Him accordingly. "When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh"—gold to signify His Kingship, "the Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents, the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." (Ps. 72: 10.) Incense in token that He was God; and myrrh in token that he should die. These were faith offerings; they told of hearts which "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," they saw in the light of God. Feeble as was the Infant whom they saw with their eyes, their faith saw Him "higher than the Kings of the earth," and, no doubt, at that very time, they knew Him as Jesus who should "save his people from their sins."

Is Jesus a King to us? Is He the Ruler in our hearts and thoughts? Is He King over our words and actions? There are in our day a large number of so-called conversions—people get a kind of persuasion that their sins are forgiven, they have a certain measure of gratitude to God for His mercy, they like religious meetings and accept all in religion which can minister to their happiness, but they

Have Never Yielded Themselves

Up to Jesus for Him to reign over them, and have His way with them. They lived for themselves in a worldly way before, now they are living for themselves in a religious way. Anything which touched self before their conversion made them angry and indignant, anything which touches self now makes them just as angry and just as indignant. They justified themselves before, they justify themselves still. They complained of inconveniences before, they complain of inconveniences still. They had a high opinion of themselves before, they have so still. They disposed of their time and money and strength as pleased themselves before, they do the same still, only that their tastes are changed. Old things have not yet passed away, and all things are not yet become new. These are believers who do not know Jesus as their King, they rule over themselves, or they let circumstances or people rule them, but the direct rule of Jesus they do not yet know, and yet He is willing to take the government upon His shoulder, and then there is peace which knows no end. Self-rule is misrule, and the worst of anarchy, but to know, and to yield to the will of God is the most perfect freedom and the deepest joy. It makes life quite another thing when we recognize Jesus as King. Then, whatever happens, we know He permits it, and so it must be right. He could not permit what was bad for us, and thus every mourner is stilled, every fear hushed. "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." (Col. 3: 15). Amen.

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ASKING.

"If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—ST LUKE xi., 13.

O Heavenly Father, Thou hast told
Of a gift more precious than pearls and gold;
A gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, thy only Son,
For His sake, give it to me.

O give it to me, for Jesus said
That a father giveth his children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The gift by which the dead shall live?
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

I cannot see, and I want the sight;
I am in the dark, and I want the light;
I want to pray, and I don't know how;
O give me Thy Holy Spirit now!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

Thou hast said it, I must believe
It is only "ask" and I shall receive:
If Thou said it, it must be true,
And there's nothing else for me to do!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need
Is very great and real indeed.
On the strength of Thy Word I come and say
Oh, let Thy Word come true to-day!
For Christ's sake, give it to me!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

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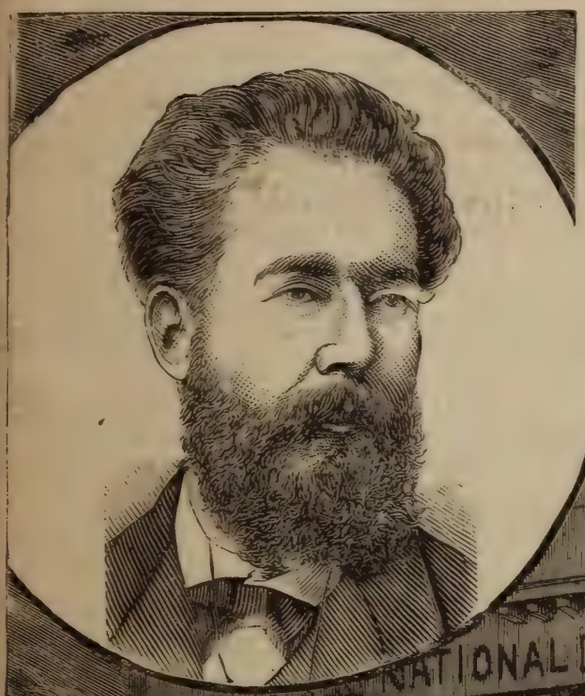

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MAURICE ROUVIER.

The New French Premier.

THE appointment of M. Rouvier to succeed M. Goblet as Premier of France, has no significance except the proof it furnishes of the dearth of first-class statesmen in the country. President Grèvy is said to have been extremely reluctant to intrust M. Rouvier with the duty of forming a cabinet, as he had never given any indications of possessing the qualities expected in a man appointed to so responsible a position. The office, however, was refused by men of greater prominence, and ultimately M. Rouvier seemed the only available man. The difficulty arose from the fact that the extreme Republicans, the Radicals and Anarchists, made large gains at the last election, and have a sufficient number of representatives in the Legislature to embarrass any Cabinet, though not sufficient to force the appointment of a Radical Cabinet.

Arising out of this combination is the difficulty of Gen. Boulanger's personality. He is intensely popular with the people and has a large following in the Legislature, but the moderate Republicans see in his popularity a menace to the Republic. They have not forgotten how the first Napoleon climbed into the throne, and they perceive that Gen. Boulanger permanently in office might repeat the same tactics, and by a *coup d'état* make himself military dictator of France. M. Grèvy was therefore resolute in making it a condition, before offering the premiership to any man, that he should not give Gen. Boulanger a place in the Cabinet. As the exclusion of Gen. Boulanger would arouse the opposition of the Radicals, who might at any moment be reinforced by the Monarchists, it was clear that the Cabinet would exist only on sufferance, and no statesman with a character to lose would accept so humiliating a position.

Probably M. Rouvier is as acceptable to the Radicals as any man of his party who could have been chosen, and probably that fact has encouraged him to hope that some of M. Clemenceau's followers will support him. He has some claims upon their consideration, having more than once pleaded on their behalf. During the Second Empire he made himself conspicuous as the author of virulent attacks on Napoleon III., printed by opposition journals and written by him when he was a young lawyer living in Marseilles, probably with more leisure than practice. After Sedan, in September, 1870, he was made General Secretary of the Prefecture of the Bouches-du-Rhone. In 1871 he was elected a member of the National Assembly, where he protested against the execution of the condemned communists. During the period of judicial reforms in Egypt, he was a conspicuous defender of French interests in that country. In 1876 he was elected Secretary of the Chamber of Deputies. M. Rouvier is a tall, thin man, forty-five years of age, with a pronounced stoop. His attempt to govern France by a combination of moderate Republicans with a section of the Radicals will be watched with interest, though not with much confidence.

THE FATAL BURNING OF A FRENCH THEATRE ON MAY 25.

The Outbreak—The Panic Which Ensued—Graphic Narratives by a Correspondent and Eye Witnesses—Elegant Victims—Stories of Providential Rescue—The History of the Theatre.

THE picture on the preceding page depicts another of those appalling catastrophes with which on frequent occasions the world is horrified. It is the burning of the famous theatre, known as the Opera Comique, in Paris, France, on May 25, which caused the death of at least one hundred, and some reports say of two hundred, persons. Though the frequency of fires in theatres is not to be regarded as a judgment of God upon such places, but is the natural result of the efforts made by managers to supply the popular demand for gorgeous spectacles in which brilliant lights and inflammable materials have to be brought into close proximity, yet the horror of death in such a catastrophe is not physical only. The presence of a person at the theatre implies a love of worldly amusement, and a recklessness of danger to the soul's interests incompatible with a life of consecration to the Saviour. He who lives in close communion with God, who earnestly seeks the holiness without which no man can see the Lord, will not be found in a place notorious for temptations which have proved fatal to thousands; and where frivolity, if nothing worse, is induced. Appalling as this and former catastrophes in theatres have been, they form but a small part of the reasons why the advice should be given to every young man and woman which was given to St. Paul at Ephesus, when his friends "*besought him not to adventure himself into the theatre*" (Acts 19: 31).

The Details of the Catastrophe

are in many respects almost as heartrending as those of the destruction of the Ring Theatre at Vienna on December 8, 1881; and although the list of fatal casualties is not so large as the death-roll of the Vienna tragedy, the scene described by Paris correspondents of the daily papers has rarely been surpassed in its terrible suggestiveness. A Paris journalist who was quickly on the scene, says that he saw the Place Boïeldieu and the Rue Favart blocked by surging crowds, alternately swayed by terror and curiosity; the frightened horses of the fire-engines, goaded forward by the bayonets of the Republican Guards; panic among the guests at the adjacent Café Anglais; groups of shrieking figurantes and supernumeraries, who had escaped from the burning building in their stage dresses, half burned off their backs, men and women, the relatives of persons who had been among the audience at the theatre, rushing about in quest of their kindred, and shouting and dancing like maniacs; and, in the midst of all, the great edifice converted into one huge furnace, sending up sheets of flame to the sky, belching tongues of fire from the upper windows, hurling volumes of red-hot cinders on to the roofs of the neigboring houses, and lighting up them and a vast area of the heavens with a dull red glare—all these, he says, and one can easily believe it, constituted a spectacle absolutely

Appalling in its Horror.

The first sign of the disaster was noticed about a quarter to nine, shortly after the curtain had risen on Ambroise Thomas's opera of "Mignon," when fire was seen issuing from the stage. A surviver of the audience, writing from Paris the next day, says that M. Taskin, who was playing *Lothario* when the conflagration began, came forward to the footlights with an official of the theatre, and begged the public to leave the theatre calmly and all would be well. This advice was being followed to some extent, when the stage was suddenly enveloped in flame, and dense volumes of smoke filled the whole house. Then arose the terrible panic; the people rushed madly to the doors, trampling on the weak, and struggling with the strong. The theatre resounded with the piercing shrieks and supplications of women, children and men. The staircases were overcrowded with the panic-stricken, some of whom let themselves down over the banisters, and sustained serious injuries; others rushed to the windows and jumped out, while the chorus singers and supernumeraries, most of them attired in their theatrical costumes, clambered to the roof of the house, and were rescued after half an hour's perilous proximity to the surging flames. Some of these, however, had remained in the building and were lost.

A New York Family

had a marvelous escape, which is described in the New York *Herald*. Mr. W. J. Ayres was in the theatre on the fatal night with his wife and daughter, and a Mr. Rutter, a friend of the family. Mr. Ayres rose directly he saw the fire in the flies, took his wife, and confiding his daughter to the care of Mr. Rutter, passed quickly into the corridor. They rushed to a passage leading to a side door. The passage was nearly empty, but a rush of desperate men began so quickly that the crowd pressed between the two couples and separated them. Happily, however, Mr. Ayres retained firm hold of his wife, as did Mr. Rutter of Miss Ayres. It was well that they did so, for the politeness and gallantry for which Frenchmen are famous were not in use that night. The one thought seemed to be to escape at any cost, and delicate women and girls were hurled to the ground, and trampled upon without compunction. A burly, well-dressed Frenchman seized Miss Ayres from behind, rudely twisted her aside, and rushed on ahead. Mr. Rutter had the utmost difficulty in saving the staggering girl from falling under the feet of the surging crowd. Mr. Ayres had a similar difficulty with his wife, but eventually they were borne along by the human tide, and the four, to their inexpressible joy, met together in the street in safety.

A correspondent says: "The firemen arrived rather late on the scene, and the men who were posted in the theatre worked wonders. It was evident, however, that their efforts were unavailing against the gigantic volume of flame, which increased in fury every moment. The police helped to the best of their ability, and I saw several of them led out, like the firemen, bleeding from injuries received. There was some

Disorder on the Boulevards

after the crowds of people came rushing from all parts to see the terrific conflagration. The policemen on duty were insufficient in numbers to keep back the curious from getting near the theatre, and it was not until the troops arrived and a military cordon formed all round the block of buildings where the fire raged, that order could be restored. Before the soldiers arrived I witnessed some heartrending scenes. Men continued to rush towards the theatre inquiring for absent friends. One man was like a maniac. He raved, tore his hair, and threatened everybody who stopped him with his stick. He wanted, he said, to go after his brother.

An Eye-Witness

writes: "It was not until the fire had spent most of its energy, that the soldiers arrived for the purpose of forming a cordon. The Pompiers did their best, but unfortunately they are soldiers rather than firemen, and it was remarked even by Frenchmen that an efficient fire brigade would have prevented much of the damage. It must however be admitted in justice to the Pompiers that they were seriously hampered in their movements at the back of the Opera Comique, that is to say, over the stage, where the flames were fiercest. Engines continued to arrive from different stations until the boulevard was blocked, and men in opera hats and dress clothes helped the Pompiers to work their pumps or hoist their ladders. Soon after the first alarm a small body of the force arrived on the scene, and one of their number, in climbing to a window on an upper floor, where a group of

Shrieking Women Imprisoned

could be seen and heard, slipped, and fell upon a glass roof. The man was badly bruised and cut, but he was up in a moment, and speedily reached the window, whence, amid the loud applause of the crowd below, he helped the women one by one down the ladders.

Several Hairbreadth Escapes

occurred. Mdlle. Merguillier, who was playing *Philine* in "Mignon" when the fire broke out, was warned of the danger by M. Soulacroix. She did not believe him at first, but when she saw the flames scorching the heads and shoulders of the supernumeraries and kindling the scenery, she ran to the dressing-room of the artistes, but no one was there. Thence she made her way to a private door, which she found closed. After knocking and kicking at it for a few moments it was opened by some one, and to her relief she found herself in the street, and walked home in her stage dress. M. Taskin, who escaped in a similar manner, also went home and changed his clothes, and returned to assist M. Carvalho, the manager, in rescuing some of his property. M. Fournez, another actor, had a hard task to save some of his friends, and states that in getting them to a place of egress he had *to step over a heap of bodies.*

The Search for the Dead
among the ruins was a melancholy task. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who was allowed to assist, says: "Nearly all the bodies were those of well-dressed persons. Almost all still had on their gloves. Many of the bodies were twisted into strange, weird shapes. Some seemed broiled, as if on a gridiron. Under the débris of a narrow staircase I saw a group of seven corpses, whose charred and blackened members were intertwined in Laocoön coils.

A Ghastly Sight.

One of these was that of a woman, whose face was literally roasted like an overdone piece of beef. In her ears glistened a pair of large solitaire diamond earrings. Her right arm was fractured; her left arm was wound about a smaller corpse—apparently that of a girl twelve years old—probably her daughter. Other corpses in this group were so black and so mangled that it was almost impossible to say whether they were the remains of human beings or of animals. A few yards distant were the remains of a young ballet girl.

Of one of the victims, a young and beautiful married lady, a French woman, no trace was found except one hand almost wholly uninjured. The third finger was still encircled by a curious antique ring, set with an engraved emerald, which had been a recent gift to her from her husband, and by which this poor fragment was identified. One old gentleman, whose wife and daughter both perished in the flames, no trace being discoverable, has become a raving maniac.

Two Wagon Loads of Limbs,
separated and charred, have been taken out, and on June 1 were taken to the morgue. The number of victims, so far as is ascertained, is about 150. Of these, 86 bodies have been recovered, the others having been reduced to ashes as thoroughly as though they had been cremated. It is estimated that at least fifty more must be added to the number of those who are known to have perished, for many of the persons present were strangers, stopping at hotels or boarding-houses, and whose disappearance would not be reported to the police for some time.

The Opera Comique occupied one solid block of buildings, which stands isolated between the Rue Favart and the street running by the side of the well-known Café Anglais. The front of the Opera was on the Place named after it, and at its back are stores and offices which line the Boulevard. The interior of the theatre was magnificently decorated in 1781, from the plans of the architect, Heurtin, and two years later the Comedie Italienne was installed there. On January 15, 1838, the famous theatre was burnt down in the night. The building was re-erected in 1839, and has been the favorite resort of Parisean theatre-goers during the forty-eight years which have elapsed since that time.

A Remarkable Prediction
was uttered in the French Legislature only two weeks before the catastrophe. Deputy Steenackers formally called the attention of the House to the dangerous condition of this theatre. He said that the portion of the theatre given to the stage necessities, the administration, the costumes, and the dressmaking, etc., was *seven stories* high and divided into small rooms, to many of which the only approach was by means of a narrow ladder and almost perpendicular stairs, and into these tiny chambers hundreds of people were crowded nightly. Moreover, everything was constructed of old wood. A shout of derisive laughter was evoked from his fellow-members when he added that the Opera Comique was sure to burn, because every theatre did in just so many years. The record, however, shows that the deputy was right. During the past ten years no less than thirty-seven theatres have been burned in the United States, and twenty-eight in Europe. Some of these were attended—notably the Brooklyn Theatre, December 5, 1876—with a horrible loss of life. The worst was the Ring Theatre, in Vienna, on December 8, 1881, when more than eight hundred lives were lost.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Lady's Fatal Delay.—Mr. Smart, Speaking at a gospel meeting, said: "A lady, being engaged in litigation, was advised by her friends to consult a certain lawyer, and engage him to defend her cause. She delayed for one reason and another until the last moment. At length going to him, she began to explain her case, but she was stopped by his saying, 'You are too late; I cannot now be your advocate, for I have been appointed to be your judge.' Let sinners who are behaving as that lady was, beware. Just now, if they come to Christ, they will find in Him a Saviour, an Advocate. Let none delay, but put away those frivolous pretexts for procrastination, and come to Christ at once, lest delay be followed by a summons to meet Him, not as the Saviour and Advocate, but as the righteous Judge."

A Word Spoken in Time.—The Rev. Mr. Edgar says: "When engaged in the Lord's work we have our part to do, and He His. When we have done our part, let us retire and leave the result in His hand. Not long ago I was speaking to a young lady in London about her soul, and she interrupted me with the remark, 'You will excuse me, but I object to any one speaking to me upon that subject.' I apologized, saying I was unaware of the fact, and soon afterwards took my departure. Three days later this same young lady became exceedingly anxious about her soul, and sent for me to speak to her about that once obnoxious subject. She accepted salvation through faith in Christ, and now is most ready in leading others to the cross. How true is the Divine promise—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"

A Marriage Dowry Given Away.—"Some time ago, a young girl, who had been educated at one of our mission schools in Ceylon, returned to her own home to live there. She was a Christian, and attended all the religious meetings in her neighborhood. The good people of the district were greatly disturbed because they had no church, and had to meet for worship in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. This girl thought, 'These people need a site on which to build a church, and I have a small piece of land; I'll give it to the Lord.' This was her whole possession, but she resolved to give it. On communicating her intentions to a friend, she was told, as she herself knew, that if she gave away all that she had she would never get married, for no one in that country will have a wife without a dowry of some kind, and not to be married is looked upon as a calamity. Yet she did not turn back, but gave the ground to the Lord, and on that site was built, and still stands, the first native Christian church. As she had given her all to the Lord, He did not forget her. A young man, a native pastor, hearing of the girl and her noble sacrifice, asked her hand in marriage, and she became the honored wife of that Christian pastor.

An Aged Fisherman's Joy.—Mr. Robert Simpson, a Glasgow merchant, who is a well-known supporter of all Evangelistic and Gospel Temperance work, says: "At revival services held recently at one of the fishing stations on the Moray Firth, the following cases came under my notice. An aged fisherman, upwards of sixty-five years old, who has all his life-time been living in indifference and indecision regarding the things of eternity, became awakened concerning the state of his soul. Having the way of salvation through faith in Christ opened up to him as taught in the Word of God, he accepted Jesus as his Saviour, and found rest and peace in Him. About midnight, a day or two afterwards, the love of God had so powerfully been shed abroad in his heart that he could not remain in bed; being so overpowered by the thought that his guilty soul had been redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb, he was constrained to get down on his knees and thank and praise the Lord for such a blessing. At five o'clock in the morning he dressed and went down stairs, and called up one of his sons, who also was converted, that he might announce to him the joyful news. And now this aged man is finding his delightful occupation in going about among his converted children and unconverted friends, and telling them what great things the Lord has done for him.

Explaining a Minister's Letter.—A Worker observes: "About two years ago I was asked to attend a meeting held by a number of workingmen in an old log-cabin. They had received a letter from a dearly beloved minister, now in Australia, which was hard to understand, and as I was very intimate with him, they thought that I might be able to explain his letter. I went because I thought there might be an opportunity to preach the Gospel to them. After I had read and explained the letter to their satisfaction, I spoke to them of Christ and of His letter sent to them. At the close of the meeting, one old man did accept Christ, but there was another who, although very anxious about his soul, would not decide. He came to me afterwards, and spoke to me about his soul, but he never would take the needful step. A year afterwards he died, without Christ. Truly he was at the door, but refused the gracious invitation given to every one to enter and sup with his Lord."

A Drunkard's Purchase.—A Middle-aged man of considerable energy, who has been the slave for a long time of the intoxicating cup, was sitting in a saloon, considerably the worse for drink. He lifted up his eyes, and seeing a picture hanging on the wall, his curiosity led him to examine into the subject of it, and finding it was, 'Christ's Own Redeemed,' he called the liquor seller. Pointing to the picture, he asked, 'What is that?' 'Oh, it is just a picture to fill up and ornament the wall with,' was the reply. And the fisherman again pointing to the subject of it, said, 'When you know that you are ruining the bodies and souls of your fellow-men all the week round, what right have you to hang such a picture as that on your wall?' The sense of this reproof was felt by the saloon-keeper, although it did come from the lips of a drunkard. Calling in a member of his family, he said, 'Take down that picture at once, and put it away.' The customer seeing it being removed, asked the owner, 'Wud ye no' sell't?' (Would you not sell it?) The man named a price, which the customer gladly paid, and went away with his purchase rejoicing. That man has since given up the drink and come to the Lord, and it has been my privilege to see the veritable picture hanging above the redeemed man's fireplace.

Burying a Man Alive.—Mr. Campbell remarks: "A man once joined a certain order of monks, one of the rules of which was implicit obedience to the superior. This man, however, broke one of the rules, and was brought before the master, who ordered him to confess his fault: but he refused. The master commanded him to be taken to the court, a hole to be dug, and the man put into it. When this had been done the master went up to him and asked, 'Are you dead?' But no answer was made. Then another began slowly to shovel the earth into the yawning grave until it was up to the man's waist, but to the renewed question, 'Are you dead?' the man undauntedly replied, 'No.' The brother, for the second time, resumed his horrible task, and the man was soon almost entirely buried alive, for the earth was up to his mouth. A few more shovelfuls, and his head would have been covered, when, for the last time, the master inquired, 'Are you dead?' 'Yes,' was the reply. The earth was at once removed and the man released. He was conquered. His will was broken; he was henceforth dead to self, and lived only for the will of his order. Similarly, Christians, if they are to work for Christ, and be used for His cause, must be dead unto self, giving up their own will to Him, and living, moving and having their being in Him alone. They are 'dead unto sin, but alive unto God.'"

HUNTING FOR SOULS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 26, 1887.

"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."—Gen. 10: 9.

Hunting a Serious Business in Ancient Times—The Lands Infested with Wild Beasts—Gospel Hunters Wanted—Not Blunderers—Momentous Result of an Evangelist's Story—Special Directions for Archers—I. Be Sure of Your Weapon—Arrows that Pierced the Breastplate—What Simple Faith Can Do—II. Where to Hunt—The Good Game Hidden—Waiting for the Game to Come—III. Courage Needed—The Tiger of Drunkenness—The Gigantic Heidelberg Tun—An Indian Hunting Party—IV. The Game to be Brought In—The Deer Leap in Germany—Roland's Broken Trumpet—A Wonderful Tomb.

In our day, hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot reed-birds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out

To Clear the Land of Lions

and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrow with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as

Gospel Hunting,

by which those who have been flying from the truth, may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus, in His sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when He said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth; and I pray God that there may be many a man in this congregation who shall begin to study Gospel archery, of whom it may, after a while, be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him!

Religious Blunderers,

who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skilful hunters—at the very moment he ought to be most quiet, he is cracking an elder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of the service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ, at the Well, went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread; it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after He had broken the bread, said to the people, "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of the Pharisees!" So natural a transition it was, and how easily they all understood Him! But how few Christian people understand how to fasten the truths of God to the souls of men!

A Story of a Storm.

Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said, "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said, "*Yes, all but De Witt.*" Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been angered when he told me that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was inside the fold, where the other sheep are.

The archers of old times studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how the archer should go, and as to

What an Archer should Do.

He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of his right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then, with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand, he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that we might learn the art of doing good, and become "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

I. In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very

Sure of your Weapon.

There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood, and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's Cross, heard the loud thrum of the archer's bow-string. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred million souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow-string, and its whirr was heard through the Corinthian theatres, and through the court-room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out, "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "Oh, Galilean, Thou hast conquered."

In the armory of the Earl of Pembroke, there are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior, and out through the back-plate. What

A Symbol

of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body, and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that Gospel! The humblest man in this house, if he had enough faith in him, could bring a hundred souls to Jesus—perhaps five hundred. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this Gospel. The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson is the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert, covering up the soul with dry sand; the religion of Renan is the romance of believing nothing; the religion of Thomas Carlyle is only a condensed London fog; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that Gospel for another, who is thoroughly satisfied and helped and contented in his skepticism, and I will take the car tomorrow and ride five hundred miles to see him.

The full power of the Gospel has not yet been touched. As a sportsman throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this Gospel after a while catch this round world flying from its orbit and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave, and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and women who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sunday-schools, and the lay preaching stations, and the penitentiaries, and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon, compared with which the lightning has no speed, and avalanches have no heft, and the thunderbolts of heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent Gospel. Take careful aim. Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow. Then let it fly. And may the slain be many!

Where to Hunt.

II. Again: if you want to be skilful in spiritual hunting you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. *The good game is hidden* and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ, and of most value for the Church, are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are, down in that cellar, yonder they are, up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are

Waiting for the Game

to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in Schermerhorn Street, expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie-fowl will light on our church-steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift their feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is

Outside Work to be Done.

What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. *We have got to camp out and rough it.*

We are putting all our care on the seventy thousand people of Brooklyn who, they say, come to church. What are we doing for the seven hundred thousand that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless, that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in

their houses, that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depths of Brooklyn a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our Christian churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes to-day, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe.

I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the Church of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, He will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake, missionary Church, that can take the full meaning of that command: "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

III. I remark, further, if you want to succeed in Gospel hunting, you

Must Have Courage.

If the hunter stand with trembling hand, or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you, and it has its eye on you, and has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there."

Courage, O ye spiritual hunters! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the Church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal

Tiger of Drunkenness

that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table? There is so much invested in it, we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian-top tables, and chased ice-coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica, that go to make up our "pure" American drinks.

I looked with wondering eyes on *the "Heidelberg tun."* It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine, and only three times in a hundred years has it been filled. But, as I stood and looked at it, I said to myself: "That is nothing—eight hundred hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds four million five hundred thousand barrels of strong drinks, and we keep three hundred thousand men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." Oh, to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform.

I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign,

The Greatest Hunting Party

that was ever projected. There were ten thousand armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some, princes rode and royal ladies, under exquisite housings, and five hundred coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros and deer and elephant fell under the stroke of the sabre and bullet. After a while the party brought back trophies worth fifty thousand rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country, the million membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men. Who is ready for such a party? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

IV. I remark again: If you want to be successful in spiritual hunting, you need not only to bring down the game, but

Bring the Game in.

I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grape-vine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout, and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures—beak and fin and antler.

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the Gospel, but bring them into the Church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in, do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the Church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord! not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went in-doors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls. If Domitian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheatre, with a hand out, the fingers outstretched, and then the King could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what

Drill and Practice

ought not we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say, you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer; if it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing, in preparation for Christian work, is personal consecration.

"Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

I am sure that there are some here who, at some time, have been hit by the Gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper; just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Scroon Lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, impenitent man! not in wrath, but in mercy. Oh, ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst. Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons; mercy that heals; everlasting mercy. Is there in all this house anyone who can refuse the offer that comes from the heart of the dying Son of God?

There is in a forest in Germany, a place called

The "Deer Leap."

two crags about eighteen yards apart, between a fearful chasm. This is called the "Deer Leap," because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now, his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back, now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try, Jump! Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as *"The Sinner's Death Leap."*

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by three armies of the Saracens in the Pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet, and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror; but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put

The Trumpet of the Gospel

to my lips, and I blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whosoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God, a sympathetic God, a loving God; and that more to Him than the anthems of heaven, more to Him than the throne on which He sits, more to Him than are the temples of celestial worship, is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door-latch of his Father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor from the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest, entitled "Around the World," describes

A Tomb in India

of marvellous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing at that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing.

How many souls here to-day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth.

Volume IX. of the Christian Herald, Containing the numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1883, 1884 and 1885 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomley bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a rséumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

A CHILD'S ALL-NIGHT JOURNEY.

A FATHER and his little daughter were making a long railroad journey together, and in order to reach their home it was necessary for them to travel all night. When it became too dark for them to look out of the windows, and the lamps were lighted inside, the father laid aside the little girl's hat, and spreading out cloaks and shawls, said, "Now we will rest." But a little troubled face peered out upon the strange scene, a mist was gathering in those blue eyes, and the cheery tone of voice changed to a very plaintive one as she asked, "Father, how can we go to bed here?"

"This is your bed, darling," he said, drawing her to his heart, "and a warm one you will always find it." And then he tucked her in so carefully that in place of what had been a little girl there seemed only a great bundle of shawls.

But every now and then there was a movement inside the bundle, and a voice would say, "Oh, father, I am afraid to go to sleep here!" Then the father reminded her that he was taking care of her, and would do so all night. So at last, soothed by this assurance and worn out by unwonted fatigue, she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her only a few minutes, the sun was shining brightly. The train stopped, and there just in sight was her own home. She could even see her mother standing in the open door, with arms outstretched to welcome back her loved ones. After the kisses were over, the mother asked. "And so my little girl has been traveling all night? Did she find it a long and weary time?"

"Oh, no, mother, not at all. I had such a good sleep, and father watched over me all night. Only think of it! All night, mother, he watched over me. At first I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place, but he told me to lean against him and shut my eyes, and rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me, So I crept close to him, and, before I knew it, I was really and truly sound asleep; and dear father staid awake and took care of me all night. How I do love him for it!" Then the mother, with the love-light beaming from her eyes, told her child of that Heavenly Father who watches over each of His children, not only one, but every night of their lives.

A MISSIONARY'S FIRST EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. M. Murray, now of Pekin, China, thus describes his first reception in that country: "I arrived at a place where I was to hold my first Gospel service; it was the New Year's day, and all was quiet, for during the first three days of the year the people stay at home to pray to their dead relations. When we arrived at the hotel, I found the table heaped with bread and all kinds of good things, and I said to the man who carried my bed, 'Here is a fine feast,' but he answered, 'No, no, we dare not touch that; it is for the spirits.' After the three days were over, the calm gave place to a storm. The people heard that I had brought to the place a wagon load of Bibles, and they were not going to tolerate it. The innkeeper, who had been very friendly to me, came one night, and said, 'There is no hope of your being allowed to stay quietly here, and I would advise that you go away at once.' I took his counsel, and left the town; but, while going, I felt much grieved at having thus to leave, and prayed the Lord that He would permit me to stay even yet. And He did. The Mandarin, hearing of my departure, sent a letter after me, asking me to return; he had allowed the uproar to go so far, only that he might see who were concerned in it; and now, as the disturbers were all in prison, I might return in peace.

"I immediately went to the market-place to preach the Gospel of Christ, but the moment I made my appearance, I was greeted with hooting and yelling. I waited patiently until there was a lull, and then said, 'If you will let me, I will give you good news; surely you don't think that I have come here to harm you?' Then one man cried out, 'Let us hear what you have got to say.' Just at that moment the man with my box of books came down, and taking out a specimen, I let them see it, and told them what it was, and what was the price. As I spoke I could see the hands of many wandering to their pockets for the necessary cash, and during all that day my attendant was selling these books; over three hundred were sold in that one day. I stayed six months in that place, and such was the friendship and love with which I was regarded that residents were very unwilling to let me go. 'Have we not been kind to you?' they asked. 'Oh, yes.' 'Then why would you leave us?' 'I cannot give you all the books,' I replied; 'I must go to others.' Reluctantly they let me go, asking me to return soon."

THE OPEN DOOR IN JAPAN.

A MAGNIFICENT field for Christian effort is now awaiting occupation in Japan. The Hon. R. B. Hubbard, United States minister to that country, in the course of a recent letter home, says: "Here are thirty-eight million people on islands containing not much more than one-half of the area of the State of Texas! The whole country is accessible to the heralds of the cross from all Christian lands. Unlike the Chinese, these people do not cling, as to life itself, to their ancient political or religious traditions, or faiths of either church or state. Within the past one-third of a century their awakening from a sleep of ages has been marvelous to the Western world, and certainly without a parallel heretofore in history. In a word, they are ready and willing, in fact, eagerly so, if convinced, to let the scales fall from their eyes and to embrace new thoughts and creeds, whether of government, science or religion. Such a people, just at this special junction, it seems to me, present the most inviting—urgently inviting—field for this great work, of all other Oriental lands."

DR. CULLIS'S RECORD OF FAITH.

THE following record is extracted from the twenty-first annual report of the manifold work conducted by Dr. Charles Cullis, which comprises: The Consumptives' Home, two Orphan Homes, a Faith Cure House and several other institutions, in Boston, Mass., an Orphanage at Boydton, Va., a Chinese Mission in California, a Mission in West Virginia, in Oxford, N. C., and an Orphanage and three Missions in India, all of which are dependent entirely upon God for support.

October 6.—To-day I make my first record of God's dealing with me in relation to the Work of Faith. The year ending September 30 found me with *an empty treasury*. During the twenty years of the history of the Work, there has never been a trial of such length of time, or a time when, to my own heart, the promises of God were more precious.

October 8.—Yesterday I had occasion to call on a friend on a matter of business. Just before I left he handed me his cheque for $250, saying he was thinking of me last night, and intending to send it to me. I have had a quiet rest in my soul all the day, though full deliverance has not come.

October 10.—A lady called with a gift of $50; this has been the only gift larger than five dollars for two days.

October 11.—The morning mail brought from Little Compton, R. I., $50 for the Consumptives' Home and the Cancer Home. I received notice that the interest on the Home mortgage, amounting to $1,960, was due. I had saved $600 toward it, most of which had come in from the sale of lots at Intervale Park. This morning I took the amount and paid the coal bill, adding $11 more to it. I now begin again to trust the Lord for the $2,000 interest money. Solomon prayed, "O Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee in the heaven, nor in the earth; which keepest covenant and *shewest* mercy unto thy servants, that walk before thee with all their hearts" (II Chron. 6: 14). I believe it, and can trust God for thousands.

November 4.—Still the trial holds. Only a few dollars yesterday; but a little rift in the cloud to-day, in the gift from New Jersey of $100.

November 24.—Out of a full heart I praise God for the gifts of to-day. By mail, $25; another of $450; another of $25; one of $10; and one of $2. No one but heavenly Father knew of our great need. I will praise and trust until all our need is supplied.

December 1.—One gift to-day of $40 from Philadelphia, ten of the amount for my personal use. Several small gifts of less than $5; for all of which I praise God.

December 4.—My heart has been cheered by two gifts to-day; one of $100 from a stranger in Philadelphia, and from Pennsylvania, $40. I never knew more of the presence of God in my soul, and I never knew such trials resting upon the work.

December 14.—I received to-day a legacy of $300 from the estate of the late M. B. L., of Warren, R. I. My heart thanks God for this.

December 16.—To-day I have received a legacy of $1,000—the gift is the will of the late Dr. G. R., of this city—and with it $45 interest; on Saturday, a legacy of $300; and now, to-day, another of $1,000. I receive these gifts as an earnest of greater blessings in store. My heart sings for joy.

DEADLY LEAVES.

A TIMELY warning against poisonous leaves is given in a scientific journal, which says: "Some of our most admired flowers, which we would least willingly banish from cultivation, are associated with green leaves of a very poisonous character. The narrow, long leaves of the daffodil act as an irritant poison; the delicate compound leaves of laburnum have a narcotic and acrid juice which causes vomiting, and has not unfrequently led to death. The narrow leaves of the meadow saffron, or autumn crocus, give rise to the utmost irritation of the throat, thirst, dilated pupils, with vomiting and purging. The dangerous character of aconite, or monkshood, leaves, is doubtless well known, but each generation of children requires instruction to avoid above all things those large, palm-shaped leaves, dark green on the upper surface. Leaves of coarse weeds provide an abundant quota of danger, but frequently their strong scent and bitter or nauseous taste give warning against their being consumed." It is in nature as in the moral world, warning is not needed so much against the coarser forms of sin as against evil attractive in appearance, but deadly in its effects (Prov. 1: 17).

AN INEBRIATE MOTHER REFORMED.

A JOYFUL testimony recently given at a meeting of the Medical Mission, in New York, of which Dr. Dowkontt is the director, led the doctor to relate in his report the history of the woman who gave it. He says: The workers at the Roosevelt Street Branch of the mission had watched with considerable anxiety over Mrs. S——. They had seen her in a terrible condition, through drink, several times. On one occasion, about two years ago, when the doctor called to see one of her two children, who was sick, he found her intoxicated and very quarrelsome, abusing everybody that came in her way, and using such terrible language that he had to run away from it, used as he was to hear such things in the Fourth Ward.

One day she came to the dispensary covered with bruises, which she had received at the hands of her husband, through her having given way to drink again—he, too, having taken some. At these times their two poor little children, Joey and Annie, would suffer terrible neglect, even preferring to sleep on a door step to coming into their miserable home.

One evening, about a year since, when they arrived home with their mother, after being present at the meeting at the dispensary, Annie said, "Papa, I wish the doctor was my papa, for he don't drink any beer, and that must be nice. Papa, why don't you give up the nasty drink

and come to Jesus, like mamma?" It was a cutting question, and it cut deep into the father's heart, so that he, too, was led to give up the drink.

A short time ago Mrs. S—— received a severe injury to her leg, necessitating her removal to hospital. It was, indeed, a touching scene to witness, as the mother had to part with the two little ones; but she commended them to her Heavenly Father's care, and, with a word of kindly warning to her husband, to cheer up and look to the Lord, and mind not to take the drink, she left them.

For some days the fever raged high, and part of the time poor Mrs. S—— was quite delirious. One morning a stretcher was brought to her bedside to remove her to the operating room. She knew what it meant, and a shudder passed through her frame at the thought of what she would have to undergo; but she said, "I'm ready to go; bless the Lord, for He will be with me."

Just then, though, a thought crossed her mind, causing a temporary feeling of depression. What was it? Why, she had heard that persons under ether uttered strange things at times, and the thought crossed her mind that perhaps she might say some bad words, such as she had been wont to use in days gone by. But so changed had she become now that the very thought of her giving utterance to these things was horrible; and so she lifted her heart to the Lord as the nurses lifted her body upon the operating table; "O Lord, keep the door of my lips;" and He did so.

The operation was a very tedious one, needing the removal of a large piece of bone, and it was three hours before Mrs. S—— came to herself. On doing so, her first question was not as to her leg being on or off, but, turning to the nurse she asked, eagerly: "Did I say anything wrong?" On being assured that the only words she had uttered were, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," she exclaimed, "Thank God!"

One day there was great rejoicing in a little home near the Mission. Poor little Joey and Annie did not know how to contain themselves as they went shouting around, "Mammy's come home!" That very evening Mrs. S—— went to the Mission and gave her testimony.

Dr. Dowkontt's work is being much blessed, for while his students are preparing for their labor in the foreign missionary field, they under his direction prescribe for the poor, and hold evangelistic services, thus gaining experience for both branches of their work. Funds are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the work. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Dowkontt, 118 East 45th Street, New York.

A TELL-TALE SCAR.

A CICATRICE on a young man's brow led to his identification by his mother recently. She had been *searching for him for fifteen years* as far as her means would allow, and her joy at finding him was very touching. When a child, he was injured by a car on the railroad, which cut a deep gash from his right temple to his left eyebrow. The wound healed, leaving a conspicuous scar, but symptoms of mental disorder were developed, and ultimately he had to be placed in the asylum on Ward's Island. Soon afterwards his father died, the home was broken up, and the widow removed to other places in quest of remunerative employment. Eventually she married and settled in Newark, N. J. Then she went to visit her demented son. To her surprise she found that he had recovered and had been removed, but no clue to his movements could be discovered. Fifteen years elapsed without bringing mother and son together, but at last the mother, seeing a scar on the brow of a stalwart man, made inquiry of him and discovered that he was her son. He could remember nothing of his life prior to his dementia, except that he had a vague impression of *a woman crying over him*, and he was not sure that that was not a dream. He was as delighted at finding his mother as she was at finding her son, and said that if he had known she was living and searching for him, he would never have rested until he found her. He said, "*I have known what it is to want a mother*, and now that I have found her I know how to appreciate her." How many men who have been brought to their heavenly Father who has sought them with infinite patience have had reason to make a similar avowal (Isa. 55 : 5).

THE REMOVAL OF THE VAIL.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

(*Continued from page 391.*)

The Present.

It is an obvious fact, that an intellectual covering, or vail, resembling an entwined hedge, full of thorny obstructions, surrounds the mind of all nations, and "That the whole world lieth in darkness and wickedness." Gal. 1 : 4; 1 John 5 : 19—a darkness which ancient and modern philosophy never could remove or evade: It is not only a covering of the mind, in not fathoming scientific and obstruse problems—it is a darkness impenetrable in regard to spiritual things. The Lord Jesus has proclaimed: "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3 : 2, 3. And although the Vail is already *partly* removed, it is not "swallowed up." "For now, we see through a glass "*in a riddle*." 1 Cor. 13 : 12 (margin), and, How true is that word of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. What a diversity of opinions are found concerning the fulfillment of the prophetic word! there is "a running to and fro." Dan. 12 : 4, although knowledge, or "the teachers" are increased. Some learned men not only disbelieve the personal coming of our Lord, but combat it in their writings. Some, who profess to believe the prophetic word, never speak of the restoration of Israel, and many of their explanations are far from being clear, not having the true ring in them. Indeed, how very few of those, who are waiting for the kingdom to come, live in a daily expectation and joy, to meet their Lord? and in a heavenly atmosphere that fills their hearts and enables them to walk as priests of God. Rom. 12 : 1. Without any reserve, we must acknowledge, that we are yet *babes in Christ*, babes in understanding, hoping for the coming day of freedom and joy.

The Future.

Israel, and the future, the ingathering of Israel, and receiving the first Hebrew: "the head dominion" Micah, 4 : 8, of the nations, is a fact, which is plainly taught in the prophetic word—and at that time the Lord of Hosts shall make on Mount Zion such a joyous and intellectual feast, of which we are not able to give an adequate description, only we desire to point out, that the Vail wrapping or covering shall not be taken away by degrees, but that it shall be "*swallowed up*." At the present time, darkness of the mind is only taken away by degrees, but then, it shall be removed and destroyed—it will be expelled, like darkness is expelled by the rising of a clear morning light. No doubt, in higher degree the saints shall experience the same blessing, which was enjoyed by Solomon: 2 Chron. 1 : 7–12, "That wisdom and knowledge was granted unto him." In Isa. 30 : 26, in connection with Isa. 49 : 6, and Isa. 60 : 19, 20, is given a glorious description of that conquest of light over the powers of darkness; and that, that light surely will embrace: "Intellectual powers" is plainly stated in Hebr. 8 : 10–12, where the Lord saith *concerning the Jews*, the house of Israel, "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people, and they shall not teach every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying: know the Lord, for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." In Zech. 12 : 8 we read: "At that day, Israel shall be as David and the house of David shall be as God, as the Angel of the Lord before them."

What a joyous state! and what a glorious freedom it shall be, to rise to such a high standard of intellect, to be free from perplexing doubts, and to walk in the full light of God's countenance! Then the book of nature will be studied and the confession will be made carefully: "I believe in God, the Father, the Maker of heaven and earth."

That Vail, being taken away, the saints shall see the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! and fathom the length and breadth and depth of that ocean: "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Eph. 3 : 18, 19, and then the inner mind shall be full, (as far as they shall be able to comprehend) "that God was in Christ, reconciling the world into himself." 2 Cor. 5 : 19.

At that time, Israel especially, will discover the vast extent of the Abrahamic and Davidic covenants of which "their elder brother" after the flesh, Jehovah Jesus, is the beginning, the centre, and the end. Rev. 5 : 5. When they shall stand "at that mount" with ADONAI JEHOVAH they shall experience: "a love which many waters cannot quench, neither the floods can drown," and when they shall taste the honey-drops taken from that slain Lion of Judah and will sing that new song. Rev. 7 : 4; Rev. 14 : 1–5, which no other nation ever could learn, a privilege which never was enjoyed by the first Adam, then they shall understand the words of Isaiah 25 : 6–8, being partakers of that "banquet of *preserved fat things*" prepared for them by the faithful God of their covenant, Ps. 89 : 1.

But, above all, who is able to give a graphic description of that period, when the covering, now spread over all the nations, shall be swallowed up! "In that day, there shall be *one Lord*, and *His name One*." Zech. 14 : 9, and in every place incense and a pure offering shall be offered to Him. Mal. 1 : 11. Who can comprehend the degree of clearness which the Holy Spirit shall shed upon every page of God's inspired word. Acts 2 : 16–21; when the Spirit will be poured out upon all flesh, indeed, every one shall see and observe the union and unity existing between the Old and New Testaments. Moses, the prophets and the Psalms will shine as a galaxy, and the Revelation of Jesus Christ will be an open volume of heavenly treasures and heavenly light. Then the garden of Eden will join hands with the garden of Gethsemane. Then the mountain of Moriah will be connected as a chain of so many links, with the mountain of Transfiguration, with Mount Olivet, and with the mountain spoken of in Isaiah 2 : 2; 25 : 6, and all will centre, as in one focus, the hill of Calvary, where the Lamb was slain, as the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last; yea, then the redemption of our bodies revealed in Romans, 8 : 23, will be experienced, bodies made glorious and strong, to receive the fulness and effulgence of the revelations of the Triune God, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Isa. 11: 9. *One chorus* will arise from the purified earth: "Unto Him, that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen.

Retrospect.

How clear in mind, how bright in pure ideas, and how delightful in contemplations must have been the soul of the first Adam! and how joyful must have been the communion with his Creator, when he heard the footsteps of the Eternal walking in the garden in the cool of the day! and although his mind was not matured by sweet experiences or reminiscences of the past, yet he was in such a state of sweet repose and tranquility of mind that his thoughts were as so many pearly dewdrops shining in the light of the morning. He had, as it were, the grasp of his own self; his individuality and intellectuality were unclouded and fresh. What an incomparable loss has been caused by his departure from God! and his fall was the ruin of mankind; but, thanks to God, the time is coming that the prophecy found in Isa. 25 : 6–8 must be fulfilled.

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END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Statement now Issued has one gratifying feature; there has been a decrease during the eleven months now expired of the fiscal year in the receipts from the tax on distilled liquors. The summary published by the New York *Times* shows that the total receipts from internal revenue for all but one month of the fiscal year are about a million and a half larger than they were during the same period of last year, and this in spite of a decrease in the receipts from the tax on distilled liquors of nearly $3,000,000. The increase from tobacco has been $1,800,000, from fermented liquors, $2,000,000, and there has been about $700,000 collected from the oleomargarine tax. The exports of merchandise were $724,559,702, or $52,459,156 in excess of the exports for the twelve months preceding. During the last five months the exports were $282,859,251, as compared with 271,703,570 during the corresponding five months of 1886, or a gain of $11,155,681. The imports for the year ending May 31 were $685,341,819, or a gain of $54,805,029. These figures, on the whole, speak favorably for the financial prosperity of the country.

The Question of the Captured Flags is Still prominent. A new turn was given to the discussion last week by a letter from the Secretary of the Gettysburg Reunion Committee to the President. The letter intimates that at the approaching ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the monument on the field of Gettysburg, when the survivors of the Southern troops engaged in that battle are to be the guests of the Northern regiments, the latter would like to return to the former the Southern flags captured in the battle, and the writer asks what has become of them. This is another indication of the magnanimity and good feeling existing between the men who actually fought in the war. The general public, especially the generation that has grown up since the war, should note this fact. It is remarkable that while Senator Sherman and other politicians are strenuously laboring to keep alive the old sectional issues, and General Fairchild is calling for palsy to fall on the President's brain, tongue and hand for proposing to return the flags, the very men who captured some of them contemplate returning them voluntarily.

The Examinations of Civil Service Clerks for promotion appear to be less severe than the clerks apprehended. The first examination was in the War Department, and was of a very simple and elementary character. The test was not exclusively scholastic, but was applied with the object of testing the clerk's fitness for the duties he would have to perform if promoted. From the published report of the examination, it appears that a candidate who was 40 per cent. below perfection in the very simple acquirements of writing, "ciphering," and ordinary grammar, but who stood as high as 85 in knowledge of the duties of his bureau, and in the estimation of his superior officers for efficiency, would be in no danger of being excluded from the eligible list. The matter of efficiency was left entirely to the chief clerk, and the latter can, if the subordinate be valuable in his special line of work, rate him high enough to outweigh delinquencies found by the examination in other respects. This power is vested in the chief clerk for the purpose of enabling him to retain clerks who have special qualifications in special lines of work. This result shows that the commissioners do not desire to promote the interests of highly educated clerks, but to secure practical efficiency in the departments, and with this desire the country is heartily in sympathy.

A New Treaty with Mexico was Signed by President Cleveland on June 21, by which postal facilities advantageous to both countries were arranged. It is officially stated that the treaty will make Mexico as accessible through the mails as any State in the Union. As each country is to charge and collect its own postage, and no accounts are to be kept between the countries, it is expected to be simple in its operation. One great advantage expected to be derived from it is the extension of trade through the exchange of merchandise parcels. By a simple arrangement for consular permits covering custom duties, small articles may be purchased and transmitted through the mails between the two countries. It is expected that both American and Mexican merchants will avail themselves of the facilities afforded by the treaty, and, by reciprocal advertising, will largely extend the business transactions now existing. The treaty goes into effect on July 1.

A Fatal and Destructive Tornado Passed over Wilmington, Del., on June 22. The reports from that city state that no such visitation has been experienced there for many years. Nothing in the track could resist the force of the tornado, which swept from east to west, from north to south, and by a circuitous path swept the city and surrounding country from almost every quarter. There were spots and narrow belts that enjoyed immunity from the fearful force of the storm, but these were few, and the city the next morning presented a desolate scene. The streets were almost blockaded with huge trees and detached branches upturned and broken during the tornado, while signboards, awnings, window shutters, sections of roof, and loose boards were sent whirling hither and thither like chaff. Houses and barns and various buildings were leveled to the ground, and roofs were sent adrift from half a hundred buildings and carried away. Three persons were killed in a house on which a huge uprooted tree was hurled by the wind, and several other persons were so severely injured that no hopes of their recovery are entertained.

Shocking Revelations in Canada are Contained in a return submitted to the Dominion Parliament on June 23 in reference to the management of the Indians. The return embodies specific charges preferred by the Rev. James Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the Northwest, regarding a wholesale system of immorality and peculation on the part of the Government's Indian agents. The Rev. Mr. Robertson's charges cover a period of ten or twelve years, but especially deal with recent events. Against the employees of the department he charged incompetency, immorality and dishonesty. An employee of ex-Gov. Provencher on his death-bed told the missionary a tale of wholesale peculation and perjury. Flour and groceries were bought by the sample, but the samples were good, while the goods afterward received were unfit for use in many instances. The missionary goes on to say that he has seen Indians at Qu'Appelle, File Hills, Maple Creek and Swift Current, whose emaciated faces and shrunken forms told a story of hunger, and has seen them turning over heaps of refuse, searching swill tubs for crusts. The return includes a letter from Gov. Dewdney denying the charges.

The Collapse of the largest Bank in Ohio was announced on June 21. Suspicions were excited on the failure of the wheat corner mentioned in these columns last week, that the Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati would be a severe sufferer. These suspicions were justified when the Government Bank Examiner took possession of the bank and closed its doors. It would appear that the property of the bank has disappeared as completely as if the officers had stolen the whole. One report says that everything is gone but the building. There does not seem to have been dishonesty, as the word is generally understood, but the effect on shareholders and depositors will be the same as in cases of defalcation. The property was used to sustain the wheat corner, and when that collapsed the bank fell with it. The vice-president, the cashier and the assistant cashier, who are all respected citizens, and were believed to be wealthy, have been arrested on affidavits of the Bank Examiner, and charged with having, on or about June 13, unlawfully issued "certain drafts or certificates of deposit for large sums of money, to wit, $300,000, with intent to defraud the bank." The penalty prescribed is imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than five years nor more than ten. It is feared that the depositors will lose all their deposits, and that some country banks which kept their accounts with the Fidelity will be embarrassed. The entire loss is expected to reach ten millions, most of which has gone into the pockets of the grain brokers, and the elevator companies who stored the wheat. So far as was disclosed last week, it did not appear that the bank officials had taken part in the corner, but had lent money to the operators.

The Reports of the Health of the Crown Prince of Germany last week were more hopeful. One British medical journal, the *Lancet*, said, apparently by authority: "Crown Prince Frederick William, of Germany, is enjoying excellent health. The appearance of the larynx is quite satisfactory. There is no congestion. Solution of perchloride of iron has been applied on several occasions. It is probable that more of the growth will be removed early next week." This implies that the physicians now believe that the malady is not cancer.

The Celebration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria on Tuesday, June 21, was a pageant of unusual magnificence. The Queen, escorted by her sons, grandsons and sons-in-law, and accompanied by her daughters, granddaughters, and daughters-in-law, went in state to Westminster Abbey, where a special service of thanksgiving was conducted. The building was gorgeously decorated for the occasion, and a congregation of distinguished persons joined in the service The spectacle was very brilliant, the Queen wore her coronation robes, and around her was a hitherto unprecedented assembly of Mohammedan, Buddhist, Hindoo, Sikh and Japanese princes, with Persian and Chinese heathen magnates, seated near the altar of a Christian church, amicably awaiting a Christian prayer The Queen's journey from her palace to the Abbey, and back by another route, was the occasion of an ovation of unprecedented enthusiasm. Dense crowds lined the entire route, some of the persons present having paid as much as a hundred dollars for seats in windows and balconies from which they could view the procession. Wherever the carriage bearing the Queen came in sight the cheering started up, which seemed steadily to increase in volume and eventually to be continuous and mighty. The enthusiasm of the people appeared absolutely boundless. She received magnificent presents from many foreign potentates, and a gift in money of $75,000 presented by three million English women. She gave a private audience to Mr. Phelps, United States Minister, at Buckingham Palace, for the purpose of allowing him to present *President Clevelana's congratulations.* Mr. Phelps was attired in plain evening dress. The Queen's demeanor toward him was most cordial. She expressed thanks for the President's congratulations.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $23. They are from: Dalton, Ohio, $1; Marysville, Kan., $1; Felchville, Vt., $1; Parsons, Kan., $2; Allegheny, Pa., $2; New Brunswick, N. J., $2; Chester, Neb., $1; Seaward, Me., $5; Grass Valley, Cal., $1; Jackson, Minn., $5; Bethany, N. Y., $1; Belleville, Pa., $1. This enables us to add twenty-three names to the list, which we are very glad to do. Many other applications have been received from colored clergymen, which we shall have much pleasure in filling as soon as subscriptions to the fund come in.

The New Berachah Mission in New York was dedicated on June 21. It is situated in West Thirty-second Street near Tenth Ave., a part of the city where mission work has long been needed. The front of the chapel is built in a pretty design in terra cotta, with a large, roomy entrance. There are offices and reading-rooms on the side facing the street, and back of these is the large room where services will be held. It is light and airy, finished in excellent taste and will be sure to attract a large number of poor people to the mission. There was a large attendance at the dedicatory services, and among those who assisted the Rev. A. B. Simpson in the exercises were the Rev. Dr. R. R. Booth, of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church; the Rev. A. F. Schauffler; the Rev. Dr. John E. Cookman; the Rev. John Dooley; and Dr. Mackenzie.

Tearing Down the Lion and the Unicorn from the front of the Old State House in Boston, Mass., was an occupation in which a number of men engaged on the night of June 21. A few years ago the Bostonian Society, with a veneration for relics of antiquity, obtained permission to replace on the State House the royal arms of England, which had been removed in the Revolution. Accordingly the old emblem was brought out of the cellar, the accumulation of the rust of a hundred years was removed, and the relic, cleaned and burnished, was put in its old place, much to the disgust of some of the citizens. No action was taken against it, however, until last week, when the spectacle of prominent officials joining English residents in Boston in celebrating the Queen's jubilee, stimulated the latent repugnance into activity. The men went in the night to the State House, and, under cover of the darkness, attached ropes to the obnoxious emblem, and set to work to pull it down. The police came upon them before they had achieved their purpose, and they ran away, vowing that they "would have the thing down yet." If these iconoclasts had more sense they would perceive that there is no degradation in this emblem of a broken yoke. Their concern should rather be to be really free, and this is not to be attained by violating the law, but by the way Christ proclaimed (John 8: 32).

The Test for Immigrants in Force in the ports of the United States was the subject of a correspondence given out for publication last week between the Secretary of State and the British minister. Sir Lionel West wanted to know whether immigrants would be received if they had friends able and willing to support them if the government or private persons paid their passage here. Although the law enacted by Congress prohibited the landing of any persons in this country whose expenses had been paid by a foreign government, Sir Lionel thought that if such persons had friends here who would maintain them and keep them from becoming a public burden, their being admitted would not violate the spirit of the law. Secretary Bayard's answer was explicit. He stated that the fact of an immigrant having friends here would not remove the objection. If the foreign government paid his passage, or if he proved unable to support himself, he would not be allowed to land. Every immigrant is examined as to his own capacity, without regard to his friends, and on the result of that examination his admission or exclusion depended. This explicit statement should be made known to intending immigrants, as it may save some of them the hardships of a futile voyage. Those who cannot bear the test had better not come. The test for admission into Christ's kingdom is equally stringent, though it differs in kind. It, too, takes no account of friends already there, but it admits the helpless who acknowledge that they can do nothing for themselves (Luke 14: 21).

The Omission of a Question at a Trial has invalidated the sentence on a prisoner in Canada. At the recent session of the Court of Appeals, at Montreal, the Chief-Justice, in a long and elaborate judgment, decided a remarkable case submitted to the court. A prisoner charged with a capital offence was tried fourteen months ago in the court below, and convicted. Sentence was pronounced upon him, but he was not asked the usual question put to persons in his situation—whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced. The prisoner contended that the failure to ask the question rendered the sentence illegal, and he appealed against it. The Chief-Justice admitted the claim, and declared the sentence void. He did not, however, order a new trial, but remitted the prisoner to the court below to be re-sentenced. Precisely what benefit this decision can be to the prisoner does not appear, as it does not touch his conviction, but only his condemnation, which is involved by the verdict of the jury. When the verdict has been given in a trial, the only plea that can avail is one for mercy. That is the case of the sinner standing self-convicted before God. If his plea for mercy through Christ is too long delayed, the question finds him speechless (Matt. 22: 12).

A Honeymoon in Prison is Being Passed by a couple who were married at Mount Vernon, N. Y., on June 16. In trying a man arrested on a charge of assaulting the police, Justice Edmunds questioned the accused man, and learned from him the circumstances of the assault. The police had found him leaving a house in the night, and believing that he was a burglar attempted to arrest him and a fight ensued. The man said he was not a burglar but had merely been to see his sweetheart, who was a servant at the house, and who had supplied him with keys so that he could visit her after the family had retired for the night. The justice sent for the servant, and she admitted that she had given the keys. As the two were willing to be married the justice married them there and then, and afterward sentenced them to four months imprisonment each in Albany penitentiary, humorously suggesting to them that they could regard the journey there as their wedding-trip. The newly married couple seemed overwhelmed with astonishment, having evidently expected that their marriage would have satisfied the judge and averted punishment. No such surprise awaits those who through repentance and faith enter into spiritual union with Christ. His merits absolve them from their past sins (Eph. 5: 25–27).

A Curious Autograph on a Brick has been found in Maine. The *Chronicle* of Farrington, Me., says, that a few days ago a workman who was cleaning the bricks from the walls of the Old South Church, which was destroyed by fire, found one on which some letters could be seen. When the brick was quite clear the full inscription was legible. It read, "F. V. Stewart, 1836." The brick was taken to Mrs. J. P. Thwing who, being acquainted with Captain Stewart, saved it to show him. The captain, who is now eighty years of age, studied the brick with some interest. For a time he could not understand it, but at last he recollected that about fifty years ago he was in a brick yard, and in an unoccupied moment he amused himself by tracing his signature with the point of his stick on the soft clay of an unburned brick. It must have been sent to the kiln afterward, and ultimately laid in the walls of the church, to be found after half a century. Such a record of words and actions is every man writing, often unconsciously, in the soft material of his daily life. It passes from his sight and memory, but is imperishable and at the last great day, unless it has been erased by the blood of Christ, it will appear in judgment against him. Those who walk secretly in sinful paths forget the warning of the patriarch, that God has set "a print on the heels of their feet" (Job 13: 27).

A Ludicrous Newspaper Blunder is acknowledged with regret and an apology offered in a recent number of the *Republican* of Anthony, Kan. It appears that the editor was not responsible for the mistake, which occurred after his work was done, and he contends that it was due to the carelessness of an employee. Among the items of news was one reporting a trial in which the mental capacity of a citizen was in question, and over that item was the heading "Adjudged Insane." Another item was the announcement of a marriage, and a description of the festivities, and that paragraph was headed "At Hymen's Altar." In some way, the compositor in arranging the type, transposed the paragraphs but not the headings, and the marriage notice appeared under the caption "Adjudged Insane." The editor did quite right in apologizing, for whether the couple acted wisely or not in marrying, they had not been "*adjudged*" insane. There are, however, some marriages of which a worse judgment than that of insanity is recorded in heaven. The marriages of Christians with worldlings are pronounced wicked (2 Cor. 6: 14).

BRIEF NOTES.

The Hon. W. L. Gilbert has given $400,000 to establish a home for friendless children at Winsted, Conn.

The number of additions to the churches of Chicago on profession of faith directly traceable to Mr. Moody's meetings is over sixteen hundred.

Native Indian gentlemen are in London protesting against the regulation of prostitution which the British Government has undertaken in seventy cities of India.

The gifts of the Japanese Methodists of San Francisco to Foreign Missions last year, amounted to $400. They have also renovated their church at a cost of $1,000.

The cause of religious education has suffered two severe losses in the deaths of ex-President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, who died June 17, and President Roswell D. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, who died June 16.

Liquor dealers are alarmed at the progress of Prohibition. The National Association of Wholesale Liquor Dealers have ordered an assessment to fight the battle in Texas and Tennessee. One distiller in Cincinnati has given $10,000, toward that object.

Bishop William Taylor writing from Africa in April, asks for fifty "consecrated missionaries" to be sent to him by October. He wants them to be of sound constitution, willing to take nine hours' sleep every night and one day's Sabattic rest every week. Such he believes need not fear the climate.

The trial of the men accused of the murder of Rev. George C. Haddock, the prohibitionist martyr of Sioux City, Iowa, has been adjourned to the next term. A fund has been opened to pay the expenses of the prosecution. The first trial, in which the jury disagreed, has exhausted the money at the command of the family.

The State Convention of the Prohibition party of New York will be held in Alhambra Hall, Syracuse, on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 25 and 26, 1887, for the purpose of electing a State General Committee, placing candidates in nomination for the following State offices, viz.: Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney-General, and State Engineer and Surveyor; and for such other business as may come before the Convention.

Rev. J. Arthur Sherman, Chairman of the National Committee of the Young Men's Association of Christian Endeavor is meeting with remarkable success in England in the establishment of this order. The International Conference of this body will meet in Buffalo, N. Y., from December 1 to 14. Among the speakers announced are Drs. J. W. Hamilton, L. W. Davis and J. F. Pall, of Boston; Rev. T. A. Harrison, of Dorchester; Drs. D. C. Ball, Clark Montgomery, D. K. Burns, C. Punshon and D. Clay Ward, of England; Dr. G. W. Gordon, Buffalo; Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.; Revs. Sam Jones and Small; Revs. J. Arthur Sherman and Jos. A. Sherman, Youngstown, O.

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THE DEATH OF MOSES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."—Deuteronomy 34 : 5.

The Lord's Faithful Servant—Subject to the Common Lot—The Lord may Come—The Death of Moses Remarkable—I. According to Warning—Long Foreseen—Exceedingly Disappointing—A Severe Chastisement—A Great Calamity—Not Averted by Prayer—II. According to Divine Appointment—III. According to Loving Wisdom—Identity with Israel Preserved—Released from Trial—IV. According to Grace—Without Complaint—His Work Finished—A Legend.

WHAT an honorable title! Moses is distinguished as "*the servant of Jehovah.*" He was this of choice, for he willed to be the servant of God rather than to be great in the land of the Pharaohs. Such he was most perseveringly throughout the whole of his life. Such he was most intensely, for he waited upon God for his directions, as a servant waits upon his master; and he endeavored to do all things according to the pattern which was shown him in the holy mount. Oh that you and I may so live as to approve ourselves servants of God! Unto as many as have received him our Lord Jesus has given power to become the sons of God, and this is our great joy; but as sons we aspire to serve our Father, even as His great First-born Son has done, who took upon himself the form of a servant that He might accomplish His Father's good pleasure for His church.

But servant of God as Moses was, he must die. It is

The Common Lot

of men. We might have expected that he would live on till the people were settled in Canaan; but it seemed right unto the Lord God that he should die outside of the Promised Land, like the rest of the people. Caleb and Joshua alone of all that generation who came out of Egypt were permitted to possess the land towards which they had journeyed for forty years. It may be that we shall not die,

Our Lord Jesus may Come

before we fall asleep; but if He do not come speedily, we shall find that it is appointed unto all men once to die. We shall pass from this world unto the Father by that common road which is beaten hard by the innumerable feet of mortal men. Since we must die, it is well to meditate upon the solemn future. Moses shall be our teacher in *the art of dying*. We will consider his decease, in the hope that so our fears may be removed, and our desires may be excited. There is a Pisgah where we must yield up the ghost, and be gathered to our fathers: may we climb to it as willingly as did Moses, the servant of God!

I. We are told in the text that "Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord." This I shall read, first, as meaning that Moses died on Pisgah, according to

The Warning

of the Lord. His death was long foreseen. Moses knew some time before, that he must die without setting foot in Canaan. His death outside of the Promised Land did not come upon him at all as a surprise. He had to see his sister Miriam, first of the great trio, fall asleep; and, next, he was called to go up to Mount Hor and disrobe his brother Aaron of his priestly garments, which he placed upon Eleazar, his son. Moses had also to see the whole of the generation that came out of Egypt with him buried in in the wilderness. The Great Lawgiver had thus abundant pledges of his own departure, and he must have had in his brother's death a rehearsal of his own. Have not we also had many warnings? Are we ready?

Concerning his death in the land of Moab, it is natural to remark that it was exceedingly disappointing. He had been for forty years engaged in leading the people to the land of promise: must he die when that country was within a day's march? It was his life's work, for which he had been prepared by forty years in Egypt, where he became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; and by another forty years in the solitary wilderness, where he kept sheep and held high fellowship with God. His third forty years had been spent in freeing Israel from Egypt, training them to become a nation, and conducting them to the land of promise: must he now expire before the nation entered in? What years his had been!

What a Life

was that of Moses! How glorious was the man who had confronted Pharaoh, and broken the pride of Egypt! How tried and troubled a man had he been while called to carry all that nation in his bosom, and care for them as a shepherd careth for his sheep! Yet, after all that toil in fashioning a nation, he must die before the long-expected conquest. It was a bitter disappointment when first the sentence pierced his heart.

Apparently it was a severe chastisement. His offence was but one, and yet it excluded him from Canaan. We have not time to describe in detail the sin of Moses. It would appear to have been a sin of unbelief, occasioned by his feeling for and with the people. Three times in the Book of Deuteronomy Moses tells the people, "The Lord was angry with me for your sakes." It was not so much that which Moses did personally which involved him in judgment, but he suffered because of his being mixed up with Israel. His faith had saved them, and now his unbelief, being backed by theirs, secures for him the sentence of exclusion from the land.

Beloved, it seemed a great calamity that Moses must die when he did. He was an aged man as to years, but not as to condition. It is true he was a hundred and twenty years old, but his father and his grandfather and his great grandfather had all lived beyond that age, two of them reaching a hundred and thirty-seven, so that he might naturally have

Expected a Longer Lease

of life. This truly grand old man had not failed in any respect; his eye was not dim, neither had his natural force abated, and therefore he might have expected to live on. Besides, it seems a painful thing for a man to die while he was capable of so much work; when, indeed he was more mature, more wise than ever. The mental and spiritual powers of Moses were greater in the latter days of his life than ever before. Notice his wonderful song! Observe his marvellous address to the people! He was in the prime of his mental manhood. He had been tutored by a long experience, chastened by a marvellous discipline, and elevated by a sublime intercourse with God; and yet must he die. How strange that, when a man seems most fit to live, it is then that the mandate comes, "Get thee up into the mountain and die"!

The sentence was not to be averted by prayer. Moses tells us that he besought the Lord at that time, "O Lord God, thou hast begun to show thy servant thy greatness, and thy mighty hand: for what God is there in heaven or in earth, that can do according to Thy works, and according to Thy might? I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." This was altogether a very proper prayer: he did not plead his own services, but he urged the former mercies of the Lord. Surely this was good pleading, and he might have hoped to prevail for himself, seeing he had formerly been heard for a whole nation. But no! This boon must be denied him. The Lord said, "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter." Moses never again opened his lips upon the subject. He did not beseech the Lord thrice, as Paul did, in his hour of trouble; but seeing that the sentence was final, he bowed his head in holy consent.

When I thought of the trial of Moses in being shut out of the land, I found myself unable to read the chapter which lay open before me, for I was blinded by my tears. How shall any of us stand before a God so holy? Where Moses errs, how shall we be faultless? Never servant more favored of his Lord, and yet even he must undergo a disappointment so great as a rebuke for a single fault. The flower of his life is broken off from the stalk for one act of unbelief. To be exalted so near to God is to be involved in a great responsibility. A fierce light beats about the throne of God. He that is the king's chosen, admitted to continual intercourse with him, must stand in awe of him. Well is it written, "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling." An offence which might be passed over as a mere trifle in an ordinary subject, would be very serious in a prince of the blood, who had been favored with royal secrets, and had been permitted to lean his head upon the bosom of the king. If we live near to God we cannot sin without incurring sharp rebukes.

II. But now I have to conduct you to a second point of view. Moses, the man of God, died in the land of Moab, "according to the word of the Lord," that is, according to

The Divine Appointment.

All the details of the death of Moses had been ordered of the Lord. Time, place and circumstances were arranged by God. So, brethren, it is appointed unto us where we shall die, and when we shall die. We speak of certain persons as having "died by accident," and we sometimes bewail the deaths of Christian men as premature; but in the deepest sense it is not so. God hath marked out for us the place where, and the time when, we must resign our breath. Let this suffice us. That which is of divine appointment should be to our contentment. We do not believe in the *Kismet* of blind fate, but we believe in the predestination of infinite wisdom, and therefore we say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemth him good."

Moses died according to an appointment which is very general amongst God's people. He died without seeing the full result of his life-work. If you look down the list of the servants of God you will find that the most of them die before the object which they had in view is fully accomplished. It is true that we are immortal till our work is done; but then we usually think that our work is something other than it is. It never was the work of Moses to lead Israel into the promised land. It was his wish, but not his work. His work he saw; but his wish he saw not.

Moses did really finish his own proper work; but the desire of his heart was to have seen the people settled in their land; and this was not granted him. Thus David gathered together gold and silver wherewith to build the Temple, but he was not to build it; Solomon, his son, undertook the work. Even thus great reformers rise and speak the truth, and cause colossal systems of error to tremble: but they do not themselves utterly destroy those evils. Their successors continue the work. Most men have to sow, that others may reap. It is according to the divine appointment which links us to each other that one plants and another waters, one brings out of Egypt and another leads into Canaan. We also shall in life and death answer some gracious purpose of the Lord. Are we not glad to have it so? Yea, Lord, thy will be done.

III. I have conducted you a little out of the dark now, and the sky is clearing around us. In the third place, Moses died according to

The Loving Wisdom

of the Lord. It was a meet thing, a wise thing, and a kind thing that Moses should not go over Jordan. First, by so doing he preserved his identity with the people for whom he had cared. For their sakes he had forsaken a princedom in Egypt, and now for their sakes he loses a home in Palestine. He had suffered with them "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt;" and he had been with them in all that great and terrible wilderness, afflicted in all their affliction, bearing and carrying them in God's name all his days; was it not meet that he should at last die with them? He sleeps with the older nation; he ends his career on the hither side of Jordan, like all the generation which he had numbered when they came out from under the iron hand of the

Egyptian tyrant. It seemed fit that one so identified with the people should say, "Where thou diest I will die." Are not we satisfied to take our lot with the holy men and women who already sleep in Jesus?

Moreover, Moses might be well content to die there and then, since he was thus released from all further trial. Surely he had known enough of sorrow in connection with that rebellious nation! Forty years was enough for a pastorate over a people so fickle and perverse. His was no life of luxury and ease, but of self-denial, and perpetual provocation. What trial he endured! What self-restraint he exercised! What

A Lonely Life

he led! Are you surprised to hear me say that? With whom could he associate? Even Aaron, his brother, was a poor comrade for such a man. Remember how he failed Moses, when that man of God was absent for forty days upon the Mount with God. Moses dwelt apart, and shone as a lone star. It is significant that he died alone, for so had he lived. Aaron had tender attendants to disrobe him: he who put the vestments on, most fitly aided to take them off; but the crown which Moses wore, God himself had set upon his brow, and no human hand must remove it. Surely this burdened watcher of Israel must have been glad when his watch was over! We also in our deaths shall find the end of toil, and the rest will be glorious.

Remember, that by his so dying, in the next place he was relieved from a fresh strain upon him, which would have been involved in the conquest of Canaan. He would have crossed the Jordan, not to enjoy the country, but to fight for it; was he not well out of so severe a struggle? Joshua was naturally a man of war; let him use the sword, for Moses was abler at the pen. The Lord, therefore, graciously took him off the active list, and promoted him to a higher sphere. Let us not be distressed by the fact that he will one day perform the like kindness to us in our turn.

But, you will say, surely it might have been as well if Moses had lived to have

Seen Joshua Win

the country. Would this have been desirable? Do active men find much delight in sitting still and seeing others take the lead? Had Moses remained the leader of the people, he might have injured the glory of his former days. Have we not seen aged men survive their wisdom? Have not their friends wished that they had closed their career long before? Have we not seen pastors, once able and efficient, holding to their pulpits to the injury of the churches they once edified? Oh, that men would have wisdom enough not to undo in their age what they have wrought in their youth! Moses is removed before this evil can happen, and it is well.

IV. I must hasten on to say, that while the death of Moses thus exhibits the loving wisdom of God, the way in which he died abundantly displays the grace of God. After Moses had been well assured that he must die you hear

No Complaint

of it, nor even a prayer against it. Most fitly the old man immediately called forth all his energies to finish his work. He prepared his manuscripts, not for the press, but to be put away in the ark and to be preserved. He would have his testimony to future generations complete before his hand was paralyzed by death. He knew that he was to die, but he did not sit down and weep, nor sulk, nor give himself up to bitter forebodings of the hour of departure. He served his God with increased vigor, and was more than ever alive as life neared its close. Then he preached his best sermon. What a wonderful sermon it was! How he poured out his heart in pleading with the people! The sermon over, he began to sing. The swan is fabled to sing but once, and that just before it dies; so did Moses at the last give us that famous ninetieth Psalm. Moses had no time for poetry while his whole strength was needed in his government; but now he is about to die, his frame of mind is ecstatic; prose will not content him, he must weave his thoughts into verse. In fine, all the faculties of his manhood were drawn out to their utmost in a final effort to glorify the Lord his God. Brethren, is not this a fine fruit of grace? Oh, that we may bear it!

Then he gathered the tribes together and blessed them in prophetic words, pouring out his soul in benedictions. Having already cried to God about his successor, he laid his hands upon Joshua, and charged him, and encouraged him, and bade the people help in his service.

He did all that remained to be done, and then

Went Willingly to his End.

We, my brethren, also expect to die. Let us not fear it, but let us arouse ourselves to labor more abundantly; let us preach more boldly, let us sing more sweetly, let us pray more ardently. As flowers before they shed their leaves pour out all their perfumes, so let us pour out our souls unto the Lord. Let us live while we live, and dying, let us die unto the Lord. May our life-work close as sets the sun, looking greater when he sinks into the west than when he shines at full meridian height!

Moreover, his successor was appointed, and was just below in the plain. It was not his son, but it was his servant, who had become his son at length. He did not leave his flock to be scattered, his building to be thrown down. Happy Moses, to see his Joshua! Happy Elijah, to see his Elisha! The succession of workers lies with the Master, not with the workers. We are to train men "who can teach others also;" but our own especial work we must leave with the Lord. Yet as Paul was glad of Timothy, so must Moses have rejoiced over Joshua, and felt a release from care. He died, moreover,

In the Best Company

possible. Some men expire most fitly in the presence of their children; their strength has laid in their domestic duties and affections, and their children fitly close their eyes: but for the man Moses there was no true kindred. You hear that he married an Ethiopian woman; but you know nothing about her. You know that he had sons. but you do not hear a word about them except their names: their father was too engrossed in honoring his God to crave office for them. As we have seen, he lived as to men, alone, and as to men he died alone. But God was with him, and in the peculiarly near and dear society of God he closed his life on the lone peak. If he suffered any weakness no mortal eye beheld it.

As he died, the sweetness of his last thought was indescribable. Before his strengthened eye there lay the goodly land and Lebanon. The Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan. Yonder is Carmel, and beyond it he sees the gleam of the utmost sea. Through breaks of the mountains he sees Bethlehem and Jebus, which is Jerusalem. What a vision! Yet even this melted into

A Nobler View.

As we have seen in our childhood by the light of the magic lantern one view dissolve into another, so did the lower scene gradually melt away into another; and the servant of the Lord found himself removed from the shadows which his eye had seen into the realities which eyes cannot behold. He had gone from Canaan below to Canaan above, and from the vision of Jerusalem on earth to the joy of the City of Peace in glory.

The Rabbis say that our text means that Moses died at the mouth of God, and that his soul was taken away by a kiss from the Lord's mouth. I do not know, but I have no doubt that there was more sweetness in the truth than even their legend could set forth. As a mother takes her child and kisses it, and then lays it down to sleep in its own bed; so did the Lord kiss the soul of Moses away to be with him forever, and then he hid his body we know not where. Whoever had such a burial as that of Moses? Angels contended over it, but Satan has failed to use it for his purposes. That body was not lost, for in due time it appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration, talking with Jesus concerning the greatest event that ever transpired. Oh that we also may pass away amid the most joyful prospects; heaven coming down to us as we go up to heaven! May we also attain unto the resurrection from among the dead, and be with our Lord in His glory!

Soon our turn shall come. Do we dread it? As we are favored to serve our Lord we shall be favored to be called home in due season. Let us be ever ready; yea, joyfully ready. To the believer it is not death to die. Since Jesus has died and risen again, the sting of death is gone: wherefore let us prepare ourselves to climb where Moses stood. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

THE STORY OF METLAKAHTLA.*

A CIVILIZING work without parallel, alike remarkable for the original thought and genius displayed, and for the heroic courage in execution, is that conceived and carried out by William Duncan, in British Columbia, on the North Pacific Coast, near Alaska.

Captain (now Admiral) Prevost, returning to England from a cruise in the North Pacific, excited great public interest by his account of the terrible state of barbarism that prevailed there. Mr. Duncan sacrificed a highly lucrative position in a business house, and started out for this field under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, taking passage in a Hudson's Bay Company's sailing vessel, which rounded Cape Horn. On reaching Vancouver Island, Sir James Douglas, then the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, urged, in the strongest possible terms, the folly of his attempting to civilize the murderous hordes of the North Pacific; asserting that it would be a useless sacrifice of his life. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Duncan, persisted in his determination to go on, and he was taken to Fort Simpson, a fortified trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Fort Simpson was the centre of an Indian settlement, consisting of nine Tsimshean tribes, notorious on the whole coast for their cruel, bloodthirsty savagery—given up to dark superstition and atrocious habits of cannibalism—constantly waging war upon the neighbouring tribes. Their warfare was carried on with revolting cruelty, and in taking captives they enslaved the women and children, and beheaded the men. As they did not take scalps, the heads of their victims served as their trophies of war, which—after the manner of our own highly civilized ancestors in the last century—were borne home on the points of their spears, to afterward dangle from their girdles during their hideous devil dances.

Despite their atrocious barbarity, these people showed evidence of superior intellectual capacity. Their language, abounding in metaphors, is copious and expressive, and with few exceptions the sounds are sweet, soft and flowing.

One of the most marked characteristics of these people is their inordinate personal pride and vanity. In fact, this is true of all the North Pacific tribes, because of a slight taunt, or insult, a man will sometimes kill a slave or destroy all his property, believing that thereby he wipes out all the disgrace. Some years ago an officer in charge of a division of an Arctic search expedition indiscreetly gave out that he was about to send for a certain prominent chief. Word of this reached the ears of the chief in question, who was in the habit of being waited upon, or the honor of his presence requested; so when the officer's emissaries arrived, they were carved and grilled and eaten by the affronted chief and his council to wipe out the insult.

Shortly after Mr. Duncan's arrival he witnessed, while standing on the gallery of one of the bastions, a most sickening sight—a party of hideously painted cannibals tearing limb from

* A wonderful story of successful Christian work among the Indians, which Mr. Duncan has carried on for thirty years, containing a description of the town which he founded, his method of government and of evangelistic work—a story of deep interest. Pp. 483; Illustrated. Price $1.50. Published by *Saxon & Co.*, 39 Chambers St., New York.

A Bulgarian Priest Blessing the Cattle of the Parish.

limb the body of a woman, who had just been foully murdered by a chief; each struggling for a morsel of the human flesh which they devoured, accompanying their fiendish orgies with unearthly howls, and weird beat of their medicine-drums. These scenes were continued during the night, and were followed by debaucheries lasting several days, during which most terrible atrocities were perpetrated, several of their number being slain just without the gates of Fort Simpson.

Such scenes as these might well daunt the stoutest heart, but to Mr. Duncan they only proved a stimulus to his intrepid determination to rescue them from their benighted state. With great patience and rare ingenuity, by means of signs, gestures and objects, he secured a fair vocabulary of Tsimshean words, which he wrote down phonetically, and began to construct into sentences. At the end of several months he was able to write out a simple address, explanatory of his mission among them, setting forth that a white man had come, not to barter or get gain, but to bring them a message from the white man's God, and to teach them the knowledge of those things in which the white man was superior to the red man. This naturally excited the curiosity of the Indians, and, finally, when Mr. Duncan ventured out among them, in spite of the warning of the officers of the fort, he was warmly received by the chiefs and people, who regarded him as some supernatural being.

At the end of four years Mr. Duncan found, as the result of his labors, that he could muster a fair number of sincere converts; but these were subject to the temptations incident to a trading post, especially as regards drunkenness. Also, he deplored the retrograding influence of constant intercourse with those natives who continued their heathenish rites, and who sought in every possible way to destroy the work of the Christian white man.

In consideration of these obstacles, Mr. Duncan resolved to remove his followers from their pernicious surroundings, and establish an isolated model community. He selected for this purpose a place called Metlakahtla, about twenty miles from Fort Simpson—the site of one of the ancient Tsimshean villages, which had been abandoned by the natives some years before. On the day appointed for the removal, fifty souls—men, women and children—were ready to start, and others promised soon to follow. It was a solemn and impressive scene, when the little flock embarked in the six canoes freighted with their belongings, and set sail for their new home, while the whole population turned out to witness the departure, and say farewells.

On landing at Metlakahtla, Mr. Duncan and his Indian converts began immediately to erect huts and a school-house, which also served as a church. Mr. Duncan was greatly encouraged by the arrival of three hundred recruits.

BLESSING CATTLE IN BULGARIA.

(See Illustration.)

In the Greek Church of eastern Europe much of the religious work is done by the married parish clergy, who are popularly styled "Papas" or "Fathers." Bishops are not allowed to marry, but the working clergy are not, as a rule, ordained until they are married. They differ from the monastic clergy, from among which the Bishops are chosen, in other ways, but it is to them that the people look for pastoral work. They belong by birth to the people, and they usually live on terms of familiarity with the peasantry, and identify themselves with the rustic population, being not much distinguished from them in manners and habits of domestic life. Among the ecclesiastical customs of Bulgaria is that of the priest visiting a farmyard, at stated intervals, to pronounce a religious benediction upon the increase of the flocks and herds; the oxen and cows, the sheep, the goats, getting the benefit of his blessing, which is read with solemnity from an authorized liturgy, accompanied with the gentle waving of a feathered fan, sprinkling a few drops of consecrated water in the presence of the assembled rural household. The picture of this observance on this page is taken from a sketch by an artist who has sojourned in that country, and may be regarded as an incident characteristic of the primitive simplicity of the Bulgarian people. There is a disposition in our land and in these times to hold such a custom up to ridicule, and to pity the people who are so ignorant as to expect benefit from a priest's blessing pronounced in a farmyard. The disposition is not altogether creditable to us. The ignorant peasant is, in his own blundering way, expressing his belief in God's control over the minutest affairs of his life, which is much better than the effort now going on among ourselves to eliminate God from all secular affairs.

AN ATHEIST ON HIS KNEES.

(See Illustration on page 413.)

The following incident is related by an English traveler, who recently spent some years in exploring our Western States:

It was the close of the Sabbath, and there had been no public worship in the village where I tarried. After the darkness had come on, and the crowds began gradually to desert the streets, I bent my steps towards the woods. I had rambled for some time, when, from between the dark trunks of the trees, a light burst upon my vision, and presently I heard the accents of a voice, apparently engaged in vehement declamation. I pressed forward through the underbrush, and stood within the woodland meeting-house. It was a wild, yet lovely scene; a grand old hall, roofed with heaven's arch, carpeted with the green grass, and columned with massive oaks. A pulpit, made by felling trees, and forming a breastwork with their trunks, with a rough board for a desk, was lighted up by two large and flickering torches. Rude seats had been arranged in rows before this singular rostrum, and upon them were seated between 100 and 200 dimly seen forms.

But my eye very soon yielded to the horror which my ears took in. A young man was haranguing the assembly in a flippant style in defence of infidelity, and though he only rehearsed the stale and oft-refuted objections of all free-thinkers, and reminded me of a child leveling his little arrows at the Alps, most of his auditors seemed pleased and the rest quite unconcerned. He had almost concluded when I arrived, and I had not been there many minutes

before the poor skeptic, vain of the applause he elicited, took his seat in a conspicuous place upon the platform, and looked around him with an air of perfect triumph.

I was hesitating whether to leave the spot, or to endeavor, in my feeble way, to counteract the effect of his words, when a man arose in a corner of the camp-ground and asked to be heard for one moment. He was an old, gray-haired man, who leaned upon a staff. The simple eloquence of his manner, and the attendant circumstances, have ineffaceably stamped his words upon my memory. He said, as nearly as I can remember: "My dear neighbors, I have lived a great many years in your midst. My form has gradually bowed, and my locks have been bleaching before the effects of seventy winters, and I know you will hear me.

"Out in that copse, which is now lighted up by the pale moonlight, I buried two hardy, noble sons; and yet that spot is to me the pleasantest place on this blessed, beautiful earth; for thence went up two sainted spirits to the abodes of everlasting joy; yes, to that heaven which yon scoffer affects to deride. But though his wicked soul cannot realize such a place as heaven, I will show you that there is a world which he not only conceives of, but which in his secret soul he fears.

"You all know the cataract, which is even now sending its sullen whisper through these woods. I stood but a few days ago upon the brink of the swiftly flowing river, just above where it casts itself headlong from the precipice. I noticed suddenly a skiff, containing a single man, shoot out from the opposite shore, and prepare to cross. Just as he reached the middle of the stream, one of his oars broke, and the other was jerked from his grasp. I shall never forget the look of agony which convulsed his face when he saw that all his supports were gone, and that the boat was rushing down towards the fatal cataract. At first, loud calls for help awoke the mountain echoes for miles around.

"Soon the cries of agony were over, and *he fell upon his knees within the boat, and he prayed.* Oh, what burning words, what ravings of terror, what promises of the future, what reproaches for the past, were shrieked to heaven! Just then I succeeded in obtaining help; and he who had been within one short moment of eternity, stood safe again upon the shore. *That man sits there!* Yes, he who prayed when God's strong hand was hurrying him, as he thought, on to eternity, is here, cursing and even denying that very Being whom he then acknowledged, and who saved his life."

Every eye was turned towards the first speaker; and that countenance will haunt me while I live. Pale as the moonbeams in whose full lustre he sat, his eyes turned in a fearful gaze to the sky, his hands clenched, he had risen to his feet, and stood for one moment; then, breaking through the throng, he disappeared in the forest. A thrill of fear, and a cry of horror, ran through the assembly, as they sat an instant chained to the spot. Then dispersing, the old man and myself were left alone. I clasped his aged hand, and our tears and thanksgivings flowed out in unison that he had been able to give to the people who had listened to the blasphemy a convincing proof of the insincerity of the blasphemer.

An Atheist's Prayer in a Boat.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 393.)

Alfred's Return to Aspendale.

THE shades of evening were gathering around the hospitable mansion of the Quaker merchant, when the father and daughter arrived. Scarcely had they joined the family group, and told of their intended journey, than the servant brought the intelligence to the party in the cosy sitting-room that some persons had asked to see Robert Atheling on business of importance. They had declined to send in any further message than that they had come far to see him, and that they were sure he would be glad to give them an interview if he knew their errand.

Robert was always thinking more or less about his brother Alfred, and he instantly jumped at the conclusion that this visit was connected somehow with his brother's fortunes. He was now able to move about with the aid of a stick and a friendly arm. So, at Ephraim Hartgold's suggestion, he went into the merchant's private sanctum to receive his visitors.

In the sitting-room he had left were assembled Ephraim and Keturah, together with Ruth, his own darling Ruth, and also Señor Bonanza and sweet Inez, whose heart had just been made happier by two events—the permission to accompany Ethel Spofforth to Yorkshire, and the unexpected arrival of Captain Lanyon, who was "berthed," as he would have called it, by the "cabin" fire. These Robert left behind. Whom would he find waiting for his coming? "Hallo, Ned Saltmer!" said he, seizing the hand of the honest artisan, who was the foremost of the party. "I'm glad to see you. How is my good friend Madge?"

But by this time, Joss, who had no notion of being second in any welcome from his beloved master, placed his forefeet on his knee, and gave three joyous little barks, wagging his tail the while, as though he would employ both ends of himself to win the recognition he desired.

"Why, Joss! Joss, dear old friend! The sight of you is enough to make one homesick with a vengeance." And in very effusive fashion indeed did these two demonstrate their mutual opinions that "auld acquaintance should never be forgot."

The second visitor was good Simon Holmes, who looked so ludicrously happy standing there by the door, hat in one hand and running the fingers of the other through his long gray hair, his eyebrows arched to the utmost, and a smile upon his face that took up the whole area and seemed to spread itself over his entire person.

"Why, Simon!" said Robert, "if I might venture to predict what you would wish to say by how you look, I should prophesy that you have something exceedingly pleasant to tell me. Is it the best news, dear friend?"

"The varry best, Mister Robert, the varry best of all. But ah doan't think ah cud get it oot just now without chooakin', an' seea him 'at's browt it had better tell yo' his-sen."

Standing aside, he made room for the approach of a tall, gentlemanly looking youth who had stood back in the shade. His auburn hair was cut short, so that the native tendency to curl was not permitted to assert itself. He had a somewhat flourishing moustache that did assert itself effectively. His face was brown and sunburnt, but the blue eyes could not possibly be disguised.

"Robert! brother Robert!" said he, stepping forward. "Will you, can you, give me welcome? See here!" he continued, holding forth the bag with the familiar H. H. stamped thereon—"at least, believe me that your unworthy brother never stooped to be a thief."

"Alf! my brother Alf! Now God be praised!" said Robert, and rising from his seat, utterly forgetful of his own unstable limbs, he literally fell upon his neck and kissed him It was a touching picture. "O Alf! Alf! Alf! how this will bring the sunshine back to Aspen Garth! Surely our sainted father in his home in heaven sees this happy hour!"

It was a sight to see the strong, staid, sedate Robert Atheling, weeping like a schoolboy, fondling the repentant youth as if he had been a child, and all the while talking half incoherently of "father," "mother," "Alf, dear Alf!" mingled with ejaculations of gratitude to God. Ned Saltmer would have given a trifle to have had his white apron at command, for the honest fellow's tender heart was a fountain unsealed; the old carpenter's big colored cotton handkerchief was in constant requisition.

"Ha, ha, Mr. Robert! O, O Mr. Alfred!" said he, half laughing, half crying, and altogether beside himself with joy. "Ah tell'd yo', ah tell'd yo', ah allus tell'd yo' that God was as good as His wod! Oh, if nobbut ah'd a pair o' wings! ah wad flee te Aspen Garth like a swallo' an' mak' your mother t' happiest woman i' Christendom. Ned Saltmer, my lad, give us hode o' your hand!" and he gave the good carpenter's hand a shake and a squeeze that expressed his joy.

In a little time the reunited brothers sufficiently regained their composure to talk calmly of the events which had occurred since their separation. Alfred's lips were unsealed now about those times of gay frivolity and dissipation which had led to all his bitter experience. In bygone years his brother would have been the last person in the world to whom Alfred could have revealed that sad record. Now, however, that the record was closed, and he had said farewell to all such habits, he could speak of them to Robert freely.

"You could not have been happy in such a life, Alfred," said Robert, when the narrative was ended.

"No," Alfred admitted, "it was not happiness, it was a delirious excitement. It was like brandy or opium. I suppose the victim of either is never happy; but when he attempts to cut off his indulgence he is more miserable than when under their influence. A quiet evening at home was torture to me. I tried it many times. I would try to read or to write, but I would grow restless; I could not fix my attention. My imagination was running off to the theatre or the concert hall, or some riotous party, until feeling supremely wretched, I could bear it no longer, and rushed off anywhere to get the excitement I craved. It was a horrible time. Thank God, I have been delivered, even at such a cost."

"Yes, thank God, none but He could have done it," said Robert. And was that description you wrote in the magazine of your peril at sea substantially true? Did you really go through such a trial?"

"Oh! did you see that? How could you have known that I wrote it?"

"Yes, we saw that, and 'The Peep at the Old Home.' It was 'the peep' that gave us the clue to the identity of Ralph Ravensworth."

"Yes; the story is just what happened, save that the names are changed."

"Then we have reason to thank God again for your deliverance. You must have had a narrow escape."

"Death was very near," said Alfred, shuddering at the recollection, "as near as it ever will be until the time comes when I must die. But now enough of my unworthy self. Tell me how you have spent your time."

Robert related the history of his life in London, his vain search for Alfred, and finally his coming to Sharon Lodge to get the bag, and his providential rescue of Ruth, with the sickness resulting from that night's experience. "Now," he said, when he reached that point, "you must see Ruth herself. Lend me your arm, and help me back into the parlor. I must introduce you to my host and hostess, and—his voice sank into a whisper—your future sister-in-law."

Leaning on Alfred's arm, Robert led the way back to the little circle in the parlor, from which Alfred's coming had summoned him, while Simon Holmes and Ned Saltmer followed. Mrs. Hartgold was sitting at the outer edge of the group, and to her Robert directed his steps, proud now to acknowledge his brother. Alfred's eyes rested admiringly on the calm, motherly face, and he was extending his hand to meet that hospitably held out to him, when two noises startled him. One was the loud ejaculation of a hearty voice, which had gained strength in contention with the roar of the wind across a ship's deck in many a stormy night, and the other a startled cry that contained as much of joy as surprise. Looking quickly around, what was his astonishment to recognize Captain Lanyon and Inez.

"Ah! you deserter, you are fairly trapped," roared the Captain, seizing Alfred's shoulder with a grip of iron; "I arrest you, young man, on the charge of deserting your ship under the most aggravating circumstances;" and the Captain laughed heartily at his joke.

"We were so distressed at your leaving us, Mr. Ravensworth," said Inez, shaking hands with him, her eyes expressing the cordiality and regard that were wont to characterize her manner during their companionship at sea, when there were no decorous city people present to remind her of the restraint which the usages of society impose on the utterances of the tongue. She could not *say* more in the presence of Ruth and Mrs. Hartgold, but the look she darted into Alfred's eyes told him plainly how much grief his sudden flight had caused her.

It was now Señor Bonanza's turn. Alfred thought he had never seen any nobler or more winsome features in living man than those that met his gaze when that gentleman rose from his place, pushed back from his brow his whitening hair, took Alfred's two hands in his, and said: "This, then, is the young gentleman who behaved so tenderly and helpfully to my darling daughter during that terrible time when she was in peril on the sea! Permit me, Mr. Ravensworth, to tender you *a father's* thanks——"

"But I don't understand," said Alfred, thoroughly mystified. "Captain Lanyon——"

"Is her father yet!" said the captain stoutly, "and is going to be, but Señor Bonanza has set up a claim, too, that I cannot resist, and Inez thinks she has a heart large enough for us both. I hope she has, for I sha'n't like to lose her love."

Explanations followed, to which Alfred listened with the attention which a young man cannot but feel in all that concerns the lady who has found her way into his heart. Simon Holmes and Ned Saltmer had to be made known too, and their connection with Alfred's history described. The night closed on a happy and thoughtful party, whose foremost thought and feeling was that of devout and loving thankfulness to an overruling Providence who had brought so much good out of evil, and out of a cloud so dark had educed so bright a light.

Ephraim Hartgold, though by no means easily moved from the even current of his ways, was moved to propose that they should kneel in silent prayer. He himself was the first to break the silence and to pour out their common thanks in simple and earnest prayer to the good God that is over all. He was followed by Simon Holmes, who for the moment largely left his breadth of dialect and prayed with so much of force and feeling, and shaped the expression of their thanks and sympathies in such stirring sentences, that they all felt as though they were kneeling at the gate of Heaven.

Ned Saltmer, Simon Holmes, Alfred Atheling and Joss returned to Ned's cottage for the night, but before they left, yielding to the entreaties of Alfred and Simon, whose thoughts had turned to his neglected business now that his work in Alfred's interest was completed, Robert agreed to accompany them to Aspen Garth on the next day if he were able to travel.

Ruth and Mrs. Hartgold would fain have detained their guest, but with the delicacy and consideration which characterized both ladies, they forbore to urge his remaining when it was evident that he was able to travel and that his going would add to the happiness of those dear to him. Accordingly, on the following day Robert was assisted by Alfred from his room in Mr. Hartgold's mansion to a hack, in which he drove to the railroad station, where with Simon Holmes and the faithful Joss they took the train for Yorkshire. On the journey down Robert's thoughts continually turned to the dear, good girl he had left behind at Sharon Lodge, and he could not but thank God as he traveled over the country, which but a short time before he had crossed in anxiety and apprehension, that on his return journey he had his brother by his side and had gained since then the most precious thing that man can gain in this world—the pure love of a good woman.

No words of mine can describe the welcome which awaited the travelers at Aspen Garth. Not since Alfred's departure in the days long gone by had her children seen on Widow Atheling's face so deep a joy, so unadulterated a happiness. The Benjamin of her flock, her youngest born, was lost and was found, and the elder brother was not standing discontented outside, marring the festivities with his unbrotherly malignity, but was rejoicing with the mother that God had enabled him to bring the prodigal home. Surely never before had the beech-logs flung so bright a glow upon the hearthstone, never before lit up the spacious ingle with such a cheerful flame.

Among the happy and grateful group that gathered there on Alfred's return was Simon Holmes, for he could be ill spared at a time like that. He who had wept with them that wept, must now help to make their rejoicing more.

"If there's yah thing mair then anuther te be depended on," said Simon, "te be depended on fully an' for iver, it's this: God's marcy is allus mair than a match for oor misery, an' prayer an' faith can set yan ageean t' other till misery mak's an end of itself an' massy gains the day. Them things 'at seeams te us te be meeast unlikely is just the soort o' things' 'at He tak's pleasure i' deoain'; just te show us 'at it pays te trust Him, nut a lahtle bit noo an' then, but oot an' oot, an' all the tahme. It's a grand thing, Mrs. Atheling, that the good Lord tohns oor varry troubles inte t' meeans o' bringin' us tiv his-self. Ah wunder hoo monny prayers hez been offered up for Mr. Alfred."

"None can tell but the Lord Himself," said Mrs. Atheling.

"An' what's prayers for but te be answered, ah sud like te knoa? Ah've allus said 'at as sure as Sunday morning follows Saturday night, them 'at sows i' tears shall reeap i' joy, an' that you wad ha' your lad, the bairn o' monny prayers, te hug te your heart ageean, because God is allus as good as His wod."

"That's true, Simon; you never gave up hope, and many a time you have cheered me by your confidence."

"I'll tell yo' what," continued the old carpenter, "it seeams te me 'at we niver owt te put ony limits te what God can deea for us. Why, Mr. Robert, if a lahtle ant was te cum te t' door o' your granary an' ax yo' kindly for a grain o' corn, you wud say, 'Tak' it an' welcome, ah sall loss nowt be that.' Noo, isn't it sense an' reeason that all an' everything 'at we can ask o' the Almighty is i' comparison summat less then that? I had a tree i' my garden last autumn 'at was so full o' golden apples, 'at when ah lifted me hand te pull an odd 'un, ah shak'd t' branch an' mair then a schhore on 'em fell tumm'lin' at me feet. Says ah te me-self, 'Thoo's a generous tree, an' like the God that meeade tha' thoo gi'es ma' mair then ah axed for."

"I can say that of the Lord's goodness to me," said the widow.

"An' then ageean," he continued, "what a monny wunderful ways He hez o' meetin' oor wants, an' helpin' us i' oor heavy needs and foorce-puts! He's niver at a loss. If yah way weean't deea, He tries anuther. It's just like t' fooaks 'at were on t' ship wi' Paul when it brak' its back on a rock. Some on 'em swam ashore; some on 'em wer' carried by planks, an' some on 'em floated upo' brokken pieces o' ship; some on 'em yah way, an' some on 'em anuther; but be it hoo it may, he browt 'em all safe ashore. *We* think 'at oor ship's the thing te bring us seeafe te land, an' all of a sudden He breks wer ship up, an' finds us a plank 'at we nivver expected an' didn't mitch like t' looks on; but *you* can testify 'at its browt yo' te land for all that."

It is no wonder that both at the Towers and the Garth, and indeed at every house in Aspendale where trouble was, the pious old carpenter was a welcome guest. There was something contagious in his firm and fervent faith; and long after the doctor had given an adverse opinion in some case of serious illness the simple villagers would ask if Simon had "given 'em up." Methinks it is a pity that simple but sublime faith like this, power with God like this, holy influence with men like this, is so rare a thing among Christian people. Were it otherwise we might hope to see signs and wonders, wonders of healing, wonders of deliverence, wonders of reformation and conversion, wonders of rapid evangelization which now we only dream of and so very seldom see.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 10. Matt. 2:13, 23. Golden Text, Ps. 18:19.

The Warning to the Wise Men—Obedience Apparently Imprudent—Mistakes about Divine Guidance—Consequences to be left to God—Loss often Involved by Obedience—Self-supporting Gospel Work Needed—The Massacre of the Infants—The Prompt Obedience of a Consecrated Man—A Word Surer than a Dream—Souls in Bondage.

AFTER the wise men had worshipped the Infant Jesus at Bethlehem, they were "warned of God in a dream, that they should not return to Herod." Here was a trial of faith, and a test of obedience. The king of the country where they were sojourning had commanded them to return to him with tidings of the new-born king. Human wisdom would have said, "At all costs, do as the king commands; you will never again have such an opportunity to testify for Him whom you have believed in and worshipped." Or, again, personal fear might have influenced them. The king would know how much time the journey to Bethlehem would take, and if they did not return within a given time he might pursue and slay them. But these wise men saw God as greater than the kings of the earth, and they obeyed Him without a question, leaving all results to Him. Much of the difficulty which God's children have

Concerning Guidance,

arises from their weighing the clear directions of God in the scales of human prudence. It was this very thing which led to the setting up of the golden calves in Dan and in Bethel. God had commanded his people, "Take heed to thyself that thou offer not thy burnt offerings in every place that thou seest: but in the place which the Lord shall choose in one of thy tribes, there thou shalt offer thy burnt offerings, and there thou shalt do all that I command thee" (Deut. 12:13, 14). But when Jeroboam became king, he reasoned against the plain command of God: "Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David; if this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their lord, even unto Rehoboam, king of Judah, and they shall kill me, and go again to Rehoboam, King of Judah" (1 Kings 12:26, 27). The result was the setting up of the golden calves, and the making Israel to sin! We have no right to judge or question the consequences of anything which God has in His Word commanded us to do. He will take the consequences if we obey.

"The wise men" departed into their own country another way. And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him." Here, again, was clear direction; but to follow it involved a cost. Joseph's business was at Nazareth; all his stock in trade was there; all his connection was there; to remain away meant the ruin of his business.

Could he Afford to Obey God?

This is the question, baldly put, which is stirring the hearts of thousands; they see that to follow God fully must involve a loss, and as they have not really yielded themselves a living sacrifice to Him, they are not prepared for it, and they uphold the claims of self against the claims of God. Joseph was "a just man," and he recognized that God must be first in everything; so, without a moment's hesitation, the very same night he arose, packed all they had with them on an ass, seated Mary and the holy Child upon it, and the very same night in which God spoke to him, before the morning broke, he commenced his journey. This promptitude of obedience, with no guarantee of success but the eternal faithfulness of God, is most lovely, most precious, and alas, most rare! What was the little business at Nazareth compared to the interests of Jesus?

How were the holy family maintained in Egypt? We are not told; but I doubt not that Joseph found employment as a journeyman carpenter. There are many who think

Mechanical Labor

beneath them, and who wish to enter upon evangelistic work because they think it would raise them somewhat in worldly position. This idea never came from Jesus, who labored with his hands; nor yet from Paul, who said, "Laboring night and day, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you; we preached unto you the gospel of God" (1 Thes. 2:9). We hope the time is coming when there will be more of self-supporting gospel work and self-supporting missions abroad. Joseph was in no hurry to return; he remained in Egypt until the death of Herod, and the prophecy of Hos. 11:1 was fulfilled in the Person of Jesus, as in the people of Israel, "Out of Egypt have I called My Son."

Herod watched in vain for the return of the wise men. The time they would have taken for the double journey had more than elapsed, but there was no trace of them, and no tidings reached the king's ears. He was not accustomed to be disobeyed. It was very clear that they had no intention of coming to the king. But it may be, his conscience may have smitten him, and that he may have felt that this was God's hand working to hinder his evil purposes. But Herod had taken his choice; he had entered the lists to contest with God. So, in his wicked, tyrannical hatred of the infant Jesus, he

Slew all the Children

in Bethlehem of two years and under, thinking that in so doing the life of Jesus would be sacrificed. But the unhappy tyrant had not taken into account who it was he was contending with. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth" (Isa. 45:9). Herod, unknown to himself, was bringing about the fulfilment of prophecy. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." But the children and the mothers? Surely, He who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to save the world, would fold these little ones in safety into His own presence, and He who was anointed to comfort all that mourn (Isa. 61:3), would not fail to comfort these bereaved mothers!

When Herod was dead, Joseph received direction in the same way as before, "by a dream," that he should return again into the land of Israel. He must have been fairly established in Egypt by that time, but he was ready for any move to which God called him; he had yielded himself and his will up to God, he was a truly consecrated believer.

"I don't like,"

and "I don't think," are words scarcely heard from the lips of one who is really consecrated; his object is to know what *God* wills and what *God* thinks. Joseph did not judge for himself when the infant Jesus would be out of danger, but waited to be guided. The royal David, at all times and in all circumstances, accepted guidance from God. "He leadeth me," was his glad testimony. King though he was, he was a little child in his own eyes, with no trust in himself. And it was this loving, confident trust in a God who infallibly guided him as he obeyed, which made David's life to overflow with praise. There are many who think that if they would only receive guidance by a dream, as Joseph did, they could be more sure of God's mind than they can be without such a personal direction. Peter was of another opinion, when he said, "We have also

A More Sure Word

of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place" (2 Pet. 1:19). Where there is a heart really subject to God, and a spirit still enough before Him for Him to speak to it, He will never fail to guide. Of course, He wants us to know His will. But if we have a preconception in our hearts that His will must be in this direction or that, we are not open to His guidance. While we are balancing in our own minds the pros and cons of any question, we are not in a condition to learn the mind of God; it is in the stillness of our souls that we hear the still, small voice of God.

Joseph "arose and took the young Child and His mother, and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee: and he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth, that it might be fullfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene." Again the willing Joseph obeyed. There is something in this history which prefigures our experience. When we are born again of the Spirit, the life of Christ within us is small and the enemy seeks to destroy it, but a stronger than he has said, "No man shall snatch them out of My hand" (John 10:28, R. V.). Yet the young life exists in a land of strangers, the land of bondage. How often are

Saved Souls in Bondage.

How many there are who are really saved, but a sense of condemnation weighs them down, so that they are perpetually occupied with their own condition; instead of praising God that they are not condemned, they are continually groaning because sin still has dominion over them; instead of praising Him that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin, they are ever mourning over their defilement. But the prophecy says, "*Out* of Egypt have I called My son." God would have us live in His own land of promise, occupied, not with ourselves and our condition, but with Jesus and what He is, and what He does for us. We cannot attain to liberty by contemplating our bondage, but we do so by accepting the freedom which Jesus offers through His cleansing blood, accepting Him to keep us from sin, from which we could never keep ourselves. *He* wants to have the keeping of us. Why should one burdened, bound, desponding soul remain in Egypt when Christ says, "Come unto Me. Let Me cleanse and keep you clean, let Me fight temptation as it arises." "*I* will dwell in them and walk in them," says God (2 Cor. 6:16). His only condition is that we yield ourselves unto God, our propensities, our failings, our all, to be purged, kept, used, transfigured by Him alone. O, that it may be true of each one of us, "Out of Egypt have I called My son"!

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THE END OF THE WAY.

My life is a wearisome journey;
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me;
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward;
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best;
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out to my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and as clear as the day;
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am foot-sore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour himself has said "Come;"
So when I am weary in body,
And sinking in spirit, I say,
"All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way."

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,
There are cordials for those who are faint,
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopeful y onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

—*Selected.*

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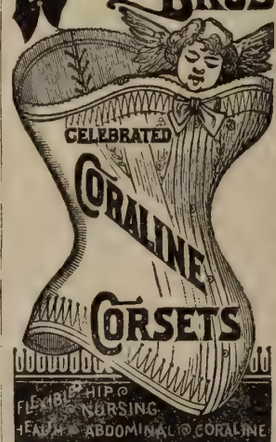

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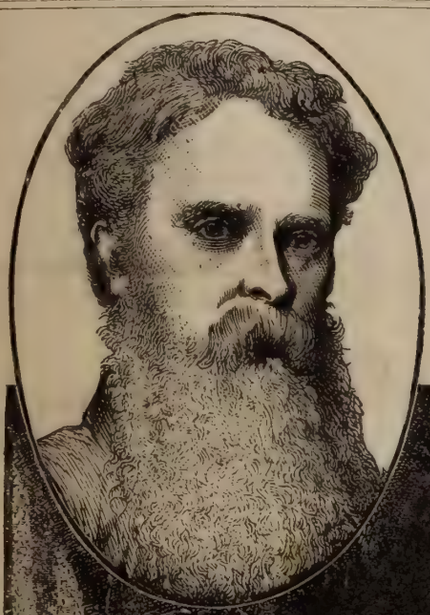

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MR. R. STEWART CLOUGH:

Pioneer Missionary in The Amazons.

Born in 1837—His Father's Life-Work—Goes to Spain in 1856—Mother's Bible—Anguish at the Opera—A Dying Blacksmith's Appeal—Peril on the Sea in 1859—Conversion—Returns to Spain as an Evangelist in 1862—Marriage—Goes to South America in 1871—Running into the Bush—A Jaguar Fishing—Too Near an Anaconda—An Irate Redskin Pacified—An Amazonian Encampment—Midnight Visit of a Vampire—A Cunning Alligator Despatched—The Return Home to Europe—Subsequent Work for Christ.

On the preceding page accompanying the picture of that most marvellous and imposing of nature's wonders, *a South American forest*, is a portrait of the Rev. R. Stewart Clough, whose love for Christ and zeal in the cause of missions prompted him a few years ago to undertake a pioneer journey in South America. There, like Livingston in Africa, he encountered personal perils of many kinds, that he might personally satisfy himself, and the Society with which he was connected, respecting the character and disposition of the natives, and the practicability of mission work. His work on South America, recently issued, has made a deep impression on the public, and has enlisted Christian sympathy with the land in which, there being "no vision, the people perish."

Mr. Clough was born of godly parentage at Leeds, England, on June 7, 1837, so that he is now fifty years of age. He was educated at a Commercial School, where his progress was rapid and his success conspicuous. His father, Mr. William Clough, was for thirty-seven years an ardent and successful home-missionary and evangelist, and so thoroughly possessed the confidence of the Christian public that he was appointed Principal of an institution at St. Albans for the training of young men for home and foreign mission work, nearly 250 of whom have passed through his hands. While a rigid Puritan of the old school, he was beloved by Episcopal ministers, and in St. Peter's churchyard is a tombstone erected to his memory by the Rev. H. N. Dudding, the rector, to whom he was devotedly attached. He was

An Exemplary Parent,

a Christian whose virtues shone both in public and private life. He went about doing good from the age of eighteen till within a few days of his death, at the age of seventy-three. In this town his name is still held in reverence and affection. He never spoke to anyone without naming his Master, and saying a word for Him."

Daily intercourse in his youth with men of culture and travel inspired the son of this godly man with a desire to see the world, and in 1856, he went to Spain with his uncle, Dr. Stewart, who was then laboring as a medical missionary in that country. Soon after his arrival, Mr. Clough was appointed to a post on the Santander line of railway. He

Learned Spanish

with facility, and subsequently went to Bilboa, on another railway. Here he acquired a colloquial knowledge of Guipuscoano (Basque), one of the oldest and most difficult of European languages, and laid the foundation of his subsequent extraordinary linguistic attainments. Though some acquire languages with greater ease than others, diligence, perseverance and continuous study are essential in every case to all real progress, and Mr. Clough was no exception to the invariable rule.

Wherever he went Mr. Clough carried about with him a Bible which his beloved mother had given him on his sixteenth birthday, but

A Godless Life

which he was then living made him fear to open it, lest he should therein read his condemnation. For a time he lived in a Roman Catholic family the members of which were reputed to be very pious people. They tried hard to induce him to embrace their religion. Though they sincerely pitied their young lodger, and regularly prayed for his soul, they went to bull-fights on Sunday afternoons and in the evening to the opera. One Sunday evening Mr. Clough accepted an invitation to accompany them to the opera. Between the acts, he looked round upon the gay and thoughtless assembly, and suddenly remembering how his dear father and mother would most likely then be praying for him at family worship, he was overwhelmed with shame and remorse and felt unspeakably miserable. The verses of Scripture committed to memory in infancy and childhood at home and in the Sunday-school stung him like scorpions, yet he feared to kneel down and ask for mercy. But God had begun to work in him.

At a Deathbed.

Just at this juncture an English blacksmith who was thought to be dying sent for him to see him. "Young man," said he, "I have lived a wicked life and am about to die. I have heard you speak of your godly parents; kneel down and pray for me!" The appeal went home to the heart of Mr. Clough with terrible force. How could he pray for another when he did not pray for himself! However, he had his Bible with him, and kneeling down, he read the 103d Psalm. To his reading of the Psalm he could only, add with anguish, the publican's prayer: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

In October, 1859, Mr. Clough returned to his native land. The passage was rough at the outset, and when the vessel was passing from the Bay of Biscay to the English Channel it encountered the memorable storm in which the *Royal Charter* with hundreds of valuable lives went down. The tempest struck the vessel on which Mr. Clough was sailing and hurled it to and fro like a skiff. Nobody on board expected to see land again, and the future missionary braced himself up to meet death. He felt it was too late to pray, and had he then been called into eternity, he would have passed away, to use his own words, "conscious of deserving condemnation." He knew *about* Christ, but his eyes had not been opened by the Holy Spirit to know Him as *his* Saviour. This, however, did take place only a little later on, and, at once, with characteristic enthusiasm, the new convert devoted himself without reserve to the service of Him who had translated him "out of nature's darkness into His own marvellous light."

Gospel Work in Spain

In the year 1862 Mr. Clough, now "a new creature in Christ Jesus," returned to Spain as *an evangelist*. Two years of happy, successful service passed away, and at the end of this period he was married in Lisbon, to an English lady, a devout Christian and a true helper to her husband. Except in his journey to Amazonia, nine years afterward, she accompanied him in most of his journeys, and being an excellent Spanish scholar, has been enabled to do a good and great work for the Lord among the members of her own sex. Mr. Clough now undertook to master the Portuguese language, which was soon accomplished. Soon afterwards he went to Spain again, and in that country and in North Africa, Gibraltar and France, was engaged in proclaiming the Gospel of salvation until 1871, when he accepted service under the auspices of the South American Missionary Society, to go

To South America,

for the sole purpose of ascertaining what facilities existed for missionary enterprise among Indian tribes in Amazonia. In this region he spent four years, travelling about 13,000 miles backwards and forwards between the Atlantic and the Andes, and as far south as Bolivia. Much of this travel was on the river Amazon, the course for the most part being through forest walls, which tower up on each side to the height of eighty feet, like vegetable cliffs. Having passed through an intricate labyrinth of islands situated in The Narrows, the little town of Breves was touched at for the purpose of obtaining fuel. This being accomplished, and "leaving Breves," says Mr. Clough, "we continued our way through a maze of channels, and, tired of straining my eyes to pierce the gloom, I lay in my hammock and admired the lovely constellation of the Southern Cross, which now stood sharply defined in the clear, though inky-black sky; but my rest was soon broken by hearing the pilot sing out *para*, and in a moment afterwards by *the vessel running into the bush*. In less time than it takes me to mention, every passenger had turned out to ascertain the mischief done, and all hands were at the paddle-boxes, where the axes are semi-circularly arranged for immediate use. By dint of cutting away the branches of trees, and reversing engines, we soon got clear, but the stench arising from disturbed decaying vegetation was so overpowering that our olfactory organs could only find relief in the folds of a handkerchief."

There is a beautiful district north of the Amazons, called

Furo de Uraria.

The Furo itself is described as a chain of expansive and beautiful deep-water lakes, the largest being situated at the mouths of the numerous rivers flowing into it. Fish abound in surprising variety and numbers, and here, too, the jaguar may often be seen engaged in piscatorial exercise, as he draws his tail backwards and forwards in the water till approached by his finny prey, when with lightning speed his sharp-clawed paw grasps the coveted prize.

Mr. Clough had been in Pebas a week when for the first time he encountered

The Wild Indian

in his native solitudes. One day he was writing in his tent, when he heard subdued whispering; thinking it proceeded from some of his attendants, he paid no further attention until the voices began to be very loud. He then lifted the curtain, and discovered nearly a couple of dozen of men, women and children squatting against the wall. As usual, they were all painted. "When I made a step forward," says the missionary, "a huge fellow started up and raised a long glittering knife above my head. I did not like to draw back lest I might be thought afraid, so I smilingly pointed to the weapon, and held out my hand for it. My heart went up to God in prayer. The man's chest rose and fell, his heart beat violently, his lips were tightly pressed, and for a few moments he hesitated what to do, but I calmly looked him in the eye, and by signs requested the knife. By-and-bye, I think it must have dawned upon him that my intentions were amicable and not sanguinary, so, lowering his arm, he handed me the knife; after pretending to examine it, *I took the blade between my fingers*, and politely returned it, when I could see the brawny redskin was fairly ashamed. A few trinkets put all in good humor, and during the stay of this horde in Pebas they were very friendly disposed." Families among

The Amazonian Indians

rarely remain long in one spot. They generally fix their hut near a creek, river or lake. A belt of jungle is usually left between the water and clearing, and frequently several canoes lie hidden under a mass of overhanging foliage. Here plantains, bananas, sweet potatoes and pines are planted, and a plot of corn; hence an abundance of breadstuff is ensured; while the forest and water furnish game and fish without limit. The women manufacture pots, pans and ovens, and upon removal take nothing with them. After six months' absence all will be found as left, and a crop of bananas into the bargain.

Vampires

were found very troublesome by Mr. Clough. They attack without scruple fowls, dogs, horses and cattle. "It was nothing for one to rise in the morning," says the missionary, "and find his or her hammock drenched with blood from a wound. Out of curiosity I sometimes laid awake in my hammock on bright moonlight nights, hoping a vampire would bleed me. One or two soon paid me a visit, and silently flitted above, below and around me, hovering on their leathery wings only a few inches from my face; the fanning I found deliciously soothing, and I could hardly resist succumbing to somnolency, but I had no ambition to be operated upon

asleep. The appearance of the vampire is singularly repulsive; and as they hung over my face, gloating at the prospect of drinking my blood, I thought they looked anything but angelic. I sent to the museum of the South American Missionary Society in London a specimen twenty-three inches across the wings.

One bright moonlight night while Mr. Clough was fishing, he observed something rising and falling upon the surface of the water. It was

An Alligator.

It was evident the brute contemplated making an attack, so the solitary fisherman took a lively interest in his strategy. Mr. Clough writes: "I believe he suspected I had discovered him, for after a few minutes' absence he rose up stream, waited awhile, and then slowly drifted down, doubtless hoping I might mistake him for a log. Facing the water, I fastened my line to a stake, and knelt ready to give my dusky enemy a warm reception; and when he was opposite and distant only a few yards, he made a most savage and sudden rush at me with his colossal jaws wide open. At once I fired. The smoke of my rifle had barely cleared, before the monster fell backwards, sunk with a splash, a minute afterwards reappearing belly upwards, when he slowly drifted from view."

It appears that young alligators, from five to seven feet long, offer no resistance to the tiger when attacked. A gentleman, who has a plantation near Cudajáz, told Mr. Clough that while tapir hunting, his place of observation being the margin of a lake, he saw *a large striped tiger* spring out of some bushes and stand before an alligator. Instead of diving into deep water, which it could easily have done, the reptile threw up its tail and stood motionless, apparently paralyzed with fear. The tiger walked round and round its victim, its coat bristling with rage, eyes flashing fire, and emitting tremendous roars; soon afterwards he commenced devouring the tail, the alligator, as if paralyzed with terror, never once attempting to escape.

The mission on which Mr. Clough had been sent to South America being at length accomplished, he bent his course

Homeward to Report

what he had seen in his three thousand miles of exploration. In his diary this record shows his own estimate of the field. He says: "'Spare me, O Lord,' 'spare me to return to my beloved land, that I may report how large a portion of the world there remains to be possessed, and prepare the hearts of Thy servants, that they may be encouraged to go forth in Thy power, strength and fear, to proclaim the Gospel of Christ to those that sit in the darkness.'

"Day after day, and week after week, as we shot down the yellow Amazon, now ploughing our way through drift-wood, winding among verdant islands, or cleaving surging billows amidst the rush of wind and tempest, I watched the distant emerald walls. I had had many rambles in their gloomy depths. I had seen the wild Red Man in his native solitudes, and found him oftentimes so low in point of knowledge, though not lacking latent intelligence, that he was nothing more or less than a giant baby. I had found him a stolid though earnest listener, and believed the Gospel would be to him, what it is to *all who believe it*, the power of God.

Having reached Pará the last week in January, 1873, Mr. Clough found an English vessel in the estuary, and took passage in her for Europe. After a successful voyage of nearly a month, he entered the Mersey, and landed at Liverpool. His report rendered, he desired to remain at home for a time, that he might give advice or information to aid the Society in organizing the work of the mission. He naturally took a deep interest in the work, and accompanied the first set of missionaries sent out to labor in Amazonia. Since that time Mr. Clough has engaged in

Work in Spain and Mexico.

and has been much occupied in important and necessary translations, among which the most valuable is the "Divine Offices and other Formularies of the Reformed Spanish Church."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Cry of an Injured Man.—The Rev. Mr. Howie, in the course of an address recently, said: "I heard of a man who, not long ago, was injured in a railway collision. The doctor was speedily brought, but after inspecting the sufferer's injuries, he was obliged to tell him that there was no hope. As he lay there, so helpless, he turned his eyes to his fellow-workmen, who were grouped around him, and said, 'Are there any of you fellows can tell me about Jesus?' Not one of them could; there they stood, their faces expressing the honest sympathy they felt, while a tear trickled down many a furrowed and dust-begrimed cheek. But, happily, the doctor could tell both him and them about Jesus as "mighty to save," and so he did. The man was sent to the hospital, where he soon afterwards died; but not without knowing that Jesus was his Saviour."

Light From the Old Lamp.—Mr. Stewart, a Scotch evangelist, observes: "An intelligent young man was awakened to a sense of sin at a Gospel meeting lately. Greatly disturbed in mind, he and his wife came again to the meeting about a fortnight afterwards. They were spoken to by one of the friends, but it seemed to have no effect, until the Bible was opened and the verse read, 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give good things to them that ask Him?' They were asked, 'Do you believe God's Word?' 'Certainly we do,' was the reply. 'If you will ask for the Holy Spirit on the authority of God's Word, you will surely receive the blessing.' This was quite a revelation to them, and both exclaimed at once, 'I see it now as I never did before.' I believe they entered on a life of peace through faith in Jesus that very night, for they went home rejoicing in the love of God to them."

Is the Door Open or Closed?—A Minister remarked: "I once was addressing a Gospel-meeting, and had repeated my text several times, 'And the door was shut.' A man in the meeting was most affected by these words, and without waiting to the second meeting he went trembling home with the text sounding in his ears. For many days he tried to forget them, but in vain. While he walked in the street or lay down to rest, he unconsciously repeated the words, 'And the door was shut.' He began to think, 'Is this Christ knocking at the door of my heart?' Yes, it was the wounded hand of the Saviour. I am glad to say that he *did* open the door and let the Saviour in. Poor unsaved one, let me warn you that when Christ's knocking shall cease after death, your knocking will begin, and He will say, 'I never knew you.' But now accept and believe His gracious promise, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock, if *any* man hear My voice and open the door I will come in and sup with him, and he with Me.'"

The Transformation of Jack and Jenny.—"At one of the Tent-meetings in Yorksnire, last summer, a man and his wife crept in one Sunday evening, whose miserable appearance was noticeable even among the poor and outcast who were gathered there. The woman was not even decently clothed; her gown had no fastening at the neck, and no sleeves, and she held up a miserable apron to hide her arms and her poor bosom as she sat at the meeting. Her husband was as miserably dressed for a man as she was for a woman. They sat side by side, and listened as a workingman preached the glad tidings of Him who had come to seek and to save that which was lost. They felt it was for them; both were convinced of sin that same evening, and both fled for refuge to the Saviour. The change in them was soon manifest to all. And every week saw a still greater improvement. Two months later the Evangelist was again in the same neighborhood, and he met a friend from the district where the tent had been. 'Do you remember, he asked, 'that man and his wife who became Christians that Sunday evening? Well, you wouldn't know them now. Their dress and appearance are so completely altered, that their nearest friends have to look some time before they know who they are, and their home, though but poorly furnished, is now a pattern of neatness, and people are already beginning to talk of them as Mr. and Mrs. ——, instead of giving them their old title of Jack and Jenny.'"

A Huntsman's Widow's Story.—An Evangelist who conducted a mission at Hungerford in March, this year, wrote thus: "You will be glad to learn that I have just met an old lady, the widow of a man who had for many years been the huntsman of the Berks Hounds, and who was brought to God through this mission here twelve years ago. Amid sobs and tears she told me how she and her husband went to the meeting together, and when they came out she stopped to speak to a friend, and on looking round for her husband found he had gone. On reaching home and not finding him in any of the down-stair rooms, she thought he must have met with some one and gone indoors with them, but going upstairs some time after, she found him kneeling beside the bed, weeping bitterly, and pleading with God to have mercy on his soul, and that night he found peace with God through Christ. For nine years he lived to serve and love Him who had done so much for him, and then was taken to His presence. Those were happy years we lived together rejoicing in the love of God, and his was a happy death."

His Last Quart of Cider.—"I was walking from my lodging to the tent where I was to preach, when I noticed a tramp. As I passed I heard him say: 'I'll just go and have another pot, and then I'll go and hear what that bloke's got to say.' This man had been an habitual drunkard for many years, and he has told me that often when his children have gone to bed crying with hunger, he has turned his wife's pockets inside out, to try and shake out money to buy drink. He was never known to go to church or chapel, except for a christening or a funeral. On this particular summer evening he went, as he said, to the saloon to get his pot, *i.e.*, a quart of cider, and it was the last drop of intoxicating liquor he ever took. From the saloon he came to the meeting 'to hear what the bloke had got to say,' but it was God who spoke to him, and, by the Holy Spirit, convinced him of sin, and he went home that night conscience-stricken and full of anxiety. For three weeks his distress was very great, then he fled to Christ, and yielded himself up to Him, and from that time he has been known by all as a servant of God. He joined a Congregational Church in the neighborhood, and has now been a member for two and a half years."

A Man and His Wife Saved.—Mr. Marrs said: "Many attended our mission who were the victims of strong drink, and who, in consequence, were poorly and raggedly clad. Conspicuous among these was a man and his wife, who were in a deplorable condition. Though the husband was in receipt of good wages, they were spent in drink; and his wife and children had not sufficient clothing to make them decent. Both husband and wife came night after night to the meetings. The Spirit of God powerfully strove with them, and one Sunday evening in May they were found seeking the Lord. They obtained the pardon of their sins by simple trust in Christ, and rejoiced in God their Saviour. With their conversion to God a new sense of self-respect arose in them. They were distressed at the condition into which habits of drunkenness and sin had brought them. Ere long they were seen at the meetings looking altogether neater and cleaner, and much better clad. Like their prototype in the Gospel, they were sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind. This is work which makes all heaven ring with gladness, and which should surely cheer our hearts and stimulate us in the glorious work which we have been graciously commissioned to do—testifying repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

HOLDING THE ROPE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, July 3, 1887,

In the Camp-Meeting Tabernacle, Martha's Vineyard Mass. The Annual Excursion of the Congregation of the Brooklyn Tabernacle this year occupied six days, and among the places visited were Martha's Vineyard, Newport and Nantucket.

"Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall." 2 Cor. 11:33.

A Famous City—The Overthrown Horseman—Successful Evangelization—A Persecuting Mob—Escape of the Intended Victim—Great Results on Slight Tenure—Mighty Issues Dependent on a Rope—The Boat of the Infant Law-giver—Wesley's Escape from a Fire—The Mutineer's Bible—Nothing Insignificant—An Unthanked Engineer—The Unrecognized Worker—The Struggle in the Young Preacher's Home—A Personal Reminiscence—Introductions in Heaven—Mighty Occupants of Celestial Thrones.

SERMONS on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the Sanhedrim, Paul before Felix are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damask. A horseman by the name of Saul, riding toward this city, had been

Thrown From the Saddle.

The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man, and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is:

"Kill him! Kill him!"

The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Sicilian preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a cloud of clenched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the house-top. At last

The Infuriate Populace

get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that Gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot, and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

I observe, first, *on what a slender tenure great results hang*. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket, never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How,

If it Had Been Broken

and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean Euroclydon, under flagellation, and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such

An Important Passenger,

as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made water-proof by a coat of bitumen, and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes, ready to open battle. But the tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one awakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

The Mutineer's Bible.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes, and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before, a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established; and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth, or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results! Practical inference: There are

No Insignificances in Life.

The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals; great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the ev gelization of a multitude. One boat of papy on the Nile freighted with events for all ag The fate of Christendom in a basket let dc from a window on the wall. What you do, well. If you make a rope make it strong a true, for you know not how much may dep on your workmanship. If you fashion a b let it be water-proof, for you know not who n sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk your boy as he goes from home, let it be he in your prayers, for it may have a mission as reaching as the book which the sailor carried his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plain man's life is an island between two eternitie eternity past rippling against his should eternity to come touching his brow. The cast the accidental, that which merely happened are parts of a great plan, and the rope that l the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall the cable that holds to its mooring the ship the Church in the storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and

Unrecorded Service.

Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the b ket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a mus of the arm or dismissed an anxious look fr his face until the basket touched the grou and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not c of their names has come to us, but there was work done that day in Damascus or in all t earth compared with the importance of th work. What if they had in their agitation tie knot that could slip? What if the sound of t mob at the door had led them to say: "P must take care of himself, and we will take c of ourselves." No, no! They held the ro and in doing so did more for the Christ Church than any thousand of us will ever complish. But God knows and has ma record of their undertaking. And they knov

How exultant they must have felt when th read his letters to the Romans, to the Corin ians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to t Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thes lonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, the Hebrews, and when they heard how walked out of prison, with the earthqua unlocking the door for him, and took comma of the Alexandrian corn-ship when the sail were nearly scared to death, and preache sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgm seat. I hear the men and women who hel him down through the window and over t wall, talking in private over the matter, a saying: "How glad I am that we effected t rescue! In coming times others may get t the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall r us of the satisfaction of knowing that we h the rope."

In Peril of Wreck.

Once for thirty-six hours we expected ev moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. T waves struck through the skylights and rush down into the hold of the ship and his against the boilers. It was an awful time; b by the blessing of God and the faithfulness the men in charge, we came out of the cyclo and we arrived at home. Each one before le ing the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I not think there was a man or woman that w off that ship without thanking Captain Andre and when years after I heard of his death I w impelled to write a letter of condolence to family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized t goodness, the courage, the kindness of Capt Andrews; but it occurs to me now that never thanked the engineer. He stood av down in the darkness amid the hissing furna doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked t engineer, but God recognized his heroism a his continuance and his fidelity, and there w be just as high reward for the engineer w worked out of sight, as for the captain w stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst the howling tempest.

There are said to be about sixty-nine th sand ministers of religion in this count

about fifty thousand, I warrant, came from early

Homes which had to Struggle

or the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their every-day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student.

The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry-tree at noon, thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that, as others do, and the mother says: 'Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but *we must see that boy through*."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained, and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of

That Young Preacher,

and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and, at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then, all alone, father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living, in my life, as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

A Personal Reminiscence.

Something occurs to me quite personal. I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor: four of the sons wanted a collegiate education, and four obtained it, but not without great home-struggle. We never heard the old people say once that they were denying themselves to effect this, but I remember now that *my parents always looked tired*. I don't think they ever got rested until they lay down in the Somerville cemetery. Mother would sit down in the evening and say: "Well, I don't know what makes me feel so tired!" Father would fall immediately to sleep, seated by the evening stand, overcome with the day's fatigues. One of the four brothers, after preaching the Gospel for about fifty years, entered upon his heavenly rest. Another of the four is now on the other side of the earth, a missionary of the cross. Two of us are in this land in the holy ministry, and I think all of us are willing to acknowledge our obligation to the old folks at home. About twenty-one years ago the one, and about twenty-three years ago the other put down the burdens of this life, but

They Still Hold the Rope.

O men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills, or from Western prairie, or from Southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track recalled you? The rope may be as long as thirty years or five hundred miles long or three thousand miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope.

You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to the racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in six days can't sail away from that. A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when

We Shall Find Out

who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of Heaven, the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the Church has been going on nineteen centuries, and yet the world has not recognized the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian: "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those who got him out of the Damascene peril.

We go into long sermons to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—

God will Introduce us.

We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences! If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first twenty-four hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed, we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on

The Circle of Heavenly Thrones.

Surely, they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in an humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaint all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath-school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking into my house and I could no longer keep him safely, I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all?" And he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement, I heard

A Strong Voice

that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant.

A Little Thing May Decide

your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box, a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket Shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one make a thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the figure one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomley bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a rséumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the more useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

HEALING FOR THE EYES.

The following testimony of Miss Latham, of New York, was given by her at Bethshan, London, while on a Transatlantic tour, and is published in the current number of *Thy Healer*.

"Two years ago, in January, I was led very seriously to consider Divine Healing. I was at the time in a distant village in New Jersey. I had never come into contact with those who had been healed, or received any instruction in the doctrine of Divine Healing. Again and again it came to me, and as I suffered so much, I thought I ought to trust the Lord. I was but a poor Christian; I think, something like half-and-half. For seven or eight years I had trouble with my eyes. For a year I was virtually blind; I could not open my eyes in a lighted room. I went to oculists, and they gave me glasses to wear, and said that I should never be able to read without glasses, and that I should not be able, even with their aid, to read at night. They said also, that as I grew older I should get worse. I pleaded with the Lord, but I did not have much faith, for I did not know Him as the Healer. However, the Lord gave me faith, and then I put the glasses away, and sat down and did what I had not been able to do for years; I was able to work at writing for two hours. I have not seen the glasses since, until the other day when packing to come away. I then saw them in a little box.

"Well, I did not have the courage to tell my family, but they noticed that I did not wear glasses. They asked me, 'Where are your glasses? Have you broken them?' 'No,' I said, 'I have given them to the Lord;' and they saw that the Lord had done so much, that I was a wonder to them. But, O my friends, the spiritual eyes are, after all, of more importance than the natural eyes. As I went on, the Lord showed me His goodness more and more, and He accepted me in soul and body. I do so thank Him, and especially that He has given me repentance and sanctification. My eyes are to-day very much stronger than ever. I want to thank Him here in England for what He has done for me."

HOW THE MONEY IS SUPPLIED.

The following are one week's entries in the report which Dr. Cullis has issued of the work at the Consumptives Home and other institutions founded by him, and conducted in absolute dependence on the Lord for support:

January 17. The day opened *without a dollar;* the morning mail brought nothing. I went to the Home and found nothing there; returned home and found nothing in my mail there! Lord, how are to-day's provisions to be supplied? The three o'clock mail brought nothing. We always purchase in the afternoon for the next day, and to-morrow is Sunday. A stranger has come in on business and as he left he handed me $5. After he had gone $19 came in from the Repository; thus the food for to-morrow is cared for.

I had hardly written the above when a friend called; he asked not a word about the work, and nothing was said about it, but before he left he laid $15 on my table.

January 18.—Some one called at the office during my absence and left $5; at the Home a lady called and left $50; a friend called this afternoon and gave me $10 for my personal needs. This afternoon a missionary from Trinity Church made application for a poor woman in consumption; she has two children of four and six years, all now living in an attic. Although our need is great, that of the poor woman is greater, and I gave a permit for all three.

January 21*st*.—$12 given to-day.

January 22*d*.—A bitter cold day, and word has come from the Home that we have *not coal enough to last the day*. The morning mail brought nothing. I had $4 in my pocket. I went to the box in the church, at the close of the faith-healing meeting, and found $6.77. I tried to think if I could any way make up the balance needed to purchase three tons of coal —for that was the smallest amount we could order, as it takes about two tons daily for the work. I thought of the box in the Repository; but I had been there an hour ago, and there was not a penny in it. I could not get rid of the impression to open it. I did so, and found *a roll of new bills*, which, on counting, I found to be $38. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." (Psalms 38: 7). "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

January 23*d*.—This morning's mail brought a check for $17.30 for the work, and $5 for my personal use.

A LONG-DELAYED BAPTISM.

In a letter to the *Church*, the Rev. George A. Seely, who is laboring in Mainpuri, India, reports the baptism of a convert whose public confession of Christ has been long delayed. He lived in the Furrukhabad district, and is an old student of the Furrukhabad mission school. He is one of many throughout these provinces who have been kept from confession of Christ by fear of friends and kindred. Again and again had he promised me to come soon; but his time was always in the future, and I feared procrastination would steal away his life. Conceive then of my joy to learn from his card that he had at last firmly resolved to leave all—horses, lands, friends—and cleave to Christ. There was still a fear, however, that the way would be closed against him, so that not till he actually stood before me was I at rest regarding him. He had gathered together a bundle of clothes, a few favorite books, among them a much-worn copy of the New Testament in English, and, saddling a faithful and to him much-valued pony, made his journey quickly over. His adopted son, who now possesses the small estate, and his wife, knowing of the old man's intention at some future time to become a Christian, had again and again besought him to put such wild thoughts far away and never to think of leaving them.

CONVERTS OPENING A MISSION.

The welcome news is recorded in Jerry *McAuley's Newspaper* that a mission has been opened in Buffalo, N. Y., by two converts who date their conversion from Jerry McAuley's Water St. mission. They say in reporting the fact to Mrs. McAuley:

"I and my wife were converted at the Water Street Mission on January 13, 1878. We were on a canal boat. The Lord has opened up a way to start this mission. A lady was converted partly through the instrumentality of my wife, in the hands of God, and she was led, one day as she went to the store, to rent this place and asked me to take charge of it. We put in some chairs and other things, and the Mission has been opened in the name of the same Jesus that we found at the Water Street Mission, and by whom we are now led, and without whom we can do nothing. We know that we are weak in learning and ability and everything else, but, praise His Holy Name, we have on our side the King of kings and the Lord of lords, who holds the world in the hollow of His hand. My wife has been very sick—taken down after the first night of the opening of the Mission. She was given up by the doctors. Some of the holy people united in prayer with us for her, and she has been wonderfully raised up, so that she is now able to sit up. Praise the Lord. To Him, and Him only, be the honor and glory.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE PIGEONS.

In the course of an address which Canon Wilberforce delivered during his recent visit to New York, he related the following incident in speaking of the common mistake that intoxicating liquor is a good protection from cold: In England the whole aspect of the medical question is changing, mainly under the influence of that distinguished man of science, Dr. Richardson. He is one of the leading scientific minds of Great Britain. He has been successful in his experiments and as bold as a lion in his utterances, and he is leading scientific thought in this direction. He has proved over and over again, to use a common phrase, that from the monarch on the throne down to the maggot in the cheese every healthy being is better without alcohol. The other day he was staying with me (I have the greatest possible objection to experimenting upon living animals), but he described to me an experiment on pigeons. It was not a very painful experiment; indeed, there are some people who, I am afraid, would like to have the experiment made upon them. He tried to induce the pigeons to take peas soaked in alcohol. They refused to do so at first; but after a while they were pleased, and they selected the peas saturated with alcohol. One cold night he turned the pigeons out; and on the following day, when he was examining them, strange to say, all those pigeons who ate the alcoholized peas were frozen to death, and those that remained teetotalers were perfectly safe and sound.

SAVAGES ENTERTAINING A MISSIONARY.

Last fall, in the "anges" of New Guinea a missionary party had traveled for many days. The leader of the party was the well-known missionary James Chalmers, who thus describes his deliverance in a crisis: We had got short of food. We were traveling with our own kits; we call them swags down in Australia. We had very little to eat on Monday, and on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, and on Thursday. We took but a few bananas that we could pick up, and I never want to see a banana again except when hungry. It came to Friday—no bananas, and on Saturday I was dead beat, and at three o'clock in the afternoon I threw down my swag and sat down on it. I was sore pressed. What was to be done? We never travel on Sunday, but we could not starve. We had met with no natives. We were traveling through an unknown country. At last I said to the party. "Give one long loud shout, as loud as you possibly can; I cannot help you." Then there was one grand loud yell, and suddenly it was answered by another; and then there was another yell, and a man and a lad came out of the bush, followed by a woman carrying a baby. She came up, and my look of sorrow and want touched the savage's heart. She stood and looked over me; we could not speak a single word to one another, but she indicated to me that I was to get up. She had a knitted bag, and she took up the swag of mine and put it into the bag, and after placing the baby on the top, she signed that I was to follow. When passing through the bush we came to a few houses. She motioned that I was to sit down. She went away, and shortly afterward returned and placed food before me and motioned me to eat. You know it was in that way that we began to preach the Gospel. It was a gospel to me. Touch the heart of a man; let him be cannibal, savage, I care not what; give a look of kindness and sympathy, and you will get it in return.

A RABBI PROCLAIMING CHRIST.

A venerable Rabbi, named Lichtenstein, who lives in a quiet place called Tapio Szele, about two hours' ride by rail from Budapesth, in Hungary, has published two remarkable pamphlets, addressed to his brethren throughout the world, and in which he calls upon them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Messiah of Israel and the Saviour of the world. The pamphlets have already been widely circulated, and are causing a profound sensation in Jewish circles in Europe. The result will probably be as important as the Rabinowitz movement, which was inaugurated a few years ago in Kischinew.

Mr. Schonberger, of the British Jews' Society, accompanied by Mr. Baron, of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, visited Rabbi Lichtenstein lately. They found him in great trouble, as his son, a promising young doctor, was lying in the last stage of consumption, fast fading away. The Rabbi told them that his aim in writing and publishing the pamphlets was to make "the

name of Jesus known and loved among the Jews, and to impress them with His Gospel as the Divine source of regeneration for Israel, as well as for the Gentiles." He told them of the trials, inexpressibly severe, which he has had to pass through because of his stand for the truth in Christ. They were permitted to have an interview with the dying son, who having expressed a wish that the missicnary should see him alone, his father and mother withdrew from the room. Then he said that he was filled with great anxiety about the future maintenance of his dear parents. He had hoped to be their support and comfort in their old age, and especially under the great persecution they were undergoing through his father's testimony for Christ. His visitors encouraged him to cast the care of his father and mother upon the Lord, who would be as good as His promise, and provide all things needful for them; and spoke of the great propitiatory work of the Saviour, finished on the cross, through which the forgiveness of sins and perfect peace in the prospect of death are bestowed upon all who believe. As the missionary stood by the bed of that young doctor, aged about twenty-nine, on the very brink of eternity, he felt deeply that he had indeed been divinely led to take this journey, and to speak the glorious Gospel message into the ear and down into the heart of that Rabbi's dying son. At length they said good-bye to each other.

Next day Mr. Schonberger wrote, from Pesth, a letter, in which he repeated the Gospel words he had given at the bedside. The interview had taken place on a Tuesday, the letter was written on the following day, and arrived on Thursday morning, just in time to be read before the occurrence of death. Soon after, a letter was received from the bereaved father, intimating that his dear son had read and understood the precious letter sent, and was holding it in his hand when he fell peacefully asleep in the Lord. The missionary is now corresponding with that noble Rabbi confessor, and most earnestly requests Christian friends to remember him and his wonderful mission at the heavenly throne.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AT A CRISIS.

AT the annual festival of the Stockwell Orphanage, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in the course of his address said that he had lately been asked whether a story which had appeared in the newspapers concerning a large sum of money sent to him when the Orphanage was being built was true. He desired now to say publicly that it was perfectly true. He was at the time staying at the house of Mrs. Croll, at Regent's Park, and one evening, in the presence of a party of ladies and gentlemen, he stated that £2,000 had to be paid to the builder of the Orphanage the following day, towards which he had not got a single penny; but he was absolutely certain that he would pay it by 10 o'clock in the morning. Dr. Brock expressed an opinion that he was unwise in declaring his faith, in consequence of the impression it might have if this money did not come in. He replied that he could not do otherwise than express his confidence in God, and they might take it from him that if the money was not forthcoming his faith in God was in vain. A few minutes after that a servant brought in a telegram from the secretary, stating that a person who did not disclose his name, had called at the office and left a cheque for £2,000 for the Orphanage. Such things had happened before, on a larger and smaller scale, and would continue to occur as long as there was a God in heaven.

The Orphanage enterprise commenced with a family of six boys in 1867, and since that date it has sheltered 1,151 fatherless children—869 boys and 282 girls. The object at the outset was to provide homes for 250 boys, but the enterprise rapidly grew beyond the original thought and intention of the president, and it now supplies accommodation for 250 boys and a like number of girls. During the last year the income of the institution from all sources was about $80,000.

THE PRE-MILLENNIAL ADVENT.

By Rev. J. M. Orrock, D. D.*

Four Millennial Boundary Events — An Awful Resurrection — Satan's Hosts — The Millennial Sabbath—A Striking Contrast—The Golden Age The Dividing Line — Scholars Becoming Pre-Millennialists—Cheering Considerations.

IN the 20th chapter of Revelation, we have a description of the millennium. In looking carefully at it you will find that the millennium is bounded by four notable events, two at the commencement and two at the end. Those at the beginning are bright and blessed, those at the end are dark and dreadful. At the beginning we have "the resurrection, the first," that of the "blessed and holy" and the binding of the devil and his incarceration in the abyss for a thousand years, commonly called the millennium. At the end we have the resurrection of "the rest of the dead," the unblessed and unholy —all who had not part in the first resurrection— and the loosing of the devil "for a little season." Now I want you to distinctly note the two events which come together at the close of the millennium. If you pause for a moment to think of what is involved in the resurrection of the unjust you will agree that it must be

A Dreadful Event.

Think how vast must be the multitude brought from the dead at the close of the millennium, when it includes all the ungodly who have died from the first hour of time down to the last moment. Dr. John Gill, a learned Baptist commentator of the last century, held that the hosts of the ungodly thus brought on the earth again by the second resurrection will constitute the army of Satan, metaphorically denominated in verse 8 "as Gog and Magog." They were his subjects previous to death; they are his subjects in the resurrection. They served him in the flesh and were deceived by him there; they will be gathered unto their master again after they have arisen, see him for the first time face to face, and be again deceived. There is no intimation that any saints will be deceived by him after the first resurrection. He cannot reach them during the millennium, for he is imprisoned, nor at the end, for they are encamped and in "the beloved city" (v. 9). He only has access to his own subjects.

The Millennial Sabbath.

As to the state of things in the millennium itself the passage assures us that the subjects of the first resurrection live and reign with Christ, are priests unto God, and will never "be hurt of the second death," which is the doom of all the finally impenitent. This for them is the sabbatismos—"the keeping of a Sabbath"—which Paul affirms "remaineth for the people of God" (Heb. 4: 9). There was no higher dignity of old among men than that of kingship and priesthood; and by these figures we are taught the great dignity to which these "blessed and holy" ones will be raised, as well as their intimate communion and sacred fellowship with their glorious head.

If Satan is bound and imprisoned when the millennium begins you will readily see that the conditions of things then will be in striking contrast to what we have now. At present the devil is very punctual at religious meetings. Jesus said, when the word of the kingdom is preached "then cometh the devil and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved;" but then his church-going will be ended. Now Christians are exhorted to "be sober and vigilant, for the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour;" but then his peregrinations will be stopped.

All agree that the millennium will be

A Golden Age;

but whether to be enjoyed under the moonlight of Christianity, or under the sunlight of the glorious appearing and personal reign of our Lord Jesus Christ is the question at issue. All premillennialists take the latter view; and the diversity of opinion which exists among them is largely owing to what is read between the lines of the famous millennial text of Revelation. There are passages in the Old Testament which speak of blessings to Israel—whether conditional and forfeited, or otherwise—and these are brought over into the millennial age. Some bring more than others, and just to the extent that is done is the difference. But as to the fact that the millennium lies between two resurrections, and is ushered in by the personal appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, we are a unit.

A variety of objections are urged to the view that the second coming of Christ will

Precede The Millennium.

One of these is that premillennialism has the weight of numbers and scholarship against it. This is an old objection to God's truth. They said of Christ, "Whence hath this man letters?" and of some of the apostles, that they were "unlearned and ignorant men." It was brought up at the time of the Reformation, and Luther said. "The multitude is always on the side of error." The time was when the objection had more weight than now. Those were the times when the people had to read the Scripture, if at all, in a foreign tongue.

> "But Wicliff, by the grace of God,
> In hand the Bible took,
> And into English language turned
> That ever-blessed book."

And since then translation has followed translation, until in the Revised Version we have the latest results of scholarship. Since the days of the "pious and profoundly learned Joseph Mede" (as his biographer calls him), who died in 1638, there have been many scholars who have committed themselves to the doctrine of the premillennial coming of our Lord. But we do not deem great erudition necessary to an understanding of either the last things or first things connected with our Redeemer and His work. If a man has good common sense, a fair English education, and is taught of the Spirit in the Word, he will know more of the mind of the Lord than college professors and doctors of divinity who are not humble enough to bow and take God at his Word. Indeed, in reading some criticisms one is ready to question whether the writers really believe anything; for they seem more like men sinking in sand than standing upon a rock. The objection about scholarship has little weight.

In proportion to our yielding to be taught by Divine grace will be our interest in

The Prayer of the Seer

of Patmos: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Do you hesitate to join in it because should He come now He would find the world so unprepared to meet Him and so many must perish? Think again, that if He delays to come, how many will die in their sins, and that whenever He does come He will find the world as it was in the days of Noah and of Lot—the multitudes in the broad road (Matt. 24: 37–39). Moreover, when we thus pray we petition the Lord to hasten forward the work that must be done before His return—to speedily "take out of the nations a people for his name." And then our world's history will end, as it begun, with Paradise. Earth's Creator will be its Regenerator (Rev. 21: 1–5). The divine hand will sponge out the stain which sin made six thousand years ago. And when the redeemed "out of every nation, kindred, tongue and people"—from the ranks of infancy and of riper years—shall find their everlasting home in the deathless land and sorrowless clime of the kingdom of God, it will be seen that, though all men are not saved, nor the whole world converted by the gospel, yet is not God's work in this and past ages "belittled into a practical failure?" as some say. The millennium comes, but the Lord of the millennium comes first; and His own coming will effectually answer the objections raised against it.

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* From his paper entitled "Objections to Christ's Pre-millennial Advent Considered." The entire paper is contained in the valuable work "Prophet Studies," in which also are many other addresses and portraits of eminent students of prophecy. Pp. 216, Paper covers 50 cents; may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Business Record of the First Half of the year is of an encouraging character. An exhaustive statement published by the New York *Times*, made up to the close of June, shows that the failures recorded up to that date numbered but 4,912, against 5,196 for the same period last year, and 6,004 for the first half of 1885. This is a steady decrease in the number of disasters, which is a cheering evidence that the business of the country is becoming more solidly grounded on sound principles. The volume of liabilities of suspended firms, however, shows an increase for the six months just ended over that of the corresponding period last year. The amount recorded is $55,138,092, against $50,434,460 in 1886. This, the *Times* believes, is due to the great number of speculative failures, which can scarcely be credited to the account of the legitimate business of the country, but which go to swell the aggregate of losses sustained by financial collapses. In Canada the number of failures during the past six months was larger than in the corresponding period of 1886, and the total liabilities nearly double.

The Tide of Emigration Continues to Increase. The returns just issued show that the total number of immigrants received at the ports of the United States from the principal foreign countries, except Canada and Mexico, during the month of May was 83,664, an increase of 28,431, as compared with May, 1886. For the eleven months ending May 31, the number was 417,860, an increase of 133,608 as compared with the same period last year. This comprises about ninety-eight per cent. of the immigration into the entire country. Of the immigrants who arrived during the past eleven months the largest number, 94,278, came from Germany. From Ireland came 58,509; Sweden and Norway, 48,540; England and Wales, 65,213; Italy, 39,993; Russia, Finland and Poland, 32,428.

The Effort to Introduce Utah into the Union is assuming definite shape. A convention to frame a State constitution assembled in Salt Lake City last Thursday, and it is stated that the people have strong hopes of getting it adopted by Congress. It is difficult to find out whether they have any ground for their hope, but it will be well for Members of Congress to learn what the opinions of their districts are before voting to admit Utah. Congress has control over it while it remains a Territory, but once admitted as a State it will be under the control of its own citizens. Although the Constitution might contain a strong anti-polygamy article, when adopted, there is no guarantee that it would not be "amended" afterward by a vote of the citizens. Under present circumstances, and with the leaders of the Mormon Church still unrepentant, Utah ought to be firmly refused admission into the Union.

The Surrender and Return of the Hostile Apaches was the welcome intelligence sent to Washington on June 27 by General Miles. He telegraphed with military brevity from San Carlos, Arizona: "Lieut. Johnson's surprise and capture and the rapid pursuit of the troops have driven the band of hostiles back to the reservation, where they have surrendered, and I have instituted an investigation and detailed a General Court Martial for trial of those guilty of military offenses, thus ending the present disturbances." It may be hoped that the court martial will also shed light on the cause of the outbreak. If the Apaches had substantial grievances they ought to be remedied. Their savage nature does not excuse injustice. Gen. Miles and Lieut. Johnson, with his colored regiment, deserve great credit and the gratitude of the people on the frontier for this speedy end to the raid. During the pursuit the troops followed the hostiles forty-five miles, over the roughest mountains in southern Arizona, through intense heat and with no water.

The Trial of Jacob Sharp, who was charged with conspiring to bribe the Board of Aldermen in New York, ended on June 29 in his conviction. This result is largely due to the confession of one of the aldermen. There was no doubt about the aldermen being bribed, and three of them are now undergoing sentence for the offence, but the District-Attorney had difficulty in proving that Sharp did it, although there was no moral doubt that he furnished the necessary money. Alderman Pearson, however, supplied the missing link in the evidence. He testified that Sharp called upon him and asked him to meet Moloney just before the vote was taken for granting the franchise of the Broadway railroad. He did meet him, and received five thousand dollars for his vote. This, he stated, he afterward returned. After that evidence the guilt of Sharp was so clear that the jury convicted him on the first ballot. The result of this trial, and those of the aldermen, ought to have a beneficial influence throughout the State. They give distinct intimation to all whom it may concern, both here and at Albany, that the law is strong enough to hold both the giver and the taker of the bribe.

The Restriction of Emigration Being Likely to become an important issue in the elections in the near future, an utterance of Mr. Powderly, the chief of the Knights of Labor, published on Thursday last, is important as showing the attitude of a large proportion of workingmen on the question. He said: "I am utterly opposed to all forms of pauper emigration, and to a great deal of emigration, pure and simple. I think a halt should be called on emigration until this Nation can consider what it is doing in allowing these nationalities to enter here and become a burden on our country and a menace to the American home. As a ruling to decide who should be excluded, I would make it an almost inflexible rule that a man or woman who could not sustain himself or herself and their respective families for one year should not be allowed to land." Still more important than this is the moral character of the immigrants. Pauperism and competition, which appear to be Mr. Powderly's great dread, are not evils so dire in a great country like this, as are the principles of socialists and anarchists, which are spreading very rapidly, and menace our constitution and social order. The leaders in the movement are nearly all of foreign birth.

Two Earthquakes were Reported last Week. From several points in New Hampshire intelligence was received of a shock on Thursday afternoon about five o'clock. A dispatch from Concord says that there were three several distinct vibrations, crockery and windows being rattled and heavy buildings perceptibly jarred. In some instances *persons ran from their houses through fear*, and the shock at the State House was so severe that several legislators and others sought safety from impending danger in flight. The course of the vibrations seemed to be from the northwest, and reports from surrounding towns show that the shock was felt as strongly within their limits as in that vicinity. Dispatches of similar tenor were sent from Contocook and Manchester, and from Bellows Falls, Vt. A still more severe earthquake occurred on the previous day in Ecuador. A telegram from Guayaquil says: "The most violent earthquake experienced here since 1858 occurred here at 6:20 o'clock this morning, causing great alarm among the population. The shock lasted two minutes and twenty seconds, and the direction of the movement was from northeast to southwest. All the clocks in the city were stopped at the moment of the shock. A number of ceilings were shaken down and several buildings were demolished. So far as reported, no one was injured. It is thought that the shock must have caused much damage in the cities in the interior."

A Million Dollar Fire Occurred in Chicago on June 26, destroying the works of the Chicago Packing and Provision Company, north of Forty-second Street and west of Centre Avenue in the stockyards, with the main building, a four-story brick structure, 300 by 475 feet. The fire started in a room where the lard-rendering tanks are situated, and before the firemen had got fairly at work the tanks exploded, and forced the fire in every direction. The great building was surrounded on all sides by other packing houses, and the firemen concentrated their work upon the protection of adjoining property. After the lard tanks exploded the fire authorities concluded that there could be no safety inside the buildings for the firemen, and for an hour and a half the fire swept through them unrestrained except by the water thrown on them by the 30 engines from the outside. Nine firemen were seriously injured and one has since died, and a million dollars worth of property consumed.

An Investigation of Irish Affairs by the Pope is being conducted. The Irish Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops are decidedly against the English government, and the reports they have sent to Rome appear to have won the Pope's sympathy. On the other hand, the English Roman Catholic prelates support the government, and have urged the Pope to place less confidence in the statements of their Irish brethren, who, they allege, are prejudiced. They have advised him to send a commission to Ireland composed of unbiased agents of his own, with directions to discover the exact truth. The Pope has consented, and Mgr. Persico and Mgr. Gualdi have been appointed to make the investigation. They sailed from Rome for Ireland on June 28. Whether the investigation will lead to pacific results may be doubted. The British government will not be moved by Papal decisions, and if the Pope decides in favor of the government, and the people have to choose between him and the League, it is believed that the majority will choose to be faithful to the League and let the Pope go.

Queen Victoria has Written a Formal Letter of thanks for the enthusiastic celebration of her jubilee. She writes: "I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind—more than kind—reception I met with going to and returning from Westminster Abbey with all my children and grandchildren. The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all these eventful days in London and at Windsor, on the occasion of the jubilee, touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labor and anxiety of fifty long years—twenty-two of which were spent in untroubled happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials borne without his sheltering arm and wise help—have been appreciated by my people. This feeling and a sense of duty toward my dear country and my subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life. The wonderful order preserved on this occasion and the good behavior of the enormous multitude assembled, merit my highest admiration. That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervant prayer."

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

A Distressing Story from China is Told by Mr. J. J. Bardinel, one of the United States vice-consuls in that land. In a letter to the State Department, received on June 30, he says that he has just returned from a trip through the flooded districts. He was distributing food and necessaries of life to the starving people, and during the trip relieved 396 persons. He found the people generally living on bran or the chaff of a large grass grown for feeding cattle. Some were *reduced to eating chopped grass*, either moistened with hot water or baked in cakes, while others fed on the leaves and seeds of weeds gathered in the fields. In some of the villages half of the dwelling places had been washed away and the inhabitants were huddled together in the remaining ones. The deaths from starvation had been very numerous, and the sights he saw in the villages were pitiable.

The Belle of Bourbon is the Name of a Whisky extensively advertised in the daily press, and as the advertisement contains the picture of a beautiful woman, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union considers that it is justified in entering a protest against it. The Union contends that this association of womanhood with whisky is disrespectful, and should not be allowed. It asks the Christian public and all religious and temperance associations to take into consideration the mischief worked by the advertisements of intoxicating liquor in the daily press, and individually and collectively to exert influence on the newspapers to induce them to refuse all advertisements of intoxicants. It contends that if the publishers of the newspapers were made aware that such advertisements are offensive to a large number of their readers they would not be inserted, and therefore all who do not protest share the responsibility of their appearance. This is the gist of a series of resolutions which Miss Frances E. Willard requests us to publish, but for which we have not sufficient space.

A Suicide's Blunder Must Have Caused Him much suffering last week in New York. On June 28 one of the policemen employed in Central Park noticed something unusual about one of the trees. On going to examine it he found the body of a man hanging by the foot, head downward. A thin slight rope was around his neck and a piece of the same rope was attached to a limb of the tree about fifteen feet from the ground. The man had evidently intended to hang himself, had clambered up the tree, tied himself by the neck to the branch, and let himself drop. But the rope had broken and in falling his foot had caught in a fork of the tree and held fast. In that inverted position he had made a long but unavailing effort to release himself and he remained there until the flow of blood to his head ended his suffering. If he expected an easy and painless death he must have been disappointed. But that was not the worst disappointment he would experience. Letters in his pocket showed that he had killed himself to escape the consequences of sin. By this time he must have learned that suicide was the very way to make such escape hopeless (Rev. 20: 10).

News of Patients Cured by an Earthquake is printed in the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*. It states that miners from the Comstock mines report that at Walley's hot springs where sufferers from rheumatism resort for the benefit of the waters, a large number of patients were gathered on the night of the recent earthquake. The shocks were worse there than at any other point—"they were simply terrific." There was the wildest consternation among the patients. Men who had been limping about for days, hardly able to put one foot before the other, and men who thought they could not move at all, except on crutches, hopped out of their beds as nimbly as youths of sixteen. Cramped and crooked legs were straightened out in a hurry. Not a man remembered that he had ever had rheumatism. One man says that a well-known Comstocker, who for days had been carried from one bed to another, hopped up as lively as a cricket and beat all the rest at getting into his clothes. It is the opinion of the miner that the shaking up did all the patients good. In his own case, he is sure that it made him well. There is no reason to impute hypocrisy to the patients who showed so much agility in their terror, when it was supposed that they were helpless. Physiologists have often been surprised by evidences of the influence which the mind has over the body, which they witness but cannot explain. Neither has science any explanation for the more wonderful phenomenon of the spiritually helpless throwing off their lethargy and becoming active in Christ's service. The believer, however, who has experienced the change knows that it is the Lord who has given him the power (Isa. 35 : 6).

Sixty Skeletons in a Cave in Tennessee Were discovered on June 27. The cave is situated near Cookville, on what was known, many years ago, as the Kentucky stock road. This was at that time the principal highway for traders between Kentucky and Georgia or South Carolina. Stopping places on the road were few and far between, and many men returning after selling their stock never reached home. A short time ago, a man digging near the entrance to the cave near Cookville, found a human skeleton, and on Monday of last week, a party concluded to explore the cave, which is about one-half mile from one of the notorious stopping places on the old road. The cave opened into large caverns, with a downward course under the mountain. At the bottom the party found human bones, and with a little searching in the débris that had accumulated at this point found sixty skeletons of men who had been murdered and thrown down this hole. Some skulls were found with bullet holes through them, others being mashed with an axe or instrument of that kind. It was a shocking discovery, and it seems strange that, as so many persons had disappeared in traveling that road, suspicion of foul play was not excited, and the road avoided by travelers. But if men would only avoid the road on which others are known to have fallen victims, the broad road of sin which leads to destruction would not now be crowded (Matt. 7:13).

A Famous Acrobat Fell from his Rope at Niagara Falls on June 25. For some time past visitors at the Falls have been astonished by a performance which surpassed those of Blondin. A man named Beer crossed and recrossed on a three-quarter inch cable, and his daring feats performed on the way thrilled every spectator, exciting the emotion, which some people enjoy, of apprehension that he might at any moment be dashed to pieces. Latterly, he has become more venturesome, and, to add to his peril, he is reported to have become occasionally intemperate. On the day of his death, after taking a drink, he went off to the place where his rope was stretched, and is supposed to have had a private rehearsal by himself. As he did not return to his hotel, search was made for him near his rope. A man was lowered over the precipice, and there among the rocks he found the body of the rope-walker, cut and crushed almost beyond recognition. He probably fell a victim to over-confidence. Having performed his perilous feats so often without falling, he ventured one too perilous, or, one of his usual feats, when he was not in a condition to maintain his equilibrium. In that way judgment often falls upon sinners. They think that because God does not punish their sins immediately, they may go on in their impiety with impunity (Eccles. 8: 11).

A Gang of Astonished Laborers had a Disagreeable experience on the Canadian frontier on June 24. For some time past workmen residing in Canada have been employed near Niagara Falls on the American side of the frontier, crossing in the morning and returning at night. About two hundred of them were crossing Suspension Bridge that morning as usual to their work when they were surprised to find at the United States end of the suspension bridges, deputies stationed by the Collector of Niagara Falls, who demanded their names, ages, residences, occupations, and where and by whom they were employed. During the day notices were served upon the employers of these foreigners that if they should continue to employ such foreign labor after July 1, the United States District-Attorney would be recommended to proceed against them according to law. The Collector alleges as the reason of his action that a similar movement was being made by the Dominion Government, but the Canadian Inspector of customs denies this, and contends that the American Collector is animated by hostility to Canada. However that may be, it would appear that in future, workmen will not be able to live under one Government while working under the other. In Christ's kingdom many are trying to live that double life, attending church, giving liberal contributions and even helping in Christian work, without giving themselves wholly to the Lord. All such will learn at the last that their divided allegiance is fatal to them (Luke 13: 25–27).

BRIEF NOTES.

It is reported that thirty-five students of Cornell University have expressed their desire to become missionaries in the foreign field.

A force of 2,000 colporters distribute printed sermons among the non-church going people of Berlin, Germany. More than 100,000 sermons are distributed each week.

The Senate of Pennsylvania has passed a bill providing for the infliction of the death penalty by electricity. Two or more patents have already been issued for chairs provided with wires for the purpose.

The International Temperance Congress will be held in Zurich, Switzerland, on the 9th and 10th of September. Mrs. Mary B. Willard and Miss Charlotte Gray will, it is expected, be delegates from the W. N. C. T. U.

The Canadian Presbyterian General Assembly, which has been holding its sessions this year at Winnipeg, was entertained at a special reception by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, who attended all its sessions.

The National Temperance Society will hold a five-days' temperance camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., under the management of J. N. Stearns, Corresponding Secretary, commencing Wednesday, July 27, and ending Sunday, the 21st.

Rev. W. H. Browne's services in Baltimore, Md., have been the means of stirring up the churches to organized evangelical work. Mr. Avis and his son conducted an efficient choir of sixty voices, which attracted many to the meetings who do not often attend religious services.

Evangelist D. W. Potter, assisted by Prof. Miller, who has had charge of the music, has been holding Union services in Sterling, Ill., with much success. The *Record of Christian Work* says that a petition was circulated in the town requesting all business houses, Jew and Gentile, to close in the evenings, so as to enable the employees to attend the revival meetings. This request was acceded to and many came.

Major J. H. Cole has concluded his services in Missouri. At the last meetings the scene was unprecedented in the State. The Hannibal, Mo., *Courier* says that dense crowds of converts surrounded him, blessing God that he had been sent there. Four thousand five hundred names of persons who have accepted Christ during the services, have been registered. He has now gone to his home at Adrian, Mich., for a brief rest.

Mr. Charles Herald has conducted two very successful campaigns during the past month in Chicago—one at the Congregational Tabernacle and one at the Railroad Chapel. He also spent a week at Renssalaer, Ind., where much good was accomplished. The lady visitors have labored in connection with these services, visiting from house to house, calling upon inquirers, laboring in the inquiry-room, and seeking out those who need their help.

The Believers' Meeting for Bible study opens at Niagara, Ont., on July 19, and continues for ten days. So much benefit has been derived in past years from this conference that it has been decided to hold one in the same place every year in July. Applications for board and lodging in the houses and hotels, excepting the Queen's Royal Hotel, may be addressed to the Secretary of the Committee of Entertainment, T. B. BLAIN, Esq., Niagara, Ontario. Further information about the conference may be obtained from W. J. ERDMAN, 193 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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PLAIN GOSPEL FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. * * * * But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."—Deuteronomy xxx. 11-14.

Moses Writing of the Saviour—I. The Way of Salvation an Open Secret—To be Expected from the Nature of God—Necessary if the Masses are to be Saved—A Gospel for Children—For Semi-Imbeciles—For Dying Men—II. Its Nearness—On the Tongue—In the Heart—The Backsheesh of the Almighty—The Obstacles to Accepting It—The Barter Idea—Pride—Love of Sin—III. Why It is Simple—That it May be Received.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in John's gospel, in the forty-sixth verse of the fifth chapter, says: "Moses wrote of me." Hence we may safely interpret much that Moses said, not only of the law, but also of the gospel. This is certainly one of the passages in which Moses wrote of the Saviour yet to come. We are not, however, left to conjecture this; for the apostle Paul has quoted this passage in the tenth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. He has given us a sort of paraphrase of it; not quoting it with verbal exactness, but giving its sense, and then inserting his own interpretation of that sense, which interpretation may be accepted as decisive.

What is meant by these words is this—that the way of salvation is plain and clear; it is not concealed among the mysteries of heaven: "It is not in heaven that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it?" Neither is it wrapped up among the profundities of deep, unrevealed secrecy; "Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it." But the way of salvation is brought home to us, given to us in a handy form, and laid within grasp of our understanding; it is spoken to us in human language, and brought within the compass of human emotion,

I. And so I begin my discourse this morning with this first head: *The way of salvation is plain and simple.* You have neither to look skyward nor seaward to find it out; here it is before you; near as your tongue; inseparable from you as your heart. You have neither to rise to the sublime nor sink to the profound; it lies before you

An Open Secret.

As saith Moses in the last verse of the previous chapter: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever." I think we might have expected this if we consider the nature of God, who has made this wonderful revelation. When God speaks to a man with a view to his salvation, it is but natural that in his wisdom he should so speak as to be understood. It is not wisdom which leads teachers to become obscure; if they teach at all, they should adapt themselves to the disciple's capacity. No doubt some men have obtained a reputation for wisdom because they have not been understood; but this was fictitious, and unworthy of true men. If they had possessed the highest wisdom, they would have aimed at making matters clear when their object was to instruct. As a general rule, when a speaker is not clear to his hearers it is because the thought is not clear to himself. This can never be supposed of Him who knows all things and sees all things as they are.

I admit that certain parts of the divine revelation are hard to be understood, but these are intended for our education, that we may exercise our minds and thoughts, and may by the guidance of the Holy Spirit grow thereby. But in the matter of salvation, where the life or death of soul is concerned, it is needful that the vision should be plain, and our wise and gracious Lord has condescended to that necessity. In all that concerns repentance and faith, and the vital matters of pardon and justification, there is no obscurity—all is plain as a pikestaff. He that runs may read, and *he that reads may run.*

We might also expect simplicity when we remember the design of the plan of salvation. God aims distinctly by the gospel at the salvation of men. He bids us preach the gospel to every creature. It

Had Need be Simple

gospel if it is to be preached to every creature. I thank God with all my heart that the sage is here put on a level with the child; for the gospel must be received by him as a little child receives it. If the grace of God be given to the least educated person in yonder village, he is as well able to receive the gospel as the most profound scholar in the university. Would any of you wish to have it otherwise? Could you be so inhuman? *Must the gospel also be enclosed for an aristocracy?* Must the cultured few be gratified at the expense of the ruin of the masses? God forbid. But it must be so unless the saving doctrine of the gospel can be perceived by the untutored many, Every generous heart delights to think that "the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

Brethren, to save the many the truth must be very simple and easy to be understood; for the many are busy with needful labor. From morning to night their hands are going to earn the bread that perisheth, their thoughts must be largely taken up with their daily toil, If men cannot be saved without weeks and months of careful study, they will certainly be lost. As good have no salvation as one which is beyond ordinary comprehension. Our workingmen need a gospel which can be heard and thought upon while they earn their daily bread. It should be clear as the sun, and simple as the A B C, that they may see it, and then hold it in their memories.

The mass of our fellow-men are not only very busy, but from their poverty and other surroundings they never will attain to any high degree of education. We are thankful for all that is done by School Boards and other agencies; but these operate for the present world rather than for eternal and spiritual things. Men may learn all that books can teach them, and not be a jot nearer the knowledge of heavenly truth. Heavenly knowledge is of another sort, and is open to those who gain no certificates and pass no standards. Those who know their Bibles true, and find therein the appointed Saviour, have not reached that point by the learning of the schools; we may say of each one of them, "Blessed art thou; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." The word of life is meant for men as sinners, and not for men as philosophers; and hence the message is made plain and clear.

Moreover, we might expect the gospel to be very plain, because of the many

Feeble Minds

which else would be unable to receive it. Remember the children. How glad we are that our boys and girls can know and receive the Saviour, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not!" Remember, also, that many return to feebleness of mind in their old age. How many who displayed considerable strength of intellect in middle life find their faculties failing them as their years multiply! We want a gospel which an old man can grasp when sight and hearing are failing him, when the memory is weakened, and the judgment is enfeebled. Remember, once more, the many feeble intellects which are to be found on all hands—not imbecile, but still not intellectual; not without thought and reason, but yet with an exceedingly narrow range of understanding. Shall these be shut out by a complicated, philosophical gospel? We cannot think so. The gospel of our salvation saves the feeble-minded as well as the clever; it reaches the slow and dull as well as the quick and bright. Is it not well that it should be so?

What think you, my friends, would become of the dying if the gospel were intricate and complex? How would even the saints derive consolation in death from a labyrinth of mysteries? We are called at times to visit persons who are in their last hours, passing to judgment without God and without hope. It is

A Sorrowful Business.

It is always a cause of trembling with us, when we have to deal with the impenitent upon the borders of the eternal world. But we must never visit another sick bed, for we can never talk with another dying man with any hope, if we have not a gospel to take to such, which can be made plain even to those whose minds are bewildered amid the shadows of the grave.

But, beloved, I need not argue from what we expect or see; I bid you look to the revelation itself, and see if it be not nigh unto us. Even in the days of Moses, how plain some things were! It must have been plain to every Israelite that man is a sinner, else why the sacrifice, why the purgations and the cleansings? Not a day passed without its morning and evening lambs. Plain enough also was the doctrine of faith; for each bringer of a sacrifice laid his hand upon the victim, confessing his sin, and by that act he transferred his sin to the offering. It was also clear to every Israelite that this cleansing was not the effect of the typical sacrifices themselves, otherwise they would not have been repeated year by year and day by day; for as Paul well puts it, the conscience being once purged, there would be no necessity for further sacrifice. Equally clear it must have been to every Israelite that the faith which brings the benefit of the great sacrifice is a practical and operative faith which affects the life and character. Continually they were exhorted to serve the Lord with their whole heart. So that, dim as the dispensation may be considered to have been as compared with the gospel day, yet actually it was sufficiently clear. Even then "the word was nigh" to them.

II. Secondly, the word

Has Come Very Near

to us. I want your earnest attention to this point. I beg those of you who are unconverted to hear with attention. "The word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth." It is a thing which you can speak of; you have talked about it; you still talk of it. It is "familiar in your mouths as household words." Most of you are able to speak it to others, for you learned it in your catechism, you repeated it to your Sunday-school teachers. You sing it in your hymns; you read it in books and tracts and pamphlets; and you write it in letters to your friends. I am glad that you have it upon your tongues: the more it is so, the better: but how near has it come? Oh, that your tongue may be also able to say, "I believe it. I accept Jesus as my Saviour. I avow my faith before men!" Then will it be nearer still. I dare humbly, but boldly, to speak of my own ministry, and of you as my hearers, that the word comes very near to you from this pulpit, for I have always aimed at the utmost plainness of speech and directness of address. There is not one among you but what may understand the gospel which you hear from me every Sabbath day. If you perish it is not for want of plain speaking. The word is on your tongue.

Moses also added, "and in thy heart." By the heart, with the Hebrews, is not meant the affections, but the inward parts, including the understanding. My dear hearers,

You Can Understand

the gospel. Moreover, the doctrines of the gospel are such that our inward nature bears witness to the truth of them. When we preach that men are sinners, your conscience says, "That is true." When we declare that there is salvation by sacrifice, your understanding agrees that this is a gracious mode by which God is just, and the justifier of him that believeth. If you believe it, this gospel will appear so plainly true that every part of your nature will attest it. Many of us have accepted this way of salvation; now we love it and delight in it, and to us it seems the most simple, and at the same time the most sublime system conceivable.

There are no difficulties and obscurities about the gospel, except such as we ourselves create. The reason for thine unbelief lies partly in the natural tendency of the human heart towards legalism. Human nature cannot believe in free grace. It is accustomed to buying and selling, and therefore it must bring a price in its hand: to have everything for nothing seems out of the question. The notion of a wage to be earned is natural enough; but that

Eternal Life is a Gift

of God is not so readily perceived: yet so it is. I have heard that a missionary trying to make an Oriental understand salvation by grace, set it out in many ways to him and failed, until at last he cried, "Salvation is *a backsheesh of the Almighty*." Then the Eastern caught the idea. You cannot get the idea of grace into a natural man's head; it requires *a divine surgical operation* to open a way for this truth into our mercenary minds; yea, it requires that we be made anew before we will see it. That God freely forgives, and that He loves men solely and only because He is love, is a thought divinely simple, but our selfish prejudices refuse to accept it.

In many instances it is pride that makes the gospel appear so difficult. You cannot think that Jesus saves you, and that all you have to do is to accept his finished salvation. Like Naaman, you would prefer to do some great thing.

You Want to be Something,

do you not? Human nature craves to have a little hand in salvation—to feel something, to groan a certain time, or despair to a certain length; but when the gospel comes with the one message, "Believe and live," pride will not consent to be saved on such pauperizing terms. Yet so it is; accept it, and you have it; stretch out your hand and take what God most freely gives. This is also caused by the love of sin. Those who do not wish to give up their favorate sins pretend the gospel is very difficult to understand, or quite impossible to accept, and so they excuse themselves for going on in their iniquity. Do you murmur that you cannot see? Who has closed your eyes? There are none so blind as those who will not see: your blindness is wilful. Salvation is of the Lord, but damnation is of man only.

There I leave the matter. I can bring you to the water, but I cannot make you drink. May God the Holy Spirit apply to your hearts and consciences the important truth that, whether you enter it or not, "the kingdom of God has come nigh unto you!" O Lord, grant that none of these, my hearers, may put from them Thy word, and count themselves unworthy of eternal life!

III. I close with this, that

The Design

of this simplicity and nearness of the gospel is that we should receive it. Observe how the text expressly words it, "The word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, *that thou mayest do it*." "That thou mayest do it." The gospel is not sent to men to gratify their curiosity, by letting them see how other people get to heaven. Christ did not come to amuse us, but to redeem us. His word is not written for our astonishment, but "These are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that believing, ye may have life through His name." As the word of the Lord is not sent to gratify curiosity, so also it is not sent coolly to inform you of a fact which you may lay by on the shelf for future use.

It is not even sent to thee merely to make thee orthodox in opinion as to religious matters, although many persons seem to think that this is the one thing needful. Remember, that perdition for the orthodox will be quite as horrible as eternal ruin for the heterodox. It will be a dreadful thing to go to hell with a sound head and a rotten heart. Alas! I fear that some of you will only increase your own misery as you increase your knowledge of the truth, because you do not practice what you know. God save us from dead knowledge, and give us the gracious action which is the fruit of knowing: "That thou mayest do it!"

What is to be done? There are

Two Things to be Done.

First, that thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as thy Saviour. Take him to be thy sacrifice: trust him wholly and alone from this time forth as thy ransom from sin. Take him to be thy Lord as well as thy Saviour: yield thyself up to him as thy prophet, priest and king. Let Jesus be thine all in all, and be thou wholly his. The second thing is that thou confess thy Lord with thy mouth. Avow thyself to be a believer in Jesus, and a follower of him. Do this in his own way; for he hath said, "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." But let thy confession be sincere; do not lie unto the Lord. Confess that thou art His follower because thou art indeed so; and henceforth all thy life bear thou His cross and follow Him. This is what thou art to do; to yield thyself up to him whom God hath appointed to save his people from their sins.

"But," saith one, "I thought that there was a certain experience." Indeed there is an experience; but all true experience ends in this, in leading the heart to accept Christ as its Saviour. "But I thought," says another, "that you would dwell at length upon the work of the Holy Spirit." I rejoice in that work, and will tell you a great deal about it at another time; but the chief work of the Holy Spirit is to strip you of yourself, and bring you to receive that simple word of God which is the subject of this morning's discourse. If thou wilt now bow before the Christ of God, and take him, henceforth, to be thy Saviour, thou art saved. The simple act of trusting Jesus has brought thy justification; and thine open confession of him in his own appointed way shall bring thee a fuller realization of salvation. By coming out on the Lord's side, thou shalt gather strength to overcome the sins which now beset thee, and thou shalt be helped to work out thine own salvation with fear and trembling, because God is working in thee to will and to do of his good pleasure.

I will preach the gospel once more, and I have done. The apostle Paul, thinking of what Moses said about going up to the sky or down to the sea to find

The Sacred Secret,

says in effect, "That is right, Moses; there was a necessity for some one to come down, and an equal necessity for some one to go up: but that necessity exists no longer."

The whole gospel lies in this—there was One in heaven at the right hand of the Father, very God of very God, and in order to save thee, poor lost and ruined sinner, this adorable Son of God came down, down, down to the manger, to the cross, to the grave, to the lowest parts of the earth; and down in grief, in rejection, in agony, in death. Because He came under the weight and curse of sin, He came down indeed! Because Jesus has come down thus, and borne the punishment of sin, he that believes in Him is justified. By that coming down of the Lord from heaven the sinner's sin is put away, and the transgression of the believer is forgiven. Believest thou this? Believest thou that Jesus bore thy sins in His own body on the tree? Wilt thou trust to that fact? *Thou art saved. Doubt it not.*

So far this clears thee of sin. But it was necessary that we should not merely be washed from sin—for that would leave us naked—but that we should be clothed with righteousness. To that end our Lord Jesus rose again, and so came up from the depth. When our Redeemer had finished His going down, and so had made an end of sin, He had yet to bring in everlasting righteousness, and so He returned by the way which He went. He rose from the tomb; He rose from Olivet; He rose until a cloud received him out of His apostles' sight; He rose through the upper regions of the air; He rose to the pearl gate; He rose to the throne of God where he sitteth as one who has accomplished His service, expecting until His enemies are made His footstool.

"He that believeth is justified:" so saith the Scripture. Dost thou see this? I believe it, I believe it with my whole heart, and therefore I confess it before this multitude with my mouth, and I am saved. Wilt thou believe and confess, Oh, that the blessed Spirit may bring thee to this: this is the entrance into the way of eternal life. This is the dawn of a day which shall never die down into darkness. May the blessed Spirit bring thee to this faith, and this confession, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

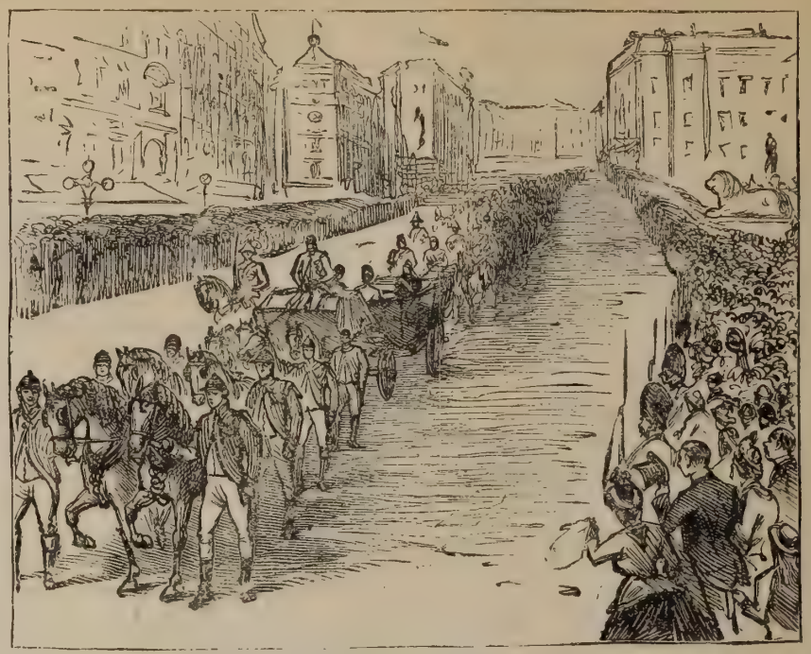
THE LAST SURVIVOR.*

FAR away down the years, at the close of the first century, an old man sits brooding over the things that he had seen and heard in the cities of Judah and in the fields of Galilee. Forty, fifty, sixty years, and more perhaps, lie now between him and the scenes which he records. Sixty years—and such years:—years of revolution—years of judgment—years in which the old order perished in doom, and the new world rose into victory under the breath of the Spirit of God. He had himself long ago, it may be, laid up in the book of the Revelation, the visions in which the tremendous drama of those momentous years moved toward its final and critical act. Yet now his look is not forward into the silences that delay the trumpet blasts of Divine action. His eyes turn ever back, overleaping the crowded interval—back to those wonderful days when he walked behind the feet of the Master—the days when he touched and tasted and handled. Still his whole being hangs on those memories. Still he ponders and weighs and wonders and broods. For we are listening, in these first verses of St. John, to an old man's broodings. No one can mistake their tone, or be insensible to their atmosphere—as the verses fall on the ear with solemn weight of monotony, serious as a winter's eve, in which the stars silently offer themselves to our eyes one by one. in seemly order and in noiseless ease. So the great words detach themselves from his lips, single, slow, deliberate, unhasting. Round and round the story His spirit has searched and labored, and waited, until word could set itself to word, and phrase to phrase. No time could be too long in which to collect into one brief passage the sum and substance of all that revelation which was made known to him in the name of Jesus Christ.

So he sits, and slowly speaks, and round him are clustering close a crowd of anxious listeners. How strange that crowd would once have been to the fisherman of Bethesada! It was a crowd gathered out of all those who are scattered abroad upon the face of the earth—keen Greeks, and fervent Syrians, and cultivated Africans, with perhaps a Roman magistrate or a Gaulish slave. Every kind of alien blood is there, but none, or almost none, of his brethren, the children of Abraham. The church in which he rules is wholly Greek in tone, in temper, in habit. He has had to forget his own country and his father's house; and the house is now shattered and that country wrecked, and all the old scenes of his far home are darkened, desolate; and never will he walk at all in those deep, familiar places where he first looked up from his nets and saw the Master, and heard the call, and left all and followed Him. Ah! how long ago, though it be to Him but as yesterday. And now he sits alone, perhaps in all the world, of those who saw the Lord! Alone and very old, and the question is daily pressing, can it be that he, too, is to die as all the rest have died—James, his brother, fifty years back, and Peter, whom he loved—can it be thirty years since Peter died; Andrew and Philip, so long his companions on the coasts of Asia. And will there be no one left on earth of all those who were his friends, who will be there to greet the Lord when he comes again, as they had seen him go?

*From "Creed and Character," by the Rev. H. S. Holland, M. A.; pp. 344. Price $1.50. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Queen Victoria's Jubilee Procession leaving her Palace.



The Procession in Trafalgar Square.

Yet what was it the Lord had promised when Peter pressed him by the lake side, on that awful dawn, when they whispered, "It is the Lord?" Was it not that he, John, should be there alive, tarrying long until the glad day when He should come again, and their joy should be full?

So he half thought, so many had asserted, and yet it was not quite that. No; but only that perhaps it might be so, if Christ willed that he should so tarry.

And would he will it? Often he had prayed for this to be, and cried, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Yet now it seemed otherwise. Now it seemed as if, after all, he would die without seeing it. So it felt to him; so it looked; it must now be very near, and much as he and they had longed for the other to be true, yet still he keeps reminding them that his dear Master had never said, "he should never die," but only "if I will that he tarry."

THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.

(See Illustration.)

The interest manifested by the American people in the Jubilee celebrations in England, on June 21, has been a surprise to many, and has led some Englishmen—a prominent English clergyman particularly—to infer that it indicates a waning loyalty to republican institutions. Though the inference has no foundation in fact, and though there is not the slightest desire on the part of any section to see monarchy introduced here, it is certain that no European event of late years has so fully occupied the attention of the American public as this. Not only was there a display of bunting and numerous public meetings in honor of the occasion, but a large number of our citizens—Mr. Blaine among them—crossed the Atlantic on purpose to witness the celebration, and many paid an enormous sum for good posts of observation.

The pageant appears—if we may judge by the voluminous reports cabled to the daily press—to have been a spectacle well worth seeing. Long before the hour fixed for the Queen's departure from Buckingham Palace immense crowds assembled near the Palace gates, and along the whole line which the procession was to traverse, from there to Westminster Abbey, where the special service was held.

Punctually at eleven o'clock the gates were thrown open and the first of the procession issued forth. Princes from India and minor German "serenities" came first. Then followed officers of the Royal household and the "Ladies in Waiting," in five open carriages. Then more carriages, containing the Queen's daughters-in-law and granddaughters. Then the Queen's carriage drawn by eight cream-colored horses. (*See Illustration.*) The Queen rode facing the horses and sat alone. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria, the Queen's oldest child and wife of the Crown Prince of Germany, occupied the other seat in the carriage and sat opposite her Majesty. Escorting the carriage were the Queen's three sons, four grandsons, and five sons-in-law, and her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge. The Queen was manifestly delighted. Her face wore a constant smile, she bowed and thanked the people, and whenever on the way she recognized any person she fairly beamed with joy.

Over her black costume the Queen wore a white lace gown. Her bonnet was of white netting or lace, with an inwrought coronet of diamonds. The procession was closed by the regiments of Life Guards. The houses and public buildings along the route were all packed with human beings. On reaching an open space, where six main streets converge, the sight was a memorable one, the streets being all splendidly decorated with flowers, flags, evergreens etc. Many of the imposing commercial buildings along the way were one mass of heads. At Trafalgar square (*See Illustration,*) a thousand children seated on a platform sang God save the Queen.

ALICE HOWARD'S FRIENDS.

(*See Illustration on page 429*)

"I am grieved to see so intelligent and attractive a lady as you are in such a position," said a young man in New York one night about eleven o'clock to a young and graceful woman, who accosted him as he was going home from one of the piers where he had been to say good-by to a friend on board a steamer, which was to sail for Europe at sunrise.

"Oh! there is no need to break your heart over me," was the reply. "I am doing well enough—a great deal better than I used to do when I was leading what you call a respectable life. What do you mean?"

"I mean that your life can have but one end. Even if, as you say, you are doing better now than you used to do, the time is not far off when you will grow weary of your life and loathe it, and when you come to die what will it be to meet God with all your sins unpardoned?"

"Oh! don't preach; come and have a drink and drive such horrors away. You make me melancholy."

"No drink will do that; and what I say makes you melancholy because you know it's true."

"Yes; it's true enough, but what is the use of dwelling on it. When a thing is disagreeable and it can't be cured, the less one thinks of it the better."

"But this thing can be cured. If you would give up this life and give your heart to the Saviour, the thought of dying would not trouble you."

"Ah! that is all very fine; but how am I to give up the life? How should I live, if I did? Who would employ me? I suppose you would have me go into a reformatory and wear a horrid uniform, and go on a platform and tell the people that I am a penitent. No, thank you, that would not suit me. I had rather be as I am now with plenty to eat and nice clothes to wear, and to do as I like. I am no penitent."

"I do not want you to do anything of the kind, though that would be better than your present life. It would have a better ending, anyway. Anything would be better than this."

"Well, it is no concern of yours; though it is kind of you to take an interest in me. What makes you do it? You don't know me."

"No, I don't, but I would do you good if I could; I owe a debt to your sex I can never repay, and I have a reverence for women that prompts me to help any in need of help. I owe all I am and have to the love and wisdom of a good mother. Have you a mother?"

A cry—almost a shriek was the answer. "Oh, don't speak of her—you are cruel—I cannot bear it. No, I have no mother; thank God, she is in heaven!"

"Ah! I see you loved her. But do not say you have no mother when she is in heaven. She is living and longing to have you meet her. You must wish that, too, I am sure."

"I will not talk to you any longer; you make me miserable, and here is some one I know."

"Stay, give me your address; I cannot let you go without doing something."

"Here, take it," and she handed him a tiny card. "I do not know that I care to see you, but you are kind, at any rate, and you mean well, but you are dull, and, what is worse, your dullness is infectious." And she hurried away.

The young man looked at the card by the light of a street-lamp and read: "Alice Howard" and an address which he knew to be in an uptown street of French flat houses. Meditating on the case of the girl and considering the best course to pursue he walked slowly homeward. Two or three points in the conversation showed that she was not so careless and vicious as she pretended to be. A girl whose memory of her mother was so tender had at least one joint in

her armor that an arrow might reach. But how to deal with her—that was the question.

Arrived at home, he prayed long and earnestly for her before retiring to rest. She mingled with his dreams in a distressing, painful way and the next morning she was the first subject in his thoughts. He prayed about it again, and this time there was light. The thought of a friend, a gentle, matronly lady of earnest piety occurred to him, and he resolved to advise with her. He called upon her and related what had happened, describing the girl and her conversation.

"If you will give me her address," the lady said when she had heard the story, "and will leave the matter in my hands I will see what can be done."

He gladly complied, asking, however, to be kept informed of the course of events, for in some way that he could not explain, his interest in the stranger was most acute. Several weeks passed and no definite information was given to him by his friend. She had seen Miss Howard several times, and was not without hope; that was all. Time and again he inquired, but learned nothing more. One day, however, his friend said she was going to see her and would take him with her, if he liked. She had moved out of the city and was with some friends, the lady said.

A short railroad journey and a walk of nearly a mile through a pretty village brought them to a quiet-looking house in a large garden. "This is a place," said the Christian lady, "that I keep for a work no one knows anything of, and I must ask you not to betray me. When I am making purchases in stores and notice any of the sales-ladies looking weary or sick I invite them to spend a week or two here to recuperate. I have quite a number of friends among them now who come every year. It costs but little, and you have no idea how much good it does. Alice is here with a party now. She is quite transformed, and I hope to get her employment.

The door of the house stood open as they walked up the garden, and looking in they saw a group of happy faces. Some of the girls were reading, others working, while sitting at a piano was a form that the young man recognized as that of Miss Howard. The welcome his companion received, the affection in which she was evidently held, astonished him. The girls clustered around her, kissing her and showing their love in many ways. "Here," said he to himself, "is Christianity as Christ intended it to be—helpful, kind, gentle, a work of rescue."

He had a long conversation with Miss Howard, and learned that, through the influence of this Christian lady, she had broken with her old life and old associates, and though she did not know how she could earn a living, she looked forward to poverty and hard work with a cheerful heart. More than that, she was earnestly seeking the Saviour.

More than once afterward the young man was allowed to visit the retreat. Alice Howard was there still, though the other inmates went and came. "I do not know what to do about Alice," the Christian lady said as they returned from one of these visits; "she wants to earn her livelihood, but I cannot procure employment suitable for her, and I will not let her go till I can. When I find a place fit for her and tell her story the door is closed against her. The compassion the Saviour felt for the erring seems to have no place now, either in the church or world," and she sighed sadly.

"Do not distress yourself about this particular case, my dear friend," said the young man. "I asked Alice to-day if she would be my wife, and she is going to speak to you about it. If you approve she will consent."

"May God bless you both," was the reverent reply; "you will not regret it." And he never did.

Alice Howard's Friends.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 414.*)

Ethel's Project.

ROBERT ATHELING'S departure from Sharon Lodge was followed, a little later on the same day, by that of Señor Bonanza and his daughter Inez, who had agreed to accompany Ethel and Harold to Aspen Towers. The offer on Inez's part had been prompted by sympathy with Ethel and a desire to minister to her wants on the journey, but now she had a new delight in it, for was she not going toward the place in which Alfred Atheling had his home? The thought of that fact brought a glow to her heart and gave color to her cheek and sparkle to her eyes, rendering her appearance so bright and blooming that it contrasted painfully with the pallor on Ethel's face and the tokens of weakness that told so pathetic a story of the inroads that disease was making in that fair and feeble form. So is it ever in this world of changes, contrasts and inequalities.

Thanks very greatly to the tender care and happy resources of Inez, Ethel was enabled to bear the tedious journey better than might have been expected, and in due time the whole party arrived at Chilworth station, and were driven in the baronet's roomiest and easiest carriage direct to the portals of Aspen Towers, where Sir Godwin awaited them with eager expectancy. It was a scene never to be forgotten by Harold, that met his view as he re-entered his boyhood's home. He had left his father a fine portly gentleman in the prime of life; now he saw a feeble paralytic, shrunken, weak, and trembling on the edge of the grave. No thought of the inheritance, soon to be his crossed his mind, as it would that of many an heir, and, indeed, as it would his a year or two ago. It was genuine sorrow and sympathy that filled his eyes as he went to grasp his father's extended hand, and kiss him affectionately.

"God bless you, my boy," said the Baronet, "I am thankful to see you before I die. I feared once I never should live till you came."

"I am very glad to come, father," Harold said, "I have not been a comfort to you in the past, but God has opened my eyes to my faults, and I have come in His strength to ask your forgiveness, as I believe He has forgiven me."

"Say no more, my boy," said the old man, his voice broken by agitation; "I forgive you from my heart. I can die in peace, now that you are restored."

"Not yet, I hope, father; I hope you will live long enough to give me an opportunity to atone for the past."

"No, no, I cannot live long, I feel the end is almost here, but I do not mind so much, now that I can leave things in your hands without fear. You will be good to Ethel. We both owe much to her."

"Yes, father, I know. But for her I should not have been here."

Ethel came in at this moment, and was folded in her father's arms. He had missed her much. Even Clara Atheling's attention, happy as it had made him, had not made up for the absence of his beloved daughter. Now that she had returned, bringing with her the prodigal, the old man's cup of happiness seemed full.

Then the Señor and Inez had to be introduced, and all that had been left untold of Harold's rescue had to be related. It was a happy if not a merry circle that the family made that night, and the Baronet seemed to gain new life as he looked from one cheerful face to another. Señor Bonanza especially won his regard. The two old men had much in common, and soon the younger members of the party left them together in delightful converse, while they chatted among themselves.

Anxiety, however, sat on more than one breast. Again and again Clara Atheling stole a glance at Ethel's worn face, and noted the changes that had come upon it since she saw it before her journey. Ethel, too, gazed at her father, whose feebleness showed more clearly by contrast with Señor Bonanza, with whom he was talking at the other end of the room. They

were of about the same age, yet the Baronet looked years older, and had lost the vigor and energy that his new friend so wonderfully retained. Ethel thought she had never realized his weakness so much as now that she saw him by the side of the Señor. She had always thought of leaving him alone, and sorrowed as she imagined his grief when she died, leaving a blank in his life, but now she was looking at her father and thinking, as she gazed upon his worn and weary features, that it was a question which of them should first be laid at rest beside her mother in the little chancel of Thorpe Aspen Church. With her, however, there was no sorrow, only peace and hope; peace in the consciousness that both she and her father were well lodged in their Heavenly Father's keeping; hope that Harold had before him a career of honor and service in dear Aspendale, which should be bettered and benefited by the commanding Christian influence of the heir of Aspen Towers. "Father, I thank Thee," said she in her heart. "It was worth living for. It was worth dying for. All is well."

After the party had separated for the night, Clara sought Ethel in her own room to enjoy one of those confidential talks in which girl-friends delight, and which seem to require as an indispensable preliminary the laying aside of ordinary dress, the putting on of dressing-gowns and the letting down of the hair. In this costume, armed with a hair brush, to be used in the rare intervals of talk, words flow freely which are understood to be strictly confidential—the place, attire, and time having all the sanctity of a Masonic Lodge, where topics may be discussed which are never to be referred to anywhere until the parties find themselves in Lodge again.

First, Clara had to give a minute account of the events which had occurred during Ethel's absence. In undertaking to fill her place Clara had accepted the responsibility with no little diffidence. It was not the place of mistress of the great house alone that was the difficulty, but she had promised to be, as far as she could, a daughter to Sir Godwin, and this was no easy matter. The patience, the gentleness, the cheerfulness, required of one in close and constant attendance on the afflicted baronet few could boast. Clara had been tried many times during her stewardship, and had often been driven to the Source of all strength for help to sustain her in the struggle. Ethel had herself experienced the trial, and her confidence in Clara's ability to fill her place came from the knowledge that Clara knew where to go when she was tried. This evening she had seen, in the confidence with which the Baronet had turned to Clara in any difficulty, and the tenderness with which Clara had responded and even anticipated his wants, how well her own place had been filled and how faithfully Clara must have fulfilled her trust.

Clara's entrance into Ethel's room therefore was the signal for Ethel to throw her arms around her friend, and thank her from her heart for all that she had done and suffered for her. The appreciation was very welcome to Clara, and was sufficient payment for all that had passed. To have served one she loved as she did Ethel, and to learn from her lips how that service was accepted, filled her heart with joy, but she playfully laid a slight but beautifully formed hand over Ethel's lips, and bade her say no more of thanks.

"I have done my best, dear Ethel," she said, "but I have not filled your place. Sir Godwin has longed for you all the time, and his best compliment was that he had not missed you so much as he expected. I assure you he will be very glad to have me retire and give place to you."

"You must not think of doing so, Clara. We cannot spare you yet. I am not strong enough to assume my duties at once, if indeed I ever can. We are dependent upon you. You would not desert your old friend in her weakness, I am sure."

That was touching Clara's vulnerable point, and she wavered under the pressure. In truth, now that Alfred had returned, the family circle at Aspen Garth had stronger attractions than ever for her, and there was another reason, that Clara kept locked up in her heart, for wishing to go, but Ethel's entreaties could not be denied then. "We will talk of that again, dear Ethel," she said. "I think you will be willing to release me in a few days. It will be better on many accounts that I go, but I will not go as long as you really need me."

Ethel noticed the phrase her friend had used, and wondered what were the "many accounts" to which Clara alluded. Clara however laughingly declined to define them, and insisted on adjourning the discussion. Her real reason could not be disclosed to Harold's sister. The fact was, that in the years long gone by, when she and Robert and Alfred and Ethel and Harold were children, Harold had declared himself her "sweetheart," and in boyish enthusiasm had made her promise that when they grew up she would be his wife. His small stock of pocket-money had been hoarded until there was enough to buy a small ring, and this he had placed on her finger with becoming solemnity and secrecy before he went away. The years passed, and the stories of his gaiety and dissipation came to Aspendale; the applications for money, and the anxieties produced in the mind of Sir Godwin and Ethel thereby were known to Clara, and what could she think, but that Harold had forgotten his boyish promises, as was very natural, considering that she was a portionless daughter of a plain farmer while he was the heir to a baronetcy, and the great estate of Aspen Towers. But Clara had the ring still, though Harold had doubtless forgotten all about it. Then, too, she did not understand why Inez had come to Aspen Towers. It was not surprising that Clara should imagine reasons for the presence of the wealthy and beautiful girl which were not connected exclusively with Ethel. She could bear much; she had schooled herself to give up Harold, but if there was to be love-making at Aspen Towers between Harold and Inez, Clara resolved that she would not be there to see it.

Ethel, on her side, would have been glad to talk with Clara on this very subject, were it not that as to the feeling both of Harold and her friend she was in doubt. She had no doubt, however, that it would be a perpetual blessing, a source of moral strength for high and useful service to her brother Harold, if the staid and gentle yet merry and capable Clara, with her strong religious principles, was to become his wife. If he that findeth a wife findeth a good thing, thought she, Harold need not search far to find it, and he might easily go far afield and find a woman who, not having the capacity to be a wife in the true sense of the word, would not be a good thing, as Clara would. She felt, however, that this must not be, unless there was a real affection on both sides. The idea of a "marriage of convenience," was not for one moment entertained by her, could not be, for anything so far removed from the regions of common sense, religion and propriety was altogether foreign to her high-toned moral nature. She felt that nothing but mutual love could warrant such a union. So she resolved to bring the two together and to watch the progress of events. This, indeed, was one reason why she urged Clara to remain at the Towers, while it was the very reason why Clara desired to go. Ethel was quite resolved that if she saw any evidence that the juvenile preference, which she had not forgotten, of Harold and Clara for each other, existed still, she would help the union forward, that she might claim Clara for a sister, before she laid down her life-charge and passed to her reward.

The mention of Alfred's name brought the conversation into a more open channel, and the two pious girls talked long and earnestly of God's wonderful leading, which had brought joy to both homes in the return of a dearly loved prodigal to each. Ethel tried to inspire Clara with her own practical faith in the loving Father. If he watches the fall of a sparrow he will surely not consider the smallest concerns of his children too trivial to have his attention. Thus the talk passed to Simon Holmes, and his unwavering faith which events had so fully justified. They were still speaking of him when the great clock over the stables struck the hour, and the two girls were astonished to find that they were out of bed at two o'clock in the morning. A few words of prayer together, a loving kiss, and they parted for the night.

"Oh! that I might have her for my sister," thought Ethel, when she was left alone for the night. She is my sister in heart, the only one I ever had. How glorious it would be for her to be my sister in deed;" and she determined to avail herself of the first opportunity to ascertain the state of Harold's feelings towards her friend. The opportunity came the next day, when she and her brother Harold were strolling alone in the grounds around the Hall.

"What a sweet girl Clara is, Harold," was the adroit opening of the girl-diplomatist. "She was always nice, but I think she is nicer now than ever. She has been a sort of second Providence to dear father, and has been as a gift of God to him in his solitude and need. I love her now, more than I ever did."

Harold, nothing loth, swallowed the bait without hesitation. He at any rate was ripe and ready for her purpose.

"Love her!" said he, "ay, and so do I. I used to think I did when we called each other sweetheart in the innocent days of long ago. I tell you what, Ethel, I sincerely wish she would be a second Providence to *me*, and that *I* might be fortunate enough to receive her as a 'gift from God.'"

"She will be a treasure wherever she goes. She thinks her duty lies at Aspen Garth now. Of course we have no claim upon her equal to her mother's claim," Ethel said naïvely.

"Would you like her for a sister?" said Harold, after a pause, looking searchingly at Ethel.

"That would I, with all my heart," said she, "always provided that her heart was my brother's as well as her hand."

"If I know her aright," said Harold, "Clara will never give one without the other. Whoever has the good fortune to get one of them will get the other; and if I know myself, which in these days I think I do, I would not have the hand without the heart."

On that same evening Clara came by special invitation to Ethel's bedroom, and Ethel deftly turned the current of conversation so as to carry her observations and researches a little further.

"O Clara, dear!" said she, "what a happy thing for us all it is that both Alfred and Harold are with us once again. Things seem as though they must go right now, don't they? I am doubly glad for dear father's sake. He seems very anxious that Harold should settle down permanently. Perhaps there is a lurking fear that he might be tempted to wander away again."

"That he need not fear," said Clara, very positively. "Harold has fairly tried both the wrong and the right, and he will never take the wrong path again. You can read that in every action and almost in every word."

Whereupon Ethel drew her closely to her and kissed her, saying: "Thank you, dear, for your hearty assurance, but what makes you feel so positive?"

"Positive?" replied Clara; "why it only needs to watch his behavior to yourself and your father, and his general course of conduct, to see that the Harold Spofforth of to-day is another and altogether different Harold from that he was in the years that are past."

When she was left alone in the silence of her chamber, Ethel smiled in quiet satisfaction, knelt by her bed to ask for Harold and for Clara that they might both be guided right, and then, with a little sigh of relief, she retired to rest.

(*To be Concluded.*)

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 17, Matt. 3: 1-12. Golden Text, Matt. 3: 8.

His Greatness—Not of Birth—Nor Education—In Fulfilling his Mission—Birth and Education—A Total Abstainer—The Best Preparation for Service—His Call to Preach—Commissioned of God—One Message—Audiences Supernaturally Collected—His Self-Forgetfulness—Carelessness of Physical Comfort—Supernatural not Unnatural Living—Hearers Confessing Sin—Felled Trees of Self-Righteousness—The True Way to Preach.

"AMONG them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he" (Matt. 11: 11). The greatness of John the Baptist consisted not in aristocracy of birth, not in university honors, not in any remarkable beauty of appearance, but he was "great in the sight of the Lord" (Luke 1: 15); he understood and served the purpose of his God. His

Birth and Education

were altogether exceptional. Not only was he the son of a priest, but the obligations of the priesthood were upon him from his birth. "The Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations, and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean." The angel Gabriel foretold of John before his birth, "He shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." Thus was he brought up in priestly abstinence, and endowed with priestly anointing.

Of his childhood and education only the following short summary is given: "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel" (Luke 1: 80). What this implies is not easy to gather, except that he was prepared for service, not amongst the "sons of the prophets," but rather alone with God—not, we would think, in idleness, but in very much of communion with God. It is the universal testimony of the most useful ministers and missionaries that their best preparation for work has been the acquaintance with God which they formed in believing prayer, and communion with Him.

Unlike Moses, who was very conscious of his own importance, until God taught him otherwise, John the Baptist

Did not Initiate his own Ministry,

but "in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cesar . . . the word of God came unto John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness." Then, and not till then, "he came into all the region round about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance unto remission of sins" (Luke 3: 1-3 R. V.). God can and does make use of education, but that alone cannot inspire a man for his work; he needs, if he is to turn many to righteousness, a distinct consciousness that God sends him. "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John" (John 1: 6). Such authority outweighed every difficulty. He might meet with the most profound ignorance, but he was *sent of God* to enlighten it; he might have among his hearers some whose knowledge very far exceeded his own, but, sent of God, as he was, such differences ceased to be apparent. "I understand more than the ancients, because I keep Thy precepts" (Ps. 119: 100). Critics might seek to wither, human authority to condemn, but, sent of God, John was mightier than them all.

He was sent forth with one message, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." He may have quoted many Scriptures, used many different arguments, illustrated what he had to say in many different ways, but the burden of his message was always the same—"Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"—that was what he was sent to say, and God always blest it.

In our day it is often very difficult to obtain an audience. Large placards, with sensational subjects, brass bands, Scripture lanterns, all manner of things, are being employed to attract men's attention, and make them listen to the gospel. God bless them all, but when John the Baptist began his ministry there was no difficulty in bringing the people together.

The same Power

which was in the preacher came also upon the people, and without any invitation they went out right away into the desert where he was. "They went out to New Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan." Business did not hinder them, pleasure was suspended, the tillage of the land ceased for the time being, the children turned out of the schools, and the mothers came from their housework to hear the plain, unvarnished message. "Repent ye: for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Such religious movement had not taken place for many a long year. There was something so remarkable about the preacher. Unlike the scribes, who loved "to go in long clothing, to receive salutations in the market places, and to have the chief seats in the synagogues and the uppermost rooms at feasts" (Mark 12: 38, 39), this man seemed to have no opinion of himself at all. Pushed by the priests and Levites to make some declaration of himself, he only said, "I am a voice." "The people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not" (Luke 3: 15). In answer to an official ecclesiastical commission which visited him, he said, "I am not the Christ," "I am a voice of one crying in the wilderness: Make straight the way of the Lord, as saith the prophet Esaias. But there standeth One among you, whom ye know not; He it is who, coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose." The whole spirit of the man is contained in the words he once said,

"He Must Increase,

but I must decrease" (John 3: 30). It was his joy to decrease, if it served his Master's purpose. John was unlike other men, not only in this spirit, but also in external things. His message so engrossed him that food and clothing were altogether secondary things to him; he lived on the wild honey of the desert, and wore garments made of the camel's hair which had fallen when caravans passed through the desert. Instead of his chief thought being, like that of most men, "What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" (Matt. 6: 31), it was, "How can sinners be turned to God?" It was prophesied of him by the angel, "Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to to the Lord their God. And he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people, prepared for the Lord" (Luke 1: 16, 17). The question will arise in many minds, "Should not we be more holy if we wore the coarsest clothing and lived on the poorest fare?" If *this* was all that John the Baptist had done, he would have done more harm than good, for he would have led men to despise the good gifts of God, for which He desires us to be thankful (1 Tim. 4: 4). The Lord does not want us to live unnatural, but supernatural, lives. He would have us seek *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and, of His own free love, He promises to add these other things unto us. John the Baptist was an exceptional man, his ministry necessitated his being an ascetic, like Elijah before him, but we are not called to follow John the Baptist or Elijah, but to follow Christ. So long as we take all we have from the hands of God, and are as ready to give it up as to keep it, if that should better serve His Kingdom, then we are following our blessed Master.

The ministry of John had the effect of so revealing to his hearers their own hearts and consciences, that

They Began to Confess Their Sins.

Wherever there is a real work of the Spirit of God, things come to light which have been hidden. Lies come out of their lurking places, unkind words are owned, impure motives are revealed, the horrible desire to appear more holy than we are slinks away to where it came from, and men come to the light "that their deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God" (John 3: 20). O what a turning inside-out there must have been by the banks of the Jordan, each one so intent on humbling himself that he could not despise a humbled neighbor! O what reconciliations must have taken place there, what unburdened hearts and lightened consciences must have returned to the homes of Judea! Sin left behind, and forgiveness of sins found! John the Baptist was *no kid-glove preacher;* he tore off the bandages from the social sins of the day, and exposed them without mercy "Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. Therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Profession went for nothing with this fearless preacher. "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." Fruit was what he demanded, and where he found it not, whether it were in Pharisee, Saducee, or publican, he laid

The Axe of Repentance

to the root of the tree, and all the righteousness of a lifetime came tumbling into ruins. O how beautiful a Canadian forest looks when all the grand old trees tower in their majestic height and their unshorn foliage toward heaven! So look sinners in their own eyes until the gospel axe has been laid to the root of the tree. What a ruin is the forest when charred trunks stand here and fallen logs lie there, in dire confusion! But bye-and-bye, order comes; the hand which felled and burned, now builds and tills, and a lovely farm, stocked with horses, cows and sheep, and inhabited by man, takes the place of the wild forest. When God's axe is laid to the roots of the trees, it is that He may burn the dross, and prepare a dwelling for himself.

The testimony of John the Baptist was never to himself, but to Jesus. As yet he knew Him not, "but that He should be made manifest unto Israel," therefore John came. He knew that there existed somewhere on earth, in human form, that Saviour who was Christ the Lord. Day by day passed by, and yet no sign of the expected Messiah. Yet John did not relax his witness, "There standeth One among you whom ye know not." This is

The True Way To Preach

the gospel. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." John the Baptist testified, "I indeed baptise you with water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear." His object was to lead all to look for Jesus. He cared not for popularity or aught else, so that he might be the "voice" which introduced Jesus to the people. His conceptions of Jesus were not now such as they were later on, when he beheld the Lamb of God, "Whose fan is in his hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." He knew Jesus as the coming Judge, and that as such, man would have to meet Him. The "judgment to come," when the chaff shall be winnowed from the wheat, is a very unfashionable theme, but it is one with which we are charged by God. *He* makes the distinction between the chaff and the wheat, the tares, and the wheat, the evil tree and the good tree, the lost and the saved, the children of disobedience and the children of the kingdom, the children of darkness and the children of light, the dead in tresspasses and sins, and those who have passed from death unto life. Reader, to which category do you belong?

REST.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv., 9.

O rest that remaineth!
Blood bought and life-paid,
By Him upon whom
All our burdens were laid.
Tho' we pass through temptations,
'Neath affliction's dread rod,
There remaineth a rest
To the people of God.

O rest that remaineth!
Life's billows may roll,
And sorrows like tempests
Sweep o'er the tried soul.
But with Christ at the helm
Every storm we may breast,
Till we anchor within
The fair port of His rest.

O rest that remaineth!
The way here grows rough,
Till we cry in our anguish,
"Lord, Lord, 'tis enough!"
Yet we pass o'er the way
Which His bleeding feet trod,
To the rest that remains
For the people of God.

With desert before us,
And rock-waste behind,
The path may stretch onward
Rough, steep and thorn-lined.
But we look thro' the vista
Of years, Lord, and see
The sweet rest that remains
For Thy people with Thee.

O rest that remaineth!
The blest, longed-for goal
Of each burdened heart,
Each weary, worn soul.
At the end of life's journey
So wearily trod,
There remaineth a rest
To the people of God!

—Beulah B. Driscoll.

Newark, N. J.

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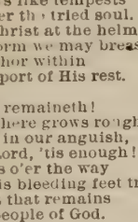

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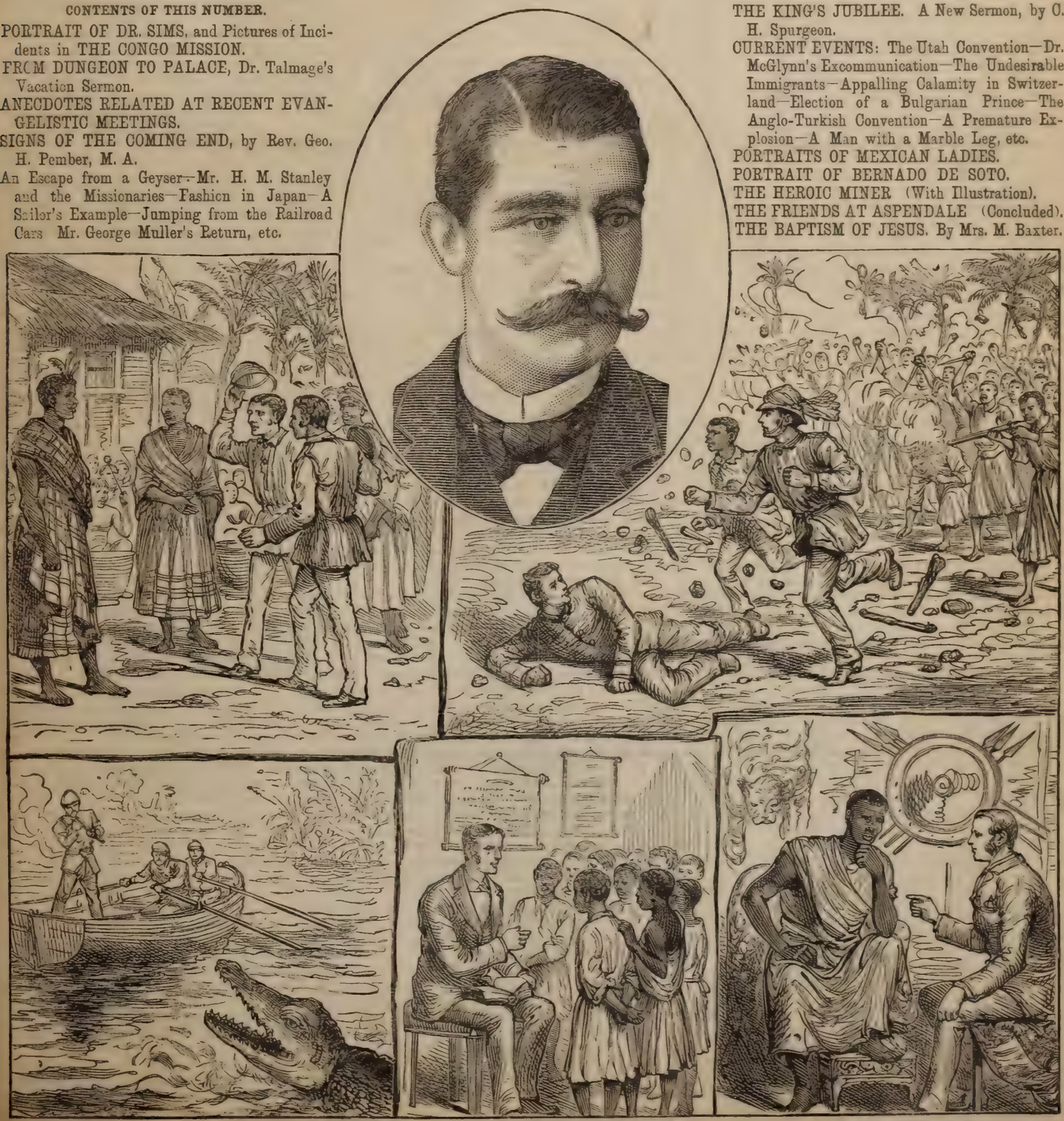

DR. SIMS, MEDICAL MISSIONARY ON THE CONGO—Scenes in Mission Work.

DR. SIMS.

The Fruit of Martyrdom—The Mother of Dr. Sims—His Conversion—Desire for Mission Work—Helpful Friends—Graduates at Aberdeen University—Joins the Congo Mission.

MANY of our readers had the opportunity a few months ago of seeing and hearing the noble, self-sacrificing young man whose portrait appears on the first page. He visited this country with the object of counteracting a dispiriting report which had been rendered to the Baptist Missionary Society respecting the Mission on the Congo in Africa, and which it was feared would lead to the Society abandoning the Mission. Dr. Sims has devoted his life to the work of proclaiming Christ in that land, and was most earnest in his effort to impart his own enthusiastic confidence to the brethren here. A recently published history of the mission work on the Congo having brought that field into new prominence in the minds of Christians, a few brief extracts from it are given here, and with them we appropriately connect the portrait and life of Dr. Sims.

Dr. Sims was *born* in Leicestershire, England, in 1857 and is therefore now thirty years of age. From his earliest years he received a careful religious training from his godly mother, who was very prayerful, humble and sincere, and led a consistent Christian life. It was from her excellent example of faith and trust in Christ that her son was led to read his Bible and pray; and it was through her teaching and prayers that he was led to realize the necessity of seeking pardon through the Lord Jesus Christ.

His Conversion

took place under the ministration of the Rev. J. E. Matthews, of Swanwick, Alfreton, who continued to watch over him with godly care, and helped him in the early stages of his religious life. Having an intense love of missionary work, Mr. Matthews never ceased in private and in public to encourage interest in it in others, and induced men, when suitable, to offer themselves for the mission field. To his testimony and prayers, Dr. Sims and three others of his friends are indebted for the impetus which led them to devote themselves to this important work. Dr. Sims was first led to think of becoming *a medical missionary* by the reading of Dr. Henderson's life in Shanghai, and Dr. Elmslie's in Kashmir; and the idea was further developed by the powerful testimony borne to the value of medical missions by his intimate friend Miss Annie Butler, who is herself prominently identified with them, and also by seeing the valuable aid rendered to Christ's cause in heathen lands by the Medical Mission in Birmingham.

Enters Aberdeen University.

His desires having become known to his friends and his missionary spirit recognized, they generously helped him forward with his purpose. Dr. Thompson Crabbe, of the Birmingham Medical Mission, advised him to enter the University of Aberdeen, where he remained *four* years, working hard in his classes, and distinguishing himself in anatomy, botany, surgery, zoölogy, physiology, and chemistry. He had succeeded in taking a high place in some of these branches, gained a medal in zoölogy, and *graduated* in 1881 with qualifications in medicine and surgery. In his student days he was not idle in his Master's service. When time and opportunity offered he spoke at Gospel and temperance meetings, and privately to the hospital patients, when undeterred by the authorities, and had the joy of knowing that souls were blessed through his instrumentality. In the work of the Birmingham Medical Mission he also took an active part.

Becomes a Medical Missionary.

Dr. Crabbe being compelled at one time to remain on the Continent of Europe for several weeks, Dr. Sims was called upon to undertake his duties, and commenced his life work by earnest preaching, visiting, and healing, endeavoring to soften the hearts of many who were hardened by every form of sin and vice. The testimonies he at that time received in body and soul, greatly delighted and encouraged him, and tended to confirm him in the wisdom of the choice he had made in devoting himself to missionary work. He afterwards became *a surgeon* in the country, where he was content to abide until such time as the Lord gave him a sphere of labor more in accordance with his desire.

Joins the Congo Inland Mission.

One quiet Sunday afternoon he read the account of the death of Mr. Adam McAll, and was so moved by it that he immediately offered himself for work on the Congo. He visited the Missionary Institute, in London, where he was warmly welcomed, and, after a careful consideration of the missionaries' letters and journals, and acting on the advice of those qualified to help him in coming to a decision, he felt it to be the guiding hand of God, and resolved to go and open the *first medical mission on the Congo*. He was gladly accepted for this branch of labor, as a fellow-helper in the Gospel of Christ, and at the end of May, 1882, he set sail for the Congo, where he has been one of the most indefatigable and useful of the devoted party.

THE CONGO MISSION.

Mr. Arthington's Liberal Offer—Missionary Pioneers—Messrs. Comber and Grenfell's Visit to the King of Congo—Fresh Helpers—Efforts to Reach Stanley Pool—Attacked by Natives—Pursued by a Crocodile—Welcomed by Mr. Stanley—A Steamer for the Congo—Princely contributions—Hopeful Signs.

THE history of the Congo Mission, to which we have referred, is the work of one of the officers of the Baptist Missionary Society in London, who, being confined to a sick-room, occupied his enforced leisure in preparing the record from which the following sketch is compiled:

The Baptist Mission to the Congo owed its origin to the interest excited throughout the world by the publication of Mr. Stanley's record of his journey "Across the Dark Continent." The Church at large was touched by the thought of the multitudes of people that Stanley had seen sunk in barbarism, and was moved to send the gospel to them by Stanley's assurance that missionaries would, if wisely directed, receive a cordial welcome. The effort made in response by the Church Missionary Society at Uganda, the propagation of the gospel and its ready reception at the court of King Mtesa, further stimulated religious sympathy in the work.

Mr. Robert Arthington's Offer,

which has now become historical, was an outcome of this general interest. Mr. Arthington proposed to consecrate a portion of his wealth to the evangelization of the Congo region, and was anxious that his own denomination should take it up. In the spring of 1877 he thus wrote to the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society: "There is a part of Africa, not too far, I think, from places where you have stations, on which I have long had my eye, with very strong desire that the blessing of the Gospel might be given to it—it is the Congo country, an old kingdom, once possessed—indeed, is now—of a measure of civilization, and to a limited extent instructed in the externals of the Christian religion. It is therefore a great satisfaction, and a high and sacred pleasure to me, to offer $5,000 if the Society will undertake at once to visit these benighted people with the blessed light of the Gospel, teach them to read and write, and give them, in imperishable letters, the words of Eternal Truth. By-and-bye, possibly, we may be able to extend the Mission eastwards, on the Congo, at a point above the rapids."

In a subsequent communication, Mr. Arthington promised a sum of $250 towards the expenses of a pioneer who should explore the land, preparatory to the dispatch of a regular missionary expedition. This was followed by a gift of $2,500 from another gentleman, a Mr. Wathen, of Bristol, who, with other friends, showed his sympathy with the work in a practical shape. The means being provided,

The Pioneers

were at once forthcoming, in the persons of Messrs. Comber and Grenfell (*whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on June* 3, 1886), who were laboring at Cameroons, both longing to press further into the interior, as messengers of the Gospel of Peace. They at once took ship to Banana, at the entrance of the river Congo, established friendly relations with the large and influential Dutch trading firm there settled, went up more than seventy miles by the company's steamer to Mboma, proceeded thence to Mbanza-Noki, from which place they sent a letter to the King of Congo, telling him of their projected visit to San Salvador; having done which, and obtained most valuable information, they returned to Cameroons.

In the month of June following, having been furnished with instructions and necessary stores, they again set forth, and in due time reached San Salvador; having accomplished the land journey, some ninety miles, in safety.

The party was large, consisting of the two missionaries, two native preachers, and ten helpers. The reception given to them was favorable; they were heartily

Welcomed by the King

of Congo, Dom Pedro V., and had full liberty accorded them "to teach and to preach Jesus Christ." (*See Illustration No* 1.)

Thus was the Mission established, with San Salvador for its base of operations, until a more eligible spot should be discovered.

After a sojourn of three weeks at San Salvador, Mr. Comber and Mr. Grenfell resolved on an excursion to the northeast, in the direction of the river above the falls. Various difficulties surmounted, they reached the neat, well-built town of Tungwa, the chief town of the King of the Makuta country. Here they had a grand reception, the more remarkable as it was the first visit of a white man to the place. They were not, however, permitted to go forward to the upper reaches of the river, and yielding to necessity, with great reluctance they retraced their steps to San Salvador. Circumstances having necessitated the return of Mr. Grenfell to Cameroons, and the objects of the expedition having been thus far accomplished, Mr. Comber went to England to report and advise on the future course of the mission, and to secure the co-operation of other brethren.

In the April of 1879, with his wife, to whom he had just been married, and accompanied by Messrs. Crudgington, Hartland and W. Holman Bentley, he again went forth. On their arrival at Mussuca, the brethren determined to proceed to San Salvador in two detachments, Mr. Crudgington and Mr. Bentley starting first with thirty-six carriers and two caputas (head-men), Mr. and Mrs. Comber with Mr. Hartland following. Mr. Comber, however, accompanied

The Advance Party

as far as Ayongo, returning thence to Mussuca. Both divisions met with an expression of kindly feelings and hospitality on the part of the sovereigns and chiefs through whose towns they passed. At Tumbi, the first found an escort awaiting them, and a letter from the secretary of the king, Dom Pedro, was there presented to them, informing them that he had instructions to receive them; and with their own flag in front, followed by the Portuguese, and the new flag of Congo—dark blue silk with gold star in centre—they marched into San Salvador, being favored with an interview with his majesty about half an hour after their arrival.

A Journey to Makuta.

was, however, again projected, as that was the most direct route to Stanley Pool. It was, as the young missionaries knew, an enterprise of peril, but trusting in God they set out. No sooner, however, had they entered the town than they were set upon with great violence. The first natives who met them shouted "Fetch the guns, kill the white men;" and arming themselves with great sticks, huge pieces of stone, knives, cutlasses, and guns, the townspeople, without any word of "palaver" danced around them, brandishing their weapons. Appeals were in vain, though the missionaries expressed themselves

ready to go back. Nothing was left them but to fly, though escape seemed hopeless, as stones were falling thickly upon them. At length

Mr. Comber was shot

down (*See Illustration No.* 2), but mercifully the slug did not touch any vital part, and the effusion of blood was not great. He was, therefore, after a short time able to rise, and overtaking his comrade and Cam, they continued their flight.

On the 8th of January, 1881, another effort to reach Stanley Pool was made by Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley, who traveled on the *north* bank of the Congo. To their great joy, after twenty-one days' walking from Vivi, the long-desired end was attained. On the 10th of February they entered a fine woodland country, with many sandy streams and some beautiful open spaces, covered with a short grass. "At one of these open spaces," says Mr. Crudgington, in his notes of the journey, "I sighted a wide stretch of water on the horizon, which appeared to be a long streak of cloud. I exclaimed to Mr. Bentley, 'Look, there's Stanley Pool!' We thought we must be mistaken, but another view a little farther on made it unmistakable." Thus, by God's blessing, the patient toil and intense desires of many a weary month were at length rewarded.

The importance of Stanley Pool, in connection with the Mission, lies in the fact that it separates the waters of the Upper from those of the Lower river. In itself, it is an extensive sheet of water, "its total length being about twenty-four miles, and its breadth as much in some places." Animal life abounds in and around these waters—alligators and hippopotami being especially numerous. When Mr. Comber and Mr. Bentley were exploring the Pool in the autumn of 1883, in company with *Dr. Sims, a huge crocodile pursued their boat*, and was only arrested in its wild career by a well-directed rifle shot. (*See Illustration No.* 3.)

After a variety of thrilling adventures, and resting for two days at the station of the Livingstone Inland Mission, a little below the Itumzima Falls, with Messrs. Lancely and Clark, the brethren found themselves at a point where they espied the white tents of the Belgian Expedition, and were heartily welcomed and hospitably

Entertained by Mr. Stanley,

who sent them to Vivi in his steamer, from which point they proceeded to Mussuca. There a conference was held between the missionaries, and it was finally decided to use the north bank of the river as the regular route, but if possible, to obtain a steel steamer for easier and more rapid communication. No sooner was their need made known, than Mr. Arthington again came to their relief. He gave $5,000 toward the cost of building a steamer, and invested $15,000, the interest of which was to be applied to its maintenance, and an anonymous friend furnished the balance needed for the construction account. This, with another sum of $5,000 brought Mr. Arthington's gifts up to a total of $30,000.

After Six Months'

labor under these improved circumstances, Mr. Bentley was able to write: "At first the people were cautious and suspicious of us in little things. There are one or two among those with whom we can converse, concerning whom we cannot but feel that their hearts have been prepared to receive the seed of the Kingdom."

"The King," wrote Mr. Comber, "professes himself a Christian, as do some others here; but we need to see evidences of changed heart before we can call them so. He likes to hear God's Word, is very much interested in it, and we are very hopeful about Dom Pedro. Every Sunday afternoon one of us has a special audience with the King, and an hour's conversation on exclusively religious subjects. His earnestly expressed thanks to us, and to the God who sent us to lighten his darkness, and the earnest, fixed attention he pays to our words makes our hearts very glad and thankful; and the tenor of his life leads us to the conviction I have expressed. He is doing all he can to help us forward." (*See Illustration No* 5.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Act of a Drowning Madman.—At a crowded meeting in Glasgow Mr. Allan, an evangelist, said: "A man on board of a vessel recently went mad, and in a paroxysm of frenzy threw himself overboard. Those on deck immediately threw a rope to him, when he was struggling in the water, and a cheer arose from the vessel when the man grasped it; but to their dismay he proceeded to coil it up, and threw it back to them, and the next moment he sank, and was seen no more. How many there are like this insane man around us: they are, as it were, coiling up all mercy and love of God and defiantly throwing it back to Him. Ah, we can scarcely dare to look at what the end will be of such madmen, for God will assuredly not have His own beloved Son scorned for ever."

A Foolhardy Chieftain.—A Friend of Christian mission work observes: "About 200 years ago a rebellion arose in the Highlands of Scotland. King William III., of England, sent word that all persons upon a certain date were to lay down their arms and send in their allegiance. All obeyed the command except one famous chieftain, who said, 'I will be the last to lay down my arms, or to send in my allegiance.' He did not mean to disobey the command, but only to be the very last to submit. When, at length, he set out to the appointed place to tender his submission, a great snow-storm came on and hindered him in his journey. He was too late, and his delay brought terrible woe to himself and his trusting people, for a fearful massacre followed, in which the old chieftain, his sons, and the greater part of his clan perished. So it is that people are often too long in laying down the arms of their unreasonable rebellion against God; they say they certainly mean to do it some time or other, but delay, until it is too late."

Drinking the Bride's Health.—Richard Weaver said: "I heard recently of a lady who being pressed to become a total abstainer, replied, 'I do not see why I should do anything of the kind. Why, it was only last week that I was at a marriage where our minister officiated, and at the supper he was the first to take a glass of whisky and drink the health of the bride.' 'And I suppose that consecrated the whisky,' observed the other. 'Well, not exactly that, but it showed that there was no harm in it,' was the reply. That minister, by that one act, did more harm than could be undone by a dozen temperance lectures. Let us be watchful, lest any of us put a stumbling-block in our neighbor's way. Once I was speaking at a Gospel Temperance meeting in the open air; a man came out of a public-house just opposite, and staggering across, he got to the outside of the crowd, and as he stood there staring at me he cried out, 'Weaver, are you not ashamed of yourself?' 'Yes, I replied, 'I am ashamed, deeply ashamed of myself, but I am not ashamed of Jesus Christ nor of His glorious Gospel.'"

In a Theatre at Gibraltar.—"In Edinburgh last year an intelligent, manly fellow told me at the close of our meeting that several years ago he was converted through the preaching of one of our Evangelists in the theatre at Gibraltar. 'At that time,' he said, 'I was a soldier. A Christian man in the same regiment took me to the service. When I left that meeting I was more angry I think than ever I was in my whole life. I was taunted and pointed at by bad men, because I was considered to be the most moral soldier on the Rock. You will therefore understand what made me angry when I tell you that the text was, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." The preaching was as plain as the text,' he continued, 'and for the first time in my life I saw that morality wouldn't save me. The next day I was, if possible, more angry still, when the same man asked me to go again. His gentle manner towards me made me keep in a good deal of what I felt, however, and, almost without knowing it, I went with him. That night the text was, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight . . . . and His banner over me was love." While the preaching was going on my heart was deeply touched, and more than once I found it hard work to keep the tears back. In the after meeting, with many others, I took refuge under "His shadow," and "His banner of love," and that has been my place of rest and safety ever since.'"

A Delightful Surprise.—"Some Years Ago, I knew a dear young lad. During his health and strength he had been a zealous worker for Christ, but he was laid low by consumption, and it became evident that death would quickly follow. One day, when visiting him, his mother said to me, 'He is very ill to-day, he has never had a minute's sleep, and he is continually asking for you.' When I entered his room he was eagerly expecting me. 'Well,' I said, 'what is the matter? Are you not safe in Christ? Just you trust Him to carry you through.' 'Yes,' he responded, 'I know that I am safe, and that after death I shall be all right; but what I am afraid of is the death-struggle.' 'Why,' I said, 'you are dying now; this is all the death-struggle you will ever know.' 'What,' he exclaimed, '*this* death.' Then raising his arms in the air, he clasped his hands, and shouted, 'God be praised, it is so easy.' For the next two hours he was praising God, and thanking Him for thus carrying him through the valley of the shadow, and his last words were, 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.'"

Bitten by a Large Dog.—A well-known Minister of the Gospel relates: "I can remember an event in my early life. I had come home from school for a holiday. My father had just bought a fine, large dog. Of course, I was rather afraid of the powerful animal; and as we were going out to walk, I was rather uneasy when I saw that my father was to take the dog along with us. But he bade me to relinquish all fear, as he would keep the animal under his own command, and he assured me that the dog would do me no harm *if I let him alone*. I found that my father spoke the truth, and as I walked on cheerfully by his side I soon lost all dread. But seeing that the animal was peaceful, I became bold and forward, and began to tease him when my father's back was turned. The consequence was, that soon the blood streamed down my hand, and my cries filled the air. 'You promised me that the dog should not hurt me,' I said, sobbing. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'but you did not tell me that you were going to torment him. It was understood that *you* were to let *him* alone. I always look at this scar of mine when I think of God's promises to His children with reference to their protection against evil. It is understood that *we* shall keep aloof."

Very Wary, but Caught at Last.—Mr. White remarks: "I was asked, not long ago, to speak to a young lady about her soul, and just waited for a fitting opportunity. I got it; but the poor creature said, before I had time to speak, 'I know what you are going to ask me—you are going to ask me if my soul is saved.' 'You are mistaken,' I replied, 'I was not going to do any thing of the kind.' 'Well, you are going to ask if I have given my heart to Jesus.' 'You are wrong again,' I answered; 'I had no intention of asking such a thing. You are going to the South of Scotland soon,' I continued, 'and if, when you arrive at your friends' home they hurriedly said to you as you entered the door, "Our family doctor is upstairs, had you not better go up and see him at once?" what would you say?' 'I would tell them that I was not ill, and had no intention of seeing him,' the girl replied. 'I was going to tell you of the Great Physician who has come to heal your diseased soul, but it seems you do not need Him.' The girl fairly broke down, and opened up her heart to me at once, and it was not long before she had accepted the Saviour. Christian workers should take care how they approach a soul in need of Christ, for we may do more harm than good by putting abrupt and rude questions to such."

FROM DUNGEON TO PALACE.

Dr. Talmage's First Vacation Sermon.

"The time of my departure is at hand." II Timothy, 4 : 6.

Wrong Views of Death—The Dead Body a Heap of Chains—Death a Starting-point—Paul's Last Abode—The Mamertine Prison—The Septuagenarian Prisoner—His Wounds and Bruises—His Joyful Declaration—An Invitation Carried by Executioners—A Coronation—Paul's Change of Kings—From Nero to Jesus—The Needless Dread of the Aged—The Pang of Parting—The Census of Living and Dead Friends—Going to a Place of Health—Curiosity to be Satisfied—The Glorious Explanation—The Best Society of the Universe—A Talk With Jesus.

THE way out of this world is so blocked up with coffin and hearse, and undertaker's spade and screw-driver, that the Christian can hardly think as he ought of the most cheerful passage in all his history. We hang black instead of white over the place where the good man gets his last victory. We stand weeping over

A Heap of Chains

which the freed soul has shaken off, and we say: "Poor man! What a pity it was he had to come to this!" Come to what? By the time the people have assembled at the obsequies, that man has been three days so happy that all the joy of earth accumulated would be wretchedness beside it, and he might better weep over you because you have to stay, than you weep over him because he has to go. It is a fortunate thing that a good man does not have to wait to see his own obsequies, they would be so discordant with his own experience. If the Israelites should go back to Egypt and mourn over the brick-kilns they once left, they would not be any more silly than that Christian who should forsake heaven and come down and mourn because he had to leave this world. Our ideas of the Christian's death are morbid and sickly. We look upon it as a dark hole in which a man stumbles when his breath gives out. This whole subject is odorous with varnish and disinfectants, instead of being sweet with mignonette. Paul, in my text, takes that great clod of a word "death," and throws it away, and speaks of his "departure"—a beautiful, bright, suggestive word, descriptive of every Christian's release.

Now, departure implies a starting-place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting-point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum,

The Lower Dungeon

of the Mamertine prison. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence. It was a dungeon just six feet and a half high. It was *a doleful place.* It had the chill of long centuries of dampness. It was filthy with the long incarcerations of miserable wretches. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him to-day, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place, *he is an old man,* only two years short of seventy. At that very time, when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were gotten when he was made fast, with his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ancles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—*one hundred and ninety-five bruises* on the back (count them!) made by the Jews with rods of elm-wood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see

A Gash in Paul's Side.

Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussle with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers, and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons. There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twenty-four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued; for he says positively, "I was a night and a day in the deep."

Oh, wornout, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy, no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams through the opening, I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say, "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has

An Invitation to a Banquet,

and he is going to dine to-day with the King. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon, "Hurry up, old man; come, now, and get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up; he had no baggage to take; he had been ready a good while. I see him rising up and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioner, and hear him say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say, "Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of our spears; hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped, and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to

The Place of Execution

—Acquae Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. Oh, Paul! why not strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! *Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation.* He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner; and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes; I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the King.

What a Transition it Was

from the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe, the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of Heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elm-wood rods, from the sharp swords of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in Heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the cruel-eyed, the filthy-lipped; the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature—seated as he was amidst pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence; his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by human victims, who were daubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was

Paul's King.

But the next moment he goes into the realm of Him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose scepture is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side, the pillar of martyrdom, to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text: "The time of my departure is at hand?"

Now, why cannot all the aged people of this congregation have the same holy glee as that old man had? Charles I., when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say

You fear the Struggle,

at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and why not we as well? They got through with it, and so can we. Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is *probably no struggle at all* at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible, till it can hold no more, with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk of uncertainties.

But you say, "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old, you have

More Friends in Heaven

than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheets of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school-days, your early business associates, the friends of mid-life, and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? Oh, no! There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure it another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you the resurrection power. Before to-morrow morning you would be rattling at the gates of the cemetery, crying to the departed, "Come back to the cradle where you slept! come back to the hall where you used to play! come back to the table where you used to sit!" and there would be *a great burglary in heaven.* No, no! God will not trust you with resurrection power; but He compromises the matter, and says, "You cannot bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here they are more beautiful there. Besides that, it is

More Healthy There

for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eyesight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more sweetness in the song. Do

you not feel, aged man, sometimes, as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and mirth of an eternal boyhood? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul, "The time of my departure is at hand."

I remark, again, all those ought to feel this joy of the text who have

A Holy Curiosity

to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken telescope; "Now we see through a glass darkly." Can you tell me any thing about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through "the gates ajar" forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know.

I Wonder How it Looks

over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of

The Matterhorn

with alpenstock and guides, and rockets and ropes, and getting half-way up stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just want to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold, and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased. The little child that died last night in Montague Street knows more than Jonathan Edwards, or St. Paul himself, before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is

Glorious Explanation.

It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany and geology and astronomy and theology. O, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity, crying, "The time of my departure is at hand?"

I remark, again, we ought to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world, we move into

The Best Society

of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say: "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say: "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the centre of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages. Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be: "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin; that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories?" O radiant One! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without its humiliation; Thou of the Cross, but without its pangs; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask Him first? I do not know. I can think

What I would ask Paul

first, if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were two hundred and seventy-five souls on the vessel. Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I shall never get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear Him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of His last hours, and then, Luke's account of the crucifixion and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon His endurance depended

The Rescue of a Race;

and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the scene began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to His ear more faintly, and His hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and His feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross and His head fell forward in a swoon as He uttered the last moan and cried: "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed upon

The Divine Narrator,

until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up; finger on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

"What He endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!"

When there was between Paul and that magnificent personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? O, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over this auditory! Hark! I hear the wedding-bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready.

SCIATICA HEALED.

THE following testimony given at a recent meeting at Bethshan is published in *Thy Healer* for July: Mr. C. Webb, of Reading, said: "I have to praise the Lord for what He has done for me. When in America I received a severe injury to my sciatic nerve, from which I suffered for fourteen years and a half. I was put under the treatment of doctors, and underwent two operations. In the second, every one thought I should die, for I had been so reduced as to become a living skeleton All this time also I was unconverted. I found, however, the secret of my preservation, and it was a praying father in England. The doctor said I should not get over it, but I did get over it, thank God. My right thigh was drawn together, and I never knew what it was to be without pain during the fourteen years and a half. Dr. Payne told me that the sheath of the nerve was exposed, and it was this that caused such acute pain.

"When the little Hall was opened at Bethshan, I went there, though the devil made a great effort to prevent me. In spite of his temptations, I said, 'I will go;' and so I went, terribly racked with pain. I remember that there was a little place on the side of the building unfinished, and there was a draught coming through where I sat. This seemed to affect my sciatic nerve so much that it gave me the most intense pain; and what made it worse was, that I had to go many miles after the meeting. When in this condition, I gave myself over to the Lord, and He relieved me and enabled me to go home.

"Three weeks after this, as I was writing in my office, I was moved suddenly to bless the Lord. I threw my pen down quickly, and I knew in a moment that the Lord had healed me. I did not know it until then; but a clear knowledge of the fact was then given me. Two gentlemen, who were present, said they could not make me out. They thought I was crazy, and they said I was only shamming and was not healed. But I assured them it was the fact, and went down on my knees and prayed and praised the Lord for what He had done."

TWO CHINESE CONVERTS.

THE missionaries who are laboring for Christ in China meet with many discouragements owing to the people being wedded to idolatry and opium, but they are cheered everywhere by seeing that God is blessing their labors. Two instances in point are mentioned in a recent letter from Mr. Sturman, who belongs to the Inland Mission. He writes: "Last Sunday I had just returned from school, and was feeling a little downcast, because of the seeming hardness of the hearts of those to whom I had been speaking, when a man came and looked in at my window. I asked him in, and, as soon as he was seated, I said to him, 'Why do you not give your heart to God, and let Him hereafter be your Master?' And he replied, 'That is just what I wanted to tell you; I have done it, and I believe fully in Jesus,' he said, with great stress. I could not help saying, 'Praise God!' and then went on to talk with him. After a little he said, 'But my heart is not happy.' I asked why. He said, 'You know I have a brother and mother at home; they do not know about Jesus.' 'Well,' I said, 'you must go home now and tell them what you know. He said he would do so.

"Another man was here on Saturday. He came once before, and seemed very much interested; but one could not make him feel the real need of a Saviour. He took away a New Testament, then, and has been reading it. He was here fully two hours. He wanted to have Christ *and* Buddha, and for a long time was proof against all I could say. At last I inquired, 'Have you a son?' He said, 'Yes.' 'Well, now,' I said, 'if your son came in here and honored me as his father, and took no notice of you, how should you like it? Would it be right or wrong?' 'Ah,' he said, lifting both hands, 'that is right. It is wrong to worship a man (for he admitted Buddha was only such) and forget the Father of all.' He accepted Christ."

AN ESCAPE FROM A GEYSER.

A REMARKABLE escape from death is related in the *Inter-Mountain* of Montana. It states that a tourist who with three companions visited the hot water spring at Firehole River, descended into the crater to secure a beautiful piece of stalactite as a memento of his visit. He reached the formations, secured what he desired, and attempted to ascend. Reaching overhead, he grasped a projection, and, putting his entire weight upon it, it gave way, and he was precipitated into the yawning abyss. His companions, who were watching his movements, shrieked as they saw him fall. They immediately procured a light and lowered it into the crater for as great a distance as they could with the means at their command. Nothing could be seen; but by dropping pebbles and bits of wood they discovered that at the depth of about fifty feet the crater was filled with water. They gave him up as lost, and with sad hearts left the scene. They carried the news to Bozeman, but before any measures could be taken to rescue their companion he appeared among them alive. He stated that he fell into the water feet foremost, but quickly rose to the surface and caught hold of a projecting rock, by which he supported himself. The water was warm and buoyant, and soon began to rise rapidly. As he rose with it, he grasped the rocks that jutted out from the sides until he was able to crawl out just as the water became very hot, when he fainted on the edge of the crater from sheer exhaustion. Such an experience is said to be without parallel, but there are many who could tell of efforts to secure something which seemed desirable that have led them into spiritual peril more terrible, and from which only divine intervention has delivered them (Isa. 38: 17).

MR. H. M. STANLEY AND THE MISSIONARIES.

THE animadversions of the New York daily press on the difficulty that arose between Mr. Stanley and the missionaries have doubtless pained many of our readers who were reluctant to think evil of a missionary, and yet could not answer the charge of churlishness and inhumanity brought against Mr. Billington. The difficulty appears to have arisen through Mr. Billington's conscientious desire to be faithful to his trust. When Mr. Stanley demanded the steamer belonging to the mission to carry his men up the river, Mr. Billington remembering that he was not the owner of the ship but merely the representative of the owners, was not satisfied that he would be held justified in lending the property of the mission to Mr. Stanley, as doubtless he would have done freely had the steamer been his own. The following report of the affair, which Mrs. Guinness has written for publication, places a different construction upon it from that published by the secular journals: Mr. Stanley was naturally anxious to be detained as little as possible at Leopoldville, and the more so, as food was scarce there at the time. He got possession of all the boats he could, and wished to get the mission steamer *Henry Reed* as well as the rest. Now this steamer had just returned from an eight months' trip on the Upper Congo and Mobangi, and was in need of repairs and painting. Moreover, Mr Billington, in whose charge it was, had no authority from his Board in Boston, and, consequently, no right either to lend or charter it. He was expected to have it ready to take up to the Equator station some missionaries who were to arrive shortly by the *Afrikaan*, and the interval would have been employed in preparing the vessel. He did not feel free, consequently, to accede to Mr. Stanley's wish. He is a cautious, conscientious man, and one who is peculiarly careful to do what he deems his duty, however difficult and distasteful, and he took the ground that he was *not at liberty* to lend the little steamer.

Setting aside all law and justice, Mr. Stanley—who had no government authority whatever, but was simply a private individual legally—*claimed the property of the Mission for the use of his expedition*, and said he would enforce the claim "at all costs to all concerned." He posted Soudanese soldiers with fixed bayonets around the mission house, under the command of Major Barthelet, drove the mission servants off the steamer, and put twenty black soldiers on board, and demanded instant concession. This was clearly unjustifiable conduct, and no wonder Mr. Stanley is anxious to excuse it.

The Governor of Leopoldville under the Congo Free State interfered, obliged the Soudanese soldiers to leave the *Henry Reed*, and obliged Stanley to withdraw the guard round the house. He then relieved Mr. Billington of all responsibility in the matter by requisitioning the steamer on behalf of the Government for Stanley's expedition, and it was chartered accordingly, as the missionaries would not, of course, resist the constituted authority. The same sense of duty which bound them to refuse an unauthorized demand bound them equally to obey the Government.

FASHION IN JAPAN.

THE fact that the Japanese are adopting Western customs does not appear to have given the unalloyed satisfaction to the missionaries that it has to western merchants and exporters. One lady missionary in that country, writing to *Woman's Work*, says:

"The Empress of Japan lately visited the schools of Osaka in European costume, and, through the public press has favored its adoption by her country-women. The effect has been to give a great impetus to the desire of Japanese girls for everything in our Western civilization. We might be expected to congratulate ourselves on this movement by the Empress. On the contray, we regret it. The best thing the West has for women in Japan, is not Paris gowns. They already have a national and becoming costume. There are cheap materials for the poor, and "costly as their purse can buy," for the rich; all girls learn to do their dress-making at home, and as garments are in the same style from one generation to another, they are spared the fatigue and expense of following changeful fashions. The innovation threatens a loss to the simplicity of the home. It is calculated to distract the school-girl from higher study to have to master Parisian trimmings and pockets and drapery, at this stage of her mental development, and she is not likely to make a success of it, at once. She will, now and then, appear grotesque to foreign eyes, with her incongruous blending of Dai Nippon and French fashions, and for a season, be very little at her ease in the unwonted boots and hats and sleeves. We would rather not see this phase of the western fever in Japan.

A MISSIONARY'S ASTRONOMICAL CLASS.

THE singular ways in which a missionary meets with opportunities to preach the gospel may be seen from a letter recently received by the *Missionary Herald*, from Dr. Porter of Pang Chuang, in China. He says: "On Saturday a company of ten or more Taoists came to make me a visit The immediate occasion of their coming was the recent eclipse, which is always a mystery to the uninstructed. One of the men had been asking various scholars and well-read men about the eclipses. Of course they could tell nothing. So these men came to me. Among them was an old man of seventy-three years, famous as the teacher of many a priest, and as the expounder of Buddhist and Taoist texts. My callers came in a body, and listened to a full description of the eclipses, with blackboard drawings in colored crayons. Having been thus enlightened, they withdrew to the hospital chapel-room, where I talked for a couple of hours with them.

"The next day, Sunday, they formed part of the audience and listened attentively to the theme, 'How shall men worship God?' They departed with many expressions of thanks for all they had seen and heard. I learn that three of the younger ones have renounced their ritual singing and affirmed they will have nothing to do with such folly. Some of the others said: 'We're worse off now than before we went; for then we practised idolatry with a good conscience, but now *we shall never be at peace.*' Another said: 'We shall be greater sinners than ever, since we know something now of the truth.' A few have begun to read our books. The old man said: 'It is all true, but I am too old to change now.' Thus it is that bread is cast upon the waters. Shall we find the harvest after many days?"

A SAILOR'S EXAMPLE.

SOME Christian people have established a Mission for sailors at Marseilles, in the south of France. There, as in all ports, are vile boarding-houses where the sailor is robbed of his money and tempted to drunkenness and vice. To counteract these places, a "Rest" has been added to the mission, with the best results. Several sailors have been converted there. One of these, whose conversion was most distinct produced such an impression in his ship, whilst loading for a long voyage, that the mate came to inquire into the cause. Said he, "There must be something real in religion after all, for Tim was the worst sailor I ever sailed with." This mate became so impressed by what he saw and heard that he came nightly until the ship left, accompanied with three others of the crew, to converse about the truth. On leaving, their captain, a Christian, declared that all his men were the better for their stay in port. A most suspicious Swede came to lodge; he declared that all who had to do with sailors were "thieves and robbers." The kind and gentle influence exercised by the matron, acted like a charm, and the first evening all his savings were deposited with her. A few days after, he said to her in broken English, "Why you here, and so kind to us? Sailors bad men." She replied, cheerfully, "Oh! because I like to; I love them." He said nothing then, but the following day he beckoned to her, and whispered in her ear, "Do you love God?" On receiving an affirmative reply, his whole face shone, and from that moment all want of confidence in anyone in the "Rest" disappeared. They frequently saw this man sitting in his comfortable room reading his large family Bible.

JUMPING FROM RAILROAD CARS.

THE question Christ propounded, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8: 36) can have but one answer, yet men continue to barter their souls for a very small portion of the world. It would appear that there are instances in ordinary life of persons displaying a criminal recklessness similarly suggestive of dementia, though not with such appalling results. The novelist, James Payn, writing to the *Independent* recently, mentions some of them. He says:

Within the last ten days there have been no less than three cases (two of them fatal) of persons jumping out of railway carriages, because they find themselves *in the wrong trains*. Most of these rash acts, no doubt, arise from impulse; on the instant that the individual discovers his mistake, he seeks to repair it. But a good many have no such excuse; many people jump because they have no sense of proportion. They are aware that their error will cause them to lose an appointment, or their dinners, whereupon they resolve to risk their lives to avert these trifling inconveniences. Their fellow-creatures read the coroner's inquest at breakfast-time, and exclaim, "What a fool that man must have been," and an hour afterward will cross the street on a slippery pavement, two inches in front of a railway van, rather than wait one instant, though they are only going to read the newspapers at the office. A woman shrinks from such mad folly, but with incipient inflammation of the lungs, she will not hesitate to go to a ball half clad, or to sit at an open window in a hail-storm to see the Queen's closed carriage whirl by. *The very commonest form of human weakness is risk out of all proportion to gain.*

MR. GEORGE MULLER'S RETURN.

THE preaching tour of this eminent Christian philanthropist, who is *over eighty-one years of age*, has occupied nineteen months, and has extended over 37,000 miles. On his return to his home at the Bristol Orphanages he was visited by a reporter of the *Bristol Mercury*, and the following conversation occurred:

Mr. Muller said: We left England with the intention of spending the winter preaching in the United States. We went by way of Liverpool to New York, arriving there in December, 1885; but while in the States I had a pressing letter from a stranger to go to Australia. I had at four different periods since commencing my preaching tours spent thirty months in the States, so we decided to accept the

Invitation to go to Australia.

After a fortnight at New York, we therefore traveled across the continent of North America to San Francisco, where we arrived on Christmas Day, 1885. There we embarked on board a steamer, and within twenty-three days we arrived at Sydney, New South Wales, after touching at the Sandwich Islands.

Did you remain long in Australia? Nearly eight months in Sydney, Bathurst, and then Victoria, remaining a long time, and preaching much in Melbourne; thence to Geelong, Ballarat, Maryborough, Sandhurst, and Castlemaine. After that we went to Queensland, and stayed for a time at Brisbane. From Brisbane we journeyed to the Straits of Malacca, and stayed at Batavia, in the Island of Java. Leaving the Straits, we went to China, staying at Hong Kong, Shanghai, Hankow, Nankin, and Ching Kiang. We then went on to Japan, stopping at Yokohama, where I stayed several weeks preaching, and Tokio, where I also preached, and afterwards at Kobe, Osaka, and Kioto.

You preached at all these places to many persons?—Yes; to very many—in some places to 2,500, 3,000, and 3,900. I had very

Large Congregations in Japan.

The greater part of them had been converted from idolatry and were decided Christians. I preached in English and German, and sometimes, by means of translation, to the Japanese and the Chinese. We afterwards went back to the Straits of Malacca. I preached for some weeks, and then we began our return journey to Europe. On reaching Nice we stayed there some time, and I preached in English and German, but here the congregations were not large, many of the visitors having left during the panic caused by the earthquake. Went through Italy and Switzerland, and were five days on our journey to Calais and Dover, thence to London and home.

In some places you have met with very large congregations?—In the large Town Hall at Melbourne I preached to crowded congregations of 5,000 persons. I preached three times in the Theatre, to 3,000 people each time.—But is not this too trying for your advanced age?—I shall be eighty-two years of age in September next, but I feel no fatigue in these efforts.

Nine years ago, in the year '78, I preached six Sundays following, to between 6,000 and 7,000 persons at Liverpool at the large Victoria Hall, which was built for Messrs. Moody and Sankey; besides this, I preached twice every week day at noon and seven o'clock in the evening, to congregations of 2,000 to 3,000. Are you able to fulfil all the requests you receive to preach on your tours?—No; I have almost invariably far more invitations than I can possibly accept. When I was the first time in the United States, though I preached 308 times there, I had to leave 108 invitations unaccepted when I left the country. And on the second visit, though I preached again 299 times, I had to leave 154 invitations which I could not accept. In Australia, on the present occasion, there was far more work than I could do. Have you any difficulty about obtaining buildings?—Not in the least. Even in Japan and other places I had buildings in abundance placed at my disposal.—You must have addressed hundreds of thousands on these tours?—I estimate that I have

Addressed a Million Persons

in these fourteen preaching tours, and I am glad to say I feel no breaking down in health or vigor.

SIGNS OF THE COMING END.

By P. H. Pember, M. A.*

The Important Crisis—God Seated on His Rainbow-Encircled Throne—Human Disregard of Cosmic Laws—Seven Types of Rebellion—Men Instructed by Demons—A Predicted Apostacy—A Solemn Event Approaching.

IN the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse there is a grand description of the Almighty seated upon his throne of Judgment. The crisis as discovered by the context and other prophecies is important: for the Church has just been removed from earth, because the time to restore the kingdom to Israel has come. But since that kingdom was formerly transferred to the nations in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, its surrender cannot be demanded without just cause: for which reason the Lord would seem to have come down in awful majesty, that he may hold his great controversy with the Gentiles, and after judging their failure, close the times of their dominion.

The accessories of the throne are significant, and point to the Noachian covenant: for the rainbow encircles it, and at its base sit the Cherubim, the representatives of those earth-tribes to which the promises were made. But this covenant was

God's Final Call

to the world to arrange its government in accordance with divine principles. A call, which, as the rebellion of Babel and the history of the cities of the plain too evidently testify, was utterly disregarded. Then the Almighty, restricting his more direct dealings for a time, within narrower limits, made two successive elections from the great masses of mankind. First his choice fell upon the children of Abraham, whom he placed under a special covenant; subsequently the Church was separated off, from Jew as well as Gentile, by peculiar laws, and by privileges and promises available only to such as should pass within her pale.

But the remainder of men are neither Israelites by natural, nor members of Christ by spiritual, birth, cannot at least avoid their responsibility to obey laws which were imposed without distinction upon the whole race of Adam, which have never been repealed, and the violation of which will, consequently, be visited with punishment at the hands of the Creator, the Lord God Almighty. Indeed, it is manifestly to judge the world for its disobedience to these laws that God sits on the rainbow-encircled throne.

Now it is a grave fact that the advocates of modern thought array themselves against every principle of these early revelations of the Divine will. In proof of this the reader will need little more than a bare enumeration of the

Cosmic or Universal Laws:

I. The law of the Sabbath. It was to the world that God declared the seventh day sanctified, not to Israelites: therefore the world is responsible. To the Israelites God merely said, "*Remember* the Sabbath Day, to Keep it Holy," thus admonishing them not on their part to neglect the old-established and universal ordinance.

II. The headship of the man over the woman. This is now not simply denied; attempts are actually being made to reverse it.

III. The institution of marriage and its indissolubility during life, on the ground that the man and woman become one flesh. The varied antagonism to this law, resulting in part from the false teaching that the really married are one spirit rather than one flesh, has been sufficiently mainfested.

IV. The law of substitution, that life must atone for life, and that without shedding of blood there is no remission, as taught in type by animal sacrifices. Latter day philosophers affect the utmost horror of such a salvation, and will have none of Christ.

V. The command to use the flesh of animals as food. This is rejected by many spiritualists, and by all Theosophists and Buddhists.

VI. The decree that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. This is opposed on the ground of its inhumanity, and because by the execution of a murderer "you cut him off debased, degraded, sensual ignorant."

VII. The direction to multiply and replenish the earth. A mandate which implied dispersion and the forming of those nations for which, as Moses tells us, God divided out the earth, and which are to remain till the close of the millennium. At Babel the world resisted this ordinance, and now men are renewing their efforts to the same end by maintaining that we should be humanitarians, cosmopolitans, anything but lovers of our own country. This is perhaps a preparation for the reign of Antichrist "over every people and tribe and tongue and nation." Cosmopolitanism will apparently be as necessary to his development as it was to the primal insurrection of Nimrod.

The New Phases of Thought

are, then, obliterating all the first principles which God laid down for the human race as the basis of its mode of life, society and government—a fact ominous of coming judgment.

It is also, as the reader will perceive, fulfilling to the letter the important prophecy in the first epistle to Timothy. Men are confessedly receiving instruction from demons; and if we glance at the published specimens of spirit teachings we have no difficulty in detecting the lies spoken in hypocrisy. Many are teaching abstinence from flesh; the abolition of marriage, either avowed or virtual, is being unscrupulously preached. And these signs are appearing, as Paul predicted they would, coincidently, with apostacy, or falling away, from the great truths respecting the Godhead and Incarnation.

Lastly: the characteristic features of the days of Noah are reappearing, and, above all, a free communication has been established between the spirits of the air and the human race with a view, apparently, to a sojourn once more of

Nephilim Upon The Earth.

Unlawful secrets known in past times only to those few who seem to have acted as Satan's agents in directing the course of this world, are now freely offered to all men. The remembrance of that appalling scene when their brethren were hurled by omnipotent lightings into pits of darkness, would seem to be fading from the minds of fallen angels; and the usual course of sin, most frightful of insanities, is urging them on to the brink of the precipice from the abysmal depths of which the groans of their blasted companions ascend. Meanwhile numbers of the puny inhabitants of the earth are ready at their bidding to essay any deeds of madness. For not a few even of the learned and wise, unable by reason of vanity to maintain the bare conception of a God, unless His awful majesty be displayed before their eyes, have resolved either avowedly or virtually, that there is none greater than themselves, or, at least, than their possibility.

All things seem to be prepared for the fulfilment of

The Solemn Prediction

in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse, when Michael leading the van of the host which will come with Christ to take the kingdom, shall drive the rebel high ones down to earth. And in the following chapter we see the consequences of that marvellous event: the peoples of Satan's last refuge, of the only remaining portion of his once vast dominions must be organized for the final struggle. And so out of the troubled sea of anarchy and perplexity of nations, there arises, in greater majesty and power than it ever before possessed, the resuscitated empire of Rome under the immediate direction and government of the wicked one.

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* From his work entitled "Earth's Earliest Ages," 500 pages; Price $1 50; for sale at the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York.

Five Cents, Postage Free.

END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President Has Decided to Withdraw his acceptance of the invitation to attend the Grand Army Encampment at St. Louis. In a letter to the Mayor of that city he explains his reasons for so doing. He states that as it is most important that the first encampment held since the war in a Southern State should be a happy and harmonious one, he would be sorry to introduce any element of discord on the occasion. That his presence would be such an element, he perceives. He does not think the Grand Army, as a whole, would regard him as an unwelcome guest, but certain prominent members of it have given expression to sentiments which show that they, at any rate, would resent his presence, and he has heard that some posts would refrain from attending if he went. In order that he may not embarrass any one he has, therefore, concluded not to go. He concludes by saying: "My presence in your city at the time you have indicated can be of but little moment compared with the importance of a cordial and harmonious entertainment of your other guests. I assure you that I abandon my plan without the least personal feeling or regret, constrained thereto by a sense of duty, actuated by a desire to save any embarrassment to the people of St. Louis or their expected guests, and with a heart full of grateful appreciation of the sincere and unaffected kindness of your citizens." The decision is a wise and kind one. The political friends and enemies of the President will alike appreciate the delicacy of the motives which have prompted it.

The Approaching Hot Wave, the Most Severe of the season, which is stated to be at hand by the New York *Herald*, a journal singularly accurate in its meteorological predictions, leads it editorially to suggest a *warning to parents*. It says, that although the temperature in New York and the Middle States has been during the past week ninety-five degrees in the shade each day, it has not been as dangerous to the health as the conditions on which we are entering, because the dry air we have had cools more quickly at night, than the vapor-laden air that we may expect. This is the period above all others when the infant population suffers most terribly. Too much pains cannot be taken to see that the little ones get the purest milk and the purest air, and that they are kept clean and free from strong draughts of air. Stanley, the African explorer, states that one of the greatest perils to which a strong man in the African climate is subjected, is exposure, when heated, to a draught which cools the body too suddenly. With attention to these matters hundreds of infants may be saved who without such care must perish.

The Fourth of July Orations, Especially Those of men having claims to be regarded as statesmen were noticeable this year, for their references to the important question of immigration. It is evident that at last public opinion is being awakened to the danger to our institutions, which is caused by allowing America to become the dumping ground for the moral refuse of Europe. An extract from the oration of Senator Palmer, of Michigan, fairly illustrates the general character of the utterances of many others. He said: "We have shut out one race because it was alien and uncongenial, and it only awaits a public demand to close, in whole or in part, the gates upon the other shore. In the confidential relations of life we demand of those coming to us certificates of character, and I know of no reason why we should not demand the same from those coming to form a part of our great national family. Why should they not bring certificates of character, properly authenticated by our diplomatic or consular officers as to their value and validity, to be scrutinized by our national officers on their entry into the United States? We have now a quarantine system to protect us against physical contagion; why is it not our duty as well as our right to make a moral and political quarantine mandatory—to the end that men entertaining convictions or vagaries, as the case may be, hostile to our theory of government, Anarchical, Nihilistic, and destructive of our institutions, should be excluded?"

The Crafty Mormon Device to Disarm the suspicion of the people of the United States, which the Constitutional Convention, sitting in Salt Lake City, has devised, should not put them off their guard. The Convention proposes to have an article incorporated in the Constitution making polygamy for ever illegal and never to be restored without the consent of Congress. This is merely a specious offer of no real value. With a Governor, Legislature, and judges elected by Mormon influence and by Mormon votes the Constitution might be treated as a dead letter in a sovereign State. It would be impossible for Congress to enforce the law against polygamy if once it surrenders the power it now possesses over the Territory. In the present temper of the Mormon leaders it is certain that only such men would be elected as could be trusted to refrain from initiating proceedings against polygamists, and who would not enforce the anti-polygamy laws. It will be a matter for deep regret if Congress allows itself to be imposed upon by any constitutional safeguard and concedes to Utah the power to execute the laws.

A Scientific Report of the Earthquakes at Bavispe was published last week at Tucson, Arizona. Prof. F. S. Clark had been there nine days under the auspices of the Hawaiian Government, engaged in the investigation of the traces left by the earthquake. He states that the destruction at Bavispe is complete. There is *not a house left uninjured*, and by far the greater number are shapeless ruins. The people of the ruined town are now living in rude shelter, hastily erected on the Upper Misa. *One hundred and sixty-nine were buried in the ruins* caused by the first shock. Of this number thirty-six were taken out dead, twenty-seven more or less hurt, and the remainder unhurt. From the time of the first shock there has been a succession of shocks noted, and Prof. Clark is of the opinion that with the exception of the week included between the 8th and 15th of June there has not been any appreciable interval of time when the earth in that region has been "at rest." The centre of disturbance is northwest of Bavispe. An active volcano is reported seventy-five miles southeast of that place, to which point a party of explorers have been dispatched.

An Appalling Disaster Occurred in Switzerland on July 6. A portion of the land bordering on the lake at Zug, the capital of the canton of that name, gave way, carrying a new quay and streets and houses into the lake. For several days crevices had been observed in the new quay, which cost $40,000. At half-past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the lake in front of the stone work began to bubble. The quay then cracked and eighty feet of it fell into the lake. A dozen persons who rushed from an adjoining café were precipitated into the water and drowned. After a short interval another slip dragged several houses into the water. The landing stage followed, and a steamer which had just arrived was hurled a hundred yards forward. At four o'clock two boats which were going to the rescue were engulfed, only one boatman rising again to the surface. At the same moment a boatman's hut, in which there were three children, fell into the water. At seven o'clock the landslips began again, and several carts which were removing property sank into the lake. The Hotel de Zurich, fifteen houses and ten huts disappeared within a few minutes. A café, in which were ten customers, was next engulfed, and 150 metres of a neighboring street then slowly vanished, the people jumping from the windows of the houses to escape being drowned. The third landslip occurred at eleven o'clock, P. M., carrying five houses into the lake and damaging many others. Seventy persons are missing and six hundred are homeless.

The Election of a New Prince of Bulgaria was achieved by the Sobranje on July 7. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who would evidently have been the national choice in spite of Russia's opposition, firmly and definitely refused to be a candidate. The national assembly, therefore, selected an Austrian prince, thereby incurring the risk of again offending Russia. The prince selected is Prince Ferdinand Maximilian, who on his mother's side is a grandson of King Louis Philippe of France. His eldest brother, who is heir to the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is married to the Princess Louise, daughter of the King of Belgium. His other brother, Prince Auguste, is married to a daughter of Dom Pedro II. of Brazil. One sister, Princess Clotilde, is the wife of the Archduke Joseph of Austria, and the other, Princess Amélie, is married to Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. Prince Ferdinand is only twenty-six years old, having been born in Vienna, in 1861.

The Coercion Bill for Ireland Entered Upon its last stage in the British House of Commons on July 7. Mr. Gladstone made a vigorous speech urging its rejection: first, on the ground that the state of crime in Ireland did not justify the enactment of so severe a measure, and that for the prevailing discontent, the existence of which all admitted, the coercion bill was no remedy. Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury's nephew, in reply contended that Government was mainly justified in introducing its proposals by the state of social tyranny which had recently been created in Ireland, a tyranny that attacked the rights and liberties of minorities and most of those elementary principles without which a country could never be prosperous. He contended that crime was worse now in Ireland than in 1870, when Mr. Gladstone promoted coercion. The bill has passed the House by a majority of 87, and if it pass quickly through the House of Lords, will become law in a few weeks.

The Sultan of Turkey has Finally Declined to sign the convention with England on the Egyptian question. The British Government has therefore recalled its special commissioner, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. The indications are that the Sultan's course has been taken in deference to the opposition of France supported by Russia. It will now remain for those Powers to take the initiative in further negotiation. If the convention had been ratified, England would have been pledged to evacuate Egypt within a fixed time. Now she is under no pledge, and if the time she may choose for evacuation does not suit her opponents, it is difficult to see what means short of war can compel her to hasten her departure. Turkey is little likely to move in the matter, and France and Russia will have but poor ground beside international jealousy to force her to leave Egypt. The relations between the Powers are said to be strained, and more than one French statesman has intimated that France will fight rather than be thwarted.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

The Prohibition Fight in Texas is Being waged with vigor. Money, however, is sorely needed to pay the expenses of speakers from place to place, and for the dissemination of temperance literature, printing, etc. It is earnestly hoped that the appeal of our friends in Texas, who are working against desperate odds, will not be forgotten by Temperance conventions nor by private philanthropists. Even if the Prohibitionists are defeated the money will not be lost. It will educate the people and strengthen the cause for a renewal of the struggle. Money may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Thomas Moore, Waco, Texas.

The Convention of the United Societies of Christian endeavor which was held last week at Saratoga, New York, was a remarkable success. Not until the Societies came together did even the members know how enthusiastic and extensive the movement has become. The Secretary's report showed that during the past year the number of Societies has grown from 850 to 2,314 and the membership is now over 140,000. The work now extends to China, Japan and Great Britain, and almost every denomination is represented in the Societies. An interesting feature of the Convention was an address by President Van Patten on July 6, in the course of which he gave a brief but exhaustive history of the, movement which commenced at Portland Maine, in 1880, in an effort to render help to the converts at a revival in the Rev. J. E. Clarke's church.

The Bethany Institute for Training of Women for Christian work has issued its fifteenth annual report. It has moved to more commodious quarters at 105 East Seventeenth Street New York, and is now able more efficiently to carry out the objects for which it was established. Twenty-eight ladies availed themselves of its facilities last year, and while passing through the course of training and Bible study, engaged in mission work in the homes of the poor, the hospitals, chapels and public institutions. These ladies have now separated to engage in their life work. Two have gone South, two as missionaries to Alaska, and others have been engaged to labor, by churches in New York or adjacent States. Since the Institute was established, fifteen years ago, two hundred and ninety-three ladies have been trained there, forty of whom went out as missionaries to heathen lands, eight of them with medical diplomas. Young ladies desiring to enter the Institute may obtain particulars by writing to the Superintendent, Rev. A. G. Ruliffson, 105 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

A New Electrical Submarine Signal is Being perfected by Mr. Edison. On July 5, he explained its principles to a reporter at Orange N. J. It is based on the known facility of water for transmitting sound. Divers in the ocean have heard the swish of a steamers' wheels fifteen miles away, and Mr. Edison thinks he can transmit his message from ship to ship a distance of at least seven miles. What he purposes doing is to have the large ocean steamers equipped with steam whistles attached to transmitters. Under the water line of each steamer will be a sounder, connected with the captain's cabin by a wire. When the captain of one vessel wants to signal another, he will sit down to his key board, turn the steam on his whistle, manipulate the keys, and send the message out into the waves that break against the sounder. This sound will pass unbroken from wave to wave with remarkable velocity, until it runs up against the sounder of some vessel which may happen to be within reach of the volume of sound. As soon as the wave containing the sound strikes the sounder on the hull of the vessel within reach, the message will run over the electrical wire to the captain's cabin, where it will ring an electrical bell, and the captain can then receive the message as it comes from the water, as comfortably and correctly as though he was sitting in a telegraph office ashore. This it is hoped will diminish the risk of collisions at sea. Sometimes when the whistle of a steamer is heard it is too late to avert disaster. But the new invention will be of no service to a vessel not equipped with the sounder. Though a message of the utmost importance might be palpitating in the waves around a ship it would not be heard by the captain unless the sounder was on his ship to receive it. It is so with God's voice to men. only those hear who have the listening ear which the Spirit gives (1 Cor. 2: 13, 14).

Three Precious Letters Have Been Found in Philadelphia. The *Call* of that city publishes a letter from a gentleman, who says: "It is strange how few people know the value of old papers. It's all rubbish, they think, and must be sent to the paper mills. Last week I saw a lot of papers, that had been stored for almost a century in the loft of a farmhouse, brought down to be sold to a ragman. In five minutes' fumbling among the yellow-looking mass, I found a small very rare book, a fine autograph letter of General Washington, and two from Aaron Burr, both love-letters, too." In many houses there is a book rarely, if ever, opened in which there are letters not only written by the greatest men the world has ever seen, but letters containing matter of priceless value to the reader. As the writer justly remarks, "It is strange how few people know the value of old papers" (2 Tim. 3 : 14–17).

A Man with a Marble Leg is Said to be Living near Mount Sterling, Ky. A despatch from that place to the New York *Times*, says that a well-known farmer in that neighborhood, is just now an object of much attention and the subject of no little sympathy. Some six months ago he noticed that the fleshy part of his left leg seemed harder than that of his right. Since that time this hardness has grown more and more perceptible, and though the patient has had the attention of excellent medical skill, the limb has increased in hardness till it is now to all appearance a piece of sculptured marble. The farmer suffers no pain, but as his leg is stone from the hip down he finds locomotion difficult, the more so on account of the toes of his foot, which are so spread apart that he is in constant dread of breaking them off. The man's peculiar affliction entitles him to the sympathy he is receiving, but his case is not nearly so sad as that of large numbers of persons who are afflicted with petrifaction, not in their limbs but in their hearts and consciences. For them, however, God has provided a remedy (Ezek. 36: 26).

A Premature Explosion Occurred in New York on July 6. The workmen in No. 6 Shaft of the new Aqueduct had completed the drilling of a number of holes for a dynamite charge, and placed the dynamite in them. One or two more holes were being drilled, and it was intended to discharge the blast when they were ready. While the work was going forward a thunderstorm came on and a flash of lightning struck the wire attached to the dynamite charges, which was lying ready to connect with the battery. Instantly there was a terrific explosion, and a man who was working near, was blown to fragments. There would have been a great loss of life had it not been that providentially the other men had just been called to another part of the work. The wire which the lightning struck was not connected with the battery, but the lightning took the place of the battery with terrific potency. The men had apparently forgotten that there was explosive force around them of the same kind as that they intended to use, but which was beyond their control. The same forgetfulness is seen in daily life. There is a growing tendency to ignore God, and to devise plans without regard to Him, as if He did not now interfere in the ways of men (Ps. 9: 15).

A Dispute Among Firemen Led to a Heavy loss on July 1, at Long Branch, N. J. At that place there is a large block of buildings expensively and elaborately fitted up as stables and coach-houses for the use of four millionaires, who keep their horses and carriages in them during the summer. On the evening of July 1, fire was discovered there, and it soon made rapid progress, having obtained hold of a quantity of hay and provender. An alarm was sent over the wires to the Fire Department and an engine was sent to the scene of the conflagration. But when the engine arrived the firemen discovered that they had left the hose in the engine house behind them. Then there was a squabble as to who would return to the engine house for it, as none of the firemen seemed to fancy the idea of doing a heavy work that any of the others might do. This caused a delay of thirty minutes. During all this time valuable property, consisting of stables, horses and carriages, was being consumed by the flames. The millionaire owners worked hard to save their property, but after they had brought out some of the horses they were compelled by the heat to leave the remainder to their fate. When the hose arrived it was too late to save much, and property worth many thousands of dollars was consumed. It is very deplorable when men spend in disputing among themselves time which ought to be spent in working; especially when every moment so spent is fraught with loss. Never is it more deplorable than when such disputes hinder the work of preaching the Gospel to perishing souls (2 Tim. 2 : 23–26).

BRIEF NOTES.

The Prohibitionists of Ohio have placed a full ticket in the field. Morris Sharpe is the candidate for Governor.

An International Congress for the discussion of the best means to prevent and cure drunkenness was held recently in Westminster Hall, London.

Reports of marvellous activity in Jerusalem are being received. A large number of houses are being erected outside the walls and on the Mount of Olives.

A temperance camp-meeting will be held at Sea Beach, N. J., August 2. The Rev. Dr. J. C. Price, Edward Carswell and J. N. Stearns are to be among the speakers.

Of the twelve young men who recently graduated at Oberlin Theological Seminary, two will seek foreign fields of labor—C. A. Clark going to Japan, and J. King to South Natal, Africa.

The Board of Police Commissioners of New York have declined to grant permission to the Rev. John Dooly, of the Broome Street Tabernacle, to run a "Gospel wagon," with a choir and music.

The Protestant Episcopal Church building presented by Mrs. M. Packer Cummings to Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., has been consecrated and opened for religious service. It cost $300,000.

The new High License Law has gone into effect in Minnesota. In cities of over ten thousand population, the license is $1,000. In smaller places, $500. The number of licenses is 1,866, as against 2,296 last year.

The Shah of Persia has authorized the American missionaries to establish at Teheran a hospital in which, without regard to nationality or religion, all applicants for relief may be received for treatment. Dr. Torrence —who is physician to the mission—has been appointed director of the hospital.

At Mr. Moody's Summer School for College Students, 342 delegates attended the opening exercises. Of these about 40 are Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and 75 are workers sent by local associations. The remainder are students representing nearly every important college in these United States and Canada.

The gift of $150,000 and a large tract of land has been made to Cambridge, Mass., for a public library. The donor is Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, a young millionaire. He stipulates that certain tablets should be placed in conspicuous positions. On one of them is the following inscription: "It is noble to be pure; it is right to be honest; it is necessary to be temperate; it is wise to be industrious; but to know God is best of all."

The first annual meeting of the religious and benevolent society known as the King's Daughters, held in the Young Women's Christian Association Hall in New York, shows that the work is growing in favor. Its badge is a small silver Maltese cross on which are the letters I. H. N. (In His Name). The members of the society are divided into tens for special work. Some of these visit the sick, and other tens take up other branches of Christian work.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson has issued the usual annual invitation to the Convention on Christian Holiness, Faith-Healing and the Lord's Second Coming. It will be held at Old Orchard Beach, Me., from July 31 to August 9. Two days will be devoted to Foreign Missions, and the subject will be illustrated by a large map and various addresses, showing the needs of the world and the claims of this great work. Particulars as to special rates of fare, board, etc., may be obtained by writing to Rev. A. B. Simpson, Bible and Tract Repository, Madison Avenue and 45th Street, New York.

THE KING'S JUBILEE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Psalm 149 : 2.

Religion to Sanctify Loyalty—A King to Rejoice in—I. Jesus as King—To be Obeyed—Supreme in the Church—His Kingship to be Recognized at His Second Advent—II. His Royal Character—His Deeds of Love—His Achievements—His Principles of Government—III. The Benefits of His Reign—The Creator of His Nation—A Peaceful Reign—The Lost Souls of the Golden Horn—IV. The Continuance of His Reign—The Undying King of an Undying Nation—V. A Delightful Obedience—Illumination and Decoration.

YOUR streets will ring with joyous acclamations when the Queen and court pass through them to the Abbey; and well they may! The jubilee of a good and great Queen is an event to be celebrated with enthusiasm. Our hearts are fully in accord with those who bless and praise God for his goodness to this country in giving us fifty years of the peaceful reign of Victoria.

God save the Queen! None pronounce these words with a more emphatic meaning and fervor than we do this day. We not only do not grudge our fellow-countrymen all the joy they have in their Queen, but we share with them to the full their loyalty and gratitude. Had we known what some countries have known of tyranny, war, or anarchy, we should have a much more vivid sense of the benefits bestowed upon us through the long and happy reign of our well-beloved Sovereign. Let us take care to blend a holy gratitude to God with our fervent patriotism. Be it ours to praise and bless the God who has sent us these favors. Wishing boundless blessings upon our earthly Queen, we ascribe all her prosperity and ours to

That Higher King

from whom all blessings flow. Religion must ever sanctify loyalty. It would be idolatrous to think of the human and forget the divine. "Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?" But, brethren, let us learn from the citizens of an earthly kingdom to rejoice in our heavenly King. Let us elevate our fervor into the higher sphere. There is another King, one Jesus; and, as believers in him, we are more truly citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem than of any city or country upon earth. Our divine Lord has called out believers from among the sons of men to make them a peculiar people, a nation set apart unto himself. The text under the term "children of Zion," indicates all who fear God, put their trust in him, and yield joyful service to his crown. *Are we "children of Zion?"* This is the question for each man's heart and conscience.

There have been kings in whom nobody could be joyful; they have been tyrannical, cruel, selfish, and their rule has oppresed their people. England has no such burden to bear. Under God our forefathers delivered us from despotism, and our Queen has faithfully observed those covenants which harmonize monarchy with liberty. For this may God be praised! Looking, however, to the higher sphere, we are joyful that Zion's King is of such a sort that his government is an unmingled blessing. We rejoice in our King, because our King makes us rejoice.

I. In order that we may carry out the exhortation of the text, let us begin by feeling that

Jesus is Our King.

Alas! many who should be of a better mind are forgetful of this truth; they are not joyful in their King, for they have not yet learned his sovereignty. Brethren, Jesus must have the pre-eminence among men, since he is in person and character pre-eminent. Who among the sons of the mighty can be compared unto the Lord? When the princes of the earth are gathered in their glory, who among them can be named in the same day with the Prince of Peace? Jesus is the best, therefore is he the chief. His person and character wear about them a superlative majesty; let every hand present a crown to him. "He is the standard-bearer among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Since the Lord Jesus has no equal nor even rival, he is a born King; and were not men most blind and foolish, they would all salute him with loyal homage.

When we have remembered that he is thus the best and noblest, let us recollect that to each believer he is

A King to be Obeyed.

He said, "Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am." It is easy to think of Christ as a Saviour, and yet to forget that he is Lord; but the thought is as evil as it is easy. Do any of you accept the promises of our Lord and neglect his precepts? This is to sin against Him in a grievous manner. You proclaim yourselves rebels, and yet wish to share in the pardon which He brings. Is not this to act the part of hypocrites? Is His cross precious to you? How can it be if you turn your back on His crown? For once I will reverse a time-honored motto, and say, "No crown, no cross." Jesus will not be your Saviour if you refuse to let Him be your Sovereign. You cannot have half of your Lord.

Do not attempt to divide your Lord's offices, The robe of Christ is without seam; and if even the rough soldiers cried, "Let us not rend it," we earnestly beg you not to tear it. Let us accept sanctification as well as justification, righteousness, as well as peace, the cleansing water, as well as the pardoning blood. If we have a special joy in Jesus in any one capacity more than another, let us be joyful in Him as our King. It should be bliss to us to be subject to His holy rule. If there seems anything hard about His claim of

Absolute Sovereignty

over heart and life, why, then, at the outset, we are disqualified from rejoicing in our King.

Further, let us follow this thought into a region where it is much needed. Jesus is King in the midst of His church How often is this truth overlooked! Certain churches refer to the minutes of deceased leaders, or to the decisions of councils, or to the theological systems of eminent reformers; but all this is forgetfulness of the one supreme authority. We have no king in the church but Christ. There is but one law-book in the church, and that is the Holy Scripture, inspired of the Spirit of God. There can be no unity in the church except in Jesus, and in obedience to His undivided rule.

Jesus will be seen to be king in the day of

His Second Advent.

If you will listen, and your ears have been opened, you may hear this day the trumpet which announces his speedy arrival. "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him," is the voice of these latter days to a church that slumbers. Both wise and foolish virgins sleep. The midnight starts at His clarion note: "He comes! He comes!" "He shall reign in Mount Zion before his ancients gloriously." We are to look for this, and to pray for this, saying every day in our prayer, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever." O ye saints, at this hour set your Lord on His throne. You have seen him in his crimson vesture, bowing in the garden of his agony; you have seen Him "despised and rejected of men;" you have seen Him on the tree of doom. Dry your eyes. He is no more the 'man of sorrows" nor the "acquaintance of grief;" heaven adores Him, He hath gone up to His throne again amid the hosannas of the angels and the hallelujahs of the redeemed. Let us praise and adore Him this day.

II. Secondly, let us go on to study

His Royal Character,

that we may be helped to be joyful in Him. Was there ever such a prince as our Emmanuel, if we think of His person, His pedigree, His descent, His nature? This King of ours is not only the flower and crown of manhood, but He is also very God of very God. He is God over all, blessed forever; the Son of the Highest. Think of Him in that light and then link His humanity in your minds with His Godhead, without confusion of idea. In Jesus we do not see humanized Godhead, nor deified manhood; but he is distinctly God and distinctly man, yet both of these are in one person, and must neither be confounded nor severed. Was there ever such a King! My words fail to express my inward joy in that divine Lord who is not ashamed to call us brethren. I sit down at His pierced feet, now sandaled with eternal light, and I feel a sweet content, yea, an overflowing joy. I see a world of wonders meeting in my Lord—heaven come down to earth, and earth raised to heaven; and I am joyful in my King.

We further follow our Lord joyfully as we think of His deeds of love to us. Well may we be joyful in our King, since

His Loving Kindness.

to us has exceeded all bounds. The true splendor of kings lies not in what their people do for them, but in what they do for their people; and herein our Lord excelleth all the princes that ever lived. How royal was His love when the cross was its throne! What a crown was that which was made of thorns! What a sceptre was that which was held in the pierced hand! I call *this* real kingship. All else is mere stage-play. O sovereign love! Incarnate in Jesus, thou art imperial! Behold your King! Not only does He bleed beneath the lash of man, but He also bows beneath the bruises of His Father's justice, and cries, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" I beseech you, O loyal hearts, by the bitterness of your King's agony, be joyful in Him! If He loved you so, can you refuse to rejoice in Him?

When he had given the supreme proof of love he was not satisfied yet. Having slept in the grave a while, he awoke, and left his sepulchre; but he did not leave his love: he arose to meet his followers, and nerve them for future service. After a while, when he had manifested himself to them in most familiar ways, he rose to heaven, a cloud receiving him out of their sight; then he changed his place, but he did not change his love. Ah, no! he went into heaven bearing the pledges of his affection in his hands and feet and side. He entered glory to carry on his intercession within the veil. His royal life is now spent in pleading for transgressors.

Let us think a moment further of the glorious achievements of our King, that we may the more fully be joyful in him. This King of ours has fought for us, and won great victories on our account. Our King met the battalions of our sins in conflict. He encountered Satan, that tremendous foe. He fought hand to hand with death itself. The shock of battle was terrible. The sun was darkened and

The Earth Shook,

even the dead rose from their sepulchres to behold the war. Our hero stood alone; "of the people there was none with Him;" yet He trampled down all our enemies as the treader of grapes crushes the clusters in the wine press. Thus He made an end of sin, broke the head of the old dragon, and put death itself to death, and led our captivity captive. Behold He cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of His strength, mighty to save! Shall we not salute Him with Hosannas? Will we not be joyful in Him?

It should stir you to enthusiasm to think of

The Principles of His Government;

For they are fountains of peace and purity. Jesus founded his empire upon love, and his own self-sacrifice is the corner-stone of that Imperial fabric. His action is always love and His teaching is always love. As He loved us and gave Himself for us, so his golden rule is that we do to others as we would that they should do to us. This is sadly forgotten even by some who call themselves Christians: but if this principle once took possession of men's minds, we should have no schemes of the poor to rob the rich, and no greed on the part of the rich by which they grind down the poor. If our King were obeyed, man would no longer be man's worst enemy, but the bands of

brotherhood would unite mankind in a league of mutual sympathy. If we heard our Lord say, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another," and if we practised the commandment, what a kingdom of heaven should we see upon the face of the earth!

III. I shall not detain you long while I touch upon a third point—let us mark

The Benefits of His Reign,

which entitle Him to our highest regard this day. For, first, remember that the nation over which He reigns He has created. Most kings inherit what other swords have won, but Jesus himself with His own blood hath purchased a kingdom to Himself. That there is a church in the world at all is due to Jesus. We had gone back to chaos and old night if it had not been that His light is never dim. He whose sovereign word said, "Let there be light," still bids the light abide in the Church to lighten those who come into the world. The Church as a corporate body would cease to be were He not its continual life and strength. Let the streams rejoice in the fountain, let the walls of the temple be joyful in the foundation.

We ought to rejoice to-day in our King, because it is He that has saved us and given us peace. In the days of Solomon, Israel had such peace that every man sat under his own vine and fig-tree. But oh, the peace our greater Solomon has given us! I was as restless once as those ever-flying birds which hover over the waters of the Golden Horn at Constantinople. They are never seen to rest, and hence *men call them "lost souls."* Such was I! I found no place for the sole of my foot till I knew the Lord Jesus. My soul was a dread battle-field of conflicting thoughts, a very Esdrelon, trodden by innumerable hosts of doubts and fears; but when my King came, then the enemy fled, and I found rest and joy. He is our peace. Jesus has given us the true Sabbath.

Crown Him,

then, as Prince of Peace, ye once weary spirits who now joyfully abide in Him.

But, beloved, time fails me to speak of all the benefits our King has brought us. Is there anything that is needful which He has not given? Is there anything that is good that He has withheld? Have we any virtue? have we any praise? Then not unto us, not unto us, but unto His name be the glory. Nor is it alone in the past and in the present that we are debtors; we look forward to a future of obligations. He will keep us from all the power of the enemy. He will secure His Zion from invaders, and fill her with the finest of the wheat. For ever and ever will He preserve us, and be our guide even unto death. Again we say Hallelujah, as we think how He loves unto the end.

IV. Very briefly, in the next place, let us be joyful in

The Continuance of His Reign.

Fifty years is a long time for Her Majesty to have reigned. May her days yet be many! Fifty years, as we measure life, is a long space; but fifty years in the measurement of human history is far less; and fifty years as compared with eternity is nothing. King Jesus has a kingdom of which there shall be no end. He communicates that immortality to all His people, and thus He is the undying King of an undying kingdom. True we shall pass through that river which is named Death; but it is a misnomer; like the Jordan when Israel passed into Canaan, the Lord hath rebuked it, and it is dried up. We shall pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and that is all; and thus we shall reach a higher stage of being, in which we shall be "for ever with the Lord." Shall not those whom the King has made to live be joyful that their King lives and reigns world without end?

As to His kingdom, there is no fear of its failing. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. His kingdom is one and indivisible, and His throne shall never be shaken. There is no dynasty to follow His dynasty; no successor to take up the crown of our Melchisedec. My immortal spirit rejoices in the hope of rendering endless homage to the eternal King. He liveth and reigneth, and we shall find it the bliss of our endless life to serve Him day and night in His temple. In prospect of such bliss, let us bestir ourselves to rejoice in our King with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

V. Once more, being joyful in our King,

Let us Obey Him

with delight. What a joy it would be to me if this midsummer morning some of you who have never owned this King, should begin to do so! This is a high day and a day of glad tidings; the trumpets of jubilee load the air with music. Our King will forgive your former rebellions if now you turn to Him. He proclaims to-day a *general amnesty* to all rebels. This day he grants a jail delivery to all prisoners of hope. You who have revolted may come back again; He will receive you graciously, and love you freely. He sits upon His holy hill in Zion, and He cries to you, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."

Some of you have known Jesus many years, and have been professors for a long time. Perhaps you are getting into rather a dull state of mind. Work without joy is not good for us. What the old proverb saith concerning "all work and no play," is true of all service and no joy. I want the children of God to

Hold High Festival

at this time. *Why should not we have our jubilee as well as others!* You have heard machinery at times complaining wretchedly; it has gone on with horrible gratings and creakings It has set your teeth on edge! *Fetch the oil-can!* We must cure this jarring. Every now and then we need a few drops of the oil of gladness to make the wheels of our work move pleasantly. Men of the world teach us the value of joyous song. How readily the anchor rises when the sailors unite in cheery cries! Soldiers, when weary on the march, find their spirits revived when the band strikes up a stirring tune. Let it be so to-day. Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

"Ah, dear minister!" you say, "you do not know what state of mind we are in: you do not know all our troubles, worries, frets, and weaknesses. Do I not know? *I have been in that same oven.* I know the secrets of your prison-house. Dear brothers and sisters, let us not rob our King of His revenue because all things are not quite to our mind. Are we going to blame our Lord for the chastisement which our sins require? We are never right with God unless we feel at peace with Him—nay, happy with him. The rightest state of mind for a child is to be happy in his father's love. It was well with Israel when "whatsoever the King did pleased all the people." It is well with us when we love Jesus, so that He may even do whatever He pleases with us, and we will still exult in Him. May you come in this delightful state!

It is time to finish, and therefore I would invite all that love my Lord to proclaim

A Jubilee For Their Lord

and King. Keep it after the best fashion. Endeavor to enlighten the world. Put candles in your windows. Illuminate all your streets. Let no sinner die in the dark. Publish the love of God to men. Light up your houses, all of you, with a holy cheerfulness and a clear confession of Christ. Hang out your flags of joy! You have them lying by, and the moths are eating them. Bring them out. Give the streamers of your mirth to the breeze! Tell all around you what God has done for you. Do not be ashamed to own your indebtedness to the love of God in Christ Jesus. You very retiring people, may I invite you to come out of your shells? You that have been slothful and cold of late, I pray you shake yourselves from the dust. At this time, when the pulse of the world beats fast, let yours be quickened. Begin this day something new for Jesus. I wish the church of God would think that Christ's Jubilee was indeed come, and so would kindle beacons upon every hill, till all the nations beheld the great light. Let the flame be seen across the sea! Let the whole earth be filled with his glory. "Arise, shine; for thy light is come." May the divine Spirit come upon all His people at this hour, and move them to show their joy in their King by special deeds of love!

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

SPIRITUAL WEATHER PROBABILITIES.*

January. Now is the time to make good the fading leaves of the old year, by turning over new ones. Ps. 116:18, 19. If you want continual sunshine, live in Isa. 60:20. Prevent quinsy throat and evil tongue by obeying Ps. 34:13; Phil. 2:11. Renew your youth by enjoying the good things spoken of in Ps. 103:5. Only the evergreen religion of Ps. 1:1–4 will survive the storms of winter.

February. Look out for cold waves this month. Matt. 24:12. Holy Ghost fires rekindled at the week of prayer need prayerful attention. Acts 2:46, 47. You need not emigrate if you will bask in the sunshine of God's love. Ps. 84:11. For heavenly power consult and follow Acts 1:14; 2:1–4. Spiritual warmth is enjoyed at all seasons by the upright in heart. Ps. 140:13; Ps. 16:8.

March. To avoid sudden changes, squalls and storms, abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Ps. 91:1. Souls in Canaan are not affected by equinoctials. Deut. 33:26, 27. Those not well grounded in the faith should give heed to danger signals. Heb. 2.1. Those who have not built their hopes on Christ must apprehend ruin in the season of storms. Matt. 7:26, 27.

April. Look out for early frosts that kill tender plants. Song of Solomon 2:15. Be prepared for the following changes as the busy season approaches—no time for family worship—too tired to go to prayer-meeting—disposition to find fault—lack of spiritual interest. Song of Solomon 4:16; Ps. 78:47; Rom. 12:11. The heart should be filled with the good seed of the kingdom. Jer. 4:3; Ps. 119:11.

May. The growing season is upon us. "Showers of grace" are in constant demand. These, with the sunshine of His love, and the needful pruning, plowing and culture of grace in the soul, will make it bloom like Eden. Ezek. 34:26, 27; John 15:2. For spiritual growth, take Paul's advice. 2. Cor. 9–11; I. Pet. 2:2. A happy life is the fruit of holy living.

June. Buds of promise, flowers of affection, and singing birds should abound this month. Ps. 138:5. Keep in the reckoning of Rom. 6:11 if you would avoid storms of passion and cyclones of anger. If prone to wander, strive to keep in the better way of Isa. 35:8–10, looking unto Jesus. Heavenly manna is always to be found in Canaan latitudes. Ps. 111:5; Hos. 11:4.

July. Prayer and faith will bring spiritual showers when there is need of moisture. 1. Kings 18:1–45. Fog-horns should be heard as cautionary signals in the region of icebergs and sleepy pew-holders these hot days. Isa. 58:1. Keep close to Jesus, and you need not flee to the mountain or seaside to keep cool. Isa. 25:4; 32:2; Song of Solomon 2:3.

August. Avoid low spirits during "dog days" by looking unto Jesus. Heb. 12:1, 2. If you lack appetite, give more time to knee-drill, and look often in the mirror mentioned in James 1:25. Hereditary and chronic diseases are only cured

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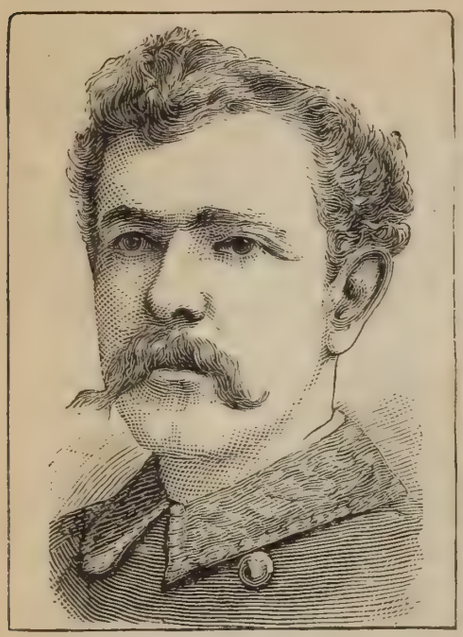
* From "Curiosities of the Bible pertaining to Scripture Persons, Places and Things, including Blackboard Outlines." By a New York Sunday-school Superintendent. Illustrated with Designs by Frank Beard. Sixtieth Thousand. An invaluable work for Sunday school Teachers and Christian workers. Pp. 606. Price $2. Published by *E. B. Treat*, 771 Broadway, New York.



Bernado De Soto, President of Costa Rica.

An Audience in Mexico.

at the fountain of life. Zech. 13:1. Sun-stroke from prosperity may be avoided by sitting under Christ's shadow. Isa. 32:2.

September. Look out for a cold snap after the fall equinox which will drive the prodigals in Egypt home, where they have spent the summer and mingled with the heathen, contracting malaria and tongue paralysis. Luke 15:13–18. Keep the Salvation Hospital in good order for their benefit. Luke 15:22–24. Encourage them with such promises as Ezek. 36:11.

October. Killing frosts this month; coldness and indifference follow unchristian amusements and Sabbath desecrations; also heart-burns and general good-for-nothingness for God. Frost-bitten leaves wither and fall; so do hopes chilled to death by back-sliding. For all heart-aches consult Matt. 11:28, and for the renewal of vows adopt the words of Ps. 116:12–19.

November. This month will be like last month if you don't get nearer to God. Luke 22:54. Blue Mondays and Down-in-the-Valley days will prevail, if the advice of the Great Physician is not closely followed. John 8:12. Avoid bad spells of inherited depravity and carnal nature by giving heed to Mark 9:42–47. Have a Thanksgiving of your own. Ps. 116, 1, 2; 103:1–4.

December. Variable weather this month, though bright and pleasant to those walking in the light of 1 Jno. 1:7. Chilly and disagreeable atmosphere may be expected in the region of fairs, sociables and holiday festivities. 1 Pet. 2:13; Jude 12; Rev. 3:15, 16. Keep close to God for spiritual warmth. Ecc. 4:11. Discharge duties prayerfully and await the end in faith and hope. Dan. 12:13.

BERNADO DE SOTO,
President of Costa Rica.

RECENTLY there was held in the city of Guatemala a meeting of representatives of all the Central American republics, to discuss the subject of their unification. Costa Rica, which had previously opposed the project, gave its assent to it, and President Bernado de Soto is now one of its most earnest champions. When, more than two years ago, President Barrios, of Guatemala, declared himself to be military ruler of Central America, Costa Rica made war against him. At that time Fernandez was President of Costa Rica, and De Soto Vice-President. Fernandez died on the day war was declared against Barrios, March 12, 1885, and De Soto became President. The death of Barrios at the head of his army put an end to the scheme of unification, in the form his ambition had given it. Its revival as a thing believed to be practicable by peaceful and equitable adjustment, is regarded as an expression of progress in the Central American republics. As a Federation, it is reasonable to suppose these little powers would be more prosperous than they possibly can be divided. Costa Rica has only about twenty-three thousand square miles of territory, and a population numbering considerably under two hundred thousand. The people are almost entirely of pure Spanish blood, and their territory is wonderfully rich in metals, including gold and silver, fertile, productive of coffee and other valuable vegetable products, and possesses a salubrious climate.

President de Soto is thirty-three years old. He is the scion of an old and honorable family, renowned in war. He is a soldier by profession, and at the head of an army of five hundred regulars and thirty-five hundred militia. His adminstration is able and energetic. Under it the finances of the republic have been put in good order, and the work of making railroads and other internal improvements carried on with commendable spirit and enterprise.

MEXICAN LADIES.
(See Illustration.)

MANY of the readers of this journal have, as we are glad to learn, manifested practical sympathy with the effort which Bishop Riley is making to develop and extend the work of evangelization in Mexico. He desires us to gratefully acknowledge on his behalf the contributions sent to him for his work. A responsibility lies upon the Christian public of America for the mission in Mexico. It is close upon our borders, the people are ignorant to a large extent of the great truths of the Gospel, and they are ready and willing to learn. Shall we not send them the life-giving message?

Very interesting is the effort that is being made. Preachers there do not have to speak to savages or cannibals as in some lands to which missionaries go. The preacher looking over his audience sees faces like *the group in the illustration on this page*, beautiful, intelligent, attentive, and to such the gospel never appeals in vain. Among such there is grand fruit waiting to be gathered. Workers are ready to go and if only the Church would do its duty and furnish the means, large numbers of precious souls might be won for Christ.

IDOLS OVERTHROWN.

A RECENT tour taken by Mr. Stanley Smith in China has filled him with joy and praise. He writes from Hung-t'ung: "Since I last wrote I have been up to see about the ladies' opium refuge. I trust next year there will be a glorious work there. I went to visit one village where there was a young Christian and six or seven young fellows interested. But was only there at Hoh-chau some three or four days. Later I started for Chao-ch'eng to go round eleven villages in which there are believers; it was indeed an interesting time. I saw enough indeed to make one's heart rejoice. In two villages *we had a family strip the house of idols.* It was grand having worship and praise after abolishing the wretched objects of worship. But the message I felt led to give in every village, as well as the Gospel, was *the Lord's Coming*, telling them it was good for them to turn from idols and better to serve the living and true God, but don't forget to wait for His Son from heaven—that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

A HEROIC CHRISTIAN MINER.
(See Illustration, Page 445.)

ONE of the noblest instances of moral heroism in connection with the mining industry on record, is related by an English journal. It states that a number of miners have been rescued from imminent death through the self-sacrificing devotion of one of the men.

It appears that there were about a hundred men employed at each shift in one section of the pit, and among them was a man named Roger Martin, who was the butt for the coarse jests of the others. He was regarded as a poor, weak, silly fellow, with no manliness in him. This was chiefly due to a certain meekness there was about him, and a dislike to the uproarious and often indecent merriment of the gang. Another reason was that the man would not drink. He had several children, and used to say he could not drink without depriving them of necessities, and he would not do that. He was often urged to "be a man and take his pot with the others, for good fellowship" and was told he would have more grit in him if he drank beer; but Roger, however weak he might be in other matters, was firm as a rock there, and so he was written down an outsider, an unsociable man, and nobody liked him. It was worse when he "got religion" for that set the men against him more than ever. He was a Methodist, a Psalm-singer, a hypocrite, and bore a dozen other opprobrious nicknames in the pit. Still the man was kind and gentle and never retaliated. That showed his want of spirit, the men said, and though many of them were indebted to Roger for kindness, he was despised.

One day, Roger being the one who always had to

do anything of a disagreeable nature that had to be done, was sent away from his work in the pit to procure some tools which were unexpectedly needed. He did the business uncomplainingly as usual and returned. He and a boy were lowered in the bucket together down the shaft. As he was stepping out of it his attention was attracted by a sound, which his experienced ear told him was water trickling into the pit. Only a miner knows all the horror that such a sound implies. The men in the farther workings, ignorant of their danger, would be oppressed by unwonted lack of air, would find the floor wet, and would, on going to see what was the matter, find the lower workings flooded and their escape cut off. There they would have to remain until the water rose high enough to drown them, or until their provisions were exhausted, or they were suffocated by the poisonous gas. If they were warned immediately they might get into the higher galleries and prolong life until they were rescued. But who was to warn them? Roger knew that if he did so he would probably be involved in their fate, whereas now he had only to jerk the rope and he would be hoisted out of danger. It was a trying ordeal for any man.

The Prayer Meeting of Entombed Miners.

Roger's decision was quickly taken. "Jump in, boy," he said to his companion. "Go and tell the boss that the water is coming in. I'm going to warn the men. Tell the boss to lose no time in digging for us. He'll find us in No. 5 gallery." Roger jerked the rope, and the bucket went up with the boy in it, leaving him face to face with death in its most terrible shape.

Without a moment's hesitation he ran as fast as he could to the working where the men were. "Water! Water!" he shouted. "Run for your lives, the water is upon us. Come on—No. 5 gallery." The men threw down their tools and ran. Once there in temporary safety Roger was questioned. He told what he knew, and the men looked at each other with shame as they listened.

"Well," said one, "if ever we get out of this, we've got to thank Roger. There ain't one among us but him as would have stopped or thought of anything but saving his own carcass. Whatever comes of it, Roger's a brick. Why, men, he's gi'n us his life."

"Hear! Hear!" came from all sides, "Three cheers for Roger."

"Let us have a word or two of prayer," said Roger, "and then we'll go to work to meet the men. They'll sink a shaft here, and we can pick on this side and shorten the time. Our grub (food) won't hold out long."

Every one was solemnized as Roger, raising his hands, pleaded with God for the lives of the company, and that this terrible danger might be the means of leading them to Him, so that whether they lived or died they might receive eternal life. After that they set to work on the roof of their retreat.

All that day and night they labored, and all the next night, until one after another dropped down exhausted. It seemed as if the rescuers never would come. The food was exhausted, the air became more foul every hour, and they were giving up hope, when the long-listened-for noise of the drill was heard above. A few more hours and light came through the hole in the roof where the entombed men had been working. More dead than alive the men were drawn up, saved by the heroism of their companion "who had no manliness in him."

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 430.*)

Exeunt.

FOR a while after the return of Ethel Spofforth and her brother to Aspen Towers there was a season of quiet gladness. Ethel seemed to be borne up by the pleasant experiences of homecoming, and the joy of reunion was not broken in upon by any special signs of enfeebled health, and she was so bright and cheerful and lighthearted that Clara Atheling began to think she had needlessly alarmed herself, and that after a few weeks in the fresh, pure, and stimulating air of Aspendale, Ethel would be strong again.

Ethel, however, had no such hopes. She knew that her time on earth would be short, and she looked around for any work that she might do before she was called away. Not work for herself, but work for her Master, and for those about her. One project lay close to her hand, and was doubtless suggested to her by the success of her efforts to promote a union between her brother Harold and Clara Atheling. A very little observation convinced her that if she could do a like work for Inez and Alfred Atheling the happiness of both would be ensured.

The first step in this matter seemed to Ethel, on a review of all the circumstances, to be to delicately introduce the subject to Señor Bonanza, and discover how he was affected.

It was not many days after when she found the opportunity that she desired. She had been to the lower end of the village, on a visit to the daughter of Peter Prout, who lay sick. She had taken her some little dainty to tempt her appetite, and had spoken the best words by her sick-bed. Señor Bonanza had been strolling round the village, conversing, as his wont was, with all and sundry, and winning the regard of the villagers by his kindly and courteous ways. He met Ethel on his return from the mill, and turned to accompany her home.

"I am sorry, Miss Ethel more sorry than I can tell you, that I must tear myself away from this lovely spot, and from the friends who have become very dear to me. I have received a communication from the Continent, which demands my immediate presence on a matter pertaining to my business. Believe me, I am loth to go."

"Indeed, Señor, we shall be very sorry to part with you. I trust you do not need to take Inez away. That would be a double deprivation."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said Señor Bonanza, "I have been thinking about that. I should be very glad for her to stay with you, if you think best. I dare say I shall be absent a fortnight, or it may be a month."

"I should dearly like to keep her, Señor, for she is very dear to me; but it is not quite fair on my part to do so without telling you of a matter that has come to my knowledge, or, rather, my perception. In lending your new-found daughter to me I think that there is a possibility of your losing her altogether."

"Do you mean to represent yourself as a fair brigand, Miss Ethel, like those from whom you delivered me?"

"Oh! no, much as I love Inez, I would not steal her from you, Señor. But there are brigands around whose bonds are so firm that a father might find it impossible to break them, especially if the fair captive were a willing prisoner. There is one such brigand who, if he have the opportunity that Inez's presence here for a month would give him, might make her his prisoner for life."

"You refer to Alfred Atheling, do you not, Miss Ethel? I have suspected something of the kind, but I am not sure that I ought to protect Inez in that case. What is your opinion of the young man? Would Inez be safe and happy in his keeping?"

"I feel sure so, *now*, Señor; at one time, when he and my brother Harold were companions in London, it would have been madness to intrust any one's happiness to the keeping of either of them. But I believe that with both the change is radical and permanent, and that in Alfred's case Inez would find in him a tender and affectionate husband."

"That is my opinion, and besides, as I owe him a debt of gratitude for his goodness to my daughter in her time of trouble, he has a special claim upon me. So I think we may leave the two young people in propinquity without fear of consequences, and if they are drawn to each other—why I suppose I must make up my mind to lose my daughter."

It was a comfort to Ethel to see that Señor Bonanza regarded her project so philosophically, and accordingly from that time forward she had no scruples about leaving the two young people in each other's society, which they on their side evidently preferred to any other. The result was what Ethel and Señor Bonanza had foreseen.

It is not needful, neither is it within my capacity, to deal at length with fervent courtships and the stories of gay weddings. It must suffice, therefore, to say that when the primroses were in bloom and the scent of the violets was borne upon the spring breezes, when the song of the blackbird was heard in the dale, two weddings were celebrated. As all the parties were so intimately associated, the ceremony was performed at one and the same time. As may be supposed, the tenants on Sir Godwin's estate, and, indeed, all Aspendale, made merry on the occasion, for Harold Spofforth and Alfred Atheling, in their characters of bridegrooms, had regained their popularity.

The close of the day, however, was saddened by one melancholy incident, which, though long impending, was a shock to the happy party. Sir Godwin was suddenly prostrated by another attack of paralysis, which for some hours deprived him of consciousness. Harold, Clara and Ethel watched beside him and saw the shadow of death creeping over his emaciated face. They thought he had passed away, when he opened his eyes and looked lovingly at them, recognizing each. He was rendered speechless by the attack, but he motioned to them to kiss him, and as each bent over him they saw that his eyes were full of peace and joy; then the baronet smiled a "God bless you!" and passed away; but the smile remained, and abode upon his face when he was laid in his last resting-place.

It was a joy, an abiding joy, to the returned and repentant son, that his father left him so. Harold, now Sir Harold, Spofforth and his lady lived for the good of Aspendale and the fulfilment of all the duties of their high position, and it may be truly said that their duty was their delight. On their path there was no shadow except one, and that was dark, dark indeed, the slowly but surely fading life of the gentle and beloved Ethel, who was dear to them as their own souls.

Simon Holmes was held by Sir Harold in high esteem. He made the shrewd and godly carpenter his counsellor and friend, and both he and Aspendale in general were greatly the gainers by that, for Simon's influence was modelled on that which the Carpenter of Galilee would have exerted had he been of Aspendale instead of Nazareth.

Alfred Atheling and his young wife, Inez, removed with Senor Bonanza to a pleasant rural retreat within a short distance of London. It had been bought and furnished by Señor Bonanza, and from hence Alfred could readily reach his publishers in the city. They would fain have had Captain Lanyon say good-bye to a mariner's life and reside with them; but the captain absolutely declared that he could not leave the sea. He would make "Ravensworth," as the villa was called, his home when on shore, but his "home was on the deep," and so he took command of the *Ruth Hartgold*, and Will Trounce and Joe Hewitt sailed with their old skipper, and soon became as fervent as Captain Crumpet in sounding the praises of the Quaker merchant.

When the autumn sun had fully ripened the corn, and the broad wheatfields of Aspen Garth were bright with waving gold, Robert Atheling brought home his bride, and never Boaz in this world was prouder of his Ruth than Robert was when "he and she went to look at the reapers."

Widow Atheling, happy woman, took the sweet maiden to her heart as she laughed and cried by turns.

At Simon Holmes' suggestion, and seeing that he felt himself to be getting past active work and had competent means to retire upon, Ned Saltmer became the village carpenter, and he and Madge were happy to be located in Yorkshire once again. Like all Yorkshire people they were never so happy as there, and saw beauties in that neighborhood and in the character of its people that no one else ever can see.

For some months there was peace, real peace and happiness, in quiet Aspendale, and Ethel was permitted to drink to the full of the enjoyment which she had been so largely instrumental in making possible. She was completely happy and contented. Then alas! the cloud which had been slowly but surely gathering all the while hung dark and heavy over Aspendale, and especially over Aspen Towers. But there was a silver lining to it, for though Ethel Spofforth, Ethel the unselfish, was to be "called hence," it was not so much a death as a translation. She had finished the work that was given her to do—the work for which she was raised awhile from the bed of death—and now again the Master called, called her kindly and tenderly, and she gladly obeyed the call.

Harold and Clara sent to London for Sir Jarvis Mainwaring, the famous physician, under whose care Ethel had recovered before, who responded with unusual speed and readiness to such a call; for he had never forgotten the song which this imprisoned bird had sung in his ears through the bars of her cage. But with all his skill and zeal on her behalf, or rather on behalf of those who would have kept her here, he was unable to clip her wings or chain her spirit any longer to this bare earth. As he stood by her bed and listened to her testimony concerning her Saviour and His love, the great physician stood amazed and softened. She had such evident communion with heaven that it seemed to him as though her death-chamber was peopled by angelic spirits, who in some subtle way made their presence known to him. He could simply stand and look, or appear to look—for, sooth to say, his eyes were dim with unaccustomed tears.

When the time drew near for her departure, not only Harold and Clara, but Robert Atheling and Ruth, Alfred and Inez, Señor Bonanza and Simon Holmes, were gathered round her bed. To all of them she spoke some loving and tender word, and all she said was redolent of peace and hope, and of a higher joy than can come to those who are less near heaven than she was. Then she turned to the old carpenter, who had been a daily visitor, and whose wise counsels, inspiring prayers and welcome words, that seemed to make her faith more strong, had been very precious all the time. He, too, had been summoned to see her "preen her wings for flight."

"Farewell for a little while, dear friend, faithful adviser and comforter in trouble. It is but for a little. You and I will resume our best-loved theme by-and-bye."

"Ay, ay, mah bairn!" said the old man, speaking in a voice broken with sobs, "you can leave t' door upo' t' latch, an' tell t' shinin' ones 'at ah sall be wi' 'em efter a bit."

Ethel smiled sweetly at the thought, and nodded her head as though she had got the message clearly, and meant to carry it. Then as she looked with loving gaze on first one and then another of those who, standing round, were sad and tearful, and loth to let her go, she said: "Dear, dear friends! why do you weep? I wish you wouldn't. I never felt less like shedding tears. I wish you would sing. I should like to float to heaven on a song. Sing

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'"

But there was no voice, neither any that answered, only sobs that came unbidden, and refused to be hushed to silence.

"Inez, dear," said she, with a smile that rested through long years on her memory, "you can sing. Do you remember the evening hymn you sang when you were tossing in that frail boat out at sea? Sing to me:

'Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes.'"

The request was uttered with such eagerness that Inez seemed to feel it as a command, a sacred request that must be obeyed. So she set herself to the task, resolved to control herself until it was done. Bravely she began it, bravely and firmly she forced her sweet voice through the first and second lines. No sooner did she reach "Heaven's morning breaks," than Ethel's eyes were lifted towards a light they could not see, and her hands were raised as if in expectation. I think, had Inez continued, the saintly maiden would have soared before the song had ended. But it was not to be, could not be, for Inez failed to utter one word more, but knelt by the bed and sought to hush the sobs that would break from her by burying her face in the coverlet. This recalled Ethel, who had already poised her wings. She looked at Inez with tender pity, and moved her hand so as to touch the young wife's raven locks, and said:

"Nay, dear Inez, never mind! Thank you, I thought I was going to the music of that sweet psalm to my bright home with Jesus. All is well, dear ones."

She raised her hands, transparent as an angel's; a light sat upon her face, a light that deepened and brightened as she sang, in a soft, sweet voice, weak, but strangely clear—

"He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall on angel wings upborne
To heaven ascend.
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!"

The last syllable had not fully left her lips when her voice ceased, her hand fell, and the light upon her features flitted somewhat, leaving still a token on the face that it had been there. Once more the Master took her by the hand. Once more she heard the Wonder-worker's voice, "Talitha cumi!" Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise! So Ethel Spofforth went up, went home; ascending with a song upon her lips and the light of "Heaven's morning" on her face!

As Sir Jarvis Mainwaring and Simon Holmes descended the stairs in company, the physician was silent, but as they reached the lower floor he said, as if speaking to himself, just what he had said before when the now translated maiden was brought back to life by means of his own strange dream: "It's very singular—very singular indeed!"

"O, Sir Jarvis!" said Simon Holmes, as well as he could for the deep feeling which had broken up the fountains of his heart, "there's nowt singular aboot it. Its all ov a piece. He's just finished His wark as He began it. Ah've knoan her iver since she was that high," he continued, holding his hand up a short distance from the ground; "an' she's been yan o' the Lord's darlin's all t' tahme. When she fun' peeace an' joy throo beleeavin', she just got t' print o' heaven on her, an' it's been growin' clearer an' prattier iver since. When yo' com' te see her afoore, she was as mitch of a angel as it's gi'en te mottals to be on this side o' Jordan. The Lord sent fo' yo' te fetch her back just as she was crossin', 'at she might seeave her bruther. All t' tahme she was at it she was gettin' riper an' sweeter; an' noo' as it's deean, she's gotten her reward. Oh, but it's grand! it's grand! Ah've seen a dew-drop shinin' like a jewel i' t' heart of a rose: an' while ah've watched it, t' sun's cum', an' just kissed it off an' ta'en it oot o' seet. That's Miss Ethel tiv a T. God bless her! She was just a pure an' lovely dewdrop shinin' upo' t' heart of her Saviour doon here. Noo, t' glory leet's shon' doon on her an' her sweet soul's kissed up te heaven! It's my opinion," said the old carpenter emphatically, "that the Lord's just gone, an' deean the meeast nat'ral thing i' t' wo'ld. Sweets te the sweet, ye' knoa, Sir Jarvis, an' she's wheear she owt te be—

'Lap't i' sweet repose
On her sweet Saviour's breast.'

Excuse me, Sir Jarvis, but you an' me can't deea better than cling close te t' Saviour o' men when He puts such a finish to this mortal life as that we've just seen."

Said Sir Jarvis Mainwaring: "Simon Holmes, From my soul I think you're right."

"Praise the Lord!" said Simon. "But you may knoa it, Sir Jarvis. You may knoa it!"

Reader! So may you and I!

THE END.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 24. Matt. 3 : 13-17; John 1. Golden Text, Matt. 3 : 17.

John's Long Cherished Desire—The Promised Sign—The Present Saviour Recognized—The Joy of the Pilgrims—Sin to be Taken Away—The Fulfilment of Righteousness—Burial by Baptism—Newness of Life—An Implantation—On the Divine Life Within—The Same Life with Jesus—The True Spirit of Baptism.

IF "the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John" (Luke 3: 15), how much more was he in expectation of the day and hour when the long-cherished desire of his heart should be accomplished, and he should see the Messiah, the Christ of God. Day by day, the work of awakening went on, the fame of John had reached Herod's court. Already a marked change was taking place in the hearts and lives of many, the disobedient *were* being turned "to the wisdom of the just." The fame of John had reached to Galilee, and from thence, as well as from Judea, awakened souls came to the baptism and the preaching of John. One day the reputed Son of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, came to be baptized, but He had no sins to confess. John, at first, "knew him not": but a revelation from God had made known to the Baptist, "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining upon Him, the same is He, which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." John's first impulse was to forbid Him, and say "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" John was longing for that baptism with the Holy Ghost, which was the declared

Work of the Messiah.

How could He which should baptize with the Holy Ghost need the baptism of water? Jesus could not need for Himself "the baptism of repentance unto remission of sins!" But He came, not only to die for us and bear our sins away, but also to make footsteps for us to tread in. He said, "Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

As Jesus came up out of the Jordan, "lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him; and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying,

This is My Beloved Son,

in whom I am well pleased." It was the promised sign; this was the supreme moment for which John had prayed and preached and lived. John had never pictured to himself that perhaps it was this one, or perhaps that one, who should turn out to be the Messiah. He had waited for God to reveal Him, and now that a declaration from heaven made known to him that this Jesus was the Messiah, the whole current of his life and testimony underwent a change. Hitherto he had testified to a *coming* Messiah and a kingdom which was "*at hand*;" now, with an overflowing heart, he could introduce *a present Saviour*, and he cried in deepest adoration, "Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!" There are some religious teachers who lead their followers to an expectation of blessing in some indefinite future. These, like John the Baptist in his early ministry, have no acquaintance with a real, present God. Teachers who have power are such as live, moment by moment, in sight of a Saviour close at hand; yes, dwelling in their hearts by faith. A Saviour *now* saving is what the sinner wants. An Overcomer *now* delivering is what the tempted child of God wants. A Burden-bearer *now* caring for him is what the anxious one wants. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6 : 2), is a message which fits the needs of all the needy ones.

O what joy must have come upon those crowds of pilgrims by the Jordan when they heard that now, even before their eyes, standing in their very midst, was He who fulfilled the types of sacrifice under the law, "*the* Lamb of God, which

Taketh Away the Sins of the World."

Only once in the year, on the great day of atonement did they hear of the taking away of sin, when Aaron confessed over the head of the scapegoat "all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat," and then sending him away into the wilderness, "into a land not inhabited," there to bear away their sins. "And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited" (Lev. 16 : 21, 22). But often the burden of sins was upon them many months, and there were many sins which no such atonement could touch. Again and again, the fatal condemnation of the law declared against a sinner, "He shall die in his iniquity" (Lev. 26 : 39; Num. 15 : 31; Eze. 3 : 18, 19). The sin might be confessed, as in the case of Achan (Josh 7 : 19–21), and yet not forgiven, not taken away. But now it was to be as though it had never been, "He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Mic. 7 : 19). No wonder John the Baptist speaks of himself as rejoicing greatly, because of the Bridegroom's voice (John 3 : 29), no wonder he testified, again and again, "Behold, the Lamb of God."

But what was the righteousness which Jesus fulfilled when He was baptized? He was circumcised as an Infant, that He might come under the law to God and live under its obligation. "This do, and thou shalt live." Fully and perfectly He kept the law, and He alone, and in doing so He became the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth (Rom. 10 : 4). God could not ignore sin. But Jesus came on earth to be "the last Adam" (1 Cor. 15 : 45). The head and spring of a new race. As all men are included in Adam, and "as in Adam all die" (1 Cor. 15 : 22), so Jesus came, that all men who believe should be included in Him, "so also in Christ shall all be made alive." He fulfilled the law, first, as our Representative, afterwards as our Power. His obedience was

No Substitute For Our Obedience,

but it is our power to obey. He said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God. By the which will we are sanctified" (Heb. 10 : 9, 10). Because He perfectly did the will of God, we who are in Him are sanctified, or set apart, to do His will too. And thus it is written, "And ye are complete in Him, which is the Head of all principality and power. In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ" (Col. 2 : 10, 11). But He has also shown that, for the believer, no individual circumcision can avail, he which is circumcised is a debtor to do the whole law (Gal 5 : 3). "None of you keepeth the law." He has made a way in which His circumcision avails for us, but, though circumcised *in* His circumcision, we are not buried in *His* baptism; we must individually be "buried *with* Him by baptism." We are "buried with Him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Rom. 6 : 4). Circumcision binds a man to exert all his power of will, all his conscientiousness, all his energy, to do violence to himself in obeying God. If he succeeds, he can say how hard a struggle he had, and yet be little satisfied with his victory, because so much sin yet remains unconquered. Baptism is a sign of our life and powers being dead with Christ and buried with Christ, that the life we live shall not be in *our* power, but in *His*, in

Newness of Life,

not a draw upon the old, but a coming in of the new. Jesus Himself was true to His baptism. He declares, "I can of Mine own self do nothing." "The Son can do nothing of Himself." "The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works" (John 5 : 19, 30; 14 : 10). Baptism says, "I am dead, I expect nothing from myself, I am nothing in myself, but I walk in newness of life, for I live by the faith of the Son of God (Gal. 2 : 20), and He that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works which are done in newness of life. He, not I, maketh all things new" (Rev. 21 : 5). Our beloved Lord introduced a life which was neither self-centred nor self-impelled nor self-empowered. It was a new thing for man—self-complacent, self-reliant, self-indulgent, self-loving man—to yield himself up to be the habitation of Another, the simple but willing instrument of Another; yet

This was the Life of Jesus,

this is the life of one who is really baptized of the Holy Ghost into God. Self is buried in a wondrous soil; Jesus commanded His disciples to baptize "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Buried in such a soil, what would be the resurrection? "If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection, knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. 6 : 6). By the very "faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead" (Col. 2 : 12), we are risen with Him, and made to sit with Him in heavenly places (Eph. 2 : 6), where he is "far above all principality and power" (Eph. 1 : 21), therefore, not in our own selves, which we hold by faith as dead, not to be reckoned on, not to be regarded, but by a life of constantly recognizing Him, we may live a blessed life where we do not "serve sin." He who dwelleth in us keeps us as we trust Him, He who dwelleth in us has conquered for us, and lives to conquer in us. If, however, we leave the position into which we are baptized, and fall back upon our own resolutions, powers, efforts, or struggles, if we trust to a past experience or anything else than an indwelling Christ, we must get into failure. The Lord never fails us. He is true and faithful always; but with us, "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14 : 23). We stand by faith (Rom. 11 : 20), we live by the faith of the Son of God, we walk by faith, not by sight (2 Cor. 5 : 7). It is the moment by moment trust in Him which resembles His own life of faith; "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by me."

John the Baptist, although he had no such teaching of baptism as we have, and although his baptism was of water unto the remission of sins, yet seemed to have

The True Spirit of Baptism

when he said, "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3 : 30). He denied himself and longed to grow little, that he might leave room for Jesus, and, though when he had his desire, and was cast into prison by Herod, he was stumbled at the first, yet he understood his Master's explanation which he sent by John's disciples, and he came into the blessing of him who should not be offended in Christ. But how many are there of God's children who, although outwardly baptized, are by no means buried; self is most observable in them on all occasions, they are very touchy—a queer thing for a buried corpse! They are self-assertive—which is by no means newness of life, but is a strongly marked feature in the old man; they defend themselves, which certainly savors more of life than death; they sound their own praises, and a man does not often do this at his own funeral. Alas, the burial has been like that of many a man, in form only, the self has lived on, and is active still. With Jesus, all that in man's nature which reveals self was indeed buried; He received not honor from man, He ran away from those who would make him a king, "When He was reviled, (He) reviled not again; when He was charged with casting out devils by Beelzebub, He did not retaliate; when He was spit upon, buffetted and falsely accused, He answered not a word; when He was nailed to the cross, He prayed for His murderers—This was indeed "newness of life."

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

"For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you."—1 COR. ii., 23.

Lord, *speak to me*, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O *lead me*, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O *feed me*, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O *strengthen me*, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers in the troubled sea.

O *teach me*, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O *fill me* with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O *use me*, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

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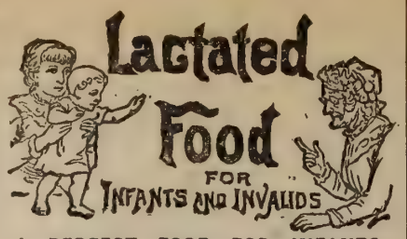

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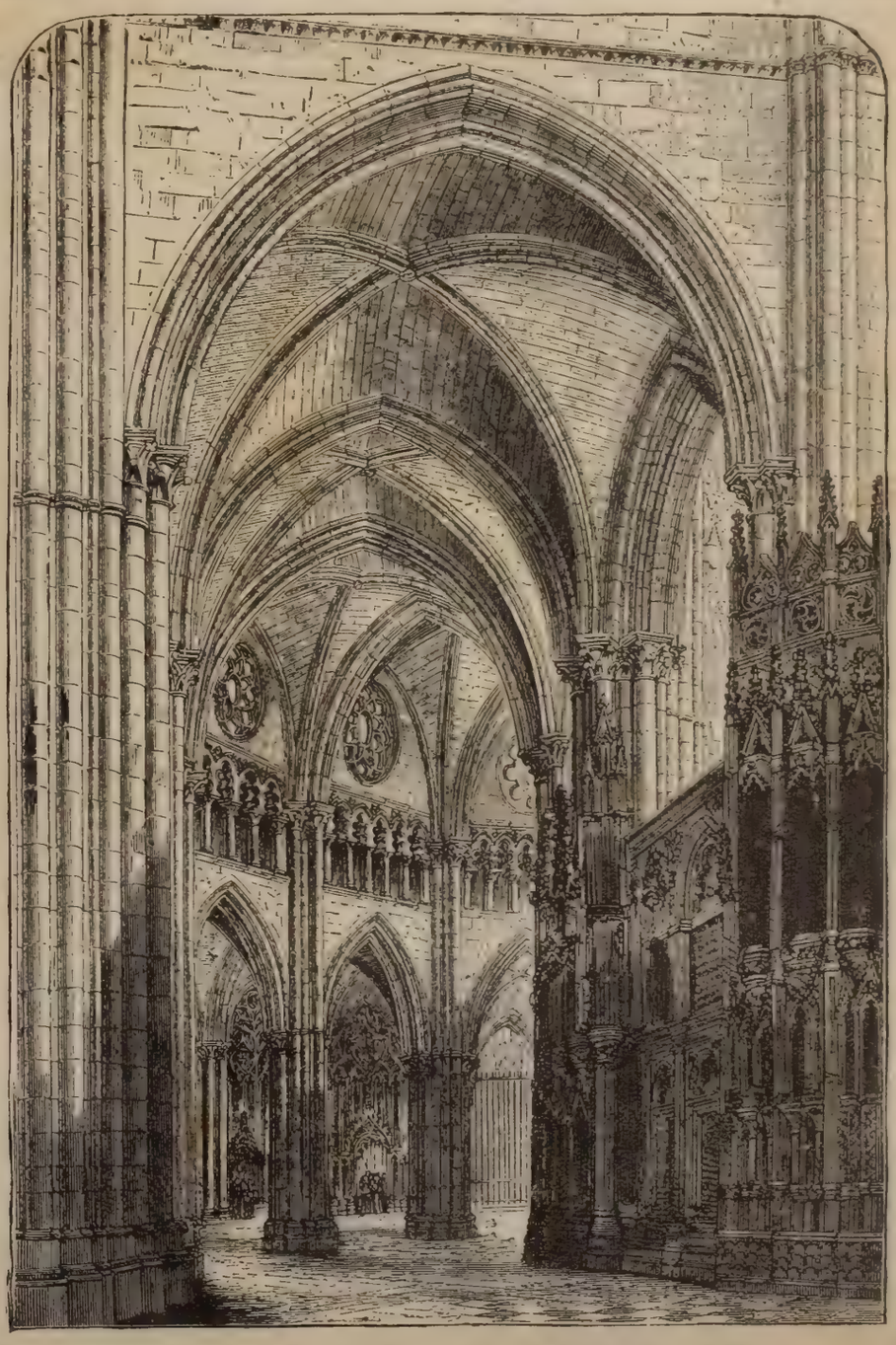
Bishop Juan B. Cabrera.



Bishop Cabrera of the Spanish Church—An Old Gateway in Toledo—The Cathedral of Toledo.

BISHOP CABRERA.

And the Evangelistic Movement in Spain and Spanish America.

The Open Door in Mexico—The Responsibilities Entailed—Bishop Riley's New Book—Cabrera's Character—His Flight to Gibraltar—The Revolution Under General Prim—Cabrera's Episcopal Labors—The Convention of the Synod at Seville—Cabrera Chosen Bishop—The Cathedral of Toledo—The Ancient Gateway—Bishop Riley's Narrative.

AT this time, when the new Postal Treaty with Mexico is drawing the people of the United States into closer relations with our neighbors across the border, the responsibilities of American Christians are increased. An earnest and prayerful effort to give the people of Mexico the pure Gospel ought to be made, if we would fulfil

The Obligations Laid Upon Us.

Living near to them, trading with them, and having improved facilities of communication with them, it will be a grievous and culpable neglect of duty to fail to use all those facilities for their spiritual good. Souls may be won for Christ in that land, and the thought of that opportunity should arouse every Christian to energetic labor to win them; those who can go to preach, going without loss of time; and those who cannot go, contributing to the funds needed to send the preachers. And then besides this there is the awful thought involved in the consideration of the consequences of neglect. "Where there is no vision the people perish," and people are perishing every day in Mexico. Thousands there are in that land who have never seen a Bible, though living on the borders of a Christian country. If through natural calamity, of fire or earthquake or inundation, they were without the means of life we should send them food, how much more in their spiritual destitution ought we to send them the Bread of Life.

These facts are beginning to be realized by the Church, and a desire is manifested to know something of

The Spiritual State of Mexico.

To meet this want Bishop H. C. Riley, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 7, this year, has commenced the publication of an exhaustive work on Spain and Spanish America, beautifully illustrated. It is issued in parts, and the first part, price fifty cents, is now on sale, and may be procured from *J. P. Heath*, 43 Bible House, New York. It sets forth the character and condition of the people, their way of life, their habits and customs, with pictures of their cities and homes, an account of what has already been done, and what still remains to be done to evangelize them, and a sketch of the methods of Christian work which have been found most successful in dealing with them. In fact, it is precisely what is needed at a time when a door of hope is flung wide open and the opportunity is afforded for zealous and effective service for Christ in a neglected field. It is to its pages that we are indebted for the facts from which this sketch is compiled.

Juan Baptista Cabrera,

whose portrait appears on the first page, is an earnest evangelical preacher, who has been elected a Bishop of the evangelical Spanish Church. He is a man of eminent piety and vigorous temperament, who speaks out the truth that is in him without fear. Such a man could not live in Spain five and twenty years ago. The bigotry and intolerance of the Romish Church, and the subservience of the Spanish Government to the arrogant pretensions of the Pope, would have combined to give him the crown of martyrdom before his work had been well commenced. Cabrera pined to tell his countrymen of Jesus, and he could not preach Jesus to them without inviting them to come to Him, and assuring them of a welcome without the intervention of priest or Pope. His case was clearly that of the disciples to whom Jesus said, "When they persecute you in one city flee to another." Cabrera fled, but not out of his country. The little point of rock which England holds in the south of Spain offered him a refuge from ecclesiastical malignity, and Cabrera fled to Gibraltar. There he prepared himself by study and meditation for his great work, laboring as he did so to use every opportunity that his position on Spanish soil afforded to make known the gospel by tongue and pen.

In the year 1868 came

The Great Revolution.

General Prim raised the cry of liberty in Spain and led the liberal movement to a glorious triumph; a triumph that gave to Spain *liberty of worship*. Then Cabrera emerged from his seclusion at Gibraltar and entered, heart and soul, into the work of preaching Christ to the people. To his surprise and delight he found in many villages and towns a little circle of true Christians who had been in the habit of meeting in privacy and secrecy to study the Bible. From these he received a cordial welcome, and now that they were able to worship openly and declare the truth, their numbers rapidly increased. Congregations of considerable size were organized in the larger cities of Spain, notably in Malaga, Seville, and Madrid; and in the smaller places the little bands of Christians drew closer together, and organized for aggressive work. After a time these isolated churches, to all of which Cabrera, following the example of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, had ministered, visiting them, writing to them, instructing them, and helping them in their study of divine truth, became desirous of uniting in some definite and homogeneous shape. Eventually it was decided to hold a convention or synod. Delegates were chosen from each assembly or church, and the synod duly assembled in Seville to arrange plans for harmonious and united work. During the sessions of this synod it was decided

To Choose a Bishop

who should have the general oversight of the whole Church. There was no difficulty about the selection. The work of a bishop had been carried on for some time voluntarily, and the very synod itself, with the churches it represented, was an evidence of the efficiency and single-mindedness and devotion with which the work had been done. With earnest prayers for the divine blessing, the choice was made, and Juan Baptista Cabrera was solemnly set apart for the work. No change was necessary in his way of life. He had simply to go forward with the same kind of labor already initiated; the only difference was, that now he held the formal endorsement of his fellow-laborers, and by their authority was invested with jurisdiction in the Church. Since that time the movement has increased in volume and deepened in fervor, and much good has resulted.

Nevertheless, it has reached but a small portion of the people. The vast majority are still sunk in papal darkness and superstition. The women go to mass and confession, while the men are, for the greater part, utterly indifferent to religion, or attend the Roman Catholic churches, because it is the fashion to do so. Religion exercises no influence over their daily life, and they go, even on the Sunday, from the church to debasing amusements, with the greater zest for having fulfilled the duties and satisfied the claims which, according to their idea of religion, the Church requires.

The Cathedral of Toledo,

a picture of the interior of which accompanies the Bishop's portrait on the first page, is only one of the many magnificent structures in Spain which attest the spirituality of the Spanish people. A nation which has reared edifices so glorious for the worship of God cannot be wholly beyond the reach of Christian effort. True, it is long since they were built, and the people have retrograded, but no nation has more thoroughly retained and passed forward from generation to generation the distinctive national characteristics than Spain, and there is, consequently, a foundation of spirituality and reverence for God, perverted and misguided though it may be, which encourages the earnest Christian in his hope that his efforts to turn it to a right purpose will not be futile.

The Cathedral of Toledo was long the seat of the Spanish Primate, and is reverenced for its age and legendary associations. Here is a stone on which, as the people believe, the Virgin alighted when she came down to visit the building during its erection, and which is worn thin with frequent kisses. There are also many other articles carefully preserved there with which some childish story is identified. The cathedral dates from the thirteenth century, but every century since has witnessed some additions, or some piece of elaborate ornamentation. It is exceedingly rich in jewels and precious stones, the gifts of royalty and wealthy devotees. Golden gratings and steps of jasper are around the altar, and the precious metal gleams from all points of the building. A curious and suggestive effect is produced by an ingenious architectural device, by which the solemn twilight that pervades the interior is broken at the back of the altar by a stream of white light which enters from a window in the arched ceiling, and contrasts with startling effect with the tints from the stained glass windows.

The Gateway

in Toledo, a picture of which also appears on the first page, is of very ancient construction. It is a relic of the old Moorish domination, and is a peculiar combination of strength and gracefulness. Arches and pillars of granite and brick once rose from it, and the whole speaks, like everything else about Toledo, of departed grandeur and magnificence. Behind the gateway is an open paved court, which at one time belonged to a palace. A beautiful carved gallery surrounds it, from which, in by gone days, fair ladies looked down on the revels below; *now it forms part of a brewery.*

There is so much of interest about these decayed cities, and the people have so many excellent traits in their character, that it is peculiarly gratifying to learn that the present effort to introduce a pure Christianity there is meeting with success, and it is still more a matter for thankfulness that almost simultaneously with this movement there was a corresponding revival in Spanish America. That is, to a greater extent, a matter of practical interest to ourselves. On this subject there is no better authority than the Right Rev. H. C. Riley, D. D., Bishop of Mexico, who has kindly furnished us for publication the following remarks, which, coming from a man who has devoted his own large private fortune to the work, and has given his life and labors to it, must commend itself to our readers:

Spain and Mexico.

In the year 1857 a new constitution was promulgated in Mexico, which with some so called "Laws of Reform" subsequently passed in that country, have given, so far as civil enactments can do it, complete liberty of worship to the people of that Republic.

In the year 1868 the liberal movement in Spain which was led by the brave General Prim inagurated a new era also in that country.

The Spanish government now allows liberty of worship, though with some restrictions throughout Spain and the Island of Cuba. Copies of the Holy Scriptures published in the Spanish language and circulated in Spain, Cuba and Mexico have, by God's blessing, led some earnest souls in those lands, to a clear knowledge of the Gospel, and to discard Roman errors and idolatry. From their numbers some congregations of earnest Christians have been gathered, that firmly maintain the Christian faith in its purity and integrity. Be it said, to their credit, that most of those who have joined those congregations and publicly welcomed and defended the pure gospel in Spain and Mexico, have been gathered from among the poor—poor in earthly goods, but rich in the Christian faith.

The congregations where the Gospel in its purity is preached in Spain, Mexico and Cuba are distinguished for their earnest Christian

faith and their zealous efforts to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among their countrymen.

It is very important that our fellow Christians should clearly understand that there is now liberty of worship in Spain, Cuba and Mexico, that there are in those countries native Christian workers who are competent to preach the gospel in its purity with faithful congregations gathered from among the poor, who are longing to do what they can to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among the people of those lands, millions and millions of whom are living and dying, without ever having had a copy of the Bible in their homes, while vast multitudes among those millions have never even so much as heard that there is a Bible.

To assist Spanish, Mexican and Cuban young men to study for the ministry — to help to maintain schools, in which to give, not only a good secular education but also careful Christian teaching to the many children in those lands, who gladly welcome any Christian effort made in their behalf — to aid their missionaries and preachers and assist them to devote themselves to the work of the ministry — to defray the cost of preparing and circulating Christian publications in Spanish — to help to secure proper church edifices and school houses — to meet the necessary expenses of building up Christian churches and to press forward the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in lands so long perverted by Roman errors and idolatry as Spain, Cuba and Mexico have been—the gifts of the faithful in other countries are most pressingly needed.

To all who are kindly responding to the appeals made in behalf of the Christian work of the faithful Church of Jesus in Mexico, I return my most earnest and heartfelt thanks for their timely and most pressingly needed assistance.

The Church of Jesus in Mexico has already been instrumental in encouraging Christian work in Spain, and has done good work in behalf of Cuba.

As the congregations that maintain the Christian faith in its purity in Spain and Mexico, have been gathered almost entirely from among the poor to do Christian work in their midst, and also to extend our Christian educational work among the neglected multitudes of poverty-stricken children that crowd the Spanish and Mexican cities, and to aid to build up effective centres of Christian influence among the fifty millions who speak the beautiful language of old Spain, contributions from the faithful are most pressingly needed.

Fellow Christians! Will you, constrained by the love of Christ, forward contributions for this object, and thus generously help the Church of Jesus in Mexico to continue its noble Christian work. *The need is most pressing.* Give as you are able. Remember, every little helps. If you can only give little, *do so.* "Many mickles make a muckle." Where many, each give a little, the result is large. *Do what you can!*

In forwarding contributions for this object, please to inclose the words "*For Mexico.*" They can be mailed to the following address:

Bishop H. C. RILEY, care of L. P. HEATH, 43 Bible House, New York.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman, (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for July:

Passover Week, ending April 11, 1901, the Last Week of Age. By the Rev. M. Baxter.

Was the Crucifixion on the 14th or 15th Day of Nisan?

Christ's Second Coming: Pre-Millennial and Personal. By Rev. Dr. Scudder.

The Present Crisis. By Mr. E. Cornwell.

The Separate Standing of the Church. By Henry Meymott.

Spiritism: Its Modern Development.

The Pouring Out of the Seventh Vial.

Two Christian Rabbis: Rabbi Rabinowitz.

A Rabbi Confessing Christ.

The Temple in History and Prophecy. By Mr. Thomas Newberry.

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"What a Falling Off was There!"—Mr. Oatts relates: "This week there came to see me a poor, wretched-looking man, who said, 'About twenty years ago, Mr. Oatts, you and I were in the same fellowship class!' And as I looked more attentively at him, I partially recognized him: but what a wreck he was now! His clothes hanging in tatters, and his shoes in the same state. He had come to plead for help in the strength of our old acquaintanceship. In the course of conversation I asked him how he accounted for the difference in our condition. 'Oh,' he mournfully replied, 'you let Christ keep you, while I tried to keep myself.' So it is with all of us; if we try to keep ourselves, and fight that old enemy, the devil, in our own strength, we are bound to get the worst of it; but if we put our trust in Jesus, He will carry us safely through every temptation, and over every difficulty."

In Peril of a Waterspout.—Mr. McFarlane remarked: "As a traveler was toiling over the mountains he found the atmosphere becoming heavy and dense, and at the same time it became very dark. He knew that a storm of some kind was about to burst forth, but what kind he knew not; his only hope was that it might not be a waterspout, they being very frequent in that locality. Fearful lest he should be overtaken by one of them, he looked round for some place of refuge, and noticed a cleft in the solid rock. To that he hastened, and had scarcely got himself snugly esconced therein, when a waterspout broke almost directly over him, but he, being in the cleft of the rock, escaped unhurt. So the sinner is out in the darkness of sin and surrounded by dangers which may burst upon him at any moment and sweep him away to everlasting destruction; but there is a refuge close at hand, and if he will flee to it—the cleft in the Rock—he will be safe."

Waiting for the Ice to be Broken.—A Minister remarks: "At one of our meetings in the North recently, a lady having pressed upon her the necessity of all Christians letting their lights shine at home, determined that that very night she would begin to do so. So after supper she took her eldest daughter aside, and asked her, 'Do you trust Jesus?' 'Yes, mother; I have been doing so for these last six months,' the daughter replied; 'but,' she continued, 'I often wondered why you never spoke to me of Him. For a long time I was anxious about my soul, but I was backward in speaking to you, and if you had but broken the ice, I should have been trusting in Him before.' That same night the mother spoke to her second daughter, only to make the discovery that she also was a Christian, and that she, like her sister, had for a considerable time been anxious, but at last had found rest at a Gospel meeting. No doubt it was joyful to that mother to find both her daughters rejoicing in Christ; but would not her joy have been tenfold greater if, finding them anxious, she had been the means of leading them to the Light?"

Two Armies on the March.—A Worker said: "One of our great poets some time ago published a poem, which described, in most beautiful language, a valley, rich and fertile, through which flowed a broad, deep river. The valley was the world, the river flowing through it, death—and into it men were constantly falling. On each side of the river was an army, large and well-appointed, and as they marched on the onlooker could see no difference at first between that on the right bank and that on the left. But as they got nearer, and the banners could be discerned, one could see inscribed on those borne by the army on the right the words, 'Appointed to save,' while on the banners of those on the left bank was blazoned forth 'Appointed to destroy.' The whole of that great army was equipped and led forth for the one purpose of destroying mankind; and between these two hosts there was incessant war. That is exactly the state of things in the world, and every one has to choose in which army he will serve, for in one or the other he must fight, whether in the army of the right under the Lord Jesus, the Captain of our Salvation, or in the army of the left, under Satan, the captain of the hosts of darkness, laboring to drag men to perdition."

The Hand on the Knob.—The Rev. Mr. Lee says: "I heard once of an eminent minister, who was in his study, when his little boy came tapping at the door; and wanting to teach his son a lesson, he said from within, 'Open, and come in.' 'I can't, papa,' said the child, without attempting. 'Open, and come in,' repeated his father. At last the boy put his hand to the knob, and the minister, hearing the movement, and recognizing the spirit of obedience, and the physical inability of his child, laid his own hand on the knob from within, and opened the door. The child came joyfully into the room, pleased with his success. And so, the Lord, whenever he sees our willingness to obey His commands, and our human inability to fulfil them, comes to our aid, and while we are trying, He puts forth His omnipotent hand and opens the door to all our difficulties. 'While they are yet speaking I will answer.'"

How Annie Found the Light.—A Christian worker relates: "A short time ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. When I spoke to her of the love of Christ she tossed wearily on her bed, and did not seem to understand what I was saying, for she was neither very bright nor very intelligent, but, poor child, she knew she needed something reliable and comforting to lean upon in the last moments, and vainly she struggled to understand what I was saying. I tried various passages of Scripture, and then bending over her I said, 'Annie, repeat this after me—"Jesus, the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."' Suddenly a bright light spread over the face of the dying girl. The Holy Spirit enabled her to grasp the truth, and before Annie left this world to enter upon another, she accepted Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and was filled with that delicious peace which only saved sinners can know—'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.'"

A Mother's Anguish.—Mr. Ross Observes: "A lady, a good Christian woman, whose chief fault was that she could not testify for her Divine Master in her own house, had an only son, a bright lad, whom she often longed to tell about Christ, but she was unable to speak. Her boy fell ill, and as the mother, tending by the bedside, saw the fever mount higher and higher, she knew that her son would not much longer be in this world. She sent for her minister and an elder, but though we made all possible haste, before we arrived the lad's spirit had fled, without our leaving any testimony to show that he had gone to be with the Lord. Oh, never shall I forget the look of anguish which rested upon that mother's face as she wrung her hands and exclaimed, 'Had I but spoken to him myself! Oh, why did I not speak to my darling boy about his soul!' Are there not many mothers who are similarly culpable? Are they looking after the lambs which the Lord has given them?"

A Victim of Her Own Delusion.—Mr. Reid says: "What will the end be of those who obey not the Gospel? A striking incident occurred lately of a woman in Birmingham, who, I fear, has not thought much about this text. She was a most respectable woman, and attended the ministry of a godly servant of the Lord, who had often urged her earnestly to become a Christian. Her reply always invariably was, 'Five minutes before I die is all the time I need to repent!' Years passed. Her time to die had come. The minister was one day walking in the street, when a half-grown girl came running after him and said, 'Please, sir, will you come and see my mother; she is dying?' He followed the girl home, and when he entered, to his surprise and dismay he recognized the very woman. When she saw him she threw her arms wildly up, and cried with a piercing voice, 'I am dying, and lost, lost forever.' With these words she expired.

WATERING THE SHEEP.

Dr. Talmage's Second Vacation Sermon.

"We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep." Gen. 29: 8.

Jacob Looking for a Wife—A Memorable Meeting—Kisses and Tears—The Water for the Thirsty Flocks—The World's Great Want—The Gospel Well—A General Invitation—The Universal Flock—Impediments to be Removed—Pride—An Obdurate Heart—The Satisfying Water—Those Who May Drink it—The Soul's Undefined Longing—A French Author's Suicide—A King's weight in Gold—A Dying Clergyman's Joy—Water for The Troubled—Dr. De Witt at his Wife's Grave—Property Well Lost—The Great Cry for Comfort—The Celestial Well.

A SCENE in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of *looking for a wife*, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was

A Memorable Meeting.

Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred, Jacob accosts the sheperds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue.

The World's Great Want

is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around, and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountain, but nearly nineteen centuries ago, a shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical, that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Now a great flock of sheep to-day gather around

This Gospel Well.

There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating; they come together peaceably. We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave our church because so many other people come to it. Not so did these Oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that

All the People Should Come.

Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All Brooklyn in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock.

This well of the Gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the fourteen hundred million of the race. Do not let the Church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing

Open All the Gates,

scatter all the invitations: "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia, Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning, at this well of salvation, Christ our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and He will stretch out His hand in pledge of His affection, while all heaven will cry out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation to-day

Impediments and Obstacles

which must be removed, in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this Gospel. In your case the impediment is *pride of heart*. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is as though you were thirsty and you were invited to slake your thirst at the town-pump, instead of sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but you must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman, and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove

The Obstacle of Pride,

or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life, by the stone of

An Obdurate Heart,

which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on His lap all these years, His everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made five hundred apologies—yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table, Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately apparelled you. Your health from Him, your companion from Him, your children from Him, your home from Him, all the bright surroundings of your life from Him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart?

Canst Thou Not Feel

one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has, all these years, been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feel His life blood trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

"Heart of stone, relent, relent,
Touched by Jesus' cross, subdued;
See His body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son!"

Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this morning my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like Oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep. Come, all ye thirsty! You have

An Undefined Longing

in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under Government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as *the celebrated French author*, who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At four o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck four, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life.

There are men in this house who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing, and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all

Heaven Into The Bargain.

The wealth of Crœsus, and of all the Stewarts, and of all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day. In the far East, there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and He says "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." W don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel.

When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the Church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and the old man clapped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise

I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!

Come, also, to this Gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at fifteen years of age with what your view is of it at forty or sixty or seventy. What

A Great Contrast of Opinion!

Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place Greenwood is from what it used to be? Once it was to you a grand City improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble.

If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man, "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I dont want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort.

Give Us Comfort!"

For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and, after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!"

To lean on a prop for fifty years, and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would say, "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something! Though he was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together, it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this Gospel, and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this Gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is

Anything at the Well for You.

Come, David, the Psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the Psalmist, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah, "Down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your failing eyesight and failing limbs.

You get a little worried for fear some time you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp at you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord is? Are His granaries empty? Will He feed the raven and the rabbit and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use He would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because He has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than He ever did, because you think more of Him. May the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Paul the aged, be your God forever.

But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to

The Sparkling Supply.

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." "Though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined, this morning, that no one shall go out of this house uncomforted. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul, who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician, lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day, and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and He will give you gentle and omnipotent medicament.

But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincey took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the Gospel.

But some one says, in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left

The Most Potent Consideration

for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence, no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock God will gather around

The Celestial Well.

No stone on the well's mouth, while the Shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel, the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture your children; and standing on the other side of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven, the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel at the well.

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

THE Rev. Baring Gould, narrating some experiences of personal travel, says: "I was some years ago traveling among the Pyrenees. Our carriage had to go over a mountain, by a road which ran for a great part of the way along the edge of a frightful precipice. The rocks descended to a vast depth, and the river roared below out of sight. There was no hedge or wall on the side of the road. At the post-house at the bottom of the pass we were given horses and a post-man to drive them, and we started. Night fell before we reached our destination, black with heavy clouds, obscuring the stars. The horses were wild unbroken-in colts, and they plunged from side to side. Whether the driver had been drinking or had lost his head in the excitement I cannot say, but he was perfectly unable to control the horses. They dashed from side to side of the road, and the carriage rocked, and the wheels grazed the edge. Every moment we expected one of the horses or the carriage to roll over the edge.

I was then a little boy, and I sat on my mother's lap. My father, not knowing the danger, had walked on from the post-house by a short cut over the mountains to an inn at the top of the pass, where we were to spend the night. My mother prepared for death. The horses were plunging and racing about, so that it was impossible to descend from the carriage. She kissed me and bade me say my prayers, and her lips moved in prayer also; I felt a shudder run through her at each sway of the carriage towards the edge. All at once above us shone out a bright light. The postman shouted, the horses became less restive. A strong hand was laid on their reins, the carriage was stopped, and my father's voice was heard. He had arrived at the top of the pass long before us, and, uneasy at the delay, had walked down to meet us. The light we saw was in a window of the post-house, set as a guide to travelers. I cannot describe to you the relief, the joy, that rose in our hearts when we saw that guiding light, and when we heard the voice. We knew then that we were safe; following the ray of light we should reach our place of rest; guided by the firm hands on the bits of the untamed horses we should be safe from being flung down the abyss. Our course through life is very much like that mountain journey. Like those wild unbroken horses our passions are carrying us along, and while we see the light of revealed truth before us, we should fall by the way, did not our Heavenly Father come to our rescue.

AN OCTOGENARIAN HEALED.

AMONG the cases of divine healing recorded in the current number of Mrs. M. Baxter's magazine, *Thy Healer* are two related by Mrs. Brodie, of British Honduras, who has many friends in this country. Speaking at Bethshan recently, she said:

"I have two testimonies to give to the glory of God. One is in connection with quite an old lady. Last year, in September, when I left British Honduras, she was suffering from gangrene of the toe on one foot. She was then eighty years of age. The doctors consulted about it, and said it must be amputated, and it was amputated. Then another toe got bad, and then the foot became affected. Then the daughter wrote to me in England, asking for prayer for her mother; and we prayed on this platform for her, and the Lord answered us. For, from letters I have received since, and by comparing the dates, I find that while we were praying here, the Lord answered out there, and that old lady is now perfectly healed.

"The other case is in connection with a young Scotchman, who came out to British Honduras, and, as many young men in the Colonies do, sank into the habit of drinking. He became a terrible slave to it, so much so that paralysis set in, and he lost situation after situation. One day God put it into my heart to go and see him. I went to his house and pleaded with him to stop drinking, but he said he could not. Shortly after my visit, the way was opened for him to return to England. I implored him before he left to come to Christ. He said he could not, and would rather die of *delirium tremens* than do it. However, he was not forgotten; and, about two weeks ago I got a letter from him. He is in the North of England. He has been enabled to give up the drink, and he says he is now so happy in Jesus.

"So these two cases in the last two weeks show the reality of prayer. It has encouraged me much, and I hope will encourage you. Just keep on trusting in Jesus, and believe He has all in His hand, and He will surely answer you for His own glory and your good."

A LETTER FROM REV. W. F. RE QUA.

As many of the readers of this journal have aided Mr. and Mrs. Re Qua in their self-sacrificing work among the Indians, the following letter, dated McAlister, Ind. Ter., June 29, will be read with interest:

Permit me to use the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to reply to the inquiries of our many friends among your readers. They will be glad to learn that we are still at work, and the Lord is with us to bless his word. The Indian people are desirous enough to hear the Gospel from *pale-face* to come to fetch me with their lumber wagons or ponies and take me home again. I have secured a few *lithograph pictures* of Bible themes, and use them with considerable effect, reaching the heart through the eyes and ears. I need more of these illustrations to last me a week or two weeks in a place. There seems to be quite an interest awakened far and near in our coming as missionaries; for this we have been praying, that we might have ready access to their hearts for the Gospel's sake and their own salvation. I go next Sunday, the 3d of July, out about twenty miles to Sulphur Springs, or, in Choctaw (Skullelukno), meaning yellow springs.

By the kindness of dear friends in our former pastorate in Aurora, Ill., and some others, means were sent expressly for the purpose of paying my wife's passage North, so that she and our little daughter might spend the summer there, as the first summer here is said to be hard on all unacclimated persons. By going North they will escape the malaria common here. They reached there safely last Saturday. Already Mrs. Re Qua is *being invited to speak upon mission work among our American heathen*, and should any church desire her to describe our work and its plans, defraying traveling expenses, address her, in care of Mr. J. F. Smith, Lincoln Avenue, Aurora, Ill. I shall remain here at the work, through Divine strength given me, during the summer, unless some churches should desire me to visit them concerning our work, and then I should not want to be absent more than two or three weeks.

I am still firm in the belief that the Lord will provide us with a conveyance and other needed equipments for the work. Finally, dear readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "pray for us, that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified, even as also it is with you," and that many souls may be won to Christ. The Lord bless and reward all who so kindly remember us.

Yours for Indian Mission work, looking for Jesus,

W. F. RE QUA.

AN HEROIC ENGINEER.

AN interesting reminiscence of an engineer in North Carolina is related in a Southern journal. It states that in one of his journeys a well-known locomotive engineer, known as "Sis" Bryan, was approaching Charlotte, N. C., under a full head of steam when he saw an object on the track some distance ahead, which he supposed to be a dog. The engineer blew "on brakes," and at the sound of the whistle the object moved, and Bryan saw it was a child. The little thing began to crawl off the track, but on reaching the rail *deliberately stopped* and seated itself astride of it. Swinging himself out of the window of the cab, Bryan started to crawl along the engine to its front, with the intention of picking up the child before it was struck. He might have succeeded in this perilous undertaking, but a lunge of the engine caused him to lose his balance and he was thrown down an embankment. Badly bruised and shaken he scrambled to his feet, and as he did so heard a piercing scream and knew that the child had been run down. On arriving at the scene he saw lying on the road the poor little mangled remains, and the brave strong man covered his eyes and cried like a child. He had risked his life unavailingly; neither the warning whistle nor his own heroism had saved her, and he wept. She was too young to understand; but men who can understand their spiritual peril, who hear the Gospel warning and know its import, and who know that Christ died to save them, are perishing unnecessarily through their blind perversity. The engineer's tears remind us of those that Christ shed over such wilfulness in His day (Luke 19: 41).

A CRISIS AT SEA.

A REMARKABLE instance of answered prayer is related by Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission. It proves that the winds and waves are as much under the control of God as they were when they obeyed the command of Christ (Luke 8: 24), and that in answer to prayer He will control them. In one of his voyages Mr. Taylor being on a sailing-vessel was delayed by calms. He says: "One Sunday we were in a dangerous position in the north of New Guinea, some thirty miles off the land. The captain was troubled and frequently went to the side of the ship. I learnt from him the cause—a four-knot current was carrying us rapidly towards some sunken reefs. After dinner the long-boat was put out, and all hands endeavored, without success, to turn the ship's head round from the shore. As we drifted nearer, we could plainly see the natives rushing about the sands, lighting fires here and there. The captain's book informed him that these people were cannibals, so our position was not a little alarming. After standing together for some time in silence on the deck, the captain said to me, 'Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only wait the result.' The thought occurred to me, and I replied, 'No, there is one thing we have not done yet.' 'What is it?' he said, I replied, 'Four of us on board are Christians' (the carpenter and our colored steward were Christians, as well as the captain and myself); 'let us each retire to his own cabin, and in *agreed prayer* ask the Lord to send a breeze.' The captain agreed to the proposal. I went and spoke to the other two men, had some united prayer with the carpenter, and we all four retired to wait on God. I felt so satisfied that the prayer was heard that I could not continue asking; so very soon I went on deck again. In a very few minutes we were ploughing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of naked savages whom we had seen on the beach had no wreckage that night. We did not altogether loose that wind until we passed the Pelew Islands."

A DEATH-BLOW FROM A LOAF.

AN evangelist states, in a letter to a contemporary, that some time ago he commenced some open-air meetings on Sunday evenings. On the way to the vacant lots where they were held, he says, "We had to pass the rooms occupied by a Socialist club, and as often as we did we were treated to sneers, hooting, etc.

"One of the most active members of the club, and one who boasted that he was an atheist and a follower of Bradlaugh (the English Ingersoll), was Mr. A. He never lost any opportunity to show his aversion to the people of God, and to everything pertaining to the religion of Christ. He had a wife and six children, and his home, while not elaborately furnished, was nevertheless clean and comfortable. He fell out of employment early in the autumn, and for some weeks lived upon the little money he had been able to save when in work. His efforts to obtain a situation were fruitless, and at last articles of clothing had to be pledged to buy food and pay rent. Winter came, and still he was without employment, and one by one articles of furniture had been sold to provide for the needs of the family. He was of an independent spirit, and this led him to keep the knowledge of his poverty for a long time to himself and wife. His former associates at the Socialistic club would ask him to drink with them, but did not help him to get food or fuel for his family.

"Hearing that the children were crying for bread, I went to the nearest grocery and purchased a loaf, then to the grocer's and purchased some goods, and, after ordering some coal and firewood to be sent, went to the house of Mr. A., having a loaf of bread under one arm and a parcel of groceries under the other. The wife opened the door, and the look of her face told that many tears had been shed that morning. The husband was in the passage leading from the outer door to the kitchen, when his wife opened the door, and on seeing me, without saying a word he walked away. After handing the bread and groceries to the wife, and informing her that she might expect some coal and firewood shortly, I assured her of my sympathy and interest in their welfare, and promised to call again the next day.

"After several further visits I was enabled to have a conversation with the man, and he accepted an invitation to attend our services. The following Saturday evening he attended our meeting, in company with his wife, and both signed the temperance pledge. A few weeks after signing the pledge, both he and his wife gave their hearts to God. He began to work for God in earnest, and the reality of the change conversion had wrought was apparent to all who knew him. His old companions tried to win him back, first by persuasion, then by threats and persecution, but without success. Speaking at an experience meeting for the first time, he told how he had been led out of darknes of unbelief and sin into the light and liberty of the Gospel. Said he, 'When Mr. G. called at our house that cold winter's morning, when we had no food in the house and not a penny to get any with, and all my children were crying for bread, *the sight of a minister with a loaf of bread under his arm for me, gave the death-blow to my infidelity*. I had borne my hunger and distress with comparative indifference, but when I saw such unexpected kindness shown me by those I previously hated, it so touched me that I had

to go into the room and weep. That loaf of bread led to the conversion of me and my wife.'

"Mr. A., with his wife, continued consistent and earnest members and workers in our society up to the time of their removal to Canada, where he is now doing well in both temporal and spiritual things; and, probably, for years to come, the loaf of bread and what it did will be gratefully remembered."

WHY THE SECOND ADVENT WILL BE PERSONAL AND PRE-MILLENNIAL.

By Dr. Scudder, late of Chicago.*

A Summary of Apocalyptic Visions—Inconsistent with Post Millennial Interpretation—Inconsistent with Figurative Meaning—Because the Day Clearly Defined—Because of its Suddenness—Because of its Effects—When will Christ Come—Two Urgent Duties.

"EVEN so, come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. 22 : 20). More than eighteen centuries have passed since Jesus came into our world. The Scriptures declare that He will come again. This prediction fills the sky of the New Testament with a pervasive light and gladness, as sunshine fills the natural firmament. In respect to this foretold fact the question which first confronts us is this: *Will the Second Coming be before the Millennium or after it?* I think that the Scriptures teach, in the most explicit manner, that Christ will come

Before the Millennium,

in order to inaugurate it, and in order to introduce wondrously majestic events which shall, throughout that Millennium and thereafter for ever, signalize the history of a redeemed and renovated earth.

The last four chapters in the Book of Revelation proclaim Christ's Second Coming, and sketch for us, in bold, impressive outlines, the effects wrought by that coming. Begin with the nineteenth chapter and eleventh verse. To John's prophetic sight is disclosed a magnificent vision of the Advent. He sees heaven opened. He beholds a white horse, which symbolizes triumph. He that sits upon it is called Faithful and True. His eyes are as a flame of fire. On His head are many crowns.

He Descends Into Our Atmosphere.

The armies of heaven, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, follow Him upon white horses. Out of His mouth goes a sharp sword, which is none other than the Word of truth and power; the creative, destructive, constructive, and all-vanquishing Word. On His vesture appears a title, which no being can misunderstand, "King of kings and Lord of lords." This Divine Man finds at His coming a host of enemies gathered together to make war against Him and His Church. The sword of His Word utterly destroys them. Then a mighty angel, commissioned for this especial service, comes down from heaven, and seizing upon Satan, binds him, casts him into the abyss, shuts him up, and sets a seal upon the prison door, that he may deceive the nations no more until a thousand years shall be fulfilled. After this

The First Resurrection

takes place. The bodies of all the saints who had departed this life from the beginning until that hour are raised by Him, who is the Resurrection and the Life, and the saints then living are transfigured. To these raised and transfigured saints authority is given to judge and to rule, and they live and reign with Christ upon the earth for a thousand years. This is the Millennium. Those among the nations who survived the great battle that prefaced the Millennium become obedient to the supreme dominion of Christ and to the subordinate co-existent dominion of the saints. At the close of the thousand years of unimpaired peace and happiness, Satan is, for a little while, loosed out of his prison, and goes forth to deceive the outlying populations in the four quarters of the globe, who thus far have been submissive to the saints, and have participated in numerous blessings. He succeeds, and gathers them together—Gog and Magog—to battle against the saints, but fire falling from God out of heaven, devours these armies; and the devil who deceived them is cast into the lake of fire. This is the last assault of evil upon good, in the history of time. Then comes the second resurrection, when all those who had no part either in the first resurrection, or in the concurrent translation, are raised from the dead.

The Final Judgment

follows, and from that time forward evil shall be no more permitted to go abroad to defile and destroy in any portion of the universe. One more scene John is permitted to behold. The old earth, with its heaven, passes away; and a new earth, with its new heaven, appears and is furnished with all possible beauties and glories, as the eternal residence of Christ and His sanctified people. Read these four closing chapters and see if I have not given you the facts exactly as they are related and in their precise order. Thus do the Scriptures teach the premillennial Advent of Christ and exhibit its consequences.

There is another question to be considered: Will the Second Coming be *a personal* or *a figurative* one? There are those who claim that it will not be a coming in person; that it must be accepted as figurative, and that the Second Advent of Christ is nothing else than a widely diffused and extensively established Christianity. I am unable to adopt this view, because:

First: This explanation of Christ's Second Coming does not consist with certain characteristics (Luke 17: 30); which are attributed in the New Testament to the day of that coming. For instance, that day is compared to the day of Noah and to the day of Lot. We read that, as it was in the days of Noah and in the days of Lot, "even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." That day will be as precisely defined as the day when Noah entered into the ark, and as the day when Lot left Sodom. Again our Lord has said: "Behold, I come as a thief" (Rev. 16: 15). If, as I believe He will, Christ comes in person, His Advent will be a joy of the saints. They will be waiting, praying, longing; and they will go forth to meet Him with an ineffable gladness, for His arrival will be the fulfillment of their hopes and aspirations. But to all others His coming will be unexpected and full of terror. It will be

Like the Breaking in of a Thief

at midnight. This is intelligible. But if the Advent of Christ be simply a widely diffused Christianity, in what possible sense can it be affirmed that it will come as a midnight thief does? Moreover, our Lord predicted that the day of His Advent would come "as a snare on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth," those only being excepted who were watching for Him (Luke 21 : 35, 36). How a diffused Christianity can come like a snare upon the earth it is not easy to conceive. But if Christ comes in person, and finds, as the New Testament foretells with much particularity, that the love of many has waxed cold; that there has been a falling away from faith and holy living; that degeneracies prevail; that iniquities abound; that

The Two Wild Beasts

of secular and ecclesiastical hostilities, described in the Book of Revelation, are rampant; that scoffers, walking after their own lusts, go about, saying, "Where is the promise of His coming?" and that the Man of Sin stands revealed; then the suddenness of the Advent may be most fitly described as coming upon these careless, reckless, inimical, mocking crowds, like a net that is cast upon them.

Second: The exposition of Christ's Second Coming as a widely diffused Christianity does not consist with the agitations which will be aroused by the Advent in the ungodly. As the occurrences of that day passed, in prophetic vision, before the eyes of the inspired Seer, he wrote thus: "And the Kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb" (Rev. 6 : 15, 16). All this is clear, if Christ comes in person; but if His Advent be merely a widely diffused Christianity, why and how should that cause men to flee into dens, and hide themselves in the clefts of the mountains, and invoke the rocks to fall upon them?

Third: The explication of Christ's Second Coming as a widely diffused Christianity, and not a personal coming, does not consist with the express statements which meet us so frequently in the New Testament.

He Shall Come as He Went.

In the presence of His diciples Jesus was taken up from the earth, and while they were looking steadfastly into the sky, two angels stood by them in shining apparel, and said; "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven; This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven" (Acts. 1: 9, 11). That is, He who has just bid you farewell, and ascended into the sky in bodily form, will come back again in human form from the heaven to which He has gone. "Shall so come *in like manner*." You shall then see Him and hear Him, and be with Him. Could any statement be more unequivocal? How different is this personal coming from a wide diffusion of Christianity!

When will Christ thus Come?

The Lord Himself hath pointed us to some of the signs that shall indicate the nearness of that day; and among them the chief is thus designated: "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24: 14). The condition of Christ's Coming is *not the conversion of the whole world*, but *the preaching of the Gospel in all the world, for a witness*. This, to a great extent, has been done. Hence the Coming of our Lord cannot be very distant, and it is incumbent on us to do two things.

1. Prosecute with diligence missionary work.

Send Missionaries Everywhere

to proclaim the Gospel. Search out every country and island where it has not yet been made known. When it has been promulgated among all the nations as a witness, then Christ will come. Herein is a mighty incentive. Let us carry forward with the utmost fervor, vigor and perseverance the work of missions.

2. *Watch!* Hear Christ's words. "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." "Watch ye, therefore, lest, coming suddenly, He find you sleeping." "Watch and pray." "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments"—the garments of truth and righteousness (Luke 21 : 34; Mark 13 : 35, 36, Mark 13 : 33; Rev. 16 : 15; 1 Cor. 3 : 21-23).

The Coming of the Lord draweth near. O what a joyful day that will be to those who love and adore Him. The goal of our hope is not heaven. Heaven is a good place. No trial, temptation or conflict there; no sorrow or crying there. God shall wipe away the tears from every eye there. I shall be glad to reach it. Yet heaven is not our goal. Our goal is only Jesus Himself. Possessing Him, we are already partakers of eternal Life, and we shall soon possess, in our perfected union with Him, not only this sin-cleansed earth, but also the whole of the holy and beautiful universe in which that eternal Life shall forever, in its transcendent excellence and splendor, reveal itself. For, as Paul has said, All things are ours, whether the *kosmos*, or thing present, or things to come: all are ours; and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. The day of His Coming is not a great way off. Perhaps some of you may live to see it. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

* This is an extract from one of the last sermons preached by Rev. Dr. Scudder, of Chicago, prior to his recent resignation of his pastorate to go out as a Missionary to Japan.

Five Cents, Postage Free.

END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sabbath Observance in the Army Has Not been promoted by the recent protest of the deputation of Presbyterian clergymen who endeavored to obtain for the soldier some concessions in the matter of drill on that day. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* states that the Sunday "dress parades" which the ministers asked the Government to discontinue are to be kept up. The board on the revision of army regulations have handed in the result of their work without providing for any change from the present method of observing Sunday. At some of the army posts, where the commanders are Christian men, advantage was taken of the paragraph in the army regulations giving the post commanders their discretion as to the omission of dress parades, and the Sunday dress parades were abandoned. The facts being reported to General Sheridan he at once issued a decisive circular, in which he stated that the regulation in question only gave post commanders authority to dispense with dress parades when the weather was unpropitious, and could not be construed to give them authority to dispense with the parades on any particular day. This is matter for regret, but if other religious bodies take up the matter and public opinio n is aroused, General Sheridan may be brought to see the expediency of revising his decision.

The Corner In Cotton Appears From the Government Report, issued last week, to have been more successful than the corner in wheat, which ruined the speculators recently. During the month of June the speculators forced the price of cotton up to eleven cents, at which price it could not be profitably exported. The result was, that only 41,934 bales were exported that month, while in June of last year 246,945 bales were sent out. This was the third month in which the corner had been maintained, and during those three months the gross value of the cotton exported had sunk from forty million dollars in the same quarter of 1886 to fifteen millions this year. Purchases for home consumption had also declined one fourth. The re-result was that a large stock remained on hand in the ports and at towns in the interior. Whether there will come a break now like that in wheat, remains to be seen, but it is clear that in any case the speculators have succeeded in disturbing trade and impoverishing the country by their selfish operations.

Dr. McGlynn, the Roman Catholic Priest, whose espousal of the doctrines of Henry George has brought him into conflict with the Pope, has been served with a formal notice of excommunication, and Archbishop Corrigan is instructed to excommunicate him orally and publicly, and publish the decree in the journals of America. It should be understood that Dr. McGlynn is not excommunicated for preaching socialism, but for neglecting to obey the command of the Pope, to go to Rome to answer the charges brought against him. Of the effect of the sentence it is too early to speak. As it is the major excommunication which is hurled against him, it will only be in accordance with the custom of the Church, if what is known as the minor excommunication is pronounced on all who associate with him, and it is certain that, if his friends continue intercourse with him, they will disobey the Pope, as the sentence on Dr. McGlynn expressly says "that he is to be shunned until such time as he shall have fulfilled that which he has been ordered, in order that his soul may be saved in the day of judgment." If all the thousands of Roman Catholics who are standing by Dr. McGlynn continue to do so, we may hope that the penalties they will incur may lead them to an examination of the basis of the Pope's authority and to the conclusion that there is but one Mediator between God and man, to whom they may go without the intervention of Pope and priest and receive pardon and life eternal.

Sentence on Jacob Sharp Was Pronounced on Thursday last, by Judge Barrett. Strong efforts were made to induce the Judge to pass a light sentence on the ground of the prisoner's age and ill-health. Judge Barrett took these points into consideration, but reflecting on the audacity of the crime and the fact that no promise of restitution to the City had been made, and that the prisoner was making enormous sums by the crime, he did not feel justified in imposing a less sentence than *four years hard labor and a fine of five thousand dollars.* It is very natural that public sympathy should be evoked for so aged a man and one so prominent in the community, but it must not be forgotten that the crime of which Sharp was guilty, is one that is ruinous to public morality and cannot go unpunished without danger to our institutions. For a man to purchase the Board of Aldermen of New York for half a million dollars, and to keep his hold on the proceeds of the crime, even after its commission was clearly proved and to expect mercy on the ground of his age and infirmities, is an evidence that the wickedness of the crime is not realized. It is necessary for the sake of the public interest that an example should be made, and Judge Barrett deserves credit for his courage in resisting the influential appeals made to him and meting out strict justice to this brazen offender.

A Deplorable Boating Catastrophe Occurred near Carnarsie, Long Island, on July 10. The sloop yacht *Mystery* sailed from Jamacia Bay to Carnarsie, with forty persons on board, chiefly women and children. With culpable negligence the captain took no one to help him in working the vessel but his nine year old son. As the vessel approached Carnarsie the captain observed a rival boat gaining upon him, and in spite of the protests of the passengers shook a reef out of the mainsail, in the hope of getting in ahead of the other boat. Almost instantly the *Mystery* capsized and twenty-seven of the passengers were drowned. As the captain was amongst the dead there will be no one amenable to the law for this gross recklessness. Apart from the fact that the excursion took place on Sunday there was wrongdoing in overcrowding the vessel and not having an experienced sailor on board. The captain is also said to have been not quite sober. Possibly after a few more of these fatalities our legislators will realize that it is their duty to stop these Sunday boating excursions, which every year furnish a large quota of sudden deaths.

An Important Letter from Governor Martin, of Kansas, on the effect of Prohibition in that State, was published on July 13. It was in reply to the statements of a Chicago journal that Prohibition had impoverished the State, and that the city of Atchison in particular had become so poor that it had shut off its gas and electric lights, and reduced the Fire Department and police force. Governor Martin asserts that these reports are baseless, except as to the police force, which has certainly been reduced, not on account of the poverty of the city, but because since the saloons have been closed there has been much less work for the policemen to do, and a much smaller number are therefore required to keep order. The prosperity of Atchison has increased since the last saloon was closed, its trade is greater by a third, and "hundreds of thousands of dollars that were formerly wasted in the saloons are now expended in feeding and clothing and housing the people, and as a result thousands of wives and children in Atchison who were living in poverty a few years ago are now prosperous, happy, and contented."

The New Volcano Developed near Bavispe by the earthquakes last May has been explored by a commission sent out by the New York *Herald.* The expedition returned to El Paso, Texas, on July 12, and report that they went as near to it as the extreme heat would allow, examined the molten lava, and then ascended a neighboring mountain, from the top of which they could look into the crater. They say: "Below us, at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, was the red-lipped mouth of a living volcano. The crater forms a rude oval, depressed at the northern side, and rising in a series of ragged peaks at the south. It is a lurid funnel, incessantly changing in hue from the inconceivable heat which must exist in its midst. At intervals the lambient surface quivered, and an upheaval of fiery matter, or what seemed to be such, gave the crater the appearance of a lake of liquid flame."

The Coercion Bill for Ireland Made Rapid progress, as was expected, in the House of Lords last week. It was read a second time on Thursday and passed through committee on Friday. The member of the Government who had charge of the Bill did not conceal the fact that it was aimed at the League. He said the bill was a measure intended to counteract the criminal, demoralizing system of intimidation now reigning in Ireland—a system that coerced loyal people and interfered with every relation of life. Neither sex nor age was spared from this odious, ferocious, cowardly tyranny. Earl Granville, who is a staunch Liberal, admitted that if the Government found itself unable to maintain law and order by the existing machinery, it had the right to apply to Parliament for further powers, but when restrictions were proposed suspending common personal rights, the clearest proof was required to justify an exceptional law. The state of Ireland was as peaceable now as it was in 1885, when the ordinary law was found to be sufficient. Several events occurred last week indicative of a change in public opinion favorable to Mr. Gladstone. Three vacancies in the House of Commons had to be filled, and in each case the verdict at the polls showed a decided growth in the Home Rule vote. A still more important event was that Sir George O. Trevelyan, who resigned from Mr. Gladstone's cabinet on the Irish question, became a candidate for election as an avowed Gladstonian.

The French Government has met the Danger of Gen. Boulanger's popularity by assigning him to the command at Clermont–Ferrand, two hundred and fifty miles from Paris. His departure was the signal for an ovation of tremendous enthusiasm. The crowd followed him to the railroad depot, cheering and singing the popular air composed in his honor, and it was only by the earnest entreaties of his friends and after long delay that they separated sufficiently to allow the train to start on its journey. On his arrival at Clermont he found the streets decorated and all the inhabitants assembled to welcome him. Prime Minister Rouvier, in defending the removal of the General, said that it was an absolute necessity if the civil power was to retain its ascendancy over the military power. If the civil power had hesitated "it would have been all over with it." Since General Boulanger's departure there has been an enormous sale of Boulanger scarf pins, and the makers are deluged with orders from all parts of the country.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y. Received with thanks from "City," $1; from "Second Adventist," $10.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South, with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of $19. They are from: Chicago, Ill., $1; Titusville, Pa., $1; Hyde Park, Mass., $1; Passaic, N. J., $1; Kansasville, Wis., $5; Cambridgeport, Mass., $10. We are now enabled to add nineteen names to the list, and we hope that more money will soon come in, allowing us to furnish the paper to other applicants.

An Earl's Advice to Young Men, Given in his recent address to the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, deserves to be republished in every journal in the land. None can tell how many young men reading his manly earnest words may be saved from an evil which is menacing the moral ruin of our country. Speaking of the work of the White Cross Society, the Earl of Aberdeen said: "The chief attribute of manliness: that characteristic which implies a high standard of holiness; is, respect for woman. Never be the means of lowering any one, especially a woman, no matter how low she may be already. It would be an affectation to speak of manliness without speaking of the giant obstacle to religion—the great temptation, not only to men in early life, but, I believe, all through life. There is no reason why we should not speak of it, for in ninty-nine cases out of one hundred this is *the giant trouble.* Many young men have felt that if it were not for this temptation they could be Christians to-morrow, but this temptation is too much for them. I am afraid that it is the commonest thing in life, when young men come to the large cities, to meet persons who persuade them that young men should not be too strait-laced. They say he need not go very far astray. There is no reason why he should be a man of excesses, but they talk of a man's living an absolutely moral life as though it was an impossibility. I am sorry to say that some doctors even talk that way, but the best authorities say that it is essential for the physical well-being of young men that they should maintain their purity. There is no form of self-denial which more surely brings its own reward."

A Little Boy's Imaginary Solution of a Problem led to momentous results recently. A Chicago journal says that at the obsequies of a beloved child the family were standing around the remains, when a stone-mason entered and asked if he, though a stranger, might be allowed to look at the dead boy's face, "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up into my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly: 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and, before I had time to answer, he said: 'Oh, I know why you are not afraid; you said your prayers this morning before you began work!' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this." Though the child was wrong in inferring from the mason's self-possession in a dangerous place that he was a praying man, he was right in his belief that fearlessness in the path of duty is a natural result of faith (Isa. 26: 3).

A Marriage on a Train at Midnight Took place in Idaho on July 3. When the train from Minneapolis drew up at Rathdrum for water that night, a man accompanied by a Justice of the Peace made his way through the cars. Most of the passengers had gone to rest, it being near midnight. One lady, however, was sitting up, and the man appeared to recognize her immediately. He gave her an affectionate embrace and conducted her to the rear door of the car, where the Justice stood. The couple stood at each side of the door, the Squire in front of them, and the two official witnesses, just inside the car. Near them stood a Scotch missionary en route to Alaska. The Justice, a good-natured little man, tilted his hat on the back of his head, and said. "Please join hands;" then to the man he said: "Do you take this woman to be your lawful wife?" "I do," he replied. Then to the lady: "Do you take this man to be your lawful husband?" "I do," said she. "Then" said the Justice, "under the authority conferred on me by the Territory of Idaho, I pronounce you husband and wife, and what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Then, fearing the train would start off with him, he stepped off the car to the station platform, and called out in the darkness to the bridegroom: "I'll sign these papers and send them down on to-morrow's train." The Scotch missionary was almost dumb with astonishment. Recovering his speech, he said to the conductor; "Mon, is this legal? Do they do things laak that in this koontry?" He was assured that the ceremony was strictly legal, and he went back to his seat wondering that a ceremony which united two persons for life could be so brief and informal. When he recovered from his amazement, he would doubtless perceive that the sanctity of the marriage depended not upon the ceremony but on the true marriage union of heart, and in that characteristic, marriage resembles the higher union of the soul with its Saviour, which the Apostle Paul compares to a marriage. That union, though it is not for life only but for all eternity, is achieved by faith, and the most solemn church ceremony avails nothing without that (Eph. 5: 31, 32).

A Handsome Diamond Pin was Presented to a boy of twelve years of age at Hotel Kaaterskill, N. Y., on July 8. There is a large and deep lake at the back of the hotel, and that morning a message was given to a lady, a guest at the hotel, who was sitting on the piazza, that her only son, a beautiful boy seven years old, had fallen into the lake. Her distress may be imagined, but it was of short duration. A few minutes later the little fellow, his clothes soaked with water, ran on the piazza and threw his arms around his mother's neck, exclaiming: "I have been drowned, mamma, but Fred pulled me out." The Fred in question was a boy of twelve, one of the little fellow's companions who, being with him by the lake when he fell in, steadied himself by grasping a twig that grew on the bank and leaning over, seized the child's jacket and hauled him out just as he was sinking. The mother's delight was unbounded, and the boy who could not understand that he had done anything extraordinary, was compelled to accept a valuable diamond pin as a token of her gratitude. There are many of God's children who will be surprised, when they shine resplendent in many crowns in the last great day, to learn that God has thought their service in the rescue of souls worthy of so great a reward (James 5: 20).

A Victim of Insomnia Died in New York last Thursday through taking an overdose of chloral. Some months ago the man, who was in prosperous circumstances and free from domestic troubles, began taking small doses as a remedy for sleeplessness. He was of a highly nervous temperament, and on retiring to rest would lie awake for hours thinking and worrying. The chloral relieved him and enabled him to get refreshing sleep. But increased doses became necessary, and he became alarmed at the quantity he was taking. Then he discontinued the use of the drug for a time, but resumed it on finding that he could not obtain sleep without it. On Thursday he retired early, and his family going up-stairs an hour or two later, heard him breathing stertorously, while a two-ounce vial of chloral almost empty stood by his side. They were unable to arouse him, and physicians were summoned. Every remedy known to them was tried, without success, and three hours after taking the drug the man died. Occurrences of this kind, which are becoming alarmingly frequent, ought to be made widely known as warnings to those who are commencing the use of insidious narcotics, that they may perceive that it is better to bear sleeplessness than rely upon drugs which are so dangerous. If the experience of some dead souls among us were published, that might be still more useful as a warning to those with whom the Holy Spirit strives, but who, rendered uncomfortable by conviction of sin, stifle their convictions in worldly pleasure and sink into a state of hardness from which they are not aroused (Eph. 4: 30).

A Church Built of Salmon Boxes was Occupied by an attentive congregation on June 26, and a distinguished clergyman preached therein. The clergyman was visiting a member of a large fishery firm at Clifton, Oregon, and learning that a religious service had never been held there, expressed his wish to hold one on the coming Sunday. "But there is no meeting-house," said his host. The clergyman opined that the difficulty was not insurmountable, and so it proved. On the Saturday a lot of empty salmon boxes were collected and piled up, to make four walls, openings being left for a door in the rear and windows at the side. In the front the boxes were piled so as to form a semi-circle, and directly in front of this the pulpit was erected, also of salmon boxes. Boxes likewise served as seats. The congregation listened with perfect attention to the earnest Christian preacher, and he appeared as much at home in his novel surroundings as in his own comfortable church in Portland, and he doubtless realized that the gospel which Christ has given him to preach was just as effectual when proclaimed in the roughly extemporized edifice as in the most magnificent cathedral in christendom (John 4: 21, 23).

BRIEF NOTES.

Maria Vernon Graham Havergal, well known as the writer of the "Memorials" of her beloved sister, Frances Ridley Havergal, has just died at the age of sixty-six.

The total received in London by the officers of the Hospital Saturday Fund amounts to nearly $25,000, and the total of the Hospital Sunday Fund has reached about $142,500.

Dr. McCosh has succeeded in establishing a woman's annex at Princeton as a separate institute, with a complete college faculty and a fair endowment. It will be named Evelyn College.

According to a despatch from Berlin, two unpublished letters from Luther to Brenz, and five from Melancthon to the Swabian reformer Lachmann, have been found in an old desk in a school at Heilbronn.

The Hon. John P. St. John, in the course of a recent address on prohibition in Kansas, said that one of the towns near the State line, with a population of 4,000, had not had an inhabitant in its jail for two and a half years.

Rev. D. L. Moody is, it is stated by a Canadian journal, being urgently pressed to plan an evangelistic tour in India, and the English friend who suggested the same has shown his sincerity by sending a check for $2,000 towards the expenses.

A large increase in the number of pilgrims to Jerusalem is reported by Pastor Schneller, who for more than twenty-five years has been at the head of the Syrian Orphans' Home in Jerusalem. He says that during the season just closed there have been nearly 30,000 tourists and pilgrims there—a larger number than in any single year in his life in the Holy City.

At Port Elizabeth, South Africa, a temperance demonstration was recently held, a procession 1,600 strong parading the town with badges and banners. An effort is to be made to induce Parliament to enlarge the areas in which the sale of liquor is prohibited. In Barbarton, where there is a population of 2,000, there is a grog-shop for every ten of the inhabitants.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, have asked the ministers, churches, and especially all Christian women, to unite with them in an endeavor to suppress the Washington Park races, on the ground that they have become the occasion of the worst forms of gambling, because of the garb of respectability which they wear, and are united with drunkenness and prostitution.

At New Rockford, a town of 300 inhabitants, on the Jamestown and Northern Railway, sixty miles north of Jamestown, Dakota, the Rev. B. S. Taylor, Methodist Episcopal minister, was holding a revival meeting in a large tent. On the night of June 29, the customers of the three saloons of the place sallied forth and cut the ropes and canvas of the tent, doing damage to the amount of $100.

An Excellent Opportunity for Boys and Girls now on their vacation to earn pocket money, now offers itself by canvassing for "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" and selling it weekly from house to house in their own neighborhood. A number of boys have commenced this since the holidays, in preference to doing anything else. Send postal card at once, for terms.

PLEADING PRAYER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."—Psalm 119 : 49.

The Singular Amalgam of the Psalm—Prayer, Testimony and Praise—I. Prayer—Inaccurate Prayers—May be Acceptable—Tainted with Unbelief—The Expectation Implied—The Bond in Black and White—God's Strong Memory—II. The Psalmist's Pleas—Remember the Word—A Royal Word—Irrevocable—The Plea of Service—Raising Comfort on Credit—The Voice of Past Blessings.

THE one hundred and nineteenth psalm is a very wonderful composition. Its expressions are many as the waves, but its testimony one as the sea. It deals all along with the same subject; and it consists, as you observe, of a vast number of verses, some of which are very similar to others; and yet throughout the one hundred and seventy-six stanzas the same thought is not repeated: there is always a shade of difference even when the color of the thought appears to be the same. Some have said that in it there is an absence of variety; but that is merely the observation of those who have not studied it. I have weighed each word, and I bear witness that this sacred song has no tautology in it, but is charmingly varied from beginning to end. Its variety is that of a kaleidoscope: from a few objects a boundless variation is produced. In the kaleidoscope you look once, and there is a strangely beautiful form. You shift the glass a very little, and another shape, equally delicate and beautiful, is before your eyes. So it is here. What you see is the same, and yet never the same: it is the same truth, but it is always placed in a new light, put in a new connection, or in some way or other invested with freshness. I admire in this psalm very greatly

The Singular Amalgam

that we have of testimony, of prayer, and of praise. In one verse the Psalmist bears witness, in a second verse he praises, in a third verse he prays. It is an incense made up of many spices, but they are wonderfully compounded and worked together, so as to form one perfect sweetness. You would not like to have one-third of the psalm composed of prayer—marked up to the sixtieth verse, for instance; and then another part made up exclusively of praise; and yet a third portion of unmixed testimony. It is best to have all these ingredients intermixed, and wrought into a sacred unity, as you have them in this thrice-hallowed psalm. My text is a prayer, but there is testimony in it, and there is a measure of praise in it too. In this single text there is the same mixing up of sweet perfumes as there is in the whole psalm.

I. First, then,

The Prayer

David prays, "Remember the word unto thy servant." "Remember." That prayer is spoken after the manner of men, for God cannot forget. It would be a very low conception of His omniscience if we imagined that anything passed away from His knowledge. We see things as they come one after the other in a procession, but God is in a position from which He sees all at once. A man traveling through England sees a portion at a time; but he that looks at a map sees the whole country present before him there and then. God sees everything as *now*. Nothing is past, nothing is future to Him. He sees things that are not as though they were, and the things that shall be as though they had been. God does not forget, and therefore the text speaks only in a certain restricted sense, and must be understood after the manner of men.

Beloved, after what other manner could we speak? God has not taught us to speak after the manner of God. How could we? We are not divine. There is a language above, which Paul heard, of which he said that it was not lawful for a man to utter it. men must speak after the manner of men; and each sort of a man must speak after his own name. Do not therefore let us censure a young brother when he utters a prayer which is very natural from him, though it sounds strange to us. Let us not condemn him because his language is not strictly accurate; for though it may jar upon our ear, the Lord may be well pleased with it. You are intelligent and educated, and a full-grown Christian, and the childish language of a beginner may jar upon your ear; but you must bear the jarring, for the Lord bears much more from you and others of His children.

It is thus that Jesus spake; and the Lord, in our feeble tones, which in themselves might be open to censure, hears the language of the Son of man; and for His dear sake He does not condemn our speaking after the manner of men. He permits us so to speak, for He Himself knows how to read between the lines. He takes the meaning of our groans and tears, and when we fail to express ourselves suitably in words, He reads our hearts, and accepts our secret meanings. I think I am warranted in making these remarks upon this expression of the prayer, "Remember the word unto thy servant;" and I hope they will furnish comfort to those of you who have very slender gifts of utterance.

The Unbelief Saint.

I do not, however, conceal from myself the fact that it is language which has some trace of unbelief in it. Perhaps no unbelief was in the Psalmist's heart at the time; but it is language fit for the lip of one who has not always been at all times a firm and unstaggering believer. It does look as if the thought that the Lord might forget had crossed the pleader's soul. It does look as if, even though it had not been tolerated—for faith had cast it out—yet the suggestion had knocked at the door of the mind, saying—"My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God." We do not say to another person, "Remember," unless there is at least the apprehension of the possibility of forgetfulness. David could not quite mean, when he came to think it over, that he really thought that God would forget: but we usually speak in haste when we speak in unbelief, and then we do not measure what we say. Unbelief is

The Hurry of the Soul.

A regenerate soul sitting still, and correctly weighing the whole question between the eternal faithfulness of God and the passing troubles of life, cannot be long in coming to a confident conclusion. There is a hurry about our cares and anxieties, and in our hurry we are apt to rush to the foolish conclusion that the Lord may forget us. O poor worried child, if thou art so foolish as to allow so absurd a fear to enter thy bosom, thy Father would sooner that thou shouldst express thy apprehension to Him than hide it in thy heart! So we are helped to say, "Remember the word," though we blush to think that it ever should have occurred to us that God could forget.

Let us look at the prayer again: "Remember the word unto thy servant." The intention of him who prayed this prayer was to ask God to remember His word by fulfilling it. That is the real meaning of it, as when a servant sometimes says, "I hope you will remember me." Yes, we will remember him; but that is not quite what he means, Those who speak thus hope that we will give them some token of remembrance—some practical proof that we remember them. So does this prayer mean, "Lord, let me not only be in Thy thoughts, but let me be in Thy acts! Thou hast promised to supply my needs; remember me by supplying my needs. Thou hast promised to forgive my sin; remember me by giving me a sense of pardon. Thou hast promised to help Thy servant, and give me strength according to my day; remember the word by fulfilling Thy word, and granting strength to me according as I have need of it." Now, beloved, this is

Very Legitimate Praying;

in fact, it is the very essence of prayer to put God in mind of what He has promised. You can never pray an inch beyond the tether of the promise with any assurance of being heard. For my own part, I always feel on sure ground with God when I can quote His own words. I feel then that I may ask boldly, and I need not put in, "If it be Thy will," and those other reservations; because, if His promise were not His will, He would not have spoken it. There is the promise in His word, and I know that He put it there as the index of what

He Intended to Give

and to do, and as an invitation to His child to plead with Him about those very things which He has so indicated, and say to Him, "Now, Lord, do as thou hast said."

It is a grand thing, when you are pleading with any man, to bring his own handwriting before him. You have then a hold upon him of the firmest kind. You have his promise in black and white, and he cannot run back from *that*. The intent of God in giving us the promise, as it were, in black and white, in His own handwriting, is that He may be enquired of by us to do those very things which He has engaged Himself to do. Ungodly men cannot make out what prayer is. "Do you suppose," say they, "that you can change the will of God?" We reply to them—We never supposed anything of the kind. but we suppose that our prayer is the shadow of a coming blessing. As "coming events cast their shadows before them," so, when God is about to bless us, He moves us to pray for that very blessing. If it were possible to shut out the man's shadow, we could not expect the man to enter; and if it were possible to shut out prayer from our souls, we should feel at the same time that we had shut out the blessing.

You see, then, the singular appropriateness of the expression, though at first it might seem to be a questionable one. "Remember the word unto Thy servant." Brethren, the great mercy to us is, that God has

A Very Strong Memory.

Towards His people He has a memory so strong that He has said. "Yet will I not forget thee." "Behold, I have graven thee," says He, "upon the palms of my hands." There is no forgetting a thing that is written on the palms of your hands. You cannot do any work but you see it there; and God cannot do any work without seeing His children's names. He can do no work of judgment without seeing their names; and therefore He spares His people. He can do no work of bounty but what their names are on His hands; and therefore He says, "Surely, blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee." His hands are branded with the names of His beloved, and it is not possible that He can forget them. Blessed be His dear name, we have very much to appeal to when we pray, "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

II. The time flies too quickly, and therefore let me mention, in the second place, the pleas which the psalmist uses. The first is, "Remember *the word*." It is

A Blessed Plea—

the word; for by the word upon which God had caused His servant to hope is meant God's word. He never makes His people to hope in anybody else's word. It is in the Lord's word that the hope of His people finds support. Let us consider the power, the dignity, the glory of that word. This is the greatest of all grounds of assurance. There is nothing on earth, there is nothing in heaven, half so steadfast as the simple, naked word of God. How mighty is this plea, when you present before the Lord His own sacred word! It is

A Royal Word.

We do not expect kings to play fast and loose with words. They say, "If honor were banished from all the rest of mankind, it ought still to find a refuge in the breast of kings." But what shall I say of "the King eternal, immortal, invisible"? Will He lie? Dost thou suspect the one "Blessed and only Potentate," the King of kings and Lord of lords? How thou dost insult His majesty if thou dreamest that He can falsify His solemn pledge, and break His word! "Where the word of a king is, there is power," because there is faithfulness at the back of it.

But it is more than a royal word, brethren. It is an irrevocable word. Man has to eat his words, sometimes, and unsay his say. He would perform his engagement, but he cannot. It is not that he is unfaithful, but that he is unable. Now this is never so with God. What He has promised shall be, and what He has revealed shall surely be accomplished; for be sure of this—God has never spoken in secret; in a dark place of the earth, so as to revoke a single word which He has spoken aforetime. He has never disannulled one of His ordinances, or cancelled one of His promises. Stands the everlasting decree, firm as the throne of Jehovah, and the promise is as unfailing as the decree.

It is an Almighty Word.

Are you hungry to-night? Has it even come to this? And have you God's promise that you shall be fed? Then you shall be fed; you shall be fed. The devil comes to you, and he says, "Yes, you may be fed, but you must do a wrong action in order to get the food." He speaks to the Son of God again, and he says, "Command that these stones be made bread." Hearken not to him but believe God. Now is your time to glorify God. Tell the devil, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." There is nutriment in God's word. There is everything in that word. The creature owes its power to bless and nourish to the will of God; and if the creature be absent, the will of God can still achieve its purpose by His word without the creature. I put this in a very strong light, but I am certain that I go no further than God's word will warrant. Oh for grace to plead the promise and to rest upon it!

The second plea lies in the words, "thy servant." "Remember the word unto thy servant." A man is bound to keep his word to anybody and everybody, but sometimes there may be special persons with whom a failure would be peculiarly dishonorable. Among the rest, a man must be true to his servant.

A Servant has a Claim

upon his master. We dare say it, very reverently, that we have a claim upon God when we are His servants. Of course, that claim is only such as He allows, and it is founded alone on grace; but still it is a strong plea with our gracious Master. He was thought to be an evil man who left his servant to perish when he was sick. He could do no more work, and so his cruel owner left him by the way to die. No good master would do that. Lord, wilt thou do that with me? When I grow sick, wilt thou forsake me? When I grow old, wilt thou desert me? When I cannot speak in thy name any longer, wilt thou disown me? When I cannot stand any longer, by reason of feebleness, wilt thou throw me on one side? When I lie gasping upon my death-bed, wilt thou say, "I have had his best days, but I will leave him now?" The supposition would be blasphemous. It cannot be. O my brother, our

God will not Leave Us!

There is this further plea. If a man set his servants such and such a work to do, is he not bound to find them the means of doing it? Only a cruel task-master compels men to make bricks, and gives them no straw to mingle with the clay. We are not dealing with Pharaoh, remember; we are dealing with Jehovah, who acts on quite another principle. Beloved, the Lord never sent any one of his soldiers to warfare at his own charges. How frequently, when my Master sends me to the front, I have to cry to Him, "Lord, grant me fresh supplies! Lord send on the ammunition! I must have powder: I must have funds and grace and guidance! Lord, send fresh men! Fill up the ranks as one after another falls on the field!" I find Him always ready with His reinforcements, and His succors, and His stores. *There is no failure of commissariat with God.* He takes good care of His fighting servants, and His suffering servants, and His ploughing servants, and His sowing servants; and so you would expect Him to do.

A good master will not set his servant a hard task beyond his strength, and then refuse to lift a hand to help him. That would be far from the God of infinite mercy. Now, dear sister, you that have begun to teach in the Sunday-school, and feel that you are hardly equal to it, the Lord will help you. Go on. Do not give it up. You that have been trying to preach in the villages, but who do not see any good coming of it, and are half inclined to run away, stand to your guns. Cry to the Lord for more strength, and He will help you. And let this be the plea, "Lord remember the word unto thy servant, for I am thy servant, Lord." You know what.

The Old Man-Servant

said, in the olden time, when his master angrily said, "We must part, John." "I hope not, sir. Where are *you* going?" He had no intention to go himself. "Ah!" said his master, "I do not intend to employ you any longer." The old servant is said to have answered, "Sir, if you have not a good servant, I know that I have a good master, and I do not mean to leave him. I cannot think of going away." It is a grand thing to feel that you are not going away from God—that you have such a good Master that you are going to cling to the post of his door; and if you cannot preach for your Lord, you will hear for him; and if you cannot be a leader of the Church, you will be a follower somewhere; but your Lord you will serve for ever. This, then, is one of the pleas: "Remember the word unto thy servant."

The last plea I shall offer but a few words upon. "Upon which thou hast caused me to hope." Lord, I have been hoping on thy word, and I have acted upon that hope: I believe the word to be true, and I have pledged the truth of it. That is good pleading. A man has given me a bill—not a transaction I ever have anything to do with; but suppose such a thing. Suppose I go and discount it, I say, "My friend, you must honor that bill, because I have received the cash for it. Do not fail to meet it." It is as if we said to our God, "Lord, thou hast caused me to hope upon this promise of thine. I have been

Raising Present Comfort

upon the credit of it. I felt so sure that it would be fulfilled that I have taken it into the market, and I have been living upon its proceeds by hoping on it." See how David went and discounted the promissory note: he encouraged himself by it. Turn to the verses which follow my text, and you will see. "This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me." He had been comforting himself by the promise; and if the promise failed, that comfort would turn out to be a sheer delusion. Will the Lord delude those who trust him? Read the next verse; "The proud have had me greatly in derision: yet have I not declined from thy law." I stuck to thy doctrine, thy precept, thy promise: I declared thy word to be true: wilt thou not keep it, and so vindicate my confident assurance? "I remembered the judgments of old, O Lord; and have comforted myself." I have thus derived strength and establishment out of thy promises already. Wilt thou allow the enemy to tell me that I have deceived myself? Wilt thou revoke thy declarations? It cannot be.

This is wonderfully blessed pleading. "Thou hast caused me to hope; therefore, O Lord, remember Thy word!" When I read how God kept his promise to His people of old, I said, "He will keep it to me;" and when I remembered how He had kept other promises to me in past times, I said, "He will keep this also." His former dealings have induced us to trust in Him. "Lord, Thou hast caused me to hope; my hope is of Thy creating, nourishing and perfecting. I am justified in hoping in Thee on this occasion, from what Thou hast done for me in days gone by. Thou hast caused me to hope. It was Thy word, and I was Thy servant, and I believed Thy word, and Thy Spirit helped me to go from faith to hope; and now, when the windows of hope are opened, wilt Thou not be pleased to send in a messenger of grace and peace?" O needy child of God, go home, and plead in this fashion, and you shall not return empty! Have you come into a position from which there seems to be no escape? Do not ask to escape, but cry, "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." You, poor sinner over yonder, that have never found Christ, think of this gracious word, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." Lay hold on that loving declaration, and hope in it, and then say, "Lord, remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou has caused me to hope." The Lord bless you all, and give you a joyful hope in His sure promise, for His name's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

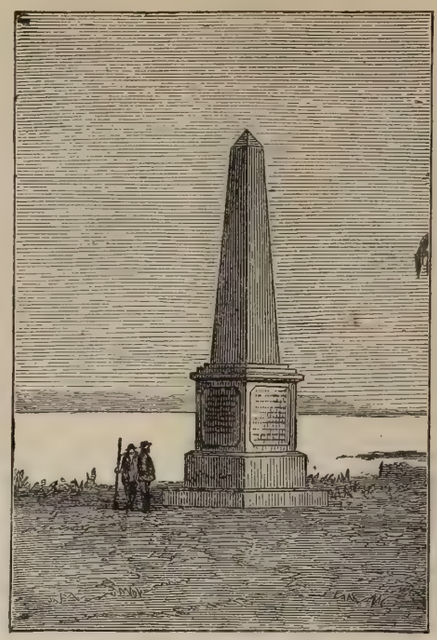
THREE INTREPID CHRISTIAN PRISONERS.*

IT would seem to have been for the purpose of proving his unimpeachable catholicity, as well as attesting his dialectic skill, that Henry of Valois about this time determined to try his hand at the conversion of heretics. Two young women, daughters of one Jacques Foucaud, lately a procureur in the parliament of Paris, had been thrown into prison on the simple charge of being obstinate and heady Huguenots. The younger was unmarried; the elder was the widow of one Jean Sureau, of Montargis, and the mother of three small children. One day, at the end of January, the king mustered up sufficient resolution to forego his ignoble pastimes and visit the chatelet where the two Huguenots were confined. When brought into his presence, the two women maintained their reputation for attachment to their creed, and for clear understanding of its articles. Though he talked long, Henry made no progress. To say the truth, his discourse amounted to little more than promises that if they would but return to mass, they should instantly be set at liberty. When they excused themselves on the ground of conscience, the king could endure it no longer and exclaimed: "I see very well how the case stands; you are obstinate women who will be converted only by means of fire." The two priests whom Henry had prudently brought with him, next plied the girls for a full hour with their arguments, but succeeded no better. The Huguenot prisoners knew the holy Scriptures well, and could instantly answer the theologians by the apt quotation of particular passages.

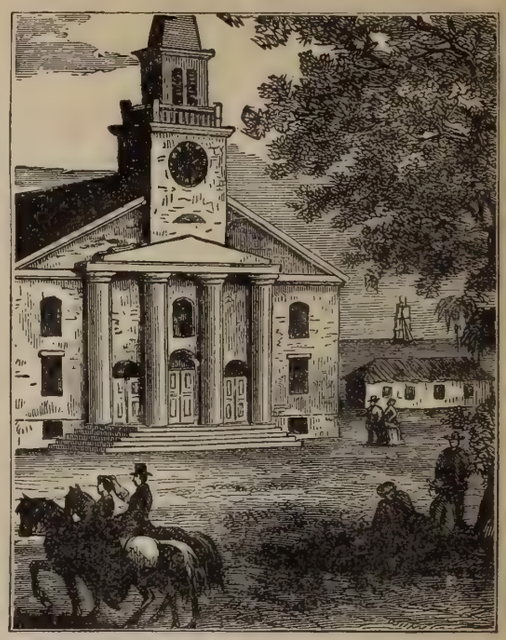
A more distinguished victim of religious intolerance was at the same time languishing behind the walls of the Bastile, and him, too, the king thought fit to honor with a visit. This was no other than Bernard Palissy, the potter, now a man about seventy-eight years of age, of humble and obscure parentage, he had, nearly fifty years before this time, begun in the city of Saintes, a series of remarkable experiments with the view of discovering a method of producing an enamel that would make of the rough pottery, with which alone he was acquainted, a proper material for the realization of his artistic thought. Undaunted by poverty and frequent disappointments, the patient worker at last succeeded in his search. After fifteen years, during which he was treated by the educated as a visionary, and looked upon with suspicion by the ignorant as a cheat, and possibly a dealer in magical arts, Palissy found the way to fame and competence open before him. Anne De Montmorency became his patron, and Catharine De Medici enchanted by the elegance of his designs, employed him in decorating the gardens of the new palace of the Tuileries. Meantime Palissy received the doctrines of the Reformation and used voice and pen in the dissemination of his new faith. Thrice had he consequently been in peril of his life. Imprisoned as a heretic during the first civil war, he obtained his release through the intercession of the constable with the

*From "The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre." By Professor Henry M. Baird, of the University of the City of New York. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii.



Captain Cook's Monument.



The Episcopal Church at Honolulu.

Queen mother. Ten years later Catherine herself interposed to save him from death in the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day. Now for a third time he was menaced with death as a Protestant. Henry condescended to visit him, and endeavoured to persuade him to prolong a life, so useful to his royal master, by abjuring the religion of Calvin and Beza.

"My good fellow," said he, "for forty-five years you have been in the service of the Queen, my mother, and in mine; and we have endured your living in your religion through fires and massacres. But now I am so hard pressed by the Guises and my people that I have been compelled, despite my own wishes, to throw you and these two poor women into prison. They will be burned, and you also, if you do not suffer yourself to be converted."

To which the intrepid potter replied: "Sire, Count Maulevrier came yesterday and in your name promised the two sisters their lives on the most degrading condition. They answered that they would be martyrs for their own honor as well as for the honor of God. You have told me several times that you pitied me, but it is I that pity you, who have uttered these words: 'I am compelled.' That was not speaking as a king. These girls and I, who have a portion in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you this royal speech, that neither the Guises, nor all your people, nor you yourself can ever constrain us to bow the knee before images."

Unfortunately, though Henry did not carry out his threat to bring his Huguenot captives at once to the stake, he lacked the magnanimity to release them. Palissy was left to languish and die in the Bastile of old age and hard usage; while the two Huguenot women were brought out four or five months later, to suffer death on the Place de Greve.

HAWAII AND ITS QUEEN.

See Illustrations.

THE recent popular rising in Hawaii, combined with the visit of Queen Kapiolani to this country, has attracted public attention to that land. The group of thirteen islands, which constitute the Hawaiian kingdom, comprise 6,000 square miles, being a little smaller than the State of New Jersey, and have a population of about 90,000. They were discovered in 1778 by Captain Cook, who was murdered there in the following year; a monument has been erected to his memory on the spot where he fell. (*See Picture.*)

The conversion of the Islanders to Christianity, was achieved by the blessing of God on the labors of American missionaries, who arrived there in 1820. Before that the natives were sunk in a horrible superstitious darkness, worshipping a legendary goddess whom they called Pele, supposed to have her abode in the great volcano of the chief island. A scene as grand in its way as that which took place on Mount Carmel, occurred on that volcano when Queen Kapiolani, an ancestress of the present Queen, who was named after her, was converted to Christianity. In order to convince her people of their errors, and of the powerlessness for good or harm of the goddess they worshipped, she went with some Christian friends to the mouth of the crater. and there in the very place where the goddess was supposed to have her seat, she held a service, worshipping Jehovah, declaring that Pele was no deity, and exhorting the people to cast away their fear of a goddess who, as they saw, might be braved with impunity. That gave the death-blow to the idolatrous worship, and the work of the missionaries went forward rapidly. An imposing stone church (*see picture*) was built for the worship of God, the natives working willingly to erect the structure. The absence of building facilities rendered the effort a prodigious one; the stones and the sand having to be brought a long distance by simple manual labor. In some cases fifty natives dragged a heavy piece of timber for a beam, a distance of fourteen miles.

The present Queen (*see portrait*) is fifty-three years of age, and has been married to King Kalakaua about twenty-five years. She bears *a striking resemblance* to her sister queen of England, except, of course, in complexion, being short and very stout, yet contriving, by her erect carriage, like Queen Victoria, to infuse some degree of dignity into her manner. She returned to America last week from her trip to England, where she went to participate in the celebration of the Queen's jubilee. She will find matters in her capital in an unpleasant condition when she arrives there. During her absence King Kalakaua has managed to get himself into a difficulty with his subjects, and has only escaped deposition by sacrificing his Cabinet. Among other unpopular acts he accepted a gift of $71,000 from an enterprising firm, in return for which he granted them permission to sell opium in Hawaii. This act was a violation of his oath and appears to have precipitated a revolution. There was a general rising, and it became necessary to fortify the palace. Gatling guns and a supply of ammunition were brought in, and a quantity of arms were imported from Australia. The latter, however, were seized by the people and increased the peril of the King. A large meeting was held on June 30, when in a series of resolutions the Government was declared to have ceased to perform its functions, through corruption and incompetence, and the King to have been guilty of violation of the law and his oath of office. A demand was made that Kalakaua return the $71,000 he had received as a bribe, and that he dismiss his cabinet and call to office one of four persons nominated by the meeting, who should be entrusted with the duty of forming a new cabinet. A committee was nominated to present the resolutions to the King, and to inform him that the meeting had adjourned for forty-eight hours, and that if he failed to reply within that time his silence would be construed as a rejection of the popular demands.

King Kalakaua having taken the advice of the representatives of foreign powers, acceded to all the demands, dismissed the cabinet and summoned William L. Green, one of the persons nominated at the meeting to form a new cabinet. Whether this concession will fully satisfy the people is not certain, but when the steamer which brought the news, left Honolulu on July 5, it was believed that there would be no further demonstrations, and that King Kalakaua might by signing a new constitution be permitted to retain his throne.

TOM COLLEY'S NEW COLORS.

(*See Illustration on page 461.*)

AMONG the strangers present one night at a mission chapel, was a young sailor, of a bright, cheerful, but somewhat weak cast of features. He could not have been more than two or three and twenty years old, but he had the look of having lived fast, and not without dissipation. He was cordially welcomed at the mission, and after the service was through, one of the workers spoke to him.

"We are glad to see you," he said; "come and see us again to-morrow, if you are staying in port."

"Thank you," said the sailor, "I will. It seems quite like old times to me to hear the singing and prayers. When I was a little boy I had to go to church regularly, and I got pretty tired of it, but to-night I've thoroughly enjoyed it."

"Haven't been to church much lately, I suppose?"

"No; the fact is, I have not been in any place of the kind since I left home, ten years ago. When one is on shipboard one does not feel much like those things. Most of the men

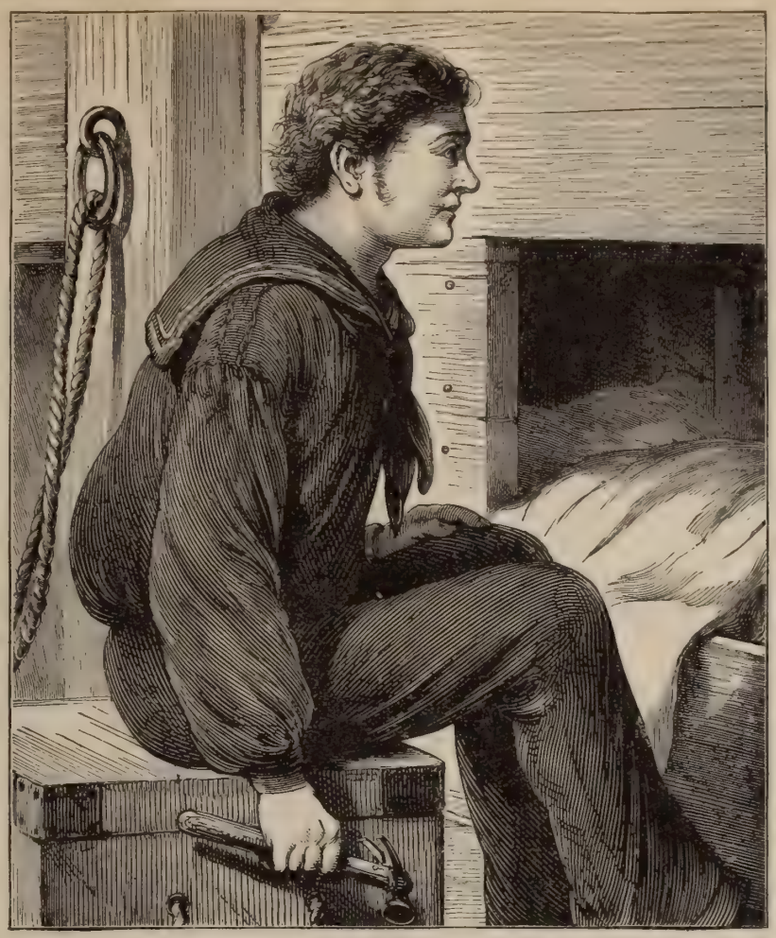
have gone to a dance-house to-night. They wanted me to go along, but somehow I thought I would not. I cannot account for it, but I have been thinking a good deal about my mother this last day or two. Cannot get the old lady out of my mind. I've never written nor heard from her since I ran away from home ten years ago, and I've very seldom thought of her; but I cannot help thinking now. I hope there is nothing wrong. I should be very sorry to hear she was dead. That's what the men say is happening when you think all the time of anybody."

"Well, we will hope it is not so in this case. Why don't you write to your mother now? If she is living she would be very glad to hear from you. If you will step into this little office you will find paper, pens and ink, and you will be quiet. You could do it right away, and have it off your mind."

"You are very kind; I think I will. It's a very good notion." And the sailor was soon immersed in the labor of composition, which seemed to try him a great deal more than his seafaring duties.

"Come in whenever you like," said his new friend, when an hour later the sailor issued forth, "you will always be welcome. What is your name?"

"Tom Colley, sir, of the steamship *Syria;* yes, thank you, I will come; you seem nice people, and I like the place."



Tom Colley Nailing Up His New Flag.

The next night Tom Colley was at the mission chapel again, and listened attentively to the address, and joined, with a rich, strong voice, in the singing of a hymn which was evidently familiar to him. At the close of the service his eyes were moist, and he was evidently much moved. His friend took him aside and prayed with him. Tom was anxious about his soul, but he could not see the way of salvation. His friend gave him a New Testament with several marked passages in it, and, receiving his promise to come back the next night, he let him go. Tom came as he promised, and had some more conversation. That night he came into the light, and realizing the truth of the Gospel, committed his soul to Christ's keeping. He was to sail two days later, and, therefore, that would be his last visit to the mission for some time, as his presence would be required on board all the following days. That was an ordeal he dreaded, for he knew he must either keep his conversion a secret from his shipmates, which was not to be thought of, or bear their ridicule, which, to a man of his temperament, would be very trying. He remained behind after the service, for special prayer about this matter, and when he went away he felt nerved and strengthened for the struggle.

The friends at the mission did not forget the young convert. They knew that he would have need of help, and every night they prayed for him, that in whatever circumstances he might then be, Christ would be with him to support him. It was nearly a month afterwards that Tom Colley presented himself at the mission again and received a joyful welcome.

"How did you manage with the men?" he was asked.

"Well," said Tom, "I felt brave that night when I went away from here, but the next morning when I went aboard I felt scared. But I said to myself, it is only the first plunge that will be bad; the rest will be easy. So I made up my mind to 'run my colors up' at once. I had one of your cards, you know, "Jesus my King," so I just took that and nailed it up over my berth the very first thing I did. I sat and looked at it after it was up, and I thought, now there'll be no mistake about my having signed the new papers. And there was not. The men knew what it meant, and I had it pretty bad for a day or two, but, bless you, it was nothing. I seemed to have a regular greased hide; all their chaff rolled off me, and never hurt a bit. And what do you think! I've been to see my mother! You may guess how glad she was, to know about the change. I told her how it was thinking about her that brought me first to the mission, when I was going to the dance-house, and how I was afraid she was dead, because I could not help thinking about her. Well, she reckoned back to the time, and it seems that just about then she was with some more old ladies at a prayer-meeting, several days running, and every day they prayed for me. The old lady believed that was what did it, and perhaps it was."

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

[The adage that truth is stranger than fiction, was never more marvellously illustrated than in this wonderful record, in which George Muller tells the story of his life. It ought not to be so great a surprise as it is to Christians who believe that God is Almighty and has promised to answer prayer. Few, however, have the spirit of Ezra, who says (Ezra 8 : 22) he "was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way: because we had spoken unto the king saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him." Perhaps some who read this record may be encouraged by it to put their trust in God in their own difficulties, instead of seeking help from man.]

I WAS born in Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in Prussia, on September 27, 1805. In January, 1810, my parents removed to Heimersleben, about four miles from Kroppenstaedt, where my father was appointed Collector in the Excise. He educated his children (myself and one brother) on worldly principles. I fell into habits of deceit and sinfulness, and before I was ten years old, repeatedly pilfered some of the Government money entrusted to me. From the age of ten until fourteen I was at the cathedral classical school of Halberstadt.

At midsummer, 1821, my father obtained a Government appointment at Schoenebech near Magdeburg, and I was left to reside alone in his house at Heimersleben until Easter 1822, and part of the time was reading classics with a clergyman, Dr. Nagel. I was now living on the premises belonging to my father, under little real control, and entrusted with a considerable sum of money which I had to collect for my father from persons who owed it to him. My dissipated habits soon led me to spend a considerable part of this money, giving receipts for different sums, yet leaving my father to suppose I had not received them. From October, 1822, to Easter, 1825, I was at school at Nordhausen, where, although diligent in my studies and outwardly gaining the esteem of my fellow-creatures, I did not care in the least about God, but lived secretly in much sin, in consequence of which I was taken ill, and for thirteen weeks was confined to my room. I had at this time grown so wicked that I could habitually tell lies without blushing. In 1825 I became a member of the University of Halle, with very high testimonials. I thus obtained permission to preach in the Lutheran State Church, but I was as unhappy and as far from God as ever. Here I renewed my profligate life afresh, although now a student of *divinity*. About June, 1825, I was again taken ill, in consequence of my profligate and vicious life. My state of health, therefore, no longer allowed me to go on in the same course, but my desires were still unchanged. About the end of July I recovered.

Halle was a University town of about 20,000 inhabitants, including about 1,260 students, nearly 900 of whom studied divinity, and were all allowed to preach in the Lutheran Established Church, although there is reason to believe that not nine were truly converted.

The time was now come, when God would have mercy on me. I had no Bible, and had not read in it for years. I went to church but seldom: but from custom, I took the Lord's Supper twice a year. I had never heard the Gospel preached, up to the beginning of November 1825. I had never met with a person who told me that he meant, by the help of God, to live according to the Holy Scriptures. In short, I had not the least idea that there were any persons really different from myself, except in degree.

One Saturday afternoon, about the middle of November, 1825, I had taken a walk with my friend Beta. On our return he said to me that he was in the habit of going on Saturday evenings to the house of a Christian (a tradesman in Halle named Wagner), where there was a meeting. On further inquiry he told me that they read the Bible, sang, prayed, and read a printed sermon. No sooner had I heard this, than it

was to me as if I had found something after which I had been seeking all my life long. I immediately wished to go with my friend, who was not at once willing to take me; for knowing me as a *gay young man*, he thought I should not like this meeting. At last, however, he said he would call for me.—I would here mention, that Beta seems to have had conviction of sin, and probably also a degree of acquaintance with the Lord, when about fifteen years old. Afterwards, being in a cold and worldly state, he joined me in the sinful journey to Switzerland. On his return, however, being extremely miserable, and convinced of his guilt, he made a full confession of his sin to his father; and whilst with him sought the acquaintance of a Christian brother, named Richter. This Dr. Richter, who himself had studied a few years before at Halle, gave him, on his return to the University, a letter of introduction to a believing tradesman, of the name of Wagner. It was this brother, concerning whom Beta spoke to me and in whose house the meeting was held.

We went together in the evening. As I did not know the manners of believers, and the joy they have in seeing poor sinners, even in any measure, caring about the things of God, I made an apology for coming. The kind answer of this dear brother I shall never forget. He said: "Come as often as you please; house and heart are open to you." We sat down and sang a hymn. Then brother Kayser, now a missionary in Africa, in connection with the London Missionary Society, who was then living at Halle, fell on his knees and asked a blessing on our meeting. This kneeling down made a deep impression upon me; for I had never either seen any one on his knees, nor had I ever myself prayed on my knees. He then read a chapter and a printed sermon; for no regular meetings for expounding the Scriptures were allowed in Prussia, except an ordained clergyman was present. At the close we sang another hymn, and then the master of the house prayed. Whilst he prayed, my feeling was something like this: "I could not pray as well, though I am much more learned than this illiterate man." The whole made a deep impression on me. I was happy; though, if I had been asked why I was happy, I could not have clearly explained it.

When we walked home, I said to Beta: "All we have seen during our journey to Switzerland, and all our former pleasures, are as nothing in comparison with this evening." Whether I fell on my knees when I returned home, I do not remember; but this I know, that I lay peaceful and happy in my bed. This shows that the Lord may begin His work in different ways. For I have not the least doubt that on that evening He began a work of grace in me, though I obtained joy without any deep sorrow of heart, and with scarcely any knowledge. That evening was the turning point in my life. The next day, and Monday, and once or twice besides, I went again to the house of this brother, where I read the Scriptures with him and another brother; for it was too long for me to wait till Saturday came again.

Now my life became very different, though not so that all sins were given up at once. My wicked companions were given up; the going to taverns was entirely discontinued; the habitual practice of telling falsehoods was no longer indulged in, but still a few times after this I spoke an untruth. At the time when this change took place I was engaged in translating a novel out of French into German, for the press, in order to obtain the means of gratifying my desire to see Paris, &c. This plan about the journey was now given up, though I had not light enough to give up the work in which I was engaged, but finished it. The Lord, however, most remarkably put various obstacles in the way and did not allow me to sell the manuscript. At last, seeing that *the whole* was wrong, I determined never to sell it, and was enabled to abide by this determination. The manuscript was burnt.

I now no longer lived habitually in sin, though I was still often overcome, and sometimes even by open sins, though far less frequently than before, and not without sorrow of heart. I read the Scriptures, prayed often, loved the brethren, went to church from right motives, and stood on the side of Christ, though laughed at by my fellow-students.

It had pleased God to teach me something of the meaning of that precious truth: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 18.) I understood something of the reason why the Lord Jesus died on the Cross, and suffered such agonies in the Garden of Gethsemane; even that thus, bearing the punishment due to us, we might not have to bear it ourselves. And, therefore, apprehending in some measure the love of Jesus for my soul, I was constrained to love Him in return. What all the exhortations and precepts of my father and others could not effect, what all my own resolutions could not bring about, even to renounce *a life of sin and profligacy*, I was enabled to do, constrained by the love of Jesus. The individual who desires to have his sins forgiven must seek for it through the blood of Jesus. The individual who desires to get power over sin, must likewise seek for it through the blood of Jesus.

In January, 1826, I began to read missionary papers, and was greatly stirred up to become a missionary myself. I prayed frequently concerning this matter, and thus made more decided progress for a few weeks. But soon, alas! I was drawn aside. I used frequently to meet a young female, who also came to the meetings on Saturday evenings; but being the only pious female of my own age, whom I knew, I soon felt myself greatly attached to her. This led away my heart from missionary work, for I had reason to believe that her parents would not allow her to go with me. My prayers now became cold and formal, and at length were almost entirely given up. My joy in the Lord left me. In this state I continued for about six weeks.

At the end of that time, about Easter, 1826, I saw a devoted young brother, named Hermann Ball, a learned man, and of wealthy parents, who, constrained by the love of Christ, preferred laboring in Poland among the Jews as a missionary, to having a comfortable living near his relations. His example made a deep impression on me. I was led to apply his case to my own, and to compare myself with him; for I had given up the work of the Lord, and, I may say, the Lord Himself, for the sake of a girl. The result of this comparison was, that I was enabled to give up this attachment, which I had entered upon without prayer, and which thus had led me away from the Lord. When I was enabled to be decided, the Lord smiled on me, and I was, for the first time in my life, able fully and unreservedly to give up myself to Him.

It was at this time that I began truly to enjoy the peace of God which passeth all understanding. In this my joy, I wrote to my father and brother, entreating them to seek the Lord, and telling them how happy I was; thinking that if the way to happiness were but set before them, they would gladly embrace it. To my great surprise an angry answer was returned. About this period the Lord sent a believer, Dr. Tholuck, as professor of divinity to Halle, in consequence of which a few believing students came from other universities. Thus also, through becoming acquainted with other brethren, the Lord led me on.

With the revival of the work of grace in my heart, after the *snare of attachment* above related had been broken, my former desire, to give myself to missionary service returned, and I went at last to my father to obtain his permission, without which I could not be received into any of the German missionary institutions. My father was greatly displeased, and particularly repoached me, saying that he had expended so much money on my education, hoping that he might comfortably spend his last days with me in a parsonage, and that he now saw all these prospects come to nothing. He was angry, and told me he would no longer consider me as his son. But the Lord gave me grace to remain steadfast. He then entreated me, and wept before me: yet even this by far harder trial the Lord enabled me to bear.

Before I went away I took an opportunity of reminding my brother of *my former wicked life*, and told him, that now, having been thus blessed by God, I could not but live for Him. After I had left my father, though I wanted more money than at any previous period of my life, as I had to remain two years longer in the University, *I determined never to take any more from him*; for it seemed to me wrong, so far as I remember, to suffer myself to be supported by him, when he had no prospect that I should become what he would wish me to be, namely, a clergyman with a good living. *This resolution I was enabled to keep.*

I would here observe, that the Lord afterwards, in a most remarkable way, supplied my temporal wants. For shortly after this had occurred, several American gentlemen, three of whom were professors in American colleges, came to Halle for literary purposes, as they did not understand German, I was recommended by Dr. Tholuck to teach them. These gentlemen, some of whom were believers, paid so handsomely for the instruction which I gave them, and for the lectures of certain professors which I wrote out for them, that I had enough and to spare. Thus did the Lord richly make up to me the little which I relinquished for His sake. "*O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him.*" (Psalm 34: 9.)

On my return from my father to the University at Halle, I found that the more experienced brethren thought that I ought for the present to take no further steps respecting my desire to go out as a missionary. But still it was more or less in my mind. Whitsuntide and the two days following I spent in the house of a pious clergyman in the country; for all the ministers at Halle, a town of more than 20 000 inhabitants, were unenlightened men. God greatly refreshed me through this visit. Dear Beta was with me. On our return we related to two of our former friends, whose society we had not quite given up, though we did not any longer live with them in sin, how happy we had been on our visit. I then told them how I wished they were as happy as ourselves, They answered, "*we do not feel that we are sinners.*" After this I fell on my knees, and asked God to show them that they were sinners. Having done so, I left them, and went into my bedroom, where I continued to pray for them. After a little while I returned to my sitting-room, and found them both in tears, and both told me that they now felt themselves to be sinners. From that time a work of grace commenced in their hearts.

Having heard that there was a schoolmaster living in a village about six miles from Halle who was in the habit of holding a prayer-meeting at four o'clock every morning with the miners before they went into the pit, giving them also an address, I thought he was a believer; and as I knew so very few brethren, I went to see him in order, if it might be, to strengthen his hands. About two years afterwards, he told me that when I came to him first he knew not the Lord, but that he had held these prayer-meetings merely out of kindness to a relative whose office it was, but who had gone on a journey; and that those addresses which he had read were not his own, but copied out of a book. He also told me that he was much impressed with my kindness, and what he considered condescension, on my part in coming to see him; and this together with my conversation, had been instrumental in leading him to care about the things of God, and I knew him ever afterwards as a true believer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 31. Matt. 4 : 1-11. Golden Text, Heb. 2 : 18.

The Many-Sided Temptation—Not a Conflict with the Will—A Necessary Ordeal—God Permits His Servants to be Tempted—Physical Weakness a Time of Trial—Temptations Adapted to Christ's Position—Conscious of Sonship—The Temptation to Test It—By Miraculous Sustenance—By Miraculous Preservation from Death—How Conquest Might be Easily Achieved—Temptation Vanquished by Faith.

JESUS was tempted, not a little, but "in all points like as we are" (Heb. 4 : 15). He "suffered being tempted" (Heb. 2 : 18). What this suffering was is not clearly told us in the Word of God. We may be quite sure it was no struggle of His own will against the will of His Father. He had a will of His own, for He said, "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John 6 : 38), but it was His "meat," "His delight," to do His Father's will (John 4 : 31 ; Ps. 40 : 8). Yet temptation did not find Jesus impervious to its suffering. To Him sin, in any and every form, was untold suffering. Knowing, as He did, the heart of His Father, His love, His wisdom, the perfectness and righteousness of His holy law—it was bitter grief to Him to see that law violated. *We* may "count it all joy when (we) fall into divers temptation" (James 1 : 2), because, *while we trust Him*, we are "kept by the power of God through faith" (1 Pet. 1 : 5), and therefore we can know and prove more of the power and love of God dwelling in us in overcoming temptation, than we could have done if we had not been tempted. With Jesus, however, there was no question as to the ultimate issue; He was more than a match for Satan. Yet

He Had Come as Man,

man anointed with the Holy Ghost (Matt. 3 : 16; Luke 4 : 18), yet man in the place of every other man. He had to meet the tempter as man, not as God; on human, and not divine, ground; by faith in the Father dwelling in Him (John 14 : 10), and not by any intrinsic power in Himself. He had to see from man's side all the awfulness of sinning against God. He had to see all the ruin of God's fair image in man. He had to know, standing as man on earth, all the meanness and wickedness of the motives which influenced fallen man, in such a way as to feel with intense suffering how easy a thing it is for man to sin. A large number of Christians look upon the temptation of Jesus as though it could in no way be compared to their own temptations; as though it were far easier for Jesus to bear than for us. Without irreverently analyzing what is above our power to comprehend, let us allow the Holy Spirit to teach us all He will by these words, "Tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:" He

Suffered Being Tempted.

It was just after the baptism of Jesus, when the Holy Spirit had come upon Him in a visible form, and God's testimony to His Son had sounded in a voice from heaven, that Jesus was "led up (or driven, Mark 1 : 12) into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Here we see that God has a particular aim in permitting some of our temptations. While with some the word of James applies, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed" (James 1 : 13, 14); there are other instances in which God is an agent in temptation, as well as the devil. "God did tempt (or try) Abraham" (Gen. 22 : 1). So with David when God permitted Satan to tempt him (II Sam. 24 : 1) and Job (1 and 2). So with Paul when he was in danger of being "exalted above measure," and God permitted "a messenger of Satan" to buffet him, lest it should be so. He had to learn that all his revelations did not hinder him from the temptations and buffetings of Satan; that he was as much exposed to them as the weakest Christian. "My grace," said the Lord, "is sufficient for thee" (not your revelations are sufficient), and Paul learned to glory in his weakness rather than in his revelations, that the power of Christ might rest upon him. This shows us why some of the most useful and advanced Christians are permitted by God to be tempted and the temptation which they loathe is a very buffetting, until they learn their own powerlessness and rely as much on God for His grace alone to conquer, as they have done on His grace to save.

But the temptation of Jesus was

Unlike any other Temptation,

because it was on behalf of others. He was made flesh for us, He grew up for us, He obeyed His parents for us, He worked as a carpenter for us, He was circumcised and baptized for us, He was anointed with the Holy Ghost for us, He was tempted for us. It was an awful time of temptation; He had no companion in the desert for forty days and forty nights, but Satan and the wild beasts. During all those days He fasted. Some of those who rely on their own doings for salvation and for holiness have tried to imitate Him in this, as though the going without food and weakening the physical powers to an unnatural extent would please God! Surely God is better pleased with a loving yielding of the whole being to do, not some strange thing, but His expressed will! Others have impiously attempted to imitate Jesus' fast as though to prove that He was not sustained by Divine power. Thank God, His word, which testifies of Him, shall stand when heaven and earth and all scorners shall have passed away.

"When He had fasted forty days and forty nights He was afterward an hungered." It is always in moments of weakness that Satan attacks us. Let a moment come when one is so weak in body that the least movement causes pain or faintness; then is the very moment which the enemy chooses, for pressing upon one most important duties, which cannot be neglected without injury to others; then he comes and says, "It is too hard, you can't be expected to keep up under such a pressure." The temptation adds to the burden, the man pities himself, feels irritable, and becomes angry with himself for being so. Is not this a common history in many a household? Tempted child of God, Jesus was tempted in *this* point like as you are. Nature was giving way, and Satan tempted Him to leave the position of dependence on His Father, and to exercise His divine power on His own behalf and for His own personal benefit.

The enemy prefaced this temptation by

A Doubt of Sonship.

"*If Thou be* the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." "If Thou be!" It was like the devil to make the suggestion. Half his temptations are composed of insinuations against what God has said or what He has done. He takes good care not to begin by questioning what *we* are and what *we* have done. He began in the Garden of Eden, by saying to Eve, "Hath God said?" as though little or no dependence was to be placed upon the Word of God. He succeeded in making Job view God as a cruel tyrant. He impiously attempted to make Jesus, when fainting with hunger, doubt that He was the Son of God. "What! you the Son of God, and the Father's Witness, for no man knoweth the Father from the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal Him (Matt. 11 : 27), then what kind of Father is He who would send His Son into the world in man's nature, and then starve Him to death? Leave the position of dependence; trust Him no longer; resume your divine character, and turn the stones into bread." But Jesus was not to be drawn away from His dependence on His Father. He made use of His Father's words, not His own, and said, "It is written, man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Deut. 8 : 3). Surely this was an intrenched position, safe from all the fiery darts of the devil! If Jesus lived by the Word of God; then He would sooner dispense with material nourishment than with that word. He said Himself, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (John 6 : 63). It was His Father's authority which was the citadel of the fortress in which He strengthened Himself; the responsibility of His position was thrown upon another. It is more than useless to attempt, by any power of our own, to conquer temptation; the only fight we can fight is "the good fight of faith," and faith is resting in what another does; it is recognizing that

The Battle is not Yours, but God's

(II Chron. 20 : 15); that *we* have but to fight in this battle, but to stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord with us. Thus Joshua overcame Jericho, and David Goliath. True, "we wrestle not against flesh and blood," not "against equal foes," but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places; but the only armor with which we can either defend ourselves or attack our foes is "the whole armor of God."

The devil having found Jesus impregnable on the ground of physical need, and that He utterly refused to deliver Himself by leaving His position of dependence, changed his tactics. He taketh Him up into the Holy City, and setteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto Him, "If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. This will be an easy way of proving your Godhead without any more trouble." But Satan can only go as far as God permits him. It seems to us a strange thing that God should have permitted Satan to have such power over His own Son, as to bring Him up from the wilderness to Jerusalem, and place Him on the pinnacle, and that Jesus should know it was

Satan Who Brought Him There.

Yet had it not been so, a part of the ground on which Satan tempts us would have been left, unoccupied and unconquered by Jesus. How we learn from this temptation that high places, positions of prominence, are sometimes given us by the enemy, that he may possess a vantage ground with regard to us! Satan here quoted Scripture himself, but he wiped out the words, "To keep Thee in all Thy ways." The doctrine of the Lord's keeping power is not to be found in Satan's edition of the Word of God. Jesus met the enemy again, with the Word, "It is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Often, when sorely tempted, we are brought into a position we never thought could be possible, and the enemy lashes us into a sense of responsibility for what *he* has brought about, and which has not been our own doing. Wherever Jesus might be brought by the power of the enemy, there He stood, covered with the shield of faith, and wielding the Word of God; and thus as Man He conquered.

The last and crowning temptation followed: Again the enemy had power to take Jesus "up into an exceeding high mountain," and he "sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto Him, All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." It is difficult to conceive how the enemy could have gone so far as to make such a suggestion; he implied, "The world is at Thy feet; I will withdraw; sin, sickness, sorrow, death will be no more; Thou wilt be a universal benefactor, known as such by all; only once fall down and worship me." The prospect of taking the venom out of the world in one moment would have seemed a grand one, did not the very humility of Jesus make it possible that he should worship Satan to obtain such a prize? Thank God, he did not look at the seeming prize. "What saith the Lord?" "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." This was enough for Jesus; He had conquered. On every ground the enemy had been met and overcome; and now, through Him, we may be "more than conquerors." The conquered devil left Him, "and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him."

"I AM SO GLAD."

NOTE.—Among the many heathen souls brought to a knowledge of the truth through the labors of the missionaries in Tokio, Japan, was the venerable Mother Horinouchi, who had lived over eighty years in the darkness of heathenism. Great was the joy of this aged mother when she found peace in believing on the revealed Saviour of Sinners. The sa nted Dr. Krecker, writing an account of a baptismal and communion service, conducted by himself, soon after the conversion of this woman, closed with the following reference to her: "Truly it was a blessed day. Mother Horinouchi's heart especially was full, and she kept repeating over and over again, during the day, 'I am so glad! I am so glad!'"

Wandering and lone,
Lost, heart-sick, unknown
Weary and helpless, decrepit and old,
Out in the wilderness, far from the fold,
Late in the evening, night falling fast,
Lo, the Good Shepherd has found me at last!
Oh, I am so glad?
I am so glad!

Rescued at last,
Dear Saviour, at last!
Wonder of wonders! Oh, how can it be,
Jesus, the Shepherd, should think upon me!
Seek me, and take me to dwell in His fold,
A sinner, unworthy, and useless and old!
Oh, I am so glad!
I am so glad!

Burdens are gone!
My fears are all flown!
Past is the gloom of my heathenish night!
Bright is the dawn of Christ's marvelous light!
Raptured, I gaze in His beautiful face!
Oh, this is wonderful, wonderful grace!
Oh, I am so glad!
I am so glad!

Now I am blest,
My heart is at rest,
Peaceful and calm in the Spirit's control;
Life everlasting I feel in my soul!
Sweet is the sense of this favor divine!
Jesus and Heaven and all things are mine!
Oh, I am so glad!
I am so glad!

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Queen Victoria in 1837 and 1887—The London Children's Jubilee Fete.

ANECDOTES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The two portraits of Queen Victoria, on the first page, represent Her Majesty respectively at the age of eighteen, when she commenced her reign, and at sixty-eight, when she celebrated her jubilee. As we have already, in the issue of June 23, given a brief sketch of her life, it is unnecessary to repeat the narrative here. We may, however, relate a few anecdotes which the jubilee celebrations have brought into new publicity.

A Statesman Reproved.

In the first year of her reign a member of the Cabinet went on public business to Windsor, where the Queen was staying. He arrived late on Saturday night, and informed the Queen that he had brought down some documents of great importance for her inspection, but as they would require to be examined in detail, he would not encroach on Her Majesty's time that night, but would request her attention the next morning. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord," said the Queen. "True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay." The Queen said she should attend Divine service in the morning, after which she would receive the statesman. He also was present at the service, as courtesy required, and was somewhat surprised that the subject of the sermon was the duties and obligations of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen, on their return from church. "Very much, indeed, your Majesty," was the reply. "Well, then," said the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached; I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon."

Sunday passed over without another word being said about the State papers, until at night, when the party was breaking up, the Queen said to the nobleman, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please; as early as seven, if you like, we will look into the papers." His lordship said he would not think of intruding upon Her Majesty as early as that, and he thought nine o'clock would be early enough. "No, no, my lord," said the Queen, "as the papers are of importance I should like them to be attended to very early; however, if you wish it to be nine, be it so." Accordingly, at nine o'clock next morning the Queen was in readiness to confer with him about his papers.

The First Death Warrant.

It was at this time the monarch's personal duty to sign all death warrants. The Duke of Wellington once brought the Queen a court-martial death warrant to sign. Miss Greenwood tells us that "she shrank from the dreadful task," and, with tears in her eyes, asked, "Have you nothing to say on behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," replied the Iron Duke. "Oh, your Grace, think again!" "Well, your Majesty, he certainly is a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character. He may be a good fellow in private life." "Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the Queen, as she dashed off the word "Pardoned," on the awful parchment, and beneath wrote her signature.

The Queen at a Fire.

An incident occurred during the building of the house occupied by the Queen at Balmoral, in Scotland, which serves as an illustration of the kind consideration displayed by her and Prince Albert towards their employees. A fire broke out, and the workshops were all burnt. Whilst the fire was raging, the Prince took an active part in assisting to stay its progress, taking his place in the long line of workmen that stretched from the river to the burning shops, handing buckets of water from hand to hand. The Queen also was present, and with smiles and kind words cheered the workers. When all was over, it came out that a considerable sum of money saved from their earnings by the workmen had been in their chests at the time of the fire and had been destroyed. On learning this fact, the Queen had the entire sum restored to the losers, and in performing this kindness she took the opportunity to express the sympathizing interest which she felt in the welfare of themselves and their families.

A Deputy Governess.

The daughter of a deceased Scottish clergyman was engaged as governess to the royal children. During her first year at Windsor her mother was taken seriously ill, and feeling that her right place was by her mother's bedside, the young lady wished to resign her situation. But to this proposal the Queen would not listen for a moment. She tenderly bade the young lady go home, stay with her mother as long as might be necessary, and then return. "In the meantime," said Her Majesty, "the Prince and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any case let your mind be at rest."

For several weeks the governess watched and ministered by the bedside of her dying mother, and then had to lay her beneath the churchyard sod. She resumed her duties in the Palace. The Queen sympathized with the deep sorrow of the young woman, and with kind, womanly tenderness, strove to alleviate it. Every day the schoolroom was visited by Her Majesty, and the young pupils, following the example of their mother, were less willful than usual. A year passed away, and the first anniversary of her great loss came upon the governess, who, in the midst of that great household, could scarcely bear up against her feeling of lonely bereavement. The day's duties began that morning as usual by the reading of a portion of Scripture in the schoolroom. As she read, some words of divine tenderness touched the poor, grieving heart so keenly, that in a moment her strength gave way, and laying her head upon the desk before her, she burst into tears, saying, "Oh! mother, mother!"

The children quietly passed from the room to tell their mother what had occurred. It all at once flashed across the Queen's mind that this day was the anniversary of the poor girl's bereavement. Her Majesty at once went to the schoolroom to comfort the stricken heart. "My poor child," she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning; I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift." With these words the Queen clasped upon the arm of the governess a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death.

Intercession for Christians.

It was a kindly thought of Queen Victoria, when the draft treaty arranging for peace and commerce between England and Madagascar was sent out, to write on the margin, "Queen Victoria asks, as a personal favor to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." The word spoken in season was not without its effect, for in the treaty sent back and signed a short time afterwards the words occur, "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages that there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

The Queen and the Quaker.

That Her Majesty is keenly alive to public opinion and is deeply grateful for sympathy, an incident in which John Bright is concerned is an evidence. In 1868 John Bright, who is a member of the Society of Friends, consented to take office under Mr. Gladstone. There were many speculations as to how he would manage with his principles at the Court ceremonies of installation, when it is the custom for the office-holders to array themselves in a ridiculous livery of blue and silver embroidery and go through a humiliating ceremony, known as kissing hands. When the Queen learned that John Bright was appointed, she solved any difficulty he might have by intimating to him that in his case she would dispense with both livery and ceremony, and took occasion to say that she desired to meet him, that she might thank him for an act of kindness which he had done her.

When Mr. Bright presented himself, he was reminded of a speech which he had made and forgotten, but which the Queen remembered. It was at a public meeting, when one of the speakers remarked that the Queen had lost sympathy with her people, being selfishly absorbed in her protracted grief at the loss of her husband. John Bright, in reply, made the speech which won him the Queen's lifelong respect. He said: I am not accustomed to stand up in defense of those who are possessors of crowns. But I could not sit here and hear that observation without a sensation of wonder and of pain. I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this: that a woman, be she Queen of a great realm or be she the wife of one of your laboring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you.

The Message to Mrs. Garfield

on the occasion of President's Garfield's death will never be forgotten in America. It was the message of the widow, rather than of the Queen, directing the newly made widow to a proved source of comfort. On hearing that the long suspense was over and the President dead, the Queen cabled to Mrs. Garfield: "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you in this terrible moment. May God comfort and support you as He alone can." She also wrote, not through a secretary, but in her own handwriting, a sympathizing letter to Mrs. Garfield, as she had done sixteen years before to Mrs. Lincoln.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE FETE.

Among the various ways in which Queen Victoria's Jubilee was celebrated, none were more interesting and appropriate than the common school children's party, in Hyde Park, London on June 22, a picture of which appears on the first page. The project of this celebration originated with the proprietor of a London daily journal — Mr. Edwin Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph* — who opened a subscription list for the purpose with a large contribution.

It would be hard to conceive any form of enjoyment more calculated to impress upon youthful minds the exceptional circumstances of the Jubilee than this memorable entertainment. Even if it had not been graced by the presence of Her Majesty and of the members of her family, the occasion would probably never have slipped from the memory of any child who shared in

The Day's Amusements,

but as the little ones were not only entertained on a scale which must have surprised the most imaginative of them, but were honored by a visit from the sovereign herself, it is likely to remain for ever indelibly fixed on their minds.

The playground for the children was a large level area bounded by trees and the drive, and on this expanse of turf about 26,000 children disported themselves from noon till eve. All were in the highest spirits, and all behaved as well as their best friends could wish. The amusements provided were multifarious and varied, and supplemented by impromptu additions, which gave scope for physical exercise. The day was lovely and not oppressively hot. With such conditions, what wonder that the children enjoyed themselves?

The first business, after the arrival of the children, was to feed them, and they were accordingly marched to the part of the grounds where ten large tents were set up. A large number of ladies and gentlemen had volunteered their assistance in distributing the food. The ten marquees were presided over respectively by the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Abercorn, the Countess of Rosebery, the Duchess of Westminster, Mrs. Rawson, Countess Spencer, Lady Rothschild, the Countess of Lathom, Lady

Randolph Churchill and Lady Hayter, each helped by eleven other ladies and twelve gentlemen. On arriving at the Park, the children were conducted to these tents in bodies of two hundred and fifty; and each child was supplied with a cup of milk, lemonade or ginger-beer, and a bag containing a meat-pie, a square of cake, a bun and an orange, which they passed out of the tent to consume.

Provision had also been made for amusement by various games, and the presentation of skipping ropes, with "Jubilee handles," to the girls, and a variety of articles esteemed by boys to the male members of the party. Each child also received a silver-plated Jubilee medal, bearing the portrait of the Queen in 1837 on one side and a portrait of her in 1887 on the other. While the fun and merriment were at their height

The Prince and Princess

of Wales, with their three daughters, unexpectedly paid a visit to the grounds. Their arrival was not generally known, which was exactly what the royal party desired. They made a tour of the grounds, observing the enjoyment of the children, and then went to the tents, and the princesses assisted in distributing memorial cups to the children. Other royal personages soon arrived, and joined the Prince's party, the children cheering lustily as they drove past. The Crown Prince of Germany was recognized and duly acclaimed, and the Duke of Cambridge, as he rode by, was also the object of the children's plaudits. The King of Greece, the King of Denmark, the Duke of Sparta, Prince William of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and other princely personages were each in turn the object of the children's wonder. When the time approached for

Her Majesty's Visit

the children were gathered on the edge of her route in excited expectation. At last the appearance of a dozen mounted constables trotting up the roadway betokened the coming of the Queen. First came a party of Life Guards, with their flashing breastplates and plume-crested helmets, and then the escort of Indian princes, whose swarthy faces and stolid demeanor, and the strange beauty of their uniforms, made a deep impression on the youthful spectators. The royal carriages, which were immediately preceded by outriders in scarlet, were all open, and some were drawn by four horses. To complete the picture—for such it was—several of the royal princes appeared in uniform, Prince Albert Victor being in the dress of his regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh in that of a naval officer, and the Duke of Connaught wearing a major-general's uniform. Then came the Queen's carriage, and the Queen herself. In the same carriage with the Queen were the Duke of Edinburgh and the Crown Princess of Germany. In the carriages following were Princess Christian, the Duchess of Connaught, and other daughters and daughters-in-law of Her Majesty. The Queen's carriage was stopped, and Miss Lawson, on behalf of the children of the London Board and Voluntary schools, presented a bouquet of orchids, and the Prince of Wales then led up to the carriage

A Little Girl

named Florence Dunn, to whom Her Majesty gave one of the memorial cups. The Prince explained that the child had been chosen for presentation to the Queen because she had never missed a single attendance during the seven years which she had passed at school. The Queen said a few kindly words to her and gave her one of the mugs. The Royal procession remained stationary a few moments longer while a verse of the "Old Hundredth" was sung by the children, and then resumed its progress.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal guests took their departure shortly afterwards, and the children then returned to the tents, where simple refreshments were again served out. Their red-letter day had come to an end, as even the best things must.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Amputation Necessary.—Mr. Murray, related at a Gospel meeting: "A friend of mine met with a serious accident, in which one of his limbs was injured, and though every remedy was tried, he could not be cured. The part became mortally diseased, and the doctors thought that it must be amputated; but the gentleman could not think of that, and would not allow the operation until it became evident that he must either part with his limb or lose his life. Then he reluctantly consented. So is it frequently with sinners, their sin is sweet and they are unwilling to part with it."

Christ as Managing Partner.—An Evangelist remarks: "The other night I had to make a business call, and after transacting our business my friend and I sat talking, when my companion suddenly turned round and said, 'Do you know that I am a converted Methodist? I was suprised at the suddenness of the statement, for it is so seldom one finds a man, when engaged in his worldly business, so ready to testify for his Master. 'Yes,' he continued, 'and both the partners; in fact the whole business is given over to the Lord, and we ask Him to guide and direct our temporal affairs as well as our spiritual, and He does it, as we all can bear witness.' How many, I wonder, take the Lord Jesus into their business? Do they not too often leave Him at the office door?"

A Long Search Ended.—"About Ten Years ago I met a man who was terribly anxious about his soul. He said he had been so for years, and was earnestly seeking salvation. 'Well,' I said to him, 'I think it is about time you stopped seeking for salvation, and took it. God has already done the seeking, and has found you, and stands at the door of your heart offering you salvation, and all you have to do is to accept it.' This seemed to shed new light upon the way, and he saw that all that was needed was a simple child-like trust. Both of us got down on our knees, and there he took Christ as his Saviour. Next night he got up in the meeting and testified that while for years he had been seeking Christ, in reality he had been wandering from him. But he had found out his mistake, and he had stood still, and let the Lord, who was seeking him, take him, and that now he reposed safe in the arms of the Good Shepherd."

The Dying Officer's Joy.—There Were in one of the regiments engaged in the Crimean war two officers, very great friends, one of whom had been married only eight days before being ordered on active service. He had to leave his young wife, and accompany his regiment to the seat of war. Both these officers served through the greater part of the war uninjured, and it seemed as if God was going to permit their return to their native country in safety; but at the storming of the Redan, one of them, the married one, fell. His brother officer, hastening to his fallen friend, examined the wound, and saw, with dismay, that it was fatal. He did what he could for his friend, comforting him, and receiving his messages to absent ones, but that was all he could do! His friend died, but what surprised him most was that this friend to whom life must have been most precious, and death which was to separate him from his beloved wife, peculiarly melancholy, was actually rejoicing at the thought of going to be with Christ. "It is far better," were the last words he spoke.

A Good Night's Work.—Mr. Richard Weaver says: "At the close of a meeting which I held some time ago, a gentleman, with his two little girls, waited to speak to me. He was a man of independent means, but a complete slave to drink, and spent his whole income in trying to satisfy that insatiable thirst, leaving his children to be supported by their mother, who, fortunately, was also possessed of private means. At that time he was just recovering from a prolonged drinking bout, and, seeing the misery he was causing, he longed, in some way or other, to be saved from his cruel taskmaster—drink. As I spoke to him, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he asked if Christ could save him from the power of drink. 'Yes,' I said, if you go to Him. I directed him to the inquiry-room, where his wife then was. When the Scriptures had been opened to him, the Spirit of God gave him understanding, and he was enabled to cast all his troubles and cares upon Christ. Nor did he enter the kingdom alone; his wife and children also found peace in Jesus that night. Two weeks afterwards his wife testified as follows. 'Two Sabbaths ago I came into this hall and found my Saviour. Before I entered I was so dejected and heart-broken that I thought of taking my two children and drowning them and myself, but God, in His tender mercy, saved me from such a crime, and I, with my husband and children, are all resting in Him.'"

A Story of Two Farmers.—Mr. Weaver remarks: "I will tell you of two farmers, both of whom where professed Christians and servants of the living God. Both of them after their seed was sown went over their fields and prayed God to bless the seed, and make it to multiply; but the one contented himself with this, and did not trouble to fence his fields properly, nor to drain and manure the soil. The result was that the ground got poor and starved, not having enough nourishment to support even the scanty crop which appeared above its surface. But the other farmer not only prayed, but worked; he was in his field morning, noon, and night tending his crops. When the autumn came, his was no stunted harvest, for his fields were covered with golden-corn, and the rustle of well-filled ears, as the wind played among it, was as music to his ear, telling him of the just reward of his labors. We should work as well as pray, looking all our troubles bravely in the face, and in God's strength using the means within our reach."

The Secret of Mary's Endurance.—"A Young girl came to town as a servant. She obtained a situation in a house where the servants were treated, not cruelly, but in such a cross and fretful manner that the mistress was unable to keep them long, for they generally left very soon, not being able to bear their mistress' treatment. But, as one of the young ladies noticed, nothing seemed to ruffle this new servant's temper; she went about her work cheerfully and happily, and the young lady began to realize that this servant girl surely had something which she herself had not. About that time there were evangelistic meetings proceeding in the neighborhood, and to them the young lady went, seeking for the secret of Mary's endurance, and very speedily she found it in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that not only had He the power to save to the uttermost, but also to preserve and bless in all the little things and circumstances of daily life. Living to please Christ, fortified by the remembrance of His beautiful and patient example, is the secret of true happiness and peace in the conflicts of our experiences."

The Master-Key of the Estate.—"A Gentleman on a visit to a friend in the North of England, was being shown over his friend's house and extensive grounds. But what struck him most was, that the master of the house opened his garden gate with one key, and having seen through it, he opened the stable door with the same key. The vinery also was opened by means of the same key, and on returning to the house it was still the same key that was used. The visitor, surprised at seeing only the one key used, said to his host, 'Surely you are not doing a very safe or wise thing in having the same key for all these different places? Are you not afraid of finding your stableman in the garden, or your coachman in the house?' 'Oh, no,' he said, smiling, 'there is no fear of that; they have all different keys, but I have the master-key.' So it is among Christians. There are different denominations, apparently differing from each other, yet as they rely for salvation upon the finished work of Christ alone, they all belong to Him, and He has the master-key, which opens all their hearts that He may enter in and bless them with His presence."

THE COMING SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's Third Vacation Sermon.

"Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation."—Rom. 12: 7, 8.

The Need of a Change—Antiquated Sermons Not Adapted to the Age—The Preacher Not Yet Revealed—Characteristics of the Sermon—I. Full of a Living Christ—A Dying Newsboy—The Smiling Face of a Dead Engineer—A German Sculptor's Child Critic—II. Will be Short—The Death of Eutychus a Warning to Preachers—III. A Popular Sermon—Easily Understood—Practical and Sympathetic—An Oriental Legend—Why People do not go to Church—Ecclesiastical Mummies—IV. An Awakening Sermon—V. An Everyday Sermon—VI. A Reported Sermon—A Dying Christian's Watch.

BEFORE the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows, instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of exhortation and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes—those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a discourse of the future—

Who Will Preach It

I have no idea; in what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea; in which denominations of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That discourse or exhortation may be born in the country meeting-house on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Oregon, or the Ohio, or the Tombigbee, or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, or in a New England farm-house, or amid the rice-fields of Southern savannas. Or this moment there may be some young man in some of our theological seminaries, in the junior, or middle, or senior class, shaping that weapon of power. Or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watch-towers of Zion, waking to a realization of our present inefficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be fifty years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened, while I announce to you what I think will be

The Chief Characteristics

of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to make the remarks of the morning appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that that future religious discourse will be *full of a living Christ*, in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning His name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitious of His titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon, and sympathy, and condolence, and brotherhood, and life, and heaven. A poor man's Christ. A rich man's Christ. An overworked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Christ. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine-worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist or a psychologist or a physician in the sick-room of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world-uplifting, and it will come through a discourse in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is this noonday firmament.

That sermon or exhortation of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of every-day life, for there is not a day somebody is not dying for others. As the physician saving his diphtheritic patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain going down with his vessel, while he is getting his passengers into the life-boat; as the fireman consuming in the burning building while he is taking a child out of a fourth-story window; as in summer the strong swimmer at East Hampton, or Long Branch, or Cape May, or Lake George, himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as *the newspaper boy* one summer, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some especial paper, and he got it, and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it, and was crushed under the wheels of the train, and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say: "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now!"

Vicarious Suffering.

The world is full of it. *An engineer* said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer who, to save his passengers, stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the air-brake?" And as the engineer said it to me, he put his hand on the air-brake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought: "You would be just as much of a hero in the same crisis." Oh, in that religious discourse of the future there will be

Living Illustrations

taken out from every-day life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of Him, who in the high places of the field, on the cross, fought our battles, and endured our struggle, and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said: "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble, and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and he said to her: "Who do you think that is?" She said: "That must be the One who took little children in His arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out His arms of sympathy to press the whole world to His loving heart.

But, I remark again, that the religious discourse of the future

Will be Short.

Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications, and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books, and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those days there was enough time for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject and an hour to cool off. But what was a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication, and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to some other day.

The trouble is we preach audiences into a Christian frame, and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. That accident on the Long Island Railroad, some years ago, came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted to stop the train they could not stop, and hence the casualty was terrific. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion. We want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing, after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject, to hear a man say: "Now to recapitulate," and "a few words by way of application," and "once more," and "finally," and "now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say: "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic, like Paul, and resuscitate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much

A Warning to Ministers

against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at eleven o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the Gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power of miracles.

Napoleon in an address of seven minutes thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's Sermon on the Mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the religious discourse of the future arrives in this land and in the Christian church, the discourse which is to arouse the world and startle the nations, and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief discourse. Hear it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath-schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals Brevity! Brevity!

But I remark also, that the religious discourse of the future of which I speak will be

A Popular Discourse.

There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and, considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audience ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear Him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ, that, taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them.

Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they.

All Understood it.

He illustrated His subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what He meant and they flocked to Him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears, it will not be Princetonian, not Rochesterian, not Andoverian, not Middletonian, but Olivetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins and sorrows of an auditory.

But when that exhortation or discourse does come there will be a thousand gleaming scimetars to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint or thrilling or unique, faculty and students fly at him and set him right, and

straighten him out, and smooth him down, and chop him off, until he says everything just as everybody else says it.

Oh, when the future religious discourse of the Christian church arrives, all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged. The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, my friends, if the people of our great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get

Practical and Sympathetic

help in the Christian church, there would not be a street in New York or Brooklyn or Chicago or Charleston or Philadelphia or Boston which would be passable on the Sabbath day if there were a church on it: for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms came to the God Veda, and asked to have her child restored to life. The God Veda said to her: "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow, and in which there has been no death, and I will restore your child to life." So the mother went out, and she went from house to house, and from home to home, looking for a place where there had been no sorrow, and where there had been no death, but she found none. She went back to the god Veda and said: "My mission is a failure; you see I haven't brought the mustard seed; I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh," says the god Veda, "understand, your sorrows are no worse than the sorrows of others; we all have our griefs, and all have our heart-breaks."

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth.
But has trouble enough of its own.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about

Why People Do not go to Church.

Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting and practical and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the Gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes and the wants and the anxieties of the people.

There are in all our denominations

Ecclesiastical Mummies

sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America, to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Tut! tut! tut! Sensational!" They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hunderd persons present, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all.

I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the Gospel is better—a collegiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home attention of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service. Young lawyers study with old lawyers, young physicians with old physicians, and I believe it would be a great help if every young man studying for the Gospel ministry could put himself in the home, and heart, and sympathy, and under the benediction and perpetual presence of a Christian minister.

But I remark again, the religious discourse of the future will be

An Awakening Sermon.

From altar rail to the front door step, under that sermon an audience will get up and start for heaven. There will be in it many a staccato passage. It will not be a lullaby; it will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks. It will be sympathetic with all the physical distresses, as well as the spiritual distresses of the world. Christ not only preached, but He healed paralysis, and He healed epilepsy, and He healed the dumb and the blind and the lepers.

That religious discourse of the future will be

An Every-day Sermon,

going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plough, how to do any work he is called to, how to wield trowel and pen and pencil and yardstick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy, and Mary, the mother of Christ; and those women who on Northern and Southern battle-fields were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy, fresh from the throne of God.

Yes, I have to tell you the religious discourse of the future will be

A Reported Sermon.

If you have any idea that printing was invented simply to print secular books, and stenography and phonography were contrived merely to set forth secular ideas, you are mistaken. The printing-press is to be the great agency of Gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church, and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and call them to pardon, and life, and peace, and heaven.

So I cannot understand the nervousness of some of my brethren of the ministry. When they see a newspaper man coming in they say: "Alas, there is a reporter!" Every added reporter is ten thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand immortal souls added to the auditory. The time will come when all the village, town and city newspapers will reproduce the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons preached on the Sabbath will reverberate all around the world; and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evangelized.

The practical bearing of this is upon those who are engaged in Christian work, not only upon theological students and young ministers, but upon all who preach the Gospel, and all who exhort in meetings, and all of you if you are

Doing Your Duty.

Do you exhort in prayer-meeting? Be short and be spirited. Do you teach in Bible-class? Though you have to study every night, be interesting. Do you accost people on the subject of religion in their homes or in public places? Study adroitness and use common sense. The most graceful and most beautiful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it, it is defamation. We must do our work rapidly, and we must do it effectively. Soon our time for work will be gone.

A dying Christian took out his watch and gave it to a friend, and said: "Take that watch, I have no more use for it; time is at an end for me, and eternity begins." Oh, my friends, when our watch has ticked away for us the last moment, and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we

Did Our Work Well,

that we did it in the very best way, and whether we preached the Gospel in pulpits, or taught Sabbath-classes, or administered to the sick as physicians, or bargained as merchants, or pleaded the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans, or husbandmen, or as mechanics, or were, like Martha, called to give a meal to a hungry Christ, or like Hannah, to make a coat for a prophet, or like Deborah, to rouse the courage of some timid Barak in the Lord's conflict, we did our work in such a way that it will stand the test of the judgment. And in the long procession of the redeemed, that march around the throne, may it be found that there are many there brought to God through our instrumentality, and in whose rescue we exult. But oh, you unsaved,

Wait Not

for that religious discourse of the future! It may come after your obsequies. It may come after the stone-cutter has chiseled our name on the slab fifty years before. Do not wait for a great steamer of the Cunard or White Star line to take you off the wreck, but hail the first craft, with however low a mast, and however small a hulk, and however poor a rudder, and however weak a captain. Better a disabled schooner that comes up in time, than a full-rigged brig that comes up after you have sunken.

Instead of waiting for that religious discourse of the future—it may be forty, fifty years off—take this plain invitation of a man who, to have given you spiritual eyesight, would be glad to be called the spittle by the hand of Christ put on the eyes of a blind man, and who would consider the highest compliment of this service, if at the close five hundred men should start from these doors, saying, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; this one thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Swifter than shadows over the plain, quicker than birds in their autumnal flight, hastier than eagles to their prey, hie you to a sympathetic Christ. The orchestras of heaven have strung their instruments to celebrate your rescue,

"And many were the voices around the throne:
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

A SERVICE IN BECHUANALAND.

(*See Illustration on page 476.*)

THE country of the Bechuanas lies between the Transvaal and the Kalahari Desert, to the north of Cape Colony, in South Africa. The people are a primitive race, devoted chiefly to pastoral pursuits. They are less warlike than the Zulus, and of an inferior moral and intellectual type. Though they are cruel and vindictive when they are aroused, they are not quarrelsome, like their more high-spirited neighbors. It is through the labors of the renowned missionary, Dr. Robert Moffat, the father-in-law of David Livingstone, that we know most of the Bechuanas. Moffat was deeply moved by their state, and went and lived among them, though he was assured that their "medicine men" or priests would assuredly stir up the people against him. In 1821 he settled down there with his wife and child, and Mr. Hamilton, a brother missionary. They built a hut with their own hands, cleared a few acres for planting and enclosed them. Working all day at such labors, picking up the language from natives who showed themselves friendly, Dr. Moffat worked indefatigably and at length gathered a few natives together to listen to the Gospel.

No sooner was the character of his mission disclosed than opposition was manifested. One day a herald bearing a huge spear presented himself at the missionary's door, and delivered a peremptory order that the missionaries quit the country. Dr. Moffat's intrepid bearing and his fearlessness of death awed the herald, who took back word that the men must be bewitched. Ultimately they were allowed to remain, and Moffat not only succeeded in planting the Gospel among them, but gave them the Bible in their own tongue. Churches were established and native teachers trained to carry on the work. Such sights as that depicted in the illustration are now to be seen in all parts of Bechuanaland.

Volume IX. of the Christian Herald, Containing the numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes, of 1883, 1884, and 1885 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Thy Healer and Faith Witness, a Monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where Missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 75 cents, may be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

THE JEWS IN PALESTINE.

ENCOURAGING reports are sent home by Mr. D. C. Joseph, who is now in the Holy Land. He writes: "Although it is only a little more than a fortnight since the Lord brought me to the Holy Land, I have seen sufficient to enable me to fill a volume. It causes the heart to leap with joy to see the readiness of the Jews to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. *The bitter aversion against Christ has almost disappeared*, and the open doors for the servant of God are an encouragement to expect greater things yet to come. Although it is not quite a year since I first visited Jerusalem, the great change which we found is something surprising. Property is rising in price, for about a mile and a half on the Jaffa road very fine buldings are erected, and the city spreads itself as far as the Damascus gate near 'Galgato.'

"Although there is now a great restriction in the emigration of the Jews, nevertheless the more the Turkish Government forbids the entrance of the Jews to Palestine, the more they flock to it. Alas! as it was with the children of Israel in the time of Moses, so it is now. The poor Jew is oppressed and persecuted by the people of the land. But the pain is even greater when converted Jews are slighted by the Christians. There is an anti-Semitic spirit, not only against the unconverted Jew, but also against the converted Israelite. We ask prayer, that that feeling may be uprooted from the hearts of men.

"The distress is great among the unbelieving Jews, but we are more concerned about the converted Jews who are starving in the city. There is very little provision made for the convert. We earnestly desire to be able to at least give them a night's lodging and a morsel of bread."

SPIDERS FOLLOWING THE LIGHT.

AT a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences Dr. Henry McCook, who has devoted a great deal of attention to the habits of spiders, delivered a long and interesting address on the subject. Among other characteristics he mentioned was that of their love of light. He has taken care of a brood of young spiders, whose webs form a decoration for his library window. He observed that the spiders occupied the lines of the webs on which the beams of his study lamp fell with most effect. He was curious to ascertain whether that fact was only a coincidence, and he therefore moved his lamp so that its light fell on another part of the web, leaving the part the spiders occupied in the shade. They all quickly moved from the dark to the light part, where they remained until the lamp was again moved, when they went back to the former position. It would be well if the same characteristic could be observed in men in relation to spiritual light, but it often happens that they avoid the light, which makes them uncomfortable, and resent any attempt to draw them out of their natural darkness. (John: 3 19).

AN ENCOURAGED COLPORTEUR.

AMONG the agencies organized by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon in connection with his church in London is an association for sending out book peddlers into country districts. They carry nothing but religious literature and their journeys are a blessing to the districts, as they are all able to hold religious services and avail themselves of opportunities for personal appeals. Last year these men sold books of the aggregate value of $48,000.

One of the men—Mr. Morgan, of Calne—has been very greatly cheered by several conversions. He reports: "Some time ago a woman died in my district, whom I had regularly visited for the last three years. When I first met her she was a stranger to the truth as it is in Jesus, but the death of her son about twelve months ago aroused her as to the need of a Saviour. But for a very long time, to all my enquiries she would only answer that she hoped she would be saved at last. But some time before her death she was able to rejoice in Jesus as her Saviour; and just before her death she sent for me to come and see her, and when I went she gave such a clear testimony, as to her readiness to meet God, as cheered my heart. Just before her death, in wishing her daughter good by, she said to her, 'Be sure to welcome Mr. Morgan whenever he calls, for I am sure you will find in him a good friend, as I have done.' When I called there a few days after the funeral I found the daughter anxious about her soul's salvation; I pointed her to Christ, and left with a prayer that the Lord would lead her to trust Him fully; and last month I heard with joy that she and her sister-in-law and niece (who lived in the next house, and whom I had constantly visited) had given their hearts to the Lord. May the Lord grant that many more may follow their example."

LITTLE SUFFERERS IN CHINA.

FROM Shanghai, China, Miss McKechnie thus writes to the *Missionary Link:* A little girl twelve years old who came to us has a sad story. Her mother *bound her feet so tight* and put on such little shoes that the child could not endure the pain, and she took them off. The mother was so angry that when she put the bandages and shoes on again she bound them on with cord. The result of this cruel treatment was the loss of one of her feet. We put her in bed, and after a few days the doctor amputated the leg just below the knee. She is a delicate child and it will be a long time before she is well, but she seems happy with us.

Another child of thirteen came who was afflicted with a parasitic disease of the head of ten years' standing. Her parents were very anxious to have her cured. It seems that she was engaged to be married, but the parents of the boy were not willing to pay over the *engagement money* until her head was cured. We took her in, and after weeks of treatment the head is nearly well. She is a wild little thing and roams all over the place. These two children have been made happy by the paper dolls and picture books sent in the boxes, and many of their weary, suffering hours have passed happily. We have the house full and three patients in the nurses' sitting-room.

BAPTISM OF A PERSECUTED WIDOW.

IN a letter from Calcutta, to the *Missionary Link*, Miss Hook thus describes the reception of a widow of twenty-one years of age and her little daughter, into the Christian Church: "When a little girl, she had been a pupil in our Numtollah School, and her little girl has been there more than a year. At intervals, during her early widowhood, she has been visited by different missionaries, but her family, suspecting her change of religious sentiments, have frequently interrupted her studies. However, through the child, she has continually requested us to *take her away from home*, but we, fearing mixed motives, so common in many cases, put her off with the exhortation to be a Christian in her own home, and suffer persecution, if it must be. Many dark days might be her portion as a Christian, and if she would be a soldier of the cross she must learn to bear hardness. But, at last, feeling sure that she was sincere, we gave her leave to come, which she did, and we put her in the "Convert's Home," at Barrackpore, a safe and good refuge provided by one of the Missions for the training and instruction of new converts for the first few years.

"There was, of course, at first, some disturbance from her relatives. I received a lawyer's letter commanding me to *deliver her up within twenty-four hours*, accompanied with the usual threats. The Numtollah School was attacked and children chased away in great alarm, until a few policemen were stationed at several points for one week, and all went on quietly. The relatives also went to Barrackpore, and, before a magistrate, got her own testimony, and as she is of age, of course there is no law to force her; so they have quieted down. The father feels it very deeply; he has always sympathized somewhat with his daughter, and we can only hope that some day the Spirit of God will take possession of his own heart. After a month at Barrackpore she was brought to Calcutta for baptism, and preferred immersion.

"The little daughter, although so young, had given decided evidence of her belief, and was very anxious to receive Christian baptism. Our own family and quite a number of our friends met in the chapel, and after a short address in Bengali and English, and the usual prayers and questions, the pastor administered baptism to the mother. He then reached out his hands to the little child; the pretty little white figure, with solemn face, but no signs of alarm, stepped down and placed her little hands in his with a most trusting air, and to his question if she believed, replied "ha" (yes) strong and clearly. I was never so impressed with the blessedness of leading children to Him who said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The Spirit of God seemed to fill the place."

A WICKED GOVERNOR'S FALL.

IN a letter to *Woman's Work*, Mrs. F. W. March, of Tripoli, says: "We are encouraged with the hope that the Government, which has been every year more and more unfriendly to our educational work, will hereafter *close no more schools*, and will even allow us to re-open those which they have already closed. Our Consul in Beirût has been hard at work in our behalf, and his efforts seem likely to prove successful. In one village not only was the school closed, but the local Governor went so far as to forbid all religious gatherings, even the meeting of two persons to read the Bible together! The preacher and the owner of the house where the Protestant meetings were held were imprisoned, and threats of yet more serious consequences following, if meetings were continued, alarmed the little band of believers. But in the midst of their persecutions the Governor, a drunkard and very wicked man, became involved in a quarrel and shot a man of prominence, for which act he lost his office and was thrown into the common prison at Tripoli. As we have heard of no further trouble in the village, we infer that his successor is less unfriendly to the Protestants. God takes His own methods in delivering His people from the hands of their oppressors, but in some way or other deliverance is sure to come to those who put their trust in Him."

AN ATHEIST'S GANGRENED FOOT.

WHEN Mr. Hudson Taylor was preparing to go to China the first time to establish the China Inland mission, he occupied his time in medical practice, and among his patients he had one whose foot had to be dressed every day, as he was suffering from senile gangrene. "The patient," says Mr. Taylor, "had little idea that he was a doomed man, and probably had not long to live. The family with whom he lived were Christians, and from them I learned that he was an avowed atheist, and very antagonistic to anything Christian. He soon began to manifest grateful appreciation of my services. One day, with a trembling heart, I took advantage of his acknowledgment to tell him of his own solemn position and need of God's mercy through Christ. After dressing the wound, and relieving his pain, I never failed to say a few words to him, which I hoped the Lord would bless. He always turned his back to me, looking annoyed, but never spoke a word, either of protest or assent, in reply.

One day, after dressing his limb and washing my hands, instead of returning to the bedside to speak to him, I went to the door and took hold of the handle, and stood hesitating for a few moments with the thought in my mind: 'Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone. I looked at the man and saw his surprise, as it was the first time since speaking to him that I had attempted to leave without going up to his bedside to say a few words for my Master. I could bear it no longer; bursting into tears I went up to him, and said, 'My friend, whether

you will hear or whether you will forbear, I *must* deliver *my* soul;' and spoke very earnestly to him, telling him, with many tears, how much I wished that he would let me pray with him. To my unspeakable joy he did not turn away, but replied, 'If it will be a relief to you, do." I fell on my knees and poured out my whole soul to God for him. I believe the Lord then and there wrought a change in the man. Within a few days he definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour. He told me that for forty years he had never darkened the door of church or chapel, and then—forty years ago—he had only gone to church to be married; he could not be persuaded to go inside when his wife was buried. The now happy man lived for some time after this change, and was never tired of bearing testimony to the grace of God."

AN IDOL PROCESSION IN CHINA.

A STRANGE observance, which is annual in Shanghai, was witnessed recently by Mr. F. L. H. Pott, who thus describes it in a letter to the *Spirit of Missions:*

"Picture to yourself a narrow, dirty street of *only eight feet in width*, as the route of the procession. First, came the musicians, walking two by two, and even that was sometimes a close squeeze. The music was peculiar, but not at all unpleasant. It consisted principally in the piping of flutes, and the "whanging" of large gongs. The costumes of the musicians, though pretty ragged and dirty, yet displayed numerous colors. Following came what we might call lictors, wearing tall, conical hats, somewhat like our fool's-caps, either black or red; some of them carried in their hands iron chains, and some bore the great umbrellas, the tokens of dignity and honor in China. Their beautiful colors made a very pleasing effect. Horsemen, on shaggy and dirty steeds, rode along, carrying banners or flags in their hands. Men carrying censers and the temple utensils came next, and some of them in a very curious way carried heavy iron ornaments *suspended from the skins of their arms*, the skin being pierced by little sharp steel wires, and the arm held out horizontally. I was told this operation did not hurt; but nevertheless I would not care to try it.

The great event, and the one eagerly waited for, was the passing of the idols. Soon the image of one of the great gods, seated in a magnificent sedan chair, was borne along on the shoulders of many bearers. As soon as it came in sight, there was complete silence; and then men, women and children—yes, even the babies—put their hands together and respectfully and solemnly moved them up and down, in worship of the idol, amid muttered exclamations of *Lau ya, Lau ya*, meaning something like "Your reverence." One mother, standing just in front of me, I noticed particularly, and was struck with the anxiety that she showed to have her little baby, which she carried in her arms, perform the act of worship. She seemed much distressed when the little thing fell asleep and could not be roused for the performance.

There were five idols carried in the procession, and each one was saluted in the same way; between the time of their passing, lictors, horsemen, musicians and others passed along, and parents carrying little children on their backs. These children marched in the procession as a mark of gratitude to the gods for the restoration of their health after some severe sickness. They wore red clothing, and had their cues unbraided down their backs.

The procession took nearly two hours in passing. Much of it, owing to the tinsel and gaudy colors, had brought me back in thought to the pageant in the sawdust ring of my childhood's days. Much had been amusing, but also much impressive. To see this people so reverently worshipping these hideous idols as they passed along, could not but make me think what an earnest longing there is in the hearts of all creatures of the earth to know and feel that God is near them, and how the Incarnation of the Son of God satisfies this natural human craving.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO THE HOLY LAND ABOUT APRIL 2, 1889.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

A Fulfilled Prophecy—Its Punctual Verification—Why it is Important—The Completion of the 2,300 Years on March 21, 1844—The Starting-point of the 45 Years—A Like Punctuality Probable—The Period Closing on April 2, 1889—A Marked Step of Progress to be Expected—The Events of 1844—The Declaration Extorted from the Sultan—The Event Foreshown by Expositors.

THE termination of the 2,300 years of Daniel 8:14, on the first day of Nisan (March 21, 1844) in its *initial commencing* fulfillment of the predicted "cleansing of the Sanctuary" of the Holy Land from the "desolating" persecution of the Mohammedan "abomination," was

One of the Clearest Verifications

of prophetic interpretations ever known, as we will proceed to explain. And the importance of it to us is that if in this *initial commencing* fulfillment, the 2,300 years are to be followed by the additional 45 years (the same as they are undoubtedly followed in their *ultimate concluding* fulfillment by Daniel's 45 years from the last day of Passover Week in April, 1856, to the last day of Passover Week on April 11, 1901), then there will be a termination of these 45 years in such initial fulfillment on Tuesday, April 2, 1889, because that day being the first day of Nisan in 1889, will be exactly 45 years from the first day of Nisan in 1844, which happened in that year to be Thursday, March 21. In such case the event to be expected about April 2, 1889, may be some *marked and*

Signal Step of Progress

in the increasing liberation and deliverance of the Holy Land from the Turkish-Mahommedan abomination of desolation: in connection with the mystic "drying up of the Euphrates" in the decay and breaking up of the Turkish-Mohammedan empire. The event may be *the separation of the Holy Land, and perhaps also of Syria from Turkey*, so as to become practically independent of it.

The reasons why the 2,300 years were understood in their *initial commencing* fulfillment to end on March 21 1844, were stated by the Rev. E. Bickersteth as follows:

The European Powers made the Sultan of Turkey in 1844 promise not to execute persons any longer for becoming converts to Christianity. The causes of this intervention were remarkable. In August, 1843, an Armenian youth who, after, under fear of punishment, becoming a Turk, had returned to his Christian faith, was put to death. This called for the interposition of the British Government and its serious remonstrances, and produced in November 1843, some promises of terminating such affairs without capital punishment. In December, however, a young Greek, who had become a Mussulman, returned to his own creed as a Greek Christian, at Biligik, adjoining to Brussa, was executed. This taking place in the midst of the correspondence, called forth Lord Aberdeen's decisive letter of January 16. Thus we are indebted to the faithfulness of Greek and Armenian martyrs for this remarkable change.

Turkey even on the 14th of March, 1844, would have put off the European Powers with a statement that the law did not admit of any change, but such measures as were possible, should be taken. The Ambassadors of the European Powers refused to receive this.

At length, on the 21st of March, 1844,

The Question Of Religious Execution

was, as the British Ambassador observed, "happily, and to all appearance, conclusively settled. The concession has been obtained with great difficulty, and even to the last moment it required the firmness of resolution, inspired by your Lordship's instructions to overcome the obstacles which were raised against us." He enclosed in this letter the following "Official declaration of the Sublime Porte, relinquishing the practice of executions for apostacy:

(Translation).

"It is the special and constant intention of His Highness the Sultan, that his cordial relations with the High Powers be preserved, and that a perfect reciprocal friendship be maintained and increased.

"The Sublime Porte engages to take measures to prevent henceforward the execution and putting to death of the Christian who is an apostate.

"March 21, 1844."

To this must be added the following "declaration of His Highness the Sultan to Sir Stratford Canning at his audience on the 22d of March, 1844.

"Henceforward neither shall Christianity be insulted in my dominions, nor shall Christians be in anyway persecuted for their religion."

The Date of the Official Declaration,

March 21, is very remarkable as being in fact the first day of Nisan, the first sacred month of the Jews. And this is the more remarkable, as it is connected with the termination of the remarkable date of 2,300 years, which closed in 1843. The remarks on this date were printed by the Rev. E. Bickersteth in April, 1839, and published in his 'Guide to the Prophecies,' in August, 1839, as follows:

"It will be observed that Ezra is very specific in stating the dates. On the first day of the first month (Nisan in B. C. 457) began he to go up from Babyon (Ezra 7:9). And they made an end with all the men that had taken strange wives by the first day of the first month (Nisan in B. C. 456). Ezra 10:17. The whole time of the return and restoration taking exactly a year.

"The prophecy of this period is in these words: (Dan. 7:13, 14.) 'How long shall be the vision of the daily sacrifice, and of the transgression of desolation, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot? And he said unto me, unto two thousand and three hundred days (or evening morning); then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.'

"Ezra's commission for the restoration of the sacrifice (Ezra 7:15; 8:35), was 457 years before Christ. The period of a year was occupied in this work and his return, that is to the first day of Nisan 456 B.C. (Ezra 6;9; 10:17). The restoration of sacrifice continued, with slight exceptions, to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, since which Jerusalem has been trodden down of the Gentiles, to the period of March 21, 1844; this period according to the Jewish year, ending March 20, 1844, makes 2,300 years."

On the first of Nisan, 1844, the power of the Mohammedans to persecute Christianity passed away, constituting a measurable

Cleansing of the Sanctuary.

This is the more remarkable also, as 1844 is the 1,260th year of the Hegira (the date fixed by the Mohammedan Antichrist as the rise of this branch of the apostacy), and so the closing year in Mohammedanism of that remarkable prophetical period 1,260 years. In a letter from Tangiers, in 1844, given in the public journals, speaking of the difficulties besetting the kingdom of Morocco, it is stated: "It seems that the Moors have always been exhorting each other to beware of 1,260 (that is of the Hegira), which, according to our reckoning, is the present year."

The *Rev. F. Fysh, M. A.*, in his "Sure Word of Prophecy" (312 pages) published in 1839, also interpreted the same 391 years as a period of the *rise* of the Turkish Empire in 1062, the first year of Alp Arslan's reign to its zenith in 1453, and thence again of its gradual *decline* to 1844. He said: "The Turkish Empire was at its height in 1453, and another period of 391 years will end with its fall in 1844, although its final extermination will not take place until some years later." He also said "In 1896 the Jews will be established in their own land."

Alfred Addis, B. A., in his large volume on Prophecy in 1830, clearly showed that 2,300 years would end in 1843, which, as the Jewish ecclesiastical year, ended on March 20, 1844.

Five Cents, Postage Free.

END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Party had a Narrow Escape from a serious accident on July 16. As the train by which he was traveling was passing Glendale, New York, the engineer heard a crash. The connecting bar to the forward driver on the right hand side of the engine broke, and the huge piece of steel revolved with terrible velocity, tearing out one side of the cab and ripping up the ties and the ground as the engine rushed along. A huge fracture was made in the boiler, and the steam escaped in volumes. The engine swayed violently, and the engineer was flung out of the cab into the ditch and was killed by the fall. The fireman was knocked against the side of the cab and his head badly cut. Half blinded with the escaping steam and bleeding profusely from the wound in his head, he retreated to the coach, but recollecting that the lever had not been reversed, he crawled back through the scalding steam to the cab and swung the lever back, thereby in all probability saving the lives of all on board.

An Assimilation of the Laws of the States as to extradition is proposed, and a conference is to be held in New York in August, of representatives of the various States, to arrange a scheme. Each Governor has received a letter inviting him to send a delegate to the conference, and calling his attention to the fact that although the present regulations and practice of the respective States regarding criminals from beyond their borders are substantially similar, they are nevertheless widely divergent in details and particular requirements. This divergence sometimes affords criminals an opportunity to escape from punishment, and often leads to vexatious delays and increased legal expenses. It is expected that a scheme will be framed by the conference in the hope that it will be generally adopted.

The Ohio State Democratic Convention at Cleveland on Thursday last nominated as its candidate for Governor, General Thomas E. Powell, of Delaware County. The majority of the delegates were instructed for Thurman, but he positively refused to allow his name to go before the convention. The choice of General Powell was a surprise to many, as his chief rival held views on the tariff supposed to be more popular in Ohio than those of General Powell. He distinctly announced himself as a "Randall Democrat," but apparently that did not recommend him to the convention and General Powell was chosen on the second ballot. The most significant feature of the convention, however, was its endorsement of the President. This fact is of importance, because there is an impression prevalent that Mr. Cleveland's strongest and most inveterate opponents are within the lines of his own party. The utterances of the convention were so unequivocal as to leave no doubt that, whatever may be the opinion of the Democratic party at large, Mr. Cleveland has the confidence of the party in Ohio. Another remarkable plank of its platform is that relating to *the tariff*, and this is on a line with its selection of the head of the ticket. This plank runs thus: We demand such judicious reduction of the present burdensome tariff as shall result in producing a revenue sufficient only to meet the expenses of an economical administration of government, the payment of liberal pensions to Union soldiers and sailors, and the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt; and, if necessary, we favor such reduction of internal revenue, except on liquors, as will prevent the accumulation of a surplus in the national treasury, and we denounce any attempt to abolish the tax on liquors for the purpose of keeping up the present unjust, unequal and onerous tariff system. The platform distinctly defines the attitude of the party on the *liquor* question. It is a demand for the submission of an amendment to the constitution providing for a liquor license. This will consolidate the opposition, because the amendment that enlightened people in Ohio desire to see made is precisely the opposite one. On the *immigration* question the demand of the convention is radical. It opposes the reception of all "aliens who are not willing to declare their intention of becoming citizens of the United States." This week the Republican Convention assembles at Toledo, and a comparison of its platform with that of the Democrats will furnish indications of the state of public opinion in Ohio.

A New Revision of the Civil Service Rules has been prepared, and will be submitted to the President for his approval as soon as each of the Commissioners has had an opportunity of personally examining them and making suggestions. It is stated that one object of the revision is to cover the new ground opened up by the experiment in the War Office. That was so entirely satisfactory that it is proposed to extend the system to the other Departments. As the Civil Service law, however, was designed to apply to appointments, modifications of the rules will be necessary to the new sphere of promotions. There has been a difference of opinion among the Commissioners on the subject of the Central Examining Board. An effort has been made to increase its number from seven to thirteen, Mr. Oberly taking the lead in the movement. The other Commissioners, however, are opposed to the change, which they think would make the Board unwieldy without increasing its efficiency. It is gratifying to notice that the law is growing in favor, and that even those whose patronage it curtails, appreciate the relief it affords them from persistent applicants.

A Shocking Railroad Accident Occurred near Jersey City, New Jersey, on July 21. A gang of Italians were engaged in filling ballast into the roadbed, between and under the ties on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, when a milk train came slowly along and the men moved from the western to the eastern track and and commenced work on that. Before the milk train had passed the Chicago Express, traveling at forty miles an hour, came in sight. The noise of the milk train deadened the sound of the express, and the men, who were stooping over their work, were unconscious of their danger. The overseers saw it and shouted to them, but many of the Italians did not understand English, and, it is supposed, mistook the cries for orders to work harder. The express dashed into their midst with frightful results Ten men were literally cut to pieces and many others injured, one of whom has since died in the hospital.

A Report that Mr. H. M. Stanley was Dead was cabled here from London, and published on Friday last. The despatch stated that the West African Company had been informed by a native that a battle had taken place between Stanley's expedition and some natives, from whom he wanted to obtain supplies of food, and that Stanley had been shot. Another report had it that the steamer on which the explorer was proceeding to the relief of Emin Pasha had sunk and Stanley was drowned. The news caused some uneasiness, but Mr. Stanley's friends do not credit it The New York *Herald's* correspondent, in fact, received from the King of the Belgians an emphatic contradiction of it, based on Stanley's own despatches, which show him to have been farther up the country than the despatch announcing his death represents him to have been. The King said that he received on July 20 a telegram, announcing Mr. Stanley's safe arrival at the confluence of the Awrimi and the Congo on June 1. Owing to the difficulties caused by the famine, Mr. Stanley, on leaving Bolobo, about May 9, did not expect to reach Awrimi before June 6. His arrival June 1, shows that as he went ahead the famine difficulties diminished instead of increased. King Leopold and the administration of the Congo are firmly convinced that there can have been no reason for his fighting to obtain food, and falling in the struggle.

Prince Ferdinand has Accepted the Throne of Bulgaria, conditionally on the approval of the great Powers. It would appear, however, that Russia is scarcely less hostile to him than to Prince Alexander. The Russian newspapers unanimously disapprove of the election. They all denounce the election by the Sobranjé as the result of Austro-German intrigue, and urge the Porte to intervene and the Powers to withdraw their representatives from Sofia. The *Novoe Vremya*, of St. Petersburg, says that Russia will in no case allow Prince Ferdinand to go to Sofia, and adds that if he arrives there with an Austrian escort Russia will tell Austria to keep her hands off. It is understood that the question will be discussed by the Emperors of Germany and Austria at their approaching meeting, and united action agreed upon. It is not deemed probable that the Czar, headstrong though he is, would dare to oppose Germany and Austria united.

The Complete Failure of the Anglo-Turkish Convention on the Egyptian question is now admitted. The Sultan, awed by the menaces of Russia and France, definitely refused to sign, and the English special commissioner has been recalled. The result of the failure is not yet apparent. England would, under the convention, have been pledged to withraw from Egypt at a definite date, whereas now she is free from pledges. It may be supposed that Russia and France will now apply pressure in London. An influential French journal says: "We are as well disposed after the rejection of the convention as we were before to negotiate with England. We are ready to largely allow for the position in which accomplished facts and French mistakes have placed England. We are resolved to offer England complete guarantee that we do not think of taking any position on the Nile that she may vacate, but we are determined to maintain France's incontestible rights." Other journals comment in a more hostile spirit, and clamor for a peremptory demand being made by the French Government on England to evacuate Egypt without delay.

News of Emin Pasha has Been Brought to Zanzibar from the interior by traders, who state that Emin Bey was in good health in March, and was projecting an expedition to explore further the Kakibbi River, an immense stream which he discovered in September, rising in the Usongora Mountains, and flowing into the southern part of Lake Albert Nyanza. He proposed that this, his third expedition, should occupy three months. It is thought that he may meet the Stanley expedition in Usongora. Mwanga the ferocious King of Uganda, still refused to grant Emin permission to leave the country, but he permitted messengers to obtain supplies for the expedition. Emin had not heard of Stanley's mission. The British and Italian messengers who were sent to inform him of the expedition were met in May at a point northwest of the Victoria Nyanza by some of the traders who have just arrived there. The messengers had just been released from captivity.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

An Important Change in the Marriage Law of New York State is now gone into operation, and *all clergymen* should bear the fact in mind, as it affects them more than the persons they marry. The Act passed at the last session of the Legislature, makes it a misdemeanor for any minister or magistrate to solemnize a marriage when either of the parties is known to him to be under the age of legal consent. The law further requires that the minister or magistrate shall use due diligence in ascertaining the age. Having used such diligence, he may not be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor if he has been deceived as to the age. But ignorance would be no excuse where no effort was taken to ascertain whether each of the parties was old enough to get married. The age of consent is now charged from fourteen in males to eighteen, and from twelve in females to sixteen.

A Remarkable Woman Died in Boston, Mass., on July 21. She was the founder and manager of the institution known as "Boffin's Bower," and her name was Jennie Collins. She was formerly an employee in a clothing establishment, but always took a deep interest in philanthropic work. The clothing house was burnt out, and Miss Collins then gave herself up entirely to an effort to help the poor—especially poor women and working girls. She had no funds of her own, but she would go among the poor, get particulars of their cases, and then go among the wealthy, presenting their needs and obtain means to relieve them. Gradually, as she became known, large sums were intrusted to her for distribution, her practical common sense and shrewd discrimination rendering her a better agent than the donors themselves. Poor families have been helped over hard times by her aid, and many a friendless girl provided with employment through her efforts. "Boffin's Bower," under her management, became a centre of helpfulness. Her death will be a serious loss to the poor of Boston. It may be hoped that God will raise up a capable successor.

A Thousand Miles an Hour is the Speed which an inventor expects to realize by his scheme for sending parcels to Europe. The *Hartford Courant* states that Col. J. H. Pierce is perfecting a project for the use of pneumatic tubes beneath the Atlantic, and that he has arrived at a stage which justifies him in proclaiming his success. Only a few mechanical details remain to be arranged. He proposes to lay on the bed of the ocean a double line of tubes, similar to those in use in cities between telegraph offices. Through these a carriage will be propelled by a blast of air, generated by steam-driven fans, on the principle of those employed in blast furnaces. The interior of the tubes and the exterior of the carriages will be polished steel, with corrugated sides fitting to wheels, with anti-friction bearings. His experiments convince him that a light parcel might be sent so as to reach the coast of Ireland in three hours after its despatch from New York. The advantages of this scheme, if it prove practicable, will be readily perceived by business men, who often require to transmit documents, the value of which depends on their quick delivery. If Christian men were similarly awake to the facilities placed within their reach they would use them more, for God has said, "*Before* they call I will answer" (Isa. 65 : 24).

A Remarkable Meteorite Fell in Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, on July 17. A violent thunderstorm broke over the city soon after noon on that day, with high winds. As some persons stood on the corner of Fulton and Troy avenues, watching the vivid flashes of lightning, they observed an object about the size of a man's head descending apparently from the sky. It came swiftly, and struck the earth with terrific force. It was broken into fragments by the concussion, and there was a rush to secure pieces of it, which have been preserved as curiosities. The substance is of a vivid green color, and porous. When first secured it was soft and plastic, taking the impress of the fingers. After remaining over a day it became brittle and friable. It resembles precisely in appearance the green deposit left on a battery. At first it was thought that the lightning had struck a copper wire or roof, had melted portions of it, and, oxidizing it, had carried it to a great distance. Analysis, however, showed its meteoric origin, as it gave with the reagents and the blowpipe unmistakable evidence of the presence of cobalt and nickel, which twin metals are always found in meteorites. There were no traces of copper and faint indications of iron. From the quantity of the material it is thought that the ball when intact must have weighed twenty pounds. Portions have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution. Happily the meteorite did not strike anyone, or it would certainly have caused death. The descent of so formidable a missile reminds us of the boundless resources which God holds in His hand for the execution of the judgments in the last days (Rev. 16 : 21).

A Suicide on a Dog's Grave Occurred Near Philadelphia on July 18. A family residing near the Bryn Mawr Hotel had a favorite collie dog of remarkable intelligence. The dog had been reared in the family, and all were fond of him, but especially a sixteen year old boy, to whom the care of the dog had been committed when he was brought as a puppy into the house some two years ago. On July 18, the dog suddenly died, and the boy was inconsolable. He dug a grave for him in the garden, and erected a small headstone on which he carved a memorial inscription. The boy's depression was noticed by the family, but no particular attention was paid to him. He staid out in the grounds after dark that night, but nothing was thought of this, as the evening was very hot. But as the family were sitting on the porch they heard a sharp report, and on going to the garden to ascertain the cause, saw the boy lying dead across the dog's grave, a revolver in his hand and a bullethole in his head. He had shot himself in his uncontrollable grief. How far the boy was responsible for his rash act it is not for men to say; probably his sorrow had unsettled his reason. Sorrow comes to all in this world, but it cannot overthrow the reason, when the sufferer knows that his chief treasure still remains and is beyond the reach of death (Matt. 6: 20, 21).

A Reformed Parrot is in the Possession of a gentleman at Ballston, N. Y. A local journal states that after the parrot was purchased the owner discovered, to his consternation, that its language was extremely profane. It uttered the most horrible oaths with demoniacal glee. Reproof and punishment had no effect upon it, and the owner decided to get rid of the bird. But it conceived an affection for his little daughter, who fed it and who has a wonderfully sweet voice. The little girl was in the habit of repeating the Lord's prayer before going to bed, and the parrot listened intently. After the child had retired one night the parrot was heard trying to reproduce the child's words, and the following night it did so with greater success. The effort delighted the child, who encouraged the bird and became its teacher. It is now able to repeat the whole prayer, and, what is still more remarkable, its profanity has entirely disappeared. To the parrot, of course, the language of devotion is as meaningless as that of imprecation, but is simply the result of a change of association. The same cause sometimes leads to mistakes as to human beings, who when among religious people quit evil speaking. The mere reformation of speech and habit, gratifying as it is, should never satisfy any one. The only vital and effectual change is one of heart (Ezek. 33: 31).

A Narrow Escape from Lynching is Reported from Toledo, Iowa County, Iowa. Four months ago a man suddenly disappeared from that town, and his employer was suspected of having murdered him, as it was known that the missing man had grievously offended his employer shortly before his disappearance. The employer was arrested, and he admitted that he had charged the man with a heinous offence; a violent quarrel had ensued, and he had then driven him from his house into the darkness. He said that he had not seen the man afterward, but it was shown that after he had pursued him he did not return to his house for more than an hour. He was released after a preliminary investigation, but public opinion was strongly against him and one of his neighbors, who was believed to be his accomplice in the murder. A lynching party visited the neighbor and strung him up to a tree three times, and lowered him again to get him to confess where the body was hidden, but he persisted in saying that he knew nothing about it. The lynchers afterward went to the employer of the missing man and tried to kill him, but he escaped. Soon afterward he left the town, and, with a detective, commenced an exhaustive search for the missing man, traveling all over Iowa and Missouri. After a long and toilsome search they found him at Kansas City, Mo., and took him to Toledo. The appearance of the man who was supposed to be murdered, produced the greatest excitement, and a reaction set in which resulted in a mass meeting to register the vindication of the innocent man who had so nearly fallen a victim to popular fury. There are many innocent men unjustly suspected of wrong-doing, for whom complete vindication appears impossible. In such a situation, the man without faith in God is utterly miserable, but the Christian so situated has a sure hope of vindication (Ps. 37 : 5, 6).

BRIEF NOTES.

In Canada there are now 2,500,000 square miles of territory under prohibition law.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker, Mr. Spurgeon's evangelists, who labored successfully in this country, have left Australia for England.

A. J. Bell has resigned from the Chicago City Mission and is prepared to accept engagements for Evangelistic work. Letters may be addressed to A. J. Bell, 446 W. Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has held a twelve days mission at Exeter, N. H. Two hundred and fifty-four persons, who have been received into various churches since, ascribe their conversion to God's blessing on the services.

The Empress of Japan, accompanied by a retinue of twenty persons, is expected to pay a visit to the United States in October, landing at San Francisco and stopping at Salt Lake, Omaha and Chicago, and will return after a two months' trip.

Thirty-seven young physicians have volunteered to work among the tenement houses of New York City during August. They have been furnished with free tickets, which they may distribute to sick children and their mothers for excursions to the ocean beaches.

A Branch Y. M. C. A. for the employees of the New York Elevated railroads is desired. Thirteen hundred of the men have signed a petition to the directors of the road for the organization of the institution, and have offered to pay 25 cents a month toward the expenses.

At the July meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society grants of books to the value of $9,600 were made, including gifts of Scriptures valued at $1,000 in the Muskogee and Dakota languages for mission work among the Indians, and $1,728 was granted for work in Italy and China.

Mr. J. G. Brown, missionary secretary of Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, is about to sail for the Congo. At the valedictory meeting in the Tabernacle Mr. Spurgeon, speaking of the dangers of this mission-field, said, "We cannot lengthen our lives by neglecting duty, and could we do so, it would be a wretched existence."

Mormon missionaries have been preaching in South Carolina, and have made converts of about twenty-five white families. The burden of their speeches was that all who did not profess Mormonism before 1893 would be destroyed by fire, and that no woman could obtain absolute perfection in the future state who died unmarried.

Rev. J. D. Herr, D. D., whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on November 11, 1886, has just dedicated a new church building in Milwaukee, Wis. The edifice with its furnishing cost $30,000, apart from the lot. The auditorium is in the form of a circle and is filled with opera chairs, and pews in the rear. At the close of the dedicatory services Dr. Herr reported that the debt had been reduced from $8,500 to $2,800.

An Excellent Opportunity for Boys and Girls now on their vacation to earn pocket money, now offers itself by canvassing for "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" and selling it weekly from house to house in their own neighborhood. A number of boys have commenced this since the holidays, in preference to doing anything else. Send postal card at once, for terms.

LOVING PERSUASION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Persuading them concerning Jesus."—Acts 28 : 23.

Paul's Single Object—His Three Methods—I. The People to be Persuaded—Notional Believers—Procrastinating Believers—Dispirited Believers—II. The Work of Persuasion—Successful, if Applied by the Spirit—To Think About Christ—To Trust Him—Make Public Avowal—Persuasive Arguments—III. Cases in which Persuasion Fails—IV. A Change of Audience.

WHEREVER Paul is, he has but one errand and whenever Paul preaches, he has but one subject. Once at Athens, when he addressed the Areopagus, he seemed to wander a little from his main point, and no special good followed, but this experience bound him all the faster to the cross; for he afterwards said to the Corinthians: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." The cross of Christ was his one theme. He henceforth hammered on

The Head of this One Nail.

Whatever faculty, ability and power he had, he turned its whole current into this one channel, and cried, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." "This one thing I do," said he. His motto was—All for Jesus, and Jesus only.

The one topic the apostle brought forward in different ways. When addressing the chief men of the Jews in Rome, observe that he expounded and testified and persuaded. These three methods were needful among the people of those days; and they are the wisest that can be adopted to bring men to Christ, even now. We must *expound*, set forth, explain, make clear the gospel. We must tell men what the Word of God means, in the plainest possible language; for they need to know what it is that the revelation from heaven has really declared. The more of true exposition the better.

We must also *testify*. We must bear witness to the effect which the gospel has had upon our heart and life. The telling out of our personal experience is a means of grace to our hearers. Paul was wont to describe

His Own Conversion.

He told the story of how the Lord appeared unto him in the way to Damascus; and he did this so often, that Luke and others must have heard it several times. Indeed, it was a tale so worth the telling that none could weary of hearing it. There is much force in such a personal testimony. Oh, that you and I, after having explained the gospel, may always be able to tell out something from our own experience which will prove it! Yet this was not all, our apostle was not satisfied simply to expound and testify; his heart was full of love to his countrymen; and, therefore, he *persuaded* them. He entreated, he besought, he implored his hearers to turn to the Lord Jesus Christ.

As Paul was speaking to Jews, he fetched the arguments of his persuasion from their own holy books. I have no doubt that he had spread out on the table before him the books of Moses, and the various rolls of the prophets; to these he continually referred his Jewish friends. We cannot this morning go into that argument, neither is there need; for you are not Israelites, and you are already well acquainted with that mode of argument. I have before me another sort of people, whose condition needs another treatment. I long for your immediate conversion. With earnest prayer have I come hither, seeking with tears and entreaties to win men from destruction. Others have joined me in supplication, and therefore I look to the Holy Spirit that my hearers may be convinced of sin and led to Jesus.

I. Let me first describe those

Whom We Would Persuade.

I would persuade those persons who believe the truth notionally, and yet do not receive it in their hearts. It seems a strange thing that men should believe, and yet not believe. This peculiar form of unbelief is current among us at this day. It is strange that men believe the Bible, and even profess to believe it all, and yet they act as if it were all a dream. If we preach the Deity of Christ, it is an easy task; for they never thought of questioning it. If we proclaim the need of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, they are agreed; for they never doubted it. Whatever doctrine it is that we can prove by the Word of God they bow before it. They are not guilty of scepticism. Alas! they hardly give the matter thought enough to observe any difficulties. Avoiding the whirlpool of questioning, they run upon

The Rock of Indifference.

If you were awakened by a cry of fire, and you were sure that your own house was burning, I should expect to see you hurrying from the flame. I could understand you keeping to your bed if you were persuaded that the cry was the mere idle noise of boys in the street; but if you believed it to be a real alarm, I should be perplexed if I saw you seeking a little more sleep. If you were told that you had a disease about you, which would soon bring you to your grave, and that a certain physician could work a speedy cure, if you did not believe the report, I should expect that you would suffer in the patience of despair; but if you did believe in the repute of the physician, and in the cures which he had wrought, I should not be able to understand you if you did not go to him, and seek relief. O sirs, how is it that you are willing to continue in sin when Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost?

Many need persuading, who intend soon to practise what they have believed, but the time has not fully come. You have

A Resolve in Your Heart

that before long you will turn to Christ; but the unhappy thing is, that you have for many a day retained this resolve, and it has grown mouldy within your bosoms. When we met you as a child you meant to love the Lord. When we conversed with you as young men and women you were very hopeful, and your parents felt that their prayers would soon be heard. You seemed so thoughtful and impressible, and you had such good intentions, that we all reckoned upon your speedily being decided. You are much older now, but you are not more advanced: still with you it is all intentions and intentions. I wish there could be a time fixed in your mind when it should be either "yes" or "no." "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Oh, you that are for ever resolving and resolving, and yet abide where you are—you are the people whom at this time I would persuade to decision!

Some have gone further still; for they are earnestly seeking salvation, but they have chosen a wrong method of search, which can only end in disappointment. I would fain persuade them to leave off seeking the living among the dead. Salvation is by immediate trust in Jesus; but you want to feel up to a certain degree of anguish, or you want to change yourselves up to a certain point of excellence; in a word, you want to save yourselves first, and then come to Jesus. You are *trying to make the lantern shine before a candle is put within it.* You want to renew your own nature, and then to come to Christ for a new heart: you are not content to come to Jesus as sinners. All will be done for you if you will but put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; but this you fail to do. You need to be led to see that salvation is all finished, and that you have but to take it as a free gift. "Christ hath died," and in that expression lies your life. Believing in Jesus, you have eternal life the moment you believe. You need to be persuaded to accept this as the present truth, the most precious truth you can ever hear.

One other class I should like to deal with this morning: I would fain persuade

Those Who Have Tried

a long time to do their best, and, having never succeeded, are falling into a state of despair. Theirs is not a painful despair; I wish it were so; but, alas! they have fallen into a lethargy, a paralysis of the mind with regard to heavenly things. "It is no good," they say, "I cannot get peace, I shall never find pardon. A child of God I cannot hope to be; I might as well expect to be a peer of the realm!" Therefore they sit down in sullen hopelessness. They mutter that if it is to be it will be, and it is of no use caring. I must persuade you with all my heart to come to Jesus, for if you perish in the light, you will perish with a vengeance. If you go down to destruction from the borders of salvation, it will be sevenfold destruction.

These are the people I long to persuade. O Divine Spirit, work through me at this time, and let the eternal purposes of love be fulfilled! O my brethren in Christ, I entreat you, by the love of Jesus, strive together with me in your prayers for this blessing!

II. Our second point shall be: let us persuade them. But are we right in trying to persuade men? Are not human hearts

Too Hard to be Broken

by so feeble a hammer as our persuasion? Yes, I most solemnly believe they are; but that is not the question. "What is the use of persuading them, if you know that they will not be won by your persuasion in and of itself?" Well, brethren, I feel safe in doing what Paul did. I will not stop to solve difficulties, but merely say, Paul persuaded, and so will I. "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." But I know, as Paul also knew, that all the human persuasion in the world will fall short of the mark without divine power. I never dreamed that my persuasion was of the slightest avail without the Holy Ghost. If the Holy Spirit will cause the persuasion to reach the inward ear, then it will prevail, and not else: if He will drive home the persuasion, so that it touches the heart which is encased in the fat of worldly pleasure, indifference, prejudice, and pride, then men will yield, and men will be persuaded indeed. But the Holy Spirit will do this! He has done it; He is doing it; He will do it; and therefore, O sinners, "as though God did beseach you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God!"

Once more, in the name of God, I return to the work to which God has ordained me. I would persuade you concerning Jesus. To what shall I persuade you? My dear hearers, I would persuade some of you to think of Christ, the Lord's anointed; to think of Jesus, the Saviour. I would have you read about him, and study his person, work, and character. Turn to the four evangelists, and see what He was, and

What He Did.

Read carefully and reverently the inspired lives of Jesus. Faith often comes to men when they are thinking about Christ. The Cross not only claims faith, but it creates it. To sit and see the Son of God die on the cross is the way to get faith. Some of you, perhaps, have been sitting still, and trying to believe. That is a very absurd thing to do, for faith is not the first effort of the mind, but it follows upon other states. Know what is to be believed, and why you are to believe it. Know who He is in whom you are to put your trust, and why He deserves to be trusted. Shut yourselves up a bit: read the Bible carefully, and then meditate, and meditate, and meditate. This is the way in which faith grows up in the soul, even as plants spring from seeds sown and watered.

The next thing I would persuade you to is to trust in Him. Trust is the essence of saving faith. Faith is not merely believing facts, but trusting to a person. God has set forth Christ to be a propitiation for sin: He becomes to me my propitiation when I trust Him.

Can You Not Trust

Jesus? Is He not worth trusting? Where else can you trust? The moment you trust in Him you are saved. You know that: why not prove it true by personal faith? To trust is the meaning of that text, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." There is life in the glance of trust. You are living men when you look to Christ, or trust Him. "But," you say, "I do not feel——" Away with your buts! What have I said about your feelings? "Believe

on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life." Salvation lies in the simple act of trusting in your Saviour. Oh, that I could persuade you to trust!

And when you have trusted Him, I want to persuade you concerning Jesus that you should *avow that trust.* The Lord puts it thus: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. Be baptized, therefore, in obedience to His command. Come out boldly and say, "I am on the Lord's side." Do not attempt to

Go Sneaking to Heaven

along some back lane; come into the king's highway; take up your cross and follow Him. I would persuade you to an open confession; may God the Holy Spirit lead you at once to the doing of it!

And if I were happy enough to persuade you so far, I would persuade you to obey Christ throughout life. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Seek to lead a holy, harmless, blameless life. Endeavor to avoid all sin. Endeavor to copy the Son of God throughout your whole course, making Him your model and your Master, your leader and your Lord. Some of you who have openly confessed Him still need to be persuaded to a closer obedience. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I would persuade you then to think of Christ, to trust in Christ, to confess Christ, and to obey Christ.

What shall be my arguments? I can summon battalions of them from Jesus Himself. He is the Son of God: therefore, trust him. He loves with a supreme love; shall we not love Him, who first loved us? He died! Oh, by His agony and bloody sweat, by His cross and passion, I would persuade you to turn to Him! Moreover, remember the sinfulness of your nature. You will go on to sin; you heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; you will not cease from sinning. Jesus alone can give you a new heart and a right spirit. He is the one physician able to cure your fatal disease. Will you not cry to Him, "Jesus, Emmanuel, heal me with a touch"? Will you refuse to be made whole? I pray you, do not so.

If I wanted more arguments there are many quarters from which they would come at my bidding. I would try to find them in your hopes and fears. I do not know to whom I may be speaking now; but, my friend, there is a glorious future before you if Christ becomes yours. Burdened sinner, there is a peace which passeth all understanding if you will look to Jesus! O distracted, tempest-tossed soul, there is a haven of rest for you if you steer to Christ! I would fain persuade you now to come to Him whose gift is heaven below and then heaven above. I myself have tried Him. Blessed was the day in which I fell into His arms. I have no other hope under heaven, no other joy in heaven, but my Saviour and His infallible word. If you knew the comfort which my soul finds in Jesus you could not desire a better. Surely these arguments ought to prevail with you. They will, if your reason is made reasonable.

III. Now I have to speak a few words upon another subject, with the same object. It is this—let us lament the fact that our

Persuasions Fail

in certain cases. Paul found it so; and where this chief of apostles was baffled, can I wonder if I fail? Let me speak to those of you who will, I fear, be our failures. I grieve to think there should be any such. It is a sad business *in the present* for a man to be living without Christ. We pity abject poverty; but this is worse than the worst poverty. We are sorry for the friendless; but none are so forlorn as those who have not Jesus for a friend. No ignorance is so terrible as ignorance of the Saviour; no blindness so deplorable as blindness toward the Lord Jesus. To live without Christ is not life, but a breathing death. If I had to die like a dog I should still wish to live the life of a Christian. Faith is good for this life. It is a wretched business to be now neglecting the great salvation; but this is not all: your present hardness of heart reveals a good deal as to *your past life.* If you will not be persuaded of the things concerning Jesus, it shows that your heart and conscience have been injured by years of willful resistance to the power of truth. You have been stopping up your ears, and that is why you are so deaf. Remember the neglected house of God, and see how callous you have now become. We are also fearful about you, because your past and present foretell *a future* of continued and increasing blindness, deafness, and insensibility. You have almost come to a condition of mind in which you are like a man covered with armor, from which the sharpest arrows glance off. O God, let it not be quite so, we beseech thee, with anyone here!

This is all the sadder because it suggests such tremendous sin, and such

Overwhelming Punishment.

I cannot tell you what must be the dread doom of Sodom and Gomorrah, neither can you yourselves conceive its full horror. They gave themselves up unto unmentionable lusts, until at last God was so provoked that He would bear it no longer, and He resolved to destroy the filthy ones, and the place which they had polluted. What their doom must be in the day of judgment I leave you to imagine; but remember these words and weigh them well: "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you." Dear boy that you were upon your mother's knee, fair girl that you were in the Sunday-school class, speaking so hopefully in your younger days, you will have to give an account for the delays which are ruining you. It is Christ himself who said to those who heard His word and saw His mighty works, and yet refused to repent, "Woe unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for you."

IV. But now, to change my strain, that we may not finish upon so sad a note, let me persevere in persuading others. Notice that the apostle was not hindered in his work by sorrowing over those who rejected his persuasion, but

Turned To Others,

of whom he had better hope. Having spoken a solemn parting word, he said: "Be it known, therefore, unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it." To these Gentiles for two years Paul continued "Preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ." He kept to his work, but he changed his audience. We also will preach the gospel to those who have not enjoyed Christian privileges. We preach Jesus to you who were not born of godly parents, nor brought up under Christian care. We preach free grace and dying love to you who hitherto have not attended the house of prayer, nor cared to hear the word of everlasting life. If the moral refuse mercy, we declare it to be immoral. We turn with hope to those who have been drunkards, swearers, thieves, harlots, and the like. To the chief of sinners we present the great salvation. To you is the word of this salvation sent: "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men."

Ye Far-off Ones,

that dwell out of the reach of the common means of grace, the arm of mercy is stretched out to you. Paul said of the Gentiles, "They will hear it;" and we have the same confidence concerning many great transgressors. I thank God that those who never heard the gospel before have heard it in this great house, and have so heard it that they have at once yielded to its demands, and accepted its provisions. Many who have been without hope, and without God, and without fear of eternal things, have heard the doctrine of free, rich, sovereign mercy, and have turned at once from their sins, and laid hold upon the hope set before them.

Oh that more would come! They will come: "They will hear it." I hope that many such are brought here this morning on purpose to be blessed. I hope they will leap forward to catch at the gracious message. Oh that some of them would cry out, "I believe, I trust, I rest in Jesus"! If it be so, go your way, God has saved you. If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, thou art born of God. Thou hast been worldly, sinful, abundantly wicked; yet, if thou wilt have Christ now, have Him, and welcome. If thou art now drawn towards Him, come at once, and linger not. "For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." May His sweet love persuade you in the things concerning Jesus! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

GEN. GRANT'S GIFT OF A BIBLE.*

ONE summer, during General Grant's second term, the President and several members of his Cabinet with their wives made a cruise in Eastern waters on a revenue cutter commanded by Capt. Fengar. General and Mrs. Grant having accepted an invitation to attend a Sunday-school convention at Chautauqua, went there first, and at New York joined the rest of the party, who had made the voyage around from Washington in the cutter.

Starting from Washington on Saturday, the company were at sea on Sunday, and as they sat in a group on the quarter-deck, Attorney-General Edwards Pierrepont suggested that they hold some brief religious services, and asked Capt. Fengar to send for the books. The weather-beaten old sailor, seing a good chance for a practical joke, asked if a prayer-book would do; and when the Attorney-General said that it would, passed the word forward for "a prayer-book" to be brought to the quarter-deck. In a few minutes two of the sailors appeared, carrying between them a great holystone, and, by the captain's order, placed it before Mr. Pierrepont. The latter, who did not know before that this was a sailor's prayer-book, was at first disposed to be offended, but after a little joined in the laugh with the others.

After having touched at New York and taken General and Mrs. Grant aboard, the cutter went to sea again, and some member of the party was telling the prayer-book story for the President's amusement. At the close of the narrative Attorney-General Pierrepont said that he didn't think Capt. Fengar had occasion to say much, for it turned out that he actually didn't have a Bible on board the ship.

"Is that so?" said General Grant; "then you shall not be without one any longer. Those children up in Chautauqua made me a present of a very fine one, and gave one to Mrs. Grant too. She'll want to keep hers, but I'll give mine to you." So, on returning to his cabin, he sent his Bible to Capt. Fengar. The incident was not told outside until recently, when a number of General Grant's old friends and comrades were dining together and repeating anecdotes of the Old Commander.

HOW TO BECOME A CENTENARIAN.†

THE example of Louis Cornaro, who died at the age of one hundred and one, which has always been thought most instructive, becomes full also of encouragement.

In the first place, it must be remembered that Cornaro was a man of weak constitution. Moreover, from the age of eighteen to that of thirty-five he pursued courses that would have seriously taxed the strongest constitution. Life at thirty-five was a burden to him, because of the disorders brought on by riotous living and indulgence in every kind of excess. The next five years were passed in almost unremitted suffering. He was told by his physicians, when forty years old, that nothing could prolong his life for more than two or three years, but that such life as remained to him might be less painful than the years he had recently lived if he

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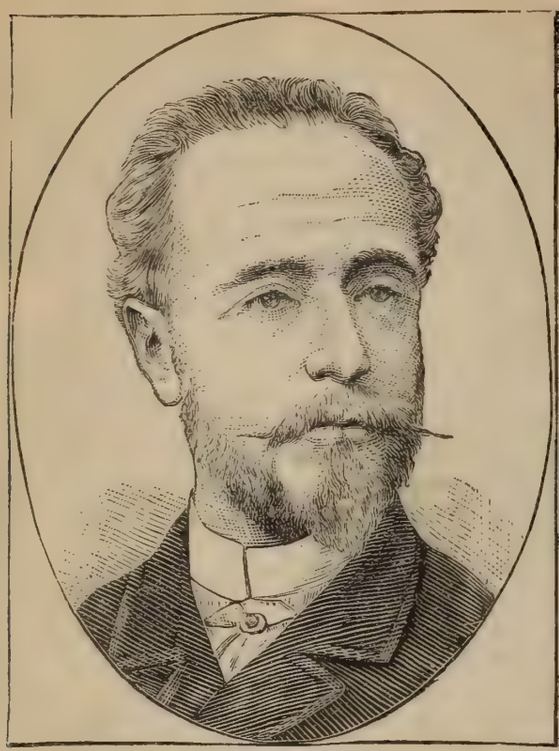
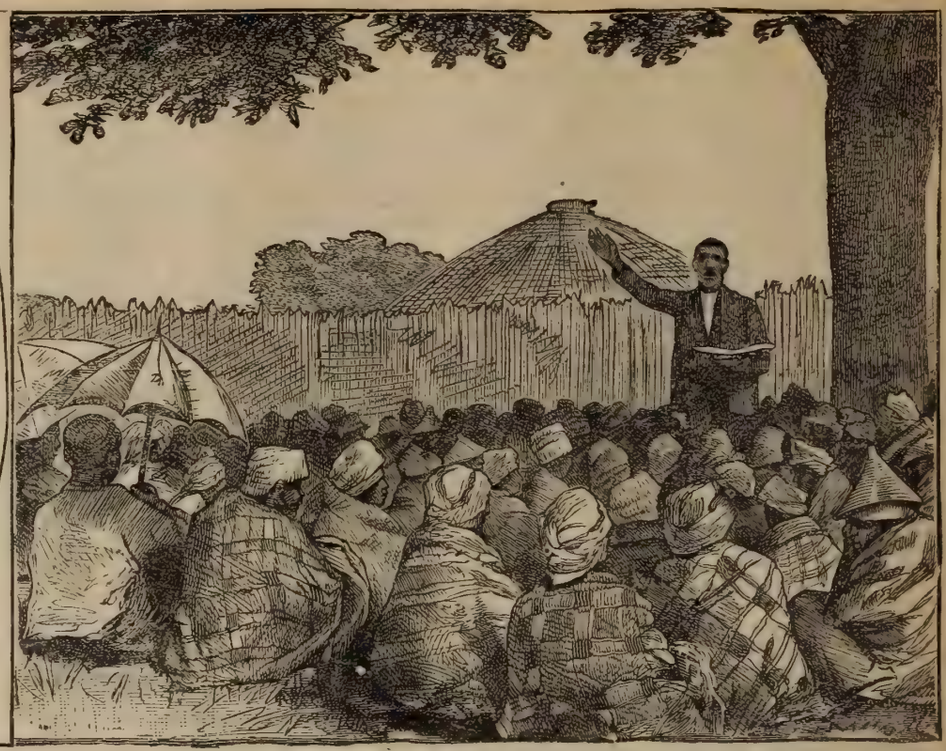
† By Richard A. Proctor, in the *Cosmopolitan.* A monthly illustrated magazine; 20 cents a month, $2 the year. Published by *Schlicht & Field*, 29 Park Row, New York.



Dr. Celman, President of the Argentine Republic.



A Sunday Morning Service in Bechuanaland. (See page 469.)

would adopt more temperate habits. If ever there was a case where inherited constitution and an intemperate life threatened an early death, this was one.

At the age of forty Cornaro began gradually to reduce the quantity of food, both liquid and solid, which he took each day, till at length he only took what nature absolutely required. He tells us that at first he found this severe regimen very disagreeable, and confesses that "he relapsed from time to time to the flesh-pots of Egypt." But by resuming his efforts after each failure he succeeded, in less than a year, in adopting a spare and moderate system. By this time he was already restored to perfect health. It was after he had recovered his health that he went on to those experiments by which he seemed to show how life may be extended far beyond the usual allowance.

From temperance he proceeded to abstemiousness. When he was within two years of four score his diet was regulated, in quality and quantity, as follows: In four meals he took each day twelve ounces in all of solid food, consisting of bread (stale, of course, for he was not weak-minded), light meat, yolk of egg, and soup. Thus, his solid food, equally divided among four meals, amounted only to three ounces per meal, while he took per meal about three and one-half ounces, or as nearly as possible one-third of pure water.

It must be noted, however, that this extreme abstemiousness, as well as the special nature o the food, solid and liquid, consumed by Cornaro, must not be regarded as absolutely essential parts of his experience, so far as longevity is concerned. If one so weak could live the life of a strong and hearty man merely by reducing his food to what many would call "starvation point," what resources there must be in an abstemous life for those of strong constitution who shorten their lives by what most men call full and generous living.

MIGUEL J. CELMAN,
PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THOUGH Dr. Celman is the fifth constitutional President of this wonderful country, which now bears the name of the Argentine Republic, he has the distinction of being the first President elected without riot and bloodshed. The election took place in August, last year, and the inauguration on October 12. It was the occasion of much popular rejoicing. Dr. Celman is known as a sagacious, progressive statesman, far superior in ability to his rivals for the presidency, who were mere political schemers.

The country over which he rules is composed of a group of fourteen States and eight Territories, comprising an area of more than a million of square miles, with a population of 3,026,000. It possesses an extensive seaboard on the east coast of South America, and does a large export trade in cochineal, wool, hides, tobacco, etc., chiefly with Great Britain. The country is also rich in minerals, and exports salt, sulphur, coal, copper, silver and gold. It has 4,150 miles of railroad and 7,000 miles of telegraph lines. The constitution is much like our own, but the presidential term is six years. It was framed in 1853 and amended in 1860.

The imports and exports together, aggregate one hundred and seventy-five millions dollars a year, which means a considerable profit to both sides of the trade. The people would be willing to exchange their products for our machinery, and it is stated that President Celman is in favor of extended commercial relations with us. If it were possible to get our statesmen to give to this matter the attention they now devote to appointments in the civil service, to promoting their own influence, and to deals in offices, we might hope for a large share of the trade with the Argentine Republic, which, under existing circumstances, is almost monopolized by England.

CONVERSION IN A JAPANESE PRISON.

THE following remarkable instance of the Holy Spirit's blessing on the unaided study of the Word is reported in the *Spirit of Missions:* "Sakuma Kichitiro is a graduate of the Tokio University, and a superior Chinese scholar. He belongs to a good family in the province of Bosshiu. For harboring a political offender he was arrested and confined in jail, pending his trial. While he was there a native Christian policeman put in his hands a copy of the Rev. Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity." Sakuma not only read the book eagerly, but he studied it earnestly, and the final result was an apparently sincere and thorough conversion to the truth. Being released from prison on bail, he began to labor for the conversion of others, and opened his house for Christian services and preaching, where in the course of a year twenty-five persons became believers and received Christian baptism, among them, Sakuma's wife, who is an educated woman of strong character. His trial resulted in his being imprisoned for five months. In prison he has steadily labored for the salvation of others, and one of his converts, a physician of notoriously bad character, has since his conversion and release from prison become active in all forms of Christian work. Very naturally, Sakuma takes especial delight in circulating Christian books.

DAVIE'S ESCAPE FROM SAVAGES.

(See Illustration on Page 477.)

THE cry of "Land Ho!" gladdened the hearts of every one on board the good ship *Adelaide*, one morning after days of storm and darkness, during which none had retained their hope of ever seeing land again. It had been impossible to take an observation for three days, and the ship had drifted at the mercy of the winds and waves far out of her course. The captain, however, believed that the land in sight was to the north of Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa. The ship was desperately in need both of water and provisions, and the captain resolved to go ashore in the hope of obtaining one or both of these necessaries.

A boat was made ready, and the captain, accompanied by his nephew, Davie Matherson, took their seats in the stern, while four sailors pulled for the shore. Apparently the land was uninhabited, but water at last was found, and that was even more necessary than food. A large barrel was filled and was being rolled to the boat, when a movement among the bushes attracted the captain's attention. He watched the spot keenly, and in a few moments caught sight of a dusky form moving stealthily along. It was followed by others, each armed with a long spear and assegais. There was no doubt that they were in imminent danger. Calling to the men to leave the water and fly for their lives, he set the example of running towards the boat. The savages saw the retreat, knew that their presence had been discovered, and rushed after the men at full speed. Happily the sailors had some fifty yards start of their pursuers or escape would have been impossible. As it was, they had barely time to scramble into the boat and push her off when the huge black forms of the ferocí-

ous warriors were at the water's edge.

The captain fully expected to see the bloodthirsty men plunge in after them, but they had other designs. They were seen running rapidly towards some high rocks higher up the beach. "Those fellows do not mean us to get away," said the captain; "they are gone for their canoes." So it proved. Looking back, in a few minutes the captain saw them coming, and to his horror perceived that they were coming very swiftly. Now their lives depended on the strength and dexterity of the sailors who were rowing. Unless they could reach the *Adelaide* before those canoes all their lives would be sacrificed. The captain pointed silently to the canoes, and the men understood his meaning and pulled for dear life. But the boat was heavy and the canoes were light, and besides were in the hands of men who knew how to make the highest rate of speed. The sailors put out all their strength, but they too could see that the race for life would be a close one and that the odds were heavily against them.

The "Adelaide's" Boat Pursued by Canoes of Savages.

Davie sat silently by his uncle in the stern, his face deathly pale, his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his thoughts evidently far away. It was not the mere thought of *dying* which blanched Davie's cheek. If one plunge into those dark waters would have been the last of Davie Matherson, he could have taken it heroically; but in Davie's ears the mournful music of the sobbing sea kept booming out the farewell words of his favorite sister Jeannie, who had been a true friend to him, and to whom, despite the wild and wayward behavior which had marked his past life, he was devotedly attached—"Ye canna, ye canna gat oot o' God's sicht." Davie felt he could not, and he was terribly conscious that his sins rested upon his head unpardoned. He had often despised the call of mercy, and now the hour of bitter misery had come upon him. He was face to face with death and judgment; he knew it, and his cheek might well be pale.

The boat was by this time nearing the ship, but the canoes had gained upon it during the last mile more than ever. Near as the ship was, at the present rate of traveling the canoes would overtake the boat before it could be reached. The captain saw it, and shuddered. But the race had been observed from the *Adelaide*, and it was to that fact that the little party was indebted for its escape. The mate, an excellent shot, no sooner realized the danger of those in the boat than he hurried below for his greatest treasure, a repeating Winchester rifle in which he had invested nearly all that remained of his savings before sailing. Taking his stand by the side of the ship he waited until the first canoe was within range, when he fired, and one of the savages fell dead. One enemy less would not have been of much benefit, but the others were seized with panic, apparently having had no experience of fire-arms before. They hesitated, and while they waited the mate sent one more well-aimed bullet among them. That decided them; they turned their canoes and headed back for the shore.

The first thing Davie did when he was safe on board was to go below, and kneeling down, pour out his thanks to God. That escape was the means of his salvation, and when he had found peace through Christ, his greatest comfort and joy were in the new sense that Jeannie's words took, "Ye canna gat oot o' God's sicht."

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 462.)

Invited to Preach—Memorizing a Sermon—Preaching the Same Sermon Twice—An Extemporary Effort—Expounding Assisted—Popular Sermons not Useful—Life with Professor Franke—Relapse into Sin—No Help from a Crucifix—A Bond of Brotherhood—Disunion Ruptures It—An Application to a Wealthy Lady—A Precious Letter.

THE schoolmaster asked me, whether I would not preach in his parish, as the aged and infirm clergyman would be very glad of my assistance. Up to this time I had never preached, though for fifteen months past I might have done so as a student of divinity; for before Christmas, 1825, I had been mercifully kept from attempting to preach, and after Christmas, when I knew the Lord, I refrained from doing so, because I felt that I was yet too little instructed in the things of God. The same reason ought to have still kept me from preaching; yet I thought, that, by taking a sermon, or the greater part of one, written by a spiritual man, and committing it to memory, I might benefit the people.

I now set about putting a printed sermon into a suitable form, and committing it to memory. It was hard work. There is no joy in man's own doings and choosings. It took me nearly a whole week to commit to memory such a sermon as would take up nearly an hour in repeating. I got through it, but had no enjoyment in the work. It was on August 27, 1826, at eight in the morning, in a chapel of ease, in connection with which my friend was schoolmaster.

At eleven I repeated the same sermon verbatim in the parish church. There was one service more, in the afternoon, at which I needed not to have done anything: for the schoolmaster might have read a printed sermon, as he used to do. But having a desire to serve the Lord, though I often knew not how to do it scripturally, and knowing that this aged and unenlightened clergyman had had this living for forty-eight years, and having therefore reason to believe that the Gospel scarcely ever had been preached in that place, I had it in my heart to preach again in the afternoon. But I had *no second sermon* committed to memory. It came, however, to my mind to read the 5th chapter of Matthew, and to make such remarks as I was able. I did so. Immediately upon beginning to expound, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," &c., I felt myself greatly assisted; and whereas in the morning my sermon had not been simple enough for the people to understand it, I now was listened to with the greatest attention, and I think was also understood. My own peace and joy were great. I felt this a blessed work. After the service I left the aged clergyman, lest I should lose my enjoyment.

On my way to Halle I thought, this is the way I should like always to preach. But then it came immediately to my mind, that such sort of preaching might do for illiterate country people, but that it never would do before a well educated assembly in town. I thought the truth ought to be preached at all hazards, but it ought to be given in a different form, suited to the hearers. Thus I remained unsettled in my mind as regards the mode of preaching; and it is not surprising that I did not then see the truth concerning this matter, for I did not understand the work of the Spirit, and therefore saw not the powerlessness of human eloquence. Further, I did not keep in mind, that if the most illiterate persons in the congregation can comprehend the discourse, the most educated will understand it too; but that the reverse does not hold true.

It was not till three years afterwards that I was led, through grace, to see what I now consider the right mode of preparation for the public preaching of the Word. But about this, if God permit, I will say more when I come to that period of my life.

During 1826, the year following my conversion, I preached frequently, both in the churches of villages and towns, but never had any enjoyment in doing so, except when speaking in a simple way; though the repetition of sermons which had been committed to memory brought more praise from my fellow-creatures. But from neither way of preaching did I see any fruit. It may be that the last day may show the benefit even of these feeble endeavors. One reason why the Lord did not permit me to see fruit, seems to me, that I should have been most probably lifted up by success. It may be also because I prayed exceedingly little respecting the ministry of the Word, and because I walked so little with God, and was so rarely a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

About the time that I first began to preach, I lived for about two months in free lodgings, provided for poor students of divinity in the Orphan-House, built [illegible] dependance upon God by that devoted and eminent servant of Christ,

A. H. Franke, Professor of Divinity at Halle, who died 1727. I mention this, as some years afterwards I was benefited myself through the faith of this dear man of God. About that time I was still so weak that I fell repeatedly into open sins, yet could not continue in them, nay, not even for a few days, without sorrow of heart, confession before God, and fleeing to the blood of the Lamb. And so ignorant was I still, that I bought a crucifix in a frame and hung it up in my room, hoping that, being so often reminded of the sufferings of my Saviour, I should not fall so frequently into sin. But in a few days the *looking to the crucifix* was as nothing, and I fell about that time more than once.

About this time I formed an intimate acquaintance with a brother, who was also a divinity student; and as we loved one another so much, and were so happy in one another's society, we thought that it would greatly add to our joy, and to one another's benefit, to live together, and that thus we might mutually help one another. Accordingly, in September, 1825, I left the free lodgings in the Orphan-House, and lived with him. But, alas! we were not aware that because God is greatly glorified by the love and union of His people, for this very reason Satan particularly hates it, and will, therefore, in every possible way, seek to divide them. We ought to have especially prayed, and that frequently, that the Lord would keep us together in love; instead of which I do not think that we at all feared disunion, as we loved one another so much. For this reason our great adversary soon got an advantage, by our neglecting prayer concerning this point, and we were disunited, and love and union were not fully restored between us till after we had been for some time separated.

Having heard that a very rich lady of title, residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main, about two hundred miles from Halle, was a very pious person, and, in visiting a charitable institution at Dusselthal, had given very liberally; and wishing much, about the commencement of the year 1827, to help a poor relative with a small sum of money, and also to pay the remainder of the debt which I had contracted for my traveling expenses to Switzerland, I wrote to this lady, asking her to lend me a small sum of money, in actual amount only little above £5, but, as money in the North of Germany has much more value than in England, it was as much as £12 or £15 in that country. Whilst I was writing, however, the thought occurred to me, suppose this lady should not be a believer? I therefore pointed out to her the way of salvation, and related to her how I had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. But I received no answer by the time I might have had one. I would just notice, that for the last twenty-nine years my practice, on account of what I found in the Scriptures (Roman 13:8), is *never to borrow or ask for money*. And, moreover, I have considered that there is *no ground to go away from the door of the Lord* to that of a brother, so long as He is so willing to supply our need.

About January 20 I was one day very wretched. Satan obtained an advantage over me through overmuch work; for I was in the habit of writing about fourteen hours a day. One morning I was in so wretched a state that I said in my heart, "What have I now gained by becoming a Christian?" Afterwards I walked about in this wretched state of heart, and at last I went into a confectioner's shop, where wine and ardent spirits were sold, to eat and to drink. But as soon as I had taken a piece of cake I left the shop, having no rest, as I felt that it was unbecoming a believer, either to go to such places or to spend his money in such a way. In the afternoon of the very day on which, in the ingratitude of my heart, I had had such unkind thoughts about the Lord (who was at that very time in so remarkable a manner supplying my temporal wants, by my being employed in writing for *an American professor*), He graciously showed me my sin, not by severe chastisement, as I most righteously deserved, but by adding another mercy to the many He had already shown me. Oh, how long-suffering is our Lord! how does He bear with us! May I at least, now seek, for the few days whilst I may stay in this world, to be more grateful for all His mercies!

At two o'clock I received a parcel from Frankfort containing the exact sum of money of which I had requested the loan. There was no letter to be found. I was overwhelmed with the Lord's mercy, but very much regretted that there was no letter. At last, on carefully examining the paper in which the silver had been packed I found one, which I have kept, and which I translate from the German:

"A peculiar providence has brought me acquainted with the letter which you have written to Lady B. But you are under a mistake concerning her, both as it regards her character and her stay at D., where she never was. She has been taken for another individual. But that I may lessen in some measure the difficulties in which you seem to be, I send you the enclosed small sum, for which you may thank, not the unknown giver, but the Lord, who turneth the hearts like rivers of waters. Hold fast the faith which God has given you by His Holy Spirit: it is the most precious treasure in this life, and it contains in itself true happiness. Only seek by watching and prayer more and more to be delivered from all vanity and self-complacency, by which even the true believer may be ensnared when he least expects it. Let it be your chief aim to be more and more humble, faithful and *quiet*. May we not belong to those who *say* and *write* continually, "Lord, Lord," but who *have* Him not deeply in their hearts. Christianity consists not in words, but in power. There must be life in us. For, therefore, God loved us first that we might love Him in return; and that loving we might receive power to be faithful to him, and to conquer ourselves, the world, distress and death. May His Spirit strengthen you for this, that you may be an able messenger of His Gospel! Amen.

"An Adoring Worshipper of the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"*Frankfort-on-the-Main, January* 14, 1827."

I saw, in some measure, at the time when I received this letter, how much I needed such a faithful and at the same time loving word of admonition; but I have seen it more fully since. Self-complacency, and a want of quietness, and saying and writing more frequently, "Lord, Lord," than acknowledging Him by my life as such: these were the evils against which, at that time, I particularly needed to be cautioned; and up to this day I am still much—very much—lacking in these points, though the Lord, to His praise I would say it, has done much for me in these particulars since that time.

After having read this letter, my heart was full of joy, shame and gratitude. Truly it was the goodnes of God which brought my heart into this state, and not the money—for that was gone in a few hours after for the two purposes above referred to. With my heart full of peculiar feelings, and ashamed of my conduct in the morning, I left town towards the evening to walk alone in a solitary place; and now, being particularly conscious of my ingratitude to the Lord for all His mercies, and of my want of steadfastness in His ways, I could not forbear *falling down on my knees behind a hedge, though the snow was a foot deep*, anew to surrender myself wholly to Him, and to pray for strength that I might for the future live more to His glory, and also to thank Him for His late mercy. It was a blessed time. I continued about half an hour in prayer.

After such an experience, it may be difficult for one who does not know the plague of his own heart, to think that I was at that time a true believer, when I tell him that so base was I, so altogether like a beast before my God, and so unmindful of His mercies to me in Christ, that a few weeks afterwards I fell into a *wretched backsliding state*, in which I continued for many days, during which time prayer was almost given up. It was on one of these days that I rang my bell, and ordered the servant to fetch me wine. And now I began to drink. But how good was the Lord! Though I desired to drink, that I might be able more easily to go on in sin, yet He would not allow me to give up myself to the wickedness of my heart. For whilst in my ungodly days I had drunk once about five quarts of strong beer in one afternoon, in the way of bravado, and once also much wine at one time, without remorse of conscience, I could now take only two or three glasses before the wickedness of my conduct was brought before me; and my conscience told me that I drank merely for the sake of drinking, and thus I gave it up.

It was about this time that I formed the plan of exchanging the University of Halle for that of Berlin, on account of there being a greater number of believing professors and students in the latter place. But the whole plan was formed without prayer, or at least without earnest prayer. When, however, the morning came on which I had to take decided steps concerning it, and to apply for the University testimonials, the Lord graciously stirred me up, prayerfully to consider the matter; and finding that I had no sufficient reason for leaving Halle, I gave up the plan, and have never regretted doing so.

In the vacations, Michaelmas, 1826, and Easter, 1827, and at other times, I visited a Moravian settlement, called Gnadau, which was only about three miles distant from the place where my father then resided. Through the instrumentality of the brethren whom I met there, my spirit was often refreshed.

The public means of grace by which I could be benefited were very few. Though I went regularly to church when I did not myself preach, yet I scarcely ever heard the truth; for there was no enlightened clergyman in the town. And when it so happened that I could hear Dr. Tholuck, or any other godly minister, the prospect of it beforehand, and the looking back upon it afterwards, served to fill me with joy. *Now and then I walked ten or fifteen miles to enjoy this privilege.* May those who enjoy the faithful ministry of the Word feel exceedingly thankful for it. There are few blessing on earth greater for a believer; and yet the Lord is frequently obliged to teach us the value of this blessing by depriving us of it for a season.

Another means of grace which I attended, besides the Saturday evening meetings in brother Wagner's house, was a meeting every Lord's Day evening with the believing students, which consisted of six or more in number, and increased, before I left Halle, to about twenty, and which, after the Easter vacation of 1827, was held in my room till I left Halle. In these meetings one, or two, or more of the brethren prayed, and we read the Scriptures, sang hymns, and sometimes also one or another of the brethren spoke a little in the way of exhortation, and we read also such writings of godly men as were calculated for edification. I was often greatly stirred up and refreshed in these meetings; and twice being in a backsliding state, and therefore cold and miserable, I opened my heart to the brethren, and was brought out of that state through the means of their exhortations and prayers. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," is a most important exhortation. Even if we should not derive any especial benefit, at the time, so far as we are conscious, yet we may be kept from much harm. And very frequently the beginning of coldness of heart is nourished by keeping away from the meeting of the saints. I know, when I was cold, and had no real desire to be brought out of that state, I went a few times into the villages, where I was sure not to meet with brethren, that I might not be spoken to about the things of God. Yet so gracious was the Lord, that my very wretchedness brought me back after a few hours. The Lord had begun a good work in me, and being faithful, though I was faithless, He would not give me up, but carried on His gracious work in me, though it would have progressed much more rapidly, had not my heart resisted.

(*To be continued.*)

JESUS IN GALILEE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 7, Matt. 4: 12-25. Golden Text ver. 16.

The Effect of the News of Herod's Persecution of John—Christ Comes to the Front—Among Gentiles—A Prophecy Fulfilled—Every Act of Life a Fulfillment of God's Purpose—Futility of Persecution—A Greater Light Takes the Place of the Less—Christ Takes up John's Message—A Definite Call to service—Outsiders Called to the Inner Circle—The Call to Every Man—The Duty is Following—The Promise of Power, I Will Make You—The Loss of the Nets—Loss Always Involved—To Be Fishers Still—Secular Callings Containing the Hint of Higher Service—Christ's Work in Galilee—A Philanthropic Ministry—The Maladies of the Galileeans Still Common—Why the Multitudes Followed.

AFTER His time of sore temptation, "Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee," (Luke 4: 14). "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation," said the apostle James, "for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to those that love Him" (James 1: 12, R. V)." "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," says the same stalwart, energetic, practical man of God, (James 1: 2). Exercise is as necessary to health as air and food, and the inner man needs exercise as much as the outer man. A minister may sit in his study and draw, out of a heap of commentaries, the best ideas of good and learned men, about faith, but when some simple workingman comes into his neighborhood, telling what God has done for him, and speaking out the truth of God with homely illustrations drawn from the life of workingmen like himself, and when this simple man is used of God to draw to Christ hundreds over whom *his* ministry has had little power, then his faith is exercised, *then* is the time for proving if the trying of his faith works patience, and if he can count such a trial, joy. Then it is that self suggests jealous, unkind thoughts; but if his faith conquers, if he sees that God must have a purpose of love in this, if he humbles himself for his own want of simplicity, and takes a lesson from the workingman, claiming the Holy Spirit as his only power, then he will come out of the conquered temptation

In the Power of the Spirit,

like his master. His superior knowledge of God's Word, joined with a simplicity given by God, will make him an instrument in God's hands of rare and precious value.

A mother may have the most beautiful theory about the bringing up of her children. God so orders it that the circumstances of her life interfere with all her plans, she is thwarted in everything. The enemy suggests that God is hard, that He does not hear prayer; she is sorely tempted to condemn her husband for not seeing with her, and to lay the blame on her circumstances, which would be, of course, to lay the blame on God. But, in her distress, she turns to God, and He shows her that every promise in His Word holds good, and that *He* is greater than all the hindrances which press so upon her, and that He is on her side for her children's good; so she rises above things seen and temporal, her faith rests in God, she believes in His love for her children, sees her own nothingness, gives place to God, and comes out of her trial "in the power of the Spirit," stronger in God than if all had been smooth.

To pity ourselves when we are tempted, is the first step towards defeat; to rejoice that God makes us the battle-ground where He will defeat Satan, is the first step towards victory. But, O, how few come out of temptation strengthened. If God cannot conquer us without our suffering loss, He must lame us as He did Jacob, when he halted upon his thigh, but if, from first to last, we let Him have His way, every temptation and every trial is a step forward.

The preparation of Jesus, "the Man," for His ministry was, subjection as a child, labor with His hands as a man, the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and victory over temptation. O, how mistaken an idea man has of that which best fits for the work of God! In our universities and colleges, neither subjection, manual labor, anointing with the Holy Ghost, nor yet victory over temptation are regarded as the prerequisites for the office of a minister of the gospel!

The ministry of Jesus commenced after John was put in prison (Mark 1: 41). John had proclaimed "the Kingdom of Heaven *is at hand*."

Jesus Preached a Present Salvation.

"The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel." This was a new and blessed message to those who were under the law. It meant, to every one who would repent and turn to God, a present reconciliation. The gospel, the good news of the kingdom, was for "whosoever will," then, as now, he might "take the water of life freely." The way home to God, open this very hour, is the great need of every sinner; a God now reconciled, forgiveness offered now; this breaks the heart of the rebel, and this is what Jesus came to preach. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, "The land of Zebulon and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; the people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them who sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up" (Isa. 9: 1, 2). The name of Jesus went out through all the region round about. "And He taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all" (Luke 4: 14, 15). For a time, Jesus made His home at Capernaum, one of the fishing villages on the borders of the lake of Gennesaret. Walking one day by the lake, "He saw two brethren, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew, his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And He saith unto them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets and followed Him." We have seen Jesus' preparation for His ministry. We now see the preparation of His followers and fellow workers. "Follow me" is the first requisite, and the second is, to be yielded up to Him. "I will make you"—you cannot make yourselves "fishers of men." What is it to follow Christ? We read of a company standing on Mount Zion who "follow the Lamb withersoever He goeth" (Rev. 14: 4). Jesus was yielded up to His Father, He said, "I do always those things that please Him" (John 8: 29). "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John 6: 38), "the words that I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works" (John 14: 10). Thus He followed His Father, and He calls His followers to a life thus yielded up. This is not to serve God after our own fashion, but after His. There may be a great deal of devotedness which is not pleasing to God. I have a young friend who is continually giving me presents, and speaking to me in terms of the most ardent affection. Yet if ever I ask her to do anything for me, I find that thing is always neglected for something which she has devised to please me, and which really is only a burden to me. Thus it is with many children of God: they will spend time and money, thought and energy, in

Serving God in Their Own Way,

and they want Him to bless these efforts. But this is not *following*, but leading, and all this does not really please God. What He wants is that we shall be supple enough, small enough in our own eyes, to give up the idea of bestowing upon God our time, or money, or labor, as though He were some way dependent upon us, and come down to be really empty vessels. When we are taught of God, He shows us that *He* must pioneer, not we; He must make plans, and we must fall into them; He must bestow, and we must receive. When we thus take our right place, *He* makes us real fishers of men, not in name, but in glorious reality. We need to be little enough, not great enough, to be used of God. Peter, again and again, fell into the old idea of patronising and bestowing upon Jesus. "Be it far from thee, Lord" (Matt. 16: 22); "We have forsaken all and followed thee" (Matt. 19: 27); and Peter had to learn that, without the hand of Jesus to uphold him, he was no more than a blasphemer, a swearer, and a traitor. The two brothers did the best they knew how at this time; they "left their *nets* and followed Him," but they had not yet left their self-life for His sake. Their example was soon followed by James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who left, not only their means of livelihood, like Peter and Andrew, but also their family ties.

Jesus, with His followers, then went from place to place throughout Galilee, the most despised part of Palestine, "teaching in their Synagogues, and pleading the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." Jesus came on earth as the express Image of God's person, and therefore He must manifest God in all His relations to man. "I AM, the Almighty God" (Gen. 17: 1) was manifested in His ruling the wind and the waves; "Jehovah Jireh, The Lord will provide," was manifested in His feeding the multitudes. "I am the Lord that healeth thee" was manifested in His daily ministry, for, wherever He preached, there He healed also, bringing good news for soul and body, for time and for eternity. This was

The Gospel of the Kingdom.

The law was "the ministration of death." "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezeck. 18 4); "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." It was vengeance against unrighteousness. The Gospel of the Kingdom was the ministration of life. "The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them" (Luke 9: 56). Under the law, God sent the pestilence, but Jesus never made any man sick when He was upon earth. Under the law, a man might lose an eye if he had caused blindness to a neighbor, but Jesus came to open the eyes of the blind, and

He Came not to Make Man Sick,

but to heal "all that were sick," that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness (Matt. 8: 16, 17). O, the blessedness of His ministry! The general prejudice against God's way of healing in these days is a trick of the devil to rob the Gospel of its true power. In every age, since the times of the Apostles, when men have recognized the pure unadulterated Word of God as their guide, God's way of healing has been known and experienced. Want of faith or consecration holds men back from taking God at His word. "And His name went throughout all Syria," not Galilee only, "and they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatics, and those that had the palsy; and He healeth them." What a sight! The paralyzed, with their helpless limbs, the cancerous with their terrible wounds, the dropsical with their inflated bodies and painful breath, the consumptive cough, and the lepers' sad wail, "Unclean, Unclean"—such were the sights and sounds wherever Jesus came. But "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." The glad song of Isaiah 35: 3-6, was fulfilled; the weak hands were strengthened, the feeble knees confirmed, the fearful hearted took courage, the eyes of the blind were opened, the ears of the deaf unstopped, the lame man leapt as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sang. No wonder that "great multitudes" followed Jesus, "from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judæa, and from beyond Jordan."

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HE KNOWETH BEST.

What if the way seems long and weary
Thy tired feet are forced to tread?
Some day thou shalt look back with wonder,
And say, "My steps were gently led,
The way was short."

What if the rough stones wound thee sorely,
And to thy pathway terrors lend?
Turf soft and green thou wilt find only,
When thou hast reached thy journey's end,
Where thou shalt rest.

What if thou seest more of shadow
About thy path than sunshine's light?
The days that are but gray and cloudy,
End sometimes with a radiance bright,
At sunset time.

What if the work be very heavy
Thou doest now with many fears?
When all thy work slips from thy fingers,
Thine own shall say with falling tears,
They were brave hands.

What if the things thou most desirest
Are given to those who prize them not?
Perhaps some day thou shalt see clearly
That they would not have blessed thy lot.
He knoweth best.

What if thou fain wouldst shift the burden
In sorrow thou hast borne so long?
Before thee lies the crystal pavement,
There shalt thou cast it with a song.
Thou canst but wait.

What if the blessing of God's favor
Seems held from thee, thy work to crown?
Some day thou shalt see that His mercy
Did forever and aye shine down
On thy faint heart.

—*Selected.*

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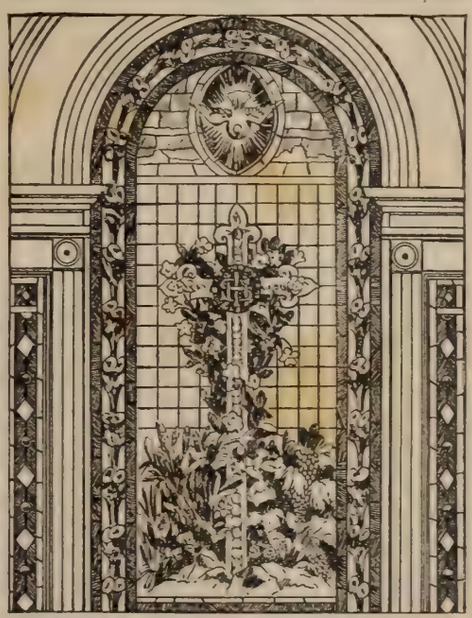

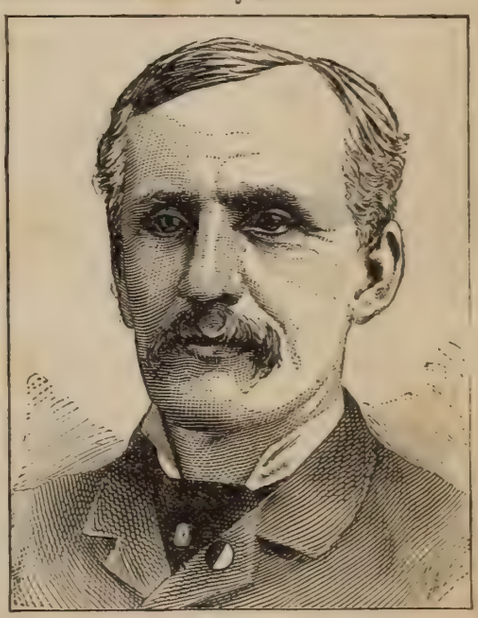

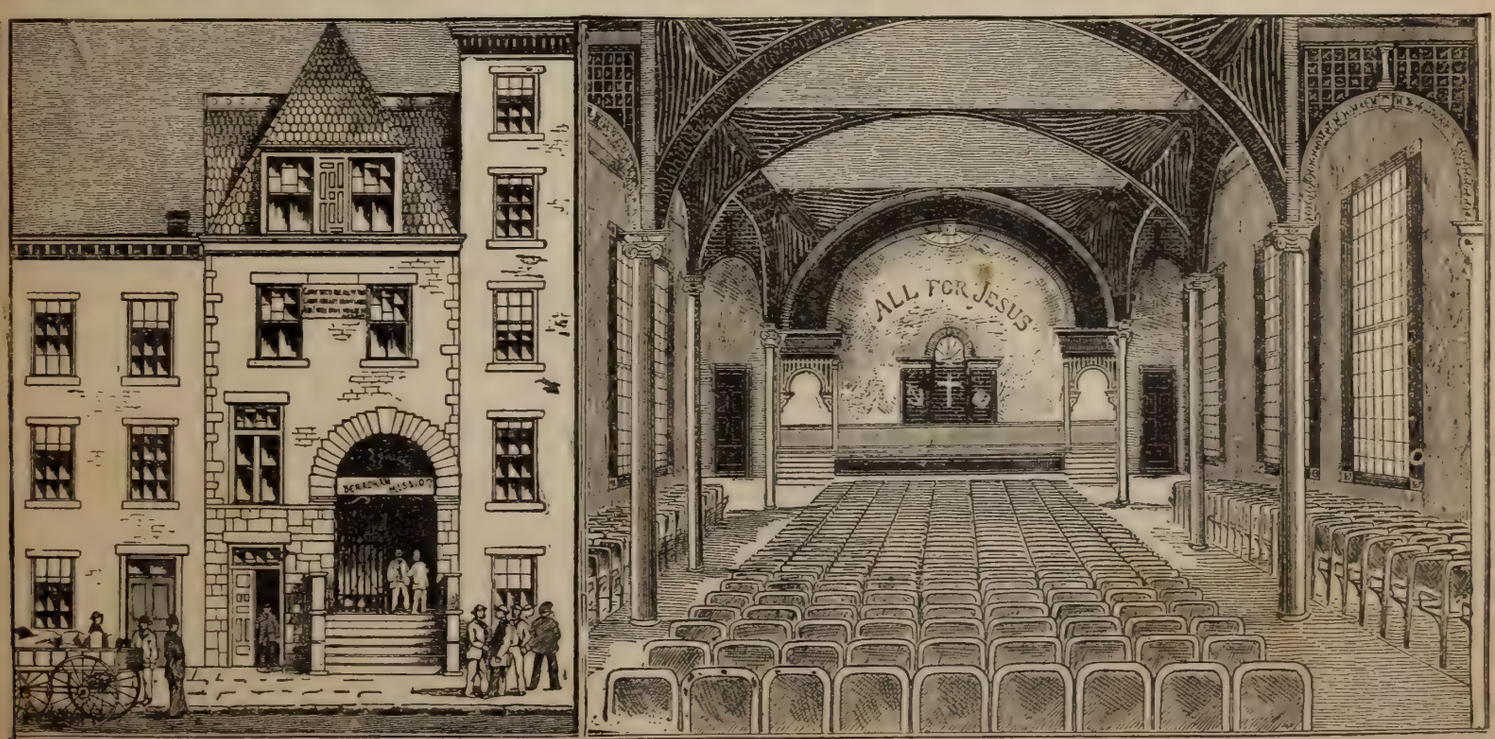

MR. AND MRS. HENRY NAYLOR—Their New Berachah Mission—The Converts' Memorial Window.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY NAYLOR.

Founders of the Berachah Mission, New York.

The Locality of Hell's Kitchen—The Melancholy Propriety of the Name—The Effort to Evangelize It—Mr. Naylor's Career—His Marriage—Mrs. Naylor's Early Piety—Life in Worldly Society—Her Severe Affliction—A Vain Search for Health—A Visit to Dr. Cullis—Mr. Naylor Converted at Rev. A. B. Simpson's Meetings—Desire for Christian Work—Labors Among Dens of Vice—The Berachah Mission—A Window Given by Converts.

THE two portraits on the preceding page are those of the Christian lady and gentleman who have with great courage and at much cost reared the banner of the cross in the crime-stained and poverty-haunted locality of New York, which has become so notorious for iniquity that it has been named "Hell's Kitchen." It is an awful name, but that there is grim meaning in it none can doubt who traverse the district and see the dark, lowering faces of the men who at dusk loaf around the corners of the blocks, and the cunning, cruel countenances of the women sitting at the doors or on the fire-escapes, and the sly, precocious expression that sits on the features even of the children, who, playing in the filthy gutters, utter language so foul that the stranger involuntarily scrutinizes them as he passes, thinking that the lips that could speak such words must belong not to a child but to some dwarfed man, old in the ways of sin. When the wanderer in that locality thinks of those children, and of their training, and of their surroundings, and how they are being prepared as if of set purpose to become the prey of Satan, he does not need to be told why the district has been named

"Hell's Kitchen."

The district lies on the west side of the city, and covers several blocks, between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets, on the North River front. Tenement houses abound there, with rooms into which the sun never shines, and rear buildings behind those, stifling, filthy and stenchful, yet abounding in life, like some horrible rabbit-burrow. Let the cry of fire be raised, or the news of a fight be circulated, and strange creatures of all ages bearing the same dreadful stamp of degradation, issue from these dens by hundreds, a dreadful eagerness manifested in every face for excitement, or for the gratification of their wolfish appetites. If its history could be written it would appall the stoutest heart, for the little that is known of its record is made up of robbery, outrage and murder. It is a horrible, desperate, brutal place, sunk in a barbarism almost as dark as that of some abode of savages in central Africa. The city authorities appear to have despaired of civilizing it, and let it severely alone, save when a detachment of police invade it to capture some ferocious criminal who has been preying outside its borders. It is in the centre of that evil place that Mr. and Mrs. Naylor have built their mission. It is

A Deeply Significant Act,

implying strong faith in God for protection and boundless faith in the efficacy of the Gospel as a remedy for the misery and criminality around. Why they have undertaken this work and why two persons with abundant means for living a life of luxurious ease, with refined tastes and the means of gratifying them, should choose to enter into a conflict with evil, and instead of spending their time in pleasure and gaiety, should spend it in an effort to raise their degraded fellow-creatures, is a problem not easy of solution to those who know nothing of "The love of Christ which constraineth." Let us see what light comes from a brief study of their lives.

A Worldly Life.

Mr. Henry Naylor was born in the First ward of New York fifty years ago. His family was in prosperous circumstances, and the boy received a good education at the Mechanics' Society School and Columbia College. At the age of nineteen he was ready to enter the business world, and was taken by his father into partnership in his business. Five years later—in 1861—came the trumpet-peal of war. Young Naylor was among the first to respond to the call to arms. He joined the 71st New York regiment and went into the field with the rank of sergeant. The influences of camp life were not such as he was fitted to bear without injury. When quite young he had attended Sunday-school, but having no other religious training, and having almost unlimited command of money, he had been drawn into the whirlpool of temptation that carries away so many young men in a great city like New York. Fond of the theatre, of smoking and drinking and enjoying worldly society, he and his companions led a gay, frivolous life, and these tastes he carried with him into camp, where, though cut off from some of the means of gratifying them, and amid scenes which might have sobered the most thoughtless, evil associations and relief from the restraints of home had an influence potent for mischief.

After the war he returned with renewed appetite to the scene of his former dissipation. New York presents opportunities unequalled by any other city for a young man of means to gratify vicious propensities, if he has them, and Mr. Naylor, fresh from camp life, unchecked by moral principles or by the restraints of religion, plunged into the vortex with the way to spiritual perdition made fatally easy to him. It would have been a bold man who would have predicted any other end to such a course than utter and irremediable moral and spiritual disaster. But no man passes beyond the reach of God's hand, and in ways that men cannot foresee He can stay their course and call them to repentance.

Marriage.

In 1875 Mr. Naylor took that step which means so much for good or evil in every man's life. He married. It is the popular idea that marriage is a lottery, and certainly our social habits, and the frivolity which charaterizes the opening passages of the story that ends in marriage, tend to give it as much of the element of uncertainty as can be given to any event of life. Few young men or women contemplating matrimony ever set themselves deliberately to apprehend what will be the effect on their future, of the close and constant association with the person to whom marriage will unite them. Without such consideration marriage must be a lottery to the persons concerned, though it is not so to even human onlookers who take the trouble to study character, and knowing which of the two natures is the stronger can predict with some degree of accuracy which influence will be dominant in the family; while with God, before whom all the future lies open, the consequences of a marriage union are not only seen but directed. At first it would appear that the results of this particular marriage were disastrous. Mr. Naylor was thirty-eight years of age, and by that time in a man's life his habits and bent of life have become firmly fixed. The lady who united her lot with his was

The Daughter of a Christian Physician

eminent in his profession, and a devout, godly man, an officer in a Baptist church. In his home his daughter had been surrounded with pious influences, and had from early youth thought deeply about spiritual things. She had conceived an intense desire for vital godliness which would be a real power in her life, not the mere veneer of outward conformance to religious observances, under the cover of which sin and the world may reign supreme in the heart. Though remarkable for rare beauty and for those mental qualities which rendered her attractive in society, and being thus one to whom the world opens all her avenues of pleasure, she turned her back upon them and consecrated her life solemnly to God. What would be the result of a union between two such persons?

For some years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Naylor lived a worldly life. Under her husband's influence, Mrs. Naylor abandoned her efforts for the attainment of the close walk with God which had been the ideal of her girlhood, and allowed the sweet allurements of pleasure to draw her into the whirlpool of frivolity. She gave up at last even the semblance of religion and drifted unresistingly on the treacherous waters which have carried so many promising lives to destruction. It was while she was thus wandering far from God, that He laid His hand upon her to draw her back to Himself. The process was a painful one. She was laid

On A Bed of Sickness,

from which it seemed that no human skill could deliver her. Unmistakable symptoms of pulmonary disease manifested themselves, and another ailment, which the physicians pronounced a fibroid tumor, was developed. The best medical skill of this country and Europe was sought. Mr. Naylor carried his wife from one physician to another, without obtaining for her any relief. Neither the specialists in consumption nor the specialists in tumors could give any hope of cure. In Germany he was told that her life would be very short; in Luzerne, Switzerland, a distinguished physician declared that she could not live more than three or four months. In Paris, some encouragement was given, and Mrs. Naylor lay in bed eight months, while a renowned surgeon exercised his remedies for her restoration, but at the end of that time, he too confessed his failure, and though he thought she might live for a time, said that she must make up her mind to be

A Confirmed Invalid.

After this fruitless quest, the sorrowing husband and wife returned to New York, and engaging the services of a skillful practitioner, took up their residence in their old home. From this time Mrs. Naylor's life was one of intermittent suffering, brief intervals of comparative health being followed, without warning, by paroxysms of pain, when chloral and other anodynes were administered to obtain temporary ease. Meantime, the tumor was increasing in size, and the impossibility of removing it, either by medicine or the knife, seemed to render an early death inevitable. It must have been an awful situation for one who had once possessed the faith and hope which could have given her comfort in suffering and joy in death, and had lost them.

At this juncture, in the providence of God Mrs. Naylor came in contact with a Christian lady whose faith was not confined to spiritual life but who believed in

Christ As The Healer,

of all our sickness. The backslider, who was overwhelmed with shame and sorrow, heard the joyful assurance that in the inexhaustable long-suffering of God there was still hope, and that He was ready still to receive and pardon and bless. She was induced to go to Boston and see Dr. Cullis, who confirmed this glad hope. She returned renewed in soul and body, rejoicing in the consciousness of reconciliation with God, of restoration to His favor, and of a complete recovery from her physical maladies. On her return to New York, she found a congenial spiritual home in the Rev. A. B. Simpson's church, and in that earnest pastor a wise and sympathatic teacher who could understand the ordeal through which she had passed.

It was not possible that this physical and spiritual change in his wife could be without

Effect On Mr. Naylor.

If the spiritual recovery was not appreciated by him, the physical restoration was patent and undeniable. He accompanied his wife to Mr. Simpson's meetings and was, as may be supposed, awed by this near approach to a Power which had availed when all worldly means had proved useless. There God revealed Himself to him as a Saviour, and he was deeply impressed. For a time he was held back by the thought of what a Christian profession would demand of him. He thought that he had not the power to sacrifice his wine, his cigars and the enjoyment of the theatre. Eventually he was enabled to give himself to Christ just as he was, and to trust Him for the strength needed to live a consistent Christian life. His trust was not vain. The effort cost him less than he expected. The new life overcame his propensities, the higher

pleasures left no appetite for the lower delights which had once fascinated him.

With this new life came the desire for

Active Christian Service.

That desire need never long remain ungratified, and in this case Mr. and Mrs. Naylor soon found a sphere for their energies. At that time West Twenty-seventh Street, New York, was the nightly haunt of vicious people of both sexes and was the scene of most revolting orgies. In two blocks extending westward from Sixth Avenue there were *fifteen hundred women* of depraved character, living on the proceeds of vice. A house was rented in the very centre of this cesspool of iniquity, and in it Mr. and Mrs. Naylor commenced a regular Christian service, which was held every night. It was a strange, almost a startling, thing to hear amid shouts of obscenity and the coarse revelry of the sidewalk, the strains of well-known hymns and the earnest appeals of the servants of Him who was known as the Friend of publicans and sinners. Many a woman engaged in her dreadful pursuit was arrested as she passed, by the singing of some song of praise which she had not heard since the days of her childhood, and was softened by memories of home and Christian associations. Not a few were induced to enter, and many were rescued from their lives of shame. The work is still going on, with the happiest results.

Subsequently the moral darkness of "Hell's Kitchen" attracted the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, and in November, 1885, services were commenced in a building in West 29th Street, near Ninth Avenue. Of the marvelous conversions which have occurred in connection with this work, mention has been made frequently in these columns. During the seventeen months of occupancy, seven hundred and fifty meetings were held in the building, and over 115,000 persons attended. Among them were many sailors, a large number of whom were converted, and are now leading Christian lives, working for God on their respective ships, and always bringing to the mission, when they come to New York, some friends or associates, for whom they desire the blessing that they have themselves received. So rapidly has this work grown that a Christian seaman was induced to give up the sea for a time, and go with the friends of the mission to the docks, where religious services were held on board ships in the harbor, and much good was in that way accomplished.

The Berachah Mission.

Early this year the growing needs of the mission led Mr. and Mrs. Naylor to look around the neighborhood for a site for a permanent building, better adapted to the work. One was found in West Thirty-Second Street, near Tenth Avenue. On April 30, Mr. Naylor having purchased the ground, the corner-stone of the new structure was laid by the Rev. A B. Simpson, with appropriate ceremonies. Since then the building of which a picture of the exterior and interior appears on the front page, has been erected at a cost, including that of the land, of *thirty-five thousand dollars*, and was formally dedicated on Mr. Naylor's fiftieth birthday, June 21, 1887.

The building is 19 feet by 40 on 32d Street, running back 55 feet, to a continuation of 58 feet by 55 feet in area. The front is three stories high, finished in pressed brick and brown-stone trimmings. In the rear, a Sunday-school room, 36 feet by 50, and three smaller rooms, occupy the first floor, above which is a handsome, well-ventilated, and brilliantly lighted chapel, 52 feet by 54 and 20 feet high, seating about 400. A free reading-room for sailors, and also a free dispensary, will occupy the first floor of that part of the building facing the street.

One of the most interesting features of the new building is

A Stained-Glass Window

immediately behind the reading desk. This window is a present from the sailors who have been converted at the mission. When they heard of the erection of a new edifice, they begged to have a hand in the work, and when they learned that Mr. Naylor intended to defray the entire cost, they insisted on giving this window as a mark of their gratitude for the interest manifested in their welfare. It is in three panels, the one on the left bearing the device of an anchor, the centre one (*a picture of which appears on the first page, between the portraits*) of a cross, and the one on the right, of an open Bible, Underneath is the inscription: "Presented by the Converts and Friends of the Berachah Mission." The window cost $140, and is valued by Mr. and Mrs. Naylor as an evidence of the reality and sincerity of the spiritual change which God has worked in these men through their efforts.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Baptizing a Pocket-Book.—"A man, who had been a very stingy man in the beginning of his life, but at last had come to the Lord, resolved to join a Baptist church. At his baptism, as he was about to undergo the ceremony, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to a friend. While he did so, his pocket-book, which was in the same pocket, fell out. As he stooped to pick it up his friend said, 'Shall I not take care of that also.' 'No,' replied the man; 'let me keep it, for when I am baptized I want my pocket-book to be baptized also.' The Christianity that does not reach down to the pocket is not the true kind. Many people's Christianity is of the head, and sometimes it reaches to the heart, but in how few does it affect the pocket and the purse!"

A Work Eighteen Centuries Old.—The Rev. Mr. Stewart observed at a recent meeting: "A poor man I knew met with an accident; he was carried home, and the doctors pronounced him beyond hope of recovery. The usual ministerial visit was paid, and the pastor, bending kindly over the man, softly said, 'My friend, you are dying; I would exhort you to make your peace with God!' 'Make my peace with God?' repeated the dying man, as if astonished; 'why, *that* was done by Christ on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago; I rest on that finished work of Jesus; He is my Justifier, and that is all I need.' The man's statement, so unexpected, Scriptural, and emphatic as it was, fairly startled the pastor, but, of course, he was delighted to find that the dying man was in such a happy frame of mind.

A Casket of Valuable Jewels.—Mr. Minto observed: "Some people are very fond of jewels, and like to wear them whenever they can. Others, although they have them, lock them away, and rarely wear them on their person. An old lady friend of mine was in possession of a great many valuable jewels, which she obtained when she was in India. They seldom saw the light of day, being hidden away in a casket. When a very particular or dear friend called upon her, she produced her casket, and it gave her great pleasure to show and relate the history of each shining jewel. I was one of these few and honored friends. But that is not the way God does with His jewels which He picks from the mire of this earth and places in His casket, where they will ever shine in glory of Heaven, 'They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.'"

A Workman's Sad Story.—"Only this Week I had a paper handed to me from a poor man in this district, in which he asked my advice, and told me a sad story. He was a workman, earning seventeen shillings a week, and had a wife and family; but his wife was a drunkard. When she got his week's wages, it too often almost, if not entirely, went for strong drink. On the other hand, if he did not give her his money, but himself paid the family's debts, then not only did their clothes and their scanty furniture disappear, but, to use his own words, 'she made such a row,' that he had less 'comfort and peace than when she had got and spent it all.' He asked for counsel in his distress. What was he to do? He had heard of places where men could put their wives when so abjectly enslaved by the love of drink, but such places are only for the rich. What was the poor man to do? Is this death-dealing, dehumanizing traffic to be much longer allowed? Have we to stand passively by and see our fellow creatures victimized and demoralized by this all-devouring monster?"

A Young Lady's Confession and Discovery.—Mr. Clarke related: "Not long ago a young lady came to me and said, 'Mr. Clarke, for some time I have been trying to do better, but have completely failed, and fallen far short of the mark which I set up.' 'Then there is no use of trying any longer,' I rejoined; 'I, too, have tried, but it came to nothing. If you are to get to heaven by the law, you must keep it without any flaw or fault whatsoever, for who offends in one point is guilty of the whole. There are only two ways to heaven—by the law and by grace. You have tried the one, and, have found it impracticable, you must turn to the other way, the way of grace. By grace are you saved, through faith.' Happily the young lady took the road of God's grace, accepting as a free gift that salvation which she could not earn, and giving up all her striving, she now rests on the omnipotent arm of Jesus."

A Sweet Farewell Song.—An Evangelist says: "A bright, amiable, young girl of about fifteen years of age, was brought to the Saviour during some meetings which I held last year, and has walked most consistently ever since. When the Gospel meetings were commenced again this year she took a deep interest in them, and on being spoken with at them she expressed her continued faith and joy in Jesus. Not only so, but she found an ever-increasing delight in leading other young people to give themselves to Christ, and devote themselves to His service. But she is now in heaven, and right sure am I that the dear Lord has since called her home. An hour before her death she sang with much sweetness, as far as her strength would permit her, the hymn beginning 'We know there's a bright and a glorious home Away in the heavens high, Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell: Will you be there and I?'"

A Septuagenarian Convert.—The Rev. F. Marrs, of Leeds, referring to a tent-mission held in the locality, relates: "Large numbers of people have been reached who are untouched by the ordinary Christian agencies. Of this class was an old man of seventy years of age, who used to spend his evenings and his Sabbaths in the rum-shop, and who was notorious for his dislike of religious services. He came to the first service in the tent, and his attention was so arrested that for six weeks he was never absent from the services. His visits to the saloon entirely ceased; he became thoughtful, serious, penitent, and was soon led to rejoice in Christ as his personal Saviour. On the last night of the mission at Penny Hill, he spoke to the Evangelist, Mr. M., and said, with tears in his eyes: "I thank God I can now look up and say, 'Though Thou wast angry with me Thine anger is turned away, and now Thou comfortest me.' I hope to meet you in heaven.'"

A Question Before Signing.—Mr. Campbell says: "There is a great necessity for every evangelistic worker to be a total abstainer. I heard of a young lady, an earnest Christian, who, when speaking to a man at a Gospel Temperance meeting, and urging upon him the necessity of signing the pledge, was confounded by the man whom she thought she had persuaded. Turning round towards her as he hesitated, pen in hand, he demanded, 'Are *you* a total abstainer?' She was not; and all she could stammer was, 'Well, no—not exactly; but, you see, I take wine in moderation.' Her influence was utterly lost. 'Then so will I,' said the man, gruffly, as he threw down the pen and staggered toward the door, for even then he was partially intoxicated. The fate of that man is not hard to foresee; he did strive to call a halt and be moderate, but soon his old habits reasserted themselves with double sway, and he sank into a drunkard's grave, when to our earthly eyes he might have been snatched as a brand from the burning, had that worker been a total abstainer.

EMPLOYMENTS OF HEAVEN.

Dr. Talmage's Fourth Vacation Sermon.

"Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."—Ezekiel 1 : 1.

Heavenly Visions for the Desolate—A Question often Asked—An Inferential Answer—Present Occupations of Departed Friends—Temperament not Changed by Death—Occupations Various—The Materialistic Conception—I. The Artist in Heaven—At his Old Business—II. The Musician in Heaven—Real Harps—III. The Soldier in Heaven—Enlists in the White Horse Cavalry—IV. The Mathematicians and Metaphysicians Glorified—V. The Explorer at Work Still—VI. The Scientist's Heaven—VII. Professional Men Occupied—VIII. Social People in their Element—Calling on Kings and Queens—IX. The Preacher's Work—X. The Philanthropist's Duties—Worship in Heaven.

Ezekiel, with others, had been expatriated, and while in foreign slavery was standing on the banks of the royal canal, which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal in the text called the river of Chebar;

The Illustrious Exile

had visions of heaven. Indeed, it is almost always so that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain-top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yea, to the weary, to the heart-broken, to those whom sorrow has banished.

The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year, and in the fourth month, and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may not we have some such vision this morning?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may, from inference, decide what are the present

Occupations of our Transferred Kinsfolk.

After God has made a nature, He never eradicates the chief characteristics of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of the temperament, neither will death eradicate them. You have, then, only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition, to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly grossness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now

What they did on Earth

in their best moments. *The reason that so many people never start for heaven* is because they could not stand it if they got there, if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here to next Christmas. We like to hear the "Hallelujah Chorus," but we would not want to hear it all the time for fifty centuries. It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown for ever. In other words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground, while we make that which was intended as especial and celebrative to be the exclusive employment of souls in heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration Day, or a Fourth of July, or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it were all the time that way.

I am not going to speculate in regard to a future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence, that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven; but will that abolish employment? No more than loves on earth—paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love—abolish earthly occupation.

The Artist's Heaven.

I. In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in the fine arts are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary, and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at, and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven?

Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for forty or fifty years, is entirely obliterated? These artists, or these friends of art, on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are

At The Old Business

yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio. Raphael could now improve upon his masterpiece of Michael the Archangel, now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the Holy Family, now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the Last Judgment after he has seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering-rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here; but I am persuaded that the grander studios and the brighter galleries are higher up by the winding marble stairs of the sepulchre, and that Turner, and Holman Hunt and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Paul Veronese, if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painters yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten-thousand fold. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that He might give them something more limber, more wieldy, more skilful, more multiplitant.

Do not, therefore, be melancholy among the tapestries, and the bric-à-brac, and the embroideries, and the water-colors, and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say: "I am sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say: "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth, are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxembourgs celestial.

The Musician's Heaven.

II. I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it cannot all be figurative. The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own, a vast number of those of earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know "Coronation," and "Antioch," and "Mount Pisgah," and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton, and all heaven will be ready for the hallelujah.

Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singer by saying: "There was so much soul in her music." In Heaven it will be all soul, until the body after a while comes up in the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven. Cannot the soul hear? If it can hear, then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household, when some member leaves for heaven, as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years, because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are. You ask me: "Do they have

Real Harps,

and real trumpets, and real organs?" I do not know. Some wiseacres say positively there are no such things in heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God who made all the mountains, and all the hills, and all the forests, and all the metals of the earth, and all the growths of the universe—I should not be surprised if He could, if He had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs.

Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall, and there he heard his own oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven, and said: "It comes from there." Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven; and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here, are now *at the headquarters of harmony*. I think that the grand old tunes that died when your grandfathers died, have gone with them to heaven.

The Soldier's Heaven.

III. Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends who in this world had very strong military spirit are now in armies Celestial and out on bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or fife without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christians, and when they fight, they fight on the right side. Now when these, our Christian friends who had natural military spirit, entered heaven, they entered the celestial army.

The door of heaven hardly opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said: "The armies which are in heaven followed Him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth entered glory, I suppose

They Right Away Enlisted

in some heavenly campaign, they volunteered right away. There must needs be in heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days when the King reviews the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion—battles, bloodless, groanless, painless; angels of evil to be fought down and fought back. Other rebellious worlds to be conquered. Worlds to be put to the torch. Worlds to be saved. Worlds to be demolished. Worlds to be sunk. Worlds to be hoisted.

Besides that, in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong, where we must have the heavenly military.

That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men, so few churches against so many grog-shops, so few pure printing-presses against so many polluted printing-presses; and yet we are bouyant and courageous, because while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of the truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side.

I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O God! open our eyes that we may see them. The military spirits that went up from earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua and Caleb and Gideon and David and Samson, and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm, and now having gone up on high are coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the invisibles. Yonder they are—coming, coming. Did you not hear them as they swept by?

Mathematicians and Metaphysicians.

IV. But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and their delight in mathematics. There was more poetry for them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door, "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like heaven for figures. Numbers infinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite. The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in heaven spent some of their time with the higher branches of mathematics.

So of our transferred and *transported metaphysicians*. What are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now the spirit is unsheathed—now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in heaven, or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics, sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics!

Work For Explorers.

V. What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin no more in disabled *Erebus* pushing toward the North Pole; Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded *Jeannette* from the ice; Christian Livingstone no more amid African malarias trying to make revelation of a dark continent; but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving-bell. The mountains opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp.

The Scientist's Occupation.

VI. What are our departed friends who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves, all the volumes of the universe open before them—geologic, ornithologic, conchologic, botanic, astronomic, philosophic. No more need of Leyden-jars, or voltaic-piles, or electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the facts of the universe.

What are *the historians* doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities—whole millenniums before Xenophon or Herodotus or Moses or Adam was born. History of one world, history of all worlds.

What are our departed *astronomers* doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and Mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and the Pleiades—overtaking and passing swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been to see for themselves.

What are our departed Christian *chemists* doing? Following out

Their Own Science,

following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved ten thousand questions which once puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity, the wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world, the thin wall of electricity, so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through—broken through from our side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. Agassiz standing amid his student explorers down in Brazil coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying: "Gentlemen, let us pray; we must have divine illumination; we want wisdom from the Creator to study these rocks; He made them; let us pray"—Agassiz going right on with his studies forever.

The Professions in Heaven.

VII. But what are the men of the law, who in this world found their chief joy in *the legal profession*—what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law, from flight of humming-bird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God Himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in *the healing art*, doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in Heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and medicated. I should not wonder if my old friend Dr. John Brown, who died in Edinburgh—John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends"—John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was skillful as physician, and world-renowned author—I should not wonder if he had been back again *to see some of his old patients*. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to Heaven, are come forth again for benignant medicament.

VIII. But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality.

What a Place to Visit in,

where your next-door neighbors are kings and queens. You yourselves kingly and queenly. If they want to know more particularly about the first Paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the Heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. O! what a place to visit in. If eternity were one minute shorter it would not be long enough for such sociality.

Think of our friends, who in this world were passionately *fond of flowers*, turned into Paradise! Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superb fruit turned into the orchard where each tree has twelve kinds of fruit at once, and bearing the fruit all the year round!

The Preacher in Heaven.

IX. What are our departed Christian friends doing in Heaven, those who on earth found their chief joy in the Gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations.

Most of those ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yea, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the Gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing-press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and other lands—letters coming from New Zealand and Australia and uttermost parts of the earth, as well as from near nations, telling me of the souls I have helped—*I will visit them all. I give them fair notice.* Our departed friends of the ministry engaged in that delectable entertainment now.

The Philanthropists' Work.

X. But what are our departed Christian friends who, in all departments of usefulness, were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with their work. John Howard visiting dungeons; the dead women of Northern and Southern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded; George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved—all of those who did good on earth busier since death than before.

What are our departed Christian friends, who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet! No need of revelation now, for unblanched they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin, nor fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation, save the revelation of the scars, that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary, the Christ of the awful massacre with its hemorrhage of head and hand, and foot and side—the Christ of the shattered mausoleum—Christ the sacrifice, the star, the sun, the man, the God.

But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—

The Cathedral Bell of Heaven.

What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshippers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around Him. Those who loved the beautiful, come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music, come to listen to His voice. Those who were mathematicians, come to count the years of His reign. Those who were explorers, come to discover the breadth of His love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in heaven, come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the morning star. The men of the law come to look at Him who is the Judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick, come to look at Him who was wounded for our transgressions.

All different, and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology: "Unto Him who washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to Him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end!" Amen.

WHAT THE WATCHFUL CHRISTIAN MAY EXPECT.

By Rev. H. Grattan Guinness.

I. Resurrection—II. The Rapture—Typified under each Dispensation — III. The Meeting — IV. The Marriage — V. Manifestation — VI. The Kingdom—VII. The Inaugural Event: the Second Advent.

I. The first glorious experience which lies before the redeemed, collectively, is

Resurrection;

and, along with this resurrection of the sleeping saints, the transformation of the living. The Bible is full of this; even nature is full of it. The very ground on which you walk speaks about it. The leaves fall, and with them seeds which spring again. The insects have their transformations, and the most beautiful of God's terrestrial creations are those which have passed through some of the most wonderful transformations. I have sometimes thought that fairer than the beauty of any bird is the beauty of the perfect butterfly—some especially with their lustrous loveliness. Yet you know what they pass through—three stages—first, the life of the crawling worm; then death, so to speak, of the chrysalis, and then the perfected, beautiful creature that floats upon the air, and in the sunshine. Now our lives, or our experiences, are triple. There are the three stages—the stage of life, the stage of death—the intermediate stage—and the stage of resurrection. You will find, if you study this Book, that this threefold order is stamped upon it from beginning to end, and most markedly upon the experience of our Lord, as Him who lived, who died, who rose. We know the first of these experiences, the low and terrestrial. If the Lord tarry we shall know the second: we shall sleep in Jesus. And when He comes again, then will follow the third experience—that of resurrection.

II. Then the second stage in that wonderful experience is this: after the resurrection

The Rapture.

Now we are confined to earth; then, when we are fitted for heaven, we shall be set free to enter it, the earth being still the place for graves, as it will be then, and more or less of imperfection, and, indeed, the scene of judgment—the Church is to be taken out of it. When Jesus comes He will not wait to descend to this earth to remove His people. He will remove them before He reaches the earth. Let us try to be as clear as we can upon this. The air—what is that? People tell us that the atmosphere may be perhaps some two hundred miles in height; an enormous height when compared to our highest mountains, and it may be higher than that. There is plenty of room for the Church to meet Christ in the air. It may be the Church will meet Christ beyond the boundaries of that physical envelope of the world. The Church, when Jesus comes, is to ascend; when He descends she ascends. He is free of that upper heaven. When He rose from the dead, after lingering a certain season on earth, He visibly ascended, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

In earlier times, in the Jewish dispensation, Elijah ascended; and in earlier times still, in the patriarchal age, Enoch ascended. So, in connection with each dispensation, patriarchal, Jewish and Christian, there is a rapture. In patriarchal times the rapture of the seventh from Adam; in Jewish times the rapture of Elijah; in Christian times the rapture of the Church. What will it be? Is it any use for me to try to say? Still, thought travels on. Oh, what will it be in this perfected form to be set free from this terrestrial life, and then swiftly to ascend, and ascend, earth fading beneath us, and the whole Church gathered and glorified!

III. The next experience is clear. What is it? After the rapture,

The Meeting.

The rapture is in order to the meeting. Jesus says, "I will come again. I would not go otherwise. I would not leave you, but to return. If I depart, I will come again and receive you unto Myself." "Caught up to meet the Lord in the air." What will it be for the Church to meet the Lord? And who is the Lord? He is the express image of God. He is One filled with all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. He is One in whom all power and perfection dwell. He is the brightness of the Father's glory. He is full of tenderness; His inclinations are to intimacy with His people. Wondrous condescension! Therefore it is written, "He that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them."

IV. Then, what lies beyond? Because it is wonder beyond wonder, and vista beyond vista. Beyond the meeting

The Marriage.

What will that marriage be? There has been a marriage already. He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit. George Whitfield said that the clearest idea he could get of true religion was that of union of the heart with God. I have often thought of that. Our personal experience, as far as it is what it ought to be, has this for its very core—he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit. What will the marriage of the Lamb be, then? I cannot describe it. I can merely give some faint glimmer of its meaning and glory. The marriage of the Lamb must involve this. First, the gathering of the whole Church into unity, and then its association with Christ in publicity, before an assembled universe. There will be a manifest donation of Himself to the Church, and of the Church to Him—a publication and celebration of their oneness. It will be the commencement of a life of association with Christ, of co-operation, a union of perpetual friendship and ceaseless intimacy in the deepest oneness of mind and heart: perfection of friendship, perfection of trust, perfection of love. Oh, measureless vision! this union of the Church with Jesus Christ! The heart is overwhelmed that contemplates fairly what that oneness is, expressed by the marriage of the Lamb. It will be the joyful, blissful and unspeakable entrance of the Church, as a whole, into an experience of oneness which is never to have an end.

V Then, beyond the marriage, lies

The Manifestation

in glory. There will be the shining forth, the rising of the sun, the rising of the splendor of a day which shall never set, the revelation of the Church in that glory in which Christ Himself shall be revealed; because He shall be manifested, we shall be manifested as the sons of God, as the Bride of Christ, as the associates of His glory, as the heirs of immortality. The manifestation will not only be for the glory of the Church, and Christ in the Church (because He shall come to be glorified in the Church), but it will be for the purification of the world. It will be for the purification of the temple—the terrestrial temple; it will be for those judgments which will usher in His reign. In that Church is to be associated with Christ. If we are His, when He comes in that triple glory, we shall come with Him.

VI. What lies beyond this manifestation? There lies

The Kingdom.

This is but the porch, the entrance to the kingdom. Do not imagine that you can easily fathom the depths, or measure the heights, or analyze the real nature of the kingdom. Do not run away hastily with superficial views upon the subject. Study the Word of God, and you will get more light. What says the Scriptures concerning that kingdom? It will be doubly double. Among the stars of heaven there are many stars which seem one to the naked eye; but apply the telescope, and you see that they are binary. So as regards certain truths. They seem one to the uninitiated, but those who study more deeply find single truths divide into binary glories. This kingdom is doubly double. It is double in sphere, and double in time. There is an earthly and a heavenly kingdom; a millennial and an eternal kingdom.

VII. Try to realize this, in conclusion, that

The Great Inaugural Event

—the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ—is distinctly placed in Scripture in a certain historical position. It is so placed by Daniel and Paul and John. It is *the close of the fourth Empire* at the destruction of Antichrist. Everything indicates the nearness of the termination, that we are on the eve of it now. How things ripen; how the chariot rolls; how He is moving heaven and earth. With what haste, that He may gather in His redeemed, complete His work, and clear the way by the Gospel being preached to the uttermost parts of the earth; that He may come to take His people to be ever with Him? Are you all in Him, and are you looking for that Advent? By all its exceeding and eternal weight of glory, compared to which all earthly glories are the merest vanities; by all its powers, before which all other powers wither and perish; by its eternity and perpetuity; by its height, its depth, its length, its breadth, and its divinity, I beseech you I conjure you, count everything else but loss and dross, in comparison with this.

A VISIT TO AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

The novel commision entrusted to a reporter of the New York *Herald* of examining the volcano developed after the earthquake at Bavispe in Mexico, has been executed with conscientious thoroughness, and his description shows how awfully potent are the elements stored up within the earth. He writes:

From Bavispe we had our first sight of our objective point—the volcano. A pennant of smoke, trailed by a wind from the low, square-topped peak to the southwest, defined its location; while a dull and muttering roar, almost incessant, told that the forces of nature were at work. The volcano lies about twelve miles from the site of the town, but over such an extraordinary broken tract of country that we realized at once that it would require two days' journey to reach it, and pushed straight ahead without delay. About four miles from the town we came upon some deep fissures in the earth, and springing from one of these, we encountered a geyser rivaling any of those in the National Park. It is in the centre of a circular basin, with sides of sand and mud, and about forty feet in diameter. At intervals of fifteen minutes an immense stream of boiling water leaps out and up to a height of, I should judge, sixty feet. Its appearance is unaccompanied by any special demonstration, but the enormous volume of water falling sheer back into the basin is a spectacle as impressive as it is startling. The geyser spouts for four or five minutes, and then subsides as quickly as it came, disappearing with a mutter that reverberates far down into the bowels of the troubled earth.

On reaching the vicinity of the volcano, we climbed to an elevation from which we could look down into the seething mass of liquid fire in the crater. The elevation on which we stood was separated from the volcanic peak by a chasm of considerable depth, yet there was a continuous humming vibration of the solid rock beneath our feet, and the air was filled with a grinding noise, as though the universe were rended at its foundations. The fiery convulsions were accompanied by dull detonations, proceeding apparently from far in the interior of the mountain, and flakes of gray ashes and fragments of volcanic stone lying all about warned us that the crater might render our position unsafe.

We had a fine view of a short but violent eruption. Warned by a succession of dull reports, we hurried to the highest elevation, and a moment or two later saw a vivid column of flame shoot upward to an immense height. The top broke and fell back, exactly as some clever piece of pyrotechnics; but it had scarcely fallen before another and another column of fire leaped toward the heavens. During the eruption, which lasted about fifteen minutes, there was no distinct earthquake shock, but the incessant tremor and vibration materially increased. A tin cup of water on the ground was half emptied of its contents, and our effects, which had been placed in a general heap, were scattered about promiscuously. Later on we were enabled to trace the

course of the molten river of lava. It had poured straight downward over a steep declivity for about an eighth of a mile, where, checked by a gulch of gigantic proportions, it had swerved to the north, in the direction of the mesa, on which was Bavispe. About two miles from the crater the stream stopped and spread itself over a considerable area, where it has cooled in wild and fantastic formation. It is as if some sea, lashed into a thousand waves, and eddies and ragged whirlpools had been arrested and frozen by some necromancy into stone. In color it is dark gray, and so much heat is still retained that it is impossible to approach nearer than to within one hundred yards of its edge.

A WAR IN A BARREL.

A clergyman who was intimate with Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, mentions a remarkable incident which he heard from the Bishop's own lips: The Maories were fighting the settlers, and the Bishop went from the one to the other, and oftentimes arranged a peace. One day he was going down the hill from the Maori settlement to where the army was situated, and he saw three soldiers—two privates and a sergeant—who were rolling a barrel up the hill. The Bishop stopped the men, and said, 'What is it?' 'Whisky, my lord.' 'Fetch a hammer.' They dared not disobey, and one went and fetched a hammer. The Bishop took it in his hand, and knocking in the end, exclaimed, as the whisky ran down the hill, 'At any rate, that has stopped one New Zealand war.'"

A HUSBAND'S DREAD.

A PATHETIC appeal was made in India recently, by a husband to his wife, when he found that she was studying the New Testament, and feared that it would lead to disunion.

Miss Caddy, in writing to the *Missionary Link*, from India, says: "I was asked to go and see a young woman who was anxious to come out as a Christian, and has a child-like trust in Christ as her Saviour. Her home is a happy one; a kind, indulgent husband, and a sweet boy about four or five years old. I asked her if her husband opposed her following Jesus at home; whether she was obliged to worship idols, or do anything contrary to the teaching of God's Word. She said no; that her husband was very kind and let her do as she pleased about these things; that one day when he found her reading the Testament, he said to her, '*That is a good book; read it; it will do you no harm; only do not run away from me!*' We had a long talk with her, trying to direct her to put her whole trust and dependence upon Jesus as her Saviour. I advised her to pray for her husband, and to talk freely to him about Jesus, for she said he was one who would listen. He is not in good health, and no one can tell how the Spirit of God may bless her words to him."

THE MARKS ON BOUNDARY STONES.

IN an Elmira, N. Y., journal is an interesting report of the work of the Commissioners appointed to rectify the boundaries of the States of New York and Pennsylvania. An old standing dispute between the two States was finally settled by an agreement to accept the old boundaries, chiefly because many farm-line fences formed the boundaries and much labor was required to change tax assessments, etc. But the old boundary was ill understood, it being just a century since the boundary monuments were erected, and many of them were broken, covered up, or lost sight of. For the purpose of renewing the monuments a corps of laborers was employed in marking the line on the most easterly point where the two States come together on the Delaware River. The monuments are made of Quincy granite, and are about four feet long and six inches square at the top. Heavy creases are now cut at right angles across each—the letters Pa. and N. Y., which are about two inches long, face Pennsylvania and New York respectively. There will be no difficulty now in any person knowing which State he is in; as there was before. The freedom with which Christian people go to worldly places of amusement and indulge in questionable practices, suggests the thought that a similar work needs doing as to the Church and the world to that which has been done for these two States. The practice of wandering as near the boundary line as possible seems of late years to have become increasingly prevalent, and has led to many sad falls which have brought reproach on the name of Christ (Jer. 2 : 19).

CHEATING THE IDOLS IN CHINA.

THERE are numerous evidences found in heathen lands that though the people worship their idols they have neither love nor reverence for them. Two curious illustrations of this fact are mentioned by Dr. Dowkontt in his *Medical Missionary Record*. He says: "When boys fall sick there are two very curious customs. Sometimes the little fellow is made a priest, and dressed in priest's clothes. His parents think the gods will not make him die when he is dedicated to their service. But they may not want him to be a priest, as he would have to change his name and leave his family. After a time they take him to a temple, and get the priest to burn incense to the idols and chant prayers. When he has finished he takes a besom and chases the boy out of the temple, who comes home and puts on ordinary clothes. Others try to cheat the gods. They put a silver wire round the boy's neck, and leave off mentioning his name, calling him a pig or dog. They imagine the god, who is looking for a boy, will not search their house for one when he hears them speaking only to a dog. All the children have old coins and charms tied to their clothes to keep off the evil eye and drive away wicked spirits."

A VICIOUS MAN SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

A REMARKABLE conversion has occurred near Osaka, in Japan. The convert is a distinguished personage in Japanese society, a descendant of the illustrious Kusunoki. He is living with his mother and his wife in a large and beautiful mansion about twenty miles from Osaka. Until quite recently he has been leading a proud and dissolute life, to the great grief of his mother and wife, and at last to his own disgust and loathing. "Nothing remains but suicide," he said to himself late one morning, as he was lying in bed. While he was thinking over what method of self-destruction he would take, his wife brought a handful of books and spread them out by his side, so that his eye could run over the titles. Among them was one entitled "Suicide, Revenge and War," written by an American missionary in Osaka. He instantly seized it and began to read it, and the reading was blessed to the opening of his eyes to his own great folly and wickedness. He quickly sought and found the man who had written the book, placed himself under his instruction, was ere long baptized, and returned to his home an avowed and happy believer. His large house was at once thrown open for Christian services and preaching by the missionary and the native assistants from Osaka, and he himself has been acting as a lay reader. He has taught the farmers and others who once feared him how to pray and sing, and has devoted one of his farmhouses to the uses of a chapel and a Sunday-school. Already eight converts have been baptized, among them the long-suffering but now joyful mother and wife of this prodigal, who was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.

A TUMOR REMOVED.

THE following remarkable incident is related in the current number of *Thy Healer* by Mrs. F., a missionary in Central India: "For nearly three years I have had a small tumor on my jaw-bone—nothing that would ever kill me—but not a pleasant thing to have. The dentist said I would have to go under chloroform, and have it cut off and the bone scraped. A lady friend, a medical missionary, consulted Dr. S. S., and he said by no means to touch it, as I was so weak I might bleed to death, as he had seen this happen in other cases. Well, the other day they anointed me, that I might be made well. I had not the thing in mind, but for a day and a half it was so sore I could scarcely eat, and then it dropped off! I wrote to the dentist, asking him if they ever dropped off, without telling him what had actually happened. He replied he had never known of a case in which the tumor dropped off, and added, 'Did I not tell you to give it into a surgeon's care?' Well, *the* Surgeon did take it off."

AN UNDERGROUND WEDDING.

A WEIRD marriage ceremony is described in a Kentucky journal. It states that the famous Mammoth Cave was used for a novel purpose not long ago. It was kept secret at the time, to prevent the presence of too many witnesses, but the facts have been described by a person who was present. A clergyman and about a dozen persons were admitted to the cave to celebrate a marriage. The room in which the ceremony took place is fifty feet square and twelve feet high. The roof is supported by stalagmitic and stalactitic columns, the largest of which are called the pillars of Hercules. From the roof hang many stalactitic formations, on every one of which was hung a lamp. On the farther side of the chapel, near the middle of the exit avenue, stand the Herculean pillars, which form two gothic arches and served as a chancel. Beneath the large arch stood the clergyman. On each side of his head hung a lamp, and as the bride and groom approached within a few yards of *his subterranean altar* they stopped, being near the centre of the room. In the midst of this pleasant bewilderment the minister's voice was heard commencing the marriage service, which had a strangely solemn effect among the magnificent natural surroundings. It was *a weird fancy* that led to the young people choosing to commence their married life in the gloom of a subterranean cave rather than in the glorious sunlight of the outer world. We may hope that when in after life they involuntarily descend into the darkness and gloom of trouble, they may find their path, like that to their marriage scene, so illumined that they may see there, as they did in the cave, glorious evidences of God's wisdom and power (Isa. 26 : 9).

PERSECUTION IN SPAIN.

NEWS from Spain seems to imply that the lawyers whom Christ reproved (Luke 11 : 52) for taking away the key of knowledge and hindering inquirers, have left descendants who have become priests. Rev. J. M. Vila, the pastor of the Reformed Spanish Church at Malaga, recently commenced a mission in the adjacent village of Puerto de la Torre. He was received very cordially, the people were eager to listen to the Gospel, and it is said by the British chaplain at Malaga that on some occasions over two hundred persons were unable to gain admittance to the little room where the services where held. The village had been entirely neglected by the Roman Church, and the people asserted that they had not seen a priest for twenty years. When, however, Señor Vila opened schools and began to gather a congregation, the priests thought it time to interfere, but in spite of great efforts to counteract the influence of the reformers, the people simply drove them out of the place. The *cura* then became very angry, and issued a pamplet full of reckless abuse and misstatements. To this Señor Vila replied by a pamphlet that was spirited and severe.

The priests have commenced a civil suit against Señor Vila for "ridiculing the dogmas of the State Church," and, pending the beginning of the trial, he has been compelled to furnish bail for $400, or else go to gaol. This they did, thinking he would be unable to raise the sum in forty-eight hours, and would thus be put in gaol and kept there, while the church and schools would be closed. "These people found their mistake," writes Mr. Bevan, a merchant of Malaga, "and, by the blessing of God, the work will go on, until Christ is known and loved by all."

Five Cents, Postage Free.

END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years—this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Decrease of the Receipts from the Internal Revenue tax on distilled liquors for the financial year now closed, amounts to *five million dollars*. This is a considerable falling off for one year, and its significance is increased by the facts disclosed by the tabulated Government returns just issued. From these it is evident that the decrease is distinctly attributable to the States in which there is Prohibition or local option. This fact must not be overlooked when the question is being asked, "Does Prohibition prohibit?" Another significant fact disclosed by the return is the increase of half a million in the tax on malt liquors in 1887 over 1886. Doubtless a part of the increase may be due to the extensive German immigration, but it implies a considerable increase in the beer-drinking of the people generally, to counterbalance the loss from the Prohibition States. A third fact of note in the returns is the steady growth in the consumption of tobacco. The tax in 1887 produced a million and a half more than in 1886. It is an unpleasant showing that the bulk of the increase arose from the most injurious form of smoking—that of cigarettes. The total return from the Department shows a net decrease of about two millions.

The Ohio Republican Convention at Toledo on Thursday last was chiefly remarkable for its opening of the Presidential campaign. It had been rumored, before the Convention assembled, that Senator Sherman desired an unequivocal endorsement of his aspirations for the Presidency, but as Governor Foraker, who heads the Republican State ticket, is a Blaine man, and as Mr. Blaine has a very large following in Ohio, it was thought that the Convention could not be captured by Mr. Sherman. On Wednesday, however, at the first trial of strength the Sherman men secured control of the three most important committees, and after that there was little opposition. A proposal to pledge Ohio to the candidate of the National Convention and praising Mr. Sherman, but not formally recommending him, was voted down and the following plank was unanimously incorporated in the platform: "Recognizing, as the Republicans of Ohio always have, the gifted and tried statesmen of the Republican party of other States, loyal and unfaltering in their devotion to the success of the organization in 1888, under whatever standard-bearer the Republican National Convention may select, they have just pride in the record and career of John Sherman as a member of the Republican party, and as a statesman of fidelity, large experience; and believing that his nomination for the office of President would be wise and judicious we respectfully present his name to the people of the United States as a candidate, and announce our hearty and cordial support of him for that office." This resolution, however, as Mr. Blaine's friends point out, is of no value unless the districts are influenced by it in choosing delegates to the National Convention next year. The other planks of the platform are chiefly devoted to the advocacy of protection and to denunciation of the Administration in the matter of the pensions and the flags. On *the liquor question* the platform says: "We point with just pride to the enactment of the Dow law in fulfillment of the promises of the Republican party, and we pledge ourselves to such further legislation as may be necessary to keep abreast with enlightened public sentiment on this question, to the end that the evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating liquors be restrained to the utmost possible extent in all parts of the State." This, of course, is not definite enough to win Prohibitionists to its support, though it is less favorable to the liquor interests than was the Democratic platform. The Republicans are practically in harmony with the Democrats on the *immigration* question. They "urge Congress to pass such laws and establish such regulations as shall protect us from the inroad of the Anarchist, the Communist, the polygamist, the fugitive from justice, the insane, the dependent paupers, the vicious and criminal classes, contract labor in every form, under any name or guise; and all others who seek our shores to make war upon society, to diminish the dignity and rewards of American workingmen and degrade our labor to their level." The Convention renominated Governor Foraker by acclamation.

Rumors of an Effort Being Made to Reach an agreement in the Democratic party, on the tariff, are again being circulated. This is doubtless due to the fact, which the leaders perceive, that if any change is to be made, it should be done next session, so that the National Convention may not go before the country in the Presidential campaign with an uncertain voice. As things now stand, the party is widely divided on the subject, and a Democratic measure is defeated by Democratic votes. This renders the work of constructing a party platform very embarrassing. The New York *Times*, which, as a free-trade journal, takes a strong interest in the question, believes, after investigating these rumors, that the utmost that can be done will be an agreement between the Randall and Carlisle factions to add to the free list all materials of manufacture not made in this country, and a number of the articles on which the taxes now amount to very little, but that Mr. Randall would not consent to put on the free list or to make any sweeping reduction in the tax on wools, on lumber, on salt and coal, and on metal ores, which is what the Carlisle men desire. From this it would appear that the effort which it will be necessary to make to diminish the surplus will not be made in the next Congress on the side of the tariff.

The Death of John Taylor, the Third President of the Mormon Church occurred on July 25. The place of his death is unknown save to a select few, as he has been a fugitive from justice since March, 1885. The announcement of his death was made in the Deseret *News*, the official organ of the Mormon Church, and was signed by George Q. Cannon and Joseph A. Smith. It editorially charges the Government with responsibility for his death, and says he might have lived many years longer if he could have had his customary exercise and the comforts of his home. Many other fugitives from justice might make a similar complaint. Evil-doing in a law-abiding country is apt to lead to abbreviation of life. Taylor, however, reached his eightieth year, in spite of the complaints charged by the *News*. He was born in Westmoreland County, England, and was a Methodist minister before becoming a Mormon. His successor will probably not be appointed for some months. Joseph A. Smith, the nephew of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church, will probably be the next President. Public opinion is divided about the effect of the death on the future of Mormonism.

An Imperial Acknowledgment of Life Saving service has been received at Washington. It will be remembered that in January last, five members of a life boat crew, in Virginia, lost their lives in an attempt to rescue the crew of the German ship *Elizabeth*. The secretary of State has received through the German Minister at Washington, from the Emperor of Germany, a check for $1,000, and two handsome gold watches embellished with the likeness and monogram of the Emperor, with a request that the money be divided equally among the families of the dead life-savers, and that the watches be presented to Frank Tedford and Joseph E. Etheridge, the only survivors of the life-saving crew. The money and watches have been turned over to the Superintendent for distribution.

Rumors of Strained Relations Between Germany and France continue rife. New regulations with the object of Germanizing the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine have been issued. The most vexatious is an edict which requires that after the close of the present year the use of the French language in judicial pleadings shall be suppressed. The edict also provides that the use of French in judicial documents shall be suppressed at the close of the year 1888. This edict applies to Metz and other tribunals of commerce. The French would appear to be retaliating if the complaints of German residents in France are true. A German resident of Caudry, Department of the Nord, France, writes to a Mannheim journal that the anti-German feeling in Caudry is terrible, and that he and other Germans have narrowly escaped being killed. He and his countrymen are being insulted in the streets daily, and it is hardly safe to venture out. He will be obliged to move to Saint-Pierre, as he has no hopes that the persecution will cease. The *Kreuz Zeitung*, referring to this letter, says it is intolerable that Germans should have to endure such treatment. "France," it says, "must be made to understand that there is a 'thus far and no further' in the matter."

An Important Letter from the Pope to Cardinal Rampolla was made public last week. It contains a summary of the Pope's views as to the various European governments. As to Italy, he reiterates his claims to territorial sovereignty as an indispensable condition of settlement, all other schemes, he says, being unworthy of consideration. Italy herself, the Pope thinks, would reap most splendid benefits at home and abroad from a settlement recognizing his temporal power. France, the Eldest Daughter of the Church, is menaced, in the Pope's opinion, by serious evils. He trusted those evils would be dispelled through observance of the letter and spirit of the pacts solemnly concluded with the Church. Turning to Spain, the Pope says the first need is a union of Catholics in defense of their religion, in devotion to the Holy See and in reciprocal charity, so that Spain may not be misguided by personal aims. Regarding Prussia, the Pontiff says it is necessary to continue the work of religious peace-making to its full achievement. Great things have been done. The solicitude felt by the Vatican for Prussia extends equally to the other States of Germany, and those States are now, happily, seeking the friendliest relations with the Vatican. The time is past when the utterances of popes excite anything more than interest and curiosity.

Nearly the whole of Ireland has been Proclaimed under the Coercion Bill. This wholesale application of the measure has alarmed the liberal allies of the Government, who were not consulted on the subject. Mr. Chamberlain has warned the Government that the radical vote will not support their action unless the Dublin Executive directed the exercise of the powers of the act with mildness and discretion. The Irish Secretary, Mr. Balfour, made an explanation in the House of Commons, which shows that the warning has been accepted. The proclamations over the greater area of Ireland are not to operate actively, but as a mere measure of precaution. The land bill occupied the attention of the House throughout the week. It is a composite measure, in which some of the clauses are beneficial to the tenants, while others deprive them of advantages which they have.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. D. L. Moody's Reply to a Reporter who interviewed him recently in New York, was unexpectedly personal. A reporter of the *Mail and Express*, learning that he was passing through the city, waited upon him to find out his plans for the fall. Mr. Moody said: "The first thing I ought to do is *to evangelize the reporters and newspaper men.* They are sadly in need of a preacher's influence, or something to get them to stop publishing a Sunday paper. The influence of the Sunday paper is bad. Why, it unfits people to attend church. They have their minds filled with sensational news from all parts of the world, and cannot listen to a sermon. I am opposed to all this, and think the reporters, the printers and editors should all take a rest on Sunday." The reporter replied; "Mr. Moody, the work is done for Sunday papers on Saturday." Mr. Moody answered, "Well, then, the Monday paper should be abolished. Everybody should take a day's rest. Another thing I want to stop is Sunday excursions. I think the people should have a whole day on Saturday, and go on excursions then. *I see revolution and anarchy ahead.* It will begin in the cities. The people are straying from righteousness, and while that continues this young republic of ours is growing weak. Show me a strong nation that has disregarded righteousness. We must change, or else our republic will go to ruin, and revolution will be triumphant."

Six Thousand Englishmen are to be Naturalized this year in Massachusetts, if a society that has been organized in Boston succeeds in its purpose. When Faneuil Hall was engaged recently by the Englishmen of Boston for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, there was an indignant protest evoked against its being used for such a purpose. The remarks made at the time, orally and in the press, respecting aliens, have had their influence, and a society has been organized by the various British and Scottish associations in the State for naturalizing their members, and all other British subjects who may be eligible for citizenship. Those interested in the movement feel that the proposed action is necessary for their own protection, and, furthermore, is a duty too long neglected. The first steps in the direction of the proposed plan were taken at a meeting held at the Quincy House, Saturday evening, July 16. Thirty-four organizations were represented. An Executive Board was elected to carry out the idea in view, and the inquiries it has instituted have led to the discovery of the fact that there are twenty-seven thousand unnaturalized British-born men in the State, of whom six thousand are entitled to naturalization. All of these will, it is expected, qualify this year. It would appear that they are willing to be naturalized but have not hitherto taken the trouble to apply for papers. It is much to be wished that a similar awakening of conscience to a neglected duty might be noticed in our churches, where many who are really Christians at heart have long neglected the duty of declaring themselves on the Lord's side (Luke 12: 8).

A Man Was Brought Back to Life After being pronounced dead, at Buffalo, N. Y., last week. A physician residing in that city was hastily summoned, on July 23, to the house of a man who was insensible. The doctor perceived that he was suffering from opium poisoning, and it was found that he had been advised to try the drug for a painful disease, from which he was suffering, and had inadvertently taken an overdose. Two other physicians were summoned, but there seemed no chance of saving him, and at last, after various remedies had been tried, his breathing ceased; and the physicians who were present pronounced him dead. The burial certificate was filled in and arrangements made for the obsequies. Before leaving, one of the physicians suggested, purely as a scientific experiment, a curious operation. It was to open the windpipe, insert a tube, and produce artificial respiration with the bellows employed in vivisection. This was done, and the effect was astonishing. The man began to revive, and after a struggle, recovered consciousness. Later in the day he recognized his friends, and before night, he was pronounced out of danger. This is the first time, so far as is known, that such an experiment has been tried, and the doctors believe it is an important discovery, which will save many lives. A reporter, who inquired of them what was the principle of the cure, received the reply, "Simply the result of keeping the lungs filled with oxygen." It appears that although the man had lost the power to inhale the air, his dormant vital organs were revivified when it was supplied to them. That is the case of the sinner; of himself he is helpless, but when God imparts His Spirit his spiritual powers receive new life (John 11: 25).

A Suit for a Conjuring Stone was Tried at Macon, Ga., on July 18. It appeared that a woman named Jane Blanch has a husband who has a fondness for staying away from home, and Jane has been greatly worried about it. Some time ago, while narrating her troubles to a friend, she learned that this friend and her husband had a peculiar stone that had the power of bringing back husbands, and in fact of performing a number of wonderful things. Some of the less enlightened of the colored people believe in conjuring bags, rabbit feet, etc., and Jane said she wanted a piece of that stone, no matter what it cost. After some persuasion it was agreed that she should have a piece of it for $5. Jane paid the money and waited for the wonderful stone, but it was not delivered, and she therefore sued out warrants for the owners, and they appeared before Justice Freeman with the stone they intended giving Jane. The court compelled them to refund the money. It was proved that the stone is a piece of magnetic iron ore, which is generally kept in drug stores, and sold at the rate of seventy cents a pound. Had the woman been better educated she would have known better than to put her faith in a conjuring stone, but, as the frauds exposed in our courts show, there is no lack of faith on the earth, even among educated people. Unhappily, it is exercised on unworthy objects, while it is withheld from Christ, who offers eternal life to those who believe (Isa. 8: 19).

Remarkable Reasons for a Divorce are set forth in the petition which a lady has presented to the court of Savannah, Georgia. The *News* of that city states that a lady residing near Hazlehurst, who has been married but a short time, has applied for a divorce, alleging that at the time of her marriage, owing to a defect in her eyesight she was unable to tell just what kind of a looking man her husband was, and that since their marriage she finds that he has a wart on his nose, and is even red-headed. Also that he snores in his sleep, and that it is impossible for her to enjoy necessary rest. The third ground is, that he fails to give her the attention that a good wife should have, and that he has never kissed her since the day they were married. Though the court may sympathize with the lady in her disappointment, it will not, unless the Georgia divorce law is very lax, deem the reasons brought by her sufficient to justify it in dissolving the marriage. Neither the wart nor the red hair has been developed since she married him, and she would have discovered them before, had she used the same means for assisting her defective eyesight then as she has done since her marriage. Unhappily, in marriage, as in other matters which are even more momentous, the opening of the eyes comes after the fatal mistake has been made and it is too late to retrieve it. That is so in the case of those who die in spiritual blindness, having neglected the offer of illumination (John 9: 39).

The Discovery of a Lost Gold Mine is Reported from San Antonio in a dispatch dated June 17. it states that the superintendent of the San José Mining Company, of Tamaulipas, Mexico, arrived there a few weeks ago with old Spanish records relating to the lost San Saba mines, and went to Hoover's Valley, on the Colorado River, 15 miles north of Burnett, and took his bearings. Here is a dividing range of mountains known in the Spanish archives as "Espinoza de Juarez" (in English "*The Backbone of Judas*"), and at present known as the Pack Saddle Mountains. From here, guided by the Spanish records, he instituted a search, and was rewarded by the discovery of a rich lead. The vein is four feet wide, and consists of rich decomposed ore strained with iron. Seventy acres of the land were bought at a low rate and machinery put in at once for the working of the mine. In making the first excavations an old Mexican furnace was found, showing that the existence of the precious metal in that place had been known in bygone times. People who have been living for years in the vicinity are much chagrined that they did not make the discovery. The superintendent would not have found it if he had not believed the records and acted upon them. If men only knew it, they could find treasure more precious than gold, but they do not believe the Bible which tells them how they may secure it (Ps. 19: 10).

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. A. S. Barnes, of New York, has given $50,000 to erect a building for the Young Men's Christian Association of the Cornell University.

A gospel address is given every Sunday by a converted Chinaman, named Tong, in front of a Chinese pagan Temple in Chinatown, San Francisco.

A secession from the Knights of Labor is announced in Milwaukee, Wis. The assembly of brewers' employees has seceded because of the temperance principles of Mr. Powderly, the head of the order.

In the classification of the immigrants who arrived last year according to occupation, clergymen stand third as to number in the list of professions, the first two being teachers and musicians. There were two hundred and sixty-nine clergymen.

The idea of liquor sellers as to what is a good excise bill will be formulated soon. A liquor dealers' convention is announced to be held in Brooklyn, on August 23, for the purpose of framing "a just and equitable excise bill for the whole State."

Twenty-four Indians have made a profession of faith in Christ, and nineteen have been received into the Indian church at Yankton, Dakota, and five to Hill Presbyterian church. Rev. Henry Selwyn Tawanapinwakin is pastor of both churches.

Evangelistic work is being diligently conducted during the summer in Chicago by Major Whittle and Mr. E. W. Bliss, assisted by other evangelists. Funds have been collected for the purchase of a larger tent, in which meetings will be held in various parts of the city.

The education of the sons of the Viceroy of China, Li Hung Chang, has been confided to the care of the Rev. Charles D. Tenney, late a missionary of the American Board, who has been appointed their private tutor. He is the son of Rev. Dr. D. Tenney, of Englewood, N. J.

It is announced that a method has been discovered of making sea-water drinkable. An ounce of citrate acid will make half a pint of sea-water harmless and palatable. In cases of wreck this knowledge may be useful, if every ship is required to carry this article.

The Society for the Home Study of the Scriptures by correspondence, of which Miss S. F. Smiley is manager, now numbers 258 persons in the United States. The Society has arranged for a course of lectures to be given during the summer at Saratoga, N. Y., in connection with its work.

The population of New York City is now estimated at 1,600,000. This estimate is based on the fact that the new directory contains 324,813, and experience shows that each name may be taken as representing a little less than five persons. In some parts of the city the population is in the proportion of 290,000 to the square mile. This is more dense than London, where the highest proportion is 170,000 to the square mile. In several instances fifteen adults were found occupying one small room with only one window.

Christian workers now on their vacation should arrange to attend the international conference for the development and encouragement of practical Christian work, which will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, for eight days, September 21 to 28 inclusive, under the direction of the Committee for Christian Workers in the United States and Canada, who were appointed at a similar assembly in Chicago, in June, 1887. It is expected that many valuable suggestions will be given there for organized and effective aggressive work.

An Excellent Opportunity for Boys and Girls now on their vacation to earn pocket money, now offers itself by canvassing for "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" and selling it weekly from house to house in their own neighborhood. A number of boys have commenced this since the holidays, in preference to doing anything else. Send postal card at once, for terms.

THE BLESSING OF THE LADS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."—Gen. 48:15, 16.

Joseph's Peculiar Trials—Followed by Peculiar Blessings—Blessed in his Children—Personal Testimony Efficacious—A Blind Minister's Address—Jacob's Testimony in the Blessing—I. His Ancestral Mercies—Ancestors who Walked Before God—The Family Heirlooms—The Refugee Spurgeon Family—A Visit to a Grandfather's Tomb—II. Personal Mercies—Declared He Had Been Shepherded—Only a Workingman—Fed and Led—III. Redeeming Mercies—IV. Future Mercies—Personal Reminiscences—Richard Knill's Prayer—His Prediction Fulfilled.

JOSEPH was one by himself. In Jacob's family he was like a swan in a duck's-nest; he seemed to be of a different race from the rest, even from his childhood. He was the son of old age, the son of the elders; that is, a child who was old when he was young, in thoughtfulness and devotion. He reached an early ripeness, which did not end in early decay. In consequence of this, Joseph was one by himself in the peculiarity of his trials. Through his brothers' hatred of him he was made to suffer greatly, and at last was sold into slavery, and underwent trials in Egypt of the severest kind. But, brethren, see the recompense; for he had blessings which were altogether his own. He was as distinguished by the favor of God as by the disfavor of his brethren.

When Jacob is old and about to die, he gives Joseph a blessing all to himself, in addition to that which he received with his brothers. In the forty-ninth chapter we read, "Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob: and hearken unto Israel your father;" and they did so, and received as a family such blessings as their father's prophetic eye foresaw; but before this, "by faith Jacob blessed the two sons of Joseph" at

A Private Interview

specially granted to them. Our text tells us that Jacob blessed Joseph, and we perceive that he blessed him through blessing his children; which leads us to the next remark, that no choicer favor could fall upon ourselves than to see our children favored of the Lord. Joseph is doubly blessed by seeing Ephraim and Manasseh blessed. Dear young people, to whom I now speak, your fathers can say, "We have no greater joy than this, that our children walk in the truth." God himself, next to giving to His chosen the covenant of grace, can do them no greater earthly kindness than to call their children by His grace into the same covenant. Will you not think of this?

Furthermore, observe that if we want to bless young people, one of the likeliest means of doing so will be our personal testimony to the goodness of God. Young men and women usually feel great interest in their fathers' life-story—if it be a worthy one—and what they hear from them of their personal experience of the goodness of God will abide with them. I recollect in my younger days hearing

A Minister, Blind With Age,

speak at the communion table, and bear witness to us young people, who had just joined the church, that it was well for us that we had come to put our trust in a faithful God; and as the good man, with great feebleness and yet with great earnestness, said to us, that he had never regretted that he had given his heart to Christ as a boy, I felt my heart leap within me with delight that I had such a God to be my God. His testimony was such as a younger man could not have borne: he might have spoken more fluently, but the weight of those eighty years at the back of it made the old man eloquent to my young heart. We who are growing gray in our Master's service ought not to be backward to speak well of His name. This is one of the best ways in which to bless the lads. The benediction of Jacob was intertwisted with his biography; the blessing which he had himself enjoyed he wished for them, and as he invoked it he helped to secure it by his personal testimony.

One thing further: I want you to note that Jacob, in desiring to bless his grandsons, introduced them to God. He speaks of "God before whom my fathers did walk: God who blessed me all my life long."

What Our Boys Need

in starting in this life is a God: if we have nothing else to give them, they have enough if they have God. What our girls want in quitting the nurture of home, is God's love in their hearts, and whether they have fortunes or not, is a small matter.

All this is introduction; so now we must come at once and plunge into the discourse, and I will be brief upon each point of it. Jacob's testimony, wherewith he blessed the sons of Joseph, has in it four points.

I. First, he speaks of

Ancestral Mercies;

he begins with that "God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk." As with a pencil he sketches the lives of Abraham and Isaac. He does not fill in with coloring, but the outline is perfect; you see the two men in their whole career in those few words—"God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk." They were men who recognized God and owned Him in daily life. I take the expression, "God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did *walk*," to mean that He was their God in common life. They not only knelt before God when they prayed, but they walked before Him in everything. When they went forth from their tents, and when they returned from their flocks, they walked before God. They were never away from His service, or without His presence. He was their dwelling-place.

So Jacob spoke of Abraham and Isaac, and so can some of us speak of those who went before us. Those of us who can look back upon godly ancestors now in heaven must feel that many ties bind us to follow the same course of life. There is a charm about that which was prized by our fathers. Heirlooms are treasured.

The Best Heirloom

in a family is the knowledge of God. When I spoke, the other day, with a Christian brother, he seemed right happy to tell me that he sprang of a family which came from Holland during the persecution of the Duke of Alva, and I felt a brotherhood with him in *claiming a like descent*. I dare say our fathers were poor weavers, but I had far rather be descended from one who suffered for the faith than bear the blood of all the emperors within my veins. There should be a sacredness to you young people in the faith for which your ancestors suffered.

The way of holiness in which your fathers went is a *fitting way* for you, and it is seemly that you maintain the godly traditions of your house. In the old times they expected sons to follow the secular calling of their fathers; and although that may be regarded as an old-world mistake, yet it is well when the sons and daughters receive the same spiritual call as their parents. I like to feel that I serve God "from my fathers." I feel that it is right and comely that I should be found preaching out of my whole soul the same doctrine which my grandfather and my father preached, and equally fit that my sons should be found, as they are, preaching none other gospel than that which we have received—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

I stood last Wednesday in a sort of dream as I gazed upon my much-beloved grandfather's place of sepulchre. I was encouraged by seeing the record of his fifty-four years of service in the midst of one church and people, and I rejoiced that, could he rise from the dead, he would find his grandson preaching that self-same old-fashioned and much-despised Calvinistic doctrine of the grace of God, which was his joy in life and his comfort in death.

II. Thus we have seen Jacob seeking to bless his seed by bearing testimony to the blessings which God had bestowed upon his house. Now he comes to deal with

Personal Mercies.

The old man's voice faltered as he said, "The God which fed me all my life long." The translation would be better if it ran, "The God which shepherded me all my life long."

This shepherding had been perfect. Our version rightly says that the Lord had *fed* Jacob all his life long. Take that sense of it, and you who have a daily struggle for subsistence will see much beauty in it. Jacob had a large family, and yet they were fed. Some of you say, "It is all very well of you to talk of providence who have few to provide for." I answer, it is better still to talk of providence where a large household requires large provision. Remember Jacob had thirteen children, yet his God provided them bread to eat and raiment to put on. None of that large company were left to starve. You think perhaps that Jacob was a man of large estate. He was not when he began life. He was

Only a Workingman,

a shepherd. God was with him; apart from this, he had nothing to begin life with but his own hands. Whatever he received from his father Isaac afterwards, he had at first to fight his own way; but he knew no lack either at the beginning or at the end, for he could speak of the great Elohim as "the God which fed me all my life long." Hundreds of us can say the same. I remember one who came to be wealthy who used to show me with great pleasure *the axle-tree of the truck in which he used to wheel his goods through the streets* when he began in business: I liked to see him mindful of his original. Mind you do not go and say, "See how I have got on by my own talents and industry!" Talk not so proudly, but say "God hath fed me." Mercies are all the sweeter when seen to come from the hand of God.

I am glad that he went into detail with these young men, for they needed to be confirmed in their fidelity to God. They were in a perilous condition, for they had the *entrée* of the rank and fashion of Egypt, and were tempted to forsake the poor family of the Hebrews. Some of you young fellows begin where your fathers left off: and, having the means of self-indulgence, you are apt to follow the fashions and frivolities of the period. Oh, that the Holy Spirit may make you feel that you want God with you with wealth, as much as your fathers needed God without wealth! You may come to beggary yet with all your inheritance, if you cast off the fear of the Lord and fall into sin. You who begin life with nothing but your own brains and hands, trusting in your father's God, shall yet have to sing as your fathers sang, "The God which fed me all my life long." Young men and young women beginning life, I charge you to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

III. Thirdly, bear with me while I follow Jacob in his word upon

Redeeming Mercies.

"The Angel which redeemed me from all evil." There was to Jacob a mysterious Personage who was God, and yet the Angel or messenger of God. He puts His Angel in apposition with the Elohim: for this Angel was God. Yet was He his Redeemer. When he was in his sorest straits, this Redeeming Angel always interposed. He fell into an evil state through the influence of his mother, and he did Esau serious wrong. He fled for his life, and at that time there was a great gulf between him and God. Then that Angel came in, and bridged the gulf with a ladder by which he might rise to God. The kinsman, God, came in, and showed him how the abyss might be crossed, so that he might return to his God. When he was away in Padan-aram he began to sink very low, while chaffering with churlish Laban. Then again the Angel came and said, "Get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred." The Redeeming Angel held back wrathful Laban, and when Esau came to meet him in hot anger the Angel specially appeared to Jacob. The Angel

wrestled, as a Man, with Jacob to get Jacob out of Jacob, and raise him into Israel. How marvellous was the redemption which was wrought for him that night at Jabbok! Jacob came forth from the conflict halting, but he walked before the Lord far better than before. That same mysterious person had bidden him go down into Egypt with the promise that He would go down with him. It was the Angel of God's presence who held His shield over Jacob, and preserved him from all evil.

Brothers and sisters, let us also tell of the redeeming mercies of the Lord Jesus towards us. He redeemed us on the bloody tree; but He has also redeemed us from our death in sin. Do you remember the place and time when Jesus first met with you? Perhaps not. But blessed be the Redeeming Angel that quickened me into spiritual life! I recall the place and time with pleasure. He redeemed us also from despair; when, under a sense of sin, we could not dare to hope, He came to us and showed us our healing in Hs wounds, and our life in His death. Afterwards, when our corruptions began to arise, and we had a hard battle to believe that such sinners were indeed saved, the Redeeming Angel confirmed our faith, and gave us inward strength. Do you remember too, when that

Pinch Came in Business,

so that you could not see how to provide things honest in the sight of all men; then Jesus revealed His love and bade you think of the lilies and ravens, which neither spin nor sow, and yet are clothed majestically and fare sumptuously. Many a time has the Lord delivered you because He delighted in you. He did not only redeem us when He died, but He redeems us still by His living power. This is the sum of our life: the angel of the covenant has delivered us, day by day, is delivering us, and will deliver us to the end. Do you wonder that we commend Him to our offspring, and desire to commit them to His loving care? Young friends who know not the Saviour, I would fain lead you to this Guardian Angel, this God-like Man, who will save you from all evil from this day and for evermore.

IV. Now comes the last point—I do not know if anyone has gone to sleep in this close atmosphere, but if so, let him kindly wake up, for I have somewhat to say which will interest him. Jacob has spoken of ancestral mercies, personal mercies and redeeming mercies, and now he deals with

Future Mercies

as he cries "*Bless the lads.*" He began with blessing Joseph, and he finishes with blessing his lads. O dear friends, if God has blessed you, I know you will want Him to bless others. There is the stream of mercy, deep, broad and clear: you have drunk of it, and are refreshed, but it is as full as ever. It will flow on, will it not? You do not suppose that you and I have dammed up the stream so as to keep it to ourselves. No, it is too strong, too full a stream for that. It will flow on from age to age. God will bless others as He has blessed us. The stream of divine grace will flow on. Oh, that it may take our sons and daughters in its course! "*Bless the lads.*" Sunday-school teachers, is not that a good prayer for you? Pray the Lord to bless the lads and the lasses, because He has blessed you. There is the stream, it must flow somewhere; pray, "Lord make it flow to my family, and to my class." For thy mercy's sake, gracious Lord, "bless the lads." We need not say in what precise form or way the blessing shall come: let us leave it in all its breadth of inconceivable benediction. May the Lord bless our youth as only He can do it; and if He causes them to fear and trust Him, He will be blessing all of us, and blessing ages to come.

In closing, I wish to bear a personal testimony by narrating an incident in

My Own Life.

I have been preaching in Essex this week, and I took the opportunity to visit the place where my grandfather preached so long, and where I spent my earliest days. Last Wednesday was to me a day in which I walked like a man in a dream. Everybody seemed bound to recall some event or other of my childhood. What a story of divine love and mercy it did bring before my mind! Among other things, I sat down in a place that must ever be sacred to me. There stood

In My Grandfather's Manse Garden

two arbors made of yew-trees, cut into sugar-loaf fashion. Though the old manse has given way to a new one, and the old chapel has gone also, yet the yew-trees flourish as aforetime. I sat down in the right-hand arbor and bethought me of what had happened there many years ago. When I was a young child staying with my grandfather, there came to preach in the village Mr. Knill, who had been a missionary at St. Petersburg, and a mighty preacher of the gospel. He came to preach for the London Missionary Society, and arrived on the Saturday at the manse. He was a great soul-winner, and he soon spied out the boy. He said to me "Where do you sleep? for I want to call you up in the morning." I showed him my little room. At six o'clock he called me up, and we went into that arbor. There, in the sweetest way, he told me of the love of Jesus, and of the blessedness of trusting in him and loving him in our childhood. With many a story he preached Christ to me, and told me how good God had been to him, and then he prayed that I might know the Lord and serve Him.

On Monday morning he did as on the Sabbath, and again on Tuesday. Three times he taught me and prayed with me, and before he had to leave, my grandfather had come back from the place where he had gone to preach, and all the family were gathered to morning prayer. Then, in the presence of them all, Mr. Knill took me on his knee, and said, "This child will one day preach the gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill, where (I think he said) I am now the minister." He spoke very solemnly, and called upon all present to witness what he said. Then he gave me sixpence as a reward if I would learn the hymn

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

I was made to promise that when I preached in Rowland Hill's Chapel that hymn should be sung. Think of that as

A Promise From A Child!

Would it ever be other than an idle dream? Years flew by. After I had begun for some little time to preach in London, Dr. Alexander Fletcher had to give the annual sermon to children in Surrey Chapel, but as he was taken ill, I was asked in a hurry to preach to the children. "Yes," I said, "I will, if the children will sing 'God moves in a mysterious way.' I have made a promise long ago that so that should be sung." And so it was: I preached in Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the hymn was sung. My emotions on that occasion I cannot describe. Still that was not the chapel which Mr. Knill intended. All unsought by me, the minister at Wotton-under-Edge, which was Mr. Hill's summer residence, invited me to preach there. I went on the condition that the congregation should sing, "God moves in a mysterious way"—which was also done. After that I went to preach for Mr. Richard Knill himself, who was then at Chester. What a meeting we had!

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

After More Than Forty Years

of the Lord's loving-kindness, I sat again in that arbor! No doubt it is a mere trifle for outsiders to hear, but to me it was an overwhelming moment. The present minister of Stambourn meeting-house, and the members of his family, including his son and his grandchildren, were in the garden, and I could not help calling them together around that arbor, while I praised the Lord for his goodness. One irresistible impulse was upon me: it was to pray God to bless those lads that stood around me. Do you not see how the memory begat the prayer? I wanted them to remember, when they grew up, my testimony of God's goodness to me; and for that same reason I tell it to you young people who are around me this morning. God has blessed me all my life long, and redeemed me from all evil, and I pray that he may be your God. You that have godly parents I would specially address. I beseech you to follow in their footsteps, that you may one day speak of the Lord as they were able to do in their day. Remember that special promise, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." May the Holy Spirit lead you to seek Him this day; and you shall live to praise His name as Jacob did.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A ROMANCE OF PROVIDENCE.*

[The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., thus describes the origin of the Church of the Strangers:]

In 1866, before the organization of any church, and while I was simply preaching to strangers, a lady of high character, living in Mobile, when on a visit to New York, always attended our service with her daughter. With them I became acquainted. The daughter was that excellent woman whom Commodore Vanderbilt had the good fortune to make his second wife. I had very slight personal acquaintance with the Commodore, and had not seen him in six or seven years, but so soon as I discovered it was expected, I called and was very warmly welcomed.

The Commodore paid me special attention; we conversed very freely, I did not hesitate to introduce the subject of religion and talk of it—I trust in a natural and proper way. The Commodore catechized me carefully about my preaching, my past history, and my expectations for the future. I answered frankly. One evening in the sitting-room the conversation ran on clerical beggars. I acknowledged that in early life I had had some reputation in that line, but that I deprecated the whole business. "Now," said I, "here I am: have been preaching two years, almost within ear-shot of the Commodore. The rooms which I have occupied have been overrun with hearers. People have often said to me: 'Why don't you see Mr. Lenox, or Mr. Stewart, or Mr. Astor, or Commodore Vanderbilt, and ask them to build you a church for the strangers? they ought to do it for the good of the city.' And yet," I added, "the Commodore here will bear me witness that I have never solicited a dollar from him for any object on earth." Touching his wife, he said, "Frank, that is so; the Doctor never has." And he gave a look at his wife, as much as to say that he wished by that observation to raise me in her estimation. The look evidently said that it had raised me in his. I added: "And, Mrs. Vanderbilt, I never shall; for if he has lived to attain his present age, and has not got the sense to see what I need and the grace to give it to me, he will die without the sight." We all smiled at that, and the conversation changed.

About that time, the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church had negotiated for lots up-town belonging to Columbia College, and had put their own edifice upon the market. My friend, James Lorimer Graham, Esq., had conversed with me about purchasing it, and I had authorized him to offer $50,000. Somehow this had got to the Commodore's ears, but I did not know it.

One Monday evening I called, and he invited me into a little office adjoining his bedroom, and sat down upon one side the table and pointed to a seat upon the other. He said, "Doctor, what is this about the Mercer Street property?"

"Well," said I, "Commodore, only this: it is in the market. They want $65,000 for it, and I ventured to offer them $50,000. It is on leased ground, and I think it is worth about that."

"Well," said he, "how much have you got toward your $50,000?"

I said, "about seventy-five or eighty cents."

*From the History of The Church of the Strangers, in the City of New York. Edited by Joseph S. Taylor (Illustrated). Pp. 247; Price $1.25. Published by *Wilbur B. Ketcham*, 71 Bible House, New York.

A Caravan of Shan Traders on the Way to Rangoon.

"How do you expect to pay for it, then?"

"Well, Commodore, this is my thought about it: I have been preaching some little time. My work seems to prosper. I shall propose to the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church to let me have their building for six months. I shall preach in it those six months. I shall announce to the people of New York that I wish to establish, on an unsectarian basis, a free church for all comers, especially for strangers in the city—a church that shall be evangelical and undenominational; and I shall appeal for the money in large sums and small. Now, Commodore, if God wants me to stop in New York and do this work, the money will come."

The Commodore looked me straight in the eye, and said, "Doctor, *I'll give you the church!*"

"Commodore," I said, "I should not like to be under so great a pecuniary obligation to any gentleman that, when I had the guns of the gospel directed against the breastworks of any particular sin, and should see his head rising above them, I should be tempted to suspend my fire or change the range of my shot."

"Doctor," said he, "I would not give you a cent if I did not believe you were so independent a man that you would preach the Gospel as honestly to one man as another. Now I believe that, and I want to give you the church."

We both rose at the same moment, I extended my hand and said, "Commodore, if you give me that church for the Lord Jesus Christ, I'll most thankfully accept it."

"No," said he, "I would not give it you that way, because that would be professing a religious sentiment I do not feel. I want to give *you* a church. That's all there is. It is one friend doing something for another friend. Now if you take it that way, I'll give it you."

I said, "Commodore, in whatever spirit you give it I am deeply obliged, but I shall receive it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Said he, "Offer them the $50,000 cash. The property is worth it, and always wil be worth it. Fix the day for the transfer."

Through my friend, General Graham, this was done. The Commodore went to Saratoga. I communicated to him the day when the papers were to be ready. He directed me to call at his office, which I did, and when I entered his office his clerk, Mr. Wardell, said, "Doctor, here is a package containing $50,000 in money from Commodore Vanderbilt for you."

I said to him: "Do you know what this $50,000 is for?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"Didn't the Commodore tell you?"

"No, sir."

"Shall I give you a receipt?"

"No, sir."

"Why don't you take a receipt?"

"The Commodore didn't tell me to take one."

And that is the way I got The Church of the Strangers.

SHAN TRADERS IN BURMAH.

(*See Illustration.*)

Among the curious features of life in Burmah, which has become more generally known since the British government acquired possession of the country in 1885, is the trade carried on with the merchants of the Shan states, which lie between Burmah and China. The Shans are a quiet, sluggish race, chiefly devoted to agriculture. They placate their more warlike neighbors by an annual tribute, of which part is paid to Burmah and part to Siam. They produce rice, maize, red pepper, calabashes and a variety of fruits. These they carry into Burmah in panniers on the backs of oxen. They travel in caravans, and often penetrate as far as Rangoon. They are closely affiliated to the Burmese in language and religion. The missionaries, who since the capture of the savage King Theebaw have had greater facilities than before to preach the Gospel in Burmah, will, it may be hoped, succeed in reaching these traders. Already Christian work has been done in Laos, the mountainous region of the Shan country, where a mission has been established.

In Burmah Americans must ever take an undying interest, for it was to the evangelization of that land that Adoniram Judson, the prince of American missionaries, gave his life. Toiling against hope for nearly half a century, cheered only by an unfaltering faith in God's promises, spending twenty-one long months in a dungeon, his ankles chained together, and at last, worn out by incessant labor, laying down his life, he left a memory which the Christians of his native land cannot cherish in any better way than by giving their prayers, their money and their labor for the completion of his work.

THE HEROIC GYPSY LAD.

(*See Illustration on page 493.*)

"We have a remarkable case in the accident ward, Mrs Clarke," said the superintendent of a city hospital to a Christian lady whose labors had been blessed of God to many a patient in that hospital. "It is that of a lad preternaturally acute in intelligence, but as densely ignorant as an African savage in everything of an educational character. I suspect he is just as ignorant of religion."

"Who is he? An immigrant?"

"No; he belongs to a gang of gypsies who were very much averse to leaving him here."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Well, that is as sad as any part of the story, for the lad is a regular little hero. It seems that he was hanging about outside the camp over in the vacant lots beyond the city line, where the gypsies had fixed their abode for the summer, when a runaway team came along. The horses were going at a terrific pace, the coachman had been knocked off the box by an overhanging branch, and the occupants of the carriage—a lady and her daughter—were beside themselves with fright. The boy ran right in front of the horses, caught their bits in his hands and hung on. He was bruised with the carriage pole and knocked about by the horses, but he would not let go his hold. A lad of that size is a little too heavy even for maddened horses to carry by their mouths, and they had to stop. He saved the ladies' lives, but when they got out to thank him, he fell down in a dead faint, and there was a pretty bad hurt on his chest where the pole struck him."

"I should like to see him very much," said Mrs. Clarke. "He must be a brave boy."

The lady was conducted to the boy's bedside. She was surprised to see a face

singularly sweet and gentle on the pillow, and to notice the look of pleasure with which she was greeted. The boy was evidently pleased when the superintendent told him that the lady had asked to see him, and would stay with him for a time. Mrs. Clarke sat down and asked him about his injuries. He was averse to speaking about his heroic deed, but did not conceal his gratification at having stopped the team. "It was a hard job," he said, but he knew they must stop if he held on.

Mrs. Clarke turned the conversation to religious subjects, and was met, as the superintendent expected, with the most complete ignorance. The boy had never heard of the Bible, had never heard of God or Jesus Christ, and could not read or write. It was not even virgin soil, for he had some heathenish beliefs in witches and superstitions of all kinds. The Christian lady had never had to do with such a case before, and for the moment was puzzled where to begin. There was absolutely no foundation in the boy's mind on which she could build. A silent prayer for guidance was followed by a light which she had no hesitation in following. She told him in simple words the story of the Cross. The boy followed her with deep interest, astonished most by the idea that there could be another life after death. Trusting that the Holy Spirit would apply the truth that was most needed, Mrs. Clarke left the boy then, promising to return the following day.

The Death of the Heroic Gypsy Lad.

When she arrived she found the boy still full of the idea he had caught the day before, and anxious to ask her a number of questions, which proved that he must have thought deeply about the subject in the interval. His questions, too, showed how remarkably acute were his natural powers. The lady could not forbear speculating on what such a boy would have become with the advantages of education. Where did people live after death? How could they live without bodies? Many similar questions were put, with an eagerness for information positively painful to witness. Following the line of the Spirit's working, Mrs. Clarke tried to convey the idea of eternity to him, and then the object of Christ's life and death. It was interesting to watch the mental activity aroused by this Gospel teaching. There was no skepticism, no captious objection, such as the Christian worker frequently meets. Nothing but a strong effort to grasp the information imparted, and to assimilate it. The boy was clearly making progress, and Mrs. Clarke was deeply interested. Seeing that he would prefer to meditate on what he had heard rather than hear more, she left him after about two hours' conversation.

On the next day she was again eagerly welcomed. The patient had more questions to ask, but now the light was evidently breaking, for he asked nothing about the future life, manifested little curiosity about that, but wanted to hear more about Jesus. He was weaker, too, but still mentally acute. Mrs. Clarke told him about that wonderful life, read to him from the gospels, and prayed with him. She explained over and over again the principle of Christ's vicrious suffering, and finding that he grasped it, she prayed again and left.

Early the next day the superintendent sent for her. The boy was dying, and she hurried as fast as she could to the hospital. Yes, there was no doubt of it; death was very near. The eyes were closed, and the head rolled from side to side wearily. She bent over and spoke to him. He opened his eyes with a strong effort, recognized her and smiled. "For Jesus' sake," he said, feebly. Evidently the great truth was in his soul. Mrs. Clarke knelt down and thanked God. When she rose the soul had fled, but a peaceful smile sat on the pain-drawn face that told of the peace which passeth all understanding

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 478.)

A Common Snare—His Neglected Bible—Slow Growth in Grace—Lack of Earnestness in Prayer—Volunteers for Mission Work at Bucharest—Visits his Father—Desire to Work among the Jews—The Opening at Bucharest, Closed by the War—Work among Criminals—Application to a London Committee—Accepted on probation—Held for Military Service—Serious Illness.

As to the other means of grace I would say: I fell into the snare into which so many young believers fall, the reading of religious books in preference to the Scriptures. I could now no longer read French and German novels, as I had formerly done, to feed my carnal mind; but still I did not put into the room of those books the best of all books. I read tracts, missionary papers, sermons, and biographies of godly persons. The last kind of books I found more profitable than others, and they might have done me much good. I never had been at any time of my life in the habit of reading the Holy Scriptures. When under fifteen years of age, I occasionally read a little of them at school, afterwards God's precious Book was entirely laid aside, so that I never read one single chapter of it, as far as I remember, till it pleased God to begin a work of grace in my heart.

Now the Scriptural way of reasoning would have been: God Himself has condescended to become an author, and I am ignorant about that precious book, which His Holy Spirit has caused to be written through the instrumentality of His servants, and it contains that which I ought to know, and the knowledge of which will lead me to true happiness; therefore I ought to read again and again this most precious book, this Book of books, most earnestly, most prayerfully, and with much meditation; and in this practice I ought to continue all the days of my life. For I was aware, though I read it but little, that I knew scarcely anything of it. But instead of acting thus, and being led by my ignorance of the Word of God to study it more, my difficulty in understanding it, and the little enjoyment I had in it, made me careless of reading it (for much prayerful reading of the Word gives, not merely more knowledge, but increases the delight we have in reading it); and thus, like many believers, I practically preferred, for the *first four years* of my divine life, the works of uninspired men to the oracles of the living God.

The consequence was that I remained a babe both in knowledge and grace. In knowledge, I say; for all *true* knowledge must be derived, by the Spirit, from the Word. And as I neglected the Word, I was for nearly four years so ignorant, that I did not *clearly* know even the *fundamental* points of our holy faith. And this lack of knowledge mostly kept me back from walking steadily in the ways of God. For it is the truth that makes us free (John 8; 31, 32), by delivering us from the slavery of the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life. The Word proves it; the experience of the saints proves it; and also my own experience most decidedly proves it. For when it pleased the Lord, in August, 1829, to bring me really to the Scripture, my life and walk became very different. And though even since that I have very much fallen short of what I might and ought to be, yet, by the grace of God, I have been enabled to live much nearer to Him than before.

The most important means of grace, namely, *prayer*, used to be comparatively but little improved by me. I prayed, and I prayed often. I also prayed, in general, by the Grace of God, with sincerity; but had I been more earnestly praying, or even only as much, as I have prayed of late years, I should have made much more rapid progress.

In August, 1827, I heard that the Continental Society in England intended to send a minister to Bucharest, the residence of many nominal German Christians, to help an aged brother in the work of the Lord; the two other German Protestant ministers in that place being, the one a Socinian, and the other an unenlightened orthodox preacher. After consideration and prayer I offered myself for this work to Professor Tholuck, who was requested to look out for a suitable individual; for with all my weakness I had a great desire to live wholly for God. Most unexpectedly my father gave his consent, which I thought he would not do, though Bucharest was above a thousand miles from my home, and as completely a missionary station as any other.

I then went home to spend a short time with my father. In the town where he lived, containing about 3,000 inhabitants, I could not hear of a single believer, though I made many inquiries. The time I stayed with my father was more profitably spent than it had formerly been. I was enabled more than ever before to realize my high calling. I had, by the grace of God, power over sin; at least much more than at any period of my life.

I returned to Halle, and now prepared with earnestness for the work of the Lord. I set before me the sufferings which might await me. I counted the cost, and he who once so fully served Satan, was now willing, constrained by the love of Christ, rather, to suffer affliction for the sake of Jesus, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season. I also prayed with a degree of earnestness concerning my future work.

One day, at the end of October, the abovementioned brother, Hermann Ball, missionary to the Jews, attended the Lord's Day evening meeting in my room, on his way through Halle, and stated that he feared, on account of his health, he should be obliged to give up laboring among the Jews. When I heard this, I felt a peculiar desire to fill up his place. About this very time also I became exceedingly fond of the Hebrew language, which I had cared about very little up to that time, and which I had merely studied now and then from a sense of duty. But now I studied it for many weeks with the greatest eagerness and delight.

Whilst I thus from time to time felt a desire to fill up Brother Ball's place as a missionary to the Jews (about which, however, I did not seriously think, because Dr. Tholuck daily expected a letter from London, finally to settle the particulars respecting my going to Bucharest), and whilst I thus greatly delighted in the study of Hebrew, I called in the evening of November 17 on Dr. Tholuck. In the course of conversation he asked me whether I ever had a desire to be a missionary to the Jews, as I might be connected with the London Missionary Society, for promoting Christianity among them, for which he was an agent. I was struck with the question, and told him what had passed in my mind, but added that it was not proper to think anything about that, as I was going to Bucharest, to which he agreed.

When I came home, however, these few words were like fire within me. The next morning I felt all desire for going to Bucharest gone, which appeared to me very wrong and fleshly, and I therefore entreated the Lord to restore to me the former desire for laboring on that missionary station. He graciously did so almost immediately. My earnestness in studying Hebrew, and my peculiar love for it, however, continued. About this time I had an offer of becoming tutor to the sons of a pious gentleman of title, which I did not accept on account of my purpose of going to Bucharest, and if that should come to nothing, on account of my desire of being a missionary to the Jews.

About ten days after, Dr. Tholuck received a letter from the Continental Society, stating that, on account of the war between the Turks and Russians, it appeared well to the committee, for the time being, to give up the thought of sending a minister to Bucharest, as it was the seat of war between the two armies. Dr. Tholuck then asked me again, what I now thought about being a missionary to the Jews. My reply was that I could not then give an answer, but that I would let him know, after I had prayerfully considered the matter. After prayer and consideration, and consulting with experienced brethren, in order that they might probe my heart as to my motives, I came to this conclusion, that, though I could not say with certainty it was the will of God that I should be a missionary to the Jews, yet that I ought to offer myself to the committee, leaving it with the Lord to do with me afterwards as it might seem good in His sight. Accordingly, Dr. Tholuck wrote about the beginning of December, 1827, to the committee in London.

At Christmas I spent a few days at Belleben, a village about fifteen miles from Halle, where I had been once or twice before, both for the sake of refreshing the few brethren living there, and also of having my own spirit refreshed by their love. One evening, when I was expounding the Scriptures to them, an unconverted young man happened to be present, and it pleased the Lord to touch his heart, so that he was brought to the knowledge of the truth.

In the beginning of the year 1828, there was a new workhouse established at Halle, into which persons of bad character were put for a time, and made to work. Being disposed to benefit unbelievers, I heartily desired to have permission statedly to preach the Word of Truth to them while I stayed at Halle, particularly as I understood that one of the lecturers of divinity in the University, who was a Socinian, had applied for this living. I wrote to the magistrates of the city, and offered to preach to those criminals gratuitously, hoping that in this way there would be less objection to my doing so. The reply was, that Dr. ——— had applied for this living, and that it had been laid before the provincial government for consideration, but that they would be glad if I would preach in the workhouse till the matter was decided. The decision did not come for some time, and I had thus an opportunity of preaching twice every Lord's Day, and once or twice on the week evenings; and besides this I took the criminals one by one into a room, to converse with them about their souls. Thus the Lord condescended to give to one so unworthy, so ignorant, so weak in grace, and so young in the faith and in years, a most important field of labor. However, it was well that even under these circumstances I should have labored there; for, humanly speaking, had I not been there, they would have had either no instruction at all, or a Socinian or an unenlightened preacher would have preached to them. And besides this, I had at least some qualifications for ministering there; for I knew the state of those poor sinners, having been myself formerly, in all probability, a great deal worse than most of them, and my simplicity and plainness of speech they would not have found in every minister. After some months the matter was decided; the Socinian lecturer of divinity, Dr. ———, was appointed to the living, and I had to discontinue my labors.

It was not before March, 1828, that Professor Tholuck received an answer from London respecting me, in which the committee put a number of questions to me, on the satisfactory answers to which my being received by them would depend. After replying to this first communication, I waited daily for an answer, and was so much the more desirous of having it, as my course in the University was completed. But no answer came. Had my desire to serve the Lord among the Jews, been of the flesh, it would in all likelihood not have continued; but I still thought about it, and continued to make it a subject of prayer. At last, on June 13, I received a letter from London, stating that the committee had determined to take me as a missionary student for six months on probation, provided that I would come to London.

I had now had the matter before me about seven months, having supposed, not only that it would have been settled in a few weeks, but also that if I were accepted, I should be sent out immediately, as I had passed the University. Instead of this, not only seven months passed over before the decision came, but I was also expected to come to London, and not only so, but though I had from my infancy been more or less studying, and now at last wished actively to be engaged, it was required that I should again become a student. For a few moments, therefore, I was greatly disappointed and tried. But on calmly considering the matter, it appeared to me but right that the committee should know me personally, and that it was also well for me to know them more intimately than merely by correspondence, as this afterwards would make our connection much more comfortable. I determined therefore, after I had seen my father, to go to London.

There was, however, an obstacle in the way of my leaving the country. Every Prussian male subject is under the necessity of being for three years a soldier, provided his state of body allows it; but those who have had a classical education up to a certain degree, and especially those who have passed the University, need to be only one year in the army, but have to equip and maintain themselves during that year. Now, as I had been considered fit for service when I was examined in my twentieth year, and had only been put back, at my request, till my twenty-third year, and as I was now nearly twenty-three, I could not obtain a passport out of the country till I had either served my time or had been exempted by the King himself. The latter I hoped would be the case; for it was a well-known fact that those who had given themselves to missionary service had been always exempted. Certain brethren of influence, living in the capital, to whom I wrote on the subject, advised me, however, to write first to the president of the government of the province to which I belonged. This was done, but I was not exempted. Then those brethren wrote to the King himself; but he replied that the matter must be referred to the ministry and to the law, and no exception was made in my favor.

I now knew not what to do. In the meantime, at the beginning of August I was taken ill. It was a common cold at first, but I could not get rid of it, as formerly. At last a skillful physician was consulted, and powerful means were used. After some time, he prescribed tonics and wine. For a day or two I seemed to get better, but after that it appeared, by the return of giddiness in my head, that the tonics had been too soon resorted to. At last, having used still other means, I seemed in a fit state for tonics, and began again to take them. At the same time one of my friends, an American professor, took me as a companion with him to Berlin and other places, so that we rode about the country for about ten days together. As long as I was day after day in the open air, going from place to place, drinking wine and taking tonics, I felt well: but as soon as I returned to Halle, the old symptoms returned. A second time the tonics were given up, and the former means used.

About ten weeks had by this time passed away since I was first taken ill. This illness, in which a particular care for the body seemed to be so right, and in which therefore frequent walks were taken, and in which I thought myself justified in laying aside the study of Hebrew, &c., had not at all a beneficial effect on my soul. In connection with this, one of my chief companions at this time, the last-mentioned American professor, was a backslider. If the believing reader does not know much of his own heart and of man's weakness, he will scarcely think it possible that, after I had been borne with by the Lord so long, and had received so many mercies at His hands, and had been so fully and freely pardoned through the blood of Jesus, which I both knew from His Word, and had also enjoyed, and after that I had been in such various ways engaged in the work of the Lord, I should have been once more guilty of backsliding, and that at the very time when the hand of God was lying heavily upon me. Oh, how desperately wicked is the human heart!

It was in this cold state of heart that I rode with my friend to Leipsic, at the time of the famous Michaelmas fair. He wished me to go with him to the opera. I went, but had not the least enjoyment. After the first act I took a glass of ice for refreshment. After the second act I was taken faint in consequence of this, my stomach being in a very weak state; but I was well enough after a while to go to the hotel, where I passed a tolerable night. On the next morning my friend ordered the carriage for our return to Halle.

(To be continued.)

THE BEATITUDES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 1. Matt. 5: 1—16. Golden Text, John 1: 17.

Christ Leaves the Multitude—An Opportunity for Teaching—Neither Preaching nor Parables for the Disciples—Their Introduction to the new Philosophy—Eight Gates to True Blessedness—None of them Popular—Three Aspects of the Blessed Man—In Himself Pure—Toward God Hungering—Toward Men Merciful—His Influence—Active, Like Salt and Light—Passive, Like a Conspicuous City—His Responsibility—The Savorless Salt and the Hidden Light—The Light to Shine in a Specified Way—So as to Reveal the Work, not the Worker—So as to Cause the Observer to Praise God, not Man.

OUR blessed Lord came on earth to set up a Kingdom. It was not such as the Jews were longing for when He appeared. The national feeling of the Jews was for political freedom, and had Jesus proclaimed Himself a warrior-King, the people would have risen, from Dan to Beersheba, and have rallied round Him. But Jesus Himself declared to Pilate: "My Kingdom is not of this world" (John 18: 39). Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream "a kingdom which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people . . . and it shall stand forever" (Dan. 2: 44). This is

The Kingdom of God,

it is "a kingdom which cannot be moved" (Heb. 12: 28). Thank God, it is an "everlasting kingdom" (2 Peter 1: 11); it is a kingdom "prepared" for us (Matt. 25: 34). It is a kingdom "appointed" unto Christ's disciples (Luke 22: 29). The preaching of Jesus was the gospel or good news of this Kingdom of God.

When the kings and potentates of earth make known the laws of their kingdoms or empires, they generally seek, by all the adjuncts of pomp and state, to inspire awe and respect in their subjects. They gather together the lords, ecclesiastical and temporal, and all the representatives of the people. Not so Jesus. When He declared the laws and customs of His Kingdom, He called together none of the great ones of church or state, but simply sat down on a mountain-side, thus bringing Himself to the level of His hearers; and, instead of announcing Himself by proclamation, He was heralded by His works of mercy and healing, and by the rejoicing multitudes which sat in happy gladness at His feet. He conferred no titles of dignity or honor, but His

First Word was "Blessed."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." The world looks with contempt on a man who does not stand up for his own rights, and fails to assert himself. "Men will praise thee when thou doest well unto thyself" (Ps. 49: 18). "All seek their own" (Phil. 2: 21). Poor in spirit—this is the exact contrary to the spirit of the world. They "seek not their own;" they deny themselves, they live, not unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them and rose again (2 Cor. 5: 15). The world is self-centred, the true disciple is Christ-centred. The worldling weighs and measures all things by their relation to *men;* the true child of God, who is poor in spirit, measures all things by their relation to God. Thus the worldling imperiously demands to have what he desires, and complains if he cannot get it; he acts as though things and people were created for him and must bow to him; the one who is poor in spirit, acts, on the contrary, as though *he* were not to be considered at all; he asks: "What would God have me to do or to be?" and he is as ready to be nothing as to be something, if it can only bring glory to God. A man who does not know God, cannot understand this; he knows nothing like it in his own experience; and thus he imputes the worst of motives to the man who is poor in spirit. How little he knows that while the man of faith yields himself up to God, God comes and fills him with Himself. He does not see that in that gentle, meek Moses there dwells the very power of God; that in that loving John there dwells Him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords." He does not see that they who are in themselves nothing, are "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" (Rom. 8: 17). "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and, in point of fact,

They Are Reigning Now.

Look at that man of the world, fretting and fuming about a loss in business—he gives way to anger; in his madness he drinks to forget his trouble; he makes everyone miserable around him, but the trouble is there, and it rules over him. Look at that man of God under a similar trial. He looks it in the face, and says: "Well, I can only pay my debts by selling off all I have; it is all the Lord's; let Him do what seemeth Him good;" and, with a joyous heart, he goes out from his old home to find that God has made a better provision for him in a more lucrative employment. This is the Kingdom of heaven—the circumstances did not overcome him; he was above them, and reigned with Christ in heavenly places all the time, proving that it is more blessed to be poor with Christ than rich with the world.

"*Blessed are they that mourn.*" God hates indifference. The reproach of the Laodicean Church was, "So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold not hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth" (Rev. 3: 16). It was God's reproach of the priests in the time of Malachi, "If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto My name, saith the Lord of hosts, I will even send a curse upon you, and I will curse your blessings; yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart" (Mal. 2: 1). While we are tempted to "rejoice in the Lord alway" (Phil. 4: 4), yet God would have us lay to heart the lessons He teaches us in the

Discipline of Our Daily Life.

He would have us "weep with them that weep," as well as "rejoice with them that do rejoice" (Rom. 12: 15). There are many things which we can only learn by suffering. Jesus Himself was "made perfect through sufferings." But God does not want us to remain under the burden. He calls us to cast all our care on Him, for He careth for us (1 Pet. 5: 7). They that mourn "shall be comforted." Some try to avoid trial, others, the blessed ones, walk straight into "the valley of the shadow of death" with Jesus, and "fear no evil," because He is with them (Ps. 23: 4), they are comforted.

"*Blessed are the meek.*" The poor in spirit cannot but be meek. They do not retaliate, they accept all from the hands of God and do not murmur, and as they thus trust Him, He explains Himself to them, and, even now, they inherit the earth. Everything which they endure for God's sake, they become masters of.

"*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.*" All men who have any character have some aim in life. One has the aim to excel in science, one in literature, one in fine art, one in architecture, one in commerce, one in agriculture. But the pursuit, and the only one to which God promises certain success, is that of righteousness; the man who hungers and thirsts after *it*, "shall be filled;" the man who has set his heart on and given his life to being holy, and propagating God's righteousness on earth, "shall be filled."

"*Blessed are the merciful.*" Perhaps in this day of religious impostors—of would-be evangelists who live a parasitical life by imposing on the generosity of those whom they can get to believe in them—it is very difficult to be merciful without putting a premium upon religious mendicancy. It is difficult not to encourage

Disorderly Christians,

men who work "not at all, but are busybodies" (2 Thes. 3: 6–12). But God knows how to deliver His children "from unreasonable and wicked men" (2 Thes. 3: 6–12). If we will take time to inquire of the Lord and do not act hastily, He will answer our prayer, and show us, by some means, whether those with whom we have to do are true or false disciples. If we live in the habit of referring everything to God, He will not suffer us to be misled. In any case, it is better to err on the side of mercy. But it is in word more than in deed that we are apt to be unmerciful. Let us never forget that "now we know in part." Things which we may hear about a Christian brother may, from his side, and under circumstances of which we know nothing, look very different from what they do to us. God's plain command is, "Judge not, that ye be not judged" (Matt. 7: 1).

"*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*" Much has been spoken and written of late years on the subject of "a clean heart." Here we have it linked with seeing God. "There shall no man see Me and live" (Ex. 33: 20), said God. Thus, only they who die to themselves and remain dead to self in the circumstances which try them; seeing and owning Jesus in them all, are what God calls, "pure in heart," because a pure heart is a single heart. Some who have gone through wonderful experiences see their own purity and talk of it more than they see and talk of God. "*Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.*"

A Peacemaker Sees Both Sides.

Jesus came to be a Mediator between God and man, a daysman who lays His hand upon both (Job 9: 33). A peacemaker brings those who are opposed, to understand each other. Every soul-winner is a peacemaker between God and man. Every child of God who can interpret God's dealings to one who is wrecked and depressed, is a peacemaker. Every one who takes the threads of the controversy between Christians who differ, and puts them into the hands of God for Him to unravel, with a complete readiness to yield up *his* view of the case if it should be wrong—every such one is a peacemaker between man and men.

"*Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake,*" they have the same reward as "the poor in spirit," "Theirs is the Kingdom of heaven." And this persecution consists not always, or chiefly, in physical torture, like that of burning at the stake, the confiscation of property, or such horrors as the Uganda massacres, but also, and chiefly, in that which comes upon us in the family circle, the house of business, the workshop, the kitchen, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you *falsely* for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." The natural heart shrinks from suffering, and it is the most natural thing to pity ourselves and feel we are ill-used when persecuted for righteousness' sake. But when God shows us it is blessed, and we accept it from *His* hand, there is a wonderful sweetness in this fellowship with His sufferings, which we would not miss for all the world could give.

"Ye are the Salt of the Earth."

We cannot make ourselves to be the salt of the earth, but "God, who commanded the light to shine out of the darkness," has declared by the same authoritative and creative word, "*Ye are* the salt of the earth." Yet, the salt may lose its savor. We stand by faith, constantly exercised, not by date or experience. "*Ye are* the light of the world," made so by the same God who set the sun in the firmament of the heavens. Whether we will or not, we who are God's children are as conspicuous as lights in the darkness, and God commands that we shall not hide our light under a bushel. God has saved us for the world's sake, He would have us serve our own generation. Therefore He says, "*Let* your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." *Let*, not *make* your light shine. "*Let* this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 2: 5). "*Let* the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom" (Col. 3: 16). If we yield to God and *let* Him have His way, He will take care of the shining of our light, He will keep our lamps trimmed and keep us full of the Holy Ghost.

SO NEAR.

By Rev. J. Clark.

So near the cleansing Fountain,
In this the Gospel day,
O guilty one! awaken,
And wash thy sins away.

So near the Refuge City,
Then why not enter in?
Pass through the open gateway
And life eternal win.

So near the fold of Jesus,
No longer stay outside,
Come, find a peaceful shelter,
Where God's redeemed abide.

So near the loving Saviour,
Why stand in fear and doubt?
In simple faith approach Him,
He will not cast thee out.

So near the Great Physician,
Go, touch His garment's hem;
See, while His saints adore Him,
What grace has done for them.

So near the Ark of safety,
Arise, and enter thou;
The storm of wrath is bursting!
O soul! escape it now!

Refrain.

Salvation, peace, and pardon,
The Lord will freely give;
The way of life is easy.
'Tis only Look and Live.

Nictaux, N. S.

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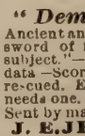

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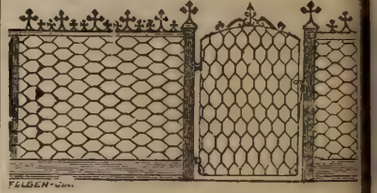

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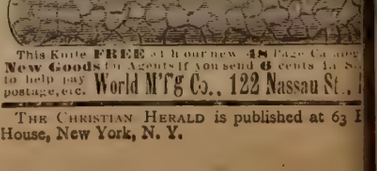

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THE LATE DR. R. H. A. SCHOFIELD,

Of the China Inland Mission.

Born in 1851—Early Aptitude for Preaching—Education—Boyish Escapades—Student Life and Successes at Manchester—A Water Excursion—Removes to Oxford in 1870—Gains an Important position in London in 1873—Goes to Servia in 1876, Turkey in 1877, Germany and Austria in 1878—A Tour in Palestine in 1879—Duties in London—Resolves on Foreign Mission Work—Sets Sail for China—Medical and Gospel Work—Incidents—Illness and Death.

WERE it not that we have a sure and certain hope of a life beyond this, and a future in which the acquirements of this life will be used for the Master's service, the life of the saintly man whose portrait appears on the first page would awaken none but melancholy reflections. As it is, we know that in devoting his magnificent talents to the Lord's service, and in giving up wealth and honor that he might win souls, he will not miss his reward.

Robert Harold Ainsworth Schofield was born in London, England, in the year 1851, and died in China on August 1, 1883, at the early age of thirty-two. He was the third son of Robert Schofield, Esq., of Heybrook, near Rochdale, England. When he was a mere child he began to manifest a singular desire for preaching. A favorite occupation on Sunday afternoons, after returning in the morning from Divine service, was to attempt an imitation of what he had witnessed. Pet rabbits would be brought up and carefully barricaded in two extemporized pews, the nurse at the table completing the congregation. (*See Illustration No.* 1 *on First Page.*)

Either Harold or his brother—now Dr. A. T. Schofield—would then gravely mount on a high chair as parson, while the other occupied a lower one in front as "sing minister" or clerk. In spite of the behavior of the rabbits, the parson never lost his gravity for a moment, even when compelled to suspend his discourse for a hot chase round the room to bring the congregation back to their pews.

His Education

during the first few years of his life was carried on by his mother, who says: "He was more distinguished by a painstaking endeavor to grasp a subject thoroughly, in which he was eminently successful, than by what is called 'seizing the idea' rapidly." When Harold was seven years old the family removed for a time to Torquay, and afterwards to Rochdale. In 1861, Harold and his brother were placed under the care of the late Mr. Pridham, at East Budleigh, near Exeter. Here he seems to have developed an innate love of fun, sometimes at considerable risk to life and limb. "Our favorite amusements," writes his brother, "were driving in a small emerald-colored gig drawn by a yellowish pony, alternately getting out and pushing up the hills, and then tearing down at full gallop. At night we would either prowl about the lanes on stilts five feet high, or, providing ourselves with dark-lanterns, would climb the loftiest elms overhanging the road, and fastening the lights to the boughs, would sit and learn our lessons with our legs dangling some seventy feet above the heads of the people beneath. (*See Illustration No.* 2.) In one of our climbs Harold fell heavily to the ground, and was carried home partially stunned.

"These, however, were by no means the most daring of our

Boyish Escapades.

The house had a long thatched roof, ending in a very broad and substantial gutter, and it will hardly be believed that we used to get a board well wetted, and, sitting on it, fly down from the ridge at the top to the gutter. It is a matter of wonder now that we did not go over the edge and fall into the yard beneath. Poor Harold fell into sad disgrace one day when following me, his teacher in all mischief, along some beams over the washhouse, for he slipped, and *his two little legs stuck through the plaster* into the room below, sending a shower of *débris* on to the bald head and down the neck of our indulgent tutor, who had just looked in to see if we were there." (*See Illustration No.* 3.)

These scenes of revelry and freedom were left in 1863, when Harold Schofield became a pupil in the Old Trafford School, near Manchester, where he stayed some time, and gained special distinction. In 1866, he entered Owens College, at Manchester. It was during the interval of hard work there, that several long boating tours took place. In 1869

A Grand Water Excursion

was planned through the Irish lakes and rivers, when a singular accident occurred, which came near ending his life. He and a companion were in a boat and his brother in a canoe, and after rowing for some time he noticed that the boat was leaking rapidly. He says: "I gave a shrill whistle to attract the attention of my brother Will, who at a distance was paddling away in fine style, looking out for wild fowl. He turned his head to see us one moment, apparently sitting on the surface of the lake (for the boat was invisible), and the next, as *she rolled over*,

Falling Into the Water.

Had our lives depended on swimming, we should certainly have been drowned, for we were two miles from the nearest shore. We did nothing but hold on, one at each end of our boat which we knew would not sink. (*See Illustration No.* 4.) We were soon seen, and a boat came to the rescue from a yacht, and picked us up."

Having gained an exhibition scholarship for Lincoln College, Oxford, Mr. Schofield took up his residence there in 1870. The distinction which he had already earned as a student was augmented from year to year. He graduated with first-class honors in Natural Science, and afterwards filled an appointment in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy under the late Professor Rolleston. He left Oxford to live in London in the autumn of 1873, having gained an open scholarship in science at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. His activity was wonderful. He was an enthusiast in anatomy, and his zeal with the microscope was very great. He secured numerous scholarships, and in addition thereto the Greek Testament Prize, open to the whole university. He was an energetic member of the Abernethy Debating Society and of the Hospital Christian Association. Outside the hospital walls he was superintendent of a large Sunday-school in the north of London, and constantly preached both in mission halls and in the thoroughfares. His heart was full of the love of Christ, and he was not backward in speaking of that love to others, when he could wisely use the opportunity of serving the Master.

In 1876, on the war between Turkey and Servia breaking out, Dr. Schofield went to Servia as a surgeon to the Red Cross Society, and was put in partial charge of the hospital at Belgrade for some months. He returned by the Danube, Black Sea, Constantinople, and Greece. After being at home a short time he went to Paris, and attended the far-famed medical schools there for some time. Returning to England, after taking his second M. B. degree at Oxford, he went to London, only to find, early in June, that he had been selected by the National Aid Society to go out to Turkey with medical stores and help for the wounded in

The Russo-Turkish War,

which had just broken out. His diary contains a full description of the expedition.

Having at length, in February, 1879, completed his medical studies on the Continent, Dr. Schofield seized the opportunity to carry out a long-cherished plan of

A Tour Through Palestine,

Leaving Vienna, therefore, he traveled through parts of Turkey and Egypt before reaching the Holy Land. Landing at Jaffa—the Bible Joppa—he proceeded straight to Jerusalem. The following is an extract from the record of this most delightful tour: "In Jerusalem I retired to our quiet little room in Christian Street. Throwing open the window, I looked down across the flat and domed roofs of the city, past the dome of the Mosque of Omar to the opposing slope of Olivet; hovering over its summit above the Church of the Ascension was one little cloud. As I gazed it faded away, and my thoughts went back to the time when on that very summit 'a cloud received Him out of their sight;' and the promise was given them as they still gazed into the blue vault where He had vanished—'This same Jesus

Shall So Come in Like Manner

as ye have seen Him go into heaven.' Those of us who were not too tired went out down the Via Dolorosa out of St. Stephen's Gate (close to which a deep depression was pointed out to us as the site of the pool of Bethesda)."

On May 10 Dr. Schofield arrived in London again, and on the 15th of the same month began his duties at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. From the entries in his diary it is most evident that *his interest in foreign mission work* daily grew more intense and deep. In one place we read: "I have finished the account of Protestant missionaries in China, and I feel more than ever that the Lord has shown me His will that I should go there." The following day, as if to encourage himself in the new view which he had obtained of God's purpose concerning him, he went to see the veteran African missionary, Dr. Moffat (*See Illustration No.* 5), and subsequently made the following entry: "I went to visit that old missionary, Dr. Moffat. He seems strong and powerful, although he has been a missionary since 1816: full of the love of Jesus, full of zeal for the Lord. It is really soul-stirring to see such an old warrior." On September 30 ended his work at the hospital.

The China Inland Mission

attracted him by its Saturday prayer-meeting, in which each missionary is individually prayed for, and his special wants laid before God. The simplicity of its organization, its simple trust in God, and the absence of fixed salaries, together with long conversations with Mr. Broomhall, the devoted and genial secretary, all combined most favorably to impress Dr. Schofield, who had long yearned for intercourse with men so self-sacrificing.

At first the news of his intended departure was received with incredulity. It seemed impossible that he would willingly throw up the splendid openings which lay before him. But he was prepared to lay everything at the feet of Christ. His loved home was to be given up, and while he had succeeded in finding a wife to be the companion of his travels and exile, his warm heart felt none the less the sacrifice he was making in leaving so many friends behind. On April 7, 1880, he and some fellow-missionaries set sail from the Victoria Docks, in the steamship *Elysia* (Anchor Line), for

New York, en Route for China.

Having visited Chicago, where he heard Mr. Moody preach, and Galesburg, where he took part in the Twenty-first Annual State Sunday School Convention of the State of Illinois, he proceeded via Salt Lake City, to San Francisco. From the latter place he sailed for Japan, on May 22, by the steamship *Gaelic*. The passage of 4,600 miles lasted exactly twenty days, and on June 12 Yokohama was safely reached. Shanghai was entered on the evening of June 28, and on July 9 a start was made for Chee-foo, where Dr. Schofield remained two months, and commenced the study of the language.

Having made considerable progress with the language, on November 1, 1880, the missionary bade farewell to Chee-foo, and steamed across the Yellow Sea, and in a few days arrived at Tien-tsin, whence he proceeded to T'ai yüen Fu, Shansi, his destination. "Arriving at Hwai-lu," the missionary thus writes: "We always attracted considerable attention in passing through large villages or towns. When we entered the inn yard for our midday halt, we were generally followed into it by a promiscuous crowd of one hundred to two hundred people, who tried persistently to get a sight of us at lunch, and seemed especially amazed to see us

wielding knife and fork instead of chopsticks. On more than one occasion they made peep-holes in the paper windows, in order to be able to watch our proceedings more satisfactorily. Sometimes when at our midday meal, the sudden appearance of one of us at the door was sufficient to produce a panic, and all would rush helter-skelter from the yard, as if they really believed us to be what they called us, viz., foreign devils." (*See Illustration No. 6.*)

Shortly after his arrival at T'ai-yüen Fu, Dr. Schofield opened a small dispensary, with accommodation for ten to twelve in-patients. "Our object from the first," says the doctor, "has been, by means of medical help rendered to the Chinese, to undermine the prejudice with which they regard all foreigners, missionaries included, and above all to use the opportunities which this work so abundantly affords of preaching the Gospel of Christ to those who have never heard it." The work was most successful.

In Dr. Schofield's diary, under date May 1, 1883, we find a record of some attempts at burglary. He writes that on March 12

A Robber Visited Us,

and broke open the window and door of my study, and thoroughly searched through the cupboards. Our woman-servant, who sleeps in a room close by, heard a noise, and struck a light, which probably caused the robber to decamp, leaving more than half the booty he meant to carry off. "On the night of March 21 (nine days after the first robbery), *the thief returned.* In the middle of the night, shortly after one, we were again awakened by the dog barking, and dressed quickly in the dark. I rushed out through the garden gate into the back garden, feeling sure from the barking that the thief was in that direction. Our man, sleeping in the empty house at the back, ran out into the garden a few minutes before I reached it, and looking up, saw the thief on the roof of my study (*See Illustration No. 7*), who immediately threw down a brick, wounding him in the forehead, and then ran rapidly down the roofs and made good his escape. It was at least pleasant to reflect that he went away empty-handed." Eventually the thief was discovered and punished, and the stolen property restored.

The Journal Breaks off Abruptly

on July 13. Dr. Schofield was first taken ill on that day, and a few days later passed away from his busy life on earth. The following is from the pen of Mr. Sowerby, his fellow-laborer, and gives some details of the T'ai-yüen Fu life of his friend, as seen by others: "In December, 1881, it was my privilege to see Dr. Schofield at times engaged in his medical work, and I noticed with what true Christian kindness he treated every patient. I have sometimes been present also when he has been operating, and although just before leaving England I had spent some time at a large London hospital, and seen some of the first surgeons of the day, it was a treat to see the skill and ability with which he treated the cases. *Always before commencing*

A Serious Operation,

he would kneel in prayer with sincerity and simplicity. On one occasion the doctor was trying to reduce an old case of hip dislocation. After several attempts, it seemed impossible to succeed, but during a pause he offered a few words of prayer (*See Illustration, No. 8*), and shortly afterwards was completely successful in restoring the hip to its position. This will show the spirit in which Dr. Schofield did his work.

There is not much more to tell. On July 19, 1883, the devoted medical missionary felt really unwell, but did not discontinue work until the 21st. Two days later the symptoms were clearly indicative of typhus fever. He grew gradually worse and worse, until at 2:15 A. M. on August 1, he quietly breathed his last. A few days before he died, he cheerfully said to his wife, "Tell Mr. Taylor and council I have found my Lord's grace sufficient to sustain me in the most trying illness of my life, and that these three years in China have been by far *the happiest in my life.*"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Willie's Satisfactory Testimony.—Mr. Campbell said: "I once visited a boy who was lying on his death-bed, and, to see if he were really trusting in Jesus, I asked him: 'And how do you feel just now, Willie?' 'I am continually trusting in Christ,' was the prompt and beautiful reply. 'But,' I continued, 'how do you know you are trusting in Him, and how did you do it at first?' He looked at me with a bright smile, and quietly answered: 'I am sure that I am trusting in Christ, and when I first trusted Him I felt that He was with me, at my very side; and I knelt at His feet, and, looking up into His face, I asked Him to have mercy on me and take care of me. *And He did,*' he confidently added, '*and is doing so still!*' As the boy related to me his simple testimony, I thought, 'O that more of us had that child-like confidence in Jesus!'"

A Determination Made in Prison.—A Workingman gives the following personal testimony: "The first time I was brought under the power of God's Word was in Millbank Prison. There I had time to think, and as I looked back on my career, how I had sinned, and then at my present unenviable and dishonorable position, I determined to give up my evil ways and turn to the Lord. But when I was released I gradually sank back into my old evil habits. It became clear to me that my resolutions were self-made, and self, unaided by God, could not keep them. I had not got the new heart and the right spirit, but soon I remembered the words of Christ, the blessed One, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From that time I learned to put my trust entirely in Jesus, and not in myself."

God Sends Both Doctor and Money.—Rev. John Wilkinson, of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, observed: "After the Mission had been some time established, I wished particularly to have a medical mission attached to it; so I prayed the Lord, if it were His will, to send a doctor, and I soon got one. He wrote me a letter, saying he was anxious to know where he could serve the Lord, as, when he was a young man studying in Edinburgh, it had been strongly impressed upon his mind that he should be a medical missionary; and now, having been successful in his profession, he longed to help in the Lord's work, and asked my advice upon the matter. I went over to his place, and both of us knelt down in his room and prayed that the Lord would send us the money. That prayer also was soon answered, and we knew that it was the Lord's will that we should have a mission."

A Triumph of God's Grace.—Mr. W. H. Murray said: "When I was in China, I stayed six months at Mokten, preaching daily in the streets, and every night I had my room filled with people who were anxious to know about the Gospel. A young man came to me who was one of China's best scholars, and had taken a very high degree. He said he had come to ask me about heavenly things; from his youth he had studied such things, and so very anxious did he seem, that I felt God was preparing this man for some great work. I told him the simple story of the salvation of Jesus Christ. As he rose to go, he asked me to lend him the Old and the New Testaments. 'I can read them in three days,' he said, 'and during that time I will not sleep!' At the end of three days he came back, and said, 'Now I have read and believe, and from this time I will worship none but the living God, and accept His Son as my all-sufficient Saviour and Lord.'"

A Crippled Sailor's Fear of God.—Mr. Morrison, a seaman's missionary says: "A short time ago, as I was walking along one of our streets, I came upon a young sailor whom I recognized. The last time I had seen him he was well and hearty, and I had hard work to drag him into our meeting, and although I spoke to him earnestly, he seemed too light-hearted to be serious about even his salvation. But now, what a change had passed over him! It was not the change, however, from death unto life; he was only humbled and dispirited through a serious accident which had occurred while he was engaged on one of the Anchor Line ships. He had been struck with the boom, and, to save his life, his leg had to be amputated; but even that narrow escape did not result in leading him to Christ. He seemed on account of his previous careless and sinful life to be afraid of God, and he could not, would not, believe that God was waiting to be gracious unto him; and that to him Jesus said, 'Come unto Me.' However, I believe that his heart is deeply impressed, and that soon he will give himself to Christ. Pray for him!"

A Dying Hindoo Widow.—Miss Rainey Remarked: "On one occasion, when in India, I was invited by a friend to visit a hospital. As I passed through the place I was much struck by the face of a woman I saw. I inquired who she was, and was told that she was a widow, poor and blind, who had had a fall lately, and was lying there through the effects of it. She was dying, but happily was a Christian and did not fear death. She was very weak, and it was plain she would be unable to hold out much longer. I went and spoke to her, and though she did not know English, she seemed partly to understand what I said to her. Turning towards me, she smiled brightly, pointed upwards, and then lovingly kissed my hand. It is when we come across such individual cases that we more fully realize the value of the work done by our missionaries in India, in spreading abroad the knowledge of Christ, who died that believers in Him might live for ever."

A Martyr-Missionary's Conversion.—Mr. Love observed: "About twenty years ago the Rev. John Williams, a missionary in the South Sea Islands, was martyred for the cause of Christ. After a long life of unselfishness, he went to be with Christ, for whom he labored and died. When he was a very young man he was not a Christian, and one Sunday agreed to go with a companion to a questionable place of amusement. He was the first at the trysting-place, and, as he waited about, there came along, on her way to church, a lady of his acquaintance. 'Ah, John,' she said, 'I am glad to see you. Are you going to church this forenoon?' 'No, I am waiting for a friend,' was the reply. 'Why not go to church?' she asked, and she would not go on her way until he reluctantly consented to accompany her. At church that day he was met by a message of the Gospel, overpowered by God's Holy Spirit, and left the sanctuary a converted man. There he consecrated his life to God; and that vow of consecration he kept until he sealed his testimony with his blood."

Enthralled by a Demon.—Mr. Oatts related: "Some time ago a man called at my office to see if I could in any way help him. He was of a respectable family, married, and had three children. He had been comfortably well-off, but taking to drink, he had sunk lower and lower, until now he was destitute. His situation had been forfeited, his furniture had been sold, and, being unable to pay his rent, the landlord's agent was about to eject him. Death also had been busy in his house, and one of his little ones was to be buried the next day. At his urgent request I promised to be at the funeral. Next day I ascended the stairs of his house. I met the men with the coffin coming down. I thought I must have made some mistake and was late, and, on reaching the landing, I inquired of the woman at the door if I were late. 'No,' she said; 'will you come in?' I entered, and there, in the corner of the room, sat the man who but yesterday was protesting and resolving to have done with intoxicating liquors forever. There he sat, his eyes staring vacantly before him, helplessly intoxicated. Drink is the monster which causes its debased slave to forget all that was once dear to him, and which so enthralls him that he is unable, even with his best resolutions, to overcome it. The only beverage which takes away the appetite for this curse is that Water of Life, of which, if any drink, he shall never thirst again."

SHOULD CHRISTIANS INSURE?

A Vacation Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years."—Genesis 41 : 34.

The First Life Insurance Company—Joseph its President—The Record of the Societies—The Bible Principle—The Injunction to Hezekiah—Devastation in the Household—The Question of Faith—How God Provides for Neglected Children—Vicissitudes of Business—Excuses for not Insuring—Dr. Guthrie's Life Insurance—One Cause of Crime and Pauperism—A Foolish Woman's Struggle—The Needs of the Companies—The Responsibilities of the Office—Insured for Eternity—The Fire Insurance Business—The Final Conflagration.

THESE were the words of Joseph, the president of *the first life insurance company* that the world ever saw. Pharaoh had a dream that distracted him. He thought he stood on the banks of the river Nile, and saw coming up out of the river, seven fat, sleek, glossy cows, and they began to browse in the thick grass. Nothing frightful about that. But after them, coming out of the same river, he saw seven cows that were gaunt and starved, and the worst looking cows that had ever been seen in the land, and, in ferocity of hunger, they devoured their seven fat predecessors. Pharaoh, the king, sent for Joseph to decipher these

Midnight Hieroglyphics.

Joseph made short work of it, and intimated that the seven fat cows that came out of the river are seven years with plenty to eat, the seven emaciated cows that followed them are seven years with nothing to eat. "Now," said Joseph, "let us take one-fifth of the corn crop of the seven prosperous years, and keep it as a provision for the seven years in which there shall be no corn crop." The king took the counsel and appointed Joseph, because of his integrity and public-spiritedness, as the president of the undertaking. The farmers paid one-fifth of their income as a premium. In all the towns and cities of the land there were branch houses. This great Egyptian life insurance company had millions of dollars as assets.

After a while the dark days came, and the whole nation would have starved if it had not been for the provision they had made for the future. But now these suffering families had nothing to do but go up and collect the amount of

Their Life Policies.

The Bible puts it in one short phrase: "In all the land of Egypt there was bread." I say this was the first life insurance company. It was Divinely organized. It had in it all the advantages of "the whole life plan," of the "tontine plan," of the "reserved endowment plan," and all the other good plans. We are told that Rev. Dr. Anhate, of Lincolnshire, England, originated the first life insurance company in 1698. No! it is as old as the corn cribs of Egypt; and God Himself was the author and originator. If that were not so, I would not take your time and mine in Sabbath discussion of this subject. I feel it is a theme of vital, religious, and of infinite import, the morals of insurance.

About ten or twelve years ago there was a great panic in life insurance which did good. Under the storm the untrustworthy and bogus institutions were scattered, while the genuine were tested and firmly established, and where does the life insurance institution stand to-day? What amount of comfort, of education, of moral and spiritual advantage, is represented in the simple statistic that in this country the life insurance companies in one year paid seven million dollars to the families of the bereft; and in five years they paid three hundred millions of dollars to the families of the bereft; and are promising to pay—and hold themselves in readiness to pay—two thousand millions of dollars to the families of the bereft!

They have actually paid out more in dividends and death claims than they have ever received in premiums. I know of what I speak. The life insurance companies of this country paid more than seven million dollars of taxes to the Government in five years. So, instead of these companies being indebted to the land, the land is indebted to them. To cry out against life insurance, because here and there one company has behaved badly, is as absurd as it would be for a man to burn down a thousand acres of harvest field in order to kill the moles and potato-bugs—as preposterous as a man who should blow up a crowded steamer in mid-Atlantic for the purpose of destroying the barnacles on the bottom of the hulk.

What Does the Bible Say

in regard to this subject? If the Bible favors the institution, I will favor it; if the Bible denounces it, I will denounce it. In addition to the forecast of Joseph in the text, I call to your attention Paul's comparison. Here is one man who, through neglect, fails to support his family while he lives, or after he dies. Here is another man, who abhors the Scriptures, and rejects God. Which of those men is the worse? Well, you say the latter. Paul says the former. Paul says that a man who neglects to care for his household is more obnoxious than a man who rejects the Scriptures: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." Life insurance companies help most of us to provide for our families after we are gone; but, if we have the money to pay the premiums, and do not pay them, we have no right to expect mercy at the hand of God in the Judgment. We are worse than Tom Paine, and worse than Voltaire. The Bible declares it—we are worse than an infidel.

After the certificate of death has been made out and thirty or sixty days have passed, and the officer of a life-insurance company comes into the bereft household and pays down the hard cash on an insurance policy, that officer of the company is performing a positively religious rite, according to the Apostle James, who says: "True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction," and so on. The religion of Christ proposes to take care of the temporal wants of the people as well as the spiritual. When Hezekiah was dying, the injunction came to him:

"Set Thy House in Order,

for thou shalt die and not live." That injunction in our day would mean: "Make your will; settle up your accounts; make things plain; don't deceive your heirs with rolls of worthless mining stock; don't deceive them with deeds for Western lands that will never yield any crop but chills and fever; don't leave for them notes that have been outlawed, and second mortgages on property that will not pay the first." "Set thy house in order." That is, fix up things, so your going out of the world may make as little consternation as possible. See the lean cattle devouring the fat cattle, and in the time of plenty prepare for the time of want.

The difficulty is, when men think of their death, they are afraid to think of it only in connection with their spiritual welfare, and not of

Devastation in the Household,

which will come because of their emigration from it. It is meanly selfish for you to be so absorbed in the heaven to which you are going that you forget what is to become of your wife and children after you are dead. You can go out of this world without leaving a dollar, and yet die happy if you could not provide for them; you can trust them in the hands of the God who owns all the harvests and the herds and the flocks; but if you could pay the premiums on a policy, and neglect them, it is a mean thing for you to go up to heaven while they go into the poor-house. You, at death, move into a mansion, river front, and they move into two rooms on the fourth story of a tenement house in a back street. When they are out at the elbows and knees, the thought of your splendid robe in heaven will not keep them warm. The minister may preach a splendid sermon over your remains, and the quartette may sing like four angels in the organ loft; but your death will be a swindle. You had the means to provide for the comfort of your household when you left it, and you wickedly neglected it.

"O," says some one, "I have more faith than you; I believe when I go out of this world the Lord will provide for them." Go to Blackwell's Island, go through all the poor-houses of the country, and I will show you how often God provides for the neglected children of

Neglectful Parents.

That is, He provides for them through public charity. As for myself, I would rather have the Lord provide for my family in a private home, and through my own industry, and paternal and conjugal faithfulness. But says some man: "I mean in the next ten or twenty years to make a great fortune, and so I shall leave my family when I go out of this world very comfortable." How do you know you are going to live ten or twenty years? If we could look up the highway of the future, we would see it crossed by pneumonias, and pleurisies, and consumptions, and colliding rail trains, and runaway horses, and breaking bridges, and funeral processions. Are you so certain you are going to live ten or twenty years, you can warrant your household any comfort after you go away from them?

Besides that, the vast majority of men die poor! Two—only—out of a hundred succeed in business. Are you very certain you are going to be one of the two? Rich one day, poor the next. A man in New York got two millions of dollars, and the money turned his brain and he died in the lunatic asylum. All his property was left with the business firm, and they swamped it; and then the family of the insane man were left without a dollar. In eighteen months the prosperity, the insanity, the insolvency, and the complete domestic ruin!

Besides that, there are men who die solvent, who are insolvent before they get under the ground, or before their estate is settled up. How

The Auctioneer's Mallet

can knock the life out of an estate! A man thinks the property is worth fifteen thousand dollars: under a forced sale it brings seven thousand dollars. The business man takes advantage of the crisis, and compels the widow of his deceased partner to sell out to him at a ruinous price, or lose all. The stock was supposed to be very valuable, but it has been so "watered" that when the executor tries to sell it he is laughed out of Wall Street, or the administrator is ordered by the surrogate to wind up the whole affair. The estate was supposed, at the man's death, to be worth sixty thousand dollars; but after the indebtedness had been met, and the bills of the doctor and the undertaker and the tombstone-cutter have been paid, there is nothing left. That means the children are to come home from school and go to work. That means the complete hardship of the wife, turned out with nothing but a needle to fight the great battle of the world. Tear down the lambrequins, close the piano, rip up the Axminster, sell out the wardrobe, and let the mother take a child in each hand and trudge out into the desert of the world. A life insurance would have hindered all that.

But says some one one, "I am a man of small means, and I can't afford to pay the premium." That is sometimes a lawful and

A Genuine Excuse,

and there is no answer to it; but in nine cases out of ten, when a man says that, he smokes up in cigars, and drinks down in wine, and expends in luxuries enough money to have paid the premium on a life insurance policy which would have kept his family from beggary when he is dead. A man ought to put himself down on the strictest economy until he can meet this Christian necessity. You have no right to the luxuries until you have made such provision.

I admire what was said by Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the great Scottish preacher. A few years before his death he stood in a public meeting and declared: "When I came to Edinburgh, the people sometimes laughed at my blue stockings, and at my cotton umbrella, and they said

I looked like a common ploughman, and they derided me because I lived in a house for which I paid thirty-five pounds rent a year, and oftentimes I walked when I would have been very glad to have a cab; but, gentlemen, I did all that because I wanted to pay the premium on a life insurance that would keep my family comfortable if I should die." That I take to be the right expression of an honest, intelligent, Christian man.

The utter indifference of many people on this important subject accounts for much of the

Crime and Pauperism

of this day. Who are these children sweeping the crossings with broken broom and begging of you a penny as you go by? Who are these lost souls gliding under the gaslights, in thin shawls? Ah! they are the victims of want; in many of the cases the forecast of parents and grandparents might have prohibited it. God only knows how they struggled to do right. They prayed until the tears froze on their cheeks; they sewed on the sack until the breaking of the day; but they could not get enough money to pay the rent; they could not get enough money to decently clothe themselves; and one day, in that wretched home, the angel of purity and the angel of crime fought a great fight between the empty bread-tray and the fireless hearth, and the black-winged angel shrieked. "Aha! I have won the day!"

Says some man, "I believe what you say; it is right and Christian, and I mean some time to attend to this matter." My friend, you are going to lose the comfort of your household in the same way the sinner loses heaven, by procrastination. I see all around me the

Destitute and Suffering Families

of parents who meant some day to attend to this Christian duty. During the process of adjournment the man gets his feet wet, then comes a chill and delirium, and the doleful shake of the doctor's head, and the obsequies. If there be anything more pitiable than a woman delicately brought up, and on her marriage-day, by an indulgent father, given to a man to whom she is the chief joy and pride of life until the moment of his death, and then that same woman going out, with helpless children at her back to struggle for bread in a world where brawny muscle and rugged soul are necessary—I say, if there be anything more pitiable than that, I do not know what it is. And yet there are good women who are indifferent in regard to their husband's duty in this respect; and there are those positively hostile, as though a life insurance subjected a man to some fatality.

There is in Brooklyn to-day a poor woman

Keeping a Small Candy Shop,

who vehemently opposed the insurance of her husband's life, and when application had been made for a policy of ten thousand dollars, she frustrated it. She would never have a document in the house that implied it was possible for her husband ever to die. One day, in quick revolution of machinery, his life was instantly dashed out. What is the sequel? She is, with annoying tug, making the half of a miserable living. Her two children have been taken away from her in order that they may be clothed and schooled, and her life is to be a prolonged hardship. Oh, man, before forty-eight hours have passed away, appear at the desk of some of our great life insurance companies, have the stethescope of the physician put to your heart and lungs, and by the seal of some honest company decree that your children shall not be subjected to the humiliation of financial struggle in the day of your demise.

Dishonest Companies.

But I must ask the men engaged in life insurance business whether they feel the importance of their trust, and charge them I must that they need Divine grace to help them in their work. In this day, when there are so many rivalries in your line of business, you will be tempted to overstate the amount of assets and the extent of the surplus, and you will be tempted to abuse the franchise of the company, and make up the deficits of one year by adding some of the receipts of another year. Under the pressure many have gone down, and you will follow them if you have too much confidence in yourself, and do not appeal to the Lord for help. But if any of you belong to

That Miscreant Class

of people who, without any financial ability, organize themselves into what they call a life insurance company, with a pretended capital of two hundred thousand dollars or three hundred thousand dollars, then vote yourself into the lucrative position, and then take all the premiums for yourself, and then, at the approach of the State Superintendent, drop all into the hands of those life insurance undertakers whose business it is to gather up the remains of defunct organizations and bury them in their own vault—then, I say, you had better get out of the business, and disgorge the widows' houses you have swallowed.

But my word is, to all those who are legitimately engaged in the business: You ought to be better than other men, not only because of the responsibilities that rest upon you, but because the truth is ever confronting you that your stay on earth is uncertain, and your life a matter of a few days or years. Do not those black-edged letters that come into your office make you think? Does not the doctor's certificate on the death claim give you a thrill? Your periodicals, your advertisements, and even the lithography of your policies warn you that you are mortal. According to your own showing the chances that you will die this year are at least two per cent. Are you prepared for the tremendous exigency? The most condemned man in the Judgment Day will be the unprepared life insurance man, for the simple reason that his whole business was connected with human exit, and he cannot say: "I did not think." His whole business was to think on that one thing. O, my brother, get

Insured for Eternity.

In consideration of what Christ has done in your behalf, have the indenture this day made out, signed and sealed with the red seal of the cross.

But I have words of encouragement and comfort for those of my hearers who are engaged in

The Fire Insurance Business.

You are ordained by God to stand between us and the most raging element of nature. We are indebted to you for what the National Board of Underwriters and the Convention of Chiefs of the Fire Department have effected through your suggestions, and through your encouragement. We are indebted to you for what you have effected in the construction of buildings, and in the change in the habits of our cities; so that by scientific principles orderly companies extinguish the fire, instead of the old-time riots which used to extinguish the citizens! And we are indebted to you for the successful demands you have made for the repeal of unjust laws—for the battle you have waged against incendiarism and arson—for the fatal blow you have given to the theory that corporations have no souls, by the cheerfulness and promptitude with which you have met losses, from which you might have escaped through the technicality of the law.

I do not know any class of men in our midst more high-toned and worthy of confidence than these men, and yet I have sometimes feared that while your chief business is to calculate about losses on earthly property, you might without sufficient thought go into that which, in regard to your soul, in your own parlance, might be called "hazards," "extra hazards," "special hazards." An unforgiven sin in the soul is more inflammable and explosive than camphene or nitroglycerine. However the rates may be—yea, though the whole earth were paid down to you in one solid premium—you cannot afford to lose your soul. Do not take that risk, lest it be said hereafter that, while in this world you had keen business faculty, when you went out of the world you went out everlastingly insolvent.

The scientific Hitchcocks and Sillimans and Mitchells of the world have united with the sacred writers to make us believe that there is

A Conflagration Coming

to sweep across the earth, compared with which that of Chicago in 1871, and that of Boston in 1872, and that of New York in 1835, were mere nothings. Brooklyn on fire! New York on fire! Charleston on fire! San Franisco on fire! Canton on fire! St. Petersburg on fire! Paris on fire! London on fire! The Andes on fire! The Appennines on fire! The Himalayas on fire! What will be peculiar about the day will be that the water with which we put out great fires will itself take flame; and the Mississippi, the Ohio and the St. Lawrence, and Lake Erie, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and tumbling Niagara, shall with red tongues lick the heavens. The geological heats of the centre of the world will burn out toward the circumference, and the heats of the outside will burn down from the circumference to the centre, and this world will become, not only according to the Bible, but according to science, a living coal—the living coal afterward whitening into ashes, the ashes scattered by the breath of

The Last Hurricane,

and all that will be left of this glorious planet will be the flakes of ashes fallen on other worlds. O! on that day will you be fire-proof, or will you be a total loss? Will you be rescued, or will you be consumed? When this great cathedral of the world, with its pillars of rocks, and its pinnacles of mountains, and its cellar of golden mine, and its upholstery of morning cloud, and its baptismal font of the sea, shall blaze, will you get out on the fire-escape of the Lord's deliverance? O! on that day for which all other days were made, may it be found that these life insurance men had a paid-up policy, and these fire insurance men had given them, instead of the débris of a consumed worldly estate, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

THE LITTLE WAIF OF THE SEA.

(*See Illustration on page 509.*)

Minute guns proclaimed a ship in distress, and the life-saving crew put forth their best efforts to get their boat to her. In such a sea as that raging outside the bar it was impossible. The sky was black as ink, and only by the sound of the guns could any one guess where the ship was. There was a dangerous line of rocks nearly two miles out, and the general opinion was that the ship had struck there. If so, there was no hope for her.

With the first gleam of dawn came confirmation of the fact, for beaten to pieces on the jagged edges lay the fragments of the wrecked ship. The sea was quieter now, though still beating furiously on the reef, and the gallant crew set out to see if there might still be any one left alive.

Suddenly one of the men called out that he saw a raft and some one upon it. The other men, looking in the direction in which he pointed, saw it too and bent to the oars. Guiding the boat skillfully among the floating wreckage, they were soon alongside the raft. There, lying on two of the wooden gratings, lashed together, lay a woman with a child in her arms. One glance showed that the mother was dead, A dreadful bruise on her forehead indicated the manner of her death, showing that she had been struck there by either a piece of the wreck or the rocks in the darkness. But the child still lived. The dead mother and the living child were lifted into the boat, and the crew pulled back for the shore.

Very tenderly one of the rough men took the little waif in his arms, and carried her to the little parsonage of the village, which, as he well knew, was always open for any who might need hospitality. Who the child was they never learned. The clergyman made many fruitless inquiries at first, but ultimately giving up hope of discovering her identity, he and his good wife accepted her as a gift from God, and brought her up in the ways of the Lord as their own.

THE WATCHMAN'S ANSWER.

"THE MORNING COMETH." Isa. 21 : 12.

What the Night is—1. Nature's Darkness—2. Satan's Dominion—3. Death's Desolation—What the Coming Day is—1. Nature's Deliverance—2. Resurrection Life—3. Christ's Personal Presence.

IF the Christian Church were in truth—as so many people erroneously suppose—the great kingdom of prophecy—that "Kingdom of the Heavens" for the establishment of which on this earth we are taught continually to pray, there would be a difficulty in understanding this and other passages of Scripture. One passage especially, which is full of grand and glorious meaning when correctly understood, is otherwise comparatively meaningless. It is that in which the Apostle Paul reminds Christians (Rom. 13 : 11, 12) of what they ought to be in view of the fact that "the night is far spent; the day is at hand." The image before the apostle's mind is that of men who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, cleansed by the washing of regeneration and sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, spoken of as still covered by

The Shadows of the Night;

still needing to be awakened out of sleep; still uncrowned with the anticipated great salvation. In what sharp contrast with this is the language of the same apostle, in another Epistle: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that the day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of the darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night; and they that are drunken, are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation."—1 Thess. 5 : 4–8.

And yet there is no real contradiction between these two Scriptures. All that is needed in order to harmonize them is, that we understand that in the one case the night and darkness are spoken of *objectively*, and in the other *subjectively*. True believers are even now "children of the light and of the day," the day-star has already arisen in their hearts; but they are still walking in what St. Paul calls

"This Present Darkness"

(Eph. 6: 12); waiting and watching for that long-promised and radiant morning without clouds, which will only come when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, with healing in His wings.

Let us for a few moments meditate on some of the most marked characteristics—*first*, of the "night" whose approaching termination is now near; and, *secondly*, of the glorious "day" which succeeds.

1. The night, then, which is far spent, is *the night of nature's darkness*. Its shadows fell upon the groves of the lost Eden, when man's sin had dimmed its primal sunshine, and its wailing winds awoke when he was driven out and heard the clang of its closing gates behind him. Above all, the *moral night* has been deep and abiding; "darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." Oh! long and weary night! shall it never end? Yes; even when St. Paul wrote, four thousand years of it had passed away, and, therefore, it was verily true that "the night was far spent." But, if true then, how emphatically true is it now, for how much nearer are we to that blessed day when "the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God."

2. Again, the night to which the apostle refers, is

The Night of Satan's Dominion.

In Eph. 6 : 12, we read: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of *this darkness*, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." And our Lord Himself speaks of the evil one as "the power of darkness" (Luke 22 : 53). As long, then, as Satan rules, not only in the hearts of men and the government of the nations, as we are taught in the Book of Daniel, but in some sort over the powers of nature, the night must continue, and not till he is bound and imprisoned can the morning dawn. This shows the folly of those who anticipate that by the advance of civilization, the more earnest and universal preaching of the Gospel, and the larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the dark shadows of the night will be dispersed, and the Millennial day dawn upon the world. No; the night, though "far spent," will not be passed till the oppressive curse be removed—till Satan be bound—till the Lord has come.

3. Once more, the night which is, blessed be the Lord of Life, so soon to end, is

The Night of Death's Desolation.

The history of this fallen world is most emphatically the history of death. Death has reigned, not only "from Adam to Moses," and from Moses to Christ, but even from Christ to the present hour, and still the veil of its dreadful night is spread over the world. Oh! ye bereaved ones, believing, how may you rejoice in the thought that the night of death is far spent! One by one we have laid the beloved ones—parents, friends, children—in the silent tomb. But, glorious tidings!—"the night is far spent, the day is at hand."

"The night is wearing fast away,
The glorious light is dawning;
I see the streaks of coming day.
The bright Millennial morning."

"The day is at hand!" What day? We have seen some of the characteristics of the night.

What Kind of Day

is it that we look forward to?

1. It is *the day of creation's deliverance*. For this the winds are sighing, as they make their sweet but melancholy music amid the leafy groves of summer; for this the wild waves cry aloud, as they dash themselves upon the rocky shore; for this the starving beasts of the forest, and the birds perishing in the cruel frost, and all the innocent, suffering creatures God has made, send up to Him their constant, inarticulate prayer. "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." Oh, blessed thought! "The day is at hand. The day when all Nature's wounds shall be healed; when her sorrowing heart shall be comforted; and when, as in a mirror from which all obscurations have been removed, she shall truly reflect the glory of her Creator.

2. Again, the day which the Apostle declares to be at hand is

The Day of Resurrection-Life.

Of the wicked it is said, in the 49th Psalm, "Like sheep, they are laid in the grave (*sheol*); death shall be their shepherd." But, it is added, "the upright shall have dominion over them *in the morning*." And what morning is this but the morning of the resurrection? When they that have slept in Jesus shall awake, and be—to use the exquisite figure of the Psalmist—as the multitudinous dewdrops shining in the brightness of the morning sun.

Oh, glorious day! when disease and death shall no more torture and destroy "this trembling house of clay;" when by the possession of nobler powers we shall be fitted for a nobler though not a more acceptable service than we have been able to render here; when that which was "sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, and that which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power."

3. Lastly, "the day" which not only inspired testimony, but many concurrent signs also assure us is even now "at hand" is

The Day of Christ's Presence.

As long as He is absent, the night continues, for is He not the Sun of the moral and spiritual world? Yea, even before He rises on the world as the Sun of Righteousness, He will be to His waiting and watching saints "the bright and morning star." Hence, in the parable of the Ten Virgins, the period during which the Bridegroom tarries is represented as the time of night, for it is "*at midnight*" that the cry is made, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and the prophetic midnight immediately precedes the dawn.

In vain do we hope that the night shall end and the shadows flee away till the Day-star shines in the eastern sky; in vain we look for the dawn of Millennial day till "the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in His wings." No rest for creation till Christ comes; no binding of Satan till Christ comes; no Millennium of peace till Christ comes; no resurrection-life till Christ comes; no consummation of bliss in body and soul till Christ comes; for in His presence only is the fullness of joy, and on the wings of love and power He brings the everlasting day.

And, oh glorious assurance! that day is about to dawn. Yes, "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." And what then? What are the solemn words which the Apostle adds? "Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." Strange and sad that such an exhortation should be needed by "the children of the day;" stranger and more sad that it should never be so much needed as *now*.

A MINISTER SAVED FROM PARALYSIS.

A REMARKABLE testimony from the Rev. John S. Haugh is published by the Rev. A. B. Simpson in his *Word, Work and World*. Mr. Haugh, who is a member of the New York East Conference of the M. E. Church, and has for thirty-one years won the respect and esteem of the churches which he has served, relates his sufferings and cure with much interesting detail. We extract the following from his narrative:

In the winter of 1877 I began to have trouble in my head—as though a gimlet were being worked over my left eye—accompanied by insomnia, so that I was in constant distress of brain, and had my sleep limited in length to three hours in the twenty-four. Of course I was unable to attend to my ministerial work, and my dear people, seeing my condition, released me from the pastorate until our conference met—a period of nearly two months—when I was appointed to a little place among the hills of Litchfield County, Conn. Here I resided for one year—a *variable* one indeed. I was at no time strong or efficient, and now and then was wholly unnerved and incapable. I then removed to Redding, where, in my second year, I entirely broke down, and was sent by my family and friends to Dansville, N. Y,, and put in care of Dr. Jackson, who was at the head of the institute there. He wrote to my family that I had congestion of the brain and partial paralysis of the vocal organs, and that I was very near to permanent *paralysis of the brain*. My memory almost wholly left me, and I was nerveless and without any real will-power. I was afraid to meet any one, and had a shrinking from looking in any person's face, or being obliged, even, to say "good morning" to any member of my family. I had a dread of religious meetings, and especially of those in which I might have to take part. I partially recovered, and, in spite of the doctor's persuasions, who wanted me to rest a year longer, I having a family dependent upon me, resumed ministerial labor, this time at North Canton, Conn. The people in this place were considerate and patient, and the labor light. At times I seemed to improve, but again I entirely failed. The following year I was stationed at East Chester, N. Y., where I spent a sad and hopeless twelve months. All attempts to do any kind of mental labor were followed by distress and great depression. . . . . Finally, in April of this year I was retired at my own request. It was a very solemn time for me, and seemed just like my funeral.

Perhaps I ought to have said, sooner, that a few friends, including my wife, had been urging me to apply directly to Jesus for my Healing; they had been reading about Christ as the Healer of the sick, and strove with me to give the subject my attention. I *did* think of it, but could have no assurance as touching my own case, not seeing why the blessed Lord should especially give

me aid, even if He had done so to others. These praying friends wished me to visit the Berachah Home in East Sixty-first Street, New York, and to see Rev. A. B. Simpson, who is at the head. I had read of him, at times, in the public prints, and had seen some testimonials of healing which were put in my hands, when occasionally at home. But I was not drawn toward him at all, and rather felt that he was visionary and an enthusiast. Yet, in my very great distress, and having resorted to all merely human helps, I resolved, as *a forlorn hope*, to go to the Home and see about it. I attended an anointing service held in the Tabernacle (Madison Avenue and 45th Street) on Friday afternoon, the 29th of April. Never before did I so feel the merciful tenderness of my heavenly Father as on that occasion. Without giving me the least care or labor in the case, He came into my mind as a great Teacher and caused me to see, as if in panoramic view, the *doctrine of Healing as in the Atonement of Jesus for me*. My whole being melted down before the Lord in tenderness and gratitude and love, and I felt that my redemption was not far distant. The next day, Saturday, April 30, 1887, in the afternoon, I was anointed for Healing in the name of the Lord Jesus, as directed in James 5: 14. Contrary to all previous experience, I slept pleasantly through the night, and when I awoke there was no pain or confusion or weariness or depression in my brain or eyes or voice. I was in an *entirely new world*. My *inner* life seemed more changed, even, than my body—Jesus was so *near*, and *real*, and *enrapturing*.

I arose early, and from that time on, I was at services every evening, and was not unemployed or in quest of rest at any moment for twenty-one days. Then I came home on Saturday, May 21 giving, on that one day, my testimony to ten different persons. And it has been my conversation and life to tell the sick, and all whose ear I could gain, of the wonderful work of God in my body and soul. No period of my ministerial life has been so crowded with earnest and unceasing labor. *Monday* brings no reaction, even of weariness to my brain, for on that and every other day I am just as busy as on Sunday. I would like to be where I could have services nightly, and I am putting in as much work as opportunity permits. If any one desires to correspond with me as touching my experience or any help I might afford them, I give a cordial welcome. My home is at Sandy Hook, Conn.

A HEROIC STAGE-DRIVER.

A CALIFORNIAN stage-driver's courage and heroism in the midst of extreme personal danger, is described by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. A stage was being driven one night over a precipitous mountain road, with a rocky wall on one side and a precipice on the other. The only outside passenger was awakened from a doze by a sharp jerk, and was alarmed by finding that the seat beside him, where the driver had been sitting, was empty. He knew perfectly well that the stage unguided would soon be upset, so he reached down to gather up the reins but he could not feel them. The driver must have taken them with him when he fell. The team was going at a fast trot, and the passenger knew not what to do. Death stared him in the face, and he was giving himself up for lost when he heard the driver's voice from behind directing him how to put on the brake and stop the coach. He obeyed, and as the team halted the driver crawled from under the coach, having held on to the reins when he fell and been dragged by them along the rough road, preferring injury and danger rather than to risk the lives of his passengers by letting go. The passengers stood aghast as they realized the danger from which the driver's herosim had delivered them, and their gratitude to him as he stood covered with dirt, and bruised, knew no bounds. If the stage-driver had considered his own interest he would have loosed the reins and allowed the stage to go on to destruction, but he was one of those men who do not regard their own personal welfare as the highest concern in life. Well is it for the world that there are such men, who hold in contempt the maxim "every man for himself," and who are ready in their respective positions to sacrifice ease and comfort and even life itself for the welfare of others. Every true follower of Christ must be such a man, for He made Himself of no reputation, and humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, that men might have eternal life (Phil. 2: 6, 8).

A HINDOO BOATMAN'S TEST.

ZALIM SINGH, a Christian convert, was crossing the Ganges in his boat in which were two Brahmins, who began to reproach him for having become a Christian. "What do you know, you ignorant fellow, of your own religion, or of Christianity?" Zalim replied, "What you have said, *pundits*, about my ignorance, is all true; but whether I have acted foolishly in ceasing to worship my *thakur* (household idol) is another thing. I had a capital god at my house; he was beautifully made and cost me some money, for the man who made him was a skillful workman, and I paid him handsomely. But, look here, *pundits*, suppose I had my *thakur* here in this boat, and in my left hand this little dog, and cast them both into the Ganges, what would become of them?" The *pundits* were silent, but the people said, "Why, the god, being of stone, would sink, and the dog would swim ashore." "If so," the Christian replied, "then the dog must be greater than the god, for he can save himself, which the god cannot do. Do not expect me, *pundits*, to worship a God which is inferior to a dog. No; I will no longer worship a stone, but I will worship Him who made the stone. I worship the Lord Jesus, who died for me, and from this day forth Him only will I serve."

PATIENCE TOO QUICKLY EXHAUSTED.

IN the early days of the mission work at Bimbia, on one of the hilly spurs of the Cameroons mountain range, West Africa, a missionary devoted his morning hours to visiting the natives in their own homes. In one of the most miserable of these huts lived a poor, lonely woman; stolid apathy and indifference the only expression on her face; no desire in life had she except to prolong it, and so she farmed her little piece of land, and ate or fasted, according to the season, or the state and productiveness of her ground. Pity touched the missionary's heart, and over and over again he told her the story of her Creator's love and her Redeemer's sufferings. One day, out on his daily rounds, he resolved to pass her house, and give his time to others who apparently listened and understood. The evening came. In his own home he heard that a woman was at the door, wanting to see him. It was the lonely woman whom he passed by in the morning. Weeping, she inquired, "Why did you pass me by? Is it not true that He loves me? Have you deceived me? Just as I was beginning to feel it all, do you leave me? Is it too late?" The barrier was broken down. The mandate had gone forth, "Let there be light," and there was light. Her life was changed; she lived to show, by a happy, consistent life, that "the Lord heareth the poor," and He it is "that giveth strength and power unto His people."

A PUZZLED GARDENER.

A JOURNAL devoted to the interests of horticulture states that a gardener in the employ of a gentleman at Pittsford, New York, has recently solved a problem which has long perplexed him. In the garden under his care is a large lawn on which he has bestowed much labor, and which was his especial pride. For some time past a small patch on this lawn disfigured it, for the grass that grew there was poor and withered in marked contrast to all around. For a long time the gardener vainly endeavored to discover the cause of its decay. One day as he stood meditatively gazing at it he saw several birds settle upon it and thrust their beaks through the sod with much diligence and satisfaction. The gardener had the curiosity to turn up a portion of the punctured turf, and discovered to his amazement that the earth beneath was alive with a greedy multitude of large white grubs, which had *completely consumed the roots* of the grass. He continued the work, and at every fresh removal of the sod the same phenomenon presented itself, until quarts of the larvæ were gathered and destroyed. The grub is to be examined by the entomologists of Pittsford, and, it is hoped, identified. It is to be feared that the lack of vigorous life in some portions of Christ's vineyard, the Church, may have a similar cause. The root of the piety of the members is being destroyed by Satan's worms of avarice, ambition, and love of pleasure (Rev. 3: 15-18).

CONTRASTS UNDER ONE ROOF.

A VISIT to some tenement houses in New York City, which is described in the *Times*, shows how close together are merriment and misery in great cities. In one of the tenement houses several families were found living on the second floor. In the front room was a woman who the same morning had given birth to the infant which lay upon her breast. In the rear dwelt a family which had been bereaved by death, and a stricken mother mourned the loss of her only son, a young man of twenty-two years of age. While at either end of the same floor the two extremes of life were thus represented, a merry party was in progress in the intervening apartments. The strains of the violin regulated the movements of amatuer step dancers and merry vocalists added at times to the general entertainment. As the fun grew faster it was interrupted by a knock at the door. The host answered the summons, and beheld the undertaker straining at one end of the coffin containing the remains of the dead man. The professional mourner requested that the door might be opened in order to enable them to turn the casket in the narrow passage. The request, of course, was complied with, and the funeral procession passed slowly down the staircase and from the house, and the jovial party, unmoved by the depressing reminder of their mortality, resumed their hilarious gaiety. The same contrasts exist everywhere, and these were startling chiefly because they were so close together; though each family was thus, while in close contact, as widely separated by its special circumstances as though thousands of miles apart (Prov. 14: 10), they all had a common bond of brotherhood but too little recognized, and all might find in the same gospel a message adapted to each lot (1 Cor. 7: 29-31).

CHRISTIAN UNION IN JAPAN.

AT the recent Synod in Japan the Presbyterian Church accepted the proposals of the Congregationalists for union in missionary work in that country. This is a very hopeful sign, as the field has extended with a rapidity unparalleled before in the history of missions. The Rev. J. C. Hepburn, M. D., in writing to the *Church*, thus refers to it: When I and my dear wife landed on these shores we knew not where to lay our heads, the grossest darkness of heathenism covered the nation, and there was not a single heart which beat with love to Christ in all this land. Now there are at least *fifteen thousand church members* and two hundred churches all told, besides theological seminaries, colleges, female seminaries, Sunday-schools and day-schools. The Home Missionary Society connected with the synod has now charge of the evangelical work connected with our united church, and is a most efficient body. The great and most interesting question that came before the Synod was the proposition which came from the Congregational churches on the subject of union with the Presbyterian Church. The subject was thoroughly discussed, and a committee appointed to arrange with them a basis of union. The report of this committee has now been accepted and adopted.

Five Cents, Postage Free.

END OF THIS AGE ABOUT THE END OF THIS CENTURY,

and its Last Week Passover Week, Ending Thursday, April 11, 1901,

As shown by Daniel's 2300 and 1335 and 1290 Years this being the termination also of the 6000 Years from the Creation of Man, and the 2520 Years from Nebuchadnezzar, and the 360 Years from Luther's Reformation, according to the Bible periods—a pamphlet of 29 pages—by Rev. M. Baxter, Episcopal Clergyman and one of the Editors of the "Christian Herald." Author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "Coming Wars," etc. Address Manager "Christian Herald," 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Secretary of the Treasury has Come to the relief of the money market, which was threatened with stringency through the large accumulation in the Treasury, which, at the end of July, was $456,000,000. On August 3 he issued an order offering to anticipate the payment of interest due in January next, and also to purchase bonds maturing in 1891. Thus interest to the amount of twenty-two millions can be collected at once, and if that amount is not sufficient for the relief of business, more money can be had by selling bonds to the Government. The necessity for such devices is an evidence that Congress ought to concentrate its attention on the revenue. It is the merest folly for the country to continue paying into the Treasury money which the Government does not need, and which could be profitably employed in business. Either in the internal revenue or the tariff such reductions ought to be made as will relieve the unnecessary burdens of the people, and special care should be taken that relief should be given to those classes which are held in poverty and crippled by the grievous exactions of our ridiculous system of finance.

The Prohibition Amendment in Texas Appears to have been defeated by an unexpectedly large majority. At the date of writing the actual figures had not been received, but the lowest estimate is 30,000 majority against it. This is not due to any lack of vigorous effort. The Prohibitionists of the State worked valiantly to the last, and even on polling day the ladies were present encouraging the workers and using their influence. The liquor interest evidently made a desperate struggle, having become really alarmed by the progress the Prohibition party was making. Reports show that the Prohibitionists polled a heavy vote in northern Texas and were victorious in that section, but the big majorities which the anti-Prohibitionists claim come from the South and West. Fort Worth was carried by the Prohibitionists. It is predicted that the question will split the Democratic party in the State, a large section of the party having pledged themselves to bolt the ticket at the next Convention if a Prohibition plank is not embodied in the platform.

The Virginia State Democratic Convention at Roanoke, on Thursday last, showed no disposition to make concessions on the question of *the State debt*, which is the subject of most interest to the country generally, that the convention had to consider. The platform adopted by the Convention, says: "We approve the action of the last General Assembly, at its extra session in 1887, in refusing to accept the terms proposed by the bondholders in connection with a settlement of the public debt. The Democratic party will never support or sanction any adjustment of the debt which shall impose larger liability upon this commonwealth than that recognized and provided for by the Riddleberger bill, and we pledge the party to enact all laws necessary to render such a settlement effective, final and decisive." On *the Tariff* the platform is somewhat ambiguous, but on the whole favors protection. It says: "We favor raising the revenue requisite for the support of the Federal Government by a tariff upon imports, limited to the necessities of government economically administered, and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive interests at home, the development of our material resources, and afford just compensation to labor, but not to foster monopolies." The other planks endorse the Administration, demand the abolition of the internal revenue system, deprecate payment of taxes in coupons, ask the Representatives in Congress from the State to call upon the Federal Government to help pay the State's debt, and advocate the passage of the Blair Educational bill, or a better bill for the same purpose. No State officers are to be elected this year.

A Remarkable Decision, Which Will Probably surprise many people, and may revive the old disputes about State sovereignty, was rendered by Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, on August 1. The suit was part of the famous litigation about the Arthur Kill bridge. The Justice declared that by the authority of Congress not only may a bridge be built over the navigable waters of a State, but land for piers, under water and on shore, may be taken without the State's consent. Furthermore, a railroad corporation empowered by Congress to engage in inter-State traffic, may do business in a State without the consent of the State. He emphasized that opinion by saying that the power of Congress is supreme over the whole subject, unimpeded and unembarrassed by State lines or State laws; that in this matter the country is one, and the work to be accomplished is national, and that State interests, State jealousies and State prejudices do not require to be consulted. In matters of foreign and inter-State commerce there are no States. An appeal is to be taken to the whole bench, and, if the decision of Justice Bradley is confirmed, a large number of persons will have to revise their ideas of the Constitution.

An Earthquake Passed Through Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Kentucky and eastern Missouri about midnight on August 2. It appears to have done but little damage except in southwestern Kentucky, where a tract of land of about three hundred acres sank under water to the depth of nearly five feet, and compelled a farmer and his negroes to fly to the higher ground. Though happily without the fatalities often associated with earthquakes, the shock caused general alarm in the districts disturbed. At St. Louis several persons were thrown from chairs or beds, and when they attempted to rise from the floor they found it impossible to retain their equilibrium. At the Lafayette Park Police Station the officer on duty was thrown from his chair to the ground. A great many persons were so far disturbed that they ran out on the street in their night-clothes. At the hospitals the patients were awakened by the rattling of the windows and the rocking of the beds on which they lay. Many of them sprang out of bed, but the shock subsided so quickly none of them was seriously affected by it. At Evansville, Ind., the vibrations caused the large houses to sway, rattling windows and in some instances throwing down pieces of bric-à-brac and moving articles of furniture. Frightened citizens rushed from their beds, as the undulations continued for about twelve seconds. No casualties of consequence are reported, though everybody was thoroughly aroused, and it was several hours before the panic subsided.

The Death of a Remarkable Man Occurred in Russia on August 1, and it may have an important influence on the destinies of Europe. It was that of Michael Katkoff, the veteran editor of the *Moscow Gazette;* a man who exercised a very strong influence over both the present Czar and his father. Katkoff was sixty-six years of age, and belonged to a noble family. He was educated at Moscow University, and also studied in Germany. He subsequently became professor in the University of Moscow, but fell into disgrace with the Czar Nicholas for advocating constitutional government, and had to resign his professorship. Becoming editor of the *Gazette*, he abandoned his former principles and became an extreme advocate of autocratic rule and a bitter opponent of anything in the shape of freedom on the part of the people. No measures were too repressive or too sanguinary for him. When the revolt of 1863 occurred in Poland he urged the most energetic measures for its suppression. This accorded well with the temper of Czar Alexander II. The iron heel of imperial power crushed the revolt with plentiful effusion of Polish blood. So vindictive was he that some more moderate advocates of the same doctrines suspected him of being a nihilist in disguise, who was Jesuitically seeking to ruin the monarchy by making it odious. When the present Czar came to the throne he fell under Katkoff's influence, and under his leading became enamored of the Panslavist idea of organizing a union of all the Slav populations of Europe in one grand empire. Katkoff was opposed by the Foreign Secretary, Giers, whose counsels tended to peace, and the Czar was alternately swayed by the two men—his instincts leading him to the policy of Katkoff, while his prudence inclining him to that of Giers. Katkoff's name has been brought into great prominence within the last few months by his bitter attacks on Germany, and his combating the influence which Bismarck was said to have in controlling Russian policy in relation to foreign affairs.

An Important Election Took Place in Scotland on August 2. It was to fill the seat of a Gladstone Liberal at Glasgow who had resigned. At the last election he received 4,364 votes, against 3,567 for his Conservative opponent. The election last week resulted in the return of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the liberal candidate, by a vote of 4,654, Evelyn Ashley, the Conservative nominee, receiving 3,353. This increase of the Gladstone vote was the more remarkable because, although there are a large number of Irish voters in the division, Sir George Trevelyan was not expected to poll them, as he became unpopular with Irishmen when he was secretary for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's former administration. The leaders on both sides actively joined in the fray. Mr. Gladstone made a speech in Trevelyan's favor. Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington wrote letters urging the people to vote against him. It is expected that this will weaken the influence of the Liberal Unionists with the Conservative government, as it proves that the Conservatives polled more votes when they ran their own candidate than when the Unionists had the choice of a man.

A New Home Rule Scheme for Ireland was promulgated last week by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That journal professes to have received for it the endorsement of the liberal leaders. The scheme gives Ireland a national legislature and executive. There is to be no separation of Ulster. Irish members will continue to sit in the Imperial Parliament in their present numbers. The powers of the Irish Parliament shall be delegated, matters to be controlled in Dublin being clearly defined, and also subject to revision by the Imperial Parliament. The appointment of judges to remain in office fifteen years is to be vested in the imperial government, and afterwards vested in the Irish government. The police are to be similarly treated. Customs and excise are to remain under imperial control. The proportion of the Irish quota to the imperial expenditure shall not be more than one-fifteenth. The land question is left to the Irish Parliament. Though the scheme is, in some of its features, less obnoxious to Liberal Unionists than Mr. Gladstone's bill, its concessions are not sufficient to win them back to the Liberal party.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Reassuring Reports as to Mr. Stanley's Safety arrived from Africa on August 4. A despatch to London from St. Thomas, says: "Letters received at Stanley Pool, from Henry M. Stanley, announce that the expedition arrived at Aruwhimi Falls, on June 18, that all the members of the expedition were well, and that preparations were being made for the overland march." This is clearly later intelligence, and arrives from a point farther advanced in his journey than that of the despatch announcing his death. Though it does not absolutely disprove the disquieting rumors, it encourages the hope that they are false.

Mr. William Noble, the Well-known Gospel Temperance advocate, has been holding meetings in the Eastern District of London. The meetings were held in a tent, which was crowded every night for three weeks with audiences of from 1,500 to 2,500 persons. Over four thousand persons signed the pledge. The London *Daily News* says: "The president, Mr. A. F. Hills, Thames Iron Works, and the local executive committee, feel loth to allow such results to fall through for want of a permanent result being achieved, and they have accordingly a scheme in hand for the purchase of the land on which the marquee stood, and the erection of a permanent hall to hold 1,500 or 1,600 people."

How to Keep Cool and Well in Summer has become a serious question, owing to the abnormal humidity which has accompanied the torrid heat of the past six weeks. During the greater part of that time the moisture in the air is said to have averaged seventy-five per cent., and on several days it was so high that, if the temperature had suddenly fallen, there would have been rain inside the houses. As the weather bureau intimates that no relief is to be expected during this month a letter of advice published in the *Epoch* by Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the New York Health Department, deserves general attention. He lays great stress on the need of breathing pure air, which those who cannot leave the cities should seek on the outskirts where the wind blows from the country. But his chief warning is directed against the use of alcoholic beverages. He says: "The first effect of alcoholic drinks is to cause a rise in temperature. The blood-vessels of the brain are congested, the heart is stimulated. The secondary effect is to lower the temperature slightly. But you never find alcohol used in moderation. People who use it invariably use it to excess. When taken to excess, *nothing could be used that would produce sunstroke or heat-exhaustion quicker.* The best and the most wholesome summer drink is cold water. It should be freely used, and should be cooled by keeping it on the ice, *and not by putting ice in it.*"

A Panic on a Cunard Steamship is Reported. The *Umbria*, which arrived at New York on July 31 from Liverpool, had a more tempestuous passage than is usual at this time of the year. One of the passengers said it was a series of storms and fogs. Two days after leaving Queenstown a regular panic occurred. All night the wind and sea were raging furiously, with enormous waves breaking over the ship, some of them dashing even to the top of the funnels. A gigantic tidal wave struck the vessel at dawn the next morning. The officers of the ship saw it in the distance and altered the course of the vessel to meet it diagonally, and the speed of the ship was slowed up. The wave looked black in the early morning, while its top was a seething mass of white. It seemed to rise higher and higher with its glistening white combing. As it came over the *Umbria* it gave away and settled down upon the vessel with torrents of water. Above the bridge it rolled over the ship and collapsed. The forward hatch of thick teak wood gave way like paper and was broken into splinters. The bridge was wrecked and its iron railing flattened in an instant, while *big iron stanchions were twisted and turned at angles.* The weight bent the plating on the turtle-back. The water rolled in rivers along the ship. Afterward the bulkheads were closed. Many of the passengers were asleep at the time, and after the great wave struck they came running into the dining-room. Some were in their night garments only, while others carried their clothing with them. Happily their alarm was needless, though it was not surprising in the circumstances. A wave that could twist iron stanchions was a peril not to be despised even by passengers on a Cunarder. They had reason to be thankful that they were upon so stout a ship. It is a pity that men, who in the voyage of life are exposed to peril from gigantic waves of trouble, prefer the bark of pleasure and worldly joy instead of sailing on the great ship of God's salvation, which can never be overwhelmed (Ps. 46 : 1–3).

A Curious Mode of Identifying a Horse was adopted in Connecticut last week. A young man visiting Worcester, Mass., saw a horse which he declared was the property of his mother, and which had been stolen from her sixteen months ago. His statement was disputed, and the authorities were in doubt because the horse was not in several particulars like the description given by the young man. Its tail and mane were shorter, and in other respects it differed. Finally it was agreed that the horse should be taken to the town in Connecticut where the young man's mother lived and set free in the presence of witnesses. The horse was accordingly taken there and put in a livery-stable and fed. He was then allowed to go where he chose. He seemed to have no hesitation, but walked up the street in the direction of the lady's house, quickening his pace into a trot as he came in sight of her barn, and the door being open, he entered and went straight to the stall from which, as the young man said, he had been stolen more than a year before. Thus the horse settled the question of identification, and also furnished a modern illustration of the fact which the prophet Isaiah used as a reproach to backsliders: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know" (Isa. 1 : 3).

A Suit over a Beggar's Will, Which was Decided last week in a New Jersey court, revealed a curious history of a life. The suit was brought by a woman who claimed a share of the estate of her deceased mother, who had left property valued at thirty thousand dollars. For years prior to her death at Jersey City the mother had been a mendicant. During half of each week she sat on a corner near the Barclay Street Ferry soliciting alms. She attired herself in the humblest of arrays, and wore on her face the most woe-begone of expressions. The thirty thousand dollars was the result of her investment of the alms she received. Her family say that the half of the week she did not spend in begging, she devoted to speculations in real estate. Her ventures proved fortunate, and the estate was the outcome of her dual life. The woman's imposition was successful because the persons who gave her alms had not seen her in the other character of her dual life, investing her capital. If they had known what she did with the money they would have ceased giving to her. The all-seeing God cannot be so imposed upon, and that is the reason why some who pray to Him for worldly blessings do not receive them. The apostle says: "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may spend it in your pleasures." (James 4: 3 R. V).

A Double Funeral Ceremony Took Place at the Cemetery of the Evergreens, near New York, on July 29. About noon a number of Chinamen arrived in carriages, following the remains of a fellow-countryman, named Chu Ming Mey Soo, who died at the Presbyterian Hospital two days before. As Chu Ming was a converted Chinaman, the funeral services were Christian, and the body was interred after prayer. When the ceremony was concluded, a wagon drew up in which were a number of Chinamen who dragged a trunk out of the wagon and set it beside the grave. From the trunk was produced a new feather bed, a large red woolen blanket, a patchwork quilt, and a complete suit of clothing. These were set fire to and burned, piece by piece, the trunk forming the fireplace, and burning with the rest. While these burned, the relatives, two cousins and a brother, repeated a ritual in an almost inaudible voice. A hole was next dug in the side of the grave at the foot and a five-quart tin kettle full of cooked rice was deposited in it and covered with a tin cover. Another sheet of paper was laid upon the ground, the brother and two cousins knelt upon the paper, and bowed themselves three times to the earth, and upon the third time reverently and slowly kissed the ground. This completed the ceremony. They explained to the undertaker and the crowd which watched the proceedings, that, believing the Christian service inadequate to ensure the happiness of the departed, they had decided to supplement it by the proper Chinese ritual which was now done, and they were satisfied. Many who would ridicule the idea of this ceremony benefiting the dead man are themselves oblivious of the fact that the blessedness of the dead can be ensured only by the acceptance of Christ during life (Eccles. 11 : 3).

BRIEF NOTES.

A Baptist church in Ocala, Fla., has summarily expelled all its members whose names have appeared on petitions for liquor licenses.

The brother of the King of Siam, Prince Devawongse, is now in New York. He is a quiet, well-bred Asiatic, speaking English, and well-versed in Western ways.

The Ministerial Jubilee of the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar will be signalized by a suitable testimonial, expressive of the affection in which he is held throughout the Christian world.

United evangelical work is to be done in Philadelphia in the fall. The churches are realizing that, as against Satan, they can work together, and are organizing for a systematic aggressive campaign.

A storage warehouse in New York was burnt down recently: its contents were destroyed, and the place gutted, but one wall was left standing, and on that was the inscription, "This building is fireproof."

The Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has warned the men, both in the transportation and machine departments, that any of them found visiting a saloon at any time, day or night, will be instantly discharged.

A court in Springfield, Mo., recently heard the petition of a wife for divorce, took the evidence of witnesses, decided in favor of the petitioner, awarded her $40,000 and the family homestead, and saw the money paid and deeds transferred—all in half an hour.

Revival meetings have been conducted at Marion, Grant Co., Ind., by Mrs. J. Mershoun with much blessing. The Marion journals speak in high terms of the good that has been done. She is now assisting the Rev. R. J. McKenney in holding special services for two weeks at Bruce Park, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. Van De Water, the missioner of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has arranged to hold a series of services in St. Louis at an early date. Dr. Rainsford, of St George's, New York, will take part, and "Father" Osborne will preach to business men at noon-day service All the Episcopal churches are uniting in the movement.

A New York police captain says that the best way to find a policeman is to set out so that the left hand is toward the buildings of the street. As the policeman is required to patrol his post with the buildings on his right, a person reversing the position would meet him, while one walking in the same direction might follow him by the hour.

Ben Hogan has found a congenial sphere in helping Major Whittle in his tent services in some of the worst districts of Chicago. Last week the tent was set up at the junction of Crosby and Division streets, in the locality known as "Little Hell." Mr. Hogan's vigorous, pointed utterances were much appreciated by the hard crowd collected there.

An interesting camp meeting is in progress at Pendleton, Ind. Mr. Elwood Scott, of Carthage, and Mrs. Esther Cook, of Newcastle, assisted by other workers, are conducting the meetings. A remarkable feature of the work is the number of children who have been converted since the commencement of the meetings. This is owing to God's blessing on the special services for children conducted by Mrs. Cook.

An Excellent Opportunity for Boys and Girls now on their vacation to earn pocket money, now offers itself by canvassing for "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" and selling it weekly from house to house in their own neighborhood. A number of boys have commenced this since the holidays, in preference to doing anything else. Send postal card at once, for terms.

GOD'S NEARNESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Though He be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17:27.

A Fact Distinctly Revealed—Personal Experiences—Providential Escape of a Congregation—A Driver's Providential Mistake—Coincidences of a Journey—The Prayer Bell—I. Men Who Are Feeling After God—A Startling Reflection—Bees in a Glass Hive—Successful Deception Impossible—No Escape Open—The Bright Side—God Sees True Religion—II. Those Who Have Found God—Strictly Observed—A Lady's Dream—The Higher Life and the Highest—A Man in a Sack—Some Forgotten Ducks.

WHEN man disobeyed his God he died spiritually, and that death consisted in the separation of his soul from God. From that moment man began to think that God was far away, and this has since been his religion in all ages. Either he has said, "There is no God," or he has believed the visible creation to be God, which is much the same as having no God; or else he has thought God to be some far-away, mysterious Being, who takes no note of man. Even after obtaining a better conception of God, he has thought Him hard to find and hard to be entreated of. Because his own heart is far from God, he imagines that God's heart is far from him. But it is not so. The living God is not far from any one of us; for "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

That God is near by His omnipresence and by His gracious dealings with men, is the clear teaching of the inspired volume. To the enlightened mind, God is evidently seen to be near in the works of nature. So also is the Lord very near in providence. Albeit that this godless age seeks to banish God, yet is He present in the transactions of every-day. All things come of Him, both the little and the great. He ordains, and rules, or over-rules. Pestilence and famine, earthquake and hurricane, are His heavier treads; and days and nights, harvests and springtides, are His gentler footsteps. The events of history, whether on a large or small scale, betray an evident design and arrangement. All things work together, with singular accuracy and punctuality, to accomplish a lofty purpose. It is the fashion nowadays to say that these are *coincidences*. It is a pretty word for boys to play with. Some of us observe God's providences, and we are never without a providence to observe. We see the hand of God in daily life, and we are glad to do so, though we are laughed at as poor fools. Those who can see may well be content to bear the jests of the blind. In

My Own Personal Experience

I have met with numbers of singular and special tokens of God's working in providence, some of which I would scarce dare to tell, because they might seem incredible. I remember preaching at Halifax, in a huge timber building which was erected for the purpose. During the previous day the snow fell heavily, and it lay deep upon the ground. Nevertheless, the people came in their thousands, and thronged the enormous edifice; and gratefully do I remember how they went away to their homes in safety. They had no sooner cleared the building to the last man than it fell in one gigantic ruin. Why had it not fallen when the crowds were there? In my joy that no one was harmed I thought that God was there, and I praised His holy name. Was that a piece of superstition?

Take another instance. I was one day

In Great Perplexity

upon a certain matter of great importance to the cause of God. I laid it before God in prayer, but still I did not see my way; I could get no direction or guidance. Having to preach in North London, a friend kindly drove me to the spot, and afterwards I asked him to take me to the house of one of our people whom I wished to see. I scarcely noticed my way, till at last I found myself in a street unknown to me. I then said, "You are surely going wrong." "No," he said, "I am right enough." He was making for the private house of the person I had named, but I knew he would at that time be at his office in the city, and I had intended to go there after him. We were on the wrong track, and so the horse's head was turned down a side street unknown to me, and as we passed along it, I saw the only man in all the world who could assist me out of my difficulty. How he came to be there I could not tell; how I came to be there I have already told you. Strangely had the Lord guided me, and the information guided the affair to a happy issue. God was near me. *Mere coincidences*, they tell me! *Mere coincidences!* Let me tell

A True Story.

The other day I met with a series of similar "mere coincidences." I set out by railway to a certain town, and the train went on till we came to a junction, and I was bidden to change. By a strange coincidence another train had drawn up, and was going in the direction I desired. I had only time to cross a platform and take my place, and off it went. A few miles further again I heard a voice, saying "Change here!" I changed a second time, and, by another coincidence, a train was just starting for my destination. When I reached the end of my railway journey, another coincidence was in store for me, for a well-known friend was waiting with his carriage, and he took me to his house, where, by another coincidence, a dinner was ready. At the dinner there happened to be a dish upon the table intended for a person who did not eat flesh meat. Was not this a special coincidence for me? I went to the chapel to preach, and I found it crowded with people anxious to hear; another coincidence, of course! Somebody cries, "You talk nonsense;

It Was All Arranged."

I confess I thought so. I am glad that you own the arranging hand; but, pardon me, I saw an arranging hand in the other cases also, and I think it was as clear in the other cases as in this. In the story of my journey you find a clue in a previous arrangement, and in the history of nations, and in the story of each human life, I also find a clue in the presence of a Divine mind which arranges all things. When human arrangement explains a series of events you admit it without question; why not admit Divine arrangement, since it equally well explains the great occurrences of history? Do you demur? I fear it is that you resolve not to believe in the one case, while in the other, having no theory to maintain, you follow your natural commonsense.

God is so near us that He hears the prayers of His people, and orders events in correspondence to those prayers. Do you doubt this? Do you tell me that the many answers to prayer which we joyfully narrate, are *mere coincidences?* I have hardly patience to answer you. Yet let me tell you of

Some Strange Incidents

which happened to me yesterday, In the morning, when I came into my study, I needed to break my fast. I had scarcely wished it before my breakfast was on the table. During the day I wished for a glass of water. In a few moments it stood by my side. I required some one to take a telegram to the post-office for me. Heigh! Presto! A suitable messenger appeared. Was this magic? The evening came on, and I desired to have the lamps lighted and the curtains drawn. In a few seconds my desire was accomplished. Were these matters "mere coincidences?" "No," cries one, "you rang the bell." Now I come to think of it, some one did pull at a handle; but I saw no bell. Yet you assure me that the ringing of a bell accounts for it all. I will not argue the point with you. Only when I yield to you, I want you also to yield to me when I tell you that we pray to the Lord our God, and that we receive answers to our prayers.

Our daily experience is that prayer is answered by the Lord our God, for He is near to fulfil His promises, and to grant the petitions of them that put their trust in Him. You believe in the power of the bell, and we believe in the power of prayer. Our speaking to the living God is as much a fact and a reality to us as the ringing of a bell to you; why, then, do you heap scorn upon us? Why do you snuff us out with your big talk about *coincidences?* Scoff away! We shall not pray any the less so long as in our experience we find the Lord so swift to hear, so bountiful to bless.

First, I am going to address myself for a little to those who only feel after Him, but as yet have not perceived Him; and then I shall speak to those who have found Him, and who know by experience how near He is to His chosen.

I. To those of you who are

Feeling After God,

I speak in deep earnestness. Like blind men who grope for the wall, you stretch out your hands to feel after Him. Rejoice, for He is not far from you! What then? How impious is sin when seen in this light!

You have, perhaps, seen those hives which permit you, through a glass, to see all that the bees are doing. You have watched them busy in their cells. All the world is but a hive of this sort to the mind of God. You could not read the designs and intents of the bees, but the Lord has read your thoughts and imaginations. Would some of you sinned as you have done if you had realized the Divine presence? Would you have dared to go to such lengths as you have gone, if you had seen Him as He has seen you? "Hush," they say, when they are speaking evil of any person, "here he comes." Why did you not "hush," since God was there? Servants who have wasted their master's time will hurry up when they see that he is near: how is it that you have not only loitered, but done mischief while your Master has been looking over your shoulder?

How Impious is That Sin

which is done in spite of the presence of God! Furthermore, if God be so near, this shows the evident impossibility of deceiving Him. God is not mocked. Thinkest thou that if thou wilt go to God's house that will avail thee, though thou goest not to God? Dost thou imagine that to repeat certain gracious words will suffice, though thy heart be wandering on the mountains of vanity? Hast thou thought that to make a religious profession will be enough? and that God will be so duped as to think thee His servant and His child, if thou takest upon thee the names which belong to such relationship? Dost thou think that He can be deceived when He is near thee, around thee, and within thee? Beware, I beseech you, of having any dealings with God but those which are in downright honesty. We must be true to the core before the All-seeing One. *A lie to our fellow-men is meanness. but a lie to God is madness.* That God is as near to us as we are to ourselves should make us greatly ashamed if, in any way, we seem to be what, in the depths of our being, we are not.

But, hark! this shows us how vain is all hope of escape from God! What if a man says there is no God? God *is* all the same. What if a man forgets God, and therefore ceases to tremble! There is as much cause for trembling as ever, and somewhat more. It was said once of the whole world that it was nothing better than a prison for the man that had offended Cæsar; and I may say of the great universe, however wide it be, that it is but a narrow cell for the man who has offended God. This is the solemn side of the matter, and I confess it is dark as the pillar of cloud when it turned its blackness on the Egyptians.

There is a bright side to this great truth of the Divine nearness. If God is not far from each one of us, then

How Hopeful is our Seeking

of Him! If I seek God, and He is not far from me, I shall surely find Him.

How perceptible must repentance be! If God be near you, He sees that tear which just now scalded your cheek. He marks that sigh; He sees that heaving of the breast; that trouble of the soul He knows; that restlessness He sees. He heard thee, and He pitied thee when yester-

day in thy chamber thou wast in an agony of shame and fear. He sees thee at this moment in thy loneliness and dire distress. A fugitive and a vagabond thou mayest be, but yet the Lord is near. Since the Lord is near to us, how quick will He be to perceive our faith! If you, this morning, glance an eye to the cross, the Lord will see your eye looking that way. He sees the feeble as well as the strong; if thou hast but a grain of mustard seed of faith He will at once discern it.

If God be so near thee, poor soul, how readily He can reveal Himself to thee! I know how sadly you are urged to despair, and yet ere that clock hath finished the half-hour your despair may vanish. There is nothing between thee and thy Saviour but thine unbelief. Let unbelief go, and thou shalt see Jesus, to thy heart's joy. *A prisoner was taken out to die*, and as he rode

In The Death-Cart,

his heart was heavy at the thought of death, and none could cheer him of all the throng. The gallows-tree was in sight, and this blotted out the sun for him. But lo, his prince came riding up in hot haste bearing a free pardon. Then the man opened his eyes, and, as though he had risen from the dead, he returned to happy consciousness. The sight of his prince had chased all gloom away. He declared that he had never seen a fairer countenance in all his days: and when he read his pardon he vowed that no poetry should ever be dearer to his heart than those few lines of sovereign grace. Friends, I remember well *when I was in that death-cart*, and Jesus came to me with pardon. Death and hell were before me; but I rejoiced exceedingly when I saw the nail-prints in His hands and feet, and the wound in His side. When He said, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," I thought I never saw such loveliness before, and never heard such music in all my days. Nay, it was not mere thought; I am sure my judgment was right.

II. The time is too short, therefore I must turn at once to God's people, and speak to

Those who have Found

the Lord. Brothers, you need not that I seek out choice words when I speak to you. You are soldiers, and you only want short sentences, such as captains give to the ranks. I say to you, redeemed by precious blood, and made sensitive to the all-surrounding God, note how strictly God observes us! Let us walk in His sight, let us live in His presence. I charge you, remember that the Lord your God is a jealous God. Under such weighty obligations to Him, and bound to Him by such marvellous ties of love, live—live obediently, live intensely, live with concentration of heart and mind and strength; live wholly unto Him. Being ever in His sight, set Him always before you. Be your life such as life should be in the light that beats about the throne of Deity.

If God be not far from us, let us see how readily He hears our prayers! I am sometimes startled at the power of a feeble prayer to win a speedy answer. "Startled," you will say: why am I startled? for it is written, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Yes, it is so written, but we do not always apprehend the fact. When the promise comes speedily to pass, have you never felt your flesh creep with a solemn awe in the presence of God, who has so remarkably drawn near at the voice of prayer? The presence of incessant occupation racks your mind, but it would be less if you felt that God is there to help.

A Lady's Dream.

Further, dear brethren, if God be so near us, how securely are we defended! *A Christian lady not long ago dreamed a dream*, which was not a dream, but fact. She saw herself as surrounded with God; encircled above, beneath and all around, as with a blaze of light. Brilliance inconceivable made a pavilion for her; and while she stood in the midst of the glory she saw all her cares and her troubles and her temptations and her sins wandering about the outside of the wall of light, unable to reach her. Unless that light itself should open and make a way for them, she was serenely secure, although she could see the perils which else would destroy her. Is not the Lord a wall of fire round about us, and the glory in the midst? I want you, dear people of God, to feel that you are never in real danger, because never far from God. How can he be in peril whom the Lord keepeth both night and day?

If the Lord be thus near us, how speedily He can renew our graces! Alas! our souls too often need restoring; but, blessed be His name, He is at hand to renew our life. I confess with shame that I have felt dull and dead and heavy, and I thought it was the weather, or my bodily weakness, or some other matter; but whatever was the cause, I have

Found Only One Cure.

In a moment, quicker than the twinkling of an eye, I have been lifted into life and love and light and energy; I have awakened in the night with all the bells of my soul ringing out peals of praise. Plato used to say that by thought the soul could get out of the body. I am not philosopher enough to know whether this is true or not; indeed, I never tried to quit my body, for I am afraid I might not find my way back again: but this I know, that by the spiritual life the spirit can rise above the body. Some grievous ache, some bitter pain, has made you feel as if you did not care to live, and yet a flash of sacred joy has gone through you, and you have laughed at the pain, and have even been quickened by it. Now, if God be with us we see how such a thing can be. Never despair while the living God is near. Believe in the living One, and, touching the hem of His garment, the virtue of His life shall stream into your dying heart; "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." I hear people sometimes

Talk about "the Higher Life."

Happy is that man who obtained the highest life when he first believed in Jesus Christ. The Divine life is neither lower nor higher, but there are increasing degrees of its strength. These are all reachable, for God is near to help us. If God be near us, brothers, infinite resources are near us. We need not be unbelieving, we need not be sorrowful, we need not be afraid. We need not be the captives of sin; we are able to overcome it by the Divine help. We can master ourselves, for God is near us to give us the victory.

I read in the Life of John Wesley a story of Methodists meeting in a barn, and how certain of the villagers, who were afraid to break through the door, resolved to place one inside who would open the door to them during the service, that they might disturb the congregation. This person went in before the service began, and concealed himself in a sack in a corner of the barn. When the Methodists began to sing, he liked the tune so well that he would not get out of the sack till he had heard it through. Then followed a prayer, and during the prayer, God worked on

The Man in the Sack.

so that he began to cry for mercy. The good people looked around, and were astonished to find a sinner in a sack seeking his Saviour. The door was not opened to the mob after all; for he who intended to do so was converted. It does not matter why the people come to hear the gospel; God can bless them in any case. If Christ is preached, men will be saved, even if they come to disturb. "Sir," said one to me, "I had been to bargain about a pair of ducks on Sunday morning, and I passed by the door, and I thought I would just look in. There and then the Lord met with me, and those ducks were forgotten, for I found a Saviour." He is not far from any; and, in answer to believing prayer, he can deal with men and turn their hearts to Himself. Wherefore, work on! Go round with your tracts this afternoon. God is not far away from those houses. Stand on the street corner and preach; God is not far away from those who pass by. Go to your Sunday-school class, for God is not far from any one of the children. Work with hope, for the Lord is near you.

This presence of God, which cheers in life, also sustains in death. He is not far from any one of us, when all the world flies far away. Go your way and make no bargain as to whether you live or die; only plead that promise, "Certainly I will be with thee." God is with us now, and soon we shall be with Him. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, abide with us, O Lord. Amen, and amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

MR. D. L. MOODY'S ANECDOTES.*

Let me tell you about confession. Every man ought to make public confession if his sin has been public. Suppose, now, I have done this man a wrong, and no one knows it but us two; then the confession ought to be between us two alone. I don't believe in making confession of such a thing publicly—it is not called for. Suppose I had a difficulty with my family; it ought to be settled with my family; it needn't go forth to the world. But suppose I have been a public blasphemer, have been seen reeling drunk in the streets of Northfield; it is known by all the people here; I ought to make my confession so that the whole town will hear it, and the chances are they will receive my testimony.

The Ten-Cent Man.

It is a good thing for one to realize his own weakness. "I am as weak as water," says some one; then God can hold you. I remember when we were in New York—in the hippodrome—there was a poor, miserable man in the inquiry meetings, and a good, Christian lady was toiling and working with that poor fellow. After she had explained to him the way, the man went out into the great city. In those days we had scrip for small currency, and as this man put his hand into his pocket he found ten cents. He had not been able to carry so much money in his pocket for many years. He could not pass a saloon if he had any money; some insane power would seize him, and he would spend every cent for whisky. As he took out this bit of paper, he just prayed that the Lord would enable him to hold on to that ten cents for twenty-four hours; then he would have no more doubt that God was able to keep him. And he did hold on to the money. Next day he came into the meeting, told the story, and held up the scrip as a token that God was keeping him. Every time I go to New York I ask, "How is the ten-cent man going on?" and Mr. McBurney always tells me, "He is going on first-rate."

Could not Believe.

I was once talking with a man, and he said, "I can't believe." Said I, "Who?" "You do not understand my case; I can't believe." "Who?" The man began to color and squirm around, and he said, "Mine is a peculiar case; I can't believe." "Who?" The man became more and more embarrassed, and said he, "You don't understand my case at all; I have a great many intellectual difficulties; there are a great many things I can't believe." I kept on asking, "Who?" And, finally, the man broke down, and said, "I can't believe myself." Said I, "Thank God for that; "I thought you meant you could not believe God." When a man says he can't believe, the question is whether he can believe the Lord, and I just press him on that one point.

The Mother's Touch.

At the battle of Gettysburg a young man was severely wounded and taken to the hospital. In his anguish he called for his mother, and the

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* From "D. L. Moody at Home: His Home and Home-Work." Pp. 288; price, $1.00. Published by *Fleming H. Revell*, 148 Madison Street, Chicago.

Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.

A Scene on the Sarawak River, Borneo.

surgeon telegraphed for her. She came immediately, and wanted to pass to the bedside of her boy. But the doctor said, "You can't go in to your son; it is a very critical time; it is barely possible that we can save his life; we cannot allow the slightest agitation, for his life trembles in the balance and he may die." She waited two hours, and finally said, "Can't I go in and wet his forehead, doctor? I shall die if I stay here." The doctor allowed her to enter, on condition that she would avoid disclosing who she was. As she drew near to her son, his face was turned to the wall. Tenderly she bathed his forehead, and in a moment he turned around, saying, "Why, that is just like my mother's touch!" I never think of Jesus touching the leper but I think that was just like His heavenly touch—no one else could have done it.

A Memory for Hogs.

The Sunday-school missionary, Stephen Paxson, once went into a farmer's house and asked him how many children he had. He called his wife and said, "Sarah, you count, and I will call their names." By that process he found he had eleven children. A little later he began talking about his property, and his face lighted up as he said, "I have got a hundred and seventy-nine of the finest hogs you ever saw." He cared more for his hogs than for his children, and in that was like those people in Scripture (Matt. 8: 33); they wouldn't have their hogs lost, but would rather have the devils in the men.

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D. D.

(*See Portrait*)

THE arrival in this country of Dr. Parker, the pastor of the London "City Temple," arouses more interest than usually attaches to the visits of English preachers. That is due chiefly to the fact that, though he is not formally recognized as a candidate for the pulpit of Plymouth Church in succession to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, an impression prevails that he is very likely to be invited, and also that he is very likely to accept. Dr. Parker comes to pronounce the official eulogy on the dead preacher, at the special request of the church. The selection was doubtless due to the high esteem in which Mr. Beecher held him, and to the intimate friendship subsisting between the two men for many years. Mr. Beecher always spoke of him in terms of affection, and the church would feel, in inviting him to the pastorate, that their dead pastor would have approved the choice.

Joseph Parker was born in Northumberland, England, in 1830. He is therefore now fifty-seven years of age. In many of his characteristics he shows the influence of his birth-place. He has the clear, hard-headed perception of the marrow of a subject, and the penetration and force of thought which generally distinguish men who hail from that section of Great Britain. With this is joined a robust confidence in himself and an absolute certainty of the truth of his convictions, which he would hold to though he were in a minority of one against the whole world—and in this also he is a typical north-countryman. To these characteristics must be attributed, in some degree, the impression which strangers have of him when they first hear him, that he is arrogant and conceited. Some of his brethren in the ministry who do not know him intimately, have that opinion of him, too, though they respect him, as was proved some five years ago when they elected him to the chair of the Union.

Dr. Parker's first religious association was with the Wesleyan Methodists, but before entering the ministry he severed his connection with that body and became a Congregationalist. His first charge was at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, where he preached in a small building, which was soon filled to overflowing. A new church was erected, but before it was paid for Dr. Parker was invited to the pastorate of Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, one of the largest and most wealthy churches of the denomination in England. It is to the credit of Dr. Parker that the dazzling offer did not make him oblivious of his poorer church at Banbury, who in losing their popular pastor would have found their church-debt a heavy burden. He stipulated that, if he accepted the invitation from Manchester, the Manchester people should pay the debt on the Banbury Church, and they agreed, and paid the debt.

In 1869 Dr. Parker was induced to transfer his services to the metropolis. He became pastor of the Poultry Chapel, London, and soon gathered around him a large and intelligent congregation. The building was pulled down to make way for city improvements soon after his arrival, but a new church edifice was erected on the Holborn Viaduct, near the former site, and called the "City Temple." One of the peculiarities of Dr. Parker's work there is a remarkable evidence of is power and popularity as a preacher. He announced that he should preach every Thursday at noon. It was expected that only a few ladies would attend, as the men would be too much engaged in business at that hour on the busiest day of the week to go to church. But to the general astonishment, the church was crowded by bankers, merchants, lawyers, stock-brokers and tradesmen, and continues to be so every week when Dr. Parker is preaching. His sermons are full of original thought, and are delivered in a singularly weighty, impressive manner. Epigrams abound in them, and they fix themselves in the hearer's memory and are seldom forgotten. It is a remarkable fact that men who have heard Dr. Parker among many preachers, find, after years have passed, that they can remember more of his sermons than of those of any other preacher.

Dr. Parker has written several well-known works. Prominent among them is "Ecce Deus," which he intended as a complement to Professor Seeley's "Ecce Homo." He is now engaged on the production of "The People's Bible," which he regards as the work of his life. It is a popular commentary in the modern style of thought. Several volumes of it have been republished in this country by *Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls*, Astor Place, New York.

A SCENE IN BORNEO.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE picture on this page depicts a scene on the Sarawak River in Borneo, and is typical of the river scenery in the country generally. Borneo, though comparatively little known, is the largest island in the world except Australia. It is eight hundred miles long and seven hundred wide, or more than three times the size of Great Britain. Its population is estimated at two millions. It is situated in the Indian Ocean, to the South of China, and the Equator runs through it. The aboriginal natives are called Dyaks, but there are a large number of Chinese, Mohammedan Malays, Javans and Arabs on the island, chiefly on the coast, and there are about seven hundred Europeans there. The Dutch rule a large portion of the country, but the northern part, covering an area of 30,000 square miles, with a coast line of 620 miles, belongs to the British. This cession of territory was chiefly due to the efforts of Sir James Brooke, who was made Rajah of Sarawak in 1839, by the Sultan of Borneo, in gratitude for assistance rendered to him by Brooke in crushing a rebellion.

Mission work on the island has been carried on since 1835, when the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent missionaries there. The late Dr. McDougall was appointed missionary bishop of the island, and worked indefatigably in the effort to evangelize the Dyaks. He met with formidable obstacles, not only in the dense ignorance of the Dyaks, but in the prejudices of the Chinese and the Mohammedans, who interfered with the work. Progress of late years, however, has been rapid. Dr. Hose, the present bishop, writing home in January of this year, reports not only the formation of churches, but the erection of church buildings and schoolhouses. He says:

"This has been a year of building. First, our new schools, which were begun in 1885, were finished, and have been opened by the Rajah. There are now 110 boys in attendance, Chinese, Dyaks of several tribes, Malays and others; of these fifty-six are boarders. The old school, as soon as we can find money to put it in repair, will be the girls' school above and the printing-office below. The girls' school is now held in the Bishop's house. There are seventeen in attendance, of whom seven are boarders. Besides this is the Mission-house at Temudok. It is a two-story house, of ironwood frame and roof, and has within it a good-sized school-chapel, as well as accommodation for the missionary and schoolboys.

"Besides this, a church is nearly finished at Kuala Lumpoe, and another at Taiping, in the Strait of Perak. These are the first two churches in these Malay countries. A new Tamil mission school and house for the missionary have been built at Penang. There have also been a large number of baptisms. I myself baptized twenty-seven in one day at Kuching."

A marked impetus was given to the work recently in a most interesting manner. Among the Dyak converts was a chief named Apai Insol, whose native dignity is Orang Kaya. Not long ago there was trouble with some marauding tribes on the Dutch frontier, and Apai Insol, though an old man, took an active part in the campaign organized by the Rajah to suppress them. The old chief's valor and generalship won him the admiration of all, even of old enemies of his race, the Dyaks of Banting, who were now fighting by his side. That he had become a Christian was well known, and a party of these people, the fighting portion of the population of a village not far above Sabu, would gather around old Apai Insol during the night encampments on the dry gravel beds of the Batang Lupar River, and ask him to tell them what he thought of Christianity. They knew Mr. Crossland and Mr. Howell, the missionaries, and some of their own people had become Christians, but they did not know what to think about it all, and they would like to ask one who was so generally esteemed in the country what his opinion was. What good was there in the new religion? Why had he abandoned the time-honored customs of his ancestors? Then the old man spoke. He told them what faith in Christ meant to him, what he believed and why he believed. They listened, and made little reply, but when the short campagin was over they came to Mr. Howell and said: 'The Orang Kaya has convinced us. Teach us to pray. Teach us to worship God. We wish to put ourselves under your guidance in these matters for the future.' And Mr. Howell went to them, and spent long evenings with them on the veranda of their chief house, where they gathered around him, when their work was done, to learn the way of God more perfectly. At last the whole village was baptized, and other villages, hearing of it, are now asking that a teacher may be sent to them too. Thus though the process of seed-sowing may be a long and tedious one, the harvest may be sudden and abundant.

The Little Waif from the Wreck. (*See page 501.*)

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 494.*)

An American Professor's Confession—Invites Muller to Berlin—Conversation with Titled Ladies—Offers Himself for Military Duty—Rejected by the Medical Examiner—A Visit to his Home—Finds a lonely Believer—Journey to England—Delayed at Rotterdam—Arrives in London in 1829—Irksome Restriction.

THIS sudden illness at the Opera the Lord graciously used as a means of arousing me; and on our way home I freely opened my mind to my friend about the way in which we had been going on; and he then told me that he was in a different state of heart when he left America, He also told me, when I was taken faint, that he thought it was an awful place to die in. This was the second and last time, since I have lived in the Lord Jesus, that I was in a theatre; and but once, in the year 1827, I went to a concert, when I likewise felt that it was unbecoming for me, as a child of God, to be in such a place. On my return to Halle I broke a blood-vessel in my stomach, in consequence of the glass of ice. I was now exceedingly weak, in which state I continued for several weeks, and then went for change of air into the country, to the house of a beloved brother in the Lord, who up to this day has continued a kind and faithful friend to me. My heart was now again in a better state than it had been before the rupture of the blood-vessel. Thus the Lord, in the faithful love of His heart, seeing that I was in a backsliding state, chastised me for my profit; and the chastisement yielded, in a measure at least, the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Heb. 12: 10, 11.

Before this period I had been much opposed to the doctrines of election, particular redemption, and final persevering grace; so much so that I called election a devilish doctrine. I went to the Word, reading the New Testament from the beginning, with a particular reference to these truths. To my great astonishment I found that the passages which speak decidedly for election and persevering grace were about four times as many as those which speak apparently against these truths; and even those few, shortly after, when I had examined and understood them, served to confirm me in the above doctrines. As to the effect which my belief in these doctrines had on me, I am constrained to state, for God's glory, that though I am still exceedingly weak, and by no means so dead to the lusts of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, as I might and as I ought to be, yet, by the grace of God, I have walked more closely with Him since that period. My life has not been so variable, and I may say that I have lived more for God than before.

Whilst I was staying in the country, I received a letter from the American professor, who had in the meantime changed Halle for Berlin, and wished me to come to Berlin, where, being near the Court, I should be more likely to obtain an exemption from my military duty; and he mentioned at the same time that all the expenses connected with my staying in Berlin would be fully covered by the remuneration I should receive for teaching German to himself and two of his friends, for a few hours every week. As I had no more connection with the University at Halle, my course having been finished for more than six months past, and as I had the prospect of being spiritually benefited through my stay in Berlin, and there was no probability, if I remained at Halle, of obtaining the exemption, I came to the conclusion to go to Berlin.

Two ladies of title traveled with me to Berlin in a hired carriage. As I knew we should be for two days together, I thought, in my fleshly wisdom, that though I ought to speak to them about the things of God, I should first show them kindness and attention, and that, after having thus opened a way to their hearts, I might fully set before them their state by nature, and point them to the Lamb of God. We went on together most amicably, I making only a few general remarks about divine things. On the second evening, however, when we were near the end of our journey, I felt that it was high time to speak. And no sooner had I begun plainly to do so, than one of them replied, "Oh, sir, I wish you had spoken sooner about these things, for we have for a long time wished to have some one to whom we might open our hearts; but seeing that the ministers whom we know do not live consistently, we have been kept from speaking to them."

I now found that they had been under conviction of sin for some time, but did not know the way to obtain peace, even by faith in the Lord Jesus. After this I spoke freely to them during the hour that yet remained. They parted from me under feelings of gratitude, and regret that they could hear no more, for they only passed through Berlin. I felt myself greatly reproved, and all I could do was, by a long letter, to seek to make up for my deficiency in ministering to them on the journey. May this circumstance never be forgotten by me, and may it prove a blessing to the believing reader!

My chief concern now was, how I might obtain a passport for England, through exemption from military duty. But the more certain brethren tried, though they knew how to set about the matter, and were also persons of rank, the greater difficulty there appeared to be in attaining my object; so that in the middle of January, 1829, it seemed as if I must immediately become a soldier. There was now but one more way untried, and it was at last resorted to. A believing major, who was on good terms with one of the chief generals, proposed that I should actually offer myself for entering the army, and that then I should be examined as to my bodily qualifications, in the hope that as I was still in a very weak state of body, I should be found unfit for military service. In that case it would belong to the chief general finally to settle the matter; who, being a godly man himself, on the major's recommendation would, no doubt, hasten the decision, on account of my desire to be a missionary to the Jews. At the same time it stood so that, if I should be found fit for service, I should have to enter the army immediately.

I was examined, and was declared to be unfit for military service. With a medical certificate to this effect, and a letter of recommendation from the major, I went to this chief general, who received me very kindly, and who himself wrote instantaneously to a second military physician, likewise to examine me *at once*. This was done, and it was by him confirmed that I was unfit. Now the chief general himself, as his adjutants happened to be absent, in order to hasten the matter wrote with his own hands the papers which were needed, and I got a complete dismissal, and that for life, from all military engagements. This was much more than I could have expected. This military gentleman spoke to me in a very kind way, and pointed out certain parts of the Scriptures, which he in particular advised me to bring before the Jews, especially Romans 11.

Thus far the Lord had allowed things to go, to show me, it appears, that all my friends could not procure me a passport till His time was come. But now it was come. The King of kings had intended that I should go to England, because He would bless me there, and make me a blessing, though I was at that time, and am still, most unworthy of it; and, therefore, though the King of Prussia had not been pleased to make an exemption in my favor, yet now all was made plain, and that at a time when hope had almost been given up, and when the last means had been resorted to.

On considering why the Lord delayed my obtaining this permission, I find that one of the reasons may have been that I might both be profited myself by my stay in Berlin, and that I also might be instrumental in benefiting others. As to the first, I would mention that I learned a lesson in Berlin which I did not know before. Whilst I was at Halle, I thought I should much enjoy being among so many Christians as there are in Berlin. But when I was there I found that enjoyment in the Lord does not depend upon the multitude of believers by whom we are surrounded. As to the second point, perhaps the last day may show that the Lord had some work for me in Berlin; for, from the time of my coming until I left, I preached three, four or five times every week in the wards of a poor-house, which was inhabited by about three hundred aged and infirm people. I also preached once in a church and likewise visited one of the prisons several times on Lord's Day to converse with the prisoners about their souls, where I was locked in by the keeper with the criminals in their cells.

On the whole, my time in Berlin was not lost; and I was in a better state of heart than I had been for any length of time before. I was not once overcome by any former outward besetting sins, though I have nothing to boast of even as it regards that period; and were only the sins of those days brought against me, had I not the blood of Jesus to plead, I should be most miserable. But I think it right to mention, for the glory of God, as I have so freely spoken about my falls, that whilst I was more than ever unobserved by others, and whilst I was living in the midst of more gaiety and temptations than ever, and had far more money than at any previous time in my life, I was kept from things of which I had been habitually guilty in my unconverted days! My health was in a very weak state almost the whole time whilst I was staying in Berlin, and I was in no degree better, till, on the advice of a believing medical professor, I gave up all medicine.

Having now without any further difficulty obtained my passport, I left Berlin February 3, 1829, for London. The Lord gave me more grace on my way *from* Berlin than on my way *to* it; for my mouth was almost immediately opened to my fellow-travellers, and the message of the Gospel seemed to be listened to with interest, particularly by one. On February 5, I arrived at my father's house; it was the place where I had lived as a boy, and the scene of many of my sins, my father having now returned to it after his retirement from office. I came to it with peculiar feelings. These feelings were not excited merely by the fact of my having been seven years absent from it, but arose from the spiritual change I had undergone since I last saw the place; for I had never been at Heimersleben since my father fetched me from thence, which was a few days after my imprisonment at Wolfenbuttel had come to an end.

There were but three persons in the whole town with whom my soul had any fellowship. One of them had spent all his money in coalmines, and was then earning his daily bread by thrashing corn. As a boy I had in my heart laughed at him, for he seemed so different from all other people. Now I sought him out, having previously been informed that he was a believer, to acknowledge him as such, by having fellowship with him, and attending a meeting in his house on the Lord's Day evening. My soul was refreshed, and his also. Such a spiritual feast as meeting with a brother was a rare thing to him. May we believers, and especially those of us who are surrounded by many children of God, seek for grace, more highly to prize the blessings which we enjoy through fellowship with brethren.

This dear brother, who had then been a believer for more than twenty years, had only a few times heard the Gospel preached during all that period. What a wonderful thing that I, one of the vilest of those brought up in that small town, should have been so abundantly favored as to have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, whilst none of my relations, and scarcely one of those who grew up with me, so far as it has come to my knowledge, knew the Lord!

I left my father's house on February 10, with the prospect of seeing him again in about a twelvemonth, as missionary among the Jews. But how has the Lord graciously altered matters! I was kindly lodged for a night at Halberstadt by an aged brother, and then proceeded towards Rotterdam by the way of Munster. At Munster I rested a few days, and was very kindly received by several brethren. They were officers in the army, and two of them had been but a little while before this, Roman Catholics. I lodged in the house of a beloved brother, a tailor, who likewise had been a Roman Catholic.

About February 22 I arrived at Rotterdam. I took lodgings in the house of a believer, where two German brethren lodged, whom I had known at Halle, and who intended to go out as missionaries in connection with the Dutch Missionary Society. It was a peculiar feeling to me, for the first time in my life to find myself among Christians of another nation, to attend their family prayer, hear them sing, &c. In spirit I had fellowship with them, though our communication was but broken, as I understood but little of the Dutch language. Here also I heard for the first time the preaching of the Gospel in English, of which I knew enough to understand a part of what was said.

My going to England by the way of Rotterdam was not the usual way; but consulting with a brother in Berlin, who had been twice in England, I was told that this was the cheapest route. My asking this brother, to be profited by his experience, would have been quite right, had I, besides this, like Ezra, sought of the Lord the right way (Ezra 8: 21). But I sought unto men only, and not at all unto the Lord, in this matter. When I came to Rotterdam, I found that no vessels went at that time from that port to London, on account of the ice having just broken up in the river, and that it would be several weeks before the steamers would again begin to ply. Thus I had to wait nearly a month at Rotterdam, and, therefore, not only needed much more time than I should have required to go by way of Hamburg, but also much more money.

On March 19, 1829, I landed in London. I now found myself, in a great measure, as it regards liberty, brought back to the years when I was at school; yea, almost all the time I had been at school, and certainly for the last four years previous to my coming to England, I was not so much bound to time and order as I was in this seminary; and had not there been a degree of grace in me, yea, so much as not to regard the liberty of the flesh, I should now probably have given up all idea of being a missionary to the Jews. But as I did not see that anything was expected from me which I could not conscientiously accede to, I thought it right to submit myself, for the Lord's sake, to all the regulations of the institution.

My brethren in the seminary, most of them Germans, had instruction in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French, German, &c., scarcely any of them having had a classical education; I read only Hebrew, and was exempted from all the rest. I remember how I longed to be able to expound the Scriptures in English, when I heard a German brother do so, a few days after my arrival. And I also remember what joy it gave me, when a few weeks after, for the first time, I spoke in English to a little boy, whom I met alone in the fields, about his soul, thinking that he would bear with my broken English.

I now studied much, about twelve hours a day, chiefly Hebrew; commenced Chaldee; perfected myself in reading the German-Jewish in Rabbinic characters, committed portions of the Hebrew Old Testament to memory, &c.; and this I did with prayer, often falling on my knees, leaving my books for a little, that I might seek the Lord's blessing, and also, that I might be kept from that spiritual deadness which is so frequently the result of much study. I looked up to the Lord even whilst turning over the leaves of my Hebrew dictionary, asking His help, that I might quickly find the words. I made comparatively little progress in English; for living with some of my countrymen, I was continually led to converse in German.

My experience in this particular leads me to remark that, should this fall into the hands of any who are desirous to labor as missionaries among a people whose language is not their own, they should seek not merely to live among them, for the sake of soon learning their language, but also as much as possible to be separated from those who speak their own language; for, when, some months after, I was in Devonshire, completely separated from those who spoke German, I daily made much progress, whilst I made comparatively little in London. Soon after my arrival in England I heard one of the brethren in the seminary speak about a Mr. Groves, a dentist in Exeter, who, for the Lord's sake, had given up his profession, which brought him in about fifteen hundred pounds a year, and who intended to go as a missionary to Persia, with his wife and children, simply trusting in the Lord for temporal supplies. This made such an impression on me, and delighted me so, that I not only marked it down in my journal, but also wrote letters about it to my German friends.

(*To be continued.*)

JESUS AND THE LAW.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 21. Matt. 5:17-26. Golden Text, Matt. 5 : 17.

Verse 17: Possibility of Having Wrong Views of Christ's Mission—Did not Come to Destroy—The Law not a Mistake—A Preparation—Its Introductory Work—Its Promise Fulfilled—Jesus as a Culmination—The Topstone of a Building—The Keystone of an Arch—Verse 18: Nothing Superfluous in the Law—The Jots and Tittles Momentous—Verse 19: Doing and Teaching must Go Together—Verse 20: Righteousness Indispensable—Formalism not Sufficient—Orthodoxy Insufficient—The Kingdom of God must be Within—Verses 21, 22: Anger Incipient Murder—Verses 23-26: Duty Before Worship—The Altar to be Left Until Duty is Done.

JESUS came to set up a spiritual kingdom which "is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14 : 17). He had given to His disciples the laws of His kingdom in the language of the kingdom, which was not the "Thou shalt" of the law, but the "Blessed" of the gospel; and He added, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." "He will magnify the law, and make it honorable" (Isa. 42 : 21). He alone, of all men, could say with absolute truth at every moment of His life, "I do always those things that please Him" (John 8 : 29). Thus Christ is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10 : 4). He finished the work which His Father gave Him to do, as much by fulfilling the law in

The Perfect Obedience

of His life, as by the sacrifice of His death. The principle of the law is love, "Thou shalt love" is both the Old and New Testament summary of the law (Deut. 6 : 5; Lev. 19 : 18; Luke 10 : 27), and Jesus, the true Image of God in man's nature, was in His own Person all which those words express, "God is Love" (1 John 4 : 8). Love cannot destroy the law of God, for "love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13 : 10). Thus our blessed Lord declared that not one jot, i. e., not the smallest tittle of one of the words of the law of God should pass away till all should be fulfilled. Therefore, in the kingdom of heaven, he that shall do God's commands and teach others to do them shall be great, but those who break them, least.

Having thus set His own seal upon His Father's law, Jesus shows how the gospel of the kingdom supersedes the old law. "Except your righteousness shall exceed

The Righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees,

ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." What then was the righteousness which must be exceeded? Saul of Tarsus was a Pharisee, and he would speak of himself "as, touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless" (Phil. 3 : 6); he was "taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God" (Acts 22 : 3). No doubt, he was most punctilious about the paying of tithes, even to "mint, anise and cummin," and more zealous about everything he could *do*. Yet this man, with all his zeal, and all his doing, knew so little about love that he would breathe out threatenings and slaughter! The observance of the law was all outside of the real man; love, which "is the fulfilling of the law," had not taken possession of him. Saul was still Saul, and represented himself and his own earnestness, establishing his own righteousness and not submitting himself to the righteousness of God. Except your righteousness, reader, exceed this, the entrance to the kingdom of heaven stands barred against you. Christ is the Door, the hinges turn on what He is for you, or what He is in you, and not on what *you* are.

Our Lord then proceeds to contrast the law and the gospel. The law says, "Thou shalt not kill;" for murder, man must die. But there are very few, thank God, who have in act committed murder. How many thousands, when hearing this commandment, have drawn in their breath with a sigh of relief and said in their hearts, "Well, at any rate, I am not guilty *there*." But the gospel of Jesus searches below the deed level, to the thought and intention level, right down into the heart, and says, "Hast thou never been

Angry without a Cause?"

If thy brother *hath aught against thee*, go and be reconciled to him, or thine offering to God cannot be accepted, whether it be prayer, or service, or whatsoever it be. Who can say, "I never was angry with my brother, my sister, my fellow-servant, my friend, my partner in business, without a cause?" "Agree with thine adversary quickly"—this is the law of the kingdom; "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" (Eph. 4 : 26), keep short accounts with God, and short accounts with one another. Not one of the commandments is more often violated in spirit than this one. All family disputes and jars, all gossip, all unkind words, all heart-burnings come from this root, and Christ accounts them heart-murder. It is this which often brings a terrible sense of condemnation—just as the adversary delivers to the judge, and the judge delivers to the officer, and we see no way out but the impossible one of paying the uttermost farthing. O, how many souls are in this case! But when there is a prompt reconciliation for God's sake, a turning over of the wrong which others have done us to Him, and getting quit of it, an open, free confession of that which we have done, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1 : 9). Then our soul escapes "as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken and we are escaped"

Again, the old law condemns the breaking of

The Seventh Command

in actual deed, and the punishment is the same as for murder, but Jesus, in the laws of His kingdom, condemns the sinful look, the sinful thought, the sinful wish. It is almost worse than murder when an impure man blasts the life of a pure young girl and condemns her to a life of shame, but God has seen the impure habits which have led up to this sin, and He says, "But fornication and *all uncleanness* or covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints" (Eph. 5 : 3). Is not the reading of impure books and the long newspaper reports of criminal cases a violation of the laws of Christ's kingdom? Surely if there had not been a fearful leaven of iniquity in England, the fiendish practice of that Government in legalizing prostitution in India and other dependencies would never have been tolerated for a moment. To what has England sunk, as a nation, that she, who is reckoned as the nation to be most forward in missionary work, now forces drink, prostitution and opium upon the heathen who have the misfortune to live within the bounds of the British Empire! O, it is a burning shame that we, of all nations of the earth, should be thus guilty!

Jesus teaches us as children of the kingdom to stand at nothing. If a right hand or a right eye cause us to stumble, better by far cut it off or pluck it out than harm the interests of the kingdom of our God. The morality of the kingdom is based on love, not on selfishness, and thus it cuts right across the divorce laws which some countries have cleverly devised. God says that for no other cause may a man put away his wife but for fornication, and the one who is put away is not to marry again; this is clear as daylight. The plea of incompatibility of temper and taste, which men have devised as a reason for dissolving the marriage tie, is met by the stern decision of the King, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder (Matt. 19 : 6). God permits the difference of tastes, in order that His love coming in may be the link of unity—that He may stand as the link between husband and wife.

Jesus next proclaims the laws of His kingdom concerning oaths. The law condemned perjury; the Gospel condemns the very

Making of Oaths.

Jesus would have His people so perfectly truthful that their "Yea" should be yea and their "Nay" nay. One of the greatest marks of man's degeneracy is the want of perfect truthfulness. When Isaiah described the falling away of Israel he said, "Our transgressions are multiplied before Thee. . . . In transgressing and lying against the Lord, . . . conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood, and judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, for truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth" (Isa. 59 : 12-15). The words and the very face of a truthful man carry weight.

The Father of the Writer,

whilst traveling in Italy more than thirty years ago, found himself short of money. He went to a banker, to whom he was quite a stranger, and to whom he had no introduction, and told him his dilemma, saying how he needed money, but had no security at hand. The banker said he would lend him as much money as he needed, up to £100. My father asked him, "How do you thus trust an utter stranger?" The answer was, "Sir, your face is sufficient guarantee." Yes, my father was a man of his word, and of the most transparent truthfulness.

Our Lord next cuts at the very root of self-life, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' (Ex. 21 : 24), but I say unto you that ye

Resist not Evil."

"Resist not evil! But if we do not resist we shall be imposed upon all round," say many; "why, it would be putting a premium upon wrong-doing." How do we know that, if we have never tried it! On the contrary, it has been proved, again and again, that where a child of God has had the faith and courage and self-denial to take wrong without resisting, the one who has injured him has been brought to the Lord and become his close friend. Alas! that in most of our holiness meetings these practical truths about a holy life are so little taught. Jesus says, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Who does it? "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." Who does it? "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." Who does this? "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." Who does this? We cannot, indeed, give what we are asked to give—drink to the drunkard and relief to those who will not work, but we may give our time and interest and prayers. Self says, "But I must look after my own interests; I must stand up for my rights." In the kingdom of Christ we have no rights but His, and He so cares for our interests that we can say, "Jehovah is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

Our Lord further says: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." This is going directly against the grain, against every instinct of self-love. It is only possible as Christ takes possession of us, and lives His own love-life in us. Then it is as easy as breathing to love our enemies, for we see them as He sees them, and not as they touch us. He calls us to be to our enemies as He was to us when we were enemies, that we may not simply talk about being the children of our Father which is in heaven, but that the likeness to our Father in our lives may be unmistakable. "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" What proof is there that there is a difference between them and you? It is Godlike to love our enemies, it is divine. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

"THE TWO ROADS ONE."

I am the Father's child
Each pilgrim day,
E'en though by sin defiled
Through all the way.
Dare think I to repine,
Since my Beloved's mine,
He died for me
Upon the tree
His matchless grace and love combine
At Calvary.

The road which now I tread
A thorny path,
On it the Master led
But not in wrath.
For there He's my Fortress
My Saviour nothing less,
And on He'll guide,
As days do glide
He'll never leave me comfortless
He's at my side.

But soon the golden street
I'll tread with joy,
At death the two will meet
Thorns wont annoy.
And then with Jesus blest,
And those I loved he best,
I'll ever raise
The song of praise
To our great King, while thus I rest
And at Him gaze.

Who is there now afraid
Of thorns so sharp?
Since He our debt has paid
Oh for a harp!
Though now through thorns you're led
The golden street's ahead,
Stay thou but near
Thy Shepherd dear,
The thorns will, on the way you tread
Soon disappear.

REV. G. B. GREIG.

SYDNEY, Australia.

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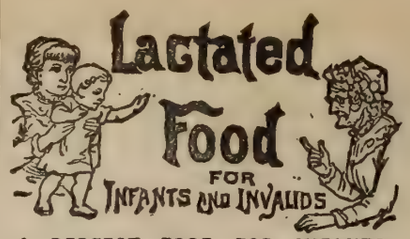

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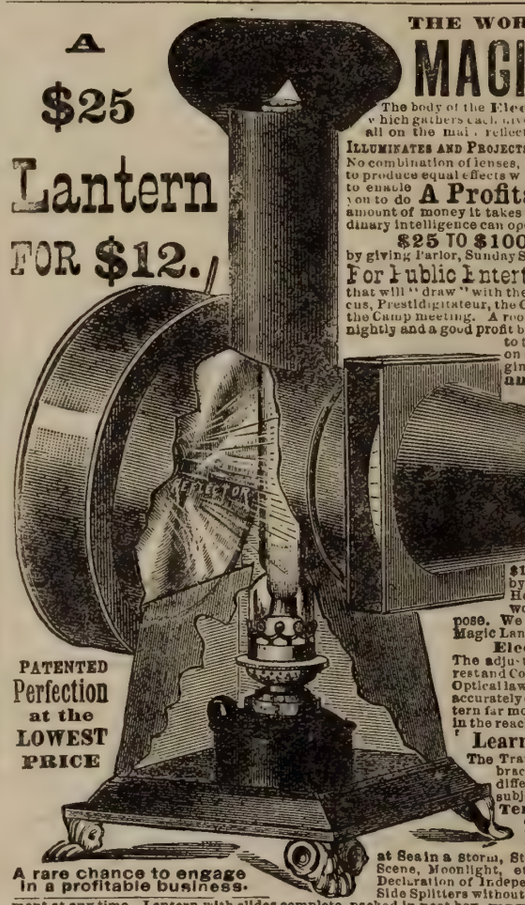

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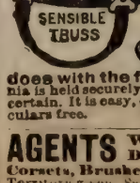

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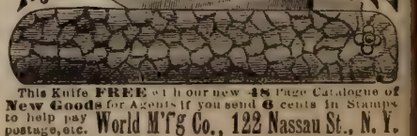

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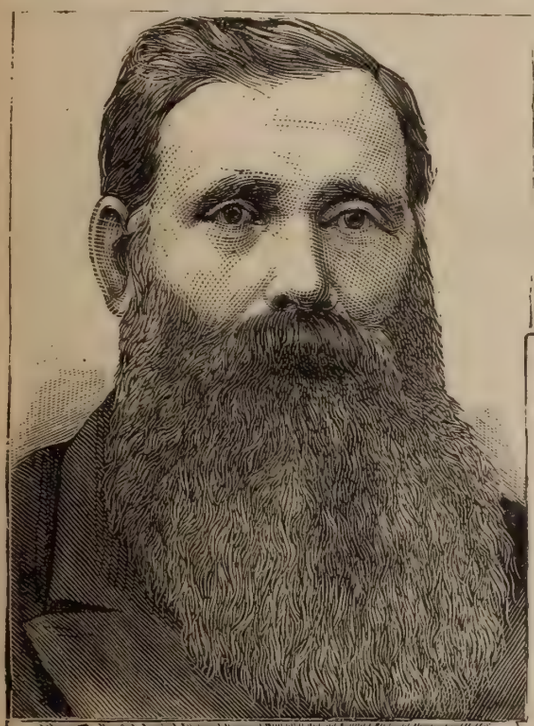

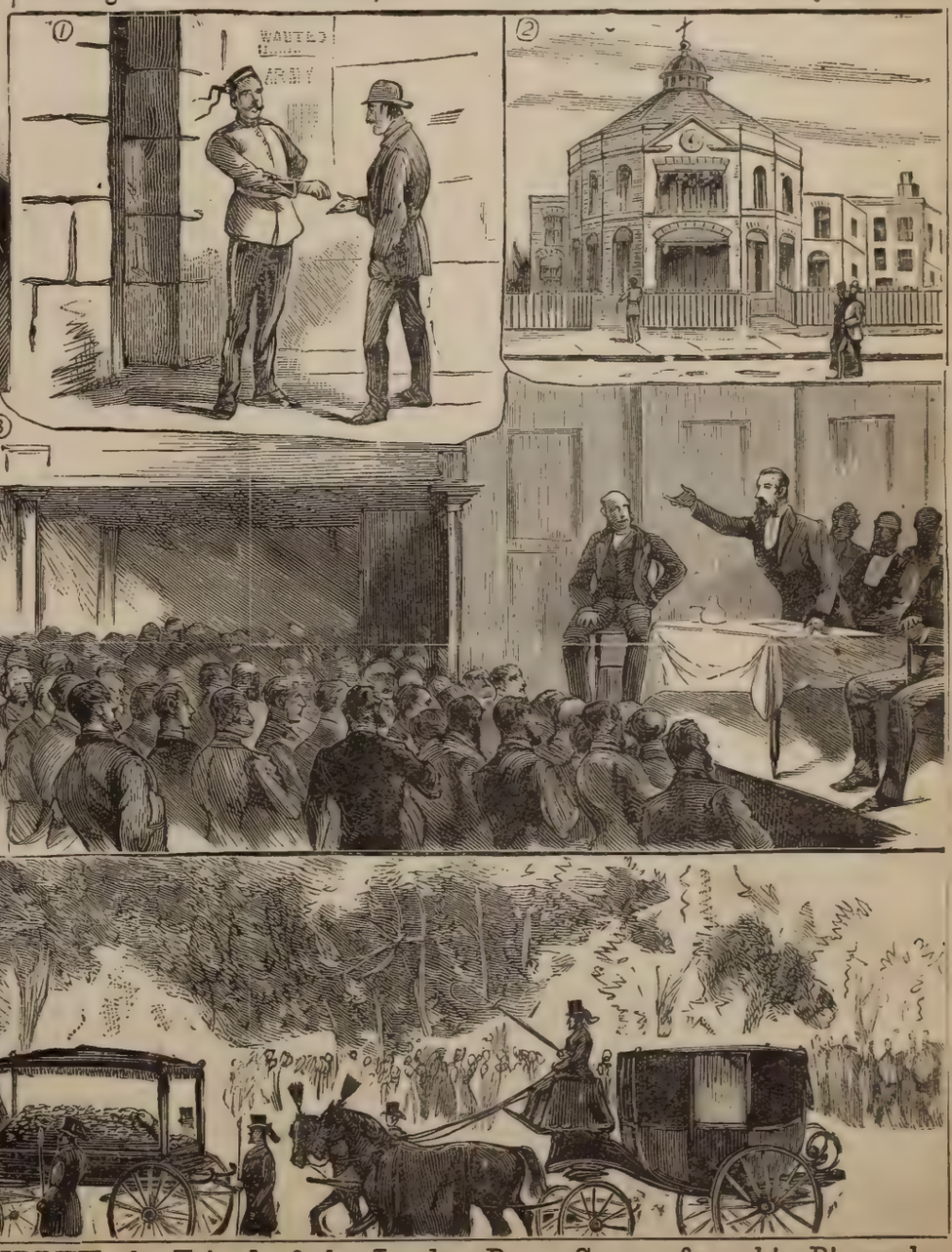

THE LATE REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, the Friend of the London Poor—Scenes from his Biography.

THE LATE REV. G. M. MURPHY.

The Christ-like Worker.

Character of his Work—A Hack-driver's Testimony—A Betrayed Girl Saved from Suicide—Born in 1823—Enlists as a Soldier—Warden on a Convict Hulk—Gospel Temperance Work—Becomes Evangelist of the London Slums—The Lambeth Baths' Winter Meetings—A Congregational Church Formed—Latest Labors and Sudden Death—Memorial Services.

THOUGH unknown to the great majority of our readers, the remarkable man whose portrait appears on the first page was a man whose character will repay study. He was a plain Congregational minister in the British metropolis, unambitious, unselfish, unassuming, content to be unknown and unhonored, if he could but serve the people, relieving the wants of the poor, brightening their lot, and teaching them the way to heaven. George Murphy was emphatically the friend of the poor, and, like his Master, "the common people heard him gladly." They went to him for sympathy in their troubles, and advice in their perplexities; and if he heard of any one in need of either he did not wait for them to go to him, but went and sought them out. On Sunday, July 16—the Sunday before he died—a stranger in London wishing to hear him, hailed a cab, but the driver did not know the building to which he was directed, but when the name of the minister was mentioned, he said: "Murphy?

I Have Cause to Know Murphy.

Fourteen years ago he got me to sign the pledge, and all the fellows in our yard." Only a few days before he died a young woman spent a night on the Embankment of the river Thames, in utter despair. She had been beguiled from her home under promise of marriage—betrayed, robbed, deserted. George Murphy, within four days, caused the poor girl, under proper escort, to be conveyed nearly one hundred miles to her home, and afterwards received letters from the mother and daughter of heartfelt gratitude. He simply, unostentatiously "went about doing good," following in his Master's footsteps; the motto of his life, the text which he had chosen for the sermon he intended to preach on the morning of July 17: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke 2: 49.) That sermon he never preached, though all his public life was a commentary on the text. About three hours before the time for its delivery, he was summoned by the Master he had served so well, and went to receive his reward.

George Mollett Murphy was born at Hans Town, in the suburbs of London, on September 9, 1823. He was therefore nearly 64 years of age when he died. His father and mother were godly people. Mr. Murphy, who was their seventh son, received his earliest religious training at Ranelagh Chapel, under the Rev. R. H. Shepherd. Upon his father's death his mother and four sisters removed from Chelsea, and became members of Surrey Chapel (Rev. Rowland Hill's), his connection with which exercised an important influence on young Murphy's future career. He grew up a strong, heathy, high-spirited lad, whose very vigor and energy became the cause of danger and temptation. He

Enlisted as a Soldier,

when a young man (*See Illustration No. 1 on first page*), much against his mother's will. But the discipline of the army was not altogether disadvantageous to him, and he gained golden opinions from his superiors. After serving for some time with credit, though never, we believe, engaged in actual warfare, his mother purchased his discharge, and he was next employed as *a warder on board a convict hulk* off Gosport. At that time prison discipline was characterized by many abuses which have now happily been reformed. The Gosport hulk was the scene of practices which revolted Mr. Murphy's better feelings. He could not restrain his indignation. He was suspected, not without justice, of communicating to the Press certain articles in which the evils were exposed. But to oppose iniquity, if it is part of the system under which a man serves, is commonly treated as disloyalty. Accordingly Mr. Murphy was dismissed from his post. He found employment, however, under a firm of contractors, who were at that time constructing the New Street railroad station at Birmingham. There he began his career as

A Temperance Advocate.

He was happily brought under the immediate influence of the late John Angell James, the pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel, and the author of "*The Anxious Inquirer*," with whom he most cordially and successfully labored.

In Birmingham, Mr. Murphy soon gained a reputation as a devoted Sunday-school teacher a staunch teetotaler, an effective open-air preacher; and was frequently found occupying the pulpit in places of worship in Birmingham, where he was ever welcome. In 1856 he left Mr. James's church at Carr's Lane, Birmingham (now Dr. Dale's), much to the regret of that congregation, and went to London. This step was not taken with the object of improving his social condition, but that he might devote himself exclusively to the Lord's service and the cause of humanity. The Rev. Newman Hall needed an earnest, energetic man to do evangelistic work among the dense population which surrounds Surrey Chapel, where he was then laboring. Young Murphy was mentioned to him, and he learned that the youth who had nearly broken his mother's heart by "going for a soldier," who had subsequently been a warder on a convict ship and had been discharged, was now spending all the time he could spare from his occupation in Birmingham in preaching the gospel to the poor and advocating total abstinence. A man who could do that was precisely the man Newman Hall wanted to carry the gospel into the slums of London. He, therefore, invited Murphy, and had no difficulty in persuading him to resign and become

A Missionary in the Slums.

Nature and Divine grace well fitted him for missionary work. He had great determination and force of character, and his perserverance, kindliness of manner, and genuine humor, enabled him to make himself a welcome friend to the masses of South London. For ten and a half years Mr. Murphy labored in connection with Surrey Chapel (*a picture of which occupies panel No. 2 of the illustration on the front page*), and took his full share of the onerous labors attaching to the various institutions of that church. Mr. Murphy, however, did not consider he had fulfilled all his duty when he had preached the gospel to the poor and had visited them.

Practical Christianity

had charms for him, which kept their hold upon him to the last. He wanted to help the poor in this world while pointing the way to a better world. In studying their ways and habits, and noting their difficulties and temptations, he perceived that the weary, jaded man needed something different as an occupation for his evenings than sitting in the room which he called home, reading a book. He saw that the power of the saloon consisted in the fact that it offered excitement and change to the working man, and he set himself to work to compete with it. He arranged weekly meetings in secular buildings, such as old Hawkestone Hall, the Victoria Theatre, the mission-rooms at Kent Street, Dockhead, and took care that they were of a character that could not be called dull. He also tried to help the younger people by establishing drawing and other educational classes, and took a keen interest and active part in organizing popular lectures. His popularity as Temperance advocate and open-air preacher soon gained for him a position of great influence among the people of the district. He originated workingmen's exhibitions, and promoted in many ways the industries of the people.

Once, by the advice of the Rev. Newman Hall, he selected a number of representative artisans to visit Mr. Gladstone at his residence, at that gentleman's request, with a view to the better understanding of their class by actual contact. Some dozen or two of these, accompanied by Mr. Hall and Mr. Murphy, were entertained at luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who entered into conversation with them on matters of interest then rife in the nation. They took with them various specimens of their handiwork in leisure hours, such as models, stuffed birds, carving, &c., and their host showed them his pictures and articles of vertu. The interview left pleasant impressions on both sides.

The Saturday Night Meetings

were, however, the great work of his life, by which he will be best remembered. The thoughtless custom of employers in paying their men on a Saturday obtained largely in London when Mr. Murphy went there first, and the men knowing that they had Sunday in which to get over a debauch, frequently spent the bulk of their week's earnings in the saloon on that night. Thinking over this evil, Mr. Murphy came to the conclusion that if he could get hold of the men on Saturday night, the wives would have a better chance of getting their money for housekeeping, and the men would be in better condition for worship on Sunday, and work on Monday. He looked around for a building and found one called the Lambeth Baths, which was adapted to his purpose. Samuel Morley, the London philanthropist, gave him five hundred dollars to hire it for every Saturday night for a year, and in 1862, a series of meetings were commenced, which have since become famous in the city. They were simple social gatherings, quite informal in character. Mr. Murphy was the leader. Sometimes he read the newspapers to the crowds of working people who had assembled to hear it, the readings being interpersed with songs; sometimes lectures, concerts, and other entertainments were given. The people were sure of being interested, and they came in crowds (*See illustration No. 3*). One saloon-keeper in the neighborhood said he would *gladly give a fiver* (*twenty-five dollars*), every Saturday night, if that place could be shut up, and it would pay to do it. Very clear testimony to the value of the work when only one of the many saloons lost so much in profit by it!

Every winter for twenty-five years the Baths meetings were held, and as their value was more clearly proved their number was increased by opening the building on other nights besides Saturday. It was always full, each season showing an average attendance of nearly 1,000 at each of the 150 meetings. Every winter from 1,250 to 1,500 persons signed the pledge. When these splendid results are added up for a period of twenty-five years, it will readily be conceded that Mr. Murphy had reason to be thankful for the results of his work in Lambeth.

At the Lambeth Baths Mr. Murphy established the first large Surrey-side workingmen's exhibition, the prizes in connection with which were distributed by the popular Lord Palmerston, who eulogized in the warmest terms the splendid work being done by Mr. Murphy, whom he humorously dubbed

The "Bishop of the New Cut."

In 1866 so many people had been converted by the blessing of God on the labors of Mr. Murphy that they desired to form a church, with him as their pastor. With the full consent of the Rev. Newman Hall and the friends of Surrey chapel, they were given the use of the Surrey Tabernacle, and the place became a very hive of religious activity. The membership soon ran up to 400, and more than 1,200 have joined it in the twenty-one years of the church's existence. Sunday-school and classes, tract and Dorcas societies, Bands of Hope and Temperance societies were in full operation. Open-air preaching and Temperance addresses were frequent. The whole was carefully organized and worked under Mr. Murphy's pastorate.

The twenty-first anniversary of this church was celebrated on Thursday, July 14, when a local magnate who presided said: "During all these years Mr. Murphy has been laboring amongst us his work has been varied, and carried out with conspicious ability. He has gained the confidence of all, while he commands

the admiration of all outside his sphere of work, for he has devoted himself energetically and continually to labors which have contributed much to the public weal. Twenty-one years is a long span in a man's life; to a man of an active turn of mind like Mr Murphy it means a great deal. As a portion of his work, I may say that he has attended some 20,000 temperance, social and other meetings. He is a workingman amongst workingmen. Literature has been distributed broadcast through him, and I believe he has been more or less instrumental in the dissemination of a million and a half tracts, pamphlets, &c. During the time he has been at work in connection with the Temperance cause, he has witnessed some 30,000 persons pledge themselves to total abstinence. In political matters Mr. Murphy has ever been found in the forefront in all movements having for their aim the benefit, the advancement, and elevation of the people."

A Mark Of Confidence

was manifested in Mr. Murphy by the people among whom he labored when in 1873 they had to elect a representative of the district on the London Board of Education. Mr. Murphy was chosen by a large majority, and became one of the most efficient members of the board. His thorough knowledge of the people, for whom the common schools were established, enabled him to give valuable practical advice and to exercise his power in the wisest and most beneficent manner. He was re-elected at subsequent contests, and was a member when he died.

He Died in Harness.

He was at two meetings on Saturday July 16, one in favour of preserving an open space for the people of the district, the other in the interests of the Gladstone candidate for a seat in Parliament. At both meetings he spoke with his usual vigor. He returned home in good spirits, looking forward to his full Sunday services, and he enjoyed the night's rest. It was not till eight o'clock on Sunday morning that his wife awoke to find him sitting on a chair by the bedside, when, getting no reply to her inquiries, she called the servant, and on returning saw her husband fall back in the chair dead.

His Funeral

on July 23 was an imposing spectacle, not because of its splendor, for it was very plain, but because the streets on both sides all the way to the cemetery were lined by his personal friends, workingmen whom he had helped, who had run out from the bench or anvil to see the procession pass (*See Illustration No.* 5.) One man, as the hearse passed, called out in a rich Irish brogue: "*Uncover, every one of you.*" At another point a woman, as the coffin passed, said to her neighbor: "What a splendid lot of flowers; the reply, in a loud voice and again unmistakably Irish, was: "*Well, he deserves every one of them.*" One man wanted to see the body, and said: "*I was a poor drunkard; now I am well off, all through him.*" There was an Irishman came into this church to look at the coffin; he remained a time in silent prayer, and then he lifted up his head and said: "*He loved everybody.*" Nor was the mourning confined to the poor and uneducated. *Mr. Gladstone wrote* to Mrs. Murphy when he heard of the death: "It was with deep regret that I learned the unexpected death of your excellent husband. During all the later years of his career I heard with pleasure the good report on all hands of his ability, zeal and patriotism in all he undertook. At an earlier period I had the pleasure of some intercourse with him, and my experience was in full accord with what I have since heard from others. I only add the expression of my hope that you may be enabled to support this heavy bereavement in faith and hope."

At the church where the funeral service was held a crowd of distinguished persons was gathered (*See Illustration No.* 4.), and Rev. Newman Hall and other eminent clergymen spoke of his grand character and the debt which London owes to his tireless activity.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Most Faithful Warning.—A Christian worker relates: "The other day I walked home with a gentleman who holds a very good social position, and commenced talking of Christ as the Saviour of the world. Quite unexpectedly the gentleman interrupted me, saying, 'If ever I am saved it will be by myself; no person will ever do that for me.' 'And what do you think of Christ?' I inquired of him. 'A great deal, a very great deal,' was the answer; 'and I take much pleasure in reading the Bible; there is no other such book; yet if I am to be saved it must be by myself.' I felt constrained to turn towards him, and, looking him straight in the eyes, I said, "If you go on in that way of thinking, then, as surely as you are standing here with me, so surely you will go straight to hell.' It was a strong thing to say to a proud man, who thought he was able to save himself, but it was true, and God blessed it to his salvation.'"

Fighting Against Great Odds.—A Minister relates: "Three weeks ago while I was in London, a man came to me asking how he might live a better life. He was middle-aged, and respectable, but I knew that for years he had been struggling with sin in his own strength. I asked him how it was he had never had recourse to the one Divine and unfailing remedy, the great antidote for sin, the Lord Jesus; and he honestly owned to me that he had never sought it. Then I took my Bible, and showed him from God's testimony he could never expect to receive until he asked. 'Seek and ye shall find: knock and it shall be opened unto you.' The Holy Spirit blessed the means I used, and soon the man knocked, and the door of mercy was opened unto him. He sought and found the dear Saviour because he asked aright. God does not always give us just what we ask, but He never refuses to give the Holy Spirit to those who want Him."

A Very Popular Delusion.—A Worker Relates: "Not long ago I met a woman to whom I spoke of Christ and her need of Him. 'Are you all right with Him?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' was the rejoinder; "I know all about that. I read my Bible as often as you do, and I go to church just as often. I know all about it.' 'True,' I replied, 'but it is one thing to know about a person, and another to know that person yourself as a loving and beloved friend. Have you had a personal interview with Christ?' She could not say that she had, and there she was contentedly going on her way, as thousands do, thinking she was safe for eternity because she read her Bible and went to church. Oh, what a delusion! I solemnly told her that she must turn from her own way to Jesus, who is God's only way of salvation and the only sin-bearer, upon whom the Lord hath laid 'the iniquities of us all.' I believe that she did so, and found peace in the blood of Christ."

A Surprise in a Counting-House.—A Minister says: "A gentleman entered the counting-house of a wholesale warehouse, and said: 'My name is S.; I owe this firm an account, and have now called to pay it!' The book-keeper turned up the ledger, and, failing to find it, asked about what time the debt was contracted. 'About seven years ago,' was the answer. With this information the entry was soon found, and, on being read, the man recognized it, and remarked: 'I was unable to pay it at the time, but since then I have been more successful, and now I'll square it off.' 'I am afraid,' replied the cashier, 'I cannot take payment, for, the fact is, it has already been paid.' 'What? Paid! How is that? It was not paid when I left this country; since then I have been in America.' 'Some one else must have paid it for you,' said the clerk. 'I do not know who could have done that,' said the man. 'I have wanted to pay it a long time. I could not rest with the thought of this account being left unpaid. You must take payment of it, if only to ease my conscience.' But the cashier could not and did not do so. Similarly, there are some people who, though Jesus has paid their debt of penalty for sin, insist by some good work or virtue, real or imagined, on repaying it; but God will not accept such payment; already He has been paid in the only acceptable way—the blood of Jesus Christ—and all we have to do is to trust in the veracity of the receipt that Jesus has procured for us."

On the Eve of a Great Battle.—A Friend Relates that "When the Spartans encamped in front of the Persian host before the great battle of Marathon, they spent the day previous to the battle in combing their long locks and thoroughly cleansing their bodies. The Persians, as they watched them, said, one to the other, 'Are these the great Spartan warriors of whom we have heard so much, these effeminate creatures who think of nothing but the beautifying of their person? Truly it will not take much valor to overthrow them.' They did not know that these men had sworn to return *with* their shields or *upon* them, and they were thus adorning themselves that when dead, if they should die, their bodies might be presentable. Similarly, when the world sees a consecrated man cleansing his heart, and giving up petty tricks of business, and separating himself from things of doubtful rectitude, the world is apt to say, 'What a foolish fellow, he has no management,' and predicts his speedy downfall. They know not that he is thinking of the time when, after his death, he may be able to stand accepted before his Master, and hear His, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

"The Right Train for Richmond."—An Evangelist remarks: "One day I was in a train in the metropolis, and a lady, coming hurriedly up the platform, was about to enter the compartment in which I was sitting. Standing at the door she asked the guard, 'Is this the train for Richmond?' On receiving an answer in the affirmative, she got in. The train started, and at the first station at which it stopped, the lady put her head out of the window and asked a porter, 'Is this the train for Richmond?' Although she got the same answer she was not content, and at the next station the same scene was again enacted; and when she had seated herself for the third time I said, 'You need not trouble yourself any further; this train goes to Richmond; I go by it nearly every day.' And she believed me, because, being bound for the same place, I was traveling in the same conveyance. She had no faith in the conductor or porter, but she had faith in a fellow-traveler. Similarly, while the assurances of a pastor or a minister may fail to assure, simple testimony of a Christian relation or companion who believes and acts upon his belief may and often does lead doubters and those who are halting into the kingdom of Christ."

Why Milly Stayed With Her Father.—A friend observes: "I heard the story of a man, a drunkard, who, coming home one night in his usual state of intoxication, staggered up the stairs to his wretched apartments. He was clothed in rags, and entering his miserable home he threw himself, just as he was, upon his bed, and soon was in the drunkard's restless sleep. In the morning when he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was the form of his daughter, Milly, as she went about preparing breakfast, and trying her best to make things clean, bright and tidy. The father listlessly watched her for some time, then called, 'Milly, Milly!' The girl walked to the bedside, and gently placed her hand on her father's heated forehead 'Milly, my child,' he said, 'why do you stay so long with me? Why do you not leave me?' 'Because I love you,' was the sweet answer. 'What! Do you really love *me?*' 'Yes,' continued the girl, 'and when mother died, she said, "Milly, stay by your father, and love him, and help him, for one day he will come to Christ, and be good to you."' As his daughter repeated the words of her dead mother, tears stood in the eyes of the man. His heart was touched, and in the strength of God he gave himself to Christ, and found salvation in Him."

CONCERNING BIGOTS.

A Vacation Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Then said they unto him, Say now, Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—Judges 12 : 6.

The Civil War in Judæa—Enemies Detected by a Provincialism—The Differences Between the Sects—Sometimes Frivolous—All Entitled to Liberty of Conscience—Sectarianism not Religion—A Nothingarian Worse than a Sectarian—The Evil of Bigotry—I. Its Origin—In Wrong Education at Home—Bigots Ten Years Old—In Wealth and Influence—In Ignorance—Four Descriptions of an Obelisk—II. Its Baleful Effects—Cripples Investigation—Inspires Disgust with Religion—Hinders the Gospel Triumph—The Test of Beehives—Fails of Its Purpose—III. How to Overcome It—Beware of Self-Conceit—Giving Prominence to Principles, not Details—Doing Each Sect Justice—Association in Work—The Rescue of Lives on a Wrecked Steamer.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were

Detected by their Pronunciation.

Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say shibboleth, always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference!

The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The Church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists and the Arminians and the Sabbatarians and the Baxterians and the Dunkers and the Shakers and the Quakers and the Methodists and the Baptists and the Episcopalians and the Lutherans and the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians and the Spiritualists and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, and some of them founded by very bad men. But as I

Demand Liberty of Conscience

for myself I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals and in religion let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the Church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion and by strong censorship of the press, and by rack and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, and that you cannot make a man see things differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the Church. After a while the printing-press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, but where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between

Truth and Error.

The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let Error run, if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose this morning to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding-place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have *no admiration for a nothingarian.*

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the sea shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference and dislike—that man is mad who has no

Religious Preference.

But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship. A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer—not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was *going over a Quaker* rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

I. In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of

It Comes from Wrong Education

in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and after awhile go and see for themselves, and looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and fear His commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole lives bombarding other denominations, and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of

Bigots Ten Years Old.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from too great prominence of any one denomination in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right, because his denomination is the most wealthy, or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head, and wants other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger, than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long-drawn aisle, and an angel from heaven in the pulpit, if there be no Christ in the chancel, and no Christ in the robes.

Bigotry is often

The Child of Ignorance.

You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far east *a great obelisk*, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says; and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came, and said, "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?" Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as God's sunshine.

II. So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this evil. What are some of

The Baleful Effects?

First of all *it cripples investigation.* You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine, and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Armenian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational Church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Me-

thodist Church must show what holy enthusiasm hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel it especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the Church is that

It Disgusts People

with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the Church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, and missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shock of fire-arms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? Oh, no! You will say, "I'll go around the block." Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the *ecclesiastical brickbats* flying every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; if it is so rough, and there is so much sharp-shooting on the narrow road, I guess I'll try the broad road."

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins, he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another, just so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion, and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage, in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the Gospel. Oh, how much

It Wastes Ammunition,

how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole lives to controversial disputes, when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose this morning, while I speak, there were a common enemy coming up the bay, through the Narrows, and all the forts around New York began to fire into each other—you would cry out, "National suicide! why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet, I sometimes see in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on: church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy, and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness riding up through the bay.

I go out sometimes in the summer, and I find two beehives, and these two hives are in a quarrel. I come near enough not to be stung, but I come just near enough to hear the controversy, and one beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest," and another beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I come in between them, and I say, "Stop this quarrel; if you like that field of clover best, go there; if you like that field of clover best, go there, but let me tell you that that hive which gets the most honey is

The Best Hive."

So I come out between the churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. One denomination of Christians says, "That field of Christian doctrine is best," and another says, "This field of Christian doctrine is best." Well, I say, "Go where you get the most honey." That is the best church which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most honey of Christian usefulness for the life.

Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has Intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could nor get in the churches. And the name of the Church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the Church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship; and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities, there are seven hundred and seven books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did Intolerance stop that Church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it, the faster it marched.

What Has Intolerance Accomplished

against the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the Church it would not have to-day a disciple left. The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were confined, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf, all the men who signed it were indicted. Has Intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed about thirty thousand Churches and two and a half million communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew, and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England years ago? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counsellor and adviser? The descendant of a Jew! What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues a few years ago? The one hundredth birthday anniversary of Montefiore, the Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

III. But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry, or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to

War Against This Terrible Evil,

and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our own weakness and our own imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do not let us be egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then, I think, we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging upon those things in which we agree rather than those on which we differ. Now, here is

A Great Gospel Platform.

A man comes up on this side the platform and says, "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side the platform, and he says, "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No; I will say, "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Do you trust Him for time and for eternity?" He says, "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes." I say, "Come on, brother, one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the Church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield; while our own denominatian yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, If we are honest and

Fair-minded Men,

when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large-hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So come on, ye four hundred thousand Episcopalians in this country, and ye eight hundred thousand Presbyterians, and ye two and a half million Baptists, and ye nearly three and three quarter million Methodists—come on, shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help in it. Forward, the whole line.

Moreover, we may overthrow the feeling by

Joining in Christian Work

with other denominations. I like, when the spring-time comes, and the anniversary occasions begin, and all denominations come upon the same platform. That overthrows sectarianism. In the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society, shoulder to shoulder, all denominations.

Perhaps I might more forcibly illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place fourteen or fifteen years ago. One Monday morning, at about two o'clock, while her nine hundred passengers were sound asleep in her berths, dreaming of home, *the steamer Atlantic* crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh! what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways, and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life-line until he gets to the rock, and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel with three other men getting into a life-boat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, and

Companionship in Rescue?

Never! never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that awful night when the *Atlantic* struck Mars Head. Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed on the tempests of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life-boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side. In the memory of common hardships and common trials, and common prayers and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be. We must be.

"One army of the living God,
To whose command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ, and recite the creed: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the Communion of Saints, and in the Life Everlasting." May God inspire us all with the largest-hearted Christian charity!

PROPHETIC NOTES.

THE ENDINGS OF THE DISPENSATIONS.

In a meeting which was held recently under the auspices of the Council of the Evangelical Alliance, Dr. Fraser took occasion to declare his belief as to the teaching of the Scriptures in relation to the future of the world and the Church, and the duty of the Church in view of that future, in the following clear and unmistakable language:

"The Church began with suffering persecutions, and the Church will end with an epoch of judgment. That I believe to be the case with regard to all ages and dispensations of God. The age of the 'old world,' as it is called in the Bible, ended in judgment, and in deliverance through judgment. It ended in judgment by water, and in deliverance by water. Then came the Patriarchal age, ending in judgment, the children of Israel being saved through the same element that destroyed the pursuing Egyptians. The age of Israel ended with the judgment of those who were against Christ—by sword and fire. The present age of the Church, beginning with persecutions, will end with an epoch of judgment, and that judgment is *the Coming of the Son of Man* from heaven. Judgment will begin at the house of God. The Lord will come and try His servants. The Lord will afterwards judge the world, but His people will not come into condemnation, even as at the former crises, when His people were delivered. We are *in a pause before the Lord's coming*. We should be laboring for the edification of the Church. We do not know how long or how short a time we may have peace. This is not a time to waste our resources in little wars among ourselves, in fretful friction and in troublesome controversies about things upon which, evidently, we are not coming to any agreement."

A Revived Napoleonic Rite.

A Napoleonic anniversary long unobserved, even during the Second Empire, was revived on July 25, namely, that of the death of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland. His death took place on July 25, 1846, at Forli, and his remains were transported by his family in the following year to Saint Leu, near Paris. St. Leu, and its twin burg, Tavernay, contain a large population, chiefly of small landowners, who themselves cultivate their fields in the neighborhood. The anniversary mass was intended as a means of reviving the latent Bonapartism of the locality, the politics of which are now led by a Radical watchmaker. It may be, also, that the Bonapartists thought that in bringing St. Leu into notice they would revive the interest in the death of the Duc de Bourbon, which cast a stigma on the reign of Louis Philippe. The parish priest of St. Leu is, what is extremely rare among the secular clergy, a man of great wealth, and the owner of extensive house property in Paris. He announced beforehand that there would be a free distribution of food and clothing to all the indigent persons who attended, in consequence of which the nave was filled with the blind, the maimed, and the halt of the parish, as well as the poverty-stricken. A special train brought political sympathizers down from Paris, and the household of the Princess Mathilde drove over in a waggonette from St. Fratian. The church was draped in black. After the mass the congregation descended to the crypt of the Napoleons, which is lighted from above by a dome, and sprinkled the tombs there with holy water. Though people who study the condition of France in the light of the cable despatches are apt to regard Napoleonism as a dead issue, it is evident that there is life in it yet. This revival of the weird rite shows that a section of the French people fondly and tenaciously cling to the Napoleonic cause; and in a country so changeable as France, where opportunities come unexpectedly, a few faithful followers may easily start a movement which, if launched at a propitious moment, would place a Napoleon on the throne. While observation shows us that this *may* occur, prophecy shows us that it *will* occur. In a few years a Napoleon will be, not only master of France, but the monarch of the world.

A Statesman's Foresight.

People who are optimistically counting on a time of peace, will be surprised to learn that the Marquis of Salisbury, who is a clear-sighted statesman of phlegmatic temperament, by no means inclined to adopt a gloomy view of the situation, and who has made European politics the study of his life, entertains the opposite view. In the course of a debate in the British House of Lords, on July 26, the Marquis of Bristol called attention to the subject of international arbitration, and moved "That this House, in view of the yearly increasing armaments of European nations, is of opinion that the formation of an international tribunal for the reference of national disputes in the first instance is highly to be desired." He said he was old enough to remember the Great Exhibition of 1851, at which time the most hopeful anticipations of the future prevailed, and it was believed that a new era was opening, in which all the nations of Europe would be bound together in a brotherhood of amity and concord. Now nothing was seen or heard in Europe but the preparations and the operations of war. No effort, therefore, ought to be spared to lessen and minimize, and, if possible, put an end to, the existing deplorable state of things.

The Marquis of Salisbury said in reply: "My lords, it is impossible for me to mistake the spirit of earnestness in which my noble friend has brought this subject before the House; and I know that he does not stand alone in the feeling with which he regards the proposal he has made. There are a certain number of persons, very earnest and very excellent, who believe that this would be a remedy for the terrible evils of war, and from time to time urge it on the public mind. He has had some great predecessors. Yet I confess—and I think it is the general feeling—that, deeply as everybody sympathizes with the object my noble friend has in view, and earnestly as we must desire to see the day when the horrors of war may be prevented by the establishment of some species of international arbitration, it is very far from us now, and further apparently than it was some years ago. No one, I think, can watch the progress of

Affairs on the Continent of Europe,

and the tendency of various States, without seeing that the pacific spirit has not increased, and that the chances of avoiding war are not more favorable than they were. The chief effort of all nations now with regard to its warlike machinery is not merely to make it as potent as it can be made, but also to bring it into such a state of perfection that it can be *set in operation at the earliest possible time*. I fear, therefore, that the proposal of my noble friend is contrary to the tendency of all modern nations, and is not likely to meet with acceptance at their hands. I do not believe that one man in one hundred proposes that such an issue as my noble friend desires, intensely desirable as it is, will be witnessed by ourselves, by our children, or by our grandchildren; and it is idle to attempt to conceal from our minds the terrible realities of the case." These words of the Marquis indicate that the present time is one to which we may apply the prediction of Christ concerning the sign of His coming, and of the end of the world, as recorded in Matt. 24: "Ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars; for nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places."

"A Stirring Among the Dry Bones."

We are taught to expect, as one of the signs that will precede the coming of Christ, a period of unrest among the Jews, some of them turning to Christ and others yearning for their own land with an intensity which will lead them to accept the aid even of Antichrist in their effort to return. Another significant movement is reported amongst the Jews. A contemporary says: "News comes from ice-bound Siberia of a Gospel movement essentially the same as that of Rabinowitz. The leader is Jacob Scheinmann, a Polish Jew, who, twenty years ago came to the conclusion that the Messiah, the Son of David, was the true Saviour. The strict Talmudic Jews got him transported to Siberia, where for fifteen years he labored, almost unheeded, to awaken faith in his fellow-exiles. Among the uncalled-for mail matter which he found at Tomsk, where he was engaged in business, was a pamphlet by Rabinowitz, with whom he at once communicated. He has been busy disseminating his views through pamphlets called 'The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness.' Delitzsch's Hebrew translation of the New Testament is being eagerly read and studied by the Siberian Jews." Thus in many quarters there are tokens of a stirring among the dry bones: Rabinowitz in Bessarabia, Lichtenstein in Hungary, and now Scheinmann in Siberia. These movements will be followed with prayer and interest by thousands who see therein the working out of Divine prediction.

A HINDOO VILLAGE MILLER.

The Rev. J. D. Bate, of Allahabad, India, says: "A Hindoo of about fifty years of age was brought to me by Ramanath, who had been instructing him in the way of salvation. Three or four years ago he purchased a simple one-pice tract in our bázár here. This tract he took with him to his village, ten miles to the north of us, across the Ganges; and, not content with merely reading it, he committed the whole of it to memory. He then obtained a copy of the Gospel of Matthew, and proceeded in the same way to dispose of it. On seating himself by my side he answered some of my inquiries respecting his religious condition by reciting the '*ipsissima verba*' of the tract, and when I had put to him the third or fourth question he started off with the repetition of all he had committed to memory. The tract he rehearsed from beginning to end without a slip, and then proceeded to recite the Sermon on the Mount. He was a poor hard-working villager, earning his livelihood by grinding food-grain with a simple handmill. The tract, I should mention, is called 'Upadesh-mala,' and contains the account of the way of salvation, *in the words of Scripture alone*, from the first promises, all through the ages, down to the writings of the oldest apostle. What may we not hope for in connection with this man, when we remember the words of our Lord, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life'? But the man avows his firm faith in the Saviour thus revealed to him. He tells us that since he began these studies he has entirely relinquished the worship of idols, and that he has reposed all his hope on Christ, the Son of God, fully and without reservation."

A MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIM'S DISCOVERY.

In a letter from Mr. J. Ewen, of Benares, India, he writes: "I have had the pleasure of baptising two men, one of whom is a convert from Mohammedanism. He was born in Calcutta, and educated in Dr. Duff's institution. While attending it, the first seeds of truth were sown in his heart. The rules of the College necessitated his attending the Bible-class; but he hated the Bible because it condemned him. He left, as he thought, as unbelieving as when he entered. He commenced the study of medicine, and entered upon independent practice in his native city. For a time all went well; but it was a time of thoughtlessness. At last a storm of trouble broke about him, while he was still unprepared for it. His wife and children were cut off with cholera. The thoughts and reflections which filled his mind led him to give up his practice and set out on a pilgrimage to Mecca in the costume of a fakir. His journey led him through Benares, where he enjoyed the hospitality of his co-religionists. While in the city, the Sankudara mela occurred. Though a Hindoo festival, many Mohammedans attend, and he was thus led to join the crowd of pleasure-seekers. Some Christian evangelists were at

work when he reached. He stopped to listen, when their words fell upon his soul like oil upon the troubled waters. His doubts vanished before the new peace he enjoyed in learning, as never before, that Christ is a Saviour from sin. He delayed his departure to Mecca. A second meeting with the evangelists brought him to a decision. He gave up his pilgrimage, and accompanied them to their houses to receive fuller instruction. I met him on the day of his decision, and heard from himself how eagerly he desired the pardon of his sins. I could but point to the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world,' and urge him to trust the 'Mighty and able to save.' He is now, I rejoice to say, joyously trusting in Jesus; a pilgrim to the better land; approving himself to us by his quiet manner, and justifying his baptism by his walk and conversation."

A BIRD CHARMED BY A SNAKE.

AN incident witnessed by a gentleman near Petersburg, Va., illustrates the power exercised by Satan over his victims. They often become so powerless when they have recklessly ventured into the temptations which he spreads for them that they are unable to struggle, and they become his prey unless Christ, whose power he dreads, interferes for their rescue (Mark 5: 1–13).

The Virginian gentleman states that he was walking leisurely along a path which led through his plantation, when his attention was directed to the movements of a brown thrush which was circling about a small plum bush. This circling was kept up for a while, and then the thrush seemed gradually to weaken and at length stood perfectly still—immovable, with its wings partly open, and with its head bent forward. He drew nearer to the bush, when he heard an ominous hiss, and, looking down under the bush, he saw a large black snake coiled up and about to spring upon the bird. He frightened the snake away, and picked up the bird, which made no effort to escape, and seemed powerless. In a few minutes, however, the bird revived and shortly afterward flew off, doubtless glad to be delivered from the paralyzing charm.

A SAILOR CURING A SAVAGE.

AMONG the reminiscences of a sea-captain published in a Boston journal, is one of an amusing escape from a difficulty in which he was placed by a misconception of his abilities. The captain, when a mate on board a New Bedford ship, was sent ashore with a boat's crew to obtain water on the coast of Patagonia. The men were set upon by the savages, and the mate was made prisoner. Relating the experiences of his captivity, he says that the savages persisted in regarding him as *a wonderful physician*. Thinking that this veneration for the healing art might give him a chance to escape, he humored them in their belief. He had, however, considerable difficulty in keeping up his assumed character. On one occasion he was called to attend an old squaw widow who had suddenly fallen ill. There was no way of escaping the ordeal, so he went to her tent. The sick woman was crouched on a horse's skin, and she was the filthiest creature he ever beheld. He produced his watch with much solemnity, and felt the old squaw's pulse in the approved medical manner. He fumbled at the wrist for some time without finding the artery, but very justly reflecting that he would have been no wiser had he found it, he was not much disconcerted. The prescription was the next thing, and there he was puzzled, for he knew nothing of the Patagonian or any other Pharmacopœia. He thought, however, that the woman would be no worse for a good bath, so he ordered her to be carried to the nearest water and placed therein. She was to be well rubbed, and he gave minute directions as to the scrubbing being smart and thorough. His instructions were carried out, and when the layers of dirt were removed the old woman recovered, and the amateur physician's reputation was established among the natives. Had the mate received a thorough medical training, it is doubtful if he could have given a better prescription in this case, but the same treatment would not have cured every disease. In the affairs of the soul cleansing is not sufficient, though it is necessary. The cleansed soul would soon be mired again with sin, were it not that the Saviour, whose blood cleanses, also gives a new heart (Ps. 103: 3).

A MINER'S PERSISTENCE.

CANON WILBERFORCE, whose recent visit to this country was a source of good to many, was dwelling, in the course of one of his addresses, on the importance of the word "now," and related the following incident in point: A miner having heard the Gospel preached, determined that, if the promised blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it, until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and, in his untutored way, said: "Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' awa' wi'out it." And they did pray, these two men, wrestling in prayer until midnight, like Jacob at Peniel, until the wrestling miner heard the silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!" The next day a terrible accident occurred at the mines—one of those accidents which so frequently shock us with their horror merely in the reading of them. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men dead and dying was the quivering, almost breathless, body of this man, who only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had "now" for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two, ere the miner's soul took flight, but in that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy, "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—it's mine." Then the name of this poor man went into the list of "killed." There was no note made of the royal inheritance to which he had but a few hours before come into possession, through faith in Christ, and all by his believing grip of the word "now."

A BULGARIAN LIEUTENANT'S RECOVERY.

IN the current number of *Thy Healer** is a remarkable narrative related by Mrs. Mumford, of Phillipopolis, in Bulgaria, from which the following facts are obtained: Mrs. Mumford has had a girls' school in Bulgaria for about nine years. Some time before the recent war a boy came and asked to be taught English. He was admitted, and proved an apt scholar. In the course of his study he was led to abjure the Greek faith and become a Christian. Then the war broke out and he was required to go into the field. He acquitted himself so well that he was promoted from time to time until he became a lieutenant. Shortly afterward his name appeared in the list of those fatally wounded. There was no hope, the surgeons said, and the young man wrote farewell letters home and also to Mrs. Mumford, who immediately set out to visit him in the field hospital.

On her arrival, Mrs. Mumford says: "I saw how bad his case was, for I had had some experience of wounds in the American war. My husband was killed in that war. The day after my arrival in Sofia, there were three consultations, but the most skilful physicians pronounced his case hopeless. As I stood by the bedside of this young man, I looked at him and said: 'You see there is no help in man?' 'Yes,' he said. 'Would you like to live longer if the Lord wills it?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied. 'But if you live longer and lose your soul afterwards, would you not rather die now and be saved?' 'Yes.' 'Do you suppose the Lord could heal you if He was here on earth?' 'Yes, I think He could.' 'Suppose He stood near your bed, would you ask Him to heal you?' 'I think I would.' 'Suppose, then, we ask Him to heal you, for He is here as much as if you saw Him.' He agreed, and so I put my head near the pillow, for he was very weak and ill, and prayed. It was not five minutes after this before he slept, and every symptom began to mend. In the morning, when the doctor came to visit him, he was astonished. He said: 'Why, you are better, and I think you are going to get well,' and he turned round to a sister who was nursing him and said: 'Keep on with the same medicine.' 'No, doctor,' I said, 'we do not give him any medicine.' 'No medicine?' he asked. 'No, I have not given him any since yesterday.'"

To the doctor's astonishment, the patient whom he and his colleagues had given up in despair completely recovered, and the young Christian testified that the Lord had healed him.

A MOHAMMEDAN NAAMAN.

A SINGULAR case of conversion is described by Dr. Dowkontt in his excellent *Medical Missionary Record*. It is communicated by Dr. W. Carey, a grandson of the renowned missionary whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 28. Dr. Carey says that he had frequently noticed a Mohammedan of striking appearance engaged in a mosque, opposite his house in Delhi, India, reciting and teaching passages from the Koran. One day, to Doctor Carey's astonishment, this man entered the dispensary, where the doctor was giving an address to his patients.

"He had been taken ill," says Dr. Carey, "and came to our dispensary for advice. He listened to my address, and at the close of the service came forward directly. Although he was the last to come in, he thought he had a right to be seen first. He came pushing his way up. When he came up to me I said, 'What do you want?' 'Treatment, of course.' 'Treatment you will have; but we have a rule here, and you must respect it—"First come, first served." We make no distinction between caste here. All who come shall be seen in their turn.'

"The man went back in a great rage, and went out of the place, his dignity hurt. However, he reconsidered the matter, and returned to his place. There he waited until I had seen every patient. 'Now,' I said, 'my man, it is your turn; come up.' He would not move, so I had to persuade him to come up. He was quite sulky, but told me what was the matter; and I treated him and he was soon restored to health. The last time he came I said: 'You are well now, and there is no necessity for coming again.' He replied, 'Yes, thank God, I am,' and for a time disappeared.

"But one day I saw him sitting in his old place, right in the corner at the door. He waited till I had seen one or two cases, then went away. I kept my eye on him, and saw him come two or three times in this manner. One day I detained him. 'I want to see you,' I said, 'Are you not well?' 'Thank God, I am very well,' he replied. 'Then why do you come here?' His answer was, 'I have been greatly impressed with what I heard you say about Jesus Christ, and I am anxious to know more about Him. Will you tell me?' Of course I was only too glad to tell him all I could. I took him into my room, and with a native brother taught him to the best of our ability. At last he asked to be baptized, and we found no reason to refuse. He was baptized, and became a consistent member of the Delhi Church. So God is blessing our work.

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*Thy Healer and Faith Witness, a Monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where Missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 75 cents, may be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Railroad Catastrophe in Illinois on Wednesday of last week has sent a thrill of horror throughout the country. No accident on record equals it in the number of deaths and fatal injuries. It is believed that over one hundred persons were killed and over four hundred were seriously injured. This terrible result is not astonishing when we learn that the train contained 960 passengers, and that it fell *through a burning bridge*. It appears that the train was an excursion train for Niagara Falls, on the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad, and it was filled up at various stations on the way through Central Illinois; the larger part of the passengers, however, being from Peoria. When it drew out of Peoria at eight o'clock on Wednesday night, every sleeping berth was occupied and all the day cars were full. Two engines were required to draw it, and as it was an hour and a half behind time, extra speed was put on. No stop was made at Chatsworth, the station eighty-five miles from Chicago, and the train dashed on till it came to a wooden bridge running over a dry slough three miles beyond Chatsworth. When about a hundred yards from the bridge the engineer on the front engine saw *tongues of flame leaping up*. There was no possibility of stopping, and the next moment the train was among them. The first engine passed over safely, but the bridge fell beneath the train, and the cars were telescoped and piled one on the other in indescribable confusion. The second car had run clean through the first, killing or maiming every person in it. On top of the second car lay the third, and its bottom was smeared with the blood of its victims. The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but they were broken and twisted in every conceivable way. All the cars lay on the burning bridge and speedily caught fire. Then the shrieks of the wounded and dying burst forth, and it seemed as if all who were unable to crawl out of the wreck must be burned. *There was no water* to put out the fire, but the survivors worked desperately to smother it with earth, and they labored at it from midnight until four in the morning, when it was finally extinguished. Soon afterward help arrived, and the wounded were cared for and the dead removed.

The New Postal Treaty with Mexico is Already producing practical results. The past month shows a larger increase of commercial intercourse between the two countries than was expected of the first month under the convention, especially in the matter of sending small dutiable packages by mail. Under the new plan these packages are examined by the customs authorities, and the duties called for by the Mexican tariff are simply added to the postage and collected on delivery, without any of the costly machinery of certified invoices, consular certificates, and other charges, which were virtually prohibitory. The only drawback now to a more complete reciprocal relation between the two countries is the lack of some system of exchange. The Mexicans have not yet taken advantage of the money-order system in their home offices, and consequently it will be a work of time and difficulty to negotiate a supplementary postal treaty establishing money-order facilities between the two countries. When this is done the benefits of the Convention will be more fully felt, and that they will be very valuable is proved by the advantages already reaped in spite of the difficulties experienced in the remission of money.

The Government Report of Exports, Issued last week, show an increase for the month of July in the exportation of breadstuffs. All the ports of the United States, except two, contributed to the aggregate. The value of the cargoes sent from New York were nearly $1,250,000 in excess of 1886; from Philadelphia, over $500,000 in excess; from New Orleans nearly $500,000 in excess, and from other customs districts $1,500,000 in excess of the exportation for the corresponding month of 1886. The only fallings off were $50,000 in Boston, and $60,000 in Baltimore.

The Work of Constructing a Navy Appears to be making progress. On August 8, bids were opened at the Navy Department for three additional cruisers and two gunboats. The maximum speed of the cruisers is to be at least nineteen knots an hour. For every quarter knot developed above the guarantee a premium of $50,000 will be awarded, and on the other hand, for every quarter knot below that speed $50,000 will be deducted from the contract price. These contracts were divided between Messrs. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia; the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, and the Columbia Iron Works, of Baltimore. The aggregate cost of the vessels will be $5,400,000, not including their armament. In twenty-four months the cruisers are to be completed, and the gunboats in eighteen months. The United States have no intention nor apprehension of being engaged in a foreign war, but it is quite time that the Government owned something better than Robeson's wooden hulks with which to protect our commerce and our citizens abroad who may be endangered by foreign broils.

The Promotion of Engineer Melville to the head of the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy Department in the place of Commodore Loring who has resigned, is an arrangement which gives general satisfaction. Mr. Melville won the admiration of the whole country by his bravery in the Arctic in the *Jeannette* expedition and by the tact and energy he displayed in bringing home the bodies of his dead comrades. He was also a member of the expedition which, after Senator Sherman's opposition had been defeated, was sent out to the relief of the brave explorers of the Greely party and succeeded in rescuing the survivors. Though these feats do not prove his capacity for his new duties, it is stated by those who know him that he does possess that capacity, and they do prove him to be a man of energy and activity, of whom much may be expected in the responsible position in which he is now placed.

Liabilities Amounting to Twenty Millions caused the assignment of a firm in New York last week. Messrs. Ives & Co., whose operations in Wall Street have kept the Stock Exchange in a ferment for several months, finally announced their suspension on Thursday last. An unusual circumstance was, that the announcement of the assignment was greeted by the assembled brokers with shouts of joy. In some respects, the rise of the young man who is the head of the firm, from a clerkship at $10 a week to a speculator manipulating millions, resembles the career of Ferdinand Ward, but it is believed that the disasters which accompanied and followed the Ward failure will not be duplicated in this case. The daring of the speculator, and the colossal character of the schemes he had in hand, are a characteristic sign of the intense greed of the times after riches.

A Vast Forest Fire Raged for Several Days last week on the frontiers of Germany and Belgium. It broke out on August 7, in the forest, which extends twenty-five leagues on Belgian and German territory on the road from Verviers to Aix-la-Chapelle. The fire began on the German side of the line and spread rapidly on the Belgian side, in a sheet of flame over one mile and a quarter wide, toward the district known as Les Hautes-Fagnes. Efforts were made to prevent its reaching the great peat bogs of that neighborhood, as, if it seized them, it was feared that the fire would last for weeks. Gendarmes and forest keepers toiled unceasingly to get it under control, but it increased in spite of their efforts, until the flames held an area that it took seven hours to walk around. On August 10, a large force of military was sent to assist in extinguishing it, but a heavy downpour of rain did more effectual service in getting it under control. It is believed that the worst of the danger on the German side is now over.

The Spread of Asiatic Cholera Through Southern Italy is causing alarm again this year. Daily reports come by cable of increasing mortality. Most of the towns from which reports are received are on the eastern coast of Sicily, but from Messina the disease appears to have been carried northward to Naples and to several places in the neighborhood of that city. Last year the first cases were found at Brindisi, and the disease was carried northward along the west coast of the Adriatic to Venice and thence into Hungary. This year its course is toward the other side of the peninsula.

The Irish Land Bill in its Amended Form was passed by the British House of Lords on Friday last after a heated debate and one or two of the changes made by the House of Commons had been modified. The bill was vigorously opposed by some of the Liberal Unionists, which fact implies that the concessions it makes to the Irish tenants are more important than was supposed. The Duke of Argyll especially denounced the measure as one which would foster among the Irish not industry, but laziness, making tenants more unthrifty. It would, he said, give tenants the privilege of regulating the rents to such an extent as to enable them, however lazy or ignorant, to remain on their holdings. The bill was a violation of recognized truths. Some of the amendments simply proposed the robbery of land owners.

Further News from Mr. H. M. Stanley was received last week. On June 6, his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, had reached a point half way between Yambi and Yambunga, the latter point being the furthest point on the Aruwhimi reached by Stanley in 1883. Navigation was difficult and slow, because the boats were carrying all necessary supplies for Emin Pasha, in addition to the supplies of the expedition. Stanley chose the Aruwhimi route in preference to that by the Stanley Falls route, because he learned that by the former he would have better resources, and because the natives were more friendly. He hoped that his steamers would be able to ascend the rapids above Yambunga, beyond which the river is easily navigable. Stanley expected to reach Wadelai, where Emin Pasha is, about the beginning of August. It would appear that Stanley had been obliged to await the arrival of the contingents left at Bolobo and Leopoldville, and had adopted the overland route.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of The Christian Herald. Received, with thanks, $20 from J. T. Barker, Niles Mich.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal, have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $11.50. They are from Lowell, Mass., $2; Linden, Md., $2; Chambersburg Pa., $1; East Vassalboro, Me., $5; Buncombe Iowa, 50c; Orwigsburg, Pa., $1. A large number of applications for the paper from colored ministers whose merits on our consideration are strongly endorsed are on hand. The fund, however, is now exhausted; but should our friends be moved to contribute we shall of course be glad to put the new names on our list as requested. For every dollar received one name is put on the list for a year.

Dr. McGlynn, the Excommunicated Roman Catholic priest, has written an article in the *North American Review*, in which he declares, what Protestants have long believed, that the Romish Church is the enemy of the common school system. He also contends that the present exemption from taxation of churches and religious institutions is an injustice to the community. His doctrine, as he now states it, embraces these propositions: 1. That "only common schools and common charities should be supported by the common treasury." 2 That "only the common language of the country should be taught in common schools." 3. That the doctrine of equal taxation should be applied to all corporations, civil and religious, "without exemption in favor of any church, charity or school, or, in a word, of any institution that is not the property of the people and controlled for some public and common use by public officials."

A Leap from the Clouds was taken at Rockaway, N. Y. on August 9, by an aeronaut named Baldwin. He ascended in a balloon from Jamaica Bay, carrying with him a parachute of his own invention. This was like an enormous sun-umbrella in which cords supplied the place of ribs. The cords extended below the sides of the muslin top, which was twenty-five feet across, and were collected in an iron ring ten feet in diameter, and were continued to a smaller iron ring below. When the balloon had reached the height of more than a thousand feet, the aeronaut climbed out of the car, and opening the parachute clung to the lower ring, and dropped. At first the parachute did not open properly, and the man fell like a stone; but presently it fully expanded, and the speed of descent was checked. The air under the big muslin dome reduced the fall to twelve feet a second, and after about a minute and a half the man's feet struck the water, and he was brought ashore breathless, but otherwise uninjured. The aeronaut's foolhardy feat was witnessed by several thousand persons, who went out from New York and Brooklyn to see him risk his life. When he stepped out of the basket of the balloon at that dizzy height, he showed a faith in the efficiency of his invention which it is difficult to get the anxious sinner to exercise though it is not to any human device but to the Saviour that he is urged to trust himself (2 Tim. 1 : 12).

A Young Viscount Died in Extreme Poverty and was buried by charity in New York on August 6. His name was Lord Drummond, Viscount Forth, and he was a grandson of the Earl of Perth and Melfort and a cousin of the Duke of Argyll and the Duchess of Northumberland. His grandfather and his titled relatives cast him off because he had married a domestic servant. They offered however to forgive him and receive him back if he would desert his wife. This the young man refused to do, and coming to America in 1871, he tried to earn a livelihood here. At one time he hired out as a farm-hand; later he and his wife were in domestic service in Madison Avenue, New York, afterwards he got his living by fishing and hunting on the shores of Long Island. Then he became a porter for a wholesale house and his wife worked as a seamstress. They were always poor, but seemed happy until the young man took to drinking, when his health broke down and his wife had to keep him and her child out of her slender earnings. Last month he was admitted to St. Luke's hospital, where he died on August 4, at the age of thirty-one. Whatever we may think of his prudence, it is impossible not to admire the fidelity he displayed toward his wife, and the love which led him to prefer poverty and hardships with her to wealth and honors without her. She on her side appears to have loved him devotedly. Had she not been true to the man who made so great a sacrifice for her, she would have been singularly unworthy. Yet many who would have denounced her conduct then are themselves guilty of an act still more discreditable. They reject Christ, who humbled Himself for their sakes and died for them (II Cor. 8 : 9).

The Deplorable End of a Quarrel in Georgia has caused general regret through a wide circle of society. On Sunday evening, August 7, a few friends were assembled at the house of Mr. Lewis, in Atlanta. They were chatting sociably when another friend of the host entered and was introduced to the company. This man, it appears, had some weeks previously offended one of the persons present, who had vowed to chastise him the first time they met, wherever it might be. He regretted that the meeting should have taken place at the house of a common friend, and asked the man to go outside, that he might put his threat in execution without annoyance to his host. Consent being given the two went out, but one of the company, noticing their departure and knowing something of the trouble, followed them and endeavored to make peace. But he was too late; the men had already clinched and were engaged in a furious struggle. In attempting to separate them, one of them, who had a revolver in his hand, fired a shot, which struck him and killed him. It was very sad that he should have died by the hand of a man he sought to serve. That was accidental, and probably no one grieves so much as the man who fired the shot. It was different in the case of the great Peacemaker who laid down His life in making peace between the world and its God. Then the world designedly killed Him who had come to save it (Acts 2 : 23).

Fifty Acres of Land for a Wife Was a Reward offered recently by a settler, in the northwest of Canada, to a relative who arranged the affair. He was visiting his brother at Owen Sound, and was so impressed with the contrast between the comfort his brother enjoyed as a married man, with the discomfort of his own surroundings, in his bachelor home in the northwest, that he became earnestly desirous of changing his condition before his return. As his visit was nearing a close when he reached this determination, it was necessary that the preliminary proceedings should not be delayed, and as he was acquainted with no one of the opposite sex in the town except his brother's wife, he offered her a deed of fifty acres of land if she would get him a wife by the Saturday following the date of the offer. The sister-in-law met with indifferent success in her mission until Friday, when she met an unmarried lady, who was willing to accept matrimony on any reasonable terms. The two were introduced to each other on Saturday evening just as the boat was leaving. A consultation was held, the pair were married on the spot, the sister-in-law was handed over the deed for the fifty acres of land, and the bride and groom steamed away for their prairie home. Unhappily, Christian people do not live up to their privileges, or worldly people who see their happiness would similarly be moved to seek the blessing for themselves (1 Peter, 2 : 22).

A Terrible Hour in the Rapids of Niagara was spent by a Montreal man on August 10. He and a companion went by Goat Island to the Horseshoe, early in the morning. He noticed several logs lying close to the brink, and beyond them past the old Terrapin Bridge, a large rock. He had a strong desire to stand upon that rock, and, in spite of his companion's warning, tried to walk to it over the logs. He did very well until he came to a point on the logs covered with green slime, where he slipped off, and fell into the rapids. Instantly he was carried under the logs, but while under water he caught hold of the third log and hung on, with *his feet projecting over the brink*. Fortunately the log breaks the current somewhat, and he was enabled to hold on until he had fully recovered his senses. His comrade was surprised to see his head above water, supposing, of course, he had gone over the Falls. When, however, he saw him clinging to the log, he ran away for assistance, and meeting a man driving a wagon and team, he persuaded him to come and help. Taking the harness off the horses, they buckled the lines and straps together into a line, which they threw to the almost exhausted man, and drew him out. He had been on the brink of the rapids a full hour. It was a terrible experience, clinging there on the verge of destruction, and unable to extricate himself from the mighty current. That is the case of the man who has fallen in the slippery paths of sin, and realizes his danger. Happy is he then, if, perceiving his own helplessness, he puts his trust in Him who is mighty to save (Isa. 63 : 1).

BRIEF NOTES.

Nearly $20,000 have been subscribed since April 1 to liquidate the debt on the school for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost is now preaching at Hope Church, Springfield, Mass. In the fall he will resume his evangelistic labors.

A State university for colored people is to be built in Montgomery, Ala. The city has given $5,000 and three acres of land to the institution.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison's twelve weeks' services at Worcester, Mass., were blessed of God to the conversion of more than eight hundred persons.

The American Missionary Association will hold its annual meeting at Portland, Me., on October 25. The Rev. Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach.

Out of 8,034 saloon-keepers in the city of Philadelphia there are only 470 Americans, while there are 2,179 Germans, 3,041 Irish, and 2,344 of other nationalities.

Mr. W. F. Bischoff is holding services in a large tent, near his home at Springfield, Ill. He went home to rest, but the churches of the city erected the tent for him, and he is taking his rest in work.

The National Association of Local Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its thirtieth annual session in Harrisburg, Pa., September 17–20, in the Ridge Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church.

E. J. Garvie, a Sioux Indian, in a recent address, stated that there are 2,000 living Sioux converts, and as many more have died in the faith. There are sixty-eight tribes of Indians in our country without missionaries.

The erection of a handsome Presbyterian Church at Minneapolis, Minn., is to be commenced this month for the use of Dr. Stryker's congregation. The money already subscribed to the building-fund amounts to $20,000.

Rev. Dr. Fulton has been lecturing on the Pauline Propaganda in California. Efforts are being made to secure his permanent services in that State. The Metropolitan Temple at Los Angeles is spoken of as a suitable building for his mission work.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, has given the Methodist church of New Castle, Pa., the land on which their new edifice is being built. Mr. Sankey was a member of this church in his youth, and was superintendent of its Sunday-school for several years.

One result of the open-air preaching in New Orleans this summer is the organization of five new Sunday-schools in various parts of the city. The mission has confided the management of them to the respective churches in whose neighborhood they are.

The Christian work conducted by Mr. R. Knudson among the lumbermen at Marinette, Wis., has been much blessed. Several of the churches in the neighborhood have received large accessions to their membership through the instrumentality of his special mission.

At the re-union of ex-army chaplains at Ocean Grove on August 4, the Rev. J. William Jones, who was a chaplain in the Confederate Army, was present, and participated with his Northern brethren in the exercises. The welcome accorded him would have shocked or palsied Gen. Fairchild, had he witnessed it.

An Excellent Opportunity for Boys and Girls now on their vacation to earn pocket money, now offers itself by canvassing for "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" and selling it weekly from house to house in their own neighborhood. A number of boys have commenced this since the holidays, in preference to doing anything else. Send postal card at once, for terms.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For in that He himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."—Hebrews 2 : 18.

A Special Requisite in a High Priest—Sympathy Conspicuous in Jesus—I. Jesus Suffering—Suffered in Temptation—Temptation Not Always Causing Suffering—Suffered by Association With Sin—Tempted in His Circumstances—By His Kindred and Friends—By the Devil—By the Hiding of God's Face—The Fruit of His Temptation—Made Perfect—Comforting Inferences—II. Jesus Succoring—A Divine Business—A Lady's Resolve Abandoned—His Methods of Succoring—III. Jesus Sought After—Good Reasons for Seeking—Lady Huntingdon's Answer to a Downcast Man.

We are told by the apostle, in the fifth chapter, that one special requisite in a high priest was that he could have compassion upon men. However dignified his office, he was still a man. He was one of whom we read that he could lose his wife, that he could lose his sons. He had to eat and to drink, to be sick and to suffer, just as the rest of the people did. And all this was necessary that he might be able to enter into their feelings and represent those feelings before God, and that he might, when speaking to them for God, not speak as a superior, looking down upon them, but as one who sat by their side, bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh.

Now this is peculiarly so in the case of our Lord Jesus Christ. He abounds in tenderness, and though He has every other quality to make up a perfect high priest, though He is complete, and in nothing lacking, yet if I must mention one thing in which He far outshines us all, but in which we should all try to imitate Him, it would be in His tender sympathy to those who are ignorant and are suffering and sorely distressed.

I. First, then, and to begin, here is

Jesus Suffering.

I call your attention, first, to the feeling that is here expressed: "in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted." Many persons are tempted, but do not suffer in being tempted. When ungodly men are tempted, the bait is to their taste, and they swallow it greedily. Temptation is a pleasure to them; indeed, they sometimes tempt the devil to tempt them. They are drawn aside of their own lusts and enticed. But good men suffer when they are tempted, and the better they are the more they suffer. I know some children of God to whom temptation is their constant misery, day and night. If it took the form of external affliction they would bravely bear it; but it takes the shape of evil suggestions and profane insinuations, which leap into their minds without their will, and though they hate them with their whole heart. These suggestions continue to annoy some dear saints whom I know, not only daily, but nightly, and that month after month. These thoughts beset them as a man may be surrounded by swarms of midges or flies, from which he cannot get away. Such brethren are tempted, and they suffer being tempted. Our Lord Jesus Christ enters into this trying experience very fully; because His suffering through being tempted must have been much greater than any suffering that the purest-hearted believer can know, seeing that He is more pure than any one of us.

It was a trying thing to the Blessed Christ even to dwell here among men. He behaved Himself with most condescending familiarity, but He must have been greatly sickened and

Saddened by what He Saw

in this world of sinners. Our Lord and Master had such a delicate sensitiveness of soul with regard to holiness, that the sight of sin must have torn Him as a naked man would be torn by thorns and thistles and briers. There was no callousness about His nature. He had not made Himself familiar with sin by the practice of it, as many have done; neither had He so associated with those who indulge in evil as to become Himself lenient toward it. He suffered in being placed where He could be tempted.

When sin actually assailed Him, and He was bidden to prove His Sonship by working a miracle to feed Himself, thus anticipating His Father's providence by a hasty act of self-seeking, how He must have loathed the suggestion! When Satan bade Him presumptuously cast Himself down from the temple's pinnacle, how He must have smarted at the horrible proposal? When the tempter hissed into His ear that abominable offer, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me," it must have grieved the holy heart of Jesus most intensely. He could not yield to temptation, but He did suffer from it. He did not suffer from it morally, He was too pure for that; but He did suffer mentally because of His purity.

Now, then, you poor creatures who can scarcely lift up your heads because of shame as you tremble at the memory of your own thoughts, come hither, and meet with One who suffered being tempted! He knows how you are hunted by hell-dogs, go where you may. He knows that you cannot escape the presence of the tempter, and from His own experience He enters into your feelings to the full. He gives you a flood of sympathy in these deep distresses of your spirit, as you fight against Apollyon and agonize against temptation, for He suffered being tempted.

Our Lord was tempted by His circumstances, just as you are; yea, more than many of you are: for He felt the woes of poverty, and poverty at times carried to the extreme. "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." You are sometimes tempted with the thought that you will be

Out of House and Home

before long. Where will you find a nightly shelter? Jesus can sympathize with you. He also was weary with incessant labors. "Being wearied, He sat thus on the well." Weariness has its temptations. He that is weary is hardly in the condition to judge rightly of things. When we are weary, we are apt to be impatient, complaining, hasty. If you are weary and can scarcely keep your eyelids from dropping down, remember, before you quite yield to fatigue, that your Lord was weary too. Once "they took Him even as He was into the ship;" and I think it must mean that He was too weary to go into the ship Himself, so that they took Him in His absolute exhaustion, and gently laid Him down, in the hinder part of the ship, placing His head upon a pillow. So you see that the Lord knows from His own circumstances what are the temptations of poverty and of weariness. He Himself was an hungered. He Himself said, "I thirst." Everything round about Him contributed to fulfill the tale of His trials. He Himself was, above us all, "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

And then He suffered from temptations arising from men. It would seem that even

His Mother tried Him.

His mother was with His brethren when we read that they were without, desiring to speak with Him. Was it not at that time they desired to take Him, for they said, "He is beside Himself?" The men of His own kindred thought that surely He was a man distraught, who ought to be put under restraint. "Neither did His brethren believe in Him."

His disciples, though He loved them so intensely, yet each one tried Him. Even John, the dearest of them all, must needs ask for places at the right and the left hand of His throne for himself and his brother James. Even Peter "took Him and rebuked Him." And you know how, worst of all, He had to complain in utmost bitterness of spirit, "He that eateth bread with Me hath lifted up his heel against Me." So that from the circle of His own favored ones He gathered more thorns than roses. He received wounds in the house of His friends, even as you may have done. Herein you see His power to exhibit sympathy with us. He suffered just as we do.

As for His enemies, need I speak about them? Did they not all tempt Him? Herodians and Sadducees—the openly skeptical; Pharisees and Scribes—the professedly religious, were equally His fierce foes. Those to whom He was a benefactor took up stones again to stone Him; and Jerusalem, over which He had wept, cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him," and would not rest till He was slain. So you see how He was tempted, and how He suffered.

Moreover, it is a very wonderful fact—one could scarcely have imagined it—but the record is most clear—He was tempted of the devil: *He* was tempted of the devil. He in whom all evil is personified dared to stand foot to foot

In Single Duel

with Him in whom all goodness is concentrated. The fiend infernal dared to face the God incarnate. God in our mortal flesh encountered the devil in the wilderness of temptation. How could the fiend have ventured to assail our Lord? Truly Lucifer was lifted up to the extreme of pride when he dared thus to confront his Lord. You that are tempted of the devil; you that are troubled by mysterious whisperings in your ear; you that, when you sing or pray, have a blasphemy suggested to you; you that even in your dreams start with horror at the thoughts that cross your minds, be comforted, for your Lord knows all about temptation!

Once again; our Lord knew those temptations which arise out of being deserted by God. There come times to certain of us when our soul is cast down within us, when faith becomes feeble, and joy languishes, because the light of the Divine countenance is withdrawn. We cannot find our God. In this great temptation our Lord has suffered His full share. He cried, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani." There was condensed into that dying cry an infinity of anguish such as we cannot conceive of. He has suffered being tempted even by that heaviest of all the trials which ever fall upon the sons of God. There is the fact.

I desire to go a step further, to comfort you upon the fruit of all this; for though our Lord thus suffered being tempted, He suffered not in vain; for He was made perfect through His sufferings, and fitted for His solemn office of High Priest to His people. From that fact I want you to gather fruit, because our heavenly Father means to bless you also. We cannot comfort others if we have never been comforted ourselves. I have heard—and I am sure that it is so—that there is no comforter for a widow like one who has lost her husband. Our Lord obtained a blessing from suffering temptation: and you may do the same. Wherefore be content to suffer being tempted, and look for the comfortable fruit which all this shall produce in you. I want you that are tempted to draw the following inferences from the suffering and temptation of the Lord Jesus:—First, that *temptation to sin is no sin.* It is

No Sin to be Tempted;

for in Him was no sin, and yet He was tempted. If you yield to the temptation, therein is sin; but the mere fact that you are tempted, however horrible the temptation, is no sin of yours. And, in the next place, temptation does not show any displeasure on God's part. He permitted his Only-Begotten Son to be tempted: He was always the Son of His love, and yet He was tried. And again, temptation really implies no doubt of your being a son of God: for *the* Son of God was tempted, even the unquestioned Son of the Highest. The prime model and paragon of sonship, Christ Himself, was tempted. Then why not you? Temptation is a mark of sonship rather than any reflection thereupon. Note, next, that temptation need not lead to any evil consequences in any case. It did not in your Lord's case lead up to sin. The Lord Jesus was as innocent in temptation and after temptation as before it, and so may we be through His grace. It is written by the beloved John concerning the man that is born of God, that "He keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth Him not. Moreover, do not make it any cause of complaint that you are tempted.

If your Lord was tempted, shall the disciple be above his Master, or the servant above his Lord?" If the Perfect One must endure temptation, why not you? Accept it, therefore, at the Lord's hands, and do not think it to be a disgrace or a dishonor. Far from your hearts be the idea that any temptation should lead you to despair. Jesus did not despair. Jesus triumphed, and so shall you; and therefore He cries, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Wherefore comfort one another with these words, "He Himself hath suffered being tempted;" for you who have His life in you shall first suffer with Him, and then reign with Him.

II. But now I come, briefly, to notice

Jesus Succoring.

Jesus suffering is preparatory to Jesus succoring. Observe, then, "He is able to succor them that are tempted." In this we note *His pity*, that He should give Himself up to this business of succouring them that are tempted. Have you a tempted friend living in your house? If so, you have a daily cross to carry; for when we try to comfort mourners we often become cast down ourselves; and the temptation is for us to get rid of them, or keep out of their way. Has it never occurred to any friend here to say, "That good brother, who sits in the pew near me, is rather a burden to me. I have spoken to him several times, but he is so unhappy that he drags me down. I go out of another door now to get out of his way." So might your Lord have done to the unhappy, and to you, if He had not been your Lord; but He is such a pitiful One that He seeks out those that are cast down: He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He lays himself out to succor them that are tempted, and therefore He does not hide himself from them, nor pass them by on the other side. What an example for us!

He devotes himself to *this divine business* of comforting all such as mourn. He is Lord of all, yet makes Himself the servant of the weakest. Whatever He may do with the strongest, He succors "them that are tempted." He does not throw up the business in disgust: He does not grow cross or angry with them because they are so foolish as to give way to idle fears. He does not tell them that it is all their nerves, and that they are stupid and silly, and ought to shake themselves out of such nonsense. I have often heard people talk in that fashion, and I have half wished that they had felt a twinge of depression themselves, just to put them into a more tender humor. The Lord Jesus never overdrives a lame sheep, but He sets the bone, and carries the sheep on His shoulders, so tenderly compassionate is He. Here is His pity.

But He has also *the disposition* to succor them. He obtained that tender temper through suffering, by being Himself tempted. The man that has seen affliction, when he is blessed of God, has the disposition to cheer those that are afflicted. I have heard speak of

A Lady Out in the Snow

one night, and who was so very cold that she cried out, "Oh, those poor people that have such a little money, how little firing they have, and how pinched they must be! I will send a hundredweight of coals to twenty families, at the least." But I have heard say that, when she reached her own parlor, there was a fine fire burning, and she sat there with her feet on the fender, and enjoyed an excellent tea, and she said to herself, "Well, it is *not very cold, after all.* I do not think that I shall send those coals; at any rate not for the present." The sufferer thinks of the sufferer, even as the poor help the poor. The divine wonder is that this Lord of ours, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," and now takes a delight in succoring the poor. Having been tempted, He helps the tempted; His own trials make Him desire to bless those who are tried.

And then He has the special *ability*. "He is able to succor them that are tempted." I know certain good brethren whom I am very pleased to see, and I am very happy in their company, when I am perfectly well; but I do not enjoy their presence when I am ill. Thank you; no, I would rather not have their visits multiplied when I am unwell. They walk heavily across the room; they have a way of leaving doors open, or banging them; and when they talk, they talk so loudly and roughly that the poor head aches, and the sick man is worried. The things they say, though they are meant to be kind, are the sort of remarks that pour vinegar into your wounds. They do not understand the condition of a sufferer, and so they say all their words the wrong way upwards. If Christians are to be comforters, they must learn the art of comforting by being themselves tried. They cannot learn it else. Our Blessed Master, having lived a life of suffering, understands the condition of a sufferer. He has a fitness for dealing with tempted ones.

Let me spend a minute or two in telling you

His Methods of Succoring

them that are tempted. He does it in many ways, and perhaps there may be many here who know more about those ways than I do. Usually He succors the tempted by giving them a sense of His sympathy. They say, "Yes, my Lord is here. He feels for me." That is in itself a succor of no mean order. Sometimes He succors them by suggesting to them precious truths which are the sweet antidote for the poison of sorrow. There is in the Bible a remedy exactly fitted for your grief, if you could only find it. The point is to find out the right promise; and the Spirit of God often helps us in that matter by bringing the words of the Lord Jesus to our remembrance. Sometimes the Lord succors His people by inwardly strengthening them. "Oh," one has said, "I am under a heavy trouble, but I do not know how it is I can bear it much better than I thought I should." Yes, through grace, a secret divine energy is poured into the soul. I have known the Lord bless His people by making them very weak. The next best thing to being strong in the Lord is to be extremely weak in yourself. They go together, but sometimes they are divided in experience. It is grand to feel, "I will not struggle any more. I will give all up, and lie passive in the Lord's hand." Oh, it is the sweetest feeling, I think, outside heaven! In these ways He Himself succors those who are tempted.

III. I will close by thinking of

Jesus Sought After.

Let us seek Him. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, come to Him who is able to succor you. Do not stay away until you are a little comforted, but come in your despair.

First, *where else can you go?* Who can help a soul like you? Come to Him, then. Men are nothing; miserable comforters are they all. The cisterns are all broken: come to the fountain. Come to my Lord. Every other door is shut, but yet you may not despair, for He says, "Behold I set before you an open door."

Where better can you go? Do you want to find a friend able to help you? Do you really want a comrade that can be a brother to you? To whom should you go but unto your own Lord, the sympathizing Son of Man? To whom better can you go? Do you say that you are downcast? Do you tell me you are afraid you are no child of God? Never mind about that. Come as a sinner if you cannot come as a saint. Do you mourn that you have no good thoughts? Come and confess your bad ones. Do you lament that you are not broken-hearted for sin, as you ought to be? Come, then, to be broken-hearted. Do you mourn that you are unspeakably bad? Then, come at your worst. It is never a good thing if you want a surgeon, to say, "My bone is broken, but I shall not have it set until it begins to mend." Poor foolish thing! go while it is broken. O perishing sinner! cry to the Saviour. Ask Him now to save you.

"I am lost," said Mr. Whitefield's brother to the Countess of Huntington. "I am delighted to hear it," said the Countess. "Oh," cried he "what a dreadful thing to say!" "Nay," said she, "for the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost; therefore I know He has come to save *you*." O sinner, it would be unreasonable to despair. The more broken thou art, the more ruined thou art, the more vile thou art in thine own esteem, so much the more room is there for the display of infinite mercy and power. The Lord, who succoreth the tempted, Himself bless and comfort you!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

MR. D. L. MOODY'S ANECDOTES.*

I REMEMBER, when I was in St. Louis the last time, there was an old man who had been away off on the mountains of an ungodly life; but in his early manhood he had known Christ. There he was in the inquiry-room, literally broken down. About midnight that old man came trembling before God, and was saved. He wiped away his tears and started home. Next night I saw him in the audience with a terrible look in his face. As soon as I'd done preaching, I went to him and said, "My good friend, you haven't gone back into darkness again?" Said he, 'Oh, Mr. Moody, it has been the most wretched day in my life." "Why so?" "Well, you know, this morning, as soon as I got my breakfast, I started out. I have got a number of children, married, in this city, and they have got families; and I have spent the day in going around and telling them what God has done for me. I told them how I had tasted salvation, with tears trickling down my face; and, Mr. Moody, I hadn't a child that didn't mock me." That made me think of Lot, down in Sodom. It is an awful thing for a man who has been a backslider to have his children mock him. But it is written, "Thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord."

Traveling the Wrong Road.

Sometimes we go right against our feelings. I remember once when I went to Cleveland—I had been eighteen years in Chicago—and when I got to Cleveland I found Lake Erie was on the west side of the city. I was completely turned around. The sun rose in the West and set in the East all the time I was there. If I had gone according to my feelings, I would have gone right into Lake Erie and been drowned for it; but I didn't go according to my feelings, I went according to knowledge; knowledge is better than feelings. One time I went across the corner of this county, and I was driving along some roads where I had never been before. When I had got, as I thought, within about five miles of Conway, I began to think, "Now, you are going according to your feelings; hadn't you better have a little knowledge about this thing?" so I reined up at the first house and called, "Hello, there!" A man came out; and when I asked him about the road, I found that, instead of going to Conway, I was going right away from it. First I thought the man was wrong, then I thought, "This man has lived here for years, he knows the way better than I do;" so I turned around and drove my horse right against my feelings. Don't mind your feelings, let feelings take care of themselves; what you want is, to obey. When people begin talking about their feelings, bring them right to Scripture.

A Boy who Beat his Father.

Sometimes you have got to answer a boy according to his folly. I remember that one time a teacher came to me and said, "Here is a boy—I can't do anything with him." I went down and took the class; it was perfectly still for a while. I had occasion to say that it was a very dangerous thing for a man to go into saloons and think he could come off without harm; the devil will beat him every time. Said this boy, "Will he beat him with a stick? I said, "Did you ever play a game of checkers?" "Yes." "Who with?" "With my father." "Did you ever beat your father?" "Yes." "Did you

* From "D. L. Moody at Home: His Home and Home-Work." Pp. 288; price, $1.00. Published by *Fleming H. Revell*, 148 Madison Street, Chicago.

Our Royal Siamese Guest.

Travelling by Wheelbarrow in China.

beat him with a stick?" It took the starch right out of him. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

A Seventy-five Dollar Pew.

A great many people hire a pew, and then they think they own it as much as they own their house. If a stranger comes into the pew, they think he is just as much out of place as if he had gone into their house. Did any of you ever go into a church in some strange place and have the sexton put you in some one's pew? The people that own the pew take a look at you, as much as to say, you are in some one else's place, and it gives you a very awkward feeling. I have been there myself; I know just how you feel. I never go into a church in my life that I don't feel very awkward till the services get going. I tell you, this is all wrong. The pews should be free. If you can't have free pews, then let us come to a compromise—let us have them free every Sunday night. Let it be known that the seats are perfectly free on Sunday night; let the strangers have the best seats that night; let it be well advertised, and make the people welcome when they come. If you do this you will soon have all the non-church-goers you can do with. "Oh, but," says some one, "that will wear the carpets." What if it does? Did you ever see a church worn out? I would travel over the world to see a church worn out. You get the people to come, if you want to; but they won't come and sit in rented pews. I remember hearing a story of a man that owned a pew, and didn't seem to like it when a stranger took his seat there. He wrote on a slip of paper, "This is my pew," and handed it to the stranger, who wrote back, "What do you pay for it?" the man wrote, "I pay seventy-five dollars; and the stranger wrote back, "It's a good pew—it's worth it." Now the idea that men have—"I hire this pew; it belongs to me"—stands right in the way of all our efforts to reach non-church-goers.

THE SIAMESE PRINCE.

(See Illustration.)

Much interest has been manifested in the young Siamese Prince who recently arrived in New York on his way home from England, where he went to attend the Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria. The favor now being shown to the Christian missionaries in Siam by the king and his statesmen, renders the welcome tendered to him all the more timely.

Prince Krom Mun Devawongse Varopraker is the eighth of the nineteen brothers of Chulalonkorn I., reigning King of Siam. He was born in 1858, and is, therefore, now twenty-nine years old. He speaks English fluently, and his remarks show that he is very intelligent, and has read extensively the books and newspapers of America and Europe. He had heard all about the Statue of Liberty and the Brooklyn Bridge, and examined both with much interest. Accompanying the prince are four little princes, sons of the King of Siam, and consequently, nephews of Devawongse. Their ages range from nine to fifteen years, and they are known to their father's subjects as Kitiya, Rabi, Pravit, and Chira.

The country of Siam is situated to the south of Burmah and southwest of China. Its area is about 259,000 square miles, and its population is estimated at six millions. It may be hoped that what the Prince has seen in his journey around the world will lead him not only to favor the introduction of Western civilization into his country, but to encourage the people to seek the knowledge of the true God, and to listen to the missionaries.

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

(See Illustration.)

The modes of conveyance used by the Chinese in different parts of the country vary very much. In the south of Kiang-su and the north of Cheh-kiang boats are everywhere available for long journeys, as rivers and canals are numerous. In the south of Cheh-kiang, among the hills, goods are carried by porters, passengers travel by sedan-chairs, and asses or mules are rarely if ever seen. Horses are only used by officials and soldiers.

In Shanghai *wheelbarrows* are much used, both for the conveyance of goods and passengers; and north of the Yang-tsi-kiang, asses, mules, wheelbarrows and carts of various descriptions abound. The larger wheelbarrows have often one or two men pulling them, or an ass, mule, pony or ox harnessed on in front, while the coolie behind does a full share of the heavy work, making often a journey of thirty miles a day in fine weather. The picture on this page shows one of these wheelbarrows, on which a sail is used to assist the humble toilers when the wind is fair, and a glance at it will show its peculiar construction and the mode in which it is propelled.

The Rev. Dr. Williamson, in his valuable work, "Journeys in North China," refers to these wheelbarrows as follows: "We met many of their extraordinary wheelbarrows, moving along on dry ground *with a sail set*, each barrow having a great wheel in the centre, finely balanced. Those we saw were laden heavily, and had a large sheet of cloth set on a framework in front; many of these were so rigged as to be raised or reefed at pleasure, the ropes or braces being attached to a hook close to the driver. We have never seen these wheelbarrows without pity. The strain to the men who manage them is very great; indeed, we have never before witnessed human beings under such heavy labor."

THE MENTOR'S REMORSE.

(See Illustration on page 525.)

"We must go and see what my tailor can do for you, David; Job is a very worthy man and a good Sunday-school teacher, but when he made your coat he did you a great wrong. I suppose they still wear such things in the village. I remember they did so ten years ago."

"Oh, yes; the coat was admired there; but I notice people staring at me, and perhaps it is the coat; I did not know what made them look so."

"Yes, it is the general effect—gives you a Rip Van Winkle appearance, you know."

David Willoughby certainly did attract attention, and more than one person who knew his fashionably attired companion, Fred Shaw, wondered why Fred was walking around with that countrified lad. The fact was, that Fred liked the young man whom he had known in the quiet New England village where both of them were born, but which Fred had quitted ten years ago to study law in the city. David had stayed on in the village, working on his father's farm until, yielding to Fred's persuasions, he, too, had come to the city, and was employed in the same office with his friend. A generous, merry, warm-hearted fellow David was, and an ardent admirer of his mentor, Fred Shaw. Fred thought he knew him thoroughly, and he *did* know his good qualities; perhaps had he also known his weakness he would not have urged him to venture among the temptations of the city.

It was astonishing how quickly David shed his country appearance and manners under his friend's guidance. As Fred said, after he had been with him a few months, no one could tell that he was a country boy. He became a favorite with society, and his quick wit and light-hearted gaiety made him popular wherever he went. Indeed, he had distanced his friend in knowledge of the city, and adaptation to its ways. It had been difficult at first to get him to go to places which he had been taught to regard as wicked; but having been once initiated, he had shaken off the restraints of his early training, and was a regular frequenter of the theatre, and shady resorts where a good deal of money

was lost and won over the gaming table.

"David, my boy, you are going the pace; mind you don't go too fast," Fred remarked one day, as the young man's red eyes and listless manner indicated the occupation of the previous night.

"Oh, I am all right," David said. "It is the worst thing in the world to pull up your horse when he is leaping. I am having a splendid time. I can never thank you enough for bringing me out of that lifeless village."

"All right, so long as you do not overdo it. That is possible, you know, even for a millionaire, and you are a long way from that."

"Don't croak, Fred; I've got a beastly headache this morning, I'll hear your sermon another time; I am only following your advice in going around and seeing life."

"I know; but I did not expect you would go into it with such zest. Besides, as I brought you here and introduced you, I feel some responsibility."

"It is a little late for that, old fellow; your advice was all the other way some time ago. I have lost my appetite for a milk diet now."

The Past Can Never Be Undone.

This conversation increased Fred's uneasiness, which had been growing for some weeks as he saw that David was mixing with the very fastest set about town. He attempted to restrain him now, but David laughed at his fears and quoted against him some of the very maxims that Fred himself had instilled into his mind. Fred shook his head sadly, and said he wished he had never disturbed him from the farm.

"But you did, you see, old fellow," David said, "and you must admit I have got on. It is the life I was made for. You did me a service, and anyhow, what is done cannot be undone."

"No; I see that," Fred said, "I wish I could undo it. You are so reckless; you cannot do anything in moderation."

It was of no use; David was not to be held back, and with deep sorrow Fred saw him becoming more and more dissipated. At last the culmination came. David, to meet "a debt of honor," used some securities belonging to his employers, and was in momentary danger of detection. His anxiety was noticed by Fred, who with difficulty wrung from him a confession of the crime.

"Tell me who has the deeds and I will try to get them back," Fred said.

David told him, and Fred set out at once to visit the country residence of a notorious gambler on his almost hopeless errand. As he passed through the fields near his destination, he encountered the very man whom he sought. A very few words sufficed to show Fred that there was no hope of saving his friend. He offered the man all he had in the world to give up the deeds, but his offer was scoffed at, and as to David being ruined and his father's heart being broken by this disgrace—why, that was David's own affair.

Fred turned away, and as soon as he was alone flung himself on the grass in a fit of uncontrollable weeping. His remorse was more than he could bear. The man to whom his piteous appeal had been made saw him fall, turned and looked at him for a minute as at some curious exhibition, and passed on heedless of his misery.

Several years after that night Fred Shaw and David Willoughby were sitting together in a poor boarding-house in a distant city.

"Well," said Fred, "we are going to begin life afresh now."

"But we cannot wipe out the past," David said. "I cannot get rid of the prison stain, nor ever recompense you for the sacrifice you have made in coming here with me."

"Don't speak of that now, David. We have both made our peace with God through Christ, and if He will help us, as we pray He will, we may use our bitter experience to save other young men from going the same sad road."

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 510.)

Happiness in Sickness—Slow Recovery—Convalescence in the Country—New Religious Light—Work in the Seminary—A Six O'clock Prayer-Meeting—An Application for Work—Commences Labor among Jews—Proposes to Go Out without Salary—A Question of Conscience—Influenced by Expectation of Christ's Speedy Coming.

I CAME to England weak in body, and in consequence of much study, as I suppose, I was taken ill on May 15, and was soon, at least in my own estimation, apparently beyond recovery. The weaker I became in body, the happier I was in spirit. Never in my whole life had I seen myself so vile, so guilty, so altogether what I ought not to have been, as at this time. It was as if every sin of which I had been guilty was brought to my remembrance; but at the same time I could realize that all my sins were completely forgiven—that I was washed and made clean, completely clean, in the blood of Jesus. The result of this was great peace. I longed exceedingly to depart and to be with Christ. When my medical attendant came to see me my prayer was something like this; "Lord, Thou knowest that he does not know what is for my real welfare, therefore do Thou direct him." When I took my medicine, my hearty prayer each time was something like this: "Lord, Thou knowest that this medicine is in itself nothing—no more than as if I were to take a little water. Now please, O Lord, to let it produce the effect which is for my real welfare, and for Thy glory."

After I had been ill about a fortnight my medical attendant unexpectedly pronounced me better. This, instead of giving me joy, bowed me down, so great was my desire to be with the Lord: though almost immediately afterwards grace was given me to submit myself to the will of God. After some days I was able to leave my room. Whilst recovering, I still continued in a spiritual state of heart, desiring to depart and to be with Christ. As I recovered but slowly, my friends entreated me to go into the country for a change of air; but my heart was in such a happy and spiritual frame, that I did not like the thought of travelling and seeing places—so far was I changed, who once had been so passionately fond of travelling. But as my friends continued to advise me to go into the country, I thought at last that it might be the will of God that I should do so, and I prayed therefore thus to the Lord: "Lord, I will gladly submit myself to Thy will, and go, if Thou wilt have me to go. And now let me know Thy will by the answer of my medical attendant. If, in reply to my question, he says it will be very good for me, I will go; but if he says it is of no great importance, then I will stay." When I asked him, he said that it was the best thing I could do.

I was then enabled willingly to submit, and accordingly went to Teignmouth. It was there that I became acquainted with my beloved brother, friend, and fellow-labourer, Henry Craik. A few days after my arrival, the chapel, called Ebenezer, was reopened, and I attended the opening. I was much impressed by one of those who preached on the occasion. For though I did not like all he said, yet I saw a gravity and solemnity in him different from the rest. After he had preached, I had a great desire to know more of him; and being invited by two brethren of Exmouth, in whose house he was staying, to spend some time with them, I had an opportunity of living ten days with him under the same roof. Through the instrumentality of this brother the Lord bestowed a great blessing upon me, for which I shall have cause to thank Him throughout eternity. I will mention some points which God then began to show me.

1. That the Word of God alone is our standard of judgment in spiritual things; that it can be explained only by the Holy Spirit; and that in our day as well as in former times, He is the teacher of His people. The office of the Holy Spirit I had not experimentally understood before that time. Indeed, of the office of each of the blessed persons, in what is commonly called the Trinity, I had no experimental apprehension. I had not before seen from the Scriptures that the Father chose us before the foundation of the world; that in Him that wonderful plan of our redemption originated, and that He also appointed all the means by which it was to be brought about. Further, that the Son, to save

us, had fulfilled the law, to satisfy its demands, and with it also the holiness of God; that He had borne the punishment due to our sins, and had thus satisfied the justice of God. And further, that the Holy Spirit alone can teach us about our state by nature, show us the need of a Saviour, enable us to believe in Christ, explain to us the Scriptures, help us in preaching, etc. It was my beginning to understand this latter point in particular, which had a great effect on me; for the Lord enabled me to put it to the test of experience by laying aside commentaries, and almost every other book, and simply reading the Word of God and studying it. The result of this was, that the first evening that I shut myself into my room, to give myself to prayer and meditation over the Scriptures, I learned more in a few hours than I had done during a period of several months previously. *But the particular difference was, that I received real strength for my soul in doing so.* I now began to try, by the test of the Scriptures, the things which I had learned and seen, and found that only those principles which stood the test were really of value.

3. Another truth into which, in a measure, I was led during my stay in Devonshire, respected the doctrine of *the Lord's second coming*. My views concerning this point up to that time had been completely vague and unscriptural. I had believed what others told me, without trying it by the Word. I thought that things were getting better and better, and that soon the whole world would be converted. But now I found in the Word that we have not the least Scriptural warrant to look for the conversion of the world before the return of our Lord. I found in the Scriptures, that that which will usher in the glory of the Church and uninterrupted joy to the saints, is the return of the Lord Jesus, and that, till then, things will be more or less in confusion. I found in the Word that the return of Jesus, and not death, was the hope of the apostolic Christians, and that it became me, therefore, to look for His appearing. And this truth entered so into my heart, that, though I went into Devonshire exceedingly weak, scarcely expecting that I should return again to London, yet I was immediately, on seeing this truth, brought off from looking for death, and was made to look for the return of the Lord. Having seen this truth, the Lord also graciously enabled me to apply it, in some measure at least, to my own heart, and to put the solemn question to myself—What may I do for the Lord, before He returns, as He may soon come?

4. In addition to these truths, it pleased the Lord to lead me to see *a higher standard of devotedness* than I had seen before. He led me, in a measure, to see what is my true glory in this world, even to be despised, and to be poor and mean with Christ. I saw then in a measure though I have seen it more fully since, that it ill becomes the servant to seek to be rich and great and honored in that world where his Lord was poor and mean and despised.

I do not mean to say that all that which I believe at present concerning these truths, and those which, in connection with them, the Lord has shown me since August, 1829, were apprehended all at once; and much less did I see them all at once with the same clearness as, by the grace of God, I do now; yet my stay in Devonshire was a most profitable time to my soul. My prayer had been, before I left London, that the Lord would be pleased to bless my journey to the benefit of my body and soul. This prayer was answered in both respects; for in the beginning of September I returned to London much better in body, and as to my soul, the change was so great that it was *like a second conversion.*

After my return to London, I sought to benefit my brethren in the seminary, and the means which I used were these: I proposed to them to meet together every morning from six to eight for prayer and reading the Scriptures, and that then each of us should give out what he might consider the Lord had shown him to be the meaning of the portion read. One brother, in particular, was brought into the same state as myself; and others, I trust, were more or less benefited. Several times, when I went to my room after family prayer in the evening, I found communion with God so sweet that I continued in prayer till after twelve, and then, being full of joy, went into the room of the brother just referred to; and, finding him also in a similar frame of heart, we continued praying until one or two; and even then I was a few times so full of joy that I could scarcely sleep, and at six in the morning again called the brethren together for prayer.

All this, moreover, did not leave me idle, as regards actual engagements in the Lord's work, as I will now show. After I had been for about ten days in London, and had been confined to the house on account of my studies, my health began again to decline; and I saw that it would not be well, my poor body being only like a wreck or brand brought out of the devil's service, to spend my little remaining strength in study, but that I now ought to set about actual engagements in the Lord's work, particularly as He had now given me more light about His truth, and also a heart to serve Him. I consequently wrote to the Committee of the Society, requesting them to send me out at once, as they had now had an opportunity of knowing me; and that they might do so with more confidence, to send me as a fellow-laborer to an experienced brother. However I received no answer.

After having waited about five or six weeks, in the meantime seeking in one way or another to labor for the Lord, it struck me that I was wrong and acting unscripturally, in waiting for the appointment to missionary work from my fellow-men; but that, considering myself called by the Lord to preach the Gospel, I ought to begin at once to labor among the Jews in London, whether I had the title of missionary or not. In consequence of this I distributed tracts among the Jews, with my name and residence written on them, thus inviting them to conversation about the things of God; preached to them in those places where they most numerously collect together; read the Scriptures regularly to about fifty Jewish boys, and became a teacher in a Sunday-school. In this work I had much enjoyment, and the honor of being reproached and ill-treated for the name of Jesus. But the Lord gave me grace never to be kept from the work by any danger, or the prospect of any suffering."

The conviction having grown upon him that he ought to dissolve his connection with the Society, he says: "The question that next occurred to me was, how I ought to act if not sent out by the Society? With my views I could not return to Prussia; for I must either refrain from preaching, or imprisonment would be the result. The only plan that presented itself to me was, that I should go from place to place throughout England, as the Lord might direct me, and give me opportunity, preaching wherever I went, both among Jews and nominal Christians. To this mode of service I was especially stirred up through *the recently received truth of the Lord's second coming*, having it impressed upon my heart to seek to warn sinners, and to stir up the saints; as He might soon come.

At the same time it appeared to me well that I should do this in connection with the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews, serving them without any salary, provided they would accept me on these conditions. An objection which came to my mind against taking any step which might lead to the dissolution of my connection with the Society—namely, that I had been some expense to it, and that thus I should appear ungrateful, and the money would seem to have been thrown away, was easily removed in this way: 1. When I engaged with the Society, I did it according to the light I *then* had. 2. I have but one Master; His is the money, and to Him I have to give an account. 3. Though I have nothing to boast of, but much reason to be ashamed before God on account of my lack of service, yet, speaking after the manner of men, in some measure I did work, not only in the Lord's service, but even in that particular line for which the money had been put into the hands of the Committee.

There remained now only one point more to be settled: how I should do for the future as it regarded the supply of my temporal wants, which naturally would have been a great obstacle, especially as I was not merely a foreigner, but spoke so little English that, whilst I was greatly assisted in expounding the Scriptures, it was with difficulty that I could converse about common things. On this point, however, I had no anxiety; for I considered that, as long as I really sought to serve the Lord, that is, as long as I sought the kingdom of God and His righteousness, these my temporal supplies would be added to me. The Lord most mercifully enabled me to take the promises of His word, and rest upon them, and such as Matthew 7: 7, 8, John 14: 13, 14, Matthew 6: 25-30, were the stay of my soul concerning this point. In addition to this, the example of brother Groves, the dentist before alluded to, who gave up his profession, and went out as a missionary, was a great encouragement to me. For the news, which by this time had arrived, of how the Lord had aided him on his way to St. Petersburg, and at St. Petersburg, strengthened my faith.

At last, on December 12, 1829, I came to the conclusion to dissolve my connection with the Society, if they would not accept my services under the above conditions, and to go throughout the country preaching (being particularly constrained to do so from a desire to serve the Lord as much as in me lay, before His return), and to trust to Him for the supply of my temporal wants. Yet at the same time it appeared well to me to wait a month longer, and to consider the matter still further, before I wrote to the committee, that I might be sure I had weighed it fully.

On December 24 I went to the Church Missionary Institution at Islington, in the hope of benefiting the students there, if it were the Lord's will. I returned very happy, as I was almost invariably at that time, and went to bed full of joy. Next morning (being that of Christmas day) I awoke in a very different state of heart from what I had experienced for many weeks past. I had no enjoyment, and felt cold and lifeless in prayer. At our usual morning meeting, however, one of the brethren exhorted me to continue to pray, saying that the Lord surely would again smile on me, though now for a season, for wise purposes, He seemed to have withdrawn Himself. I did so. At the Lord's table, in the morning, a measure of enjoyment returned. Afterwards I dined in a family, in company with the brother just referred to. My former enjoyment gradually returned. Towards evening the Lord gave me an opportunity of speaking about His return, and I had great enjoyment in doing so.

At eight o'clock I was asked to expound at family-prayer, and was much assisted by the Lord. About half an hour after the exposition was over, I was requested to come out of the room to see one of the servants, and the mother of another of the servants, who had been present at family-prayer. I found them in tears, and both deeply impressed and under concern about their souls. I then went home, at least as happy as on the previous evening. I have related this circumstance, because I am aware that it is a common temptation of Satan to make us give up the reading of the Word and prayer when our enjoyment is gone; as if it were of no use to read the Scriptures when we do not enjoy them, and as if it were of no use to pray when we have no spirit of prayer; whilst the truth is, in order to enjoy the Word, we ought to continue to read it, and the way to obtain a spirit of prayer is to continue praying; for the less we read the Word of God, the less we desire to read it, and the less we pray, the less we desire to pray.

(*To be continued.*)

PIETY WITHOUT DISPLAY.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 28: Matt. 6: 1-18, Golden Text 1 Sam. 16: 7.

Ver. 1-4, Doing Alms Means Doing Righteousness. See Revised Version—When Thou Doest; Then it is to be a Habit—Christ's Favorite Principle—The Act Appraised by the Motive—The Desire to be Seen, Still Common—Two Rewards Obtainable—Those who Choose the Lower Miss the Higher—Christ's Assurance That God Seeth in Secret—A Warning and an Encouragement—Ver. 5-8, Right Things May be Done in a Wrong Way—Christ's Principle Applied to Prayer—Mechanical Piety in Vain Repetition—Your Father Knoweth—Better Than You Do—Ver. 9-13, The Model Prayer—Simple and Comprehensive—The Best Blessings for the Individual and the World—What the Answer to the Prayer Would Mean—Ver. 14, An Authoritative Warning.

SOME men's religion is all outside; it is for the eye of man, and not for the eye of God. They want to make on others an impression of their own zeal and devotion, and they will do anything to ascertain what impression they make. It is of the utmost importance to them that they should be known as religious people, and spoken of as such. If they have said a word at a meeting, they search diligently in the newspaper reports to see if their name is mentioned, and what is said about them. If they give a donation or subscription to any good work, they examine the subscription-list to see whether others around them give more or less than they, that they may get some idea whether or not they are counted generous. If they do any good thing which costs them self-denial, they find so many opportunities of mentioning it, that one is forced to the conclusion that it must have been a most unusual thing. Alas! alas! self, and not God, has been the mainspring of their life, and the words of Jesus come with withering severity, "Take heed that ye do not our righteousness before men, to be seen of them; else ye have no reward with your Father which is in heaven, (R. V.)" The object sought has been obtained—they have been seen of men,—"Verily I say unto you,

They Have Received their Reward."

(R. V.) These are the men "who have their portion in this life" (Ps. 17: 14). In their lifetime they have received their good things (Luke 16: 25). Their aim has been no higher than earth; they are in their religion as in all else, "of the earth, earthy" (1 Cor. 15: 47). They have not sought God's glory, but their own, and have "loved the praise of man more than the praise of God" (John 12: 23). Thus, although they profess to belong to the Christian religion, their principles are the same as those of Mohammedans or Buddhists—they seek to acquire merit, and to get credit among men for all they do. Jesus warns His people not to be like them, "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee" (R. V).

Again, our blessed Lord teaches the difference between reality and unreality in prayer. He condemns the prayer which is calculated to attract the eye of man. God would not have any man revered by other men, and looked upon as a marvel of sanctity. This is the very thing which has led to the worship of saints. The holiest man on earth is so only by the undeserved grace of God; he is no object for worship, but is only an instance of God's wondrous grace—his business is to attract others to Him also. Therefore, God would have our communion with Him to be in secret, with closed doors. The man who can pray better in a prayer-meeting than quite alone with God, is living more in the atmosphere of fellowship than in communion with God; man is more to him than God.

The Prayer of the Heathen.

"But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathens do; for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking." Are there not many Christians who think, like the heathen, that the answer to prayer depends, in great measure, on their own earnestness? Are there not many who think that if they pray all night about a thing they are more likely to obtain the answer than if they pray for it a shorter time? is there not some idea that there is some power in the prayer itself? some thought that it can overcome God if it is earnest enough? But is not this just the idea of the heathen? Did not the prophets of Baal cry aloud six long hours, and cut themselves with knives, and manifest the most extreme earnestness in their prayer? If earnestness could command an answer, would it not have done so on Mount Carmel? Why were they not heard? Because there was no power in their god. The secret of success in prayer is to believe in the power and in the faithfulness of God. What things soever ye desire, *when ye pray believe that ye receive them*, and ye shall have them (Mark 11: 24); that is, believe that, there and then, God has undertaken the matter and made it His business. The prophets of Baal credited their prayers with all the power, and were unheard. Elijah credited his God with all the power, and was answered by fire from heaven (1 Kings 18: 25-39). The prophets of Baal counted on themselves; Elijah counted on his God. When a child of God places anything by faith in the hands of his God, what becomes of it? Is it a chance whether God undertakes it? Are we to believe that He requires a great deal of pressure to be put upon Him by the number of those who pray, or the number of times the prayer is repeated? No; "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry" (Ps. 34: 15). Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." There are some who, when they pray, put on the most doleful tone of voice, a tone which resembles the key of the professional beggar, and would certainly give a stranger the idea that the petitioner stood a very poor chance of getting what he asked, or he would change from the minor key.

Our Lord applies the same principles to

Fasting.

The general idea of Christians is that fasting joined with prayer brings some compulsion to bear on God, and that He will answer prayer thus offered, when He could not be persuaded to do so otherwise. What an idea to have of God! Is He then so miserly, and does He so grudge His gifts of love and grace, that it takes such immense pressure to induce Him to act in any way in accordance with the name of Father? No; He has given us His ideas of fasting (Isa. 58: 6-14), and they are, that it consists in unselfishness and care for others; there may indeed be times when God calls us to abstain from food because He would have us free from distraction in listening to Him; but this is quite a different thing from fasting in order to obtain something from Him, or fasting to impress others with our holiness.

Our Lord, having thus shown the relationship of God to us as a Father, gives us a model of of prayer, "After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father, which art in heaven." We start with our acknowledgment of God's relationship to us; we are coming to a *Father*, "*Our* Father," we do not come for ourselves only. God teaches us to pray "for all men" (1 Tim. 2: 1-2). But this Father is not an earthly father; our relationship to him introduces us into another kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven, "Our Father which art in heaven," or our heavenly Father; Father of all that is of heaven in our hearts and lives, "Hallowed be Thy name." We are led to pray, first, for the interests of God. "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God." This prayer is a profession that we really do desire God to be glorified, even though it be at our expense. When God threw down the walls of Jericho, there was nothing to glorify Joshua; God's name was exalted, not his. When he directed Gideon to fight against the Midianites with trumpets, torches and pitchers, there was nothing in all that was done to magnify Gideon as a warrior; the Lord gained the victory. Are we willing that in all we do we should be as little and foolish in the eyes of others as Joshua and Gideon undoubtedly were? If not, we do not really mean what we say when we pray, "Hallowed be Thy name." How many there are who seek their own glory! There are some Christians who get puzzled about things which they consider doubtful. Let them apply this divine test, "Can I say 'Hallowed be Thy name' in this thing, 'Thy Kingdom come' in this thing, 'Thy will be done' in these things"? Try worldly things by this test, amusements, dress, novels, the love of money, the thirst for standing well with man; try the flesh by this test, gluttony, drunkenness, the use of tobacco, laziness, procrastination, the love of gossip. It is a crucial test. If the name of God is dearer to us than our own, we cease to be easily provoked, or what is usually called "touchy;" we are sensitive to that which touches God, rather than to that which touches us.

God First

is a good motto, and where we really mean these first petitions in the Lord's Prayer, then of necessity, our life is regulated accordingly—our house is furnished and used for the Kingdom of God, and not for the world; our children are educated and our servants encouraged to live and to serve the kingdom of God; our reading, our writing, our dress, our expenditure, is for the Kingdom of the Living God. And this is no slavery, it is second nature; if our heart is full of Christ, it could not be otherwise. But there are some who, in their intense zeal for the Kingdom, wear out their bodies, involve themselves in monetary perplexities, and do the most unwise things; all with the idea of seeking the Kingdom of God. But He would have us pray: "Thy *will* be done in earth as it is in heaven." The question is not, *what I think* is God's will, not what I should think would please Him, but what He *says* will please Him. Naaman thought that Elisha should come out to him and make a great display before he was healed; God's thought was to bring Naaman in contact with Himself in the act of simply washing in Jordan (2 Kings 5). If we are zealous in praying, "Thy will be done," we shall want to bow unquestioningly to God, as the angels do in heaven. Reasoning about the will of God is not the way to know it, but willingness to accept it, whatever it is, throws light on the situation. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching." (John 7: 17, R. V). Having thus prayed in faith for that which touches God, His child who knows that his own interests are safe with such a Father, proceeds to pray for his own need:

"Give us this Day

our daily bread." O, how merciful is our God. He does not teach us to pray for a store of necessities for soul or body, but for the day's provision, for the day's need, leaving past and future trustfully in His hands. It is a blessed thing to live a day at a time. Some people live three months at a time, and carry the burden of all the sicknesses, anxieties, temptations and sorrows which may or may not come upon them in that space of time. "O, I am in such trouble," said a young wife to me. "What about?" "Why, I am always in a state of apprehension lest my husband should die." If this poor woman had lived by the day, and spent her time in praising God for each day that her husband was spared to her, she would have saved herself all this self-made misery. If God is in the future and is doing a good part by us *this hour*, why fear that He will change to-morrow? God is to be trusted that every day, "the portion of a day in His day," He will supply all our need (Phil. 4: 19). "And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive." Who can pray this prayer except his heart is filled with love to all men? We all have from time to time in our lives done that which needs forgiveness, and we ask God to deal with us as we deal with others. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," i. e. "Lord, fight and win all my battles." "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory"—no credit to me, from first to last, but all praise belongeth unto Thee. Thou reignest, Thou workest, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE ETERNAL HOME.

No sickness there—
No weary wast ng of the frame away;
No fearful sinking from the midnight air—
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief!
No wild and cheerless visions of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there

Care has no home
Within the happy realms of ceaseless song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the holy throng!

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies,
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distills
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
Nor moon is needed there. The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted bower
Or withered bed celestial gardens know;
No scorching or swift descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear or dread;
The song of peace creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent to lead the way,
Why should we fear to plunge in Jordan's tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day.

—*Selected.*

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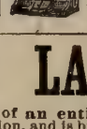

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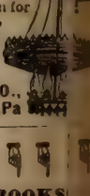

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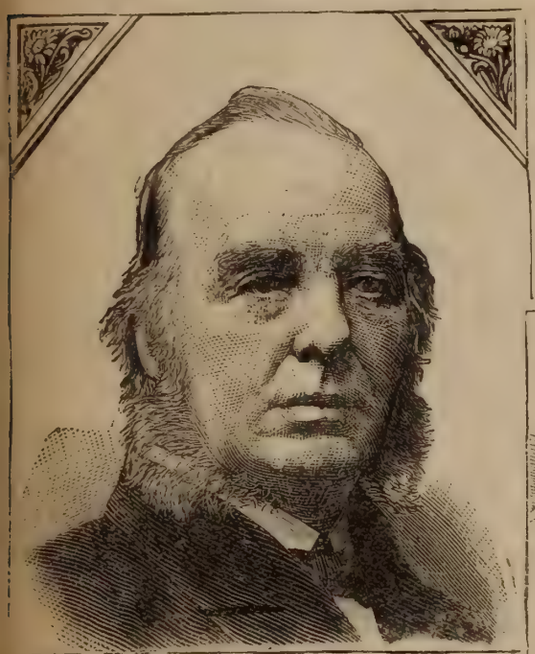

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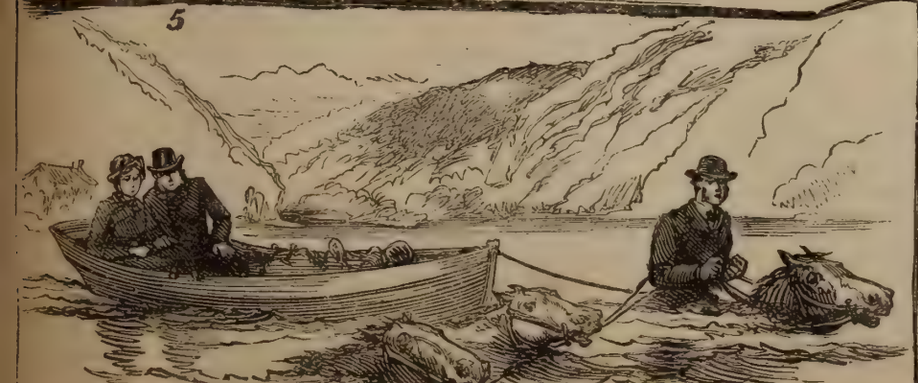

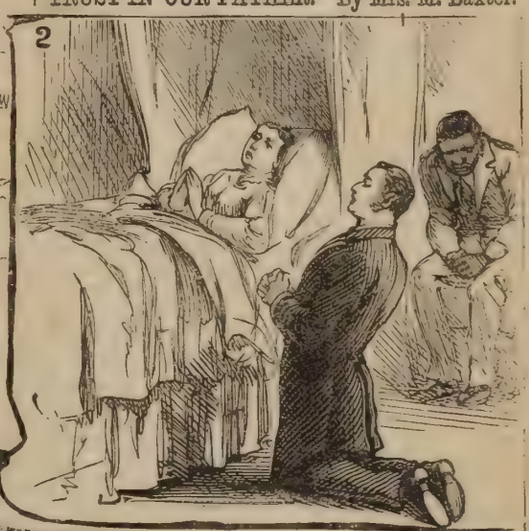

THE LATE REV. W. E. BOARDMAN, Secretary of the Christian Commission—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

Secretary of the Christian Commission.

Birth in New York in 1810—Spurious Conversion—Brought into the Light—Business Reverses—Begins a Life of Prayer—Removal West—Labors at Potosi—A Revelation—Wonderful Work at Lane Seminary—Mission Work at Greenfield, Ind.—Nearly Killed in Fording a River—Studies at Yale—The Organization of Sunday-schools in the West—Secretary of the Christian Commission—The Last Twenty Years.

THE eminent servant of God whose portrait appears this week on the first page, was well known personally to many of our readers, and through his works to a still larger number. The brief notices of his death which appeared last year in the religious and secular press must have been very unsatisfying to them. Now, however, a very beautiful biography, written by Mrs. Boardman, has been published by *Messrs. D. Appleton & Company*, of New York, which will fully meet the general desire to know all that it is necessary to know of the grand man and his work. From this book we compile a brief sketch of his life, which, being necessarily imperfect, may lead our readers to read Mrs. Boardman's book for themselves.

William Edwin Boardman was born at Smithfield, N. Y., on October 11, 1810, and died in London, England, on February 4, 1886, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Until he attained the age of twelve years young Boardman was a slow, plodding boy taking little interest in any kind of study; but then he had the happiness to fall into the hands of a skillful teacher, who, by tact and a manifestation of interest, awakened his latent mental energies and stirred him up to earnest work. At this time he had received less religious instruction than most boys of his age now have. While at school, however, he was brought into association with a remarkable religious work. The result was what Mr. Boardman described with some hesitation, as

A Spurious Conversion.

"When I was about thirteen years old," he wrote, "a beloved schoolmate, somewhat older than myself, whilst away from home, became a very joyous Christian convert, and returned to relate the story of his happiness to all his schoolfellows and friends. One after another gave evidence that his experience had deeply impressed them. The interest grew and extended, and meetings were held amongst the boys, but leadership was in hands without experience. Some semblance of order was observed during the first half hour of our gatherings, but after that came a general confusion, for, notice having been given by the leader, a space was cleared in the centre of the room into which all who desired the prayers of Christians were urged. Those who were to be prayed for were surrounded by a circle of those who were to pray for them. When the ring was formed a verse of a hymn was sung: then all knelt down, and began to cry aloud, many voices at once—some for mercy, others for the power of God; one in mere ejaculation, another in continuous supplications; some in distress, others in triumphant joy; making altogether a Babel of noise quite overpowering. By and by, one of those enclosed in the circle would rise to his feet and shout, when all would respond in loud Amens and Glory Hallelujahs; rise as if by simultaneous impulse, throw their arms over each other's shoulders, strike up some lively chorus or familiar hymn, and sing, swaying back and forth all together, to the time of their music.

"In one of these meetings, although I had not the first ray of intelligent conviction of sin or need of salvation, I allowed myself to be dragged into the circle by the kindly violence of over-urgency and the warm grasp of a friendly hand, and there by the side of another lad I knelt down. Carried along by blind impulse, following his lead, I cried in a loud voice for mercy: then when a few moments later he rose and shouted and everybody else followed suit I sprang up and shouted too."

Of course this was not conversion, though he was assured that it was, and, believing the assurance, he not unnaturally drew the inference that conversion was mere excitment and imagination, and when, after a few struggles, he relapsed into his old way of life, contempt for religion took the place of his former indifference. Indeed he went farther and *abandoned his belief in God and the Bible.* This result of hasty and indiscreet effort is more common than evangelists, who labor among children, are aware of. When they boast of the number of children who have been converted at some special services they have no idea how many of that number have, instead of being converted, been prejudiced for life against real religion by their "spurious conversion."

Real Conversion.

Happily for him, however, personal testimony effaced the evil impression. Some eight years later, speaking with his brother, who went through the same excitement with him, about this school revival, he declared his opinion that "religion was all superstitious nonsense" when to his amazement his brother declared from his own experience that true conversion was not the product of sympathy and imagination, but was the work of God. This declaration coming from one whose sincerity he could not doubt, deeply impressed him and led him to seek for the real blessing. There were some services then going on in the neighborhood and he lost no time in going to them. There he found that what his brother had said was quite true, and he experienced for himself the work of the Holy Spirit. He vividly describes his unspeakable thankfulness as on the next morning he went out to a solitary place and looking over a bridge (*See Illustration No. 1 on first page*) he thought over the spiritual danger from which God had delivered him.

Mr. Boardman was twenty-one years old when this transformation occurred; he was in business for himself, and was full of ambition to become wealthy, but after his conversion his mind turned to the ministry with intense desire to preach the glorious salvation of which he had become a partaker, He sold his business and stock, invested the money, "and began a course of study, which he kept up for two years, when he was drawn aside by an offer from one of his cousins to invest what he had in a business, by which he could make a fortune in a year's time. 'And,' said his cousin, by way of inducement, 'you can educate a dozen ministers by what you can make in a year.' 'Sure enough,' thought Mr. Boardman, and that settled the whole thing. Once more he was in the vortex of business life. And he *did* make money enough the first year to educate a dozen for the ministry, had he chosen to use it for that purpose. But by that time he had formed other plans of investing the money, for in gaining it God had left him to himself, and he had drifted back into the world.

A Sharp Discipline

was mercifully used by God to bring the wanderer back to Himself. The fortune which he had accumulated at the cost of his religious backsliding, took to itself wings, and he was threatened with financial ruin. First, a large hotel, of which he was the principal owner, had been just finished and not yet insured, when it was burnt to the ground; then came the failure of a bank in which he was largely interested; and next, the bankruptcy of one for whom he had become security for a large amount. The hand of God was evident in these losses, coming as they did with such startling rapidity, one after the other. During a brief absence of Mr. Boardman from home, on a journey undertaken in hope of saving some threatened property, his wife was taken ill, and then Mr. Boardman recognized the hand of God in his troubles. When informed, on his return, that his wife was in bed very sick indeed, he said, "Yes, that is just what I feared; the Lord is going to take away my wife; just what I deserve." He went up to her room and confessing how he had been unfaithful to Christ, he knelt down by the bedside (*See illustration No. 2*), and made a new consecration of himself and all he had to God, beginning anew there "a life of prayer that was never to cease while life should last."

A Removal to the West

followed this change of circumstances. Mr. Boardman thought that there he might begin business with a smaller capital than would be required in New York. Accordingly, in 1840, he went to Sterling, Ill., and after residing there two years, went farther, settling at Potosi, Wis. It was there that having read the memoir of Brainerd Taylor, Mr. Boardman began most earnestly to seek the entire consecration which is described in that work, and to urge others to seek it too.

This Higher Life

became clear to his soul at a prayer-meeting in the house of a Christian lady at Potosi. "He had been looking to be made holy in himself, instead of which his eyes were opened to see, and his heart to accept, his own utter bankruptcy in himself, and his solvency in Christ alone. He now saw where had been his great mistake. He had been toiling, and trying to believe for a completed work wrought in himself, a *state* of sanctification, in which all would be completed, so that he might take satisfaction in his own holiness, instead of in Jesus, his sanctification. He rose from his knees in the little meeting, to tell others what had been revealed to him" (*See illustration No. 3*). Henceforward he was able to teach others, and to lead them to Jesus, to find every need of the soul fully met.

Potosi was the resort of rough miners, who might one day be without a cent and the next day, if they "struck a lead," immensely rich. Many of these were young men, the sons of praying mothers, and Mr. Boardman worked unceasingly to gather in these souls for the Master. A good work began which spread through the community. Two ministers hearing of it came to help, and a series of public meetings were held which were much blessed. The ministers could not remain, and while souls were being brought into the light, the meetings could not be given up. Mr. Boardman was therefore urged to take charge of them. He was very reluctant to do so, but eventually, his own conscience joining the appeals of the friends, yielded. God blessed his efforts, the meetings increased, a church was built. Mr. Boardman gave up his business, was

Ordained by the Presbytery

of the United Congregational and Presbyterian churches, and became the pastor. Under his ministry there, many desperate and lawless men and women were converted, and the church became a blessing to the neighborhood. After about two years' labor in the ministry at Potosi, Mr. Boardman was led to see that it was his duty to seek a new sphere of labor. The experience of the past few years so filled his heart with joy that he longed for other Christians to enter into it, and that it might reach the largest number, he desired to reach the young men who were being trained for the ministry, that they might carry it far and wide among the churches to which they might be called. Accordingly, as soon as a successor could be found to carry on the work at Potosi, he went to Lane Seminary, Ohio, where he entered himself as a student, desiring to obtain for himself the preparation which the institution afforded for the work of the ministry, to which he had now devoted himself, while imparting to his fellow-students the light he had received. There he was made a means of much blessing.

A Visit to Mr. Beecher,

at the close of Mr. Boardman's course at Lane Seminary, led to the next settlement in Christian labor. Mr. Boardman felt a great desire for missionary work, and the harder the field of labor and the greater the difficulties to be overcome, the better pleased he would be. Central Indiana seemed such a sphere, and having some acquaintance with Henry Ward Beecher, who at that time was living in Indianapolis, he and Mrs. Boardman called upon him (*See Illustration No.*

4) and told him what they were seeking. In his peculiarly jocose way, Mr. Beecher replied (without thinking for a moment that Mr. Boardman would really go to such a spot), "There's a place called Greenfield, about twenty miles from here, so sickly no one can stay there; everyone suffers from the miasma, and even the cattle die of liver complaint. Don't you think you had better go there? It would be a good field for hardships, and you seem to think that important." "Yes," said Mr. Boardman, "that is just the place; the Lord will take care of our health."

Arrangements were at once made with brethren anxious to build up a work at Greenfield, and it was agreed that Mr. Boardman should devote a part of his time to mission work in other spiritual deserts in the vicinity. He went there, and toiled indefatigably. The roads were impassable for vehicles in winter, and he and Mrs. Boardman traveled on horseback on their expeditions from Greenfield into the surrounding country. In one year they traveled so over five hundred miles through mud and ice. Not infrequently they had to ford swollen rivers, and on one occasion, on attempting to do so at night, they had a narrow escape of their lives. Finding that the water came up to the girths, they turned back, found accommodation for the night, and the next morning, on being ferried across in a boat (*See Illustration No.* 5), they saw how near they had been to death when they tried to ford the current on the previous night.

The next year Mr. Boardman was enabled to carry out his cherished desire of taking a six months' course at Yale, where he hoped, also, that a blessing, such as he had experienced at Lane, might be granted. In that, however, he was disappointed; but he was much blessed while preaching in the churches in the neighborhood during his residence at Yale. Before leaving the institution an offer was made to Mr. Boardman by the Sunday-school Union to engage in the work of supplying the West with

Mission Sunday-schools.

He accepted it, and for three years gave it his undivided attention. He traveled extensively, and wherever he found a mill or any attraction for settlers, he searched among them for some Christian person who would assist him in organizing a Sunday-school. He also organized conventions in which teachers should be taught to teach and officers learn the best method of conducting Sunday-schools. More than 5,000 Sunday-schools were organized during the three years of his service, and as many more were supplied with workers. At the close of this period, Mr. Boardman wrote, and published in Boston, *his work on "The Higher Christian Life,"* a work which has been read with profit and delight by thousands in all parts of the world.

The year 1859 found Mr. Boardman and his wife at Los Angeles, in California, where Gospel services on Sunday were arranged for in the Court-house, and eventually efforts were made to build a place of worship; but Mrs. Boardman's health having utterly failed, California was abandoned for the East. In the year 1861 came that great convulsion which disturbed not only the ordinary course of life, but all the course of Christian work: men were dying in the hospitals and on the battle-field, and but slight efforts were being made to give them religious instruction and consolation. From the first the Young Men's Christian Associations had felt the necessity of ministering, spiritually and materially, to those engaged on the battle-field. A demand for unexpectedly extensive measures of relief, however, led to the summoning of a General Convention, which was held in New York, November 14, 1861. The outcome of this gathering was the organization of

The Christian Commission,

with Mr. G. H. Stuart as its President. On July 4, 1862, "a large assembly was called to confer upon the extension of the work of the Commission. When Mr. Stuart appealed for men to go as Agents to the army, Mr. Boardman responded from the other side of the assembly-room, 'Here am I; send me.' Mr. Stuart—who had known Mr. Boardman years before—answered, 'I will send you to-morrow.' He started forthwith, and spent several weeks in visiting the military hospitals and posts in Maryland and Virginia, and shortly afterwards he was unanimously elected

Secretary of the Commission.

In that capacity Mr. Boardman labored with his accustomed energy, organizing at headquarters, and ministering in the hospitals on the field. (*See Illustration No.* 6). Not the least interesting part of Mrs. Boardman's life of her husband is the chapter of incidents which came under his notice during his labors for the alleviation of suffering, physical and spiritual, in that gigantic conflict. He worked all through the war, gladdened by the efficient, self-sacrificing aid cheerfully rendered to the work by Christian men and women of all denominations. At the end of the war, he was quite worn out, and gladly availed himself of an opportunity placed at his disposal of paying a brief visit to Europe.

The Last Twenty Years

of Mr. Boardman's life, if less full of striking incidents, were years of marvellous labor and extraordinary blessing. It is impossible even to summarize them here. They are, however, fully described in Mrs. Boardman's deeply interesting work, which may be procured from *Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, Bond Street, New York*, for $1.25. In it Mrs. Boardman describes the visit she and her husband made to Europe in 1868; his second visit in 1869, when it appeared to him that he had a definite call to a definite work—the proclamation to Christians of the Gospel of full rest in Christ as an indwelling Saviour; his return home, and inauguration of Conventions for Holiness, in 1870; the publication of his second and third volumes, the one entitled, 'A Conquering Gospel,' and the other, 'Gladness in Jesus;' his entrance in 1870 upon a life of full trust in God for all temporal needs; the appearance in 1872, of a fourth volume, 'In the Power of the Spirit;' his third trip to Europe in the spring of 1873; Holiness Meetings and Conferences held in London and elsewhere, terminating with a Conference at the Agricultural Hall, which continued during the whole of January, 1875; the harvest of blessing reaped early in the same year in Edinburgh and Glasgow; return to America, and his final farewell to the land of his birth; his going again to England; the commencement in 1877 of weekly meetings at his residence in Rochester Square—which have continued almost without intermission until the present time; visit to Sweden in 1880, and a grand work done there: and the "New Departure" in the matter of "Faith-Healing," with the establishment of Bethshan and the work done there, which is described in a separate *chapter by Mrs. M. Baxter*. To this is added a beautiful and touching history of "his last days," full of the spirit with which God enabled the bereaved wife to bear the separation from the husband whose companion she had been for nearly fifty years.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Stuck Fast in a Rut.—Mr. Douglas Relates: "An aged farmer and a young man who had recently given himself to Christ, were driving along a country road. The young man was talking about his newly found Saviour with all the joyous enthusiasm of a young convert, when his old and somewhat cynical companion interrupted him, saying, 'Oh, yes, you know you are just in your first love; but wait a little, and then you'll—you'll—,' and he meant, though he did not say it, that he would get cold, like himself. 'And what are you?' inquired the young man. 'I am an established Christian,' was the answer. They drove on for some time in silence, until they were somewhat roughly brought up by the cart-wheel sticking fast in a deep rut. They got out to try and liberate it; the old man whipped the horse and spoke rather forcibly, but all to no purpose; the wheel remained immovable. After one of their fruitless efforts, the young man looked at the farmer and remarked, 'I guess, my friend, *it's got established.*' Similarly, there are some Christians who get into a deep rut, and stick there, and mistake their inactivity for established Christianity."

The Soldier in the Kitchen.— A Devoted evangelist in Scotland remarks: "One Lord's Day I was speaking at a kitchen meeting held in the house of a poor workingman. One of the regular attendants brought with him another man who had been a soldier, who had served in all parts of the world. And there in that humble Christian's house the Lord met him, and showed him the way of salvation. The Holy Spirit so blessed what He gave me to say, that that soldier was broken down, and came weeping as a little child to the Saviour's feet, and there gave himself up to Christ. As I bade him 'Good-night' he said, 'I came into this place a miserable sinner, but I go away rejoicing, and I thank God, who led me to this kitchen.' Yes, the Lord can work in the humblest dwelling as well as in the stateliest cathedral or the finest hall. He can use the humblest disciple as well as the most eloquent minister. If He makes us "wise to win souls," happy are we, and we shall shine as the stars forever, while Christ shall have all the glory."

Slamming the Carriage Door.—Mr. Minto observes: "I remember a gentleman of my acquaintance once traveling by rail. Shortly before the train started, another gentleman hurriedly entered the compartment and seated himself opposite to him. As the signal was about to be given to depart, the conductor came along, shutting all the carriage doors, and as the door of their compartment banged, the second traveler said quietly, but distinctly, '*And the door was shut.*' All the time of the journey not another word was exchanged, but the first gentleman was thinking over those few words which his fellow-traveler had uttered, but could find no peace; those words continually recurred to him, and at last he determined to find the rest of the passage. He searched his Bible, and found that the door was shut on the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps, and that *he* belonged to the class which these represented. He soon found, however, that by going to the Lord Jesus he could get his lamp filled with oil, and now he thanks God that, should the Bridegroom come at once, he is prepared to receive Him with his lamp trimmed and ready."

A Tap on the Shoulder.—Captain Hatfield Remarks: "A few nights ago, at an evangelistic meeting, a minister of the Gospel said to me, 'When I came into the committee-room to-night a man touched me on the shoulder. I looked round, but did not recognize him until he brought an old scene to my recollection. About forty years ago I was a young lad, newly converted, willing and anxious to preach the Gospel. I was in Edinburgh at the time, and what astonished me was the great coolness of the people regarding religious matters. On one occasion I took out my Bible and read aloud on the street, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Presently a crowd began to gather around me, but when they heard what I was saying, they quickly went their way. A man, when he saw that all my audience was gone, approached me, and gave me this comfort. He said: "That is not the way we do in Scotland; we go regularly to church, but we do not preach in the street." I turned away much disheartened, and thought that there was not likely to be any good result from what I had done. But the man who to-night touched me on the shoulder, and spoke to me, said, "On that occasion, sir, having passed along the street and heard you preach, I became so troubled that I found no rest until I came to Jesus." Let us not think that our labor for the Lord is ever in vain. It cannot be. If we sow the seed it will not die; God will send the increase."

THE WITNESS-STAND.

A Vacation Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"We are witnesses." Acts 3 : 15.

Scientists Confuted by Facts—Steam Locomotion Declared Impossible—Scientific Proofs Unreliable—Faith Based on Testimony—The Powe of the Gospel—Three Propositions Proved by Testimony—I. It is Able to Convert a Soul—The Heathen Witnesses—Reformed Drunkards—A Profane Sea-Captain—II. Its Power to Comfort—The World a Clumsy Comforter—The Medicine for the Bereaved—III. Its Power in the Death Hour—The First Sight of a Funeral—Difference in Two Death-beds—Father and Mother Both Tranquil—Why a Christian Brother Triumphed—Witnesses who Have Tried It—A Bright Light Beaming—Madame Sontag's Magnanimity to a Blind Rival.

IN the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made

All the Nation Witnesses

of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard and the Inman and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press, put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and

They Took the Witness Stand,

to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the sceptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this house there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but

Through Testimony.

You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity, and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the Church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you

Three Prospositions,

the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is *able to convert a soul.* The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are thirty-three thousand converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are twenty thousand Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are fifteen thousand Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day. But why go so far to find

Evidences of the Gospel's Power

to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion.

Conversion did it.

"Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea-captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this house to-day who are no more what they once were than a water-lily is nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people in this house who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, be this my shame:
That I no more revere His name."

Again, I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's

Power to Comfort.

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice. Get your mind off of it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off of it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plot she plucked flowers, or into that show-window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is

A Clumsy World

when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No: There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman, and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What Enabled You to Stand

all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "Aye, aye, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the

first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm-house where the

Bereavement Had Come

and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top? And after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great

Difference in their Death-Beds.

Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed, perhaps, in awe. In the other case, you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly."

What Gave Her Composure?

Was it because she did not care much for you and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank, and letme know? "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle-aged, "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you *affidavits of the best men and women*, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—

Millions of Witnesses,

and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?"

"No. I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say. "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see

A Bright Light Beaming

on thee? "Where?" you say, "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tendeness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Oh, hearers, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When

Madame Sontag

began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy.

But oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity. He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

A Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference, at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

See Portrait on page 540.

WHETHER the young man whom the Bulgarian Sobranje has elected to the throne vacant by the abdication of Alexander of Battenberg will be permitted to occupy it, is still an undecided question. According to the treaty of Berlin, by which the independence of Bulgaria was established, the election of a prince must be confirmed by the Sultan of Turkey with the consent of the governments which were parties to the treaty. The Prince, on being informed of his election, accepted conditionally on his receiving the approval of the Powers; but he now appears to have dispensed with that condition and has gone to Bulgaria and assumed command. The Sultan has sent a circular to the Powers asking their advice, and pending their replies remains passive. England, Austria and Italy are reported favorable, but Russia, backed by France, has lodged an indignant protest at Constantinople, which renders the Prince's position precarious.

Prince Ferdinand is twenty-six years old, having been born in Vienna, in February, 1861. His full name is Ferdinand Maximilian Charles Leopold Marie. On his mother's side he is a grandson of Louis Philippe, the citizen king of France. His eldest brother is married to the Princess Louise, daughter of the King of Belgium. His other brother, Prince Auguste, was married to a daughter of Dom Pedro II., of Brazil, the Princess Leopoldina, who died in 1871. One sister, the Princess Clotilde, is the wife of the Archduke Joseph, of Austria.

THE ISLAND OF LOANDA.

(See Illustration on page 540.)

ON the western coast of Africa, about two hundred miles south of the mouth of the Congo, is the small island of Loanda, opposite to the town now known as St. Paul de Loanda, in Angola. This island is distinguished by its having been the site of the first Portuguese settlement in West Africa. Duarte Lopez, a Portuguese historian, states that in the year 1484 a naval expedition under the command of Diego Cam sailed on a voyage of discovery along the coast of Africa. At various points along the coast he set up stone pillars, which he had brought with him for the purpose of marking the points touched at, and implying that King Joas II. of Portugal claimed dominion there by right of discovery. A few years later a settlement was made on Loanda island, and in 1534 the settlers had extended their operations northward to the Congo, had converted the King of Congo to the Roman Catholic faith, and had erected several churches in his territory, and a structure which they denominated a cathedral. This was at the capital, then known as Ambassi, or Ambezé, but which was changed to San Salvador.

The Portugese claim to the Congo, which has been so embarrassing to Stanley, had its origin thirty-six years later. The king of the Congo was attacked by the savage tribe of Jaggas, who overran his country, burnt San Salvador and its cathedral, and killed nearly half his people. The king and such of the people as could escape, fled with the Portuguese priests to an island in the Congo near Boma; from thence an appeal was sent to the king of Portugal, who responded with an expedition of six hundred men. They attacked the Jaggas with fire-arms which terrified all they did not kill, and the invaders speedily evacuated the country. A document is still in existence at St. Paul de Loanda, dated 1570, in which the king of the Congo covenants in return for this service to give the king of Portugal all the territory between the mouth of the River Congo and the mouth of the River Coanza, two hundred and fifty miles to the south. This, however, according to a Dutch geographer, was declined by the king of Portugal. The Portuguese were expelled from San Salvador about 1634, but still maintained their ascendancy at Loanda and actively engaged in the slave trade, which they continued to carry on even after 1810, when every other European nation had abandoned it.

THE THREE CENTRAL NATIONS OF THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Prominence of Asia in Prophecy—Tarshish the only European Nation Noticed—England Probably Meant—Growing Interest in the Three Nations—Their Present Condition—Egypt's Ancient Boundaries—Will be Allied with Abyssinia—Assyria to Contain Antichrist's Eastern Capital—Palestine's Boundaries Defined—The Lesson they will Teach Europe.

It is remarkable how much of the Old Testament is devoted to the future of Asia; more especially as respects the Israelites in the millennial age. Not only is the future position of these countries indicated in unmistakable language, but their connection with restored and converted Israel is also fully revealed. Hence, it is only needful to collect and combine the dispersed passages of Scripture, where their future is foretold, to learn what their relation will be as respects our Lord and His viceroys, the risen Saints—the Bride of Christ—whose members will become (Ps. 45 : 16) "princes in all the earth" during the millennial age.

Among the events of the millennial dispensation many are pre-reported which respect those regions which either abut on or have the river

Euphrates and the Mediterranean

for their boundaries. Until recently these countries have so fallen into the background as to be regarded scarcely as factors in current history. One European or Western nation is alone indicated as being powerful when every other European nation has collapsed—namely, Tarshish. As to what country Isaiah referred to admits of doubt; but most prophetical students think that England is indicated. Its position, westward as it is of that Joppa, or Jaffa, to which Jonah tried to flee, its great mineral wealth, and the magnitude of its shipping, compared with other nations, seems to indicate that

Great Britain will be the Agent

(Isa. 40 : 9) in "bringing God's sons from far, their silver and gold with them," when the Jews are restored to their God-given inheritance. If so, then England, which, with all its national sins, is the only Western people who strive to win the Jews for Christ, will thus realize the truth of the divine promise (Ps. 122 ; 6), "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem—they shall *prosper* who love thee!"

Current events would almost suggest that Asia—especially *Assyria, Egypt and the Holy Land*—holds the keys of the future of this world; even if Scripture had not revealed this fact in unmistakable terms. A bird's-eye view may be here given of these three Bible nations, which, however much they are now depressed, will, during the millennium, become the centres of Gospel light and Gospel living:

Egypt.

From its connection with the Jews during Bible times, this country has always been interesting to Bible students. Narrow in breadth, it occupies the Valley of the Nile. It had for its boundaries in ancient times, Palestine and Idumea on the east, and Lybia on the west. At present its area is about 11,000 square miles, and from its geographical position it is divided into Upper and Lower Egypt. But there is every reason to infer that in the latter day it will attain the aim of its Khedives, and so will include Abyssinia. For we read in connection with the last invasion of the Holy Land by Antichrist (Dan. 11 : 43) that "he shall have power over the precious things of Egypt; and the Libyans and Ethiopians [or Abyssinians] shall be at his steps." From this prediction we are warranted in concluding that these two countries will either be so allied, if not united, as to fulfill the avowed aim of Egypt as it is. But there is another prophecy, which leads not only to this conclusion as to the post-millennial

Union of Egypt and Abyssinia,

but what is better, of their unity in the Christian faith. Hence we read (Ps. 68 : 31) "Princes shall come out of Egypt—Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

But before this happy era, Egypt will have to go through a terrible crisis, for it will first succumb unto the prowess of Antichrist and his confederate kings. For God, speaking through Isaiah, says (19 : 4 and 20), "I will give over Egypt unto a cruel lord, and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith Elohim." And

Who This Autocrat Is

we learn from Daniel, who predicts that the wilful king shall (Dan. 11 : 42, 43) "Stretch forth his hand over the [eastern] countries, and the land of Egypt shall not escape, but he shall have power over the treasures of gold and silver, and over all the precious things of Egypt." But in this national extremity when they are not only impoverished, but enslaved (Isa. 19 : 20), "They will cry unto Jehovah because of the oppressors—and He shall send them a Saviour and a great one." For though God for their national sins will smite, He will heal it—"and they shall do sacrifice and oblation—yea, they shall vow a vow unto Jehovah and perform it." Then with both profession and practice in harmony, Egypt will become fitted to be one of the three millennial model nations; and God shall say of it, "Blessed be Egypt My people."

Assyria.

Although there is no direct statement as to the boundaries of Assyria during the Millennium, we may conclude that its area will not be less than that of primitive times. It had then Armenia—that cradle of the human race—for its northeastern boundary—the ancient city of Baghdad for its southern limit, and the river Euphrates on the west, so that its area approximated to that of Great Britain. That it will be revived, not only nationally, but become another of God's model people during the Millennium, we learn from Isa. 19 : 23, 24. For we read that Assyria shall so serve our Lord that He will be able to say, "Blessed be Assyria, My people," and as a result of this spiritual as well as temporal benediction, the Assyrians will, for the first time, become "a blessing in the midst of the earth." One portion, however, of its territory will not participate in its millennial glory, although it will be resuscitated and become the capital of the world for a time, namely Babylon. We learn from Zechariah (5 : 11) that city will be "established and set upon her own base"—most probably from the emblem employed, namely, the "Ephah," through that spread of commerce which has already discerned from its geographical position that the "land of Shinar" is peculiarly fitted to convey the riches of the East to the West, and so to become the world's emporium (see Rev. 17 : 11–19). And when the projected railway in the valley of the Euphrates is constructed—and that is only a question of time—the revived city of Babylon will speedily fulfil the prophecy of Zechariah to the letter: for its central station will doubtless become the nucleus of a great commercial city. But its resurrection, especially as

The Eastern Capital of Antichrist

(see Isa. 14 : 4) will only be the prelude to a more utter destruction than when it fell before Cyrus. In connection with its final ruin Isaiah says that (13 : 19–22) "Babylon shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah: it shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there." Jeremiah also intimates that (50 : 37) "Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling place of dragons—an astonishment and a hissing without an inhabitant." That these prophecies have been only partially fulfilled is evidenced by two facts for which we are indebted to recent Eastern travelers, namely, that there is already built on its site a city called Hillah, with a population estimated at from 30,000 to 40,000, and the Bedouins do still encamp among the ruins of ancient Babylon, although they believe that God's curse rests upon it. But the future and lasting destruction of this approaching emporium of the world's wealth and its godless grandeur is certain; and instead of Babylon remaining as the culmination of the world's God-defying power (Jer. 51 : 39), the "wild beasts of the desert, with the wild beasts of the islands, shall dwell therein, and it shall be no more inhabited for ever."

The Holy Land.

The boundaries of the land given by God to Abraham and his posterity were thus definitely stated (Exod. 23 : 21). "I will set thy bounds from the Red Sea, even unto the Sea of the Philistines (or Mediterranean), and from the desert unto the river" (Euphrates).

In the days of our Lord, besides being only a province of Rome, it did not include a moiety of this territory, and even during the reign of Solomon, when the kingdom of Judah had its widest extent (1 Kings 4 : 21), the largest portion eastward and southward of Jordan was semi-independent, their kings only paying tribute to him as their suzerain. But we know from the allotments which will be given to the reunited twelve Israelitish tribes, as described by Ezekiel (48 : 17) that they will possess the whole of their God-given territory. For though the Jews are a nation without a country, and are powerful in every country but their own, they will, as a restored and godly nationality, become a model people to the Gentiles at large, and God will again be able to say, "Blessed be Israel, Mine inheritance."

May we not conclude from the benediction thus pronounced on Egypt, Assyria, and Palestine, that these three countries will not only become the metropoles of the world, but the centre of Gospel light? Nor need this cause any surprise, for they will only resume

Their Ancient Position,

as the fount of all true religion. From these countries, even from the most ancient, Assyria, have emanated all we know of the religious history of mankind; and the recently deciphered cuneiform cylinders of Nineveh tell how the primitive faith had all the elemental truths as well as the knowledge of the historical facts of Revelation.

Nor can we conceive of any countries apart from the Divine blessing, so fitted to become metropoles of the world For a cursory glance at the map on Mercator's projection, will show that they are planted near the centre of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and are so eminently fitted to become the centres of that true commerce, whose motto will not be the popular godless one of "buying cheap and selling dear," but the unselfish interchange of the material products of the varying climes of this world.

Again, it seems not too much to infer that these primitive nations are destined in the Divine purpose to teach

A Lesson to Europe,

which is dying of pseudo-civilization, and which not only ignores God but teaches that in the accumulation of wealth, or in the popularizing of science and art, or what is styled "culture," is to be found the secret of moralizing the masses, and so of securing human happiness. Christendom has yet to learn, with all its professed acceptance of the teachings of our Lord, that a "man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses!" And I cannot but think that these primitive nations are destined by the Holy Spirit to recall the Western world to the period when, if there were few, if any, millionaires, there were none degraded by that pauper spirit which is so rampant in Europe.

But whether this social outcome be a mere poetic dream or not, we are warranted in concluding, that, as regards their spiritual relations at least, they will become models to the world at large. For when God, by His servant Isaiah, declares that during the millennium they will be a "blessing in the midst of the earth," we may be quite sure that it is not mere material wealth that is referred to, but rather that spiritual weal which will enter into and color eternity. Thus will that East from which we have derived both our descent and our religion, assume its original position as a teacher of mankind, for God has put this seal on its future. "Blessed be Egypt, My people; and Assyria, the work of My hands; and Israel, Mine inheritance."

A LADY SAVED FROM INSANITY.

SOME seven years ago, Miss Carrie Webb, a daughter of one of the deacons of the Bedford Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was taken ill with bronchitis and had a painful cough. She never fully recovered from her sickness, and, at length, became a confirmed invalid. Finally, she was obliged to give up all kinds of work. Her mind suffered along with her body, and, though not insane, she had strange and uncontrollable fancies. Her friends feared that, yielding to some fatal disease. she was going fast. Last winter she had neuralgia, which reduced still more her general health and aggravated her other troubles. She often prayed that she might die, believing that she was no use. About two months ago she went on a visit to Northport, L. I., to try if change of scene would do good. Her father and sister saw her off at the depot with gloomy forebodings of her future.

At Northport, as she continued to grow worse, an eminent physician was called in, but he could do her no good. She was then staying with her cousin, but she afterward removed to the house of her brother, a minister and a man of strong faith. There she read a book on Divine Healing, and was so deeply impressed that she begged her brother to anoint her and pray for her recovery. He complied, and he and the Presbyterian minister prayed with the girl. There was no immediate change, but about a week afterward the sufferer was seized with acute pains, and as she was about to pray, as she had done before, for release by death, the thought came to her mind that she should pray for recovery, believing that God would answer her prayer. When she rose from her knees she felt a strength and buoyancy she had not felt for years, her pains were gone and her mind was clear. She has now returned to her home in perfect health, and full of joy and thankfulness.

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE FROM A MINE.

ONE of the most extraordinary escapes from death, in the records of mining operations, is described in a Philadelphia journal, as it was given to the reporter, by one of the escaped men. It shows that in some cases of peril, as it is in every case where men recognize that they are in danger of eternal death, the only way of escape is not to give way to despair, but to earnestly seek deliverance from above (Ps. 116: 3, 4).

Two miners, named respectively Richards and Lewis, were descending a pit which had been for some time idle, to search for some tools which had been left in one of the lower workings. No men were at work in the pit, and the journey was therefore one of the gloomiest imaginable. The two men entered the car and were lowered to within thirty-five feet of the bottom of the shaft. Then water appeared upon the floor of the carriage, and Lewis remarked that their feet would get wet, but not thinking there was any danger. Richards, who had more experience, understood the significance of that damp floor, and knew that *the shaft was flooded.* His inference was only too true, the water having overflowed a dam at the Rock vein above, and filled the mine to the depth of thirty-five feet. When Richards saw the water, with a spring from the side of the carriage he reached the side of the shaft, and clung to a water-pipe that passed down the shaft. He called to Lewis to do the same, but the latter, realizing the danger now, was too excited to jump, and failed to follow. The engineer at the top of the shaft was not aware of the danger below, and kept letting the car containing Lewis down into the water. Presently, however, Lewis got free of the carriage, and, recovering his presence of mind, he rose to the surface and grasped the rope which was attached to the roof of the carriage, and floundered about. In the meantime, Richards, who had jumped from the car, was undergoing a very severe struggle. One hundred and fifty feet separated him from *the only place now left* to signal the engineer. Hand over hand he clambered up the pipe. At last he gained the signalling place, but it was slow and difficult work, in which to relax the the hold would have been certain death. It took him three-quarters of an hour to reach the signalling place, and all that time Lewis was clinging for life to the rope. Richards quickly gave the signal, and the engineer hoisted the carriage from the water. When it gained the top of the water, Lewis slid down the rope to the car, and Richards jumped in when it reached him, so both were saved by Richards's desperate exertions.

THE JESUITS' BOOMERANG.

IN a letter to the *Church* the Rev. H. H. Jessup D. D. of Beirut, Syria, mentions a remarkable instance of good effected through an effort of the Jesuits to do evil. He says: A young man, a Lebanon Maronite, called on me three days ago, and said that he was converted to the Protestant faith by reading the Jesuit translation of the Bible. You will remember that they published a translation of the Vulgate Bible into Arabic some years ago, to supplant, if possible, the Bible published at our press. We rejoiced at this enterprise, and do still rejoice. This young man said that on first seeing the difference between Romish doctrine and the Jesuit Bible he abandoned all religion, thinking there could be no true Church. Then he bought more books and read, until he embraced the evangelical faith. His father and the priest then burned up his whole library, Arabic lexicons, grammars, the Bible and all. He was sent to the Maronite college in Beriut to be cured of his heresy, but his faith grew stronger in Christ as the only Saviour. His father at length became enlightened, and is now in hearty sympathy with him, and as he is a man of wealth they have no fear of persecution.

A JAPANESE PROFLIGATE.

IN a letter to the *Missionary Herald*, Dr. Davis, of Kyoto, in Japan, announces the conversion of a whole Japanese family under remarkable circumstances. From his letter it appears that a young farmer whose father was dead, fell into a depraved way of life and became a terror to his mother and sisters. He is about thirty years old and has a young family. So distressed about him was one of his sisters, that she resolved to sacrifice herself to reform him. She knew no religion save Buddhism, and she began to practice various austerities to try to get the gods to help her, Among other things, she fasted again and again during two years, sometimes going without food for forty days together. About a year ago her profligate brother heard of Christianity; but, as it conflicted with his life, he would not embrace it. But six months afterward he was converted, and united with the church. The change was so great in him that it astonished all the members of his family and his friends, and it made a great impression all over the province. It was so great that it led the mother and the sister to examine Christianity, and the result is that the mother was received into the church at the communion before the last, and Dr. Davis has now baptized his wife and his younger sister and two other members of the family, with his child. The sister who in her blindness sought help for her brother from her gods, has also learned the way of salvation and been baptized.

A HEROIC CHINESE CONVERT.

THE Rev. H. F. Noyes, of Canton, China, reports a remarkable case of a convert's heroism in sacrificing what is a large fortune in China, rather than abjure his Christian faith. He says: Ng-Hin-ki, a young man of more than usual ability and energy, joined the Third Presbyterian Church, Canton, some time ago. His foster-mother was bitterly enraged at him for so doing, and all his brothers were greatly displeased. Their persecution—especially that of his foster-mother—became so bitter that we gave him a place as doorkeeper in one of our chapels, one hundred and thirty miles from Canton, receiving for his services $2.50 a month. Six months afterwards he received a letter from an elder of the Third Church, advising him not to return to Canton, as his foster-mother and brothers had brought a charge against him of being *unfilial*, which in China is a very serious crime. Instead, however, of remaining away from Canton, he at once returned, saying that he would go himself and meet the charge. He found, on arriving, that all his property—one shop and three dwelling-houses—had been sold for $1,400. He was brought before a military officer and ordered to light three sticks of incense and place them before an idol. He was told that if he obeyed, the draft for $1,400, lying on the table, would be restored to him; if he refused, he would not only lose that, but also his monthly allowance, which, capitalized, was worth $840; and his betrothal, which had cost him $300, would be made null and void: forfeiting in all, $2,240 and his betrothal. That is, for a Chinaman, a comfortable and permanent livelihood. Sign and save, refuse and lose! He refused, and was cast out penniless. He entered the training-school, and after three years of faithful study, was appointed to preach. He is now doing a useful and encouraging work at Sam Kong, three hundred miles from Canton. He has lately received overtures from his family for reconciliation. A great change has come over them; they are not only willing to give him a cordial welcome, but to hear the Gospel.

AUNT AMANDA'S HEROISM.

THE remarkable preservation of a lightning express train from destruction through the heroism of an old colored woman is reported by the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* It states that on August 11, the very day on which the awful accident at Chatsworth, Ill., occurred, Amanda Barker was walking along the track of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis road, near Glenwood, Ind., on her way to a farmhouse, where she was to work during the day. She had just passed the small station at Glenwood, when, on turning a sharp curve in the road, she was horrified to see some distance ahead the smouldering remains of what had a short while before been a stout, substantial bridge connecting embankments 650 feet apart, and spanning a chasm ninety-five feet deep. The old woman turned her steps backward, but had gone scarcely a hundred yards, when she heard the shrill scream of the whistle, directly ahead of her. It was the east-bound lightning express, due at Glenwood at 5:45 o'clock. She loosed an old brown apron she wore, to use as a signal flag, and ran around a bend in the road, when she saw the train thundering down upon her, only a few hundred feet ahead. The burning bridge was about the same distance behind her, and she knew that to let the train pass meant certain death to many of the souls on board. She raised the improvized flag high above her head, and waved it frantically, standing in the centre of the track, where her presence could not go unnoticed. For a while it seemed to her that no one saw her, but she kept her position, determined to stop the train or die on the track.

At last the engineer saw her and reversed his engine, bringing it to a standstill a few yards in front of the old woman. Leaning out of the cab window, and thinking the negress drunk or crazy, he called out: "Well, well, what is it?"

"For mercy's sake, mister," she answered, "don't go any further. The bridge is burned down, right in front of you; indeed it is."

The trainmen had by this time been attracted by the stoppage at this out of the way place, to the front of the train, and, from the sincerity of the old woman, believed her story. A number of them followed her around the bend and there verified the truth of her statements. A large purse was made up for their benefactress, but she positively refused to take any money.

Christian people who think they are too insignificant to do anything in the Lord's service may learn a lesson from Aunt Amanda. Weak and old as she was, she was able to give warning of danger and save many lives. How many souls going headlong to destruction might be saved if they were so warned! (James, 5 20)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Burning of the Inman Steamship City of Montreal, reported by cable on Friday last, adds another disaster to this year's long list. The news was carried to Queenstown by the steamship *York City*, of Baltimore, Md., which providentially rescued most of the shipwrecked passengers and crew. The *City of Montreal* left New York on Saturday, August 6, for Liverpool with 136 passengers and a crew of about eighty. She carried a miscellaneous cargo, valued at $350,000. On the following Wednesday (August 10), when about four hundred miles from Newfoundland, the ship was found to be on fire. The discovery was made after eleven o'clock at night, when nearly all the passengers had retired. They were speedily aroused and hurried on deck. The smoke quickly spread through the ship, filled all the passages and poured up through the ventilating shafts. When it was certain that every one was on deck, the hatches were battened down in the hope of stifling the fire, and nine hoses flooded the hold with water. The captain still believed he could save the ship, but before dawn the steel deck became almost too hot to stand upon, and the roar of the fire below was terrific. At length the flames burst through the hatches and shot up a hundred feet high. Then hope was abandoned. The captain ordered the boats lowered and all on board were distributed among them. One of them—the first lowered—pushed off from the ship contrary to the captain's orders, before she had taken off her full share of passengers. That boat, on which there were thirteen men, was not seen afterward. The occupants of the other boats were picked up by the *York City*, were hospitably treated and carried to Queenstown.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention at Harrisburg, on August 17, was at issue with the Ohio section of the party on more than one subject. The most noticeable difference was in its *candidate for the Presidency*. It did not indorse Ohio's nomination of Senator Sherman, but proclaimed its steadfast adherence to the candidate of 1884. The platform adopted states that "the Republicans of Pennsylvania, the native State of the Hon. James G. Blaine, will view with high pleasure his nomination for the Presidency in the campaign of 1888. Accident cannot abate the love of a great party nor the admiration of a great people for a statesman true alike to his convictions and to his country." As was expected, the platform was *strongly protectionist*. The plank on this subject says: "We favor a tariff for the sake of nurturing American manufactures until the industries and resources of this country furnish our people with every item of consumption they can naturally produce, and for the purpose of protecting home labor against foreign labor, as well as its products." It demands an increase of *the pension list*, and declares that "The surplus in the Treasury cannot better be distributed than in the enlargement of the general pension list, so as to include all honorably discharged soldiers of the Union army who may be in absolute need of public aid." The Convention pronounced itself in favor of "submitting to the vote of the people the prohibitory constitutional amendment," which, doubtless, would be more easily defeated if submitted now than in a few years' time. The platform also denounces the President and his administration in strong terms, and protests against color discrimination in the South.

The Serious Consideration Given by the Knights of Labor to the subject of taxation is only another indication of the general public inclination to make the financial issue the most prominent of the coming elections. This is outside party lines, and in the discussion parties are becoming somewhat mixed. Though the Knights did not pledge the Order to any policy, either of Protection or Free Trade, they and the workingmen generally appear to be resolved to insist on some reduction of taxation, either in Internal taxation or the tariff. The fact that the Treasury is full, and the revenue is far greater than the Government needs, while men find it increasingly difficult to support their families, is spoken of everywhere as an anomaly that demands immediate rectification. Discontent is growing extensively and rapidly, and the complaint is loud and bitter that the taxation on commodities involves the poorer classes bearing the largest share of the public burdens, while the wealthy practically escape. This opinion, which is based on necessarily imperfect knowledge, is increasing the hostility of the poor to the rich, which is our great social danger.

The Decision of the Secretary of the Interior as to the Indemnity Lands was published last week. In a letter to the Commissioner of the General Land Office he states that he has examined the showing of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company in response to the rule, and apparently rejects the claim of the Company. He goes on to say: On a full consideration of the whole subject, I conclude that the withdrawal for indemnity purposes, if permissible under the law, was solely by virtue of Executive authority, and may be revoked by the same authority; that such revocation would not be a violation of either law or equity; and that said lands having been so long withheld for the benefit of the company, the time has arrived when public policy and justice demand the withdrawal should be revoked, and some regard had for the rights of those seeking and needing homes on the public domain. I therefore direct that all lands under withdrawals heretofore made and held for indemnity purposes, under the grant to the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, *be restored to the public domain*, and opened to settlement under the general land laws, except such lands as may be covered by approved selections; provided the restoration shall not affect rights acquired within the primary or granted limits of any other Congressional grant." This will be good news for settlers, and the Railroad Company cannot complain that they have been unjustly hurried in making their choice of land.

The Coroner's Jury in the Chatsworth Disaster of August 10, has shown its anxiety to shield the Railroad Company rather than to promote the safety of the public by an exhaustive and effective verdict. It finds that the foreman in charge of the section which included the burned bridge, disobeyed positive orders, which required him to examine the culvert at the close of the day's work, and that he was guilty of gross and criminal carelessness in leaving fires burning near the woodwork. The evidence seems to prove that Coughlin deserves condemnation, although he denies this charge. It is matter for regret that the jury did not condemn the Railroad Company for sending a double-headed train heavily laden across such a bridge at a high rate of speed, and that it did not endorse the public demand for a law prohibiting the building of wooden bridges and requiring the companies to replace all existing bridges with structures of iron or stone with all fair speed. Possibly some good in this direction may come from the further investigation, which the Railroad Commissioners of Illinois are instituting.

Unusual Mortality from Cholera has Occurred in India. A despatch from Simla states that the medical returns show that 70,000 persons died from cholera in the Northwest Provinces during June and July. This district has heretofore escaped the most fatal visitations of the plague. Cholera is always to be found in India, where the mortality from this cause in 1885 was about 500,000, but the disease usually does its work for the most part in the district extending two hundred miles on each side of Calcutta and northward to the slopes of the Himalayas. This year the disease has made greatest havoc at Peshawur, on the Afghan frontier, and has shown itself in the interior of Afghanistan.

A Renewal of the Rumor that Mr. H. M. Stanley is dead was reported last week. The news came from Paris and was said to be based on a despatch from Zanzibar which stated that Stanley had been "massacred after being deserted by his escort." The persistency of the rumor causes some uneasiness, but its truth is not credited anywhere but in Paris, where Stanley is unpopular. At the Congo administration offices in Brussels the rumor is considered a pure fabrication. The *Herald's* correspondent says it is admitted that Stanley may have been abandoned by his escort since the last authentic advices. In fact, late private letters assert that he has had some difficulties with his escort, These may have taken a tragic turn; but it is not thought that they have. The last letter received from Stanley himself was dated June 17. In it he states that he arrived that very day at Aruwimi Falls in good order and in good condition, and thanks the Free State for assistance lent him during his voyage on the Congo. If Stanley had been killed since, the news might have come from the western coast, but could only have reached Zanzibar five months afterwards—namely, next November—even by the shortest route—Tanganyika Lake.

The British Liberals Were Elated Last Week by another victory at the polls. The Member of Parliament for one of the districts of Cheshire, who was a follower of Lord Hartington, died recently, and an election was held on August 13, to fill his place. At the last election he was opposed, in the Liberal interest, by Mr. Brunner, a local employer, but was elected by a majority of 458, in a total vote of 8,374. The new contest was between Mr. Brunner and Lord Henry Grosvenor, a Liberal Unionist. Mr. Brunner, the Gladstone candidate, has now been elected by a majority of 1,129, in a total vote of 9,095. The result has a personal piquancy apart from its public significance. Lord Henry Grosvenor, the defeated candidate, is a son of the Duke of Westminster, who owes his title of "Duke" to Mr. Gladstone. When he received that favor at Mr. Gladstone's hands, he commissioned an eminent artist to paint Mr. Gladstone's portrait to adorn the walls of the ducal palace; but when he quarreled with the statesman on the Irish question he took the portrait down, and sent it to be sold by auction. That exhibition of personal feeling was condemned at the time, and this humiliation of him and his son by the Gladstone candidate, is regarded as retribution.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Death of Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., LL. D., the eminent Methodist clergyman, took place on August 17. Dr. Curry was well and widely known throughout the country, both on account of his pulpit efforts and its literary ability. He was seventy-nine years old, having been born in New York State in 1808. He commenced his ministry in Georgia, but came North a few years before the war, and joined the New York East Conference. He was editor-in-chief of the *Christian Aavocate* for twelve years, and since he quitted that office he has successively edited *The Methodist*, *The National Repository*, and the *Methodist Magazine*. He also prepared an American edition of Southey's Life of Wesley, wrote a life of Bishop Clark, and other well-known works. It is remarkable that during the past twelve months four members of this family have died. They were two of Dr. Curry's brothers and his only sister.

Fifteen Women and Girls on a Falling Elevator in Mercer Street, New York, on Thursday last passed a moment of frightful peril. They are employed by a firm engaged in the manufacture of shirts and collars, and the firm permits all employees, who arrive punctually, to ride on the elevator from the basement to the workroom on the sixth floor. Those who are late, have to walk up. On Thursday morning fifteen of them were crowded in on one trip of the elevator, which is simply an iron frame with wire screen enclosures. When the elevator reached the third story, the man in charge stopped it sharply to allow some one to get off. Instantly, something snapped, and the elevator plunged down the shaft like a pile-driver. The girls gave a terrific shriek as the car fell, and when it reached the bottom most of them had sprained ancles, and all were terrible shaken. One woman and the man in charge were killed. The woman had fallen out headlong during the descent, and the elevator-man had been pressed outward by the surging crowd of girls, the floors striking his back as he passed them and breaking it. Every one will ask how he could have been pressed outward when the elevator was protected by the wire-screens. The explanation is simple. He had omitted to close the screens, or neither he nor the woman would have been killed. It is marvellous that with the means of safety provided ready to his hand, he should have neglected to use them. It is still more astonishing that when the safety of the soul is at stake, and the means of salvation are provided, men persist in neglecting them, and perish everlastingly (Heb. 2 : 3).

Jubilee Pardons for Deserters are Being issued in large numbers by Mr. William R. Hoare, the British acting Consul, in New York. It appears that connected with Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebration, in June last, was the issue of a proclamation offering a pardon to all who had deserted from the British army, prior to June 21. Deserters desiring to take advantage of the offer, were required to apply to the British consul, in any foreign city, and state their case, when they would be supplied with a certificate, permitting them to come and go in any of her Majesty's dominions, without molestation. The New York Consul has had most of this work to do, this city having apparently been a favorite refuge for deserters. Mr. Hoare says that most of those applying for certificates are young men who enlisted under peculiar circumstances and quickly repented of it. Some had quarreled with their parents; others had been distressed by an unhappy love affair, and in hasty desperation rushed into the service, only to wish themselves out again. Hundreds had thus deserted in the past five years, and the majority of them had come to America, established themselves in life, and never expected to return to British territory. Now, drawn by property and family ties, they are eager to accept the pardon and return to the positions from which they had fled. Many, the Consul says, have already returned, and scarcely a steamer has left the harbor since July 1, without bearing away some of these pardoned deserters. One cannot but wish that the same eagerness to take advantage of a proclamation of pardon was manifested by those who have deserted the service of the King of kings (Isa. 55 : 7).

A Railroad Agent's Fight with a Bear is described in the San Francisco *Examiner* of August 5. It states that while Hoyt Sherman, the tourist agent of the Union Pacific, was conducting a party from Beaver Cañon to the Yellowstone Park, a distance of 125 miles through a beautiful country, they camped out for the night on their way. Before lying down to sleep the agent walked around the camp to see that all was right. As he passed under the trees he saw in the moonlight a black object crawling toward the camp. Thinking it was a man plotting robbery he drew his pistol and waited. As the object advanced, he found himself *face to face with a black bear*. Taking deliberate aim with his pistol he pulled the trigger, but it did not go off. He had forgotten to reload it that night. It was too late to run away, and the agent drew his knife and prepared for a struggle, It soon came, and it was a fight for life. The bear hugged and the agent used his knife, until at last, just as the man was almost at his last gasp, the beast's hold relaxed and he fell back dead. It is wonderful that the man should have been the victor in a close encounter with an antagonist so much more powerful than himself; but the sharpness of his weapon made up for the disproportion of strength. That is the case of the Christian in his conflicts with the Evil One. He is sure to conquer if he is armed with the weapons provided for him (Eph. 6 : 13-17).

A Marriage by Proxy Will Shortly be Celebrated at Corunna, Spain. The necessary papers were prepared in Galveston, Texas, on August 9, by a local justice. It appears that some years ago a young Spaniard emigrated from Corunna and settled in Galveston. Before leaving, he promised the young lady to whom he was engaged, that as soon as his circumstances would admit of his keeping a wife, he would return and marry her. He has prospered here, but his business would suffer seriously by his leaving it to take the promised journey to be married. He, therefore, asked the justice to prepare a document similiar to a power of attorney, authorizing a gentleman at Corunna to represent him at the wedding. The justice demurred to this novel method, but the young Spaniard assured him that the wedding by proxy would be quite legal under Spanish law, and that his representative's promises on his behalf would be accepted. The justice, having made inquiries, found that his client's statement was correct, and he, therefore, drew out the papers which have now been forwarded to Spain. The ceremony will be a curious one, and, American ladies will think, a somewhat unsatisfactory one, but if the Spanish bride has faith that her distant lover will fulfill in the New World the promises made in his name in the Old World, she will come out to him with confidence. It is such faith that should inspire the Church, the Bride of Christ. The promises made in His name by His inspired Apostles will surely be fulfilled (Eph. 5 : 25-27).

A Fire on a Gunpowder-Laden Schooner in New York Bay frightened her crew out of her a few days ago. The schooner was getting ready to sail for Porto Rico with a cargo among which were a hundred and fifty kegs of gunpowder and a carboy of oil of vitriol. On the night before the ship was to sail the vitriol exploded. Some of it leaked down into the hold and instantly set fire to a bale of hay. The explosion and the fire frightened the crew, and nearly all of them made a rush for the boat, which they pushed away from the schooner. The colored cook did not have time to jump into the boat, but he flung overboard the main hatch and jumped after it. In their anxiety to get away from the schooner and her cargo of powder the men upset the small boat and were thrown into the water. The captain and mate had been left on board with no means of escape. They set to work with a will and speedily checked the fire. In the meantime the half-drowned men were rescued by a passing boat, but they refused to go back on the schooner from which they had escaped, declaring that they would not sail on a vessel carrying such a dangerous cargo. Their decision is not surprising; men having any regard for their lives would feel uncomfortable with those destructive explosives beneath them. There is not the same prudence manifested in regard to spiritual peril, though there is infinitely more cause. The doom of this world is certain, yet all men cling to it (II Peter 3 : 7).

Seventy-five Thousand Dollars are Lying unclaimed in the savings banks of Connecticut. A law of that State requires the banks to publish annually a report giving the names and amounts due to depositors who have not been heard of for twenty years. This year's report shows that $75,000 is due such depositors. An examination of the names of the depositors suggests the belief that many of them were soldiers in the war, and that they were killed, either leaving no heirs, or heirs ignorant of the deposits in the banks. It may be safely inferred that all the depositors are dead, or that they have not been in need, as they have not drawn on the banks for their money. Men do not act toward banks as Christians often act in respect to the treasures which God is willing to supply to His children. Those treasures are boundless, but though God invites His people to call upon Him in their need they fail to take Him at His word (Mal. 3 : 10).

BRIEF NOTES.

The evangelistic services in Cooper Union will commence in November. We are glad to learn that they are to be conducted by Mr. Charles Herald, who is a most efficient and successful worker.

Mr. Cyrus Sturdivant, the well-known gospel temperance advocate, is working in the Province of Nova Scotia, and is having good meetings.

Mr. Charles Herald is assisting in the tent work in Chicago. At the close of his engagement there, he goes to Hartford, Conn., and will come to New York at the end of October.

The New York Young Men's Christian Association is to build a new headquarters, and the Twenty-third Street building will be operated as a branch. The library will be in the new building.

The cottage at Mt. McGregor, in which General Grant died, is to be devoted by its owner, Joseph W. Drexel, the New York banker, to the use, free of expense, of surviving Union soldiers of the war.

Dr. Fairbairn, the famous Congregationalist minister, who is now a Professor at Oxford University, England, preached at Chatauqua recently. He surprised his hearers by declaring himself a believer in evolution.

Mr. George W. Cable, the author of Dr. Sevier and other famous works, has been giving a series of Bible studies at Northampton. He has now undertaken to conduct Dr. Meredith's Saturday afternoon class in Tremont Temple, Boston.

Returns from 146 counties in Texas are published by the *Voice*. Their net anti Prohibition majority is 88,412. The other forty counties are small. All the Republican counties but three gave large liquor majorities. Fifteen of them added 20,000 majority to the liquor vote.

Between fifty and sixty members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which held its sessions recently in New York, met for prayer on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. Peet, editor of the *American Antiquarian*, presided, and an address was given by Professor Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

A Seaman's Manual of Worship has been issued by the American Seamen's Friend Society, which will be found very useful on board ships where there is no chaplain. It contains one hundred and seventy hymns, appropriate for services at sea and regular forms for use on the Lord's day, daily morning and evening worship with prayers for various occasions and forms of service for the burial of the dead. The forms for the Lord's day have been chiefly taken from the Book of Common Prayer, the others have been composed expressly for the Manual.

An Excellent Opportunity for Boys and Girls now on their vacation to earn pocket money, now offers itself by canvassing for "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" and selling it weekly from house to house in their own neighborhood. A number of boys have commenced this since the holidays, in preference to doing anything else. Send postal card at once, for terms.

THE COVENANTER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy, and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies."—Psalm 25 : 10.

David in Affliction—Under a Sense of Sin—Looking Godward — God's Children Going Home When it Grows Dark—I. The Covenanters—A Picture of a Scottish Covenanter—The True Covenanter — A Noble Being—The Covenant Written in His Heart — Is Zealous—Walks by Faith—Is a Custodian of Truth till Christ Comes. —II. His Experience — God Approaches Him—Mercy in His Paths — Flowers Growing in Ruts—Personal Testimony—Large Gifts After a Night's Suffering—Boys Fishing in a Brook.

THIS psalm is intensely earnest. "Unto Thee, Oh Lord, do I lift up my soul." The sentences are ingots of gold. Every word is exceeding weighty with sense and sincerity. I take it that one reason for this weight is the fact that David was in affliction. He says, "I am desolate and afflicted. Look on mine affliction and my pain." *Pain is a great disenchanter.* Flowery speeches suit the summer-tide of our health, but we find them not in the winter of our grief. Pain kills fine phrases as a mighty frost kills butterflies and moths. You can play with religion until you are laid low, and then it becomes serious work. The romance of religion is one thing; the reality of it is another. May our meditations this morning be solid, and leave on our minds no savor of unreality!

Mixed also with David's suffering there was a sense of sin. Read verse eleven, "For thy Name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great." And again, in verse eighteen, "Forgive all my sins." No man need have a worse trouble than conviction of sin. A thorn in the flesh is nothing to

A Thorn in the Conscience.

A sense of sin is another great disenchanter. When sin is truly felt we come before the great Father, not with mimic sorrow, but with downright soul-weeping and heart-breaking, we cry to Him, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If we feel either of these two things, pain or sin—and who among us can hope to be without them at all times?—then shall we see the solemn side of life, and look for those sure consolations by which we may be sustained. I hope that our subject to-day may help in that direction.

One other thing is notable about David in writing this psalm: whatever his trouble might be, and however deep his sense of sin, he looked Godward always. He cries, "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." "Remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord." In our text his mind dwells upon "the paths of the Lord." The ungodly fly away from God when He chastens them, but the saints kiss the chastening rod. *The child of God goes home when it grows dark.* We seek our healing from the hand which has wounded us. With your eyes looking right on, and your eyelids straight before you, come with me to the rallying-place of the Lord.

In my text I see two things worth talking about. The first is, *the spiritual Covenanter*—"such as keep His covenant and His testimonies;" and, secondly, here is *his notable experience*—"all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant."

I. Observe in the text the footprint of the spiritual Covenanter. You have all heard of

The Old Covenanters of Scotland,

their decision of mind and force of character. Their theory of government for the kingdom of Scotland was quaintly unpractical, but it grew out of true and deep fear of the Lord. The Old Testament spirit in them was not enough tinctured with the meekness of the Lord Jesus, or they would not have touched the weapon of steel; but in this mistake they were very far from being alone. In my bedroom I have hung up the picture of an old Covenanter. He sits in a wild glen with his Bible open before him on a huge stone. He leans on his great broadsword, and his horse stands quietly at his side. Evidently he smelleth the battle afar off, and is preparing for it by drinking in some mighty promise. As you look into the old man's face you can almost hear him saying to himself, "For the crown of Christ and the Covenant, I would gladly lay down my life this day." They did lay down their lives, too, right gloriously, and Scotland owes to her covenanting fathers far more than she knows.

It was a grand day that in which they spread the Solemn League and the Covenant upon the tombstones of the old kirkyard in Edinburgh, and all sorts of men came forward to set their names to it. Glorious was

That Roll of Worthies.

There were the lords of the Covenant and the common men of the Covenant; and some pricked a vein and dipped the pen into their blood, that they might write their names with the very fluid of their hearts. All over England, also, there were men who entered into a like solemn league and covenant, and met together to worship God according to their light, and not according to human order-books. They were resolved upon this one thing—that Rome should not come back to place and power while they could lift a hand against her; neither should any other power in throne or Parliament prevent the free exercise of their consciences for Christ's cause and covenant. These stern old men, with their stiff notions, have gone. And what have we in their places? Indifference and frivolity. We have no Roundheads and Puritans; but then we have scientific dress-making, and we play lawn-tennis! We have no contentions for the faith; but then our amusements occupy all our time. This wonderful nineteenth century has become a child, and put away manly things. Self-contained men, men in whom is the true grit, are now few and far between, as compared with the covenanting days.

But I want to speak this morning, not of the old Covenanters, but of those who at this day keep the covenant of the Lord. Would to God we had among us great companies of "such as keep His covenant, and remember His commandments to do them!"

The True Covenanter

is one who has found out God, and therein has made the greatest discovery that was ever made. He is determined to be right with God; for he feels that if he were right with all his fellow-creatures and everything about him, yet if he were wrong with God he would be out of order in the main point. He has settled in his own soul that he will know the Lord, be right with Him, at peace with Him, yea, and in league with Him. It is not natural to men thus to cling to God, and seek after Him; but it has become natural to this man, so that he hungers and thirsts for the living God. By this very fact the man is ennobled: he is lifted up above the brutes that perish. There must be a divine nature within him, or he would not be drawn towards the divine One above him. It is even so: the Spirit of God has been working here.

Where Written.

The spiritual Covenanter has the covenant with God written on the tablets of his heart. I have known believers when first converted, follow a hint given them by Dr. Doddridge, in his "Rise and Progress of Religion," where he draws up a covenant which he invites the reader to sign. Some have executed a deed with great solemnity, and have also observed the day of its signature from year to year. Very proper, no doubt, to some natures, but I fear to the more timid and conscientious such covenants are apt to cause bondage. When they find that they have not in all things lived up to their own pledges, they are apt to cut themselves off from all part and lot in the matter: this is the covenant of works, and not of grace; a covenant on paper, and not the covenant written upon the heart and mind. The true Covenanter wills the will of God. It is not merely that God commands him to do right, but he longs to do it. O happy man whose covenant with God is the covenant of his own desire, who wills and wishes and longs and labors to yield himself fully and wholly unto the law of his God!

There are three or four things I would say briefly about this true Covenanter: The Lord make each one of us to be of his stamp!

You May Know Him

by his attachment to the Lord Jesus, who is the sum, substance, surety, and seal of the covenant; as also by his zeal for the gospel through which the covenant is revealed to the sons of men. He will not hear anything which is not according to the old gospel, for he counts another gospel to be a pestilent evil. I feel, in casting my eye over many modern writings, as if I had breathed poisonous gas, and was like to die. Others may feed on philosophical morality, but nothing but the grace of God will do for us. Cats and dogs may feed on any rubbish, but men of God must live on the grace of God, and nothing else. He who is indeed in Covenant with God is known by his continual regard to the life, walk, and triumph of *faith.* He has faith, and by that faith he lives and grows. He is, and has, and does all things by faith; and you cannot tempt him away from that faith wherein he stands. Carnal sense and fleshly feeling are not able to tempt him from believing. The highest enjoyment proffered by a *fancied perfection* cannot charm him from standing by faith. "No," he says, "I must trust, or else all is over with me." Though all men should live by sight and feeling, yet will not the true Covenanter quit the hallowed way of faith in the Lord.

This covenanting man will also be known by his stern resolve to preserve the gospel in its purity, and hand it on to others. When the truth of God was made known to Abraham, it was committed to him and to his descendants to keep that lamp burning by which the rest of the world would, in due time, be saved from darkness. At this hour the eternal truths of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ are given over to certain chosen men and women, *to be preserved by them till the coming of the Lord.* This keeping is to be accompanied with a constant proclamation, so that the truth may spread as well as live, and may go on conquering and to conquer. O ye who are the covenanted ones of God, let not His gospel suffer damage..

II. Under our second head let us now study

The Covenanter's Experience.

The text says: "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies." Observe, first, that the Lord makes many approaches to covenanting men. He does not leave them alone, but He comes to them, and manifests Himself to them. By the expression, "All the paths of the Lord," I learn that the Lord has many ways of drawing near His chosen. Not in the public highways of grace only doth He meet those with whom He is on terms of peace, but in many private and secret paths. In a grass-field a path is made by constant treading, and God makes paths to His people by continually drawing nigh unto their souls, and communing with them. The Lord has many paths, for He comes to them from different points of the compass, according as their experience requires. He uses, sometimes this way and sometimes another, that He may commune with us. Young man, I invite you to the grand destiny of one that shall henceforth live with God, to whom God shall manifest Himself. Will not this be a distinguished honor? Do not think it unattainable. God may be reached, if thou wilt consecrate thyself to Him this day by a covenant through Jesus Christ the ever-blessed sacrifice, thou shalt know the visitations of the Almighty; thou shalt, like Enoch, walk with God. Believe me, I speak truth and soberness.

Note, next, that all the dealings of God with His people are in a way of mercy. "All the paths of the Lord are mercy." This is well, for the best of the saints will always need mercy. Those who keep His covenant are still kept by His mercy. When they grow in grace and come to be fully developed Christians, they still need mercy for their sins, their weaknesses, their necessities. The Lord exercises mercy to the most

highly instructed believer, as well as to the babe in grace, mercy to the most useful worker as much as to the most weary sufferer. Thank God that His mercy towards us is for ever.

In the Hebrew I find the word here used is "wheel tracks," such ruts as wagons make when they go down our green roads in wet weather, and sink in up to the axles. God's ways are at times like heavy wagon-tracks, and

They Cut Deep

into our souls; yet they are all of them mercy. Whether our days trip along like the angels mounting on Jacob's ladder to heaven, or grind along like the wagons which Joseph sent to Jacob, they are in each case ordered in mercy. I stand by the happy memories of a tried past, as in summer weather I walk down a green lane, and as I look at the deep ruts which God's providence made long ago, I see flowers of mercies growing in them. All the crushing and the crashing was in goodness. Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Yes, "all the days of my life," the dark and cloudy, the stormy and the wintry, as surely as in "the days of heaven upon the earth."

The Psalmist says, "All the paths of the Lord are mercy *and truth*." That is to say, God has always shown the truth of His word. He has never been false to His pledges. He has done according to His word. How I wish I could persuade you of this! but, alas, the carnal mind will not receive spiritual things: I may bear witness of that which I taste and handle, but you will not believe me. Divine Spirit, come and open blinded eyes! To this rule there is no exception—"*All* the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant." They say there is no rule

Without an Exception,

but there is no exception to that rule. All God's dealings with His people are gracious and faithful. Sometimes the ways of God are full of truth and mercy manifestly—they have been so to me in many a notable instance. I hope I do not trouble you too often with personal experiences. I do not narrate them out of egotism, but because it seems to me that every Christian should add his own personal testimony to the heap of evidence which proves the truth of our God. If I tell you about John Newton, you answer, "He is dead;" but if I tell you of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, he stands before you. Some ten days ago I was called to bear a baptism of pain.

I had a Night of Anguish,

and the pangs ceased not in the morning. How gladly would I escape from these acute attacks, but it seems I may not hope it! I felt worn down and spent. Far on in the morning my ever-thoughtful secretary came by my bedside, and cheered me greatly by the news that the letters brought tidings of considerable help to the various enterprises; in fact, there was far more coming in than is at all usual at this season. A legacy was reported of £500 for the Orphanage, and £500 for the College. Another will was mentioned in which the Orphanage was made a residuary legatee. Living friends had also sent large sums as by a kind of concert of liberality. They did not know that their poor friend was going to be very ill that morning, but their Lord knew, and He moved them to take away every care from His servant. It seemed to me as if my Lord said to me, "Now, you are not going to fret and worry while you are ill. You shall have no temptation to do so; for I will send you in so much help for all My work that you shall not dare to be cast down." Truly, in this the paths of the Lord to me were mercy and truth.

Many and many a time have I been lost in wonder at the Lord's mercy to His unworthy servant. I bow my head and bless the name of the Lord, and cry, "Whence is this to me? Ah, brethren! one can bear rheumatism or gout when mercy flows in as a flood. I have often found His consolations abound in proportion to my tribulations, insomuch that I am on the lookout for the mercy when I begin to feel the smart, even as a child looks for the sweet when he finds himself called upon to take physic.

I Serve a Good Master:

I can speak well of Him at all times, and specially do I find Him kind when the weather is rough around His pilgrim child! Have you not found it so in your way? Come, dear friends, you cannot speak this morning, for one at a time is enough for a public assembly; but you can speak when you have had your dinners and your children are round about you. Tell them how gracious God has been to you in your times of trouble. Exceedingly utter the memory of His great goodness.

Mark you, when we cannot see it, the Lord is just as merciful in His ways to us. We may not expect to be indulged and pampered by being made to *see* the mercy of God, like silly children that will be in a pet and a fume unless their father stuffs their mouths with sweetmeats and their hands with toys. God is as good when He denies as when He grants; and though we often *see* the marvelous tenderness of our God, it is not necessary that we should *see* it to make it true. Our God is wise as a father, and tender as a mother, and when we cannot comprehend His methods, we still believe in His love.

I hear some say, "These things do not happen to me. I find myself struggling alone, and full of sorrow." Do you keep the covenant? Some of you professing Christian

People Live Anyhow,

and not by covenant rule. You do not live to God, you do not keep His covenant, you do not observe his testimonies, you are not living consecrated lives; therefore, if you do not enjoy His mercy and His truth, do not blame the Lord. The text says that all His paths are mercy and truth "unto such as keep His covenant:" remember the character, and do not expect the blessing apart from it.

I hear worldlings mutter—"What is the man at? We know nothing and care nothing about being in covenant with God." Truly you despise the life I set before you; but it is your own way of life which most deserves scorn, O you who live for gain of pleasure! I will sketch you with the pencil of truth. It is

A Country Scene,

and it passed under my own eye but a few hours ago. I sat by the rivulet, at a point where abundant springs poured forth new streams. It was a brook, wide but shallow, and the pure water glided along refreshingly under the overhanging boughs. Little children were there wading into the stream, and enjoying its cool waters. One of them was a true representative of your wealthy merchants. He went a-fishing with a bright green-glass bottle, and his ventures were successful. Again and again I heard his voice ring out most joyously, "Look! Look! Here! Here! Such a big 'un! I have caught such a big 'un!" It was by no means a whale which he had taken, but a fish which might be half an inch long. How he exulted! "Such a big 'un!" To him the affairs of nations were as nothing compared with the great spoil which he had taken. That is the gentleman upon the Exchange who has made that successful speculation. For the next few days he will astonish everybody as they hear it was "such a big 'un!" Earth and heaven and hell, time and eternity, may all accept the go-by now that the glass bottle contains its prey. I confess I was not carried away with admiration for

The Child's Fortune,

neither did I envy him his satisfaction.

His brother, not far off, varied my picture for me: he was less richly endowed, and yet he had a very serviceable tin can, with which he fished most diligently. Soon I heard his voice pitched in another key: "Nasty little things! They won't come here! I can't catch 'em! They're good for nothing! I won't try any more." Then the impetuous genius threw his can with a splash into the water, and his enterprise was ended. That is the gentleman whose company has been wound up, or whose goods will not command a market. Things will not come his way. He cannot get on. He has made a fail of it, and is in the *Gazette*. All society is out of order or he would have been sure to suceeed. He is sick of it all for the present. You smile at my boys! O worldlings, these are yourselves! You are those children, and your ambitions are their tittlebats. Without God you are paddling in the brooklet of life, fishing for minnows. If you get a grip of God, because He has laid hold on you, O man there is then a soul in you; then have you come to be allied with angels and akin to seraphim. Apart from God you subside into shameful littleness. O Lord Jesus, pity those who forget thee! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMNER.*

Mr. Sumner stood six feet two inches high without his shoes, and he was so well built that his height was only noticeable when he was near a person of ordinary size. But there was a manner about him, a free swing of the arm, a stride, a pose of his shaggy head, a sway of his shoulders, that gave to those who knew him best the idea that he was of heroic size. Then too, there was something in the intent look of his deep-set eye, his corrugated brow, the frown born of intense thought, and his large head, made to seem yet larger by its crown of thick, heavy, longish gray hair, all of which gave the idea of physical greatness; but with his frequent smile the set frown passed, his whole appearance changed, and his face beamed like a dark-lantern suddenly lighted. His smile effected a wonderful transformation in his whole appearance, and it set up a peculiar sympathy between himself and its recipient.

He was hardly aware of his enormous strength, it was so seldom called into exercise. His books were packed in large boxes at the end of each session and sent from his rooms to the Capitol, only to be returned at the beginning of the next session. These boxes weighed nearly five hundred pounds each, and were difficult to handle in passages and stairways, and so were accompanied by four men. Once when he was living at the Rev. Dr. Sampson's, one of these heavy boxes got stuck in the stairway. It could be extricated without damage to the walls only by lifting it over the banister. The four men failed to apply their strength to the most advantage, for they got in each other's way, and thus failed to move the box. The Senator, hatted and gloved, ready to go out, came to the stairs.

"Why don't you lift it over the rail?" said he.

"How can we?" answered one. "You have no idea of its weight."

"Let me try," said the Senator, and leaning over the rail he seized the rope becket at the end of the box and lifted the latter clear of its entanglements by one sure pull, splitting his glove, however, across the back. The men were amazed; and he, a little embarrassed, said, "I didn't mean to lift it, only to try its weight."

The Senator at a Fire.

When he lived at Mr. Cammack's on F. Street, the adjourning frame building caught fire, and after a time there was danger to the house where he lived and kept his books and papers. He came to the front door in dressing-gown and slippers, and watched the efforts of the firemen. The hook and ladder company were trying to fix a huge hook at the end of a heavy pole into the shanty to pull down the structure. Three times they thrust this heavy spar into the flames without result.

"Why don't you hook on to that beam?" asked the Senator.

"I'd like to see you do it," was the retort.

"Here, give me your stick," he cried, and placing the spar on his shoulder; he thrust it so vigorously and with so good an aim that the hook caught in the kingbeam, the firemen tailed on to the hauling line, and in an instant the whole structure was leveled to the ground

*From the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (Illustrated). Price 20c. Published by *Schlecht, Field & Co.*, 29 Park Row, New York.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. (*See page 533.*)

The Island of Loanda, on the West Coast of Africa. (*See page 533.*)

and the fire was soon extinguished. The Senator meantime was stepping around daintily on the toes of his slippers, to save his feet from the wet, holding the skirts of his long dressing-gown as a lady might her train, assuring himself that the work was well done. The firemen gave him three cheers, and it was even proposed to make him an honorary member of their company

Purity of Speech.

It should go without saying that Charles Sumner was never guilty of profanity. The Senator abhorred swearing as "neither brave, polite, nor wise."

He was absolutely of a clean, pure mind. Emerson said, "He has the whitest soul I ever knew." So far as I am aware, no one ventured to tell a *risqué* story in his presence. It is said of him that at a dinner-table he quenched a *raconteur* who began something by saying, "I will venture to tell you a good story, as there are no ladies present," by saying, "But, sir, there are gentleman present."

Bunyan's Bible.

Senator Sumner had gathered many rare and valuable books, not merely Elzevirs and Aldines, but highly illuminated missals, Books of Hours with beautiful illustrations in colors, on vellum, coming down from the Middle, Ages; MSS. in heavy carved oak covers, with the chains still hanging to them by which they have been attached to reading-desks in the times when the title-papers of an estate were left as security for the return of a borrowed MSS.; and old maps made in the time of Christopher Columbus, on which new continents were postulated. Among these rarities, interesting to visitors, was Bunyan's Bible, the one he had with him in prison while writing the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is bound in old calf, and is rebacked with brass corners, center pieces, and bands down the back, and has the old dreamer's autograph on the title-page of the New Testament. A portrait of Bunyan is also inserted, together with a wood-cut showing the cottage in which the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

THE following incident which occurred last month is related by Mrs. M. Baxter: a poor man entered the Gospel Union Hall, in the Holloway Road, London, with the sole object of finding a place where he could sit down. He was the son of a praying mother, but had gone from God into sin and shame. Unable to find occupation in London, and being in need of food, he bethought himself of an uncle in Bayswater who was a minister of the Gospel. He found his address and went to see him. His uncle turned his back upon him and would have nothing at all to do with him. Embittered and hardened, he walked as far as the Thames Embankment, thinking to put an end to his miserable life. Then he reasoned: "If religion has made my uncle so hard-hearted that he will not so much as give me food when I am starving, I have a right to think there is no God and all religion is just rubbish and humbug." He spent some time in trying to convince hinself that there was no God, and he was accountable to no one. Just then the Spirit of God, in answer to his mother's prayers, spoke to him, and as clearly a voice sounded the words through his soul, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." He could not end his life if he must needs meet with God, and again he resumed his weary wandering, picking up food how best he might by hook or by crook. Passing the Gospel Union Hall, he went in aimlessly and sat down. A text upon the wall spoke again to him just as he had been spoken to on the Embankment, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." The weary broken heart could not resist the love which took him in. He remained to the meeting, was pointed to the Saviour, and is now on his way, tramping it, to Scotland in search of work, but in company with the Saviour whom he has found, and who never faileth them who put their trust in Him.

Thank God, the work in Holloway Road Gospel Union Hall is progressing well, several have found the Lord of late, and the workers have been stirred to prayerfulness and diligence.

[*This is one of nearly* 100 *Mission Halls of the "Gospel Union"—an evangelistic organization presided over by the Rev. and Mrs. M. Baxter, which costs more than* $250 *to maintain every week. From its Training Home two missionaries are just being sent forth to India and Jamaica, Contributions should be addressed to the* REV. M. BAXTER, *Care of Manager of* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 *Bible House, New York.*]

GRANDMAMMA'S VERSE.

(*See Illustration on page 541*).

"THAT is grandmamma's verse," said one of a group of children who were listening to the reading of the Bible by their father, while a venerable lady, sitting in the most comfortable easy-chair in the room, was looking on.

"Yes, my dear," said the father," "it is. How do you know?"

"Oh! I know; her old Bible is almost worn out at that page, and she has the verse in large letters on the wall in her room. She made me learn it before I could read, and she showed me all the letters. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' That 's it; is it not, grandma?"

"Quite right, my dear," said the old lady; never forget it. The more you learn of yourself, the more you will love that text."

"You should get grandmamma to tell you how it was she first noticed it," said the father.

"Yes, do tell us, grandma," said all the children.

"Well, the verse is enough in itself to be remembered, for it is one of the most precious in the Bible, but I would like you to know about the circumstance your father refers to, so I will tell you. Many years ago—long before your father was born, and before grandmamma came to America—there was an old man in England who was quite blind. When he was younger he was a shepherd and used to look after the flocks, distributed over the wild moorland hills. But through infirmity and old age, and the constant exposure to changeable weather, his sight entirely failed him, so that he could do no more work, but would sit in his son's house all day, except in the afternoon, when his chair was set out in the sunlight, which seemed to cheer the old man, though he could not see it. The time would have been very dull for the old man, his son being busy out of doors all day, and his daughter-in-law having the house and children to occupy her time, if it had not been for his eldest granddaughter, who used to read to him, and was his constant companion.

One day, the little girl was reading the Bible to him at the first chapter of the First Epistle of John. She had the book on his knee, which, as she was a very little girl, made a table just the right height for her. Her grandfather was very still, and once or twice she stopped reading, to look up at him, thinking he might be asleep; but his quiet 'Go on, my child, I 'm listening,' reassured her. When she reached the seventh verse, 'And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' the old man raised himself and stopped the little girl, saying, with all earnestness, 'Is that there, my dear?' 'Yes, grandpa,' 'Then read it to me again;' I don't remember ever seeing just those very words.'

"The little girl read again: 'And the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin.' 'You are quite sure that it is there?' he inquired. 'Yes, quite sure.' 'Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for *I should like to feel it.*'

"She took the old blind man's hand, and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said, 'Now read it to me, again.' The little girl read, with her soft, childish voice, 'And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' 'Are you quite sure that is there?' 'Yes, quite sure.' 'Then if any one should ask, when I am dead, what makes you think your grandfather has gone to Heaven, tell them because he had God's promise that the blood of

Jesus would cleanse him from all sin, and he believed God meant what He said. I am a very old man now, my child, and I should not dare to think of all the time I have lived, if it was not for that. I've done a many wrong things in my day, and there's been a many things as I ought to have done and never did. I don't know how many. But it's *all* sin that is washed out. There ain't any half-and-half business with the Lord. Now, run away, and play, my dear; I've plenty to think about, but leave the book here; I'd like to keep my hand on that comfort.'

"The little girl did run away, and when she came back after a long run on the hills there was quite a stir in the old house. A horse, which she knew belonged to the country doctor, was tied to the fence, and the doctor himself was at the door. 'What is the matter?' the little girl asked of her father. He said, 'Your grandfather's dead, my child. When I came in from work he was sitting in his chair, with his hand on the Bible. I thought he was asleep, but when I looked close I was afraid he was dead, and when the doctor came he said he was dead. He had been gone more than an hour when I found him.'

"'I know where he is gone,' the little girl said. 'He told me, himself.' Her father said, 'What do you mean, my child?' 'He's gone to heaven; that is what he told me, and he asked me to put his hand on the place where the words are that made him sure, and I did.'

"That little girl has grown old now, and she has seen many things, and traveled a long way, and will soon die under different skies and in another land, but she is trusting in the same promise as her grandfather, and is not afraid.'

"'Do you know her, then, grandma?' asked the children.

"'Oh, yes, I know her; it is I.'"

A Precious Verse.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 526.*)

A Vacation in the Country—His Address Benefits a Christian Lady—Preaching in a Dark Village—Offers to Serve the Society Without Salary—His Proposal Rejected—Ministers Disapprove a Sermon—More Unpopular Sermons—Conversation with Domestic Servants—Urged to Stay at Teignmouth—Opposition Attracts Him—Decides to Settle There—How he Prepared his Sermons.

About the beginning of the next year my fellow-students had a fortnight's vacation, and as with them I had conformed myself to the order of the Institution, I felt that I might also partake of their privileges; not indeed to please the flesh, but to serve the Lord. On December 30, I therefore left London for Exmouth, where I intended to spend my vacation, in the house of my Christian friends, who had kindly lodged me the summer before, that I might preach there during this fortnight, and still more fully weigh the matter respecting my proposal to the Society. I arrived at Exmouth on December 31, at six in the evening, an hour before the commencement of a prayer-meeting at Ebenezer Chapel. In the morning I spoke on the difference between *a Christian and a happy Christian*, and showed whence it generally comes that we rejoice so little in the Lord. This, my first testimony, was blessed to many believers, that God, as it appears, might show me that He was with me. Among others, it proved a blessing to a Christian female.

At the request of several believers I spoke again in the afternoon, and also proposed a meeting in the chapel every morning at ten, to expound the Epistle to the Romans. I had also, most days, a meeting in a room with several ladies, for reading the Scriptures with them. This I did that I might make the best of my fortnight. The second day after my arrival a brother said to me: "I have been praying for this month past that the Lord would do something for Lympstone, a large parish where there is little spiritual light. There is a Wesleyan chapel, and I doubt not you would be allowed to preach there." Being ready to speak of Jesus wherever the Lord might open a door, yet so that I could be faithful to the truths which He had been pleased to teach me, I went, and easily obtained liberty to preach on the next day.

During the first days of January, 1830, whilst at Exmouth, it became more and more clear to me, that I could not be connected with the Society under the usual conditions; and as I had an abundance of work where I was, and little money to spend in travelling (for all I possessed was about five pounds), it appeared best to me to write at once to the committee that, whilst they were coming to a decision respecting me, I might continue to preach. I therefore wrote to them, stating what had been my views before I became acquainted with them, and what they were now. I also stated my difficulty in remaining connected with them on the usual terms, as stated in substance above; and then concluded, that as, however, I owed them much, as having been instrumental in bringing me to England, where the Lord had blessed me so abundantly—and as I, also, should like to obtain from them the Hebrew Scriptures and tracts for the Jews—I would gladly serve them without any salary, if they would allow me to labor, in regard to time and place, as the Lord might direct me. Some time after I received a very kind private letter from one of the secretaries, who always had been very kind to me, together with the following official communication from the committee:

"Resolved, That Mr. Müller be informed, that while the committee cordially rejoice in any real progress in knowledge and grace which he may have made under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, they, nevertheless, consider it inexpedient for any society to employ those who are unwilling to submit themselves to their guidance with respect to missionary operations; and that while, therefore, Mr. Müller holds his present opinions on that point, the committee cannot consider him as a missionary student; but should more mature reflection cause him to alter that opinion, they will readily enter into further communication with him."

After I had preached about three weeks at Exmouth and its neighborhood, I went to Teignmouth with the intention of staying there ten days, to preach the Word among the brethren with whom I had become acquainted during the previous summer, and thus to tell them of the Lord's goodness to me. One of the brethren said, almost immediately on my arrival at Teignmouth, I wish you would become our minister, as the present one is going to leave us. My answer was, I do not intend to be stationary in any place, but go through the country, preaching the Word as the Lord may direct me.

One evening I preached a sermon for Brother Craik, at Shaldon, in the presence of three ministers, none of whom liked the discourse: yet it pleased God, through it, to bring to the knowledge of His dear Son, a young woman who had been a servant to one of these ministers, and who had heard her master preach many times. How differently does the Lord judge from men! Here was a particular opportunity for the Lord to get glory to Himself. A foreigner was the preacher, with great natural obstacles in the way, for he was not able to speak English with fluency; but he had a desire to serve God, and was by this time also brought into such a state of heart as to desire that God alone should have the glory, if any good were done through his instrumentality. How often has it struck me, both at that time and since, that His strength was made perfect in my weakness.

On Tuesday evening I preached at Ebenezer Chapel, Teignmouth, the same chapel at the opening of which I became acquainted with the brother whom the Lord had afterwards used as an instrument of benefiting me so much. My preaching was also disliked there by many of the hearers; but the Lord opened the hearts of a few to receive the truth, and another young woman was brought to the Lord through the instrumentality of the Word then preached. On Wednesday I preached again in the same chapel, and the Word was disliked still, perhaps more, though the few who received the truth in the love of it, increased in number. On Thursday I preached again at Shaldon, and on Friday at Teignmouth. The effect was the same; dislike on the one side, and joy and delight in the truth on the other. By this time I began to reflect about the cause of this opposition; for the same brethren who had treated me with much kindness the summer previous, when I was less spiritually minded, and understood much less of the truth, now seemed to oppose me, and I could not explain it in any other way than this, that the Lord intended to work through my instrumentality at Teignmouth, and that therefore, Satan, fearing this, sought to raise opposition against me.

On the Lord's Day I dined with a brother whose heart the Lord had opened to receive me as a servant of Christ. After dinner I talked to a young woman, his servant, at the request of her sister, who, on the Tuesday previous, had been convinced of sin, and on the Friday brought to enjoy peace in the Lord. This young woman also was, through the instrumentality of this conversation, brought to see her sinful state, though she could not rejoice in the Lord until about seven months after. How differently the Lord dealt with her sister, and yet the work of grace was as real in the one as in the other, as I had full opportunity of seeing afterwards!

On the same Lord's Day I preached twice at Teignmouth, and once at Shaldon; for so precious did every opportunity seem to me, and so powerfully did I feel the importance of those precious truths, which I had so recently been led to see, that I longed to be instrumental in communicating them to others.

By this time the request, that I might stay at Teignmouth, and be the minister of the above chapel, had been repeatedly expressed by an increasing number of the brethren; but others were decidedly against my remaining there. This opposition was instrumental in settling in my mind that I should stay for awhile, at least until I was formally rejected. In consequence of this conclusion, I took the following step, which, it may be, I should not repeat under similar circumstances, but which was certainly taken in love to those who were concerned in the matter, and for the glory of God, as far as I then had light.

On the Tuesday following, after preaching, I told the brethren how, in the providence of God, I had been brought to them, without the least intention of staying among them, but that, on finding them without a minister, I had been led to see it to be the will of God to remain with them. I also told them, as far as I remember, that I was aware of the opposition of some, but that I nevertheless intended to preach to them till they rejected me; and if they should say I might preach, but they would give me no salary, that would make no difference on my part, as I did not preach for the sake of money; but I told them, at the same time, that it was an honor to be allowed to supply the temporal wants of any of the servants of Christ. The latter point I added, as it seemed right to me, to give out the whole counsel of God, as far as I knew it. On the next day, Wednesday, I left, and, having preached in two or three places near Exmouth, and taken leave of my friends there, I returned to Teignmouth.

Here I preached again three times on the Lord's Day, none saying, we wish you not to preach, though many of the hearers did not hear with enjoyment. Some of them left and never returned; some left, but returned after awhile. Others came to the chapel, who had not been in the habit of attending there previous to my coming. There was sufficient proof that the work of God was going on, for there were those who were glad to hear what I preached, overlooking the infirmities of the foreigner, delighting in the food for their souls without caring much about the form in which the truth was set before them; and these were not less spiritual than the rest; and there were those who objected decidedly; some, however, manifesting merely the weakness of brethren, and others the bitterness of the opposers of the Cross. There was, in addition to this, a great stir, a spirit of inquiry, and a searching of the Scriptures, whether these things were so. And, what is more than all, God set His seal upon the work, in converting sinners. Twelve weeks I stood in this same position, whilst the Lord graciously supplied my temporal wants, through brethren, unasked for.

After this time, the whole little church, eighteen in number, unanimously gave me an invitation to become their pastor. My answer to them was that their invitation did not show me more than I had seen before, that it was the will of God that I should remain with them, yet for their sakes I could not but rejoice in this invitation, as it was a proof to me that God had blessed them through my instrumentality in making them thus of one mind. I also expressly stated to the brethren that I should only stay so long with them as I saw it clearly to be the will of the Lord; for I had not given up my intention of going from place to place, if the Lord would allow me to do so. The brethren, at the same time, now offered to supply my temporal wants by giving me £55 a year, which sum was afterwards somewhat increased, on account of the increase of the church.

I now had Teignmouth for my residence, but I did not confine my labors to this place; for I preached regularly once a week in Exeter, once a fortnight at Topsham, sometimes at Shaldon, often at Exmouth, sometimes in the above-mentioned villages near Exmouth, regularly once a week at Bishopsteignton, where a part of the church lived, and afterwards repeatedly at Chudleigh, Collumpton, Newton and elsewhere.

That which I consider the best mode of preparation for the public ministry of the Word, no longer adopted, from necessity, on account of want of time, but from deep conviction, and from the experience of God's blessing upon it, both as regards my own enjoynent, the benefit of the saints, and the conversion of sinners, is as follows:—1. I do not presume to know, myself, what is best for the hearers, and I, therefore, ask the Lord in the first place, that He would graciously be pleased to teach me on what subject I should speak, or what portion of His Word I shall expound. Now, sometimes it happens, that previous to my asking Him, a subject or passage has been in mind, on which it has appeared well for me to speak. In that case I ask the Lord whether I should speak on this subject or passage. If, after prayer, I feel persuaded that I should, I fix upon it, yet so, that I would desire to leave myself open to the Lord to change it, if He please. Frequently, however, it occurs that I have no text or subject in my mind before I give myself to prayer, for the sake of ascertaining the Lord's will concerning it. In this case, I wait some time on my knees for an answer, trying to listen to the voice of the Spirit to direct me. If then a passage or subject, whilst I am on my knees, or after I have finished praying for a text, is brought to my mind, I again ask the Lord, and that sometimes repeatedly, especially if, humanly speaking, the subject or text should be a peculiar one, whether it be His will that I should speak on such a subject or passage. If, after prayer, my mind is peaceful about it, I take this to be the text, but still desire to leave myself open to the Lord for direction, should He please to alter it, or should I have been mistaken. Frequently, also, in the third place, it happens that I not only have no text nor subject on my mind previous to my praying for guidance in this matter, but also I do not obtain one after once or twice or more times praying about it. I used formerly at times to be much perplexed when this was the case, but for more than thirty years it has pleased the Lord, in general at least, to keep me in peace about it. What I do is, to go on with my regular reading of the Scriptures, where I left off the last time, praying (whilst I read) for a text, now and then also laying aside my Bible for prayer, till I get one. Thus it has happened that I have had to read five, ten, yea, twenty chapters, before it has pleased the Lord to give me a text: yea, many times I have even had to go to the place of meeting without one, and obtained it perhaps only a few minutes before I was going to speak: but I have never lacked the Lord's assistance at the time of preaching, provided I had earnestly sought it in private. The preacher cannot know the particular state of the various individuals who compose the congregation, nor what they require, but the Lord knows it; and if the preacher renounces his own wisdom he will be assisted by the Lord; but if he will choose in his own wisdom, then let him not be surprised if he should see little benefit result from his labors.

Before I leave this part of the subject, I would just observe one temptation concerning the choice of a text. We may see a subject to be so very full that it may strike us it would do for some other occasion. For instance, sometimes a text, brought to one's mind for a week-evening meeting, may appear more suitable for the Lord's Day, because then there would be a greater number of hearers present. Now, in the first place, we do not know whether the Lord ever will allow us to preach on another Lord's Day; and, in the second place, we know not whether that very subject may not be especially suitable for some or many individuals present just that week-evening. Thus I was once tempted, after I had been a short time at Teignmouth, to reserve a subject, which had been just opened to me, for the next Lord's Day. But being able, by the grace of God, to overcome the temptation by the above reasons, and preaching about it at once, it pleased the Lord to bless it to the conversion of a sinner, and that, too, an individual who meant to come but that once more to the chapel, and to whose case the subject was most remarkably suited.

(*To be Continued.*)

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THE life of the Christian may, and should, be in every respect a contrast to that of the heathen and the worldling; in fact, to that of every man who is "without God in the world." Jesus assures us, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." The supply is ready before the need arises, and God permits the need that His child may learn to trust Him. The man who is "without God" sees his needs arising, and strains every effort to provide for himself; it belongs to his ignorance of God to lay up "treasures upon earth, where moth and dust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." His horizon is bounded by earth and time. The blessed truth known to the man of God is

The Lord Will Provide.

Therefore, our Lord says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. Ye are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." "(your) citizenship is in heaven;" do, then, as becomes a heavenly people; "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do *not* break through nor steal." Jesus does not condemn forethought, but He would have the children of the kingdom live for the kingdom, and make their calculations not for time but for eternity, not for earth, but for Heaven.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." What is it that keeps a child of God awake at night, and meets him in his waking thoughts? Is it praise to the living God? Or is it some matter of business, in which he fears to lose a large sum of money? Can this so move an heir of heaven as to disturb his peace? If so, where is this man's heart? On earth or in Heaven? Is it some unkind remark of a fellow-Christian? Is it something of mortified pride which galls the spirit—some bitter sense of injustice? If so, where is the heart? Is it not on earth, occupied with man, rather than in Heaven, occupied with Jesus, and far above all these heart-burnings about little things? Is not this a proof that such an one is laying up for himself the treasure of his own reputation on earth, and loving the praise of men more than the praise of God? But is it the thwarting of his plans for Christian work which worries and agitates a Christian man? He sees that which he had labored with the greatest devotion to accomplish, that over which he had spent thought and time and money, that over which he had prayed, that which had been the very object of his life—he sees it become a failure! He is fretted, disappointed. Perhaps his own health has failed, and the souls he has been the means of winning are scattered; some seem to go back into the world, others are lost sight of, and it is a crushing burden to him.

What Was His Treasure?

Was it not this world rather than his God? And surely, his loving Heavenly Father has broken it all up, not because He does not love the souls His servant cared for, but because He saw His instrument in danger; He saw him absorbed with his work as a treasure upon earth; that was why He smashed the idol. As far as self enters into our life, into our work for God, there is an element of corruption in it. Moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal. When we work as Christ worked, having no will but God's, no plans but those He makes for us, and those He changes as *He* sees best—everything endures, for all has the elements of eternity in it.

"The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." We talk of men having "an eye to business," "an eye to gain," "an eye to the glory of God," i. e., their whole bent and aim is that way. A single eye or aim means being *all* for God, or *all* for the world."

"A Whole Man For One Thing."

"This one thing I do," said Paul; all other things were subsidiary, "So, I come to do Thy will," said our blessed Lord, and all details, even to eating, drinking and sleeping, were a part of that will, as much as His dying upon the cross. If a man wants to be a foreign missionary, but, at the same time, to become a gentleman by entering a college, this latter ingredient in his motives makes his eye cease to be single. If an eloquent man speaks to any audience with the *real* desire to win souls, and yet, at the same time, looks out for some credit for his eloquence, his eye is not single. If a man gives himself to fasting and prayer because the state of the lost at home and abroad presses upon his heart and conscience, and if, while he lays their case before God, he counts in any degree whatsoever on his devotion in fasting and praying, his eye is not single. O, how little there is amongst us of this singleness of eye! O, how many of us seek our own, while we attempt at the same time to seek the things which are Jesus Christ's! And this we cannot do. Some evangelical believers try to do it: they seek and obtain a sense of pardon of their sins past, but, instead of asking God like Paul, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts 9 : 6) they think, "What do I choose to do?" and so it comes that worldly bazaars and concerts are made a part of church work, and there is the miserable attempt to "serve God and mammon." How like the heathen, who flatter their gods when all goes well with them, but beat and sometimes burn them when things go ill. Self is, here, the real god; so far as God serves the purposes of self, will these have to do with Him, but let Him touch self, and all their devotion dies.

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon." To serve God means death to the world, death to the flesh, death to the devil. To serve mammon means that "friendship with the world" which is "enmity with God." There are many who consecrate themselves to God with a selfish motive, they have seen others who are consecrated so happy that they go in for consecration *as a means of getting happiness*, and not because God has a right to them. But they cannot thus serve themselves of consecration to God. Some want to receive the Holy Ghost for their own purposes, that they may be great and powerful, and remarkable; but we cannot serve ourselves, of the Holy Ghost in this way; it would be really serving mammon after all. Real consecration is a yielding ourselves up to God without Peter's question, "What shall we *have* therefor?" The real filling with the Holy Ghost makes us know ourselves very small.

"Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?" (R. V.)

"Not Anxious?"

says many a laboring man; "why, if I don't work for my family, I don't know who will, and there is nothing but the workhouse before us." God does not tell him not to work, for He says, "If any will not work, neither let him eat," and it is a patent fact that most of the people who do not work have very poor appetites and often impaired digestions. But God would say, "Work, but not with an anxious mind." Work as one who, if trouble comes, knows how to cast all his care on a real Father close at hand, who careth for him. A man who really believes that his interests are safe with God will not, while he is still in work, live over in anticipation the days he may be out of work, but he will praise God that He careth for him, and that, in any case, "the Lord will provide." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the years of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit" (Jer. 17 : 7, 8). The very fowls teach us a lesson, and so do the very lilies of the field. If God cannot create the birds without providing their food, how much less will he create the life of beings which shall be immortal as Himself without providing food for their temporal necessities? "Are ye not much better than they?" Made in the image of God, created to reciprocate God's love throughout an endless eternity, will God forget us? Never. The man who fears it does not know God. Then Jesus asks what is the fruit of anxiety, "Which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature?" All the anxiety of children to grow big does not make them so. All the mortification which dwarfs often suffer, and which is full of the most painful anxiety, does not change their appearance, nor add to their stature. Some of them have indeed trusted the great Physician, and have been made straight, but this was, not by being anxious, but by handing over anxiety to Jesus.

Anxiety Only Hinders God,

and makes us miserable. Trust enables God to act, because when we trust we are out of His way. "And why take ye thought for raiment?" If we could sum up the amount of thought given in one day in one city to raiment, we should perhaps find that about ten per cent. of all the thoughts which pass through the minds of the inhabitants would be thoughts about raiment. Take the aristocratic belle, and her maids, and her dressmakers, and her friends; take the common factory girl; take the poor lost ones on the streets; take all who belong to dry goods and millinery stores and second-hand clothing stores; and then take the tailors and their patrons; and I doubt if I have exaggerated in saying that perhaps ten per cent. of the thoughts in a great city are given to raiment. "Why take ye thought for raiment?" God's "lilies of the field" are more lovely than all the productions of man, and any truly artistic eye will allow that "beauty unadorned 's adorned the most." "If God doth clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Be Not, Therefore, Anxious,

saying, "What shall we eat?" or, "What shall we drink?" or, "Wherewith shall we be clothed?" "For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things" (R. V.). But a great many, even of Christians, create needs out of their likes and their dislikes. Now we have no promise of God that He will minister to selfish whims, but He has pledged Himself, that, if we seek, "first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness," all our real needs shall be added unto us. The world and the heathen put self-care first. God says, "My children, be not heathen; the heathen know not a father's care; shew them that I am to be trusted." Be not, therefore, anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself;" i. e., it will have its own anxieties. Insanity generally comes from a mind taking the burden of more than one day at a time. God knows it is too much for His children to have more than one, and He would have us cast each day's and each hour's burden on Him as it arises, so that, while we meet with trials all the way along, we may walk free from them all, through trust in our living, loving Father.

LIFT ME UP.

OUT of myself, dear Lord
O, lift me up!
No more I trust myself in life's dim maze,
Sufficient to myself in all its devious ways.
I trust no more, but humbly at Thy throne
Pray, "Lead me, for I cannot go alone."

Out of my weary self
O, lift me up!
I faint, the road winds upward all the way,
Each night but ends another weary day.
Give me Thy strength, and may I be so blest
As "on the heights" I find the longed for rest.

Out of my selfish self
O, lift me up!
To live for others, and in living so
To be a blessing wherese'er I go,
To give the sunshine, and the clouds conceal,
Or let them but the silver clouds reveal.

Out of my lonely self
O, lift me up!
Tho' other hearts with love are running o'er,
Tho' dear ones fill my lonely home no more,
Tho' every day I miss the fond caress,
Help me to join in others' happiness.

Out of my doubting self
O, lift me up!
Help me to feel that Thou art always near,
That tho' 'tis night and all around seems drear,
Help me to know that tho' I cannot see,
It is my Father's hand that leadeth me.

—*C. F. Parker.*

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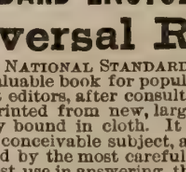

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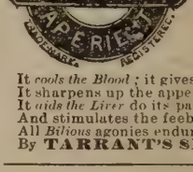

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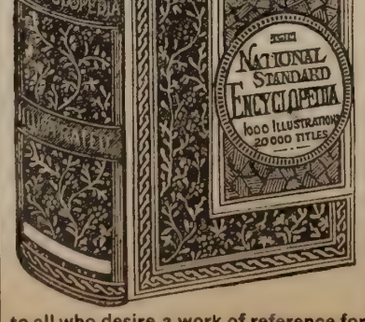

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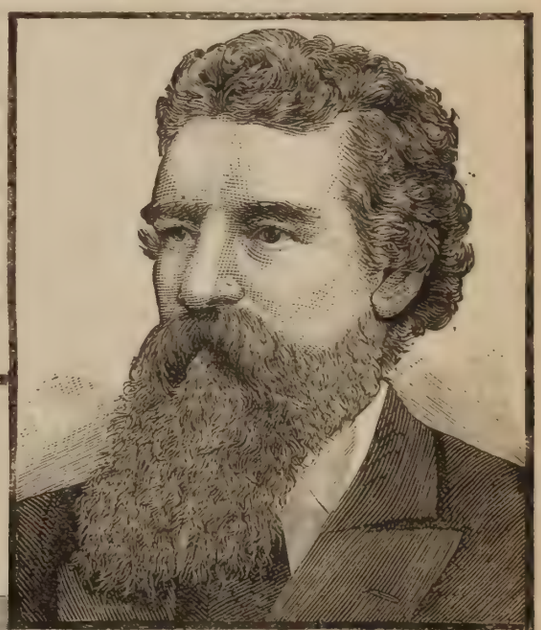

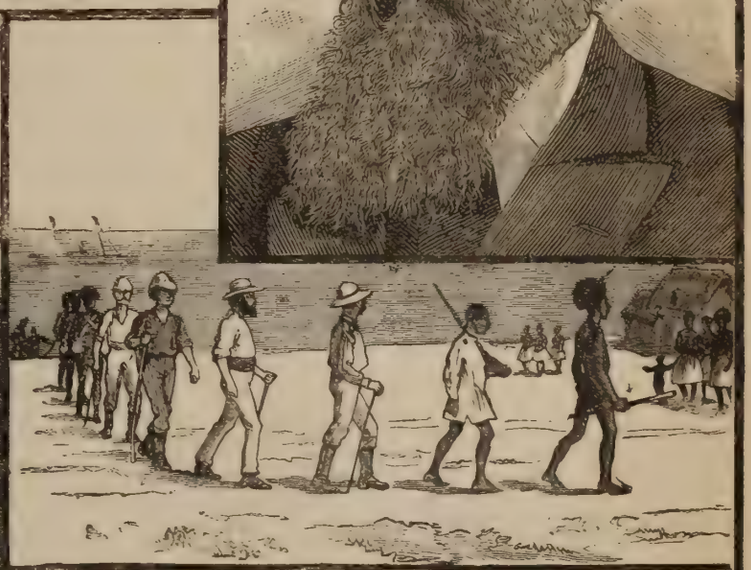

The REV. JAMES CHALMERS, Pioneer Missionary in New Guinea—Scenes in his Life.

THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

A Pioneer Missionary in New Guinea.

The Island and People of New Guinea—Mr. Chalmers Born in 1841—Early Conversion—Call to the Ministry and to Foreign Mission Work—Accepted by the London Missionary Society—Sets Sail in 1866 for Rarotonga—Ocean Perils Escaped—Arrival at Rarotonga—Appointed to New Guinea in 1878—Mrs. Chalmer's Heroism—A Sorcerer's "Revelations"—Influence of the Missionary among the Chiefs—Exploring Journeys—A Serious Native Fray—The Annexation in 1885—The Tree Houses.

ONE of the most remarkable missionary efforts of recent times is that of the introduction of Christianity to Papua, or New Guinea, which has been conducted by the Rev. James Chalmers (whose portrait appears on the first page), aided by Rev. Wyatt Gill and other devoted laborers. New Guinea is a large island in the South Pacific, close to the Equator, and to the north of Australia. Its area is about 250,000 square miles—a little smaller than the State of Texas. The natives have always been regarded as a wild, intractable race, fierce and savage, addicted to cannibalism, and sunk in hopeless barbarism. The idea of going to such a people to preach the gospel was regarded as rash in the extreme, and certain to result in massacre. But in 1871 the attempt was made. The Rev. Wyatt Gill and Rev. S. McFarlane, two missionaries who had been laboring at Mangaia, a South Pacific island in the Hervey group, set out with a band of native teachers for New Guinea. Like the first missionaries of the Cross, they counted not their lives dear unto them, but went in the name of the Prince of Peace, trusting in His power to protect them, or, if need be, ready to give up their lives in the work. They were unexpectedly successful in their work on the coast, and six years later—in 1877 Mr. Gill being needed in another field—Mr. Chalmers took hold of the work and pushed on into the interior. Like Livingstone in Africa, he has opened up the comparatively unknown land, and has, in addition to his labors in the cause of Christ, contributed to the geographical and scientific knowledge of the world.

Early Life.

Mr. Chalmers was born at Ardrishaig, Argyleshire, Scotland, in 1841, so that he is now forty-six years of age. Converted to God in early life, he formally identified himself with the United Presbyterian Church in 1860, and began to work in various ways for the good of men and the glory of Christ. After a time he believed that God would have him devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel in the foreign mission field, and he at once solemnly consecrated himself to the service. He became a student at Cheshunt College and at Highgate, and having showed much aptitude for missionary enterprise, he was accepted by the committee of the London Missionary Society at the close of his academical curriculum, and appointed to Rarotonga, formerly one of the most savage of the islands of the South Seas, but many of whose inhabitants had been won to Christianity. He sailed from London in January, 1866, in the missionary ship *John Williams*. At Aneitum his life was in peril, for the ship struck with violence upon a hidden reef, which necessitated an immediate return to Sydney for repairs. Having been again got ready for sea, the *John Williams* visited several stations where the Gospel had gained a footing, but was

Wrecked on the Island of Niue,

with some of the missionary party on board. God, however watched over the lives of His servants, and at length, in the month of May, 1867, they arrived at Rarotonga. Two months later the mission was left in the sole charge of Mr. Chalmers, through the return to England of Rev. E. R. W. Krause, who had previously done most successful service there. The younger missionary, with characteristic devotion and hopefulness, took up pastoral work among the native churches, and conducted the management of the Theological Institution for the training of native evangelists, and the various schools on the island, the blessing of God resting abundantly on his labors.

In May, 1878, Mr. Chalmers left Rarotonga, the London Missionary Society having appointed him

Missionary in New Guinea,

where he now is. After some preliminary labors and early difficulties on Suan, or Stacey Island, and the mainland, he began his long and perilous journeys, accompanied only by his brave wife, among tribes believed to be hostile, travelling unarmed, preferring to leave themselves wholly to the care of their Master. He says: "Only once in New Guinea have I carried a weapon, and *then* we had spears thrown at us." Mrs. Chalmers had the happy art of drawing the savages to her, and of inspiring them with confidence in her and her husband. She seemed absolutely fearless, and made the wild children of nature who surrounded her, greatly respect and, later on, love her. Resolute in character, with strong faith in God, no circumstances of a seemingly inauspicious nature could avail to turn aside from the path of duty. When her friends in Australia tried to pursuade her to remain there for a year or two, while Mr. Chalmers selected a position and prepared a home, her undaunted reply was, "No! my place and my duty are with my husband." A description of the journeys taken by this brave couple is contained in a volume entitled "*Work and Adventure in New Guinea*," the joint product of the pens of Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Gill, from which we extract the following

Incidents of the Campaign.

While the missionary party was detained on one occasion at Uakinumu, one night after all in the village had retired to rest, a peculiar noise was heard, as of some one in great distress; then loud speaking, in a falsetto voice, and all knew at once that a spiritist, or sorcerer, was near by, and revelations were about to be made. The travelling party were all named, and the places they were to visit. Mr Chalmers felt anxious, for if the "revelation" should be in the least gloomy, such was the faith that the sorcerers have inspired in the people, that no native would accompany them, However, it turned out all right. The "spirit" gave the missionaries an excellent character, eulogized them as good and kind, and predicted that all the villages would willingly receive them. Of course the "spiritist" was only a sorcerer, who was well acquainted with the intentions of Mr. Chalmers, and being favorably impressed by him, had spoken in his favor.

The influence of the tribal chiefs has been quite undermined by these sorcerers, until scarcely any remain who are able to wield authority. Now, however, the real power along the coast of New Guinea is symbolized by the numerous mission stations which have been planted by Mr. Chalmers, who has obtained

The Name of "Tamate,"

(teacher), and is beloved by all. Everywhere "maino" (peace), follows the footsteps of Tamate. He settles the quarrels which arise: often he is sent for from very long distances to act as arbitrator among tribes which may be at war. As an English naval officer testified a few months ago, "Everywhere Tamate's influence is supreme," he soothes the excitable minds of the natives, calms and drives away their fears with a power which to these simple people seems wonderful, so that the very name "Tamate" has come to signify "peace."

At the close of 1880 reports were brought to Mr. Chalmers that the Elema natives purposed making a raid to kill him and Ruatoka, the native teacher, and then attack the native Christians right and left. Under these threatening circumstances he resolved to

Beard the Lion in His Den,

and made arrangements for visiting Motu-motu, the hostile chief. On January 10, 1881, he started. The leader of his party ran away, but one of the first three New Guinea converts of Port Moresby, named Huakonis, was willing to go. The boat's crew were regarded by the people as simply rushing into the arms of death. Wives, children and friends gathered around weeping. Huakonis told Mr. Chalmers afterwards that everything short of physical force was used to prevent their accompanying him, and added, "We know it is all right; the Spirit that has watched over you in the past—naming the various journeys—will do so now, and if we return safe, won't the people be ashamed?" The visit proved completely successful; both chief and people were charmed, quite willing to make peace, and agreed to pay a return visit. Soon after his return Mr. Chalmers baptized Kohn and Rahela, the first two women of New Guinea converted to Christianity.

Building a Mission.

In May, 1881, Mr. Chalmers left Port Moresby, the chief mission station in New Guinea, and took a westerly course. He anchored in Hall Sound next day, opposite Delena. The chiefs, Kone and Lavao, came off, and said it was useless to go on to Maiva, it being impossible to land there. He went ashore at Delena, and, in a survey of the country, was astonished to find a beautiful tract of land, forming a splendid position for a mission house. Kone offered as much land as he wanted, and, after thinking it over, Mr. Chalmers decided to build, then landed his tents, and pitched them on the rising ground above the village.

When telling the people that there would be no work for them on Sunday, Kone said, "Oh, we know! and we are going to be *healka* (sacred) to-morrow." On being asked how he had come to know about Sunday, he replied, "From Boera." Thus the teaching given at one place reaches and influences many villages, and sometimes those are at a great distance. Mr. Chalmers found heathens repeating the Lord's Prayer, asking a blessing and giving thanks before and after meals, telling Bible stories and preaching Christian doctrines, in very out-of-the-way places. The trading instincts of the people lead them to the villages, where the teachers are located, and they carry away more than the price of their produce.

A Peacemaker.

On the Sunday following they had service, Kone being the interpreter. But the wary missionary was not deceived by outward appearances. About a week after occurred a serious fray at Delena. When the fight began in the village there was a shout for the missionary to go out and fight with his gun. He went, but unarmed. Rushing into the *melee*, he shouted, "Maino!" (peace) and soon there was a hush in the terrible storm. Walking through the village, he disarmed some of the combatants, Then Kone pointed out "Arua," the chief, or sorcerer, of the attacking party. He recognized in him a man who, on a former visit, had left his presence in great wrath. Taking his weapons from him, Mr. Chalmers linked his arm, and walked him up the hill, talking kindly; he showed him the Mission flag, and said that was "Maino," at the same time warning him that on no account must he ascend the hill, All right; Arua would stop fighting.

Soon afterwards Mr. Chalmers was again brought out by the report that Kone was about to be killed. More warriors had arrived. The attacking chiefs assured him they would not come near the Mission premises, but he replied, "Right, friends, but you must stop fighting, and on no account injure my friend Kone." Then he called a meeting, and they all agreed to peace. After the fray was over the Delena natives said, "Well, Tamate, had you not been here, many of us would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara, never to return."

Death of a Chief.

After an absence of a few months Mr. Chalmers returned to Delena to get his boat for further aggresive work, and to take Kone with him. As he approached, all was hushed. Lavao stepped on board, and was asked, "Where is Kone?" After a time the reply came, "O Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead, and we

buried him on your ground, near the house of his one great friend." When Mr. Chalmers's feelings subsided, so that he could again speak, he asked, "Did Kone die of sickness?" "No, he was speared at a feast by your friend Laoma, who wished to kill a Naara man, and when about to throw a spear, Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him, the spear entering his own breast. On the second moon he died."

In 1879 the intrepid missionary was called to bear a heavy trial. His brave and faithful wife who had come with him to Raratonga in 1867, and had been his constant companion and helper, sharing his dangers and labors ever since, after twelve years' faithful service had to leave New Guinea in ill health, and died at Sydney, New South Wales, on Feb. 20, 1879.

How largely God has owned and blessed the work in the Island may be inferred from the fact that now five hundred miles of the coast are occupied by the Mission stations of the London Missionary Society, and the light of the Gospel of Christ continues to penetrate further into the interior. Before leaving New Guinea for a brief visit to his home recently, Mr. Chalmers partook of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper with over seventy converts.

The Annexation

of about half of New Guinea by the British government, which amicably agreed with the German government for a partition of the island, was formally proclaimed by the late Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley, on October 30, 1885. The ceremony was striking. Dressed in dazzling white clothing, the sailors and marines of the British ships *Diamond* and *Raven* were drawn up in line at daybreak, at Maopa, the capital at Aroma, which is about four or five miles distant from the coast. Around the tall flagstaff which had been erected, stood Sir P. Scratchley, Captain Clayton, R. N., the General Staff, and the native chief. In one dense circle around sat some 3,000 natives. The quaintly peaked village houses formed the background, over which waved the towering palm-trees which rose from the luxuriant green forest behind. (*See illustration on first page*) After an impressive speech addressed to the chief and his people, delivered by Captain Clayton through the interpretation of Rev. J. Chalmers, the missionary, the Union Jack was hoisted.

The Dobos or Tree Houses,

one of which is seen on our front page, are houses built high up among the branches of tall trees, like huge birds' nests. They are not used as residences, but for places of refuge and defence in case of attack by other tribes; and are sufficiently large to contain each a dozen persons.

Referring to the bright future of the country, Mr. Chalmers says, in his book, "The influence of the Gospel is already so marked, that it is working rapid changes in the thoughts and habits of the natives. Hence it is more than probable that no white man of this generation can possibly see New Guinea and her people under exactly the same conditions as the writer. Succeeding missionaries and observers can never see these people in the same state of savagery as when he acquired their friendship. New Guinea savages are men *worth* saving, they are worth the sacrifice of life which the Polynesian Church has already made on their behalf, and New Guinea for Christ is not only a dream, but will, at no distant time, become a reality."

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

Edited by Mrs. Dr. W. C. Palmer and Rev. Geo. Hughes. *It is the pioneer magazine*, as an exponent of the higher forms of the Christian life. It is undenominational in character, and circulates among members of the several branches of the evangelical Church. It is published monthly, containing 32 pages of choice reading. Each number has: 1. An able sermon; 2. Bible Lessons on the great theme; 3. A report of "The Tuesday Meeting;" 4. Articles by able correspondents at home and abroad; 5. A choice selection of music and a variety of other matter. It is neatly printed on good paper, with illustrations. It has a world-wide circulation, and is everywhere received with favor. Annual subscriptions, $1.00; to ministers of all denominations, 75 cents. *Sample Copies* free on application to the publishers, PALMER & HUGHES, 62 and 64 Bible House, New York. *Liberal terms to Agents.*

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Poisoned by Mistake.—A Christian Friend Observed: "A man went to bed one night in good health, but suddenly during the night he felt ill. He rose, and going to a cupboard he lifted a bottle which he thought contained medicine, but which in reality held poison. He took a quantity of it and went back to bed, and shortly afterwards died from the effects of it. He *believed* he had taken the right thing, but his belief did not save him. No matter how sincerely we believe an error, we can never by that means put ourselves right."

A Would-be Suicide Arrested.—"We have in our band of workers a young man who was converted in a country village three or four years back. He was then an infidel, a great reader of Tom Paine's works, doing all he could to hinder the work of God. He became so miserable that he determined to commit suicide, and was on his way to do so when, hearing the Evangelists, he was arrested. G. T. was preaching from John 3: 16. The poor, despairing young man received the Gospel as truly God's good tidings, and that day was to him the beginning of a new life. He has been with us here now more than two years, living most consistently. He is one of our most active workers too, and a good open-air preacher."

An Idol Shattered.—Mr. Scrymgour Relates: "I heard lately of a young wife who loved her husband with her whole heart. She looked up to him, trusted him, idolized him, in fact, she made him her god, giving him the foremost place in her heart. For some time all seemed to go well, but this could not continue. There came a time when she had to realize the loneliness of such as make men their confidence, and one day she stood breathlessly listening to the feet of them who brought home the dead body of her husband. Her idol had been shivered. The desire of her eyes had been removed at a stroke. Then she felt the aching void in her heart, and only then did she realize that the one safe place in which to repose is on the breast of Christ. She found that He would never leave her and never forsake her, and that He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

An Unsafe Foundation.—Mr. Thomson says: "One day, speaking to a young friend, I asked him if he were saved. He replied, 'I hope so.' 'And what are your grounds for hoping so?' I inquired. 'Because God is a merciful God, and I do not believe He will send any one to eternal destruction,' was the reply. 'And is that your only ground of hope? Are you not sure?' I asked. 'No, I do not believe in that,' was the rejoinder. 'Are you yourself sure of salvation?' 'Yes,' I said, 'because God has said that Jesus has died and given his blood for me. I have put myself under that blood, and God has said, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' The young man looked surprised, and said he had never heard anything like that before, and he was not going to believe it now, and he would have none of it. There are many like him; but whether they believe it or not, 'Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.'"

The Schoolmaster's "Little Flower."—Mr. Hamilton remarks: "I have heard of a little girl, a bright, clever child, who was a great favorite with her schoolmaster. He lovingly called her his little flower, as she showed her affection to him by often bringing him a present of a few flowers. The friendship continued between them for some time, but all too soon it was abruptly broken. The schoolmaster died, and no one missed him so much as his favorite scholar. Day after day she visited his grave. This continued throughout the winter, until it came to New Year's Day. As she prepared to go forth on her errand of love, she was very sad, for she had no fresh flowers to give him. With a few half-withered ones she went to the grave, and, standing there with tears in her eyes, she said, 'Oh, master, I have no fresh flowers this time, but you have often said *I* was your little flower, and I just bring myself,' and she threw herself, weeping, on the grave. Sinners should just come to the Lord Jesus as that little child came to her friend's grave, and throw themselves down before Him, saying with all her simplicity, 'I have nothing to give in exchange for Thy great love, but, oh, Lord, just take myself.' That is all that is wanted to make a sinner safe, the giving up of self to Christ."

A Walk in the Garden.—A Worker says: "I was one day having luncheon with a friend of mine. There were also present a lady and a gentleman, and while at table the conversation turned upon a great commercial failure that had recently occurred in the locality. After luncheon my friend asked me to take the lady a walk round the garden. This I knew was to give me an opportunity to speak to her about Christ and His salvation. We walked through the garden, and eventually I summoned up courage and spoke to her concerning the failure, and just as I was about to speak to her of the great subject that was uppermost, she turned abruptly and left me. When I returned to the house, my friend asked me how I got on, and when I told him, he said, 'I expected as much, and that was the reason I asked you to take her into the garden, and I think your failure in this case will do you good, for it *does* do Christians much good when they thoroughly realize by experience such as yours how utterly helpless they are in themselves, that they are unable to convert even one soul, and that it is only by being strong in the strength of the Lord that they can fight the good fight and come out victorious.'"

Hunters in Full Chase.—Mr. Forbes Relates: "I once stood and watched a hart being pursued by hunters, and a most painful sight it was. The poor creature staggered along, its eyes hot and blood-shot, while the great tears streamed down its face. Its flanks were torn by the prickly foliage through which it had rushed. It knew its only safety was in the hills, and laboriously it staggered upwards. By the time it had reached comparative safety it was thoroughly exhausted, and wildly sniffed the air for water. Soon it came to a stream, into which it plunged. There it stood, almost immersed and when it stepped from the water it looked quite fresh and strong, and began quietly to nibble the herbage on the bank. And I thought, this is just a picture of the sinner as he rushes through this life, pursued by the world, the flesh and the devil. He is torn by the briars and thorns of evil habits. With blood-shot eyes and gasping breath, on, on he goes, the pursuers close in upon him: his only safety is on the blessed hill of Calvary. There he will find security, and plunging into the living stream which flows from the Cross, he will emerge a new man, and his cry will be, 'As the hart desireth the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.'"

A Husband's Threat Retracted.—The Rev. Mr. Peden says: "There were a husband and wife who got along very well together as long as they both remained worldly and indulged in the intoxicating cup. One night the wife was passing a gospel meeting in the open air, and heard words that showed her her lost condition, and that she was in danger of remaining lost forever. She chose Christ, and no sooner had she made the change known to her husband, than he said, with an angry frown, 'You have been to these gospel meetings, have you?' He commanded her with a threat never to go again, and watched her closely that she might not have the opportunity. She said nothing, but continued to pray, and one night she felt she must go and hear more of Jesus. She went, and when she returned home her husband, who had missed her, asked, 'Where have you been?' She told him, and said, 'I felt that I had to go.' Then what happened? Did the man fulfil his threat? No. He thought he was stronger than she, but she, in the strength of the Lord, was the stronger, and by His strength overpowered her husband, who also yielded himself to Christ, and both he and his wife are trusting in the Lord, and are happy in His salvation."

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

A Vacation Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."—Gen. 1 : 27.

Two Dissimilar Empires—Comparisons Futile—Masculine Women and Effeminate Men—The Question of Suffrage—Undesirable Women—Woman's Throne—Her Influence on Great Men—Her Glorious Rights—To Make Home Happy—The Calm Harbor of a Stormy World—A Glorious Realm—Above the Ballot-Box—Superior to Fashion and Frivolity—How to Attain Eternal Dominion—A Dream of Heaven.

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the

Empire Feminine.

So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martin, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line."

My Theory

is, that if woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither Conference nor Presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the Exchange, and no Boards of Trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity. I know there are

Women of Most Undesirable Nature,

who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote, nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you this morning that the best rights that women can own, she already has in her possession; that

Her Position

in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the Congressional assemblage and the Legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the

Glorious Rights

she already possesses. This morning I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is *to make home happy*. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips, tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman! Thank God you have a home, and that

You May be Queen

in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man here this morning who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that broke over Bethlehem.

It is Home.

These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest

Idea of a Queen,

you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—

She Was The Queen.

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus! going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested of the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation. O woman,

with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage.

God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? O, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for

This World and the Next.

Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth, Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. *Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor?* Ah! no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into midnoon; and another wave of His hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed, and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage-supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest; and, half asleep and half awake,

I Seemed to Dream

this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far-distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off.

And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship?" where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear.

I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after a while, when they clapped their hands, and shouted,

"Welcome! Welcome!"

the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout, "Home! Home! Home!"

VERA CRUZ AND THE WORK IN MEXICO.

By Right Rev. H. C. Riley, D. D.

(See Illustrations on pages 556.)

VERA CRUZ, the principal seaport of Mexico, as seen from the deck of a steamer in its harbor, looks as if it had in its midst many large Roman Catholic stone churches. Of the *nine* stone churches, however, built within the city walls of Vera Cruz, I found, when I last visited that seaport, that only one was used by the Roman Catholic Church for its services. Of the others, one was used as a public library, another as a Freemason's Lodge, others as stores, or for other secular purposes The only church building opened for the Roman Catholic services in that crowded seaport town, was disfigured by cobwebs and by many wretched, tawdry images. The ecclesiastic in charge was a Spaniard, said to be excessively worldly, and to have no vocation for the ministry. The people of the city have fought the Roman Catholic Church until they have succeeded in closing all their church buildings against its services, with the exception of the one in charge of that Spaniard. The General Government of Mexico has now abolished all the orders of friars, nuns, sisters of charity and Jesuits throughout its territory. When these orders were abolished in Mexico, their former splendid church buildings reverted to the Government, and were largely sold for secular purposes.

Many persons misunderstand the Republic of Mexico. They look upon Mexico and see it as one sees the city of Vera Cruz, from the vessels in its harbor, apparently crowded with Roman Catholic churches, not realizing that in that nation vast multitudes, as in Vera Cruz, live utterly uncared for by the Roman Catholic Church, while these multitudes despise it for its idolatry, corruption and unpatriotic hostility to their general Government.

How to win souls to Christ and to His holy Gospel from among these masses of people who have discarded the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, and who are to-day unconnected with any church is a problem which the Mexican branch of the Church of Christ—popularly called "the Church of Jesus"—is lovingly and faithfully grappling with. This church is wisely seeking not to alienate the Mexican patriotic sentiment, as the Roman Catholic Church has so sadly done in Mexico, and with this object it is earnestly trying to maintain a native patriotic, independent aspect in the interest of the Christian work it is doing. Its members have been gathered almost entirely from among the poor.

The Mexican branch of the Church of Christ has often cared for about forty congregations and various mission stations connected with its communion; has had over one hundred children frequently in its orphanages and church boarding-schools and over two hundred more in day schools; it has published and circulated many choice Christian publications in Spanish, and done much other Christian work. Two of the grand stone church buildings in the city of Mexico have been repaired by this Mexican branch of the Church of Christ, and the precious Gospel has been regularly preached within their walls for years past. To continue this precious Christian work in Mexico, it must be generously aided by Christians in other lands.

If one hundred persons will agree to contribute regularly one dollar a week, or if four hundred persons will agree to contribute one dollar a month, this Christian work in Mexico may be placed on a firm financial basis.

One generous reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already offered to contribute one dollar a week, and mails his contribution to the address of J. P. Heath, 43 Bible House, New York. If ninety-nine others would agree to do the same, this Christian work in Mexico might, by God's blessing, be continued effectively. Who will help? Every little aids.

A Mexican Indian Girl.

Besides the Spaniards and their descendants who inhabit Mexico, there are about five millions of Indians in that land. The Church of Jesus has some congregations gathered from among those Indians, and has educated many of their children. On page 556 is the likeness of one of these Indian children who has been educated by the Church of Jesus, at the request of one of our evangelists, whose life she was instrumental in saving, by protecting him at the risk of her own life, at a time that a fanatical Roman Catholic mob was trying to stone the evangelist to death for having circulated the Bible and preached the pure gospel in their town. In some other number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I may again speak of that brave little Mexican Indian girl and the evangelist whose life she was instrumental in saving. There are many facts of great interest connected with Christian work in Mexico, which I hope, from time to time, to publish in these columns.

A CRYING BABY.

The following incident is related by Mr. D. L. Moody: When Mr. Sankey and I were in Liverpool, Great Britain, we saw a poor woman in the place where the meetings were held, an hour before the time, and she stayed right through the meeting. She was all worn out, looked like a poor woman, and I suppose she had carried that baby two hours. During the meeting the baby got restless and began to cry. Some of the people looked cross, and I saw the woman was very uneasy and nervous; she didn't want to disturb the meeting, and yet didn't want to go. She did her best to quiet the baby, but it would cry, and at last she started to go out. I said: "Let that baby cry if it wants to. I can speak as loud as the baby can cry. Now, don't look at the mother, but just pray that the Lord will bless her. Remember, she hasn't any one to take care of that baby, and perhaps she hasn't been in church for years." By and by the baby got to sleep. How she listened to the preaching! with tears coming down on her dress. At the close of the sermon I asked those who had any desire for salvation to arise, and the first one was that woman. With her baby in her arms she presented herself for prayer. It touched my very soul. I asked those who wanted to become Christians to go into the inquiry-room while we were singing. The baby woke up and began to cry again, and the mother got very nervous. Then a great, manly six-footer came up and said to her: "Let me take the baby while you go into the inquiry-meeting." Perhaps he had never had a baby in his arms in his life, but he took it, and walked up and down before 8,000 people. That man was a hero. The mother went into the inquiry-room, and found peace for her soul. Then she took her baby and out into the dark city she went. I will never forget that scene, and I don't suppose she will ever forget it—8,000 people praying for that mother that wet night. You can reach the masses by just laying yourself out for it, and God will bless you.

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FEMALE IDOLATERS EATING DUST.

At the festival of Juggernaut, which is held in India in June, Mr. Heberlet and several missionaries went to Poree to witness the celebration, and to speak to the large number of persons who gather to watch the idol pass in his gigantic car. Mr. Heberlet says: The great day of the festival brought a vast crowd together, in the very midst of which we were permitted to pursue our work unhindered by active opposition. Very disparaging but strictly truthful remarks about Jagannath, uttered very near to his "sacred" presence as he sat on his car, were received with good-humored smiles by those who heard. They could not fail to feel the justice of the strictures when the proof was visible to all. The women, however, could not be reached by us. Only a stray word or sentence could reach them as one or another passed by, and I longed for some way of conveying to these poor creatures in crowds the glad tidings of a crucified Saviour. There could be no doubt as to their *faith in and devotion to the idol*. The fervor of their faith found expression in their very faces, and strove to find adequate expression in their acts of devotion. They went down with their foreheads to the dust, saluting the tracks made by the empty car, which had been drawn up to the gate of the temple. Then, picking up the dust crushed by those "holy" wheels, they put some to their foreheads and arms; and then, as a crowning act of devotion, more than one *put a pinch into her mouth and ate it!* Observing these things, I realized how strong an obstacle to the progress of the Gospel is presented by the pitiable ignorance of these poor creatures; and knowing how hopeless it is to expect to reach them by the agency of men, I longed for the time when Zenana teachers and Bible-women, fired with love to Christ, might carry to them the good news we could not cause them to hear. The preacher in Poree must be possessed of strong faith and much patience; but those who have engaged in labor there know that their labor is not in vain.

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS IN MEXICO.

In a letter to the *Missionary Herald* Mr. Wright, of Chihuahua, relates what he justly calls "a remarkable story." It is that of a whole town awakened and eleven souls converted through the simple testimony of a Christian family, who were forced by their profession of faith to go out among strangers. The head of the family in question is named Juan de Dios Loya. He resided in Chihuahua, and gained a livelihood by making artificial flowers to adorn shrines, altars, &c. In April, 1886, this family *heard of the Bible for the first time*, and began to study it diligently. A few months later, under the teachings of the missionary, they were converted, and made a public profession of faith. This meant a surrender of their income in Chihuahua, and they, therefore, after a brief struggle, concluded to move to Zaragoza, a town distant 120 miles from Chihuahua and 40 miles distant from the railroad. There they immediately began to read the Bible to their neighbors and friends, though it deprived them of many opportunities to gain money. This was the first preaching ever heard in Zaragoza.

Eight months afterwards Mr. Wright, in the course of a journey, visited Zaragoza and called on the Juan de Dios family. No sooner was his presence known than the people began to gather, anxious to hear the gospel and ask questions. Mr. Wright says: "Here is the wonderful part to me. Everyone of these men and women had a good, substantial knowledge of the Bible, and not one of them had read it for more than eight months, most of them not more than six, and some of them only two. I noticed that their Bibles were full of little papers to mark especial passages. On examining them I found these passages to be just such as ought to be marked in every Christian's Bible, and such as you would use in the United States in a revival of religion. I noticed that whenever I read a passage that seemed helpful to them, they would hunt up another bit of paper to put in there. I noticed that these passages were scattered through the whole Bible, showing extended and intelligent study. Eleven persons—seven men, two women and two girls—are trusting in Christ for salvation and many others, including *one of the judges* of the town, are anxiously inquiring. . . . . "Note the work: In April a family hear the gospel, they are baptized; they move to a town were the gospel has never been preached; and now this little band is asking for baptism and regular preaching."

A HUNTER ENTRAPPED IN A TREE.

An Alabama journal, in publishing the reminiscences of a hunter describes an adventure which is amusing now after the lapse of a year or two, but was sufficiently serious at the time. It appears that the hunter, who lived near Wolf Creek, chased a ground hog which finally took refuge in a log that was hollow nearly all through. He tried to reach the hog with a pole but it was too short, so he crawled into the log to get at him. In the struggle that ensued he lost the hold he had with his feet on the end of the log, and it being on the side of the mountain with the entrance highest, he slid down head foremost upon the beast. Then there was a fierce fight, but the man, though in a cramped position, succeeded in killing the animal. The next difficulty was to get out of the log, and he found himself unable to crawl out backward, his course being up hill. He would have remained there till he died had not his family become alarmed by his absence, and guided by his dog, found him in his strange trap and extricated him. A position more completely helpless it would be difficult to imagine and the hunter must have heartily wished, while he lay there awaiting succor, that he had not been so determined to secure his prize. If it were to cost him his life success would be very dearly purchased. There are many men who spend their lives in an eager, all-absorbing struggle for wealth who in the end will come to that conclusion. If in their struggle they lose their souls no fortune, however large, will compensate them (Matt. 16: 26).

FIVE YEARS OF SUFFERING.

The following remarkable testimony has been sent to *Words of Faith* by E. J. Pennell, of Saccarappa, Me.: The 12th of June last, the Lord saw best to permit my being laid aside upon a bed of sickness, which I now see was for my good. I had a disease from which I had been suffering severely for five years, although I said but little about it, and kept at my business most of the time. After being under treatment of two of the best physicians for about one month, and learning from them they knew of no case on record, similar to mine, that was ever cured, my wife, who had taken the Lord as her Physician for years, began praying for me, and urging me to take the Lord as my Healer, without the use of medicine. I believed she and the children had been healed many times through faith and prayer, but I could not claim it for myself. One morning she said to me, "I have faith enough to take you right out of the bed, and stand you on your feet, and call you 'well' in the name of the Lord." I replied, "When the Lord makes it plain to me, I will lay aside my medicine, but I cannot as I feel now." On Sunday afternoon, July 11, while my wife was reading the Bible to me, suddenly God spoke to me, telling me that I did not believe His Word. I said, "Lord, I thought I believed every word in the Bible." But my conscience told me that in this thing I was not believing. It was as if God said, "But you do not trust Me to heal you." I rose up in bed, and said to my wife, "The Lord has revealed it to me, and charged me with not believing His Word." I said, "I will have this settled at once; Lord, I do believe." Medicine of all kinds was thrown aside. The next morning I said, "I have got a *quit claim* deed, and as soon as I do my part I shall have a *warranty* deed, so I will call the elders of the church and be anointed." I sent for a brother, but he was not at home, so I said to my wife, "I have done my part, now you can anoint me just as well." We prayed together, she anointing me with oil in the name of the Lord, and the power of God came upon me, and I was instantly healed. I have never had but one pain since I took Christ at His word, and then I said that it did not belong to me, and Satan might take it to where it belonged. I have had a trial of faith since, in an attack of chills, but I went immediately to the Lord, and obtained the victory through faith in Him. I have no pain and no chills now, praise the name of the Lord.

A MISSIONARY ON THE POPE.

One of the earnest Christian missionaries who are laboring in Rome—Mr. Nathaniel H. Shaw—in the course of a letter to friends in England urges them to increased energy in sending men and money to Rome, where he perceives that the Pope is making vigorous and insidious efforts to revive the power of the Papacy. He says: Rome, while it has even increased interest for the historian and the antiquary, by reason of new discoveries and excavations ever going on, is fast becoming one of the great centres of the modern world. The Italians seem bent on making it second to no other European capital, and it is certain to exert yet a most important influence, for weal or woe, on the destinies of Europe and the world. It is, moreover, the seat of *the astutest, wiliest Pontiff that the Roman Church has had for centuries*, who, with the counsel and aid of the great, satanic, and omnipresent Jesuit forces, is conspiring and intriguing only too successfully to increase his political power and prestige, which means the moral and spiritual degradation of the people. The citizens of Protestant countries do not know what Romanism is; only those of them who have been in the west of Ireland can have some faint idea of it. If the Apostle Paul were to return, and again take up his missionary work, there is reason to believe that he would desire, above all things, "to preach the Gospel to them that are at Rome also," and that he would fix on this city as more important for this purpose than even London itself. One blow struck here in the cause of evangelical truth is worth twenty elsewhere. It is better to crush the serpent's head than his tail. The Protestants of Germany are beginning to feel this, and are resolving to carry the sacred war into the enemy's headquarters. Will not other Christians show themselves as zealous and as wise?

A VISIT FROM THE MIKADO.

An answer to prayer in connection with the recent visit of the Mikado, of Japan, to Osaka, is reported by Miss Daughaday, in *Life and Light for Woman*, who also relates her experience as *an amateur court dressmaker*. She says: "We have recently had a visit from the Mikado, and his coming made quite a ripple in the current of our lives. The Empress wore foreign dress, and in a proclamation to the women of the country, advised them also to adopt it. This caused quite a panic, as all ladies of the official class wanted a foreign suit at once, that their clothing might meet her approval while she was here. Almost every hour of the day, for several weeks, Japanese ladies called to inspect my wardrobe, and ask advice or assistance; and some of *my garments went to receptions* where I could not have entered. At one government school the imperial party was to visit, I was solicited to go on the previous day and dress all the lady teachers, that nothing odd or laughable in their appearance should annoy her on that occasion. As a return for this, an extremely favorable place for viewing the grand procession and review was given me.

At first the Emperor's intention was to come to Osaka on Sunday, and all schools under native management, were to go to the station to meet him. Our committee are all Christian men, but are intensely patriotic, and have a

large measure of the reverence which all Japanese have for rank, especially for the person of the Mikado. This is not strange when we remember only a few years ago he was considered a sacred being descended from the gods. Our school had been honored by having a very fine place assigned to them, as well as being invited to send specimens of school-work and knitting for the inspection of the imperial party. But what should we do? Should we we permit our girls to go on Sunday, spending the greater part of the day in honoring the Emperor, when they should be at church, worshipping and glorifying the Creator of the universe? I deeply sympathized with the committee, yet, of course, could not give my consent to the going of the school. At last all were relieved from their embarrassment by a telegram, reporting a *slight indisposition on the part of the Emperor, postponing his coming. When he did come it was on a week-day, and I shall always believe it was a direct answer to our prayers.*

OUR COMING ASCENT INTO THE HEAVENS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE Apostle Paul, describing the rapture of saints which will take place when Christ descends into the air, says briefly, "We shall all be changed" (1 Cor. 15:51). How radical that change will be, how complete must be the alteration in the physiological conditions of human bodies that must take place at the moment of our translation alive, without dying, at Christ's Second Advent, to meet Him in the atmospheric heavens, is strikingly shown by the undermentioned experience of some aeronauts who ascended in a balloon to a height of seven miles—the greatest ever attained. They barely escaped with their lives—being rendered more or less insensible. In another case

Two French Aeronauts

died of suffocation at the height of five miles, through the rarefication of the air. Yet far higher than five miles will the translated saints ascend.

St. Paul says, "The Lord Himself shall descend from (the highest) heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God; the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up to meet Christ in the air, and so we shall ever be with the Lord"—"We shall not all sleep (die), but we must all be changed: in a moment: in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the trump," etc. 1 Thess. 4:16, 17; 1 Cor. 15:51).

In Revelation 14: 1–5, we are told that 144,000 watchful living Christians—

The Wise Virgins

of the Parable in Matthew 25, will thus be caught up alive, without dying, into the air, at Christ's Second Advent, *before* the 3½ years of the Napoleonic Antichrist's final persecution of the Christian Church. The *date* of this First Stage of Christ's Advent is stated in Daniel 9:25, to be exactly 69 weeks of literal days after "the going forth of a future commandment to rebuild Jerusalem"—which 69 weeks are also stated to be "determined" or "cut off" (9:24) from the commencing part of 2,300 literal days or evening-mornings in Daniel 8:14. Now, as the 2,300 days are to commence on Thursday, November 8, 1894, 2,345 days before the End of this Age which is on Thursday, April 11, 1901—the last day of Passover Week—therefore the 69 weeks of days will reach from Nov. 8, 1894, "unto Messiah the Prince's" Second Advent about *Thursday, March* 5, 1896.

It is a solemn and awe-inspiring reflection that within so few years' time 144,000 living Christians will be caught up alive into the heavens; and in this connection it is interesting to read the following account of the experience of

The Adventurous Aeronauts:

The two French aeronauts who are to attempt to eclipse everything that has yet been done in reaching the highest altitudes of the air are Jovis and Mallet. The highest balloon ascent ever made, namely, to a *height of seven miles*, was accomplished five-and-twenty years ago by two Englishmen, Mr. James Glaisher, F. R. S., the meteorologist, and Mr. Henry Coxwell, the balloonist. De Fonvielle, Tissandier, Flammarion and Guillemin, among others, have declared that never was worthier heroism than was shown by these two Englishmen. More than once French aeronauts and savants have tried to rival this famous ascent, but hitherto in vain, and in one instance with distressing results.

Twelve years ago M. Tissandier, M. Sivel and M. Croce Spinelli rose in a balloon from La Villette on the 15th of April, 1875, to a height of 8,000 metres, or five miles, then all three becoming unconscious, fell to the bottom of the car—fortunately after they had opened the valve and begun to descend; but M. Tissandier, thanks to a strong constitution, alone survived; his two comrades *lay dead* at the bottom of the car. Sivel's face was black, his eyes glassy, and mouth open. Croce Spinelli had his eyes shut, and the mouth of each was full of blood." But these two daring explorers were not near the height attained by their English forerunners, for Glaisher and Coxwell rose, it is believed, two miles higher, and now *Captain Paul Jovis* and *M. Mallet* in their balloon the *Horla*, will endeavor, nothing daunted by the fate of some of their compatriots, at least to equal—if possible, surpass—that achievement. The unparalleled high

Ascent of Seven Miles

by James Glaisher and Henry Coxwell was made on September 5. 1862, from Wolverhampton. Their balloon or aerostat was charged with specially prepared and very light gas, approaching pure hydrogen. They left the earth at 1:3 P. M.—the temperature of the air being 59. In ten minutes they had risen nearly a mile, and were rushing through a dense cloud 1,100 feet thick. Ten minutes later they were looking down upon that cloud, which seemed like a sea with huge billowy waves, or like a Switzerland with endless hills, hillocks and mountain chains. Their car was a physical laboratory filled with a score of different sets of scientific instruments, hypometers, barometers, thermometers (wet and dry), a photographer's camera, chemicals, compasses, and what not, to test the weight, the heat, and the moisture of the various strata of the atmosphere. At 1:40 they were four miles high; the barometer sank to below fifteen inches, which means that the air was now only half the weight of that on *terra firma*, and two breaths were now only equal to one, and the thermometer recorded eight degrees. What followed is told in the scientist's own words:

"Discharging sand, we in ten minutes attained the altitude of five miles; the temperature had passed below zero, and then read minus 2 degrees. Up to this time I had taken observations with comfort, and experienced no difficulty in breathing; while Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the exertions he had to make,

Breathed With Difficulty

for some time. Having discharged more sand, we ascended still higher. The aspirator became troublesome to work, and I also found a difficulty in seeing clearly. At 1:51 the barometer read 10. 8 in.; about 1:52, or later, I read the dry bulb thermometer as minus 5 deg.; after this I could not see the column of mercury in the wet bulb thermometer nor the hands of the watch, nor the fine divisions of any instrument. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me to read the instruments. In consequence, however, of the rotating motion of the balloon, which had continued without ceasing since leaving the earth, the valve-line had become entangled, and he had to leave the car and mount into the ring to readjust it. I then looked at the barometer and found its reading to be 9¾ in., still decreasing fast, implying a height exceeding 29,000 feet.

Shortly after I laid my arm upon the table possessed of its full vigor; but on being desirous of using it, I found it *powerless*—it must have lost its power momentarily. Trying to move the other arm, I found it powerless also. Then I tried to shake myself, and succeeded; but I seemed to have no limbs. In looking at the barometer my head fell over my left shoulder. I struggled and shook my body again, but could not move my arms. Getting my head upright for an instant only, it fell on my right shoulder. Then I fell backwards, my back resting against the side of the car and my head on its edge. In this position my eyes were directed to Mr. Coxwell in the ring. When I shook my body I seemed to have full power over the muscles of the back, and considerably so over those of the neck, but none over either my arms or my legs. I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell, and endeavored to speak, but could not. In an instant intense darkness overcame me, so that *the optic nerve lost power suddenly*, but I was still conscious. I thought I had been

Seized With Asphyxia,

and believed I should experience nothing more, as death would come unless we speedily descended. Other thoughts were entering my mind when I suddenly became unconscious, as on going to sleep. I cannot tell anything of the sense of hearing, as no sound reaches the ear to break the perfect stillness and silence of the regions between six and seven miles above the earth. My last observation was made at 1:54, above 29,000 feet. Whilst powerless I heard the word 'temperature' and 'observation,' and I knew Mr. Coxwell was in the car, speaking to and endeavoring to rouse me; therefore, consciousness and hearing had returned. I then heard him speak more emphatically, but could not see, speak or move. I heard him again say, 'Do try; now do.' Then the instruments became dimly visible, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly I saw clearly. I said to Mr. Coxwell, 'I have been insensible.' He said, 'You have, and I too, very nearly.'

"Mr. Coxwell told me that he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and I poured brandy over them. He informed me that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold; that hoar frost was all around the neck of the balloon, and that on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen. He had therefore to place his arms on the ring and drop down. When he saw me he thought for a moment that I had lain back to rest myself, he then noticed that my legs projected, and my arms hung down by my side. He wished to approach me but could not, and when he found insensibility coming over himself too, he became anxious to open the valve, but in consequence of having lost the use of his hands he could not do this. Ultimately he succeeded by seizing the cord with his teeth, and dipping his head two or three times, the balloon took a decided turn downwards.

Mr Coxwell says he saw the aneroid stand at 7 in.; a delicate thermometer recorded 11.9 deg. below zero—all which indications pointed to an elevation of 36,000 feet or 37,000, or about seven miles. Such is the record which our French friends have to surpass. It is an altitude where air is so thin and tenuous as to be only one-fourth its weight at the sea level—an air that

Few Men can Respire and Live.

It is far above the region where birds can fly. At a height of three miles a pigeon was sent out, and it extended its wings and dropped like a piece of paper; another at four miles flew vigorously round and round, but took a dip each time; while between four and five miles high a third pigeon fell like a stone. The French aeronauts will have an advantage in taking up with them a supply of oxygen, which inhaled judiciously, is very useful. They have been submitted to a number of scientific tests. One of these is said to be that the aeronaut is placed in an iron chamber, from which the air is gradually pumped until by an exhaustive process the pressure is brought down to the lowest he can bear. If he can continue breathing and conscious when the mercury stands at seven inches he may perchance rise to a height of seven miles and live to tell the tale. Benumbing cold and acute pain is felt between three and five miles high. The voyager in these high regions must be sound in heart and lungs. or death is certain.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Number of Changes in the Postal Service during the past two years can be ascertained from a voluminous report issued last week by the Associated Press. The matter is important because the party organs are at issue on the subject of removals and appointments. Democratic journals denounce the President for ingratitude to his party, and declare that he has utterly failed in his duty by being slow to make changes. On the other hand, Republican journals state that he has been unfaithful to the pledges he gave before his election by wholesale discharge of Republican office-holders, many of them Union soldiers, and filling their places with democrats on partisan grounds only. So far as the Postal Service is concerned, the facts are now known. During the two Fiscal years commencing July 1, 1885, and ending June 30 1887, there were 35,826 new appointments in a total of 51,252 post offices, or seventy in every hundred. In the two previous years under President Arthur, there were 24,845 new appointments, in a total of 44,512 offices, or fifty-five in the hundred.

The Prohibition Convention at Syracuse, N. Y. was of a different order from the ordinary political gatherings. A significant feature of it was the large prayer-meeting held two hours before the hour appointed for the meeting of the convention. When the question was asked how many of the delegates were members of the Church of Christ, every one stood up; that, too, is not a common feature of conventions. Both the old parties came in for a share of the denunciation of the speakers but the Republican party seemed to have much the larger share. This was doubtless due to the fact that most of the Prohibitionists formerly belonged to that party, and not only know most about it but have received most abuse from it. The Democrats in New York State have not been sorry to see the Prohibitionist party organized, as it did them little harm while it weakened their antagonists. The platform adopted contains a female suffrage plank, and endorses some of the planks of the labor party. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and $5,616 was raised toward a campaign fund.

Republican Conventions Held in Iowa and Maryland on August 24, were characterized by considerable enthusiasm. In Iowa there was an evident desire to nominate Senator Allison for the Presidency. The Senator had foreseen this, and had instructed the chairman, who is his personal friend, to prevent it, which he did; but the feeling of the convention was unmistakable. The platform adopted was of the usual pattern, denouncing the federal Administration, endorsing protection and protesting against color discrimination in the South. The convention, however, redeemed itself from the conventional type by emphatically endorsing prohibition and pledging the party to its maintenance and enforcement. Governor Larabee was renominated. *In Maryland* the platform embodied a demand for "the measure known as the Blair Educational bill or some equivalent provision for aiding the States in removing the illiteracy which now exists in so many of them." A sensational incident at the convention was the appearance of the leader of the Independent Democrats of the State, who pledged the support of his friends to the Republican ticket. He arraigned the regular Democracy for gross frauds in the late primary elections, and said that decent democrats were sick and tired of being deluded by promises of reform within the party, and had finally concluded to try and get it from their old enemies, the republicans. The candidate nominated for Governor was Walter B. Brooks, of Baltimore.

The Stay of Proceedings in the Case of Jacob Sharp, granted by Judge Potter last week, has caused surprise, not unmixed with indignation. There was general satisfaction, which was not vindictive, in learning that a criminal so wealthy and so crafty as the man who had bribed the Board of Aldermen in New York could not escape the just punishment of his crime. That satisfaction was, it appears, somewhat premature. Judge Potter, who is a rural judge, while not passing on the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, considers that the able and learned judge who tried the case erred in admitting as evidence statements which the prisoner voluntarily made before another court, and which conclusively proved his guilt. Whether he or Judge Barrett is right, will have to be determined by the Supreme Court, which the Governor has summoned in special session, but to the public it will seem a curious anomaly if a conviction should be set aside, because in an exceptionally difficult case the wily criminal's own admissions were used against him. Judge Potter's act will confirm the suspicion of the masses, that wealth and influence may be so used in the courts as to aid their possessor in escaping the punishment due to his evil deeds.

A Startling Confession has Been Made by Scott, the fugitive paying teller, who robbed the Manhattan Bank in New York of $160,000 and is now in London. He states that he was short in his accounts to a small amount through speculation. Fearing detection he went for advice to a lawyer, named Dunn, a relative of his wife's. Dunn advised him to take a larger sum and abscond, and asked him how much of the Bank funds he could take. Scott said he could take two or three millions any day. One day he took half a million, but repented and went to the Bank and put it back in the safe. Afterwards he stole $160,000 and fled to Canada. He states that he left the bulk of the money with Dunn for safe keeping, and a part of the remainder with a woman in the city, and has never been able to get any of it from either of them. Both Dunn and the woman have been arrested. Scott seems now to bitterly regret his wrong-doing, which has turned out very little to his profit.

The Discovery of the Missing Boat of the burned steamship *City of Montreal* was reported on Thursday last. All the thirteen men on board were alive and well. The boat had drifted from the time of its leaving the burning steamer on August 11 until Monday August 15, when it was seen and picked up by the German brigantine *Mathilde*. The men say that they had only half a keg of water in the boat, and that was bad. As a consequence they suffered badly from thirst. The weather was hot, and this greatly contributed to their discomfort. There was no sail aboard and no means of signalling passing vessels. The boat was nearly swamped twice, and the men had a hard struggle to keep her afloat by bailing. On Thursday they sighted a steamer and pulled toward her, signalling with a jacket and a handkerchief, but the steamer passed on without seeing them. On Friday they sighted another steamer at a great distance. On Saturday they sighted another vessel and pulled toward it, and found that it was the *City of Montreal*, still burning. They tried to board her to obtain more water, but her plates were too hot. After drifting forty-eight hours longer they were rescued. The superstition about the number thirteen was not fulfilled in this case.

A Part of Mr. Stanley's Letter of June 1 was published last week. In it the explorer says the natives evacuated Gambuya, near the Aruwimi rapids, upon the arrival of the expedition, owing to fright produced by a vigorous blowing of the steamboats' whistles. They returned afterward, evincing a very amicable disposition and promised to supply the expedition with provisions. They informed Mr. Stanley that there were other rapids higher up more difficult of navigation, and that further progress by river would be impossible. Sir Francis de Winton, president of the Emin Bey Relief Committee, commenting on the letters, says he calculates that by this time Stanley and Emin have met.

The Bulgarian Trouble Continues Unsettled. Prince Ferdinand made his public entry into Sofia on August 23, and was received with enthusiasm. Crowds of citizens lined the streets, cheering the young prince, and salutes of artillery were fired in his honor. The prince, however, would have been glad to barter some of the noise for the quiet recognition of one or more of the great Powers; as his entry into the capital is a violation of the Treaty of Berlin, none of them has moved in his favor. Russia is clearly hostile to him, and in its reply to the Sultan's letter asking advice, completely ignores Ferdinand, and proposes that a Turkish commission and a Russian general should go to Sofia to secure conjointly, and in a legal manner, the election of a new Sobranjé, which should elect a new prince. This proposal being submitted to the Powers, was sanctioned by France and Germany, but disapproved of by the other Powers, who advised the Porte to adopt a policy of moderation and to await events. Prince Ferdinand, on his side, has written to the Sultan, expressing his devotion, and asking permission to come to Constantinople to pay his homage in person, but the Sultan refuses to receive him.

The Proclamation of the Irish Land League by the British Government has led to an exciting struggle in Parliament. The Crimes Act, passed at this session to give greater power to the executive to maintain order in Ireland among other provisions authorized them to declare any association "dangerous" which appeared to them inimical to order. This clause was evidently aimed at the League, but as Lord Hartington and other Unionists were opposed to its being enforced it was thought that the government would be content with having the power in their hands to use in case of emergency. They, however, deemed it right to place the League under the ban, and by proclaiming it dangerous, to suppress it in any part of Ireland that they decided upon. Mr. Gladstone has appeared as the champion of the League, and moved that the House of Commons present an address to the Queen praying her to revoke the proclamation. The reasons he alleged are that no facts justifying the proclamation had been communicated to Parliament, and that the League was not a dangerous association within the meaning of the Act. Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary, declared that if the people knew the true nature and working of the League they would without distinction of party demand its suppression, but he declined to make public the facts known to himself. The debate commenced on Thursday last and ended on Friday in the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's motion by a majority of 78.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A Remarkable Attempt at Murder is Reported from Russia. A plot to assassinate a Grand Duchess has been discovered. The lady is the wife of the Czar's cousin, the Grand Duke Constantine. It appears that the motive for the crime was not political but religious. The Grand Duchess is a Lutheran, and she has resisted pressure brought to bear upon her to enter the Greek Church. The wife of the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, is also a Protestant, and she, too, is being persecuted. It is stated that a previous attempt was also made to kill another Protestant lady, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Grand Duke Serge.

A Valuable Work Among the Indians, of a deeply interesting character, has been commenced by Miss Grace Howard, the eldest daughter of Joseph Howard, Jr., who went out recently as a missionary to the Crow Creek Agency. She expects to remain there for two years. Two years ago Miss Howard was sent as an invalid to Hampton, Va. While there she became greatly interested in Gen. Armstrong's school for Indian boys and girls. Her sympathy was aroused by the helpless condition of the Indian girls upon their return to their Indian homes, and she conceived the idea of establishing a school in Dakota Territory. Through letters of introduction Miss Howard secured the consent of the War Department and made a personal inspection of the several agencies in Dakota. This visit confirmed her belief that something should be done by Christian women to aid the Indian girls. With the indorsement of her father, she set to work to carry out her plan, which included the locating of 160 acres of land near the Crow Creek Agency, and the erection of a schoolhouse, in which the Indian girls may be qualified to act as instructors of their less favored sisters.

A Boy's Escape from an Alligator is Described in a New Orleans journal. It states that while a boy, twelve years old, was shrimping in the river at Bruly Landing, in the lower portion of West Baton Rouge Parish, a large alligator suddenly appeared near him and made an effort to throw him into the river, using its tail as a weapon. Providentially the blow, struck with terrible force, missed its mark and the boy turned to run for his life. As he did so the monster made a savage rush at him. Coming out of the water he seized the lad by the leg, inflicting a slight flesh wound and tearing off a great portion of his trousers. Before the alligator could get a second hold, the boy had scrambled up the battue and was out of danger. The alligator's attack on the boy was witnessed by several persons, who, however, had no time to intervene, so suddenly did the affair take place. Parents in that neighborhood will doubtless be careful after this to warn their children against going fishing in those waters. It is much to be wished that similar care were taken as to other places where danger lurks and where many young people have been lost forever. The Christian in a great city is often concerned to see youthful faces intent on getting gain or amusement unaware that the great enemy of souls is waiting to make them his prey (1 Peter 5 : 8).

A Curious Blunder in a Hospital is Reported by the Paris correspondent of a daily journal. He states that a short time ago the little son of a man named Molera was taken sick with an infectious disease and removed to one of the large hospitals of the city. The parents were not allowed to visit him, but reports of his condition were sent to them daily. At first his progress was said to be favorable, but afterwards it grew worse, and in twelve days the parents were notified that he was dead. The body was placed in a coffin and the parents buried it. About a week afterwards M. Molera received a letter from the hospital, asking if there were any marks on his son by which he could identify him. He replied that the child had a mole on the back of his neck. He was then requested to come to the hospital, and on going his son sprang into his arms. There was no need to look for the mole; for recognition was mutual. It appeared that a child of the same age, and suffering from the same disease, the son of a concierge, was received into the hospital at the same time as M. Molera's child. After being there a day or two the two children were removed to another ward, and in moving them the child of the concierge had been placed in the bed on which was hung the card bearing the name of M. Molera's son. They were so much alike in appearance that the mistake was not discovered, but when M. Molera's child recovered and was sent to the concierge, she knew at once that he was not her child and refused to receive him, and M. Molera was notified. Though the resemblance between the two children was so close as to deceive the hospital people the parents make no mistake. Similarly in this life, the world and even the church is mistaken sometimes as to who are and who are not children of God, but, it is a very consoling thought that such mistakes will surely be rectified at the last (II Tim. 2 : 19).

A Maniac in the Streets of Brooklyn, N. Y., caused some excitement on Thursday last. Pedestrians in Broadway, in the busy part of the day, were astonished to see a lady about thirty years of age, walking rapidly along the sidewalk, suddenly fling up her arms wildly and utter heart-rending shrieks. Several persons went to her, supposing that she was suffering physical pain, but she broke away and continued her course down Broadway, screaming and waving her arms. Eventually she was seized by a policeman, and conducted to the station-house of the precinct. There it was found that she was demented. From her incoherent ravings it was learned that she had been deserted by her husband, and her family was broken up in consequence. Her three children were in different parts of the country, and a letter from one of them, a boy, who is at Fall River, Ill., was found in her pocket. The lady had apparently brooded over her trouble until her reason forsook her; One can but wish that the poor wronged creature had been led in her happier days to put her trust in Christ. Then, when she was deserted of her husband and separated from her children, she would have been kept from despair by the love of that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18 : 24).

A Thief Made a Losing Investment in Albany, N. Y., a few days ago. In the course of his excursions about the city to discover opportunities for the exercise of his occupation, he noticed that a firm of grocers who do a large business in tea and coffee were somewhat careless about the safety of the bags of coffee which lay on the sidewalk in front of their store. He, therefore, hired a horse and wagon, paying two dollars for the use of it, and about dusk drove up to the corner near the store. The bags were still there and he quietly took one, carried it to the wagon and drove off. Having taken it to a place of safety and returned the wagon, he returned to examine his plunder. Then, to his dismay, he found that though the bag had contained coffee-berries, it was now filled with sand. The grocers had been using bags of that worthless material to impress passers-by with the extent of their dealings in coffee. The facts were learned through the effrontery of the thief, who wrote a black-mailing letter to the firm, threatening to expose them if they did not reimburse him with the two dollars he had paid for the hire of the horse and wagon. He had forgotten, as do many other dishonest men whose knavish tricks are not so open a violation of the law, that fraudulent schemes often prove worthless in *this world* besides surely bringing a curse in the next (Jer. 17 : 11).

A Drowning Man was Rescued by a Little boy at Marblehead, Mass., on August 24. The afternoon was stormy, and Mrs. Russell, of Salem, with her little thireen year old son was sitting on the piazza of her cottage, near Point Neck Light, watching the storm, when she saw a dory with a man in it capsize, about a mile and a half off shore. Her boy immediately ran to a boat, in which he was in the habit of taking short excursions in fair weather. Passing the lighthouse he saw the lightkeeper, a veteran of seventy years of age, and notified him of the accident. The lightkeeper joined him, and together they pulled out to the half-buried dory. It was a tough battle. Young Russell pulled one oar and the old man the other. When the drowning man was reached he was lying on the bottom of the boat clinging to the centreboard, which was down when the boat capsized. The sea broke clear over him, putting boat and man entirely out of sight. The half-drowned occupant was with great difficulty pulled into the rescuing boat. Then for forty minutes the rescuers battled to gain the shore, which they finally reached in safety. The man would have been drowned after all if he had needed as much persuasion to induce him to enter the boat so heroically brought to his rescue, as perishing souls often need before they will avail themselves of the salvation which the Son of God gave His life to offer them (Heb. 2 : 10).

BRIEF NOTES.

There are now over four thousand Chinamen in the Sunday-schools of the New York Chinese Mission.

The four hundred prisoners in the jail at Nashville have spontaneously issued an earnest appeal to the people to vote for the Prohibition Amendment. They know whereof they speak.

A colporteur in the land of Moab recently offered to sell Bibles, taking flour in exchange. In one day he sold out his entire stock, and every receptacle in his house was filled with flour.

Rev. Philip Schaff is appointed Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary in succession to the late Professor Hitchcock. The Rev. Marvin R. Vincent succeeds Dr. Schaff as Professor of Sacred Literature.

Wilford Woodruff, the new head of the Mormon Church, is eighty years of age, and has always been a man of mediocre ability. He has been in hiding two years, and his residence is kept secret from all but trustworthy Mormons.

The new Bishop of Jerusalem has made an appeal in the press for funds for aggressive work, in the course of which he says that the Jewish population of Palestine has increased from 15,000 to 42,000. The Bishop adds that they are very friendly to him and his church.

A Baptist church in Philadelphia came to the conclusion, on conscientious grounds, to discontinue church fairs. After one year's experience, the church reports that it has gained in tone, harmony and spiritual power, the pastor's salary has been raised, and the contributions to benevolent work trebled.

The revision of the Malagasy Bible has just been completed by Mr. Cousins. At a thanksgiving service in celebration of the accomplishment of the work, Andrianony, a native pastor, said: "It is this Bible that has caused all the progress that we see, and has rooted up much of the evil that used to be." Work was commenced upon it in 1873.

The report of the death of Father Chiniquy, the converted Roman Catholic priest, which has been extensively circulated, is denied on the authority of Dr. Chiniquy himself. The report added that he had recanted on his death-bed. This is not true, either. Father Chiniquy reports himself in good health, and never more Protestant than now.

Mrs. Langridge, the Principal of the Female Normal School at Montgomery, Ala., asks us to contradict the report that money and land have been given by that city toward the State Colored University. It has given neither, and there is, on the other hand, a very strenuous and bitter opposition on the part of the white population to the location of the University there.

The eleventh Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, will be held in Louisville, Ky., October 18, 19, 20 and 21. The topics for discussion are: "The Function and Power of the Christian Preacher of To-day," "Higher Education of Women," "Proposal to Change the Name of the Church," "Lay Co-operation in Church Work," etc.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRIST OF PATMOS.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And He had in His right hand seven stars: and out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."—Revelation 1 : 16.

A Spiritual Picture—The Material Image Unimaginable—Idolatry in Protestant Churches—A Reversion to Paganism—John's Description not to be Understood Literally—Its Spiritual Meaning—I. The Seven Stars in His Hand—Ministers of the Gospel—Useful in the Night of Christ's Absence—Like the Star the Wise Men Saw—Stars Needed More than Fireworks—II. The Two-Edged Sword—The Power in Christ's Mouth—Not in Preachers—Nor in the Church—III. The Luminous Countenance—The Perfume on Doves' Wings.

WE have read John's description of the manner in which his Lord and Master revealed His glory to him. The figure is colossal, and I had almost said inconceivable. It would be quite impossible to draw a picture from the apostle's words. If any artist were to try to set it forth with his pencil, the figure would be singularly grotesque, and strangely unlike the idea which John intended to convey.

The vision is spiritual, and you can take each point in detail and learn from it; but it presents to us no resemblance such as can be drawn upon canvas: it is, as a whole, beyond the grasp of imagination. John might almost have said, after all he had seen, "I saw no similitude;" for, what he did see, albeit it was a gathering up of rich and rare similitudes, could not be made into a single image which could be represented to the eye, or to the mind. In this I greatly rejoice; for in it I perceive the prudence of the only wise God our Saviour.

The tendency of the human mind is to idolatry. When we do not seek after another god we are still tempted to worship the true God under some visible, tangible form; and this is directly opposed to the Divine will. I know the common excuse, that men do not worship the image, but that by its means they are helped to worship God; but this is exactly what the second commandment forbids. Carnal objects are not helps to spiritual worship; they are

Snares to the Mind,

and lead the heart away from God. I feel my soul horrified, and my blood boiling with indignation, when I see in what are called Protestant churches, not only a material altar, which is treated with honor, but upon it a cross to which idolatrous reverence is evidently paid by those who bow as they pass before it. It is very usual nowadays to see also the *Agnus Dei*, or a small figure of a lamb; and this, like the figure of a calf among the Israelites, is viewed with devotion. Why we are not only going back to popery, *we are reverting to paganism!* I do not care what shape your image takes, whether it be a cross, a crucifix, or an *Agnus Dei:* if it is anything to be seen or handled, it is strictly forbidden in the worship of God.

Had the portrait of our Lord been a suitable subject for reverence—and I can conceive of nothing for which greater claim can be put in—we should have had His likeness preserved to us by the special care of the good Spirit, who is ever mindful of the edification of saints; but we have neither painting nor statuary of any authority, nor, indeed, any which can be supposed to depict His matchless form. If this best of images is denied us, let us not tolerate the idols of human invention. Take these things hence; they are not becoming in the house of God.

Do not imagine that the Jews in the wilderness, when they made what Moses calls a calf, really intended to pay divine honors to the image of a bull. They had learned in Egypt that the bull was the most venerable of all symbols of Deity; it is the embodiment of strength, and therefore it appeared fit to represent the power of God. Moses did not treat this ritualism with respect, but with indignation. I do not blame our Reforming and Puritan fathers that they used names of ridicule and contempt for those things which Romanism has degraded into idols; for even the most sacred things lose all sacredness when elevated into

Objects of Adoration,

whatever may be the motive which leads to so great a crime. Did not Hezekiah break in pieces even the brazen serpent when it became an object of worship? He called it Nehushtan, that is, a mere bit of brass. If ever there was a piece of brass which deserved religious regard from men it was that brazen serpent, by which so many had been healed. When used aright it was God's channel of blessing, but when idolized it was broken in pieces as so much old metal. I feel glad, therefore, that even when the Lord Jesus Christ revealed himself so specially to the mind of John it was in a spiritual and symbolic manner, and the wonderful similitudes used were of such a character that it is not possible to construct from them a figure which could be set up for purposes of worship.

Having thus removed your minds from any gross and carnal notion that our lord is *actually* what this vision describes, I beg you to note that the spiritual teaching is all the more to be sought out and treasured up. I invite you to consider three of those similitudes by which the Lord Christ is set before us in this divine revelation. They stand in very significant relationship the one to the other. "He had in His right hand seven stars; and out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." These are not only in one verse by the will of the translators, but they were intimately connected in the mind of John, and were intended to come to us together, blended and united.

The Seven Stars.

I. Learn from the first sentence the position of instrumentality in reference to our Lord Jesus: "He had in His right hand seven stars." The stars are said to be the angels, or messengers, or, as many conceive, the ministers whom God used as messengers to the churches, and from the churches to the outlying world. The word may mean the entire instructive and enlightening gift of the church, whether found in one person or in many. God has ordained that there shall be men anointed of His spirit, who shall, beyond others, be the means of conversion and edification, and these are as stars in the sky of the church.

Note well, that instrumentality is of temporary use, and is intended for the time of darkness. Churches themselves are "golden candlesticks," and candlesticks answer their purpose best at night. When the sun is up, and the full day has come, do we need lamps? No; the church militant has her reason for existence upon earth in the fact of the surrounding darkness. The ministers of the gospel, what are they? Necessary to Christ? By no means, for the sun does not need the stars. They are necessary to the present darkness, with which they are to struggle as burning and shining lights until the Lord Himself shall shine forth in His glory. The Lord will use instruments till He Himself appears, but even those whom He calls "stars," are only the transient apparatus of a passing night.

This should make us think very humbly of ourselves; for, dear brethren, this illustrates our weakness. Were we lights of the first magnitude, the darkness would no longer remain. O stars! you by whom God shines! O stars! with your sparkling and far-reaching light, making glad the eyes of the benighted! What poor things you are, after all! for with all your shining it still remains night. Lamps of God though you be,

You Do But Relieve the Gloom

which you cannot remove. If ministers were all they might be, there would soon be an end of them; but the fact of their continued necessity proves their weakness. O ye that serve God best, remember that if you served Him better, the day would soon come when no man would say to his fellow, "Know the Lord," for they all should know him, from the least to the greatest. Consider, then, that instrumentality at its best, when used in blessed unity, as a church, is no more than a lamp or candle; and what can this do as compared with our Lord, who shines as the sun?

Still, instrumentality is honorably spoken of by Him whose judgment is supremely wise. The Lord Jesus does not despise the agency which He employs. Those whose testimony He blesses are compared to stars.

Stars Are Guides

and so are the Lord's true ministers. Some stars in yonder sky have done measureless service to wanderers over the trackless deep, and to those who have lost themselves in the labyrinths of the forest. That pole-star has conducted many a slave to liberty. Happy have been the influences of the stars upon the hopeless, who, being lost, have laid themselves down to die! Blessed are those men who, shining with the light of God, have turned many to righteousness; shall they not shine as the stars for ever and ever? Are there not preachers of the word who have stood like that famous star "over the place where the young child was"? They have first led strangers to Jesus, and then have remained in faithful love shining over the place where the Lord abides. We point to Jesus, saying ever, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Ours is, indeed, an honorable office, to guide wandering feet into the way of peace. Honored is the least in all our ministry if He may do this.

See, also, how true instrumentality is graciously sustained. The chosen servants of the Lord are

Under Special Protection,

for they shine in Christ's right hand. This is where the ministers of Christ need to be; for they stand in the front of the battle and are in double danger. Their office has its temptations, and even their success has its perils. If you win souls for God the devil will have a grudge against you. If you preach the word with power, all the hosts of evil will sharpen their arrows, and point their shafts at you. The stars of the churches have need to be in Christ's hand, for all the fiends of hell will puff at them, If they could make a star fall, how greatly would they rejoice! Glory be to Him who keeps them. "For He is strong in power; not one faileth."

See, then, beloved, the special security of true instrumentality; for who can extinguish a star whose sphere is the right hand of God? I see the devil puffing against these stars until his cheeks are fit to burst, but he does not even make them flicker; what can harm those whom Jesus keeps? You know how *some fine preachers have gone out in darkness, smoldering like candlewicks*, filling the whole chamber of the church with a nauseous smell; and if professed ministers become unholy or untruthful, their end is sad for themselves, and mischievous for all who are around them. May God save His church from the smoking flax of dying ministries. Blessed are they who, trusting in God, shine and shine on in His keeping.

Perhaps you think I am making too much of this subject, but I have no such desire. My design is very practical. The churches should pray that their risen Lord would give them more stars, and that He would uphold the stars that are already given, for there is unquestionably a very close connection between the prosperity of the churches and these stars. It is my solemn conviction that one great need of the church at present is a more faithful ministry.

We Need Fewer Fireworks,

and more stars. One man whom God has given is worth a thousand that a college has made. When God takes a man, and says, "Go and preach in the power with which I have endowed you," that man will accomplish what a host of learned and well-trained men would not dare to attempt. Why have we not more mighty preachers of the Word? Because we do not pray for them. Some of our ministers are half afraid that such men should come, for fear they should find themselves outshone. We need men that

will not yield to the current of the times, nor care one jot about it, but will hold their own and hold their Master's word against all comers, because the Lord of Hosts is with them, and the Spirit of God resteth upon them. I would have you at this time realize that Christ with the seven stars in His hand, and I would have you pray, "Lord, fill Thy hand with stars again. Light up the darkness of this period with flaming preachers of Thy Word to the praise of the glory of Thy grace." So much about the position of instrumentality; follow me now to kindred themes.

The Two-edged Sword.

II. And now, in the second place, I want you to notice with great care the place of real power. Note the second of the three sentences: "And out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword," The sword-power, the war-strength of the Church does not lie in her ministers. The battle and the victory are not with them, but with their Lord. I have put them in their proper place; I have told you that they are stars, and I have reminded you of their usefulness, but the next symbol prevents your regarding them as forces to be relied on. We read, "Out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword," Not out of the stars, but out of our Lord's mouth goes the strength which wins the day.

The true power of the church lies in Christ personally. You may have all the stars that ever made bright the milky way with their combined sheen; but there is no power in them to kill evil or conquer sin. But the power that overcomes evil, wounds the hard heart, pierces the conscience and kills reigning sin, is the Lord alone. "Out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword." Glory not, therefore, in men; for power belongeth unto God. Boast not in the talent nor in the experience of the man of God, for he can neither kill nor make alive.

The power lies in Christ's word: "Out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword. And notice, that it is not only His word, but it is His word as He Himself speaks it. Does Christ then still speak the word in the church? Yes! It is not the truth in the Bible alone which saves; it is that truth taken by the Holy Ghost, and vivified and laid home to the heart. It is

Not the Letter of the Word

which Jesus spake eighteen hundred years ago which works wonders; but it is that same word as He now delivers it into our ear and heart by His own living, loving, heart-subduing voice. *I* may speak Christ's words in vain; but *He* speaks to purpose. I have no faith in my own preaching; but I have all faith in my Lord's speaking. His word shall not return unto Him void. Out of His mouth no syllable shall come in vain. I charge you look away from us, the twinkling stars, to our Lord, whose mouth is the conqueror-force of His church.

The word is in itself adapted to the divine end, for it is sharp and two-edged; and when it is spoken by the Lord, its adaptation is seen. The gospel is very sharp when the Spirit of God lays it home. No doctrine of men has such piercing power. Take care, O preacher, that you do not blunt the word, or try to cover over its edge; for that would be treason to the Lord, who made it to be sharp and cutting, The gospel has two edges, so that none may play with it. When they think to run their fingers along the back of it they will find themselves cut to the bone. Whether we regard its threats or its promises, it cuts at sin. Whether we move it up or down, it makes great gashes in that which ought to be wounded and killed. Let us, therefore, know that the power of the church does not lie anywhere but in the word as Jesus Himself speaks it. Let us keep to His own pure, unadulterated, unblunted word, and let us pray Him to send it forth with power out of His own mouth into the hearts and consciences of men.

The Luminous Face.

III. May the Holy Spirit fasten this on your memories! I must now conduct you to the third point. which is a very wonderful matter—the source of true Glory. The source of true glory in a church lies in her enjoying the countenance of her Lord. "His countenance was as the sun shineth in His strength." When Jesus is pleased with the church, she enjoys prosperity.

Brethren, endeavor to realize the idea of Christ's countenance shining as the sun. Let me then remind you of our former themes. Where are the seven stars? They are still in His hand, but I defy you to see them; for when the sun is once up, where are the stars? Ah, dear young people! when you first hear a minister preach with divine power he is everything to you; God enables him to bring light to your darkness, and for a season you rejoice in his light. When you get further on in the road, and come to see the Lord Jesus Christ Himself in the divine glory of His blessed person, then you will not glory either in Paul or Apollos or Cephas; but you will glory in

Jesus Only.

The stars are twinkling still, but you cannot see them when the sun shines in noontide splendor; and so the human instrument is as useful as ever, but when Christ Himself is fully seen, the instrument takes a place far lower down. We are grateful for the stars, they have had blessed uses for our good; but we cannot mention them in the same day with the sun.

If you catch the idea of our Lord's countenance being "as the sun shineth in his strength," let me ask you where is the sharp two-edged sword which came forth out of His mouth? You have not forgotten it, but at the same time it would be hard to discern it upon the face of the sun. When we enjoy Christ Himself, we do not think the less of His word, but it seems to be absorbed in Himself. He Himself becomes to us the *Logos*, the word. Even the gospel itself, glorious as it is, bears no other glory than that which we behold in the face of Jesus Christ.

I must hurry over places where I am tempted to linger. To the saints the glory of Christ lies in Himself: His own countenance is the centre of glory. Notice that the favor of Christ, if it be enjoyed, is effectual for all purposes.

Why Do We Crave For Stars

when the sun shines? In the absence of human instrumentality, the Lord Jesus will more than suffice. Even for those purposes for which the sword goes out of His mouth the Lord's countenance is enough. A sunstroke is as effectual for overcoming as the stroke of a sword. Let Christ shine in the church, and He will destroy His enemies with the brightness of His glory. Yet note well that the brightness of our Lord cannot be measured, neither could His glory be endured of mortal men, if once it were fully revealed. "His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." John, therefore, could not gaze upon that countenance, but fell at his Lord's feet as dead. It would be a dangerous thing for you to stand still and attempt to gaze upon the sun. To turn a telescope full upon the sun, and place your eye to the glass, would be the extreme of folly. Our eye must be shielded, or it cannot look on the sun. And, beloved, if the Lord Jesus were to manifest Himself to us as He really is, in all His unveiled majesty, we should die with excess of joy. One said he would like to die of that disease, and I am very much of his mind. They say, "See Naples and die;" but to improve on it, another said, "See Naples and live;" and truly this is the better sight of the two. I would fain see my Lord so as to live to His praise. Oh, for such a vision as should shape my life, my whole being, till I became like my Lord!

Rejoice also, you that behold His face and live in communion with Him; for

Your Faces Will Shine.

You may look at yonder seven stars very long ere you are made to reflect their light; but, dear friends, if you see Jesus, and abide in the light of His countenance habitually, your faces, your characters, your lives, will grow resplendent, even without your knowing it. We read that Moses wist not that his face shone; all saw it but himself. The sons of men will wonder where you have been to have gathered such brightness. I know some few men and women who seem to carry about with them the fragrance of the ivory palaces; there is a perfume about their words, their actions, and their very selves. All nostrils do not enjoy the aroma of holiness, but the heart of the spiritual man is refreshed thereby. One cries: "Whence came this perfume?" Oh, that I had it! Oh, that such fragrance were shed abroad in my life!" I have heard that in the old times, when they would attract doves to a certain pigeon-house, they took certain birds and smeared their wings with a costly perfume, and sent them forth. Other pigeons were so delighted with their sweetness that they followed them to the dove-cotes. Oh, that you and I may be so sweetened by dwelling near to Christ that others may come with us to see Jesus and His love! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A MOTHER'S GOOD NEWS.*

"And now, children, I came to tell you something else."

"Something real good?" asked Cherry.

"Not real good, but real best. This is something about me. I have found the best thing in the world, and the best thing in heaven—our dear Father in heaven."

No one replied; what could she mean?

"I have never thought about Him, or loved Him, or taught my children anything about Him, or prayed for myself or for you, but *He has found me* and shown me how He loves me, and how He forgives me, and how He will keep me loved and forgiven. He has shown it all to me by teaching me about Jesus Christ, His Son, and our Saviour."

Rob remembered that he had suddenly opened his mother's chamber door and found her weeping upon her knees; Cherry thought of the many times of late she had seen her at work, with the open Bible on the chair beside her.

Anise touched her mother's cheek with her lips; it was easier just then than speaking.

"Mother, I am glad; but I do not understand," said Hetta. "You have been so good to us always."

"It is my joy that I can help you understand; that is all I know—yet. I am the smallest child, so far as knowledge of God's will goes. I have never read the Bible until lately. I have heard so few sermons, I have had so little teaching. Now, we can all begin together. Shall we, my darlings?"

Every one responded "Yes," out of a full heart.

A Short Prayer.

"Mrs. Huntly, you do believe in short prayers?"

"Sometimes my only prayer in the morning is, 'Yea, Lord,' my assent to what He would have me do; a 'Yea, Lord,' at night—my assent to all He will throughout the day."

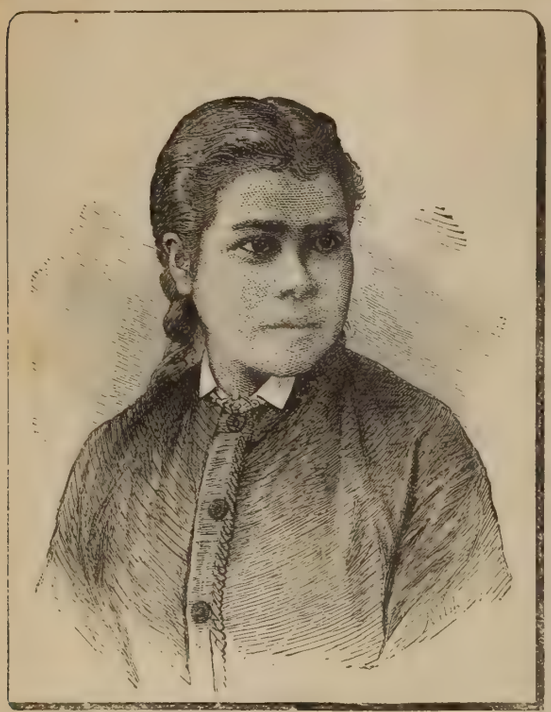
"If you could frame all you want to in one petition, what would it be?" questioned another.

"Thy will be done," was the quick reply.

"And yet you do ask for your will to be done."

"Because He lovingly permits me to. My will does not change His will, but His will changes mine. After He has changed our hearts He can give us our will. If His Word abide in us, we can ask what we will. What we ask in Christ's name must not be contrary to Christ's spirit. I often ask myself, 'If Jesus were in my place, living my life, would He ask this?' Remember

* From "That Quisset House," by Mrs. Nathaniel Conklin (Jennie M. Drinkwater), a story, conveying religious teaching in a most attractive and interesting form, pp 518; price $1.50. Published by *Robert Carter & Brothers*, 530 Broadway, New York.



A Mexican Indian Heroine. (See page 549.)

Vera Cruz, the Chief Seaport of Mexico. (See page 541.)

that we are in the world for exactly the same reason that Christ was."

"I don't know what that was," said Anise.

"He said He came to do the will of God."

"Have people always prayed?" Anise asked.

"Very early in the history of the world it is written, 'Then began men to call upon the Name of the Lord.'"

"As soon as they found out they couldn't do all they wanted to themselves," said another.

"If He knows what we need why doesn't He give it to us without any asking," asked Anise, with a spice of her old rebellion.

"Because He must know what we want. I never feel so needy as when upon my knees. He wants us to want enough to ask for it, beseech for it, wait for it. How else can we feel our dependence upon Him—how else could we learn what 'Our Father' means to Him? The feeling our need and our dependence is one great part of the blessing of prayer."

A timid voice asked: "What do we pray for, when we pray for the will of God?"

"I am glad you have asked that. In one place it is written: 'This is the will of God; even your sanctification.'"

First Steps.

"Do you want to live your father's life?"

"No," with sincere conviction; "I do not."

"You are in the way to do it. The former part of his life was busy. Money interfered and spoiled it. It gave him leisure to follow his tastes, with no motive but enjoying them to the full. Rob, you must begin to-morrow morning—you must begin this afternoon — to live the life he wished in vain that he could live over again."

"I don't know how."

"You have begun."

"How?"

"By asking forgiveness for the past."

"Yes," he assented.

"Now, you must ask Him what to do next."

"Perhaps I do not want to do it."

"Probably not."

"It may not be a pleasant thing to do."

"Very strangely, we have some unpleasant things to do."

"But it may not be easy," he persisted.

"More strangely, we have some hard things to do," she said. Do you believe that God made you—that you would not have existed but for Him?"

"Why, yes," in a hesitating voice.

"That He has redeemed you?"

After a thoughtful five minutes, "Yes, I do," with emphasis. Dean Hosmer made that plain to me this morning. If I am saved from sin, it is because of the love of God."

"Do you owe Him anything?"

"What can I give—what have I to give?"

"Think."

"I cannot answer that to-day," he said.

"I do not wish you to. That is the next thing for you to do. Answer that question. Do not do anything until you have answered it. Do nothing that will interfere with answering it."

THE FOREMAN'S ORDEAL.

(See Illustration on page 557).

"I AM afraid we 'll have to work all day Sunday," said a contractor to his foreman, Walter Crane, who had gone to the rough shanty which served as an office, to discuss plans of work with his employer. The contractor was a burly Englishman, who had once used the pick and shovel himself, but having saved a little money, had come to America and begun business on his own account. The men liked him, though they laughed at his old-country ways and his old-fashioned dress, to which he clung tenaciously. "I am sorry," he continued, noticing the dismay on Crane's face. "There is nothing I hate like Sunday work, but I am under a heavy penalty to get the job through, and this wet weather has kept us back. There is nothing for it but to put in an extra day's work while we can."

A year or two ago Crane would not have demurred. He would not have liked losing his day of rest, but his conscience would not have troubled him. But one summer day he had been persuaded to go to a camp-meeting, and there he had been converted, and since that he had lived a very different life, and his conscience, which before had been silent in such cases, now raised a vigorous protest.

"I should not like to work on Sunday, sir," Crane said, quietly but firmly.

"No, I don't like it either, but there are times when we all have to do what we don't like, and this is one. There 'll be double pay all around, you know."

"Double pay wouldn't tempt me, sir," said Crane. "I can't bring myself to do what ain't right, not for any money."

"Nonsense, Crane, you are not such an ass as to quarrel with me over such a trifle. You ought to stand by me in a difficulty instead of opposing me. I 've been a good friend to you. Look here"—and he opened the wages book which was lying on the table at his elbow—"see what you were getting at first, and what you are getting now, and constant work all the time. You are ungrateful, that 's what you are. I did not expect it of you."

"No, sir, I'm not ungrateful. This is a question of conscience. There 's nothing I would refuse to do to oblige you except offending God. I can't do that."

"You are a great deal too particular, Crane; I have no patience with you. Well, we'll say no more about it now. You go to the work, and when you go home to-night talk it over with your wife and sleep on it. You'll come to your senses in the morning. This is Friday; to-morrow night you can tell me what you'll do. But mind, if you don't oblige me in this, there'll be no more work for you, We part; don't make any mistake about that."

Crane passed a miserable day. He was not prepared to give up the position he had attained. His wife had been sick, and one of his children too. The little store of savings was exhausted, and if he lost his work, he did not see how he was to live. It was dreadful to think of being unemployed, for, as he well knew, there was little chance of getting work elsewhere. And then it was so easy to keep his position. Just this one time; it might never occur again, and he could give the double money he earned in the collection. So the devil tempted him, and remember, he was but young in the Christian life. But the contractor had made a mistake when he advised Crane to consult his wife. She—the brave little woman—was dead against him.

"Don't you do it Walter, not to oblige no man," she said. "You stick by your religion, and God will take care of us."

"You won't like it Mary, when Saturday nights come around, and there's no money. How are you going to pay rent, and keep bread on the leaf. I can't get in anywhere else."

"Never mind, we shall manage somehow. I'm ready to take the risk. I believe God will see to it. You do the right thing anyhow, and if we do suffer you'll have a clear conscience.

Crane went to bed feeling very anxious and troubled. Mary prayed that night, for Walter was too low spirited to conduct family worship as he generally did. And she prayed privately too, for Walter's conversion had been an event

of great joy to Mary's soul, and she was determined that he should not do this sin if she could help it. In the morning he was still wavering, but Mary pressed him, and finally gained a promise from him that anyhow he would not promise to work.

"We've made good progress to-day" said the contractor as he came around in the afternoon. "To-morrow will put us all right. Have you told the men, Crane?"

"No, sir I've said nothing about it, but we've pushed it hard to-day, and if we were to begin an hour earlier on Monday, I guess we'd be through on time'

"Nonsense! it may be wet on Monday. We've got to work to-morrow, so go and tell the men. I will do it myself as I'm here. They might not like your way."

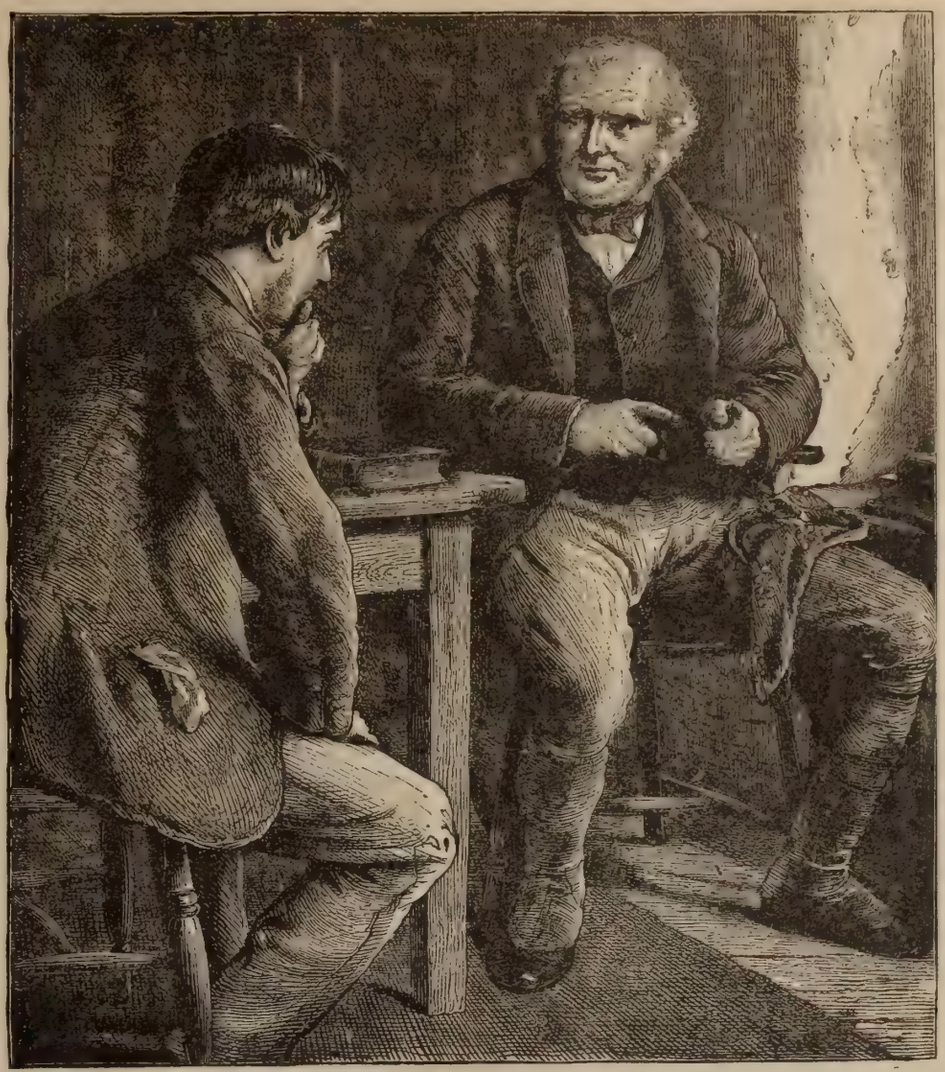
"Thank you, sir, I don't like the job of telling them, especially as I have made up my mind not to work myself."

"Oh! you have, have you? Well, you know the consequence; you leave to-night for good."

"Yes, sir, I know. I am sorry, but I can't help it."

"You are a fool," said the contractor bluntly.

He went around and told the men, and, as he expected, they were all ready to earn double pay by a Sunday at work. Crane was paid off, and the contractor looked around among the men and dotted down a name or two to think over before deciding on Crane's successor as foreman.



The Contractor Fails to Convince His Foreman.

"Well," said Walter, as he handed the money to Mary, "it's done. Make much of them bills; they're the last you'll have for many a day."

But Crane was a failure as a prophet, though strong in duty. He and Mary prayed earnestly that night for strength and guidance, and Mary put in a word of thanks that God had enabled Walter to withstand temptation. Her faith never wavered, but Walter's heart was very sore, and he lay awake worrying half the night. It was all very well for Mary to say the Lord would provide, but he could not see how he was going to get work. He fell asleep at last and slept heavily until he was awakened by Mary's voice.

"Walter, Walter, look here."

Mary was at the window, looking out, and Walter soon joined her. There he saw the rain coming down steadily, heavily, with that persistent look about the sky that betokened twenty-four hours of it. And it did rain all day, so that, as Walter said, he need not have lost his place after all, because he might have agreed to work, and yet the rain would have prevented him. But Mary looked at it in quite another light, and was not so sure that he had lost his place now.

Late on Sunday night there was a knock at the door, and Mary, opening it, admitted the contractor.

"What do you mean by this?" was his salutation to Crane; "couldn't you be content with refusing to work yourself without stopping the others?"

"It wasn't me; it was the rain; I'd nothing to do with that."

"Oh don't tell me. You must have been praying for rain. Anyhow it came, and we've lost another day. We'll have to put on extra steam to-morrow, so mind you're on hand early to keep 'em up to it." And with that he stalked out, leaving the joyful couple to understand that Crane was reinstated.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 542.*)

A Confession to a Congregation—The Lord's Supper as a Weekly Observance—Marriage—Scruples about Remuneration—Gives up His Salary—Places a Box in the Church for Gifts—Gives Away All he Has—Instances of Helps in Time of Need—More Money Given.

In June of this year (1830), I went to preach at the opening of a chapel in a village near Barnstable, built by that blessed man of God, Thomas Pugsley, now with the Lord. It pleased God to bring two souls to Himself through this my visit, and one more was converted on another visit. It was so usual for me to preach with particular assistance, that once, when it was otherwise, it was much noticed by myself and others. The circumstance was this: One day, before preaching at Teignmouth, I had more time than usual, and therefore prayed and meditated about six hours, in preparation of the evening meeting, and I thought I saw many precious truths in the passage on which I had meditated. It was the first part of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. After I had spoken a little time, I felt that I spoke in my own strength, and I, being a foreigner, felt particularly the want of words, which had not been the case before. I told the brethren that I felt I was left to myself, and asked their prayers. But after having continued a little longer, and feeling the same as before, I closed, and proposed that we should have a meeting for prayer, that the Lord still might be pleased to help me. We did so, and I was particularly assisted the next time.

During this summer (1830) it appeared to me scriptural, according to the *example* of the Apostles, Acts 20: 7, to break bread every Lord's day, though there is no *commandment* given to do so, either by the Lord, or by the Holy Ghost through the Apostles. And at the same time it appeared to me scriptural, according to Eph. 4, Rom. 12, &c., that there should be given room for the Holy Ghost to work through any of the brethren whom He pleased to use; that thus one member might benefit the other with the gift which the Lord has bestowed upon him. Accordingly, at certain meetings any of the brethren had an opportunity to exhort or teach the rest, if they considered that they had anything to say which might be beneficial to the hearers. I observe here, that, as the Lord gave me grace to endeavor at once to carry out the light which He had been pleased to give me on this point, and as the truth was but in part apprehended, there was much infirmity mixed with the manner of carrying it out. Nor was it until several years after that the Lord was pleased to teach me about this point more perfectly. That the disciples of Jesus should meet together, on the first day of the week, for the breaking of bread, and that that should be their principal meeting, and that those, whether one or several, who are truly gifted by the Holy Spirit for service, be it for exhortation or teaching or rule, &c., responsible to the Lord for the exercise of their gifts; these are to me no matters of uncertainty, but points on which my soul, by grace, is established, through the revealed will of God.

On October 7, 1830, I was united by marriage to Miss Mary Groves, sister of Mr. Groves, the dentist of Exeter who gave up an income of $7,500 a year to go as a missionary to Bagdad, in sole dependence on the Lord for support. This step was taken after prayer and deliberation, from a full conviction that it was better for me to be married: and I have never regretted it since, either the step itself or the choice, but desire to be truly grateful to God for having given me such a wife.

About this time I began to have conscientious objections against any longer receiving a stated salary. My reasons against it were these:

1. The salary was made up of pew-rents, but pew-rents are, according to James 2: 1-6, against the mind of the Lord, as, in general, the poor brother cannot have so good a seat as the rich. (All pew-rents were therefore given up, and all seats made free, which was stated at the entrance of the chapel.) 2. A brother may *gladly*

do something towards my support if left to his own time; but when the quarter is up, he has perhaps other expenses, and I do not know whether he pays his money grudgingly and of necessity, or cheerfully; but God loveth a cheerful giver. Nay, *I knew it to be a fact*, that sometimes it had not been convenient to individuals to pay the money, when it had been asked for by the brethren who had collected it. 3. Though the Lord had been pleased to give me grace to be faithful, so that I had been enabled not to keep back the truth when He had shown it to me, still I felt that pew-rents were a snare to the servant of Christ. It was a temptation to me, at least for a few minutes, at the time when the Lord had stirred me up to pray and search the Word respecting the ordinance of Baptism, because $150 of my salary was at stake if I should be baptized.

For these reasons I stated to the brethren, at the end of October, 1830, that I should for the future give up having any regular salary. After I had given my reasons for doing so, I read Philippians 4, and told the saints that if they still had a desire to do something towards my support, by voluntary gifts, I had no objection to receive them, though ever so small, either in money or provisions.

A few days after, it appeared to me that there was a better way still; for if I received personally every single gift offered in money, both my own time and that of the donors would be much taken up; and in this way also the poor might, through temptation, be kept from offering their pence, a privilege of which they ought not to be deprived; and some also might in this way give more than if it were not known who was the giver; so that it would still be doubtful whether the gift were given grudgingly or cheerfully. For these reasons especially, there was a box put up in the chapel, over which was written that whoever had a desire to do something towards my support, might put his offering into the box.

At the same time it appeared to me right that henceforth I should ask no man, not even my beloved brethren and sisters, to help me, as I had done a few times according to their own request, as my expenses on account of travelling much in the Lord's service were too great to be met by my usual income. For unconsciously I had thus again been led, in some measure, to trust in an arm of flesh; going to man instead of going to the Lord at once. *To come to this conclusion before God required more grace than to give up my salary.*

About the same time also my wife and I had grace given to us to take the Lord's commandment, "Sell that ye have, and give alms (Luke 12: 33), literally, and to carry it out. Our staff and support in this matter were Matthew 6: 19-34; John 14: 13, 14. We leaned on the arm of the Lord Jesus. It is now thirty-eight years since we set out in this way, and *we do not in the least regret the step we then took.* Our God also has, in His tender mercy, given us grace to abide in the same mind concerning the above points, both as it regards principle and practice; and this has been the means of letting us see the tender love and care of our God over His children, even in the most minute things, in a way which we never experimentally knew them before; and it has, in particular, made the Lord known to us more fully than we knew Him before, *as a prayer-hearing God.* As I have written down how the Lord has been pleased to deal with us since, I shall be able to relate some facts concerning this matter, as far as they may tend to edification.

November 18, 1830.—Our money was reduced to about eight shillings. When I was praying with my wife in the morning, the Lord brought to my mind the state of our purse, and I was led to ask Him for some money. About four hours after, we were with a sister* at Bishopsteignton, and she said to me, "Do you want any money?" "I told the brethren," said I, "dear sister, when I gave up my salary, that I would for the future tell the Lord *only* about my wants." She replied, "But He has told me to give you some money. About a fortnight ago I asked Him what I should do for Him, and He told me to give you some money; and last Saturday it came again powerfully to my mind, and has not left me since, and I felt it so forcibly last night that I could not help speaking of it to Brother P." My heart rejoiced, seeing the Lord's faithfulness, but I thought it better not to tell her about our circumstances, lest she should be influenced to give accordingly; and I also was assured that if it were of the Lord she could not but give. I therefore turned the conversation to other subjects, but when I left she gave me two guineas ($10.50). We were full of joy on account of the goodness of the Lord. I would call upon the reader to admire the gentleness of the Lord, that He did not try our faith much at the commencement, but gave us first encouragement, and allowed us to see His willingness to help us, before He was pleased to try it more fully and more severely.

The next Wednesday I went to Exmouth, our money having been reduced to about nine shillings. I asked the Lord on Thursday, when at Exmouth, to be pleased to give me some money. On Friday morning, about eight o'clock, whilst in prayer, I was particularly led to ask again for money; and before I rose from my knees I had the fullest assurance that we should have the answer that very day. About nine o'clock I left the brother with whom I was staying, and he gave me half a sovereign ($2.50) saying, "Take this for the expenses connected with your coming to us." I did not expect to have my expenses paid, but I saw the Lord's fatherly hand in sending me this money within one hour after my asking Him for some. But even then I was so fully assured that the Lord would send more that very day, or had done so already, that, when I came home about twelve o'clock, I asked my wife whether she had received any letters. She told me she had received one the day before from a brother in Exeter, with three sovereigns ($15). Thus even my prayer on the preceding day had been answered. The next day one of the brethren came and brought me $20 which was due to me of my former salary, but which I could never have expected, as I did not even know that this sum was due to me. Thus I received, within thirty hours, in answer to prayer, £7, 10s. ($37.50.) In the commencement of December I went to Collumpton, where I preached several times, and likewise in a neighboring village. In driving home from the village late at night our driver lost his way. As soon as we found out our mistake, as we were then near a house, it struck me that the hand of God was in this matter; and having awakened the people of the house, I offered a man something if he would be kind enough to bring us into the right road. I now walked with the man before the gig, and conversed with him about the things of God, and soon found out that he was an awful backslider. May God, in mercy, bless the word spoken to him, and may we learn from this circumstance, that we have to ask, on such occasions, why the Lord has allowed such and such things to happen to us. Since the publication of the first edition, one day, about eight years after this circumstance had happened, the individual who drove me that night introduced himself to me as a believer, and told me that on that evening he received his first impressions under the preaching of the Word. The missing of the right road may have been connected with his state of mind. May I and my fellow-laborers in the gospel be encouraged, by this, patiently to continue to sow the seed, though only after eight years or more we should *see* the fruit of it. I only add that, up to that time, the individual had been a very dissipated young man, who caused his believing parents very much grief. Their love led them to convey me and my wife to this village and back again, and truly the Lord gave them a reward in doing so.

Between Christmas and the New Year, when our money was reduced to a few shillings, I asked the Lord for more; when a few hours after there was given to us a sovereign by a brother from Axminster. This brother had heard much against me, and was at last determined to hear for himself, and thus came to Teignmouth, a distance of forty miles; and having heard about our manner of living, gave us his money.

With this closes the year 1830. Throughout it the Lord richly supplied all my temporal wants, though at the commencement of it I had no certain human prospect for one single shilling; so that even as it regards temporal things, I had not been in the smallest degree a loser in acting according to the dictates of my conscience; and as it regards spiritual things, the Lord had indeed dealt bountifully with me.

On January 6, 7 and 8, 1831, I had repeatedly asked the Lord for money, but received none. On the evening of January 8, I left my room for a few minutes, and was then tempted to distrust the Lord, though He had been so gracious to us, in that He not only up to that day had supplied all our wants, but had given us also those answers of prayer, which have been in part just mentioned. I was so sinful, for about five minutes, as to think it would be of no use to trust in the Lord in this way. I also began to say to myself, that I had perhaps gone too far in living in this way. But thanks to the Lord! this trial lasted but a few minutes. He enabled me again to trust in Him, and Satan was immediately confounded; for when I returned to my room (out of which I had not been absent ten minutes), the Lord had sent deliverance. A sister in the Lord, who resided at Exeter, had come to Teignmouth, and brought us $11, so the Lord triumphed, and our faith was strengthened.

January 10. To-day, when we had again but a few shillings, $25 was given to us, which had been taken out of the box. I had, once for all, told the brethren, who had the care of those temporal things, to have the kindness to let me have the money every week; but as these beloved brethren either forgot to take it out weekly, or were ashamed to bring it in such small sums, it was generally taken out every three, four or five weeks. As I had stated to them, however, from the commencement, that I desired to look neither to man nor the box, but to the living God, I thought it not right on my part to remind them of my request to have the money weekly, lest it should hinder the testimony which I wished to give, of trusting in the living God alone. It was on this account that on January 28, when we had again but little money, though I had seen the brethren on January 24, open the box and take out the money, I would not ask the brother in whose hands it was to let me have it; but standing in need of it, as our coals were almost gone, I asked the Lord to incline his heart to bring it, and but a little time afterwards it was given to us, even $7.

I would here mention, that since the time I began living in this way, I have been kept from speaking, either directly or indirectly, about my wants at the time I was in need. But whilst I have refrained, and do still habitually refrain, from speaking to my fellow-creatures about my wants at the time, I desire to speak well of the Lord's goodness after He has delivered me, not only in order that He thus may get glory, but also that the children of God may be encouraged to trust in Him.

(*To be continued.*)

* My Journal gives the names of the individuals whom the Lord has used as instruments in supplying our wants, but it has appeared well to me, for several reasons, not to mention them in print.

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GOLDEN PRECEPTS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S.S. Lesson for September 11, Matt. 7 : 1–12.

Golden Text, Matt. 7 : 12.

Ver. 1 and 2. Do not be Censorious or Uncharitable—The Unmerciful Man's Punishment—Distrusted and Suspected—His Own Conduct Criticised—Ver. 3–5. Imperfect Men Not to expect Perfection in Others—Beholding the Mote—Dwelling on Another's Faults and Overlooking his Good Qualities—A Censorious Spirit a Beam in the Eye—Disqualifies for Judgment—Arouses Resentment—The Self-Righteous Critic Generally a Hypocrite—Ver. 6. Spiritual Experiences Wasted on the Unspiritual—Ver. 7–8. The Human Side of Prayer—A Definite Assurance—Ver. 9–11. The Illustration Defines the Conditions—For Sons Only—Good Gifts Only—Good Fathers Do not Grant all Requests—Ver. 12. The Principle Which Could Reform Society.

"ALL things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." "Peerless morality," says the sceptical worldling, "but it is utterly unpractical. If we were to do to men just as they desire us to do, we should be robbed on all hands, and should be putting a premium upon rascality." But Jesus did not say, "Do to others whatsoever *they* would that ye should do to them," but, "whatsoever *ye*, God's children,

Who See Things in His Light,

would that men should do to you." A drunkard would like nothing better than to empty the pockets of every Christian man he comes across, to satisfy his own wicked, loathsome lust for that which is destroying him. God does not say, "Do to the drunkard as *he* would you should do to him," but "as *you*, if you were in his place, would that another should do to you." *You* would that one should show you how to be saved from the power of the drink by being led to the Saviour. Again, a wild, gambling young man will invent every kind of lie to extort money from other Christians he thinks are an easy prey, so he will sponge upon them, appeal to their Christian principles, and make use of every device to attain his object. God does not say, "Do to the gambler as he would you should do to him;" but "as you, who have been saved and redeemed, would that one should do to you, if you were in his case." We who are saved know the blessedness of Christ's salvation, we know that our own soul "is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped" (Ps. 126 : 4). The teaching of Jesus is, "See to it that others are saved, even as ye."

"But then," says one, "what are we to do with the many cases of imposture which we meet with? How are we to know, out of twenty who solicit our assistance, which are those really in need, and which are living the disgraceful life of parasites, gaining their bread by imposing upon hard-working people, while they themselves will do nothing?" Perhaps if, as a rule, we took more trouble to inquire into cases of need, there would be less possibility of imposture, and we should get to know the real state of the case. Often this is not possible, and then we need to get direction from God what to do. To give money to a beggar is, almost certainly, to send him to a liquor saloon, and so to encourage him in sin; to give a hearty meal cannot hurt him, nor yet to find him a night's lodging. The Word of God shows us that He would have us to give to every man that asketh of us—give prayer, counsel, sympathy, something. The temptation to be hard when we have been deceived, is very great.

"Judge Not, that Ye be Not Judged."

Perhaps few of Christ's commands are so almost universally broken as this one! God does not want us to go through the world with our eyes shut, and so to be blind to sin, but He would have us abstain from taking the place of judgment. Yet, how commonly is it taken! A Christian family goes to church on the Sunday morning. Dinner-time arrives, and during the meal some one asks, "Well, what did you think of the sermon?" "Well, I don't think it was good taste to speak so strongly about theatres, when Mr. So-and-so was there. Why, everyone knows how much he gives to the support of the church; it was really ungrateful." "Well, I should like Mr. So-and-so's preaching to be more comforting, he is so strong upon responsibility; besides, I do believe he was making personal allusions; you know that was quite a hit at you." And no one knew but God of the soul-travail of that man of God, who was sent of God into that pulpit. He delivered His message, and had "this testimony, that he pleased God," but from the Jews "going before to judgment," the law of Christ was broken, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." A few believers are talking together: the China Inland Mission, Mr. Guinness's Training Home, the Salvation Army and the Church Missionary Society are all under discussion. No good word is spoken of either. One is condemned for being too stiff, another for being too wild, another for being too doctrinal, another for having too much itinerating work; and those who thus judge are not missionaries, have no experience, deny themselves in nothing for the heathen, and only prejudice the minds of others, against those whom God is owning. Meanwhile the hearts of His children rejoice as He owns their labors, and those of many others; they are sending out hundreds to the field, and God accepts the offering of their yielded lives, while from the hearts and lips of those who sit in the seat of judgment, there goes forth what "the recording angel takes down as a breach of the law of Christ." "Judge not, that ye be not judged." When we know of sin in another child of God, or in one connected with us in any way, we are to go and tell him his faults between him and ourselves alone, but God has distinctly forbidden us to judge or suspect evil where we are not sure it exists. Even if we do not *say* it, yet if we suspect another in our hearts, it seems to get into the air, and that other feels it as much as though we said it. It is a terrible and yet a just retribution, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

We are Ourselves the Jury

in our own case; we reap what we sow. If we are given to fault-finding, then we invite God and man to find fault with us. If we find out and speak over with rejoicing all the good we can discover in others, we invite both God and man to do likewise by us. We pray, "Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive* those that have trespassed against us." Just in the same measure, no more, and no less. It is so much more easy to our natural hearts to condemn another behind his back than to take him aside and kindly point out to him his fault! Do we really like others to deal thus with us? It is so much more easy to see the mote in our brother's eye than the beam in our own eye. We know all the extenuating circumstances in our own case, but because we do not know them in our brother's case, we believe there are none, and therefore that he must be guilty. While God can be merciful, we are "extreme to watch what is done amiss." Perhaps there is no sin which more tends to create spiritual death in churches and families than this sin of judging, with the evil speaking to which it leads.

Jesus give us one warning, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine." Surely, this warns us against speaking before those who cannot enter into it, of our deepest communion with God, and of His dealings with us. There are blessed manifest answers to prayer, which we may tell everybody, but there are communings of God with us which are meant for our own souls alone, and we do harm in making them public. When God opened His heart to Noah, Abraham and Moses, they did not tell out to others all which God had said to them, but only the message which He gave them for the people.

"Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it *shall* be opened unto you: For

Every One That Asketh Receiveth;

and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." This is God's will as to His children's relations to him in prayer! And yet many look upon answers to prayer as something extraordinary, instead of the invariable rule among those who trust Him. May not the very spirit of judgment of which we have just treated be the hindrance in the way of the answer to many prayers? "When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses" (Mark 11: 25, 26). While there is any wrong feeling in our heart towards any man, there is a cloud between us and God, our prayers are not free. But when we are standing in our right relations to God, saved by the precious blood of Christ, which continually, as we trust Him, "cleanses us from all sin," while we rely upon Him, counting Him "faithful that promised," faithful to fulfil all His words—to ask is to receive of Him. Every one that *asketh receiveth.* This is why we are so often taught thanksgiving in connection with prayer. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Now, if we believe we receive them, it is but just and right and courteous and natural to give thanks. (I Thess. 5: 17, 18). Let the prayer about everything which arises be so definite that you, as you ask, receive, and give thanks that you have received. Again, in *everything* by prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving* let your requests be made known unto God (Phil. 4 : 6.) "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving" (Col. 4 : 2). We cannot pray in faith without the spirit of thanksgiving that God does then and there take in hand what we commit to him. We which have believed

Do Enter Into Rest.

We do not go on praying for that very same thing, but rest it over upon God. Some may mistake this, and be dreadfully deceived. If people think that by going through the form of asking God for everything, with the form of thanking God that He does grant it, they will prevail with Him, they will most surely be disappointed. If we give thanks by faith for the answer to a prayer which we receive now by faith, it is because we see in His word His mind about that which we are praying for, and we unite with it, and rejoice in His will, and though all the circumstances may seem to be against its accomplishment, we can glory that God will surely overcome them, This is not a got-up state of mind which we work ourselves into, but a steady

Union with the Mind of God.

"He that seeketh findeth." Why? Because he is in the will of God. "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." Therefore God would have us approach Him, if we are fully yielded to Him, without fear of a repulse, knowing that we are welcome, and that he delights to give us what we ask, and only wants us to come oftener. We are not coming to a God who needs compulsion, but to One who is longing for the moment when He can grant our request. He is a Father, and our beloved Lord is explaining what kind of father. He says, "What man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone? and if he ask for a fish, will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to those that ask him? (R. V.). O child of God, why then pray in mournful tones, as though to an unwilling God? Why pray with doubt and sadness in your heart? Why not pray with more of praise than of petition, and with the sunny joy at heart, "My Father bids me welcome?"

FOR *The Christian Herald.*]

CONFESSION.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 JOHN i, ix.

I am so weary and so weak to-night, dear Saviour,
So tired of striving and so sick of sin,
That were I worthy of a place in Thy fair dwelling
I'd ask that I just now might enter in.

Here let me kneel in sorrowful contrition,
And lean my head against Thy wounded side,
And kiss Thy hands and feet all torn and bleeding,
And whisper to myself, "for me he died."

And I have grieved him since; Oh shame to say it!
Such base ingratitude it seemeth to me now;
How could I pierce again the heart that loved me,
And bind the thorns again upon that brow.

I did not mean it Lord! some sudden gust of passion,
Some snare the tempter laid with wily art,
Entrapped my thoughtless feet, and ere I knew it,
My path and Thine were lying wide apart.

And as I turned, my wayward steps retracing,
I met Thine eyes, so full of grief and love
It broke my heart; Oh careless soul how could'st thou,
So wrong His kindness and so faithless prove!

And falling at Thy feet I plead for pardon,
Amid such bitter tears of grief and shame;
While thou had'st only loving words of comfort for me.
Not one reproach, not one just word of blame.

Thou knowest I love thee, Lord! though in my weakness,
Tempted and tried, Thy love I often grieve,
Thou knowest I love Thee! stay Thou ever near me,
That from Thy heart my heart may strength receive.

Strength to o'ercome, to conquer every failing,
That mars my life, or makes it incomplete;
Power in that shall keep me safe from sin and wandering,
Pure and pure, forever at Thy feet.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

Greenville, Conn.

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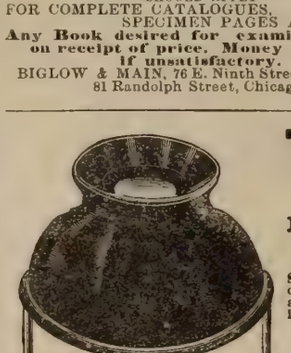

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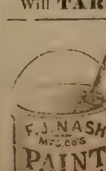

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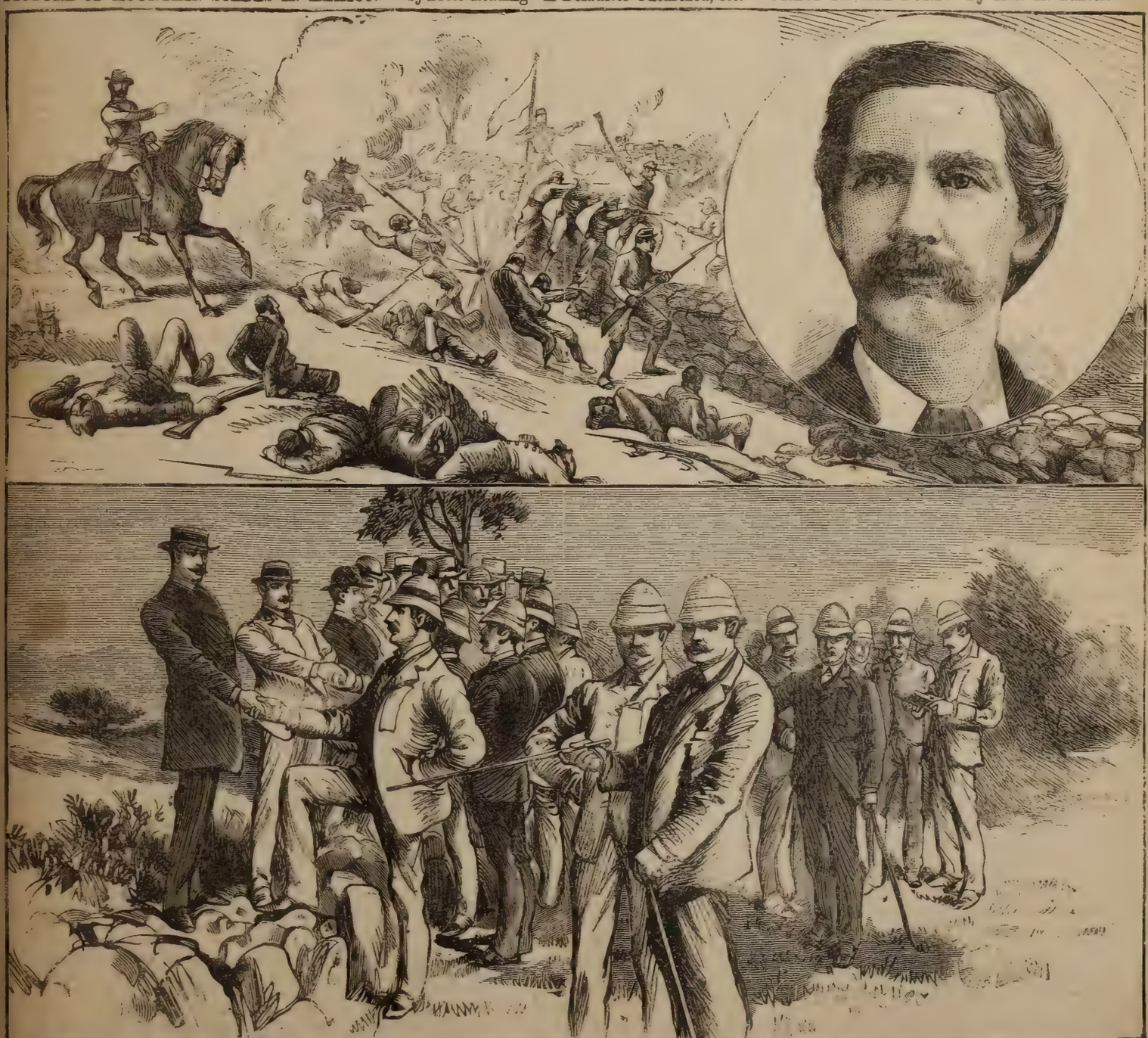

MR. RICHARD T. BOOTH, Temperance Missionary to Great Britain—Gettysburg in 1863 and 1887.

MR. R. T. BOOTH.

The American Temperance Missionary to Great Britain.

The Interchange in Public Teachers—Mutual International Obligations—Mr. Booth's Early Life—Rescue from Drunkenness—Engages in Temperance Work—Labors in New England and the Middle States—Voyage to Great Britain—In a Marine Collision—Work at Mr. Noble's Mission in London—Large Meetings in the Provincial Cities—Mission in Mr. Spurgeon's Church—Voyage to Australia—Effects of the Temperance Agitation on the Revenue—Labors in Hawaii—Visit to his Old Home—Return to Europe—Gettysburg in 1863 and 1887.

WHILE the question of the tariff is occupying the minds of statesmen and politicians, and some are urging that the country would benefit by a free interchange of the commodities of the various countries, whilst others contend that the productions of Europe ought not to be admitted into this country until a duty has been levied on them that will increase the price, we may congratulate ourselves that neither this country nor England has ever entertained a proposal to apply the principle of protection to public teachers. The many pulpits in America that are occupied by Englishmen, and the benefits we have derived from Englishmen eminent in literature and art, who have visited us, have laid us under an obligation which we have amply repaid by sending to England Moody and Sankey, Henry Ward Beecher and many others whose services to the public weal in England have been warmly acknowledged.

Among the Americans who have helped us to pay our debt of obligation to our Transatlantic cousins, and have been successful in arousing the English people to right thought and action, is the temperance speaker whose portrait appears on the first page—Mr. R. T. Booth. His speeches have suited the English taste, and he has been able to give valuable aid to the cause of total abstinence in England. It is now about seven years since Mr. Booth first visited that country, and the three years he then spent in speaking in the large cities there, were rich in results. In the midst of his usefulness his health broke down, and he was obliged to leave the country. He went to Australia and New Zealand, where he was also very successful, has paid a brief visit to his native land, and has now returned to England to resume his work there, much to the joy of his English friends.

A Reformed Drunkard.

Richard T. Booth was born at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1844. He is now therefore, forty-three years old. His parents were poor, and at the early age of ten years he was sent to work in a cotton factory. At the outbreak of the war he entered the army and served in the 111th Regiment, New York Volunteers. He was engaged early in the war, and was taken prisoner. After his exchange he rejoined the army, and was in the battles of the Wilderness and Gettysburg. At the close of the war he settled in Moravia, N. Y., where he fell into dissipated habits and became a confirmed drunkard. After some years of abject misery and vain efforts to reform, he was saved one night through his wife's prayers. Kneeling by her side he besought mercy and strength, and rose from his knees a saved and sober man. He at once gave himself to the work of rescue and took an active part in

The Temperance Campaign.

Early in the autumn of 1877 he was joined in his public work by Mr. J. Reed Smith, who, like himself, was a reformed man. They clasped hands, and engaged in the Blue Ribbon enterprise with enthusiasm, and with a deep-set determination born of experience. The young men went to the New England States, and began a mission in the city of Holyoke, Mass. They held successful meetings, and a large number of persons formerly addicted to drunkenness signed the pledge and donned the blue ribbon. A week was devoted to East Hampton, and then a campaign was begun in Greenfield, Conn., where they also had wonderful success. Among the places next visited, and in which similar beneficent results were experienced, were North Adams, Fitchburg, Clinton, West Brookfield, and Turner's Falls, closing their first year's New England campaign at West Somerville.

The second year of the joint labors of the temperance evangelists was inaugurated by a camp-meeting at Sterling Junction, Mass. It commenced on September 3, 1878, and lasted for eight days. Among the leading temperance workers and speakers who took part, were Colonel Luther Caldwell, Colonel Pearce and Miss Frances E. Willard. From this time onward to the month of October, 1879, Messrs. Booth and Reed visited about fifty different centres of population in the New England States, and, among others, the city of New Bedford, Mass., where much good was done.

After two years of service, Mr. Smith and Mr. Booth parted at the close of their work in the city of Keene, N. H., where they met with great success. Mr. Smith returned to the practice of his profession as a stenographer, while his companion in labor continued to devote himself to the work of Gospel temperance.

Work n England.

In the summer of 1880 Mr. Booth sailed for England in the *Anchoria*, of the Anchor Line, and was on board that vessel when she collided with *The Queen* on June 13, 1880. The two ships returned to New York, and on July 21 Mr. Booth again embarked for England, this time on the *Scythia*, of the Cunard Line. The voyage was safely accomplished, and Mr. Booth on landing proceeded to London, where, on August 7, he was formally welcomed by a number of earnest English workers at Hoxton Hall, and many kind and brotherly greetings were uttered. There, in the absence of Mr. Noble, he continued to labor for five or six weeks. Invitations were then responded to from the provinces, and he gave addresses at Newmarket, Tunbridge Wells, and other places in and near London. He afterwards proceeded to Scotland, speaking to large audiences in the cities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, and Peebles.

At Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

In the fall of the following year, at the request of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, Mr. Booth commenced a ten days' mission in the Metropolitan Tabernacle—Mr. Spurgeon presiding, and warmly commending the American speaker to his church. The success there was astonishing, and at the conclusion of the mission the gratitude of the people was manifested by the presentation of a testimonial at a meeting which filled the vast edifice to overflowing. Mr. Dunn, one of Mr. Spurgeon's elders, dwelt upon the marvellous work which had been accomplished in their midst. Up to that evening 21,695 persons had taken the blue ribbon, and no fewer than 11,325 had signed the pledge. They were also thankful for the spiritual blessing that had resulted from Mr. Booth's labors. He begged Mr. Booth's acceptance of a *timepiece*, suitably inscribed, as a farewell expression of esteem, and bearing the signature of Mr. Spurgeon and his brother. Mr. Smithers, secretary of the committee, presented Mrs. Booth with a *flower-basket*, while Mrs. Smithers, as representing the ladies' committee, handed Mr. Booth *an inkstand*. Mr. Spurgeon next presented *a set of his sermons*.

In Australia

marked success also attended Mr. Booth's labors. During his tour in the Southern hemisphere, his movements reported in the Australian papers were republished in these columns, so that our readers already know the most important of them. Everywhere the people were deeply moved by his impassioned appeals, and about 125,000 signatures to the pledge were secured. Whilst there he saw the Local Option Law enacted for the colony of Victoria, and a most complete parliamentary measure of a similar character for the younger colony of Queensland, with most of whose legislators he came into immediate contact. A significant fact which indicates that the mission conducted by Mr. Booth and his coadjutors was not without its influence, was that in the colony of New Zealand alone the consumption of liquor largely decreased. In one year the decrease in the money spent in it amounted to $900,000, and in the last four years there has been a total reduction of more than two millions; that is an average reduction of $500,000 per annum. Mr. Booth regards this as one of the indirect but most pleasing results of his work in the country, and is filled with gratitude to God on account of it. He visited also all the principal towns in New Zealand, conducting vigorous missions of two or three weeks' duration in each, having on every occasion large audiences, and a great impetus was consequently given to the Temperance cause. Mr. T. W. Glover and other esteemed workers continue the work with ever-widening success.

One very interesting episode of Mr. Booth's work in New Zealand was his

Visit to the Maoris,

or aborigines of the country, among whom he spent ten days in the world-famed Hot Lake District, which was devastated by a terrible eruption, on June 10, last year. For ten days Mr. Booth was the guest of the Hazard family at Wairoa, who, only a short time after he left their hospitable dwelling, lost their lives in the appalling catastrophe which visited the beautiful region. A picture of this catastrophe with full details appeared in this journal on September 9, last year. The Mr. Hazard with whom Mr. Booth stayed during his visit, was the most prominent temperance worker in the vicinity. His melancholy death is regarded as a public calamity.

Bidding farewell to New Zealand, Mr. Booth labored for five weeks in the Sandwich Islands. He spent two weeks among the European population, and during the remainder of the time held several enthusiastic meetings among the natives, securing no fewer than four hundred signatures, this being the first occasion on which any aboriginal Hawaiian took the total abstinence pledge.

His Visit Home

came with grateful pleasure after his labors and travels. His reception at San Francisco was described in these columns at the time, and it was paralleled with enthusiasm by his temperance friends at the various cities on his way to the scenes of his boyhood. Mr. Booth spent a restful, refreshing month with his venerable parents. His father's age is eighty-two, and that of his mother seventy-seven. He made excursions among his old friends and revisited the familiar places around, and was able also to participate in the reunion of the veterans at Gettysburg on July 3, the anniversary of the famous battle. He has now returned to Great Britain, where his talents and energies are so highly appreciated, and where he has received a most cordial and enthusiastic welcome from the various Temperance organizations, which know how to utilize his services.

GETTYSBURG IN 1863 AND 1887.

(See Illustrations on First Page.)

THE reunion on the famous battle-field, which Mr. Booth was privileged to attend last July, stirred many affecting memories in the breasts of him and many others who stood there again on that anniversary, and thanked God for the blessed changes which twenty-four years had wrought. Mr. Booth, in his descriptive lecture on "Three Years in the Ranks," gives a most thrilling outline of this terrible conflict. He was a member of General Alexander Hay's division, being the third of the Second Corps that on July 3, 1863, received and repulsed the fierce charge of General Pickett's division. He says: "Our brigade, which was commanded by Colonel Clinton MacDougall, was ordered to retake a battery captured by the enemy from another corps. This was *my first experience of a bayonet charge*. We succeeded in recapturing the position, but it was at a deadly cost. I left some of the noblest and bravest of my comrades dead upon the field. The following day there occur-

red the most sanguinary struggle of that terrible time. For more than an hour we were exposed to a furious cannonade, the enemy's guns being directed to the centre of our lines, where my regiment was posted. Our ranks were broken and shattered by the incessant torrent of solid shot and bursting shell that was rained upon us. When at last the cannonade had ceased, there emerged from the cover of the woods three lines of attack, and then came the most memorable charge of the war. My brother was severely wounded. We repulsed the dreadful onslaught, and the Confederate host was driven back with great loss to the shelter of the woods, and General Lee retreated across the Potomac."

The celebration of the anniversary last July, was a scene never to be forgotten. The survivors of that terrible battle, Northern and Southern, met on the field, and together went over the places which had been so fiercely contested. The widow of General Pickett and her son were present, and received from both sides the heartiest ovations and numerous valuable testimonials of affection and good-will. Monuments were dedicated upon spots which had borne the brunt of the sanguinary contest, and genial speeches were made by the men who had fought on both sides, which contrasted very significantly with those made at other places by politicians who had staid at home during the fight, attending to their fat contracts. The lower frontispiece picture illustrates one of the dramatic incidents of the day, which took place across the famous stone wall at "*bloody angle*," where, on the day of battle, twenty-four years previously, the most deadly struggle took place. It was preceded by a march of the survivors of the Pickett men over the ground where they made their famous charge on the third and last day of the battle. The Philadelphia Brigade was also drawn up in its original position behind the stone wall. With the original formation, though with wide gaps between the represented commands, the old division advanced, as it had done so long ago, out of the woods and into the open clover-field toward the distant Union position. No shot and shell rained upon them now. Round Top was silent, no smoke rolled about Cemetery Hill, and the flash of Cushing's guns did not meet their eyes. Only a vista of green and golden fields, gently rising to the old Union line, marked by the dark line of the old stone wall behind which the Philadelphia Brigade had awaited their approach, smiled upon them; and when the Southern men reached the line—

"Shake hands, boys!" cried General Lynch and Colonel Aylett, the leaders on each side, respectively. The "boys," nothing loth, immediately extended their arms, and Virginia and Pennsylvania shook hands with every demonstration of sincerest respect and affection over the once blood-stained land-mark.

None who witnessed that scene will ever forget it, and they will sympathize most cordially with every movement tending to bring the two sections into closer accord, and will be most earnest in resisting the efforts of the politicians who, to serve their own selfish purpose and to aid their own Presidential aspirations, are now endeavoring once more to inflame Northern passions and to antagonize the men who would be glad to be friends and brothers.

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Making a Fatal Choice.—Mr. Stewart Remarked at a meeting of inquirers: "I believe I saw the door of mercy shut upon a young girl a few nights ago. At the close of the meeting she was asked to give her heart to Jesus, but she shook her head, while the tears started to her eyes, as she said, 'No, I will not; my mind is made up.' Then turning to a companion who was sitting by her side she said, while her lip quivered, 'Trust you in Christ, take Jesus to-night. I choose the world.' She rose to her feet pale and trembling, as she uttered these words, and well she might, to deliberately trample under foot the precious blood of Christ so freely shed for her. She left the building, and I have not seen her since.

Saved in a Dancing Hall.—Mr. Simpson narrates: "In the dancing hall of a small village there was being held, by a number of earnest Christian men, a Gospel meeting. A young godless man, noticing that the hall was lighted, advanced towards it, expecting to spend his night there in frivolity, and just as he laid his hand on the latch he was startled to hear, sounding through the hall, these words: 'By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved.' He was awakened and brought to a knowledge of the truth, and became one of the most devoted Christians in the whole district. This is a striking example of how God can use mere coincidences for his purpose. The act of opening the door was a living illustration of the text.

A Startling Discovery Made.—Mr. Ford Observes: "Recently I visited a woman who was groping in spiritual darkness. Nothing that I could say seemed to have any effect; she could not see that there was any need of salvation. Before I left her I asked if she would pray this prayer every day until I should return: 'O God, show me my need.' She promised, and kept her word. On the third day after she had prayed this prayer the Lord was pleased to answer it, for in despair and deep agony she saw that her soul needed salvation. She cried aloud, 'God be merciful to me.' The true balm was there, and healed the wounds of the true and penitent heart, and she saw that without the shedding of blood there is no remission, no eternal life."

A Life-Saving Captain.—Mr. Robertson Observes: "I heard of a sea-captain who, during his professional experience had saved very many persons from a watery grave. When one inquired of him what means he had taken to rescue so many, he said, 'Every night when all things were put in order, I sent a man up to the topmast to look around and see if there were any who needed our help, and in the morning the same thing was repeated. In that way I learned who were in distress and required our help, and at once set out to rescue the perishing ones.' From this incident we Christians might draw a lesson. First, see that we ourselves are right before God, and then look carefully around on the world of sin, that we may discover perishing souls whom we may be the means, in God's hands, of saving from being drowned in the awful depths of eternal perdition."

A Consumptive's Despair Cured.—A Friend remarks: "I knew two young ladies and their mother who lived a quiet, retired life. The eldest daughter had the love of God in her heart, but the younger had not. The eldest girl began to fade, and before the winter was over she had sweetly fallen asleep in Jesus. Her sister was shortly afterwards laid upon a sick-bed with the same disease, that fatal malady consumption. But, oh, what a different sick-bed was hers! She had no sweet thoughts of Jesus to pass the weary hours, no communion with Him, for she knew not the exceeding richness of His grace. The mother ceased not to pray day and night for her daughter. One day the sick girl slowly opened her eyes, and turning them on her ever-watchful mother, she said, 'O, mother, I am lost, I am lost.' 'Thank God for that,' rejoined the mother, with the tears of gratitude glistening in her eyes. 'But, mother, there is nothing before me but utter destruction.' 'Yes, my child, there is a Saviour for the lost; the Lord can give you peace.' 'And will He give it to me now, mother?' 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Before she died these heavenly words were written on her heart, and I saw that weary one die in peace."

A Woman's Rebellion Quenched.—The Rev. Mr. Ross says: "A Christian mother was very angry and bitter against God, because He took from her, by death, her only daughter. Shortly afterwards tidings reached her that her husband was ill, and hard, rebellious thoughts rose in her heart. 'What?' she said, 'Is it not enough that He has taken my daughter? Is He going to take my husband also? What have I done that He should afflict me so grievously?' But softer thoughts of Him who ordereth all things aright eventually arose in her heart. He let her know that He must be Lord and Master, and humbly she confessed her sin, and willingly yielded up her will to His. And immediately her husband began to recover, and peace—that unspeakable peace—which passeth all understanding took possession of her soul for 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.'"

A Great Vessel Wrecked.—Mr. Arthur Says: "A lighthouse-keeper, looking out one stormy night over the raging waters, saw one sudden flash of light cleave the dense darkness. Then followed a great noise. That was all; in vain he waited for some other manifestation to either his ear or eye; all through that night there was only the moaning of the wind, and the surging of the waves. Next morning the whole shore was strewn with wreckage; a great American vessel had been lost, and many people hurled into eternity, some of them, doubtless, unprepared. They were near home, they thought themselves in safety, but in the midst of their fancied security death overtook them. We should ever bear in mind that in the surging ocean of life around us unconverted sinners are never safe. The old and the young alike are liable to be suddenly called to die. The only place of safety, in life or in death, is the Rock of Ages, and it becomes a sublime reality to those who are saved from eternal shipwreck and find salvation and peace in Christ."

Another Heart Unlocked.—Mr. Clarke Relates: "On one occasion I was speaking in one of the lowest districts of Glasgow, and I was telling the people that all in this world changes, but Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. A poor drunken woman was at the back of the hall, and making a disturbance throughout the service. At the close a lady worker was sitting with her arm around this poor creature's neck, and, with tears in her eyes, she was pleading with her to come to Jesus. The lady beckoned me to come to her, and as I stood there I thought I had never seen such an outcast. At the lady's bidding I began to speak to the drunken woman. 'You believe in God?' 'No.' 'In heaven?' 'No.' 'You believe in a devil?' 'If men are devils, I do,' was the surly response. 'You believe in hell?' Laying her hand over her heart she said with a strange laugh, 'Well, I should think I do.' 'Does your child not often speak to you of heaven?' 'Who told you I had a child?' I don't know what made me say such a thing, for I knew nothing about her, but this was the key that unlocked her heart. With the tears streaming from her eyes she cried, 'I do believe in God, I do believe in heaven, but I am so miserable.' For the first time my heart went out to her, all my repugnance vanished, and taking her hand in mine, I told her the story of the Cross. We knelt in prayer, and she rose a changed creature. She has a comfortable home now, and there is no one more ready than she is to do a kind deed, to speak a sympathizing word, to comfort the poor in their distress, and telling others what the Lord had done for her. This is a proof that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.

HOW TO TREAT COMPANY.

A Vacation Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Given to Hospitality." Rom. 12: 13.

Hospitality an Imperilled Duty—Trials and Rewards Involved—The Eccentricity of Guests—A Philanthropist's Notice to Quit—The Toil and Expense—A Captain-General's Entertainment—A Fountain of Strong Drinks—Serving God in Serving Others—A Queen's Ten-Lipped Cup—How to Entertain Christ—God's Blessing on the Hospitable—Gratitude of Guests—George Whitefield's Inscription on Glass—A Legend of St. Sebald—Robbers Killed by a Guest—A Beautiful Greek Custom—Thomas Cromwell's Host—Gratitude of the Chancellor.

THERE is danger that the multiplication of large and commodious hotels in our towns and cities and villages will utterly exterminate that grace which Abraham exhibited when he entertained the angels, and which Lot showed when he watched for guests at the gate of the city, and which Christ recognized as a positive requisite for entering heaven, when he declared: "I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

I propose to speak this morning of the trials and rewards of Christian hospitality. The first trial often comes in the whim and

Eccentricity of the Guest

himself. There are a great many excellent people who have protuberances of disposition, and sharp edges of temperament, and unpliability of character, which make them a positive nuisance in any house where they stay. On short acquaintance they will begin to command the household affairs, order the employes to unusual service, keep unseasonable hours, use narcotics in places offensive to sensitive nostrils, put their feet at unusual elevations, drop the ashes of their Havana on costly tapestry, open bureaus they ought never to touch, and pry into things they ought never to see, and become impervious to rousing bells, and have all the peculiarities of the gormandizer or the dyspeptic, and make excavations from poor dentistry with unusual implements, and in a thousand ways afflict the household which proposes to take care of them. Added to all,

They Stay Too Long.

They have no idea when their welcome is worn out, and they would be unmoved even by the blessing which my friend, Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, asked one morning at his breakfast table, on the day when he hoped that the long protracted guests would depart, saying: "O Lord, bless this provision, and our friends who leave us to-day!"

But, my friends, there are alleviations to be put on their side of the scale. Perhaps they had not the same refining influences about them in early life that you have had. Perhaps they had inherited eccentricities that they cannot help. Perhaps it is your duty, by example, to show them a better way. Perhaps they are sent to be a trial for the development of your patience. Perhaps they were to be intended as an illustration of the opposite of what you are trying to inculcate in the minds of your children. Perhaps it is to make your home the brighter when they are gone. When our guests are cheery and fascinating and elegant, it is very easy to entertain them, but when we find in our guests that which is antagonistic to our taste and sentiment, it is a positive triumph when we can obey the words of my text and be "given to hospitality."

Another trial in the using of this grace is in

The Toil and Expense

of exercising it. In the well-regulated household things go smoothly, but now you have introduced a foreign element into the machinery, and though you may stoutly declare that they must take things as they find them, the Martha will break in. The ungovernable stove. The ruined dessert. The joint that proves unmasticable. The delayed marketing. The perplexities of a caterer. The difficulty of doing proper work, and yet always being presentable. Though you may say there shall be no care or anxiety, there will be care and there will be anxiety. In 1694, a captain-general provided a very grand entertainment; and among other things, he had a fountain in his garden—*a fountain of strong drink*. In it were four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogshead of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, thirteen hundredweight of Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmeg, three hundred toasted biscuits, and a boat built on purpose was placed in the fountain, and a boy rowed around it, and filled the cups of the people who came there to be supplied. Well, you say, that was a luxurious entertainment, and, of course, the man had no anxiety; but I have to tell you, that though you had, or propose, an entertainment like that, you have anxiety. In that very thing comes the Divine reward.

We Were Born to Serve;

and when we serve others, we serve God. The flush on that woman's cheek, as she bends over the hot stove, is as sacred in God's sight as the flush on the cheek of one who, on a hot day, preaches the gospel. We may serve God with plate and cutlery and broom as certainly as we can serve him with psalm-book and liturgy. Margaret, Queen of Norway and Sweden and Denmark, had a royal cup of ten lips, on which was recorded the names of the guests who had drunk from this cup. And every Christian woman has a royal cup, on which are written all the names of those who have ever been entertained by her in Christian style—names not cut by human ingenuity, but written by the hand of a Divine Jesus. But, my friends, you are

Not to Toil Unnecessarily.

Though the fare be plain, cheerful presidency of the table, and cleanliness of appointments will be good enough for anybody that ever comes to your house. John Howard was invited to the house of a nobleman. He said: "I will come on one condition, and that is that you have nothing but potatoes on the table." The requisition was complied with. Cyrus, King of Persia, under the same circumstances, prescribed that on the table there must be nothing but bread. Of course, these were extremes, but they are illustrations of the fact that more depends upon the banqueters than upon the banquet.

I want to lift this idea of Christian entertainment out of a positive bondage into a glorious inducement. Every effort you put forth, and every dollar you give to the entertainment of friend or foe, you give directly to Christ. Suppose it were announced that the Lord Jesus Christ would come to this place this week, what woman in this house would not be glad to wash for Him, or spread for Him a bed, or bake bread for Him? There was one of old who washed for Him, drawing the water from the well of her own tears. He is coming. He will be here to-morrow. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it to Me." In picture-galleries we have often seen representations of Walter Scott and his friends, or Washington Irving with his associates, but all those engravings will fade out, while through everlasting ages, hanging luminous and conspicuous, will be the picture of you and your Christian guests.

You see we have passed out from the trials into

The Rewards

of Christian hospitality; grand, glorious and eternal. The first reward of Christian hospitality is the Divine benediction. When any one attends to this duty, God's blessing comes upon him, upon his companion, upon his children, upon his dining-hall, upon his parlor, upon his nursery. The blessing comes in at the front door, and the back door, and down through the skylights. God draws a long mark of credit for services received. Christ said to His disciples: "He that receiveth you, receiveth Me; and he that giveth a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall in nowise lose their reward." As we have had so many things recorded against us in heaven, it will be a satisfaction to have written on unfailing archives, the fact that in the month of May, or June, or September, or December, 1887, we made the blissful mistake of supposing that we were entertaining weak men like ourselves, when lo! they showed their pinions before they left, and we found out that they were angels unawares.

Another reward comes in the good wishes and

Prayers of Our Guests.

I do not think one's house ever gets over having had a good man or woman abide there. George Whitefield used to scratch on the window of the room where he was entertained, a passage of Scripture, and in one case, after he left, the whole household was converted by the reading of that passage on the window pane. The woman of Shunem furnished a little room over the wall for Elisha, and all the ages have heard the glorious consequences. On a cold, stormy winter night, my father entertained Trueman Osborne, the evangelist, and through all eternity I will thank God that Trueman Osborne stopped at our house. How many of our guests have brought to us condolence and sympathy and help!

There is a legend told of St. Sebald, that in his Christian rounds he used to stop for entertainment at the house of

A Poor Cartwright.

Coming there one day, he found the cartwright and his family freezing for the lack of any fuel. St. Sebald ordered the man to go out and break the icicles from the side of the house and bring them in, and the icicles were brought into the house, and thrown on the hearth, and they began to blaze immediately, and the freezing family gathered around and were warmed by them. That was a legend; but how often have our guests come in to gather up the cold, freezing sorrows of our life, kindling them into illumination and warmth and good cheer.

He who opens his house to Christian hospitality, turns those who are strangers into friends. Years will go by, and there will be great changes in you, and there will be great changes in them. Some day you will be sitting in loneliness, watching a bereavement, and you will get a letter in a strange handwriting, and you will look at the post office mark, and say: "Why, I don't know anybody living in that city;" and you will break the envelope, and there you will read the story of thanks for your Christian generosity long years before, and how they have heard afar off of your trouble. And the letter will be so full of kindly reminiscences and Christian condolence, it will be a plaster large enough to cover up all the deep gashes of your soul. When we take people into our houses as Christian guests, we take them into our sympathies.

A Providential Guest.

In Dort, Holland, a soldier with a sword at his side, stopped at a house, desiring lodging and shelter. The woman of the house at first refused admittance, saying that the men of the house were not at home; but when he showed his credentials that he had been honorably discharged from the army, he was admitted and tarried during the night. In the night-time there was a knocking at the front door, and two ruffians broke in to despoil that household. No sooner had they come over the door-sill than the armed guest, who had primed his piece and charged it with slugs, met them, and telling the woman to stand back, I am happy to say, dropped the two assaulting desperadoes dead at his feet. Well, now there are no bandits prowling around to destroy our houses; but how often it is that we find those that have been our guests become our defenders? We gave them shelter first, and then, afterwards, in the great conflicts of life they fought for our reputation; they fought for our property; they fought for our soul.

Another reward that comes from Christian hospitality is in the assurance that we shall have hospitality shown to us and to ours. In the up-turnings of this life, who knows in what city or what land we may be thrown, and how

* It is expected that services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle will be resumed next Lord's Day

much we may need an open door. There may come no such crisis to us, but our children may be thrown into some such straits. He, who is in a Christian manner hospitable, has a free pass through all Christendom. It may be that you will have been dead fifty years before any such stress shall come upon one of your descendants; but do you not suppose that God can remember fifty years? and the knuckle of the grandchild will be heard against the door of some stranger, and that door will open; and it will be talked over in heaven, and it will be said: "That man's grandfather, fifty years ago, gave shelter to a stranger, and now a stranger's door is open for a grandson."

A Quaint Custom.

Among the Greeks, after entertaining and being entertained, they take a piece of lead and cut it in two, and the host takes one half of the piece of lead and the guest takes the other half as they part. These two pieces of lead are handed down from generation to generation, and from family to family; and after a while, perhaps one of the families in want or in trouble go out with this one piece of lead and find the other family with the corresponding piece of lead, and no sooner is the tally completed than the old hospitality is aroused, and eternal friendship pledged. So the memory of Christian hospitality will go down from generation to generation, and from family to family, and the tally will never be lost, neither in this world nor the world to come.

Mark this: the day will come when we will all be turned out of doors, without any exception, bare-foot, bare-head, no water in the canteen, no bread in the haversack, and we will go in that way into the future world. And I wonder if eternal hospitalities will open before us, and we be received into everlasting habitations!

Alms to an Embryo Lord.

Francis Frescobald was a rich Italian, and he was very merciful and very hospitable. One day, an Englishman by the name of Thomas Cromwell appeard at his door asking for shelter and alms, which were cheerfully rendered. Frescobald afterward lost all his property, became very poor, and wandered up into England, and one day he saw a procession passing, and lo! it was the Lord Chancellor of England; and lo! the Lord Chancellor of England was Thomas Cromwell, the very man whom he had once befriended down in Italy. The Lord Chancellor, at the first glance of Frescobald, recognized him, and dismounted from his carriage, threw his arms around him, and embraced him, paid his debts, invited him to his house, and said: "Here are ten pieces of money to pay for the bread you gave me, and here are ten pieces of money to provide for the horse you loaned me, and here are four bags, in each of which are four hundred ducats. Take them and be well." So it will be at last with us.

If we Entertain Christ

in the person of His disciples in this world, when we pass up into the next country, we will meet Christ in a regal procession, and He will pour all the wealth of heaven into our lap, and open before us everlasting hospitalities. And O, how tame are the richest entertainments we can give on earth compared with the regal munificence which Christ will display before our souls in heaven.

I was reading the account which Thomas Fuller gives of the entertainment provided by George Neville. Among other things, for that banquet, they had three hundred quarters of wheat, one hundred and four tuns of wine, eighty oxen, three thousand capons, two hundred cranes, two hundred kids, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four bitterns, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four hundred plover, one hundred quail, one hundred curlews, fifteen hundred hot pasties, four thousand cold venison pasties, four thousand custards—the Earl of Warwick acting as steward, and servitors one thousand. O, what a grand feast was that! but then compare it with the provision which God has made for us on high; that great banquet hour; the one hundred and forty and four thousand as guests; all the harps and trumpets of heaven as the orchestra; the vintage of the celestial hills poured into the tankards; all the fruits of the orchards of God piled on the golden platters; the angels of the Lord for cupbearers, and the once folded starry banner of the blue sky flung out over the scene, while seated at the head of the table shall be the One who eighteen centuries ago declared, "I was a stranger and ye took Me in." Our sins pardoned, may we all mingle in those hospitalities!

ROYAL SYMPATHY.

AMONG the characteristic anecdotes which have found their way into print, in connection with the jubilee of Queen Victoria, are the following:

It has been the Queen's habit to coincide with the arrangements made for the government and disposition of the army and navy by the administration of the day, but on one occasion she made an exception to the rule. It is noteworthy that this exception was prompted by a kind and sympathetic spirit. It was in 1857 that she thus wrote to Lord Palmerston: "The present position of the Queen's Army is a pitiable one. The Queen has just seen in the camp at Aldershot regiments which, after eighteen years, foreign service in most trying climates, had come back from India to be sent out after seven months to the Crimea. Having passed through this destructive campaign, they have not been home for a year before they are to go to India for perhaps twenty years! This is most cruel and unfair to the gallant men who devote their service to the country, and the Government is in humanity bound to alleviate their position."

An instance of the Queen's regard for little folks occurred during her visit to the London Hospital in 1876, when a little sick girl in the children's ward cried out to a nurse, "Please do let me see the Queen; I shall be quite better if I see the Queen. This request was communicated to the Rev. Mr. Roswell, Her Majesty's Chaplain, who told the Queen. Immediately Her Majesty did that which pleased her people not a little when the tale was told. She asked to be taken to the bedside of the child, and there spoke loving words of tenderness and sympathy, which were doubtless far more really healing in their effect than the "Royal touch" which her ancestors used to dispense.

BRAVING THE IDOLS.

THE pressure brought to bear on converts in China, and the struggle they have to make, are illustrated by an incident recently reported by the Rev. W. Cooper, of the China Inland Mission, who says: "I will tell you of a family who put away their idols and became inquirers at our class, in one of the villages of the Lai-gan district. Distress came upon them, their friends persecuted them, and the bread-winner of the family was taken very ill. The husband's friends and relatives came and said to the wife, 'You are just murdering your husband; you have put away those idols, and now you see what is coming upon you as the result. The idols are taking vengeance upon you, and you are just killing your husband. Be a sensible woman; cast away this foreign religion, and come back to the Buddhist religion, and you will perhaps save your husband's life. If you do not do it, and your husband dies, we will hold you responsible for his death!' Now that poor woman could not read the Bible, and she had no Christian missionary there to instruct her. Well, she became very anxious about her husband; she brought the idols back again, had them reinstated in her house and worshipped them, and she called a Buddhist priest to come and chant prayers with her. But her husband died. She had a Buddhist funeral. The Christians thought that she had given up Christianity altogether, as she had ceased to come among them; but about eighteen months after that I was in that district, and we had had a very happy day, and baptized twelve converts. One of the native Christians passing her house, she said, 'Come in' (he knew the woman). She said, 'I hear that there has been a baptism again.' He said, 'Yes. twelve have just been baptized.' She said, 'Oh, I wish that I had known: I should have liked to confess Christ, too.' He said, '*You* confess Christ! Why, you know what you did: you went back to idolatry again. How can you talk like that? You cannot mock God.' She said, 'Ah! I do not believe in these idols now. I suffered much through my idolatry, and I wish to turn to the living God at any cost.' I was asked to go and see her. I went, with about five native Christians, to her house next morning. She said she was quite prepared to give up all for the sake of Christ. That woman was received into the Church five months afterwards by baptism, and has now passed away to glory."

A MORTGAGED MAN.

AN extraordinary security was offered in Georgia a few days ago. A wholesale merchant in Atlanta pressed a tradesman for a settlement of his account. The tradesman replied that he was unable to pay at the moment, but if the merchant would grant him an extension of time he would be able to pay at a time named, and in the meantime would deposit security for the debt. When the merchant asked for the security, the tradesman offered "*a mortgage on one negro man,*" which had been given to him as security by one of his customers—"the owner" of the one negro man in question. The negro was minutely described in the mortgage. The description closes with these words: "He came to me by my father, and has been my property for twenty years." The maker of the mortgage was evidently under the impression that the negro was still his slave, and that he had the right to buy a loan on his head, as he did before the sixties. What is still more singular, the tradesman to whom the mortgage was given did not see anything wrong in the security. The Atlanta merchant, however, to whom he proposed to transfer the instrument, was not so ignorant, and declined to accept it as security. It is stated that the negro himself is also unaware that he is free, and that in that district there are many more in a like condition of ignorance. Satan holds many of his bond-slaves by the same tenure. Ignorance, or an abject indifference to the liberty which Christ has purchased for them, keeps them in servitude to a hard master (Gal. 4:5).

MRS. M. BAXTER'S WORKS.

THE following works by Mrs. M. Baxter, and others, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York:

"Words for Daily Life," "Practical Lessons," "Life Lessons," "Leaves from Genesis," "Trials and Teachings of Paul." By Mrs. M. Baxter. Each, paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 35 cts. "Record of International Conference on Divine Healing. London, 15" Paper, 25 cts. "Living Word in the Gospel of St. John." Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts. "God's Prophets." Paper 35 cts.; cloth 50 cts. "Lessons from St. Matthew's Gospel." Paper, 35 cts.; cloth 50 cts. "Teachings from St. Mark's Gospel." Paper, 35 cts.; cloth, 50 cts. "Sunday-School Lessons, 1877 and 78." By Mrs. Baxter. Each, cloth, 50 cts.

Any of Mrs. M. Baxter's tracts in the following list may also be had at *one cent each* or ten cents the dozen: "If it be Thy Will," "Does Sickness Sanctify?" "Casting All Your Care," two cents each or twenty cents the dozen. "God's Purpose in Sickness," "The Great Physician," "Job's Sickness," "God's Side of Prayer," "Pastor Rein." "The Body for the Lord." Also the following tracts at one cent each, or ten cents the dozen, by *the late Rev. W. E. Boardman:* "He Careth for You," "A Perfected Self," "Paul's Thorn," "The Father's Rod," at two cents each, or twenty cents the dozen. "The Law of Liberty," at three cents each, or thirty cents the dozen. "Bethshan, a House for Healing," and "Enduement with Power," Miss C. C. Murray's tracts, at one cent each, or ten cents the dozen. "Repeating Prayer," "Thou Art Loosed," at two cents each, or twenty cents the dozen. "Redeemed from all Evil," "Anointing Him with Oil," at three cents each or, thirty cents the dozen. "Pastor Blumhardt," by Miss Sisson, at one cent each, or ten cents the dozen. "What About the Use of Means," and "The Apostolic Attitude," at two cents each or twenty cents the dozen. "Asking and Receiving," by Mrs. Boardman, at two cents each, or twenty cents the dozen. "Simple Truths about Faith." By T. Kirkman, "Health by Grace," and by H. W. S. "The Lord Hath Done It."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

From Addresses at the Recent Niagara Conference.*

Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D. D., of Toronto, in the course of an address on "Our Inheritance," said: The word "inheritance" is used in the New Testament to denote that which believers are to receive in the life to come. So we are called "heirs." (See Matt. 25 : 34; Acts 20 : 32; 1 Pet. 1 : 4; Eph. 5 : 5; Col. 1 : 12; Col. 3 : 24.) The ideas contained in the word are possession and succession. What was the inheritance promised to Abraham? Not merely Canaan—but the *world*; Rom. 4 : 13, "the promise . . . that he should be heir of the world." And it is this promise which is said, v. 16, to be sure to *all the seed*.

This reference to Abraham sends us back to the Old Testament; wherein it is never promised that the good man shall inherit heaven, but

Inherit the Earth.

This is said of the seed of the good man (Ps. 25 : 13); of the meek (Ps. 37 : 11); They that wait on the Lord (Ps. 37 : 9); They that are blessed of the Lord (Ps. 37 : 22). No wonder men with the preconceived notion that the inheritance is heaven, declare because they find nothing of this in the Old Testament, that there is no reference in the Old Testament to a future life. In truth it is *full* of reference to a future life; an inheritance of the earth to be attained in the resurrection.

In the New Testament also our Lord's argument from Exodus (Matt. 22 : 31, 32), to prove resurrection on the basis of the covenant with Abraham, implies that Abraham must be raised before he could inherit. See also Heb. 2 : 5, R. V marg., "the inhabited earth to come;" II. Pet. 3 : 13, "we look for a new heavens and a new earth;" Rev. 21 : 1, "I saw . . . a new earth." After a full description of its glory it is added (R. V.), "he that overcometh shall inherit these things." The inheritance as such comes

By Right of Succession.

The receiving of it necessarily involves resurrection; for out of the earth we are cast by death; and only by resurrection can we be reinstated in it. Hence the significance of Christ's resurrection; in connection with the inheritance see 1 Pet. 1 : 3. The receiving of the inheritance involves glorification of the earth, marred because of sin. This explains Paul's words, Rom. 8 : 17, et seq., following the previous reference to our heirship with Christ.

Learn from this, among many other things, that the common notion that death introduces the believer to his inheritance, is totally false; so long as death lasts, he is by that fact *kept out of* the inheritance. Learn also significance of the second coming. It will be the solemn, public, personal appearing of the Son of Man, as the first born from the dead; with His younger brethren, to take formal possession, as the Second Adam, of the original inheritance of the earth, forfeited by sin of the first Adam, redeemed by the death of the Second, and to enter then on the use and enjoyment of those high dignities or governmental powers with which God in the beginning endowed our first father in paradise.

The Second Coming.

The Rev. W. A. Parlane, of Collingwood, Ont., said: If there is one doctrine more clearly taught in the New Testament than another, it is that of the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; it is held out to Christians as an incentive to action, as an encouragement when depressed, as a consolation to the afflicted and the bereaved. It is the theme of the apostles' teaching, it was their hope and that of the primitive church, embodied in creeds and confessions of faith, and never questioned until the professing church became apostate and her so-called shepherds faithless.

At the present time its opponents cannot deny that it is taught in the New Testament—but they try and explain it away. One says, the coming of Christ means the destruction of Jerusalem; now a moment's reflection will show the fallacy of this idea. At the coming of our Lord (1) the dead saints are to be raised; (2) the living saints are to be translated—neither of which events took place at the destruction of Jerusalem. (3) St. John wrote after the destruction of Jerusalem and he spoke of the coming of the Lord as future.

But, says another, the coming of Christ means at our death. Now the Lord calls the death of the Christian sleep, and never in any instance confounds it with the coming of Christ, or speaks of it as the coming of Christ for us. Death is a curse, the dread penalty of sin, and though men and women may sing sentimental nonsense about the lovely appearance of death, a curse it will remain—the sting of it removed for the Christian, who is said to sleep not die—and the word never uses it as a synonym for the coming of the Lord.

A third class say, It is true that Christ is coming again, but many events have to happen before that time, the world has to be converted and the millennium has to take place; this is

The Common Belief

of professing Christendom. Now, the Scripture nowhere says that the gospel in the present age is going to convert the world, nor that all are to be converted. The purpose of God now is to take out of the Gentiles a people for His name. Acts 15 : 14. The gospel is to be preached for a *witness*. Matt. 24 : 14. It is true that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, &c., but this *after* He has smitten the earth with the rod of His mouth, &c. Isa. 11 : 4. There can be no reign of righteousness, until He, the King, the Lord, our righteousness, reigns, no reign of peace until the Prince of peace reigns, no millennium of blessedness until He, the fountain and source of all blessing, comes. Let us now see

What the Bible Says

as to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ:

1. He will come again. Rev. 1 : 7; 3 : 11; 22 : 12, 20—(these written after the destruction of Jerusalem).

2. He will come on the earth. Job 14 : 5; Micah 1 : 3; Joel 3 : 3, 12; Zech. 14 : 4.

3. He will come as a King. Isa. 9 : 6, 7; Jer. 23 : 5; Zech. 14 : 9; Luke 1 : 32; Acts 2 : 30.

4. His people shall reign and judge with Him. Ps. 49 : 14; Dan. 7 : 22; 1 Cor. 6 : 2; II Tim. 2 : 12; Rev. 5 : 10; 20 : 4.

5. He will come *for* His people. John 14 : 3; 1 Cor. 15 : 23; 1 Thess. 4 : 15, 17. The word to *meet* in 1 Thess. 4 : 17, means a going forth to return with; see Matt. 25 : 1, 6; Acts 28 : 15. He must come *for* His people before they can *return with Him*—and He comes *in like manner*. Acts 1 : 11, as He went; the world did not see Him go and does not expect Him; we do. Heb. 9 : 28.

6. He will come *with* His people. Jude 14 : 15; 1 Thess. 3 : 13; II Thess. 1 : 7, 10; Zech. 14 : 5; Rev. 19 : 14.

7. His people are to watch for his coming, Mark 13 : 35; 1 Thess. 1 : 10; 5 : 10. To watch *not for the millennium* but *for Him*—now of necessity we must watch for the *first* of two happening events, His coming therefore is pre-millennial.

8. His coming will be preceded by the earth *growing worse*. Luke 17 : 26; 18 : 8; II Tim. 3 : 1; II Pet. 3 : 3; Jude 18; and therefore must be pre-millennial.

9. His coming will destroy Antichrist, the man of sin, II Thess. 2 : 3–8, and therefore is pre-millennial.

10. His coming is synchronous with Jewish restoration, Isa. 11 : 11; Micah 4 : 1 (in the last days, Micah, 1 : 3); Zech 14 : 4, comp. with Zech. 12 : 10; 13 : 1; 14 : 9, and therefore pre-millennial.

11. His coming is accompanied by resurrection of believers who are dead. 1 Cor. 15 : 23; 1 Thess. 4 : 15, 16; Rev. 20 : 4–6, and therefore pre-millennial.

12. His coming will be accompanied by translation of living saints. 1 Cor. 15 : 52; Phil. 3 : 21; 1 John 3 : 2, and therefore pre-millennial.

13. His coming causes binding of Satan. Rev. 20 : 1, and therefore pre-millennial.

14. His coming is accompanied by separation of tares and wheat. Matt. 13 : 37; Joel 3 : 13, and therefore pre-millennial.

Hours might be spent in showing from parables, from direct statement of fact and from inference, that the coming of the Lord Jesus is pre-millennial, and is held out as the blessed hope of the church of God, but time will not permit a further enlargement of the subject. Enough has been said to satisfy the unprejudiced mind that He will come again and usher in the time when a King shall reign in righteousness.

* The full report of this Conference may be had, price 50 cents, from *Mr. S. R. Briggs*, Willard Tract Repository, Toronto, Canada.

A CONVERTED ARMENIAN MERCHANT.

In a tour recently taken in Persia by the Rev. James W. Hawkes, the missionary party was accompanied by an interesting traveller. In a letter to the *Church* Mr. Hawkes thus describes him: Besides two servants and a muleteer, we had another interesting companion. His name is Baron Abraham (baron is a title given to Armenian merchants), the youngest of three Armenian brothers who are export merchants, sending raisins, almonds, etc., to Russia. The parents and elder brother, who is the head of the firm, reside in Tabriz, and the other brothers travel about the country which we have just traversed, buying up the goods and delivering them at Resht or Tabriz. This younger brother received as good an education as the city of Tabriz can afford, and that is probably the best the Armenians of Persia can get outside of the mission schools. He also has a good hold on the Persian language, and writes it well. He has also read the French infidel books, which the Armenians of Tabriz furnish their young men, both in the orignal French and in faithful translation into the best current Armenian.

It seems that this Baron Abraham, who is now about twenty-five years of age, in visiting Miss Montgomery's school two years ago, was impressed by the fact that there is a fountain of love in Christianity of which he had not tasted, and the impression remained with him. Afterwards, in reading the Persian New Testament for pastime, the passage describing Paul's conversion came home to him with a personal force which he was unable to drive off, especially the expression "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The Holy Spirit was striving with him, and he too "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," but gave his heart to Jesus, and has ever since been working for Him with great boldness and freedom, as time and opportunity presented, telling Armenian, Jew and Moslem what great things the Lord has done for him.

FIVE PARISIAN TROPHIES.

A letter from the Rev. J. W. Hough, D.D., published by a contemporary, gives an interesting report of the McAll Mission work in Paris, of which he saw much during a recent visit. On one Sunday he was at a French Protestant church when five ladies were admitted to membership, who had been rescued through the agency of one of the missions established and supported by the gifts of *American Christians*—The Salle New York.

One of them *Mlle. L——*, having been cast off by her parents, began life as a singing girl, going from house to house, and earning a few *sous* by her songs—a life that could hardly have failed to end in ruin. Some *habitués* of Salle New York became interested in her; drew her to the Salle, and under the influence of the ladies who conduct the Mothers' Meeting; and she is now a member of Christ's fold, and a worthy domestic in an American family.

Mlle. D—— had lived with an Italian, after the irregular fashion so common in Paris, and being abandoned by him, was on the point of suicide, when in the Salle New York she heard of Christ, and was induced to give herself to Him. Pasteur Mettetal thinks the change in her remarkable.

Madame M—— has led a bad life; never made an honest living until recently. Now she is entirely changed.

Mlle. M—— likewise has a bad past. Though of Protestant birth, she was extremely ignorant, and immoral as well. After careful testing by time, Pasteur Mettetal has no hesitation in welcoming her to the Church.

Madame D——, a woman whose history would make a frightful record, who has been a "street-rover," and described as a "devil-let-loose," but who is now wholly changed.

"I learn," says Dr. Hough, "that Pasteur Monod received nine members at one time from the McAll Station in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine. Pasteur Lelièvre has recently received seven from Salle Beach, and Pasteur Mettetal a number from Salle New York, in addition to those referred to above."

A FALLEN GIRL'S TESTIMONY.

A VISITOR at the Florence mission for fallen women in Bleecker Street, New York, describing the meeting in Jerry McAuley's newspaper says: Perhaps the most thrilling testimony of the evening was that of a girl, who said: "I just want to say this—*I am saved to-day*." This was all she could say, but Mr. Crittenton, who is the founder of the Mission, told us a little of the story of her conversion. "Some three years ago," he said, "as I was leaving this place on a Saturday night, something said to me 'go and speak to ——.' I could not tell why, but I felt impelled to do so, and to do so then. I went to where I knew I would be likely to find her, and talked to her about her soul. She has been in great depression of mind for a long time, until to-day the heavenly light broke in upon her soul and set her free. I have been very anxious about her case ever since I spoke to her, and my heart is filled with joy that she is saved. I told the Lord to-day that if I lived for twenty-five years I never would doubt him again."

A RAINY NIGHT IN CHINA.

MR. PRICE, of the Shanse Mission, in the course of a recent journey, reached Yutsu. He writes the following account of his experience that night, to the *Missionary Herald:*

"The day before I arrived was a very rainy day. I reached the city about four o'clock, and tried to find lodging; but the inns were all full. There was nothing for me to do but to go on in the rain. I hoped to be able to reach Tung Yang, a large village fifteen miles ahead; but the roads were muddy, and my mule was too tired to be hurried—indeed, refused to hurry.

"Just at dark I rode into a small village and inquired for an inn. They told me there were no good inns in the place and that the small inns were full. I asked if I could reach Tung Yang that night. They said it was impossible.

"By this time there was quite a crowd of villagers around me. I said: 'What shall I do? I cannot go on, and there is no place for me to stop overnight.' Just then a young man with a fine face stepped out from the crowd and told me he could find a place for me.

"He led me to *a large place for feeding animals*. I waited outside while he went in and urged them to give me a place for the night. After a long talk, the proprietor came out and opened the large yard gate, and I rode in. I gave my mule to a boy and followed the man to my room. He showed me a room which they used for stowing away fodder. There was no bed; the ground was damp. An old mat was on the floor in one corner of the room. I said: 'I cannot sleep here, for my clothes and my bedding are wet, and there is no bed.' 'Well,' said the proprietor, 'if you will sleep with us in the room off the kitchen, you can have a dry bed.' I thanked him and went into their living-room. They said there would be two other men on the bed, but they were respectable men.

"My friend remained with me during the evening, and others came in. I had an attentive and kind audience during the evening. Not only were they willing to hear about Jesus, but they were ready to inquire about Him. I have seldom spent a pleasanter evening. I was given the best place, and they kindly furnished me with a bed and bedding. I arose before daylight the next morning, and was touched to notice that the proprietor had given up his own bedding to me and had slept on the bare *kang*, with only his large coat over him. I shall not forget the young man who so kindly helped me, and I hope and pray that I may be permitted to tell him more about the salvation of his soul. 'I was a stranger, and they took me in.'"

A WEEPING VIGIL ON A MOUNTAIN.

A REPORTER of a journal at Athens, Ga., recently heard a reminiscence of an unpleasant night on a mountain. Among the visitors of the season at the Falls was an old gentleman from Atlanta who brought with him a charming daughter, just budding into womanhood. The young lady on the second day after her arrival started about three o'clock in the afternoon for a ramble with a young gentleman who was a friend of the family. The father began to grow uneasy about sundown as they did not return, and an hour later, was in great distress, as a darkness as black as ink set in. The frantic old gentleman then explained the cause of his distress to the male visitors, and begged that they assist him in the search. Several squads were at once organized, equipped with torches, and the search began. One party, who decided to go out on the mountains, when near the top of one, discovered the lost couple sitting at the root of a large tree, and *both crying*. It seems that they got lost just as night set in. They wandered around in quest of a path as long as they could see, and then, fearing that they might stumble over some precipice in the dark, decided to remain where they were until daylight. It was a dreary prospect, but their decision was a wise one, for had they tried to find their way back they might easily have lost their lives. Sinners who have wandered from their Heavenly Father and are lost on the mountains of sin and unbelief, need never give way to such despair. Though they cannot find their own way back they can cry to their Father and Christ will save them (Luke 19: 10).

MR. GEORGE MULLER'S JOURNEYS.

THE annual report of Mr. Muller's Orphanages at Ashley Down, Bristol, has just been issued. In it he makes the following reference to his recent journeys: When the last report was written we were moving about in Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland, in which colonies of Australia I labored in the Word between seven and eight months; and then we went, by way of Batavia and Singapore, to China. In that vast empire, with its hundreds of millions of inhabitants, I was able to preach for a few months. At Hong-kong, Shanghai, Hankow, Nankin and Chinkiang I had an opportunity of addressing many thousands of Chinese yet unconverted; many thousands who were disciples of the Lord Jesus; and, what I reckon to be by far the most important part of my work, to lend a helping hand to very many missionary brethren, by seeking to strengthen their hands in God. This was done. God be praised for condescending to use me in this way, and for counting me worthy of this honor for Christ's sake! All the cities in which I labored are very large.

After having given a considerable time in China, we went to the empire of Japan, where, as in China, I labored for some time; and in Yokohama, in Tokyo (the capital of the empire), at Kobe, Osaka and Kioto, all very large cities, held many meetings. In Japan I had many opportunities of addressing from 800 to 3,000 Japanese at one time, who were either altogether careless about the things of God or were seekers after the truth. At all these meetings native Christian workers were also present, such as native pastors, native evangelists, native Sunday-school teachers, etc. But the most important part of my service in Japan, as in China, I consider to have been the spiritual help I had the privilege of affording to many of the missionaries of the Gospel.

I desire to inform the readers of this report, who do not know already *what especially led me to these missionary tours*, that, having preached, with rare exceptions, for forty-three years exclusively in Bristol, it was laid on my heart to spend the remainder of my life chiefly in preaching in other cities besides Bristol, and in laboring in foreign countries as well as in England; and during the past twelve years and two months I have preached in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, German Switzerland, French Switzerland, the Grand Duchies of Baden and Darmstadt, in Saxony, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Prussia, Holland, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Russia, Italy and Spain; in Canada and the United States of America; in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey and Greece; in the Presidencies of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, including most of the chief cities of India contained in them; also in the Punjaub, India; in the Colonies of New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland, in Australia; in China, Japan and the Straits of Malacca; so that our travels by land and by sea, since leaving home, have been 130,000 miles, or more than *five times the circumference of the earth*.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

A REMARKABLE experience is described by a subscriber who is now resident in Totis, Hungary. In the course of a letter expressing his pleasure at finding THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in that far-off land he says: "It was like meeting a tried and trusted friend, for your invaluable paper was instrumental by God's blessing in encouraging and directing me, some eight years ago, in a time of severe mental and spritual conflict." About that time he accompanied his mother to a service at the Insane Asylum, Flatbush, N. Y., where some of the inmates were present and listened to a service in which the chaplain gave an address, and the mother of our correspondent sang. During the service the silence was broken several times by the demoniac yells of some of the patients within hearing, and the noise so affected him as to produce the conviction that he too would some day lose his reason.

After the service the impression remained, and during the next few days it so strengthened its hold upon him, that he become melancholy, and almost desperate. "All sleep left me," he says, "and I was haunted day and night by that awful dread. I could do nothing but weep, and walk the floor in absolute anguish. Everything that my dear parents and friends could do to alleviate the terrible gloom was done, but without avail. Society, recreation, new pleasures were tried, but brought no relief. If the dreadful spectre was driven away by some enjoyment for a moment, it soon returned with double power, until I was utterly prostrate in mind and body. I was convinced that no human power could deliver me from the fate that awaited me."

At this time came the thought that he could take his life, and so escape. Many have been so tempted, and some have yielded to the temptation in their horror of seemingly inevitable dementia, and the powerlessness of human skill to save them. It was at that moment that God interposed, and by humble instrumentality he was led to God for relief. "Weak and exhausted," he says, "I dropped on my knees, and pleaded with Him as only those in such straits can plead. 'O God,' I cried, 'take pity on me and remove from me this dreadful load for Jesus' sake.' Suddenly I heard as distinctly as I have ever heard anything since: 'It is done; arise.' How can I describe the joy I felt on rising to my feet to find myself a new man—clothed, and in my right mind. My happiness was unbounded. *Jesus had done it all*. I fell again on my knees begging God to pardon all my sins, and make me worthy to bear His name, and serve Him, and thanking and praising Him who had delivered me. The dreadful apparition has never returned since, only to remind me of the goodness of God."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Proposals for a Permanent Arbitration Treaty are to be submitted by the London Peace Society to President Cleveland. Mr. John Bright, writing to the secretary of the society on the subject, says: The project is a reasonable one, and discussion may lead to its adoption. If the government of the United States were willing, and were in any way to signify its willingness, to become a party to such a treaty, there is a force of good men with us to induce our government to consent. If this be done it will be a great step forward in the world's march, and be followed in some not distant time by other nations willing to escape the sorry burden of military armaments. Two hundred members of the House of Commons sign the arbitration memorial. But far more than this number will be ready to urge the acceptance of the treaty upon our government, if the action taken at Washington be favorable to the success of the scheme. England and the United States will still remain two nations, but I would have them always regard themselves as one people. An arbitration treaty honestly made and adhered to, would tend much to bring about this blessed result.

A Distinguished Assembly of Physicians commenced its sessions in Washington, D. C., on Sept. 5. It is the ninth triennial International Medical Congress which, at its last assembly at Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1884, accepted an invitation from America to hold its next meeting in this country President Cleveland welcomed the delegates in person, and opened the sessions of the convention. Subsequently they were hospitably received at the White House. There are over 2,300 physicians in attendance, including some of the most eminent practitioners in Europe."

The Largest Prohibition Convention on Record was held at Worcester, Mass., September 7. There were 857 delegates present from 190 cities and towns. Among the delegates were nearly two hundred ladies. The greatest enthuiasm prevailed, and the stirring contest over the nominations showed that the selection was no longer regarded as a matter of no importance. Mr. William H. Earle, of Worcester, was the candidate of the Convention for governor. The platform is a strong arraignment of the liquor dealers. It condemns the system of license, which it pronounces a failure, and declares that the prospect of obtaining the prohibition of the liquor traffic, either in Massachusetts or in the nation, through the agency of either of the political parties at present existing is delusive. The blame is about equally apportioned, for the platform goes on to say that the Democratic party makes no pretensions in that direction, while the Republican party for the most part makes nothing else. The only serious friction perceptible was caused by an effort to avoid a direct endorsement of female suffrage. It was urged that Republican votes might be won by omitting or modifying that plank, and the following resolution was offered in its place: "The great help rendered by woman, especially through the agency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the cause of prohibition, calls for our sincere gratitude, in which connection we point to the alacrity with which we have already welcomed her to our councils as the strongest evidence of our desire to open to her every door of political influence and power." But that did not satisfy the Convention, and point was given to it before being passed by adding: "Therefore, we demand, as an act of simple justice, that the Legislature grant municipal suffrage to women." A campaign fund of $4,000 was raised during the sitting of the Convention.

The Severe Tornado Which Worked Havoc through Ohio, on September 6, though happily unattended by the serious results at first reported, did considerable damage to property. The tornado originated in southern Michigan. It first struck Sylvania, a village ten miles north of Toledo, blowing down two gas well derricks and wrenching a boiler from its brick foundation. Three horses in a wooded pasture were killed by falling trees. All tall trees were leveled, but the lower ones were spared. A brick schoolhouse at Michie was destroyed. The track of the storm continued south by east along the line of the Toledo and Ohio Central Road cutting a swath from 100 to 200 yards wide. No fences or tall trees are standing in this track. Corn is scattered and houses and barns were unroofed for miles. No loss of life is reported, but many narrow escapes are narrated. The rumor that the new insane asylum was destroyed was circulated, but was afterward contradicted. The slate roofs of a number of the buildings were badly damaged and the towering chimneys of the main building were blown down, crushing the roof in, The total loss to the asylum will not exceed $8,000.

Still Another Political Party has been Organized. The Henry George section having excluded the Socialists from its convention, and having made concessions which the Socialists do not approve, the latter have organized by themselves under the title of the Progressive Labor Party. When, on September 5, the legal holiday appointed by the New York Legislature and called "Labor Day," the wage earners turned out to the number of over twenty thousand in procession, it was seen that the new party comprised a somewhat large proportion of Mr. George's followers. The Progressive Labor Platform has been drawn with a careful regard to public opinion, and though more radical than anything of the kind in existence, contains no planks distinctly anarchical. It endorses the Socialistic principle that there can be no harmony between capital and labor under the present industrial system. Further, that the emancipation of the working classes must be achieved by the working classes themselves through the establishment of co-operative institutions, such as will tend to supersede the wage system. It demands, among other things, eight hours for a day's work; enactment of juster laws for the liability of employers to employees; rigid enforcement of the law prohibiting the importation of foreign labor under contract; equal adult citizenship and suffrage without regard to sex; repeal of all blue laws, conspiracy laws, and of all class legislation and privileges. The platform further demands the public ownership and management of railroads, telegraphs, express and steamship lines, of gas and water works, and all industries involving the use of public franchises or the performance of public functions.

A Ghastly Theatre Catastrophe Occurred at Exeter, England, on September 5. About eight hundred persons were present in the theatre to witness the production of a new play. Everything proceeded smoothly until half past ten o'clock when a drop scene fell to the stage. There was some laughter in the house at this, as it was thought to be a stage blunder. In a moment, however, the scene bulged out in the centre, and a flame shot out. It was then seen that the whole stage was a mass of fire, and there was a wild panic instantly. The occupants of the stalls, pit and dress circle got away after a good deal of crushing and fighting. The occupants of the upper circle and gallery rushed in numbers to the windows and screamed for ladders. As soon as possible these were brought, but several persons had jumped into the street before they arrived, and were taken away more or less hurt. Others got on to the veranda over the door, and some jumped and others were taken off. Others rushed to the stairs and there the chief loss of life occurred. The crowd got as far as an angle on the staircase and in the rush overturned a ticket taker's box, causing a block. The pressure from behind was frightful, and in the struggle to get out some had their arms wrenched off. The theatre by this time was blazing fiercely, lighting up all the city, and the people were running up in thousands inquiring for friends or relatives. How many perished may never be accurately known. *One hundred and thirty bodies* were found, but it is feared that many must have been burned so completely that fragments unrecognizable as human remains are all that is left of them.

An Important Military Experiment has been tried in France. The experience of 1870 proved to the French nation that an army which looked formidable on paper might prove ineffective in an emergency through lack of organization. It was therefore resolved to suddenly call out one corps, to test the speed with which it could be placed in the field. The Seventeenth Corps, consisting of thirty-eight thousand men, was selected, and to the delight of the authorities no less than thirty-five thousand were at the rendezvous in three days. A cable despatch says: "The concentration of the corps around Carcassonne has been completed, the operations following the prescribed course without a hitch." A press-corrrespondent who watched the manœuvres, describes the mobilization as a perfect success, and adds by way of pointing out its significance: "The French now feel that they are ready to measure swords with anybody. Napoleon III. for nearly a quarter of a century was the school-master of Europe. Bismarck since 1870 has succeeded to the schoolmastership of Europe, telling this country and that what to do and what not to do. After the present successful mobilization the Iron Chancellor will find that the French benches of the school will begin to get up a rebellion, *and important events may be expected next spring.*"

Mr. Gladstone Has Declined the Invitation to visit America, which was tendered to him by the Committee of the centennial celebration of the adoption of the Constitution, which is to be held at Philadelphia. In the course of his letter Mr. Gladstone says: "So far as I am able to foresee or free to decide, the whole of the small residue of activity which remains at my command, in connection with State affairs, is dedicated to the prosecution of a great work at home. I regard the Irish question as the most urgent in its demands, and as the most full of the promise of widely beneficial results for my country in which I have ever been engaged. I have, therefore, no remaining fund of time or capacity for public exertion on which to draw." Mr. Gladstone characterizes the invitation as "the most flattering I have ever received."

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

An Outbreak of Persecution in Mexico is threatened. The Roman Catholic bishops and clergy, who have always been restless under the republic, and anxious to recover the privileges of which it deprived them, are stirring up the people to acts of violence. The *Monitor Republicano* has openly stated that the clergy were plotting against republican institutions. It says there appears to be a well-formed plan to destroy in Mexico the precious achievement of religious liberty, and charges that the higher, as well as the lower class of the clergy, is constantly preaching a crusade against religious tolerance as enjoined by the constitution of the country. The *Monitor* charges that ecclesiastical penalties are inflicted for reading the Liberal party newspapers, and that recent acts of some of the bishops tend to revive the institutions of the Middle Ages. Recently in Puebla the Bishop warned the people not to have even the slightest social or business intercourse with Protestants. The *Monitor* adds: "It is feared with reason that the clergy contemplate repeating on Mexican soil the horrible atrocities of St. Bartholomew's Day in France."

Some Details Respecting "Hell's Kitchen," the district in New York described in this journal, of August 4, have been kindly forwarded to us by a subscriber. Our space is too limited to admit of the publication of his lengthy communication, but the purport of it we are glad to insert. It is gratifying to learn that much of the vice and lawlessness mentioned in the article, does not now characterize the neighborhood, and decent people may traverse it without danger of molestation. The centre of the real and original "Hell's Kitchen," is, our correspondent states, a few blocks farther north and one block farther west, and that locality is now much improved. The present condition of the streets around the Berachah Mission is a thickly populated tenement house district, inhabited chiefly by Roman Catholics, to whose conversion it may be hoped the mission will be blessed.

The American Missionary, Rev. E. P. Doane, whose arrest at Ponape, in the Caroline Islands was mentioned in these columns last week, has written to the American Board from Manila, where he was sent by the Spanish governor. He gives a full report of the outrage. Dr. Judson Smith, the Secretary of the Board, says that the State Department at Washington is moving vigorously in the matter, and that all information received by the Board has been forwarded to the American representative at Madrid, to be laid before the Spanish Government. "We have no doubt," he said, "that Mr. Doane will be restored, and that we will obtain the two objects we are seeking—reparation for the wrong, and the assurance that our missionaries shall be secure from future interference."

Mrs. Cleveland has Administered a Delicate reproof to the Mayor and Aldermen of New York. A few weeks ago a subscription was raised to present a set of colors to each of the fire brigades of this city. The flags will soon be ready for presentation, and it was suggested that the ceremony could not be performed more appropriately and gracefully than by the wife of the President. The suggestion was generally approved; but as Mayor Hewitt, though a Democrat, is known to be hostile to the President, there was some speculation as to how he would be able to act as host if he were invited. After consultation between the Mayor and Aldermen, the difficulty was surmounted by inviting Mrs. Cleveland only. Mrs. Cleveland replied on September 6, declining the invitation, and said: "I hope that I shall not be misunderstood when I base my declination of your kind invitation upon my unwillingness to assume that I, as the wife of the President, ought to participate in a public ceremony in which he takes no part." Mrs. Cleveland's act is generally approved, and her popularity has been increased by the rebuke she has administered to the ill-bred politician who desired her presence, but not that of her husband. Much scandal and reproach would be spared the Church, which is the Bride of Christ, if her members were similarly careful never to attend any places or take part in any entertainments at which the presence of their Lord is not sought (Ps. 139 : 21, 22).

A Cunning Defaulter was Recognized in Mexico recently. Several years ago the State Treasurer of Tennessee robbed the Treasury of a large sum of money and absconded. He was subsequently arrested and taken to Nashville. After a month or two he was reported to have sickened and died. A casket said to contain his body was shipped from Nashville to Boliver, Tenn., where it was deposited in the ground. Now comes the news that a prominent citizen of Anniston, Ala., has just returned home from an extended visit in the city of Mexico, and while there he met the defaulting treasurer alive and well on the street and talked with him. He made further investigations and found him in business in that city. The affair has created no little excitement in the State. The citizen who recognized the supposed dead man was well acquainted with him when he was Treasurer. The pretence of death which deceived the authorities and enabled him to escape the penalty of the law, will not help him if he should ever be caught on American soil. There are persons who in making a profession of Christian claim to have become dead to the law through Christ, but when we see them alive to the world and worldly influences, we have cause to fear that like the treasurer their death was a pretence and they are still amenable to the law of God. (Gal., 2 : 20).

A Life Saved by Bible Reading is an Incident narrated in the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*. It states that Colonel Pat Donan, the Western orator, owes his life to keeping a promise. Some years ago, during a journey by steamer from New Orleans to St. Louis, he was invited to make one of a party of card-players in the cabin. It was Sunday morning, and the Colonel, though making no profession of religion, objected. To cut off further pressure he went to his stateroom. Feeling dull, he looked around for something to read. Suddenly he remembered that he had received a present of a Bible from a cousin in New Orleans, and had promised to read it. This was a good opportunity, and he searched for and found the volume. He opened it almost at random, and was soon absorbed in its pages. He soon forgot the poker players, and read on for some time. How long he sat there he does not know, but he was aroused by a terrific explosion. Hurrying on deck, he found that the explosion had occurred just under the forward part of the cabin, where the card party was gathered, and every one of them was killed. The steamer was sinking, but Colonel Donan succeeded in getting on board one of the boats, with other passengers, and they were picked up three miles below. There are probably few persons who owe to their reading of the Bible the saving of their lives, but there must be an incalculable number who owe to it the saving of their souls, which is a still more important matter (John 5 : 39.)

Eighteen Years of Needless Exile Have Been endured by a citizen of Tennessee. In the year 1869, at Salisbury, Tenn., a young man saw his brother being beaten by two well-known and influential men. He ran to his assistance, and being unable to rescue him, drew his revolver, and shot them both. One look at the two prostrate bodies, satisfied him that they were dead, and knowing that their position in the community would render his conviction and execution certain, he ran to the railroad which was close at hand, boarded a passing train, and made his way to Montana. He dared not write home for fear of giving a clue to his refuge, but he procured a Tennessee journal, from which he learned that the Grand Jury, which was in cession at the time of the shooting, had indicted him for murder. He engaged in the cattle business under another name, and grew rich. He heard no more news from home until this year, when he met a man in Montana who came from Salisbury. Without revealing his identy he made inquiries, and learned that the men whom he had shot did not die, but had recovered, and were then alive and well. The relief to his mind was inexpressible. He turned over his business to his partner, and went home to his wife and family, arriving on September 8. A joy analagous to his, but greater in degree, is experienced by the awakened sinner when he first realizes that he is no longer in danger of punishment, God having "devised means by which His banished ones be not expelled" (II. Sam. 14 : 14).

Miles of Rope are Being Purchased by the hotel keepers of New York, to enable them to comply with a law passed at Albany last session. This law makes it a misdemeanor for hotel proprietors to neglect to place a rope or other fire escape convenient to each room above the ground floor. It will involve, it is estimated, the purchase of 350 miles of rope and a total expense of many thousands of dollars in New York City. It cost the Stewart estate $800 to equip the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, but hotels of ordinary size will be fitted up for an average of $500. The coils of rope will be near the windows, one end being spliced to a galvanized iron eye screw, which is fastened to the window frame above the sill. It is expected that by the end of this month every hotel in the city will have a rope in each room. Should a fire break out in any of these hotels and a guest know of his danger, see the rope, know what it is there for, and yet perish through neglecting to use it, he would be regarded as insane. Yet, when the way of salvation is pointed out to perishing sinners, multitudes pay no heed and die unsaved (Heb. 2 : 3).

BRIEF NOTES.

An estate valued at one hundred and thirty thousand dollars has been given to the Board of Missions of the Methodist-Episcopal Church by Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Hayes, of Warsaw, Ind.

The contributions of Dr. John Hall's church in New York to the Foreign Mission Fund of the Presbyterian Church last year amounted to over $28,000. Three other churches gave over $10,000 each.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commences work in Toronto next Sunday. Ten of the churches in the city are uniting in the movement. Dr. Munhall will be assisted by Professor and Mrs. Towner in the service of gospel song.

The Rev. H. W. Brown proposes to continue this season the work in the South in which he was signally blessed last year. He has accepted invitations from cities in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and South Carolina.

"Camp Meeting John Allen" died on August 31, while attending the East Livermore Camp Meeting. On the previous day he had preached with his usual vigor and apparently in his usual health. He was eighty-two years of age.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills has arranged to conduct a mission at Williamsport, Pa., opening on September 25. An invitation to hold union Services in Philadelphia, sometime during the fall or early winter, has been sent to him which he will probably accept.

Over one million dollars is the sum to be distributed under the will of the late Cornelius B. Erwin, of New Britain, Ct. Among the bequests $10,000 each are given to several missionary societies and to the Connecticut Industrial School for Girls, and the largest bequests are $30,000 for Marietta College, Ohio, and $25,000 for Olivet College, Michigan.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman has placed several young Jewish converts in seminaries to be educated for the Christian ministry. During the summer he attended Mr. Moody's convention, the meetings at Wesley Park and the conventions at Niagara. He was cheered everywhere by the sympathy of Christians and received several gifts toward the removal of the debt on his mission church in New York.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman, of England, has been laboring at Lawrence, Mass., with much success. The hall in which the services commenced grew too small for the crowds which attended. A notorious saloon, in which a law-breaking liquor dealer had long done business, was then hired for the services. A church and Sunday-school have now been established in it. Many drunkards who formerly went there to drink, have been converted and are now members of the church.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

S. S., OR THE SINNER SAVED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"What shall we say then? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness, even the righteousness which is of faith. But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law."—Romans 9: 30–33.

Two Remarkable Facts—I. A Wonder of Grace—Certain Men had Attained Righteousness—In Spite of Disadvantages—Without Seeking It—II. A Marvel of Folly—Many Have not Attained Righteousness—Though They Seek It—And are Zealous—Observing the Law not the Spirit—A Servant who Would not be Discharged—III. A Discourse of Affection—Effective Spelling—Wading Preferred to the Bridge—Near the Kingdom.

It is very necessary often to go over the elements—the foundation truths of the gospel. Schools may rise to the classics, but they can never dispense with the spelling-book. All over the country there must be the repetition of the alphabet, and words of one syllable, or there will be no scholarship. I feel that it is necessary to give line upon line, precept upon precept, as to the first principles of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Multitudes of persons are in bondage, and will continue to be so until they hear a very clear and simple description of the way of salvation. This is the key of their liberty. You that know these first things must be willing often to hear them; indeed, I find that you are the people that never grow tired of viewing that stone which God has laid in Zion for a foundation; for it never becomes a rock of offence to you. To you the repetitions of Jesus are more acceptable than the novelties of human invention. The system and method of salvation, therefore, will come before you again this morning. Oh, that to some it may seem to be heard for the first time, though they may with the outward ear have heard "the old, old story" a thousand times! Oh, that they may now understand it, grasp it, and find the blessing of it, and rejoice their Saviour. Paul had

Two Facts

before him: the first was, that wherever he went preaching Jesus Christ certain Gentiles believed the doctrine, and straightway became justified persons, receiving at once forgiveness of sin and a change of heart. He had been in Ephesus and Thessalonica, in Corinth and in Rome, and at his preaching of the Word of Life the heathen who were outside of the pale of true religious profession had believed in the Lord Jesus, and so had attained to righteousness, and proved that they had done so by their righteous, pure, devout lives. On the other hand, there was the sad fact that whereas he had usually commenced his ministry in the synagogues, and so had opened his commission by addressing the seed of Abraham, to whom belonged the covenants of promise, yet they had almost everywhere rejected the Messiah, and refused the grace of the gospel. At the same time, it was evident that they had missed the righteousness which they conceived they had obtained; for, as a nation, they were in bondage to superstitious prejudice, and were fallen low, both as to morality and spirituality. There were these two facts before the Apostle's mind: the Gentiles, who had been far off, had attained to righteousness; and the Israelites, on the border of it, yet perished there, and did not attain to righteousness.

I. First, I crave your earnest attention to

A Wonder of Grace.

Certain men had attained to righteousness. They had, so to speak, "put their hand upon righteousness." They had grasped the righteousness of faith, which is the righteousness of God. Saintly men and saintly women were produced among those who once had used "curious arts" and enchantments: in those in whom sin abounded grace reigned through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ. There were people in the world whom God, the Judge of all, accepted as righteous. Now that alone is a great wonder.

The wonder grows when we consider that these persons who had attained to righteousness had come to it under great disadvantages; for they were Gentiles. The Gentiles were considered by the Jews to be offcasts and outcasts, aliens from the commonwealth of grace. They were given up to idolatry or to atheism, and lusts the most degrading were rife among them. They had gone very far from original righteousness. A true picture from

The Gentile World

in the days of Paul would have very dark colors in it: it would be injurious to morals to describe in public the details of the lives of the best of the heathen. If you speak of the manners of the common people, you must be prepared to hear of vices which crimson the cheek of modesty. There are virtues for which the heathen had no name; and they practised vices for which, thank God, you have no name. The strange thing is that such originally were those men who attained unto righteousness. The gospel came into their streets, and at first they heard it with opposition, saying, "What will this babbler say?" Their attention was attracted, and they were willing to hear the preacher again concerning this matter. Conscience was aroused, and soon they began to inquire, "What must we do to be saved?"

Are there not persons here whose condition is somewhat similar to that of the Gentiles? You are not religious; you are not members of godly families, neither are you frequenters of our sanctuaries; but why should not you also attain to righteousness by faith? Wonders of grace are things which God delights in; why should He not work such wonders in you? At any rate, while I preach I am exercising faith concerning you, that you shall at once be brought to salvation and eternal life.

The marvel of grace in the case of these Gentiles was all the greater because, as the apostle says, "They followed not after righteousness." They had originally felt no desire after righteousness before God. Some of them were thoughtful, just and generous towards men; but righteousness and holiness towards God was not a matter after which they labored. The Gentile mind ran more upon "What shall we eat? What shall we drink?" than upon "What is righteousness before God?" Gold or glory, power or pleasure, were the objects for which they ran; but they ran no race for the prize of holiness. It was a wonderful thing that, though they did not follow after righteousness, yet they found it. They are

Like That Indian

who, passing up the mountain-side pursuing game, grasped a shrub to prevent his slipping, and as its roots gave way they uncovered masses of pure silver, and thus the richest silver-mine was discovered by a happy accident by one who looked not for it. These Gentiles discovered in Christ the righteousness which they needed, but which they had never dreamed of finding. This reminds us of our Lord's own parable; the man was ploughing with oxen and on a sudden the ploughshare struck upon an unusual obstacle. He stopped the plough and turned up the soil, and lo! he found a crock of gold! This "treasure hid in a field" at once won his heart, and for joy thereof he sold all that he had, and bought the field. Grace finds men who else would never have found grace.

Observe that these unlikely persons did really believe, and so attain to righteousness. Their first hearing of the Gospel saved them. We read of one of them, that he had shut up the preacher in the prison, and had gone to bed; but in the middle of the night an earthquake shook the prison; and that night he not only became a believer, but he was baptized, and all his household. *These Gentiles did not want hammering at so long as some of you do;* they did not require the preacher to rack his brains to find fresh illustrations and arguments, and then labor in vain year after year. At the first summons they surrendered.

The apostle asks us, "What shall we say, then?" We say this: herein is seen the sovereign appointment of the Lord. What said the Lord by His servant Hosea? "I will call them My people which were not My people; and her beloved, which was not beloved. And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people; there shall they be called the children of the living God." Thus spake the prophet, and so it must be. The Lord has many more such chosen ones to call forth from their death in sin. I expect as I stand here that God's infinite power is about to save certain of you. I do not know to whom this grace will be vouchsafed, but I know that the word of the Lord will not return unto Him void. He may

Bless the Least Likely

of you. This is the gospel of the grace of God. That God smiles upon worthy people and rewards their goodness is not the gospel. The gospel is, that God hath mercy upon the guilty and undeserving. Behold, I set before you an open door of grace, and beseech you to enter in just as you are. We come not to mend the garments of those of you who are clothed already, but to present the naked with the robe of Christ's righteousness. We come not hither to search for your beauties, but to unveil your deformities, your wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores; and then to point you to the Lord Jesus, who can heal you, and cause the beauty of the Lord to rest upon you. We preach not merit, but mercy; not human goodness, but divine grace; not works of law, but wonders of love. This is the gospel of which the salvation of the Gentiles was a blessed result.

II. We see, in the second place,

A Marvel of Folly:

"Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness." Multitudes have never yet found true righteousness. I fear that many of my present congregation are in the number; they are not righteous, though perhaps they trust in themselves that they are so. Their consciences are not at ease; they are conscious of serious shortcomings; they have not yet found a safe anchorage. I commend to their study the case of Israel. You are the child of nature finely dressed, but not the living child of grace. You look somewhat like a Christian; but as you are not converted, and have never become as a little child, you have not entered the kingdom of heaven. It is a misery of miseries that you should stand on such a vantage ground as many of you do, and yet be lost. Shall it be so? Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?

It was not merely that they had many advantages, but these Israelites were earnest and zealous in following after the law of righteousness. Alas! many who have never forgotten a single outward rite or ceremony of the church, and are evermore zealous for taking the sacrament, and regular in attendance at their place of worship, are nevertheless quite

Dead as to Spiritual Things.

Some even kneel down every morning and night and repeat a prayer; they pay everybody their own, they are always kind to their neighbors and they do not refuse their help to the subscription list; and yet they are quite out of the running. Some of you know that it is so; you dare not die as you are; in fact, you can hardly go on living as you now feel. I pray you, take heed to yourselves.

Notice that these people made a mistake at the very beginning; it may not seem a great one but it was so in reality. Israel did not follow after righteousness, but after "the law of righteousness." They missed the spirit, which is righteousness, and followed after the mere letter of the law. To be really righteous was not their aim, but to do righteousness was their utmost motion. They looked at "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," and so forth: but to love God with all their heart was not thought of, and yet this the essence of righteousness. Love to God, and likeness to God, were

forgotten in a servile attempt to observe the letter of the law. So we see everywhere, people nowadays consider what kind of dress a clergyman ought to wear on a certain day, and which position he should occupy at the communion, and what should be the decoration of the place of worship, and what should be the proper music for the hymn, and so forth; but to what purpose is all this? To be right in heart with God, to trust in His dear Son, and to be renewed in His image, is better than all the ritual.

What was the reason why these Israelites did not attain to righteousness? Theywent upon

A Wrong Principle.

The principle of these Israelites was that of works. This system puffs you up, and makes you feel what an important person you are to deserve so well of God. It smells of that pride which the Lord abhors. While it thus lifts man up, it altogether ignores the great fact that you have sinned already. Are you going to be saved by your works? What about the past? If I am going to pay my way for the future, this will not discharge my old debts. What have you to say for your former sins and follies? Do you imagine that you can make up for wasted years by using the rest of life as you ought to do? If you do your best in future you will do no more than you are bound to do: this will not remove your old sins. Why, man, if you could start afresh as a new-born babe, and keep God's law perfectly throughout all time, yet the faults of the past would remain like blots indelible. Sin is sin, and God will punish it, and all your future obedience can be no atonement for it.

Moreover, dear friends, the system of salvation by works is impossible to you. You cannot perfectly keep the law of God, for you are sold under sin. I recollect when I resolved never to sin again. I sinned before I had done my breakfast. It was all up for that day; so I thought I would begin the next day, and I did, but my failure was repeated. Who can get clean water from a polluted spring? You will never keep the commandment without spot; it is so pure, and you are so impure; it is so spiritual, and you are so earthly. "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not."

Mere obedience to the Lord, if there were no heart in it, would be a poor affair. We have many servants who regard their work as drudgery, and though they do their duties, they do them with no regard for our interests; but the

Old-Fashioned Servants

were of another kind. If you have any such, you will prize one of such above a thousand others. They love their master, and they identify themselves with his interests. Old John did not want orders; he was a law to himself, he served from love. When his master one day spoke about parting, he wanted to know where his master was going, for he had no idea of going himself: he was part and parcel of the household, and was worth his weight in diamonds. You may well say, "I would give my eyes to get such a servant as that." I dare say you would. Our Lord Jesus gave Himself, that he might make such servants out of us. Mere work-mongering will never do this; it leaves the man still a self-seeker, a slave working under fear of the lash, with no delight either in his master or in his work. O my hearers, "ye must be born again," or ye cannot attain to righteousness; and there is no being born again on the principle of the works of the law; that must be a gift of grace, and it can only be given into that hand of faith which receives Christ Jesus the Lord.

III. In the last place, I am come to close-handed fighting. I must deliver a discourse of affection. As I love you, I would have you saved at once. Believe, I pray you, and God's righteousness is yours. Why should you not believe? Do I hear you say,

"I Cannot Feel?"

Did I say anything about feeling? Salvation by feelings is only another form of salvation by works, and it is not to be thought of. Salvation is by Jesus Christ, and it is received by faith alone. It is bestowed as a free gift, and it must be received as a free gift, or not at all. Trust Jesus to save you, and you are saved: believe Him, and be happy. Take to yourself what is freely presented to you in the gospel. If thou canst believe, thou art saved. I cannot help quoting my brother Hill's expression the other day: "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6: 47). You know how he put it: "H. A. T. H. spells *got it.*" So it does, it is a curious but a correct way of spelling it.

Next, see why it is that you have failed hitherto to find rest. You have been earnest and sincere for a great many years, and you have kept on hearing and reading, and, after a fashion, you have even kept on praying; but all the while you have been

On the Wrong Road.

Suppose yonder young man should start with his bicycle to go to Brighton, and he should travel due north; he will never get there. The faster he travels the further he will go from the place. If you follow after righteousness by the works of the law, the more you do the further off you will be from the righteousness of God. It must be so. Hear a parable. Yonder is a river, deep and broad. You imagine that the proper way to cross it is to wade or swim through it. You will not hear of any other way. The king has built a bridge; it is open free and without toll: the passage is as safe as it is plain. You refuse to be beholden to His Majesty. You mean to get across by your own exertions. Already you are wet and cold, but you mean to persevere. You are nearly up to your neck in the stream, and the current is too strong for you. Come back, O foolish man, and

Cross by the Bridge.

The way of faith is so safe, so simple, so blessed; do try it! Have you not had enough of self-saving? After years of struggling you are no forwarder, and have no more comfort: quit the struggle, and rest in the Lord Jesus. Give up your self-confiding folly, and confide in the Son of God, the bleeding Substitute for guilty men.

Do you not see, my friend, that in all your selfish trustings you are really fighting against your God. Jesus says, "Trust Me, I will save you;" and you reply, "I prefer my own doings." Is not that a great insult to Jesus? Have you not attacked the great Father upon a tender point? May He not appoint His own way of saving you? He has chosen the way of grace through faith What arrogance to refuse that way! God gives without money and without price; why do you provoke Him with your fancied merits? You are flying in the face of the great God, and, therefore, your very religion is a sin. The Cross is a superfluity if human merit can suffice. There was no need for the Father to put His Son to grief if, after all, men can work out a righteousness of their own. If works can save you, why did Jesus die? Do you see

What You are Driving At?

Do you mean to trample under foot the blood of Jesus? I beseech you, abhor all notion of self-justification. Dash down the idol which would rival your Lord. "Well," saith one, "you seem to know the ins and outs of a soul aiming at self-salvation." I do, for I long labored to climb up to heaven upon the treadmill of my own works. At length I grew weary, and gave myself up to Jesus, that He might bear me there in His own arms. Will you not do the same?

Now, my hearer, it will be an awful thing for you to understand this way of grace, and yet to neglect it. How long am I to preach to some of you? How long am I to wear my heart out in crying, "Come to Jesus; believe in Jesus?" If anybody had said twenty years ago that yonder seat-holder would still remain an unconverted man, he would have replied: "Impossible; I am near to the kingdom; I am almost persuaded, and before long I shall decide." Yes, you are persuaded on Sundays, but you forget it all on Mondays, and all because faith is not exercised. You believe in faith, but you do not believe in Jesus. You know that Jesus could save you if you trusted Him, but you do not trust Him. Oh that this moment you would end this delay! I see God's only begotten Son, who has deigned to become man for our sakes, and to die in our room and place, and from the Cross I entreat Him to speak to you. Speak, O my Master! He does speak, and these are His words: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Look, I pray you! Look and live!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

DIRECTION IN DETAILS.*

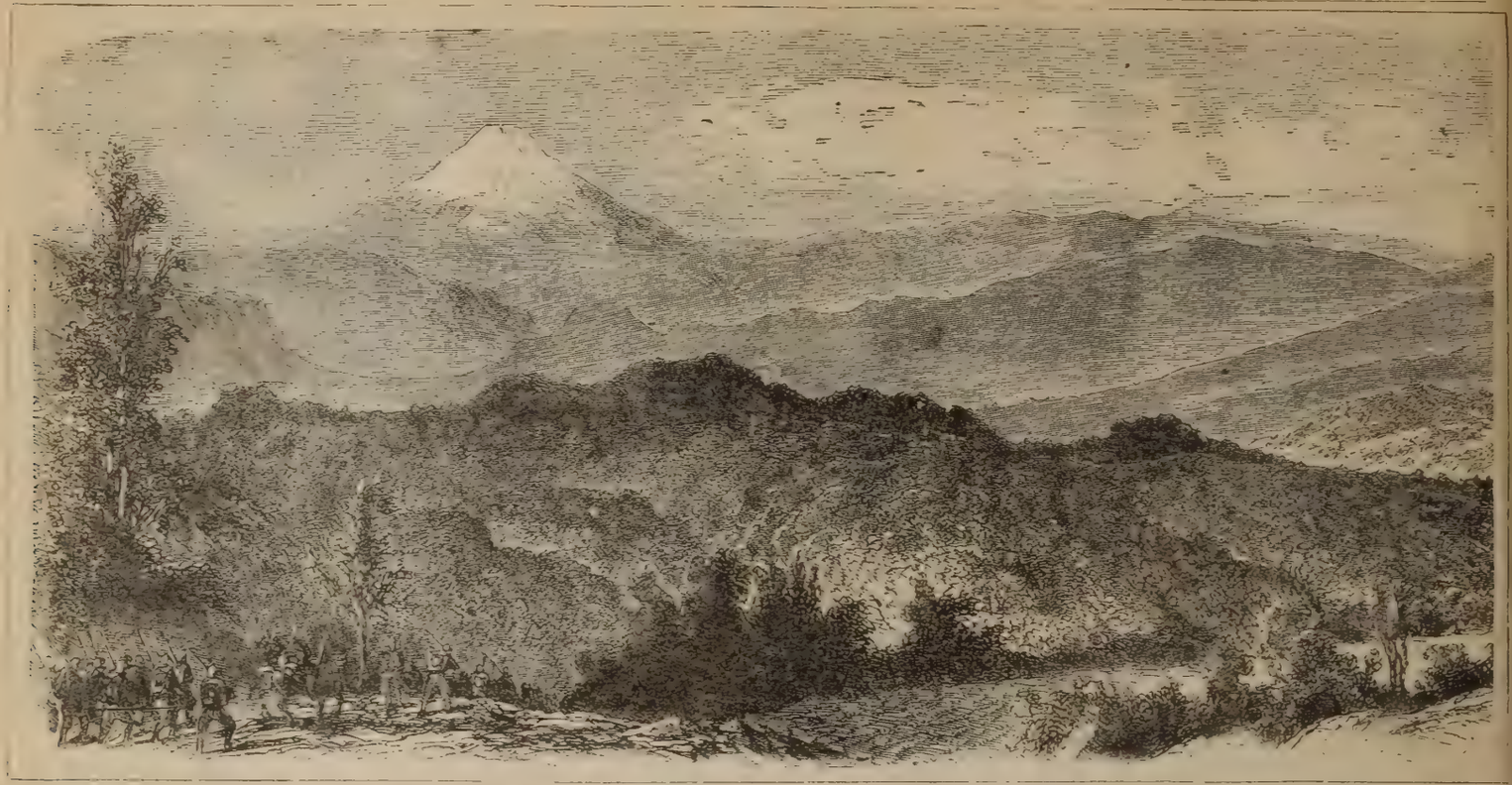
WE may not set these fancy tests. [Gideon's fleece, Judges 6: 36-40.] They were proper enough when Gideon applied them. The day was not then so far advanced; it was quite early morning, gray twilight, and men did not see clearly, so they asked for much assistance to their vision, and God graciously answered them. Even in Apostolic days the freak of the lottery was tried, and we hear but little of the happy consequences which flowed from the adventure. We have nothing to do with putting tests for God now. Why? It would seem a natural and beautiful thing to say, as Gideon said, if the fleece be wet, or if the earth be wet, and the fleece be dry, then God is with me, and the right way is open before mine eyes. Why may we not submit God to these tests? Because the day is far advanced. This is the age of the spirit—the age of true spiritual or religious faith. We have now to be guided by those inward and spiritual convictions which often have no words for their adequate and precise expression. We are to be students of Providence.

Providence itself is a succession of trials, tests, proofs. We are to see how things go, to watch their origin, sequence, consummation; we are to get rid of the superstition that life is a series of isolated incidents, instead of being right in this particular case or that, we ourselves are to be right, and all these things shall be regulated for us. The man who is anxious to know merely detailed rights has not entered into the Spirit of Christ. He is a man who would keep a book regarding himself, and separate or distribute his life into independent lines and items. That is the Baal we must cast down—the Baal of being right in instances, in mere details, and writing a little maxim-bible of our own. What then is the great aim of Providence to-day? To make right men, to create new and clean hearts and spirits, to make the soul right is that represented to us in any formal quotable words? Surely: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Expand that thought, and what happens but this great philosophy of life, namely: Be right in your soul, be right in your purpose, have a single eye, do not be playing a double game; do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God; and as for the details of this opening life, they will fall into great laws of divine Providence, and will be ministers of grace to the trusting soul. What an insidious sophism lurks in this thinking, namely, that if we could have lotteries by which to test individual actions we could not go wrong. So long as you are meddling with individual actions, and trying to be guided by a kind of travelling time bill you cannot be right.

The First Gentile in Israel.

The providence of God is not an Old Testament story; it is the action of the day, the movement now circling around us—rustling of the leaves, the ploughing up of the land, the singing of the birds, the occurrences at home and abroad. Behold the hand of the living God! In that hand put your trust. The most mysterious action of this Providence was the bringing-in of the Gentiles. A new thing has been

* From "The People's Bible," Vol. VI., Judges 6 to I Samuel 18, by Dr. Joseph Parker; the most suggestive of commentaries, a perfect treasury of original thought, every line of which seems to point out some new wisdom or beauty in the sacred text, unnoticed before. A book of priceless value to ministers and Sunday-school teachers. Pp. 358. Price, $1.50. Published by *Funk & Wagnalls*, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.



The Mountain Road from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico.

wrought in Israel: A Moabitess is numbered among the chosen children. Now that we read the story backwards, we see the meaning of it all. Reading it as the facts occurred, the reading was often rough and most difficult. How true it is that we must wait to the end to see the real meaning of the beginning! When God's way is finished, God's way will be clear. We ought to take an interest in the introduction of Ruth into the sacred lineage, because she was the first fruits of the people to whom we belong. She was a heathen woman, an outsider, a Gentile, and we belonged once to the outlawed class. Mean of us it is, to say we do not take any interest in the conversion of distant nations, when we ourselves were once a distant nation, and have been converted to the faith and crown of Christ. We are not true to our own history, or grateful for our own deliverance in the degree in which we are indifferent to the conversion of those that are afar off. Ruth was our first fruits; Ruth was our kinswoman, in the larger sense. Blessed be God for the introduction of our kinswoman into Israel. She was in the direct line of the Son of God. The Gentile woman beame a progenitor of God's own Christ. A strange genealogy! Having perused it line by line, we know what it is: The great king, the unknown man, the harlot, the Gentile Ruth, they all stand there a symbolic humanity, so that when the Son of God comes, He comes not in one direction alone, not as born of the Jew only, but of a line of kings; in Him all men are gathered up—the mightiest, the weakest, the wanderer, the homeless. Verily, this man was the Son of God—the Incarnate Deity.

Eli and the Child.

We find in Eli's treatment of Samuel nobleness, magnanimity—want of all the miserable tricks which are made use of by men who seek to enhance their own glory by diminishing the lustre of others. Look at the unpriestliness of his tone when he talks to the child. Samuel came to Eli in the hour of darkness and said, "Thou didst call me." Eli said, "No, my child, I did not call thee." Samuel came again, and yet again. What did Eli do, knowing that the child had heard a voice more than human? Did Eli say to Samuel, "Pay no heed to such voice, little child. I am the high priest of God. If thou dost see a spectre or vision, or hear an unearthly voice or tone, be not led away superstitiously by these things; but come to me and I will tell thee all about it, and determine what thou hast to do?" That would have been the talk of a priest; that is the native accent of a true priest. Yet Eli said to the child, "It is God that calleth thee; go and speak to Him face to face; stand before Him and say, 'speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'" Why, that was not priestly at all; that was putting him face to face with the Eternal, and clothing the soul with responsibilities which never can be transferred. Looking at this aspect of Eli's character, what reverence we feel for the old man!

CONVERSION OF A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

BUDDHISM is the religion of the greater part of the Burman people, and there is no part of the country in which the traveler does not find traces of it, either in a temple, shrine or monastery. It is the last-named institution that gives Buddhism its hold on the people. The monks take no priestly part in public worship, but they educate the children, and they preach sermons or give lectures on Buddhism to the people. They are pledged to celibacy and poverty, and are greatly venerated throughout the country. Mrs. M. B. Ingalls, who is laboring in Burmah, gives the following account of the recent conversion of one of the order: "We have some excitement over a Buddhist monk, who has read our books and heard the Gospel till he lost faith in his idols, and now he has desired to cast off his robes and be baptized. He has given me a few things as pledges, and I have purchased his *lay dress*. He seems honest, and this week will be his time of trial. He has been a very noted priest, and the people begin to fear he is to leave them. It is a great step for one who has been in the place of a god to the people; he has held his office twenty years."

FIDELITY TO A DEAD LOVER.

A TOUCHING history is connected with a grave in the cemetery of Pottstown, Pa. A lady is buried there, who died a few years ago, at the age of ninety-six. She was the daughter of Jacob Drinkhouse, who fought against England in the Revolutionary War, and died in Philadelphia in 1860. When Miss Drinkhouse was young and the belle of Pottstown, she became engaged to be married to Joseph Mintzer, but before the wedding-day came her lover died. The widowed sweetheart declared that she would never marry, and remained true to the memory of her betrothed for three-quarters of a century. When she was dying she requested that the gold engagement ring which young Mintzer had placed on her finger in the happy days of her girlhood, might be placed on her hand and be buried with her. She had cherished this love-token throughout her long life. This incident teaches a lesson to some members of Christ's church—His bride—whose relations with the world often suggest doubts of their fidelity to Him who espoused them and died for them (Eph. 5: 25, 27).

MOUNTAIN SCENE IN MEXICO.

(*See Illustration*).

THE traveller in the city of Mexico cannot fail to be impressed by the grandeur and natural beauty of the scenes through which he passes. Leaving Vera Cruz, the chief seaport of Mexico, situated on its eastern coast, a picture of which appeared in this journal on Sept. 1, he passes over the first railroad built in the Republic, which was first projected in 1837, but was not completed until 1873. The track for the first fifty miles from the coast lies through the "hot land" which forms a belt around the table-lands on which the cities of Mexico are built. The marvellous tropical vegetation of this region strikes the American visitor with wonder, the wild luxuriance and immense growths being far beyond anything to be found in the United States.

The railroad, fifty miles inland from Vera Cruz, curves around the base of the Chequehuete Mountain, and the traveller at once becomes aware that he is in purer and less enervating air, and every hour the view widens before him as he rises to higher ground. The scene below him grows with beauty, the variegated colors of the dense foliage looking like a terrestrial paradise; while, before and above him, standing out in clear outline against a sky of such glorious blue as not even Italy can rival, rises the magnificent mountain chain, over which, like a hoary king above his subjects, towers the snow-capped summit of the volcano Orizaba. This is the stage of the journey *depicted in the illustration* on this page, and it is one of indescribable beauty. What impres-

ses the spectator most profoundly is the startling contrast of the two scenes, spread like a panorama before him from the elevation he has reached. On one side is the gorgeous beauty of the tropical forest, and on the other the rugged grandeur of the snow-clad mountains—the two scenes distinct, yet in amazing propinquity, as if nature had lavished on this wonderful spot every element of loveliness in her inexhaustible treasury.

It is inexpressibly saddening to the Christian traveller, as rapt in admiration, he surveys the wondrous scene, to think that in a region so favored and speaking so clearly of the wisdom and love of the Creator, the beings whom He has made to enjoy it and give glory to Him, know Him not, and in their blind ignorance are living in sin, bound in Satan's chains unaware that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish." Here they live close upon our borders, five millions of Indians, besides nearly eight millions of whites, but few of whom have ever heard the pure Gospel proclaimed. Neither the Christian Church nor the Christian press of America, seems to realize the urgent need of these people, nor the responsibility upon us of taking up this work with energy. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is deeply grateful that God has blessed its feeble efforts in this direction with some measure of success, and wishes that its contemporaries would also take up the work. It commends the Church of Jesus in Mexico as an organization adapted to the character of the people. This church is free from ritualistic tendencies; its one object is to preach Christ and Him crucified; it is carrying on mission work and supporting orphanages; it has suitable buildings in its possession; but it is without funds, and its Roman Catholic enemies, dreading its power, and fearing that it will open the eyes of the people to the truth, are waiting eagerly to see it collapse, that once more the mummery of the priests may be heard in the buildings where now the way of salvation is proclaimed. The readers of this journal have nobly aided the Church of Jesus in its efforts, and we earnestly hope that they will continue to do so. *Dr. H. Chauncey Riley*, the Bishop of the Church, whose office is at 43 *Bible House, New York*, will gratefully receive any contributions that may be sent.

Marie Fabre's Appeal.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

(*See Illustration.*)

IT was a long, weary night of watching that the young girl spent by the bedside of her dying father. None but those who have sat the hours through know how seemingly endless they are from midnight to dawn, and Marie Faber had no experience, and was very nervous besides, But the physician who attended the sick man had said that he must have constant attention; so Marie sat up, for she would not trust a hired nurse. Besides, her father might become fully conscious and want to speak to her, though he was then lying either asleep or in a stupor.

Marie loved her father, though she feared him, too. She had come with him and her mother when they fled across the Atlantic after those terrible days of the Commune in Paris, when Jules Fabre had been in the front ranks, and had done his share in the bloody deeds which made all Europe shudder with horror. In America he had prospered, but his associations were with wild, desperate men, whose talk made Marie's cheek pale and her heart sink with dread at the thought of the reign of anarchy for which they were so eager. Her mother had been dead for some years, and now her father lay dying. For herself, Marie had no fear. She, by her mother's management, had secured Christian friends who would have made a home for her away from her father and his infidel associates, if she would have consented to leave him. By them she had been led to the Saviour, and had found peace and joy in His love.

Through the long night she sat wakeful and alert, but there was no change in the dying man. He took his medicine mechanically when she gave it to him, but he did not recognize her, nor appear to know where he was. "Oh," said Marie, earnestly, "if he would only awake, that I might offer but one prayer with him before he dies. Perhaps he would let me pray with him now." She could not be sure of it; for early in his illness, when she suggested it, he had sternly bade her do no such thing, and had spoken more harshly than he ever spoke to her before. Since then Marie had prayed much for him, and she hoped her prayers would be heard. Two or three times during the night she heard him muttering, and, bending over him, could make out sufficient of his words to find that he fancied himself back in Paris among his comrades.

As the day broke, however, he opened his eyes and looked at her intelligently. Marie saw that the light of reason had returned, and was instantly at his bedside. His voice was very feeble, and the huskiness of death was in his throat.

"Father, dear father," said Marie, "will you not let me pray for you?"

"I am dying, I suppose," said the sufferer; "they generally fetch a priest at the last, but I do not want one; they can do me no good. I will die as I have lived."

"I will pray, father, if you will let me; we need not send for a priest."

"Well, little one, as you like; it can do me no good; I have led a bad life, and I must take the consequences."

"You need not, father; God will forgive you if you will only ask Him to do it for His dear Son's sake, who died for you."

"You are a good girl, little one; do you pray. Perhaps God will hear you; He would not listen to me."

"He will, indeed, father, if you really want Him to."

"But I do not know what to say."

"Say just this, God be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake."

"That is the right prayer for me, surely. I can say that." And the dying man said it with evident sincerity. Then Marie prayed earnestly for him, holding his hand as she knelt. Suddenly she felt the grasp relax, and heard a long-drawn sigh. Looking up quickly, she saw the unmistakable change, and realized that her father was gone. Had his prayer been heard in that last sad hour? Marie hoped so, and the thought comforted her. Like the thief on the cross, he had appealed to infinite love and mercy, and none could say that it would be refused to him.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 574.*)

More Financial Straits—Instances of Divine Provision—Five Answers to Prayer—Journey to Bristol—Need of Private Prayer—First Sermons in Bristol—Providential Indications—Fare well to Old Friends in Devonshire.

APRIL 16. This morning I am still in peace. I am glad I have spoken to the brethren, that they may be prepared, in case the Lord should take me away. Having again but little money, and being about to leave Teignmouth for several days, I asked the Lord for a fresh supply, and within about four hours afterwards He sent me, from six different quarters, £3. 7s. 6d. I left today for Dartmouth, where I preached in the evening. There was much weeping to-day among the saints at Teignmouth. This is already a trial to me, and it will be still more so should I actually leave. It is a most important work to go about and stir up the churches; but it requires grace. I had five answers to prayer to-day. 1. I awoke at five, for which I had asked the Lord last evening. 2. The Lord removed from my dear wife an indisposition, under which she had been suffering. It would have been trying to me to have had to leave her in that state. 3 The Lord sent us money. 4. There was a place vacant on the Dartmouth coach, which only passes through Teignmouth. 5. This evening I was assisted in preaching, and my own soul refreshed.

April 17. I preached again at Dartmouth

April 18. I am still at Dartmouth. I wrote to Brother Craik that, the Lord willing, I should be with him at Bristol on the 21st. I preached again this evening, with especial assistance, before a large congregation.

April 19. I awoke early, and had a good while to myself for prayer and reading the Word, and left happy in spirit for Torquay, where I preached in the evening with much help. The breth-

ren are sorry that, on account of my going to Bristol, my regular weekly preaching will be given up there for a while. I walked home after preaching, and arrived at Teignmouth at twelve o'clock.

April 20. I left this morning for Bristol. I preached with little power (as to my own feeling) in Exeter, from three till half-past four. At five I left for Taleford, where I preached in the evening, likewise with little power. I was very tired in body, and had had, therefore, little prayer. But still, in both places the believers seemed refreshed. I went to bed at eleven, very, very tired.

April 21. This morning I rose a little before five, and attended a prayer-meeting from a quarter past five to a quarter past six. I spoke for some time at the meeting. Afterwards I prayed and read again with some believers, and likewise expounded the Scriptures. The Bristol coach took me up about ten. I was very faithless on the journey; I did not speak a single word for Christ, and was, therefore, wretched in my soul. This has shown me again my weakness. Though the Lord had been so gracious to me yesterday in this particular, both on my way from Teignmouth to Exeter and from Exeter to Taleford, and had given me much encouragement, in that He made my fellow-travelers either thankfully to receive the word, or constrained them quietly to listen to the testimony; yet I did not confess Him to-day; nor did I give away a single tract, though I had my pockets full on purpose. O, wretched man that I am!

I would offer here a word of warning to my fellow-believers. Often the work of the Lord itself may be a temptation to keep us from that communion with Him which is so essential to the benefit of our souls. On the 19th I had left Dartmouth, conversed a good deal that day, preached in the evening, walked afterwards eight miles, had only five hours' sleep, travelled again the next day twenty-five miles, preached twice, and conversed very much besides, went to bed at eleven and rose before five.

We should remember that the body and spirit require rest, and, therefore, however careless about the Lord's work I might have appeared to my brethren, I ought to have had a great deal of quiet time for prayer and reading the Word, especially as I had a long journey before me that day, and as I was going to Bristol, which in itself required much prayer. Instead of this I hurried to the prayer-meeting after a few minutes' private prayer. But let none think that public prayer will make up for closet communion. Then again, afterwards, when I ought to have withdrawn myself, as it were, by force, from the company of beloved brethren and sisters, and given my testimony for the Lord (and indeed it would have been the best testimony I could have given them), by telling them that I needed secret communion with the Lord, I did not do so, but spent the time, till the coach came, in conversation with them. Now, however profitable in some respects it may have been to those with whom I was on that morning, yet my own soul needed food; and not having had it, I was lean, and felt the effects of it the whole day, and hence I believe it came that I was dumb on the coach.

April 22, 1832. To-day I preached at Gideon Chapel, Bristol. [Though this sermon gave rise to false reports, yet the Lord was pleased to bless it to several: and the false reports were likewise instrumental in bringing many individuals under the sound of the Word.] In the afternoon I preached at the Pithay Chapel. [This sermon was a blessing to many, many souls; and many were brought through it, to come afterwards to hear Brother Craik and me. Among others it was the means of converting a young man who was *a notorious drunkard*, and who was just again on his way to a public house, when an acquaintance of his met him, and asked him to go with him to hear *a foreigner* preach. He did so; and from that moment he was so completely altered, that he never again went to a public house, and was so happy in the Lord afterwards that he often neglected his supper, from eagerness to read the Scriptures, as his wife told me. He died about five months afterwards.] This evening I was much instructed in hearing Brother Craik preach. I am now persuaded that Bristol is the place where the Lord will have me to labor.

April 23. This evening I preached again with much assistance at Gideon. I was very happy. [The Lord made this testimony a blessing to several.] I feel that Bristol is my right place. The Lord mercifully teach me!

April 27. It seems to Brother Craik and myself the Lord's will that we should go home next week, in order that in quietness, without being influenced by what we see here, we may more inquire into the Lord's will concerning us. It especially appears to us much more likely that we should come to a right conclusion among the brethren and sisters in Devonshire, whose tears we shall have to witness, and whose entreaties to stay with them we shall have to hear, than here in Bristol, where we see only those who wish us to stay. Some asked me to stay with them while Brother Craik goes home. But it seems better that we should both go. [I observe here, it was evident many preferred my beloved brother's gifts to my own; yet, as he would not come, except I came with him; and as I knew that I also had been called by the Lord for the ministry of the Word, I knew that I also should find my work in Bristol, and that though it might be a different one, yet I should fill up, in some measure his lack, whilst he supplied my deficiencies; and that thus we might both be a benefit to the Church and to the world in Bristol. The result has evidently confirmed this. I am, moreover, by the grace of God, strengthened to rejoice in my fellow-laborer's honor, instead of envying him; having, in some measure, been enabled to enter into the meaning of that word: "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from above."

April 28. It still seems to us the Lord's will that we should both leave soon, to have quiet time for prayer concerning Bristol. This afternoon I felt the want of retirement, finding afresh that the society of brethren cannot make up for communion with the Lord. I spent about three hours over the Word and in prayer, this evening, which has been a great refreshment to my inner man.

April 29. I preached this morning with much outward power, but with little inward enjoyment, on Revelations 3: 15–22. [As it afterwards appeared, that testimony was blessed to many, though I lacked enjoyment in my own soul. May this be an encouragement to those who labor in word and doctrine!] This afternoon Brother Craik preached in a vessel called the Clifton Ark, fitted up for a chapel. In the evening I preached in the same vessel. These testimonies also God greatly honored and made them the means of afterwards bringing several, who then heard us, to our meeting places. How did God bless us in everything we took into our hands! How was He with us, and how did He help us, thereby evidently showing that He Himself had sent us to this city!!] Brother Craik preached this evening at Gideon for the last time previous to our going. The aisles, the pulpit stairs, and the vestry were filled, and multitudes went away on account of the want of room.

April 30. It was most affecting to take leave of the dear children of God, dozens pressing us to return soon, many with tears in their eyes. The blessing which the Lord has given to our ministry, seems to be very great. We both see it fully the Lord's will to come here, though we do not see under what circumstances. A brother has promised to take Bethesda Chapel for us, and so be answerable for the payment of the rent: so that thus we should have two large chapels. I saw, again, two instances to-day, in which my preaching has been blessed. May 1. Brother Craik and I left this morning for Devonshire. May 2. I preached this evening at Bishopsteignton, and told the brethren that, the Lord willing, I should soon leave them. May 3. I saw several of the brethren to-day, and I felt so fully assured that it is the Lord's will that I should go to Bristol, that I told them so. This evening I had a meeting with the three deacons, when I told them plainly about it; asking them, if they see anything wrong in me concerning this matter, to tell me of it. They had nothing to say against it; yea, though much wishing me to stay, they were convinced themselves that my going is most certainly of God.

May 4. I saw again several brethren to-day, and told them about my intention to go to Bristol. There is much sorrowing and sighing, but it does not move me in the least, though I desire to sympathize with them. I am fully persuaded that the Lord will have us to go to Bristol. May 5. One striking proof to my mind, that my leaving Teignmouth is of God, is, that some truly spiritual believers, though they much wish me to to stay, see that I ought to go to Bristol.

May 7. Having received a letter from Brisfol on May 5, it was answered to-day in such a way that the Lord may have another opportunity to prevent our going thither, if it be not of Him. Especially we will not move a single stone out of the way in our own strength, and much less still be guilty of a want of openness and plainness, nor would we wish by such means to obtain Bethesda Chapel.

May 11. The Lord seems to try us about Bristol. There was reason to expect a letter the day before yesterday, but none came; also to-day there is no letter. Even this is very good for us. Yea, I do wish most heartily that we may not have Bethesda Chapel, if it be not good for us.

May 15. Just when I was in prayer concerning Bristol, I was sent for to come to Brother Craik. Two letters had arrived from Bristol. The brethren assembling at Gideon accept our offer to come under the conditions we have made, i. e., for the present to consider us only as ministering among them, but not in any fixed pastoral relationship, so that we may preach as we consider it to be according to the mind of God, *without reference to any rules among them; that the pew-rents should be done away with; and that we should go on, respecting the supply of our temporal wants, as in Devonshire.* We intend, the Lord willing, to leave in about a week, though there is nothing settled respecting Bethesda Chapel.

May 16. I preached for the last time at Bishopsteignton, and took leave of the brethren. May 17. I went to Exmouth and after preaching took leave of the brethren. May 21. I began to-day to take leave of the brethren at Teignmouth, calling on each of them. In the evening I went over to Shaldon to take leave of the brethren of whom brother Craik has had the oversight. It has been a trying day, much weeping on the part of the saints. Were I not so fully persuaded that it is the will of God we should go to Bristol, I should have been hardly able to bear it.

May 22. The brethren at Shaldon and Teignmouth say, that they expect us soon back again. *As far as I understand the way in which God deals with His children, this seems very unlikely.* In every respect we have seen the Lord's goodness, and all proves that it is His will that we should go to Bristol. This full persuasion has helped me to withstand all the tears of the saints. Towards evening the Lord, after repeated prayer, gave me Col. 1: 21–23 as a text for the last word of exhortation. It seemed to me best to speak as little as possible about myself, and as much as possible about Christ. I scarcely alluded to our separation, and only commended myself and the brethren, in the concluding prayer, to the Lord. The parting scenes are very trying, but my full persuasion is that the separation is of the Lord.

May 23. My beloved wife, Mr. Groves, my father-in-law, and I, left this morning for Exeter. Bro. Craik intends to follow to-morrow.

(*To be Continued.*)

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 25, Matt. 2 : 1 ; 7 : 29.

The Incarnate Word—Divinely Guided and Protected—Specially Heralded—Supernaturally and Publicly Endorsed—Fiercely Tempted—Manifested in Galilee—Proclaims the Ministry of Love—Explains the Spirit of Law—Enjoins Piety in Heart and Act—Inculcates Implicit Faith—The New Philosophy—The Two Ways.

REST IN THE LORD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

What Resting in the Lord Is—Follows Work Done—The Work of God—The Rest of the Patriarchs—The Besetting Sin of the Israelites—Were Not Permitted to Enter into Rest—A Touchstone of Faith—How to be Sure of God's Will—Knowledge Promised to the Obedient—The Voice from Behind—Hastening into Rest—Resting Others over upon Him.

"WHAT do you mean by resting in the Lord?" This question is often asked. The Lord Himself by His Holy Spirit gives us grace to answer it. Rest is only right when work is done. A laborer who rests while he ought to be at work, is doing wrong to his employer. God Himself rested only when His work was completed. "The heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it He had rested from all His work, which God created and made" (Gen. 2 : 2, 3). And we can only rest in the Lord when our work is complete. But

What is Our Work?

"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John 6 : 29). Naturally we all have a strong belief in ourselves; we have made experience of our own powers in many ways. We know our own motives, and though our powers are very limited, we would rather trust them in their little limited sphere, than go out of their sphere to trust in God. God's aim is to bring us out of ourselves into a dependence upon Him, which shall be so absolute that we shall stand upon His promises, even against sight and sense. Thus did Noah rest in the Lord when no single creature out of his own family believed in the coming deluge. He was so sure in his God that he spent one hundred and twenty years in preaching of, and preparing for, the impending judgment, when there was yet no outward sign of it. Thus did Abraham rest in the Lord when he offered up his son Isaac; he left God to solve the problem how His promises were to be fulfilled, if the very son in whom his seed was called, should die. Both these men of God counted God responsible to fulfil His own word, and this was rest.

The sin of the Children of Israel in the wilderness was "unbelief, in departing from the living God." Ten different times they provoked God in the desert, and each time their sin was unbelief. They set not their heart aright, and their spirit was not steadfast with God. They tempted God in their heart, they spake against God. "They believed not in God, and trusted not in His salvation; their heart was not right with Him; they turned back and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel" (Ps. 78 : 8, 18, 19, 22, 41). Every trial they had was an opportunity to count upon the Almightiness of their God, and ten different times, because all resources in themselves were at an end, they failed in the time of trial, and lost God the opportunity of justifying the faith of those who could trust Him against all human probability. Instead of saying, when they were hungry, "Such a Father as we have will find means to feed us," they murmured against Moses and Aaron. Instead of saying when they thirsted, "God, who has opened heaven to give us bread, will surely give us water to drink," they murmured against Moses, and accused him of seeking to slay them by thirst. Therefore, God "was grieved with that generation, and said, They do always err in their heart; and they have not known My ways. So I swear in My wrath, They shall not enter into My rest." God's rest was in

A Finished Work;

our rest can be in nothing less. Some of us are perfectly at rest about our soul's salvation from condemnation; we rest in a finished work. Jesus said, "It is finished," and we know that nothing can be added to what He has done to save us; therefore, we do not know anxiety regarding salvation. "We, which have believed, do enter into rest," because we are certain that God cannot fail us. Now, God wants us to rest in Him in the same way about everything. He may show us something in which we have failed hitherto to understand Him, and to do His will. We may be grieved at heart and disappointed with ourselves. But can we by this arrive at a knowledge of His will, or make ourselves more sensitive to it in the future? Never. What then shall we do? Paul answers us, "In *everything*, by prayer and supplication *with* thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Thanksgiving implies that we believe He does, then and there, undertake to answer that prayer, and to bring us into His mind. Thus *He* works and we rest. If you do believe, you do enter into rest about it; you cease from your own works, "as God did from His," and do only the work of God, which is to "believe on Him whom He hath sent;" your eye is off yourself, and on Him; and, with God in view, "the faithful God which keepeth covenant," you will forget how to be anxious, you will "enter into rest." This is a touchstone of our faith. If we are not at rest about anything we have prayed for which is according God's will, it is very clear that we have

Not Really Believed.

If we are anxious, it is evident that we count the issue as still uncertain. When the early disciples were gathered together in the house of Mary the Mother of Mark to pray for Peter's release from prison, they did not come into rest about the matter, for they went on praying far into the night; and when their prayers were answered and Peter stood knocking at the door, they did not believe that it was Peter, but said that it was his angel. When Paul and Silas prayed in the Philippian jail for the jailer and all in his house, they did come into rest; their prayer turned into praise, and immediately "the foundations of the prison were shaken, and every one's hands were loosed." When we believe, "enter into rest," prayer turns to praise. We do not commune less with God, but more; only praise very much takes the place of the sad and weary repetition of prayer which obtains where we are in unrest.

But how can I be sure enough of God's will to make me bold enough to pray thus in faith?" There is but one way: no man is sure about God's will until he has yielded up his own will to God. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, and be not confirmed to this world . . .

That Ye May Prove

what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." (Rom. 12: 1, 2). Again, "If any man *will do* His will, he shall know of the doctrine." We must yield our wills not to God's servants, but to God; and then He teaches us His mind by His own Word. Unless we know God's will about anything we *cannot* pray a prayer of faith, and, therefore, *cannot* rest in the Lord, But is it not His will that we should know His will? Does He want to keep His children in anxious perplexity about His will? Would it be like Him? Has He ever said that He loves to distress His children? No, on the contrary, He says, "I will guide thee with Mine eye" (Ps. 32: 8); "Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, this is the way; walk ye in it; when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." (Isa. 30: 21). "He leadeth me," is David's testimony. Surely these words are sufficient warrant for believing that God wants to make known His will to us. Why, then, do we not know it? If any one sends you some word in a letter, and you do not break the seal, whose fault is it that you do not know the contents? If any one speaks to you in a quiet voice, and you are too occupied in talking to or listening to someone else to listen, whose fault is it that you do not hear? Many of God's children come to God, and ask to know His will; but they do not rest in Him to show it, they accompany their prayer by their own reasonings about the matter, their own thoughts whether this, that or the other can be God's will. These have not believed that God will make known to them His will; they

Give Him No Chance

to show it them, they are without rest; like the Children of Israel, they tempt God by limiting the Holy One of Israel.

But rest in the Lord can never waive the responsibility of obedience to Him. When God commanded Joshua to marshal all the congregation of the children of Israel, and march them round the walls of Jericho, shouting and blowing with the trumpets, it would not have been true rest in the Lord if he had said, "I see no need to do all this marching and shouting; I am resting in the Lord to bring down the walls. I believe He will do it, so we will stop in our tents." It was not Joshua's obedience which conquered Jericho, but by his obedience he honored God in the sight of the men of Jericho, and in the eyes of the children of Israel, and if Joshua had not done as God had commanded him, he might have grown very anxious about the downfall of the city walls.

"Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest." The word here translated "labor," really means "hasten." Does this militate against the prophet's words, "He that believeth shall *not* make haste?" Surely not. It is simply, "Hasten to believe, that you may not make haste about any other thing," "Hasten to leave your own wants and your own anxiety about your soul and body, your children and friends, your Christian work, etc.

Hasten to Rest in the Lord,

because He is so faithful that He will surely keep every promise which He has made, which you claim. A lady said, "I have taken Jesus as my Healer, and I have given my body to Him to heal it; why does he not do it?" As long as there is a "Why" or a "Wherefore" in our minds, we are not really believing, not really out of our own hands. The very question savors of our own works. There is but one real haven of rest. It is Jesus Himself. In ourselves we are full of fears, anxieties and tumults. Anchored in Him, we ride at rest. Our home is in Jesus; it is our privilege to take refuge in Him, abide in Him, hide in Him, be covered by Him; and that, not sometimes, but always. O, "rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him" (Ps. 37 : 7). "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee" (Isa. 26 : 3). We may rest our unsaved ones over upon Him; we may rest great things for the heathen world over upon Him; we may rest perplexities which we cannot name over upon Him; and as soon as we do so, and cease from our own works, taking our hands off, He puts His own Almighty hands on, and undertakes for His own name's sake. Glory and praise be unto Him for ever.

* Mrs. Baxter has sent this article in the place of the usual Sunday-school lesson. The International Lesson for September 25 is left to the option of superintendents and teachers. It may be either a "Review" of the past twelve lessons: From Matt. 2 : 1 to 7 : 29; or, "Temperance," Rom 13 : 8–14; or, "Foreign Missions, Matt, 4 : 12–16.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope declining,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father has not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere!

Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So anxious was your heart to have it done:
If years have passed since then, do not despair,
For God will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded;
The promises of God *forever stand;*
To Him our days and years alike are equal:
Have faith in God! it is your Lord's command.
Hold on to Jacob's angel, and your prayer
Shall bring a blessing down sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work begun when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer,
And *glory* shall descend, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
And tho' the wildest storms sweep round her undaunted,
Nor quails for the loudest thunder shock:
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And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

—*F. G. Browning.*

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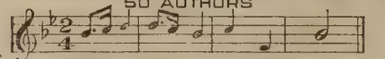

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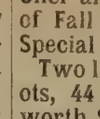

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DR. HORACIO GUZMAN, Minister from Nicaragua—A Central American Forest and City.

DR. HORACIO GUZMAN,

Minister to Washington from Nicaragua.

THE revival of interest in the scheme for piercing the isthmus which unites North and South America renders the arrival of the new diplomatist from Nicaragua, whose portrait appears on the first page, a matter of general interest. It is understood that the chief object of Dr. Guzman's mission is to promote the realization of the canal scheme, and to afford facilities to the American capitalists who have the matter in hand for communication with his government, which anxiously desires the success of the project. No better man could have been selected for the purpose than Dr. Guzman, whose knowledge of his own country is perfect, and who has had a long experience in this country, and a thorough scientific training here and in Europe.

Horacio Guzman was born at Granada, on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, in 1851; he is therefore now thirty-six years of age. When about fifteen years of age he was brought to the United States by an elder brother, who desired that he should learn to speak English, and with this purpose in view he placed him in the little town of Lester, Mass., in 1867, with a family that did not know a single word of Spanish or any but their mother tongue. After living there fourteen months he was sent to Philadelphia and placed in charge of a private tutor, for the study of chemistry and the natural sciences, of which he was very fond. He remained in the Quaker City two and a half years, and then went home, where he resided two years.

He did not however consider his education complete. Desiring a more thorough knowledge of science, and especially of chemistry, he determined to take a course of study in Europe. Accordingly he crossed the Atlantic and proceeded to Paris. He entered the college of France as a student. During his stay of three years, he heard some of the ablest men in the world lecture on the subjects of his inquiry. Mr. Guzman then returned home to Nicaragua, on a short vacation. He next proceeded to Philadelphia, where he entered Jefferson Medical College as a student of chemistry and medicine. This was in 1879. He pursued his studies at the Medical College for three years, and was graduated in the spring of 1882, with the degree of M. D. He married a daughter of the Rev. C. H. Ewing, of Philadelphia, soon afterward. Guzman then returned to Nicaragua and settled down to the practice of his profession, in which he was successfully engaged to within a few months ago.

Dr. Guzman is a gentleman of commanding appearance, fully six feet in stature, and of fine physical proportions. He is of dark complexion and has black hair and eyes. He is cordial and hearty in his speech, and carries himself in a courtly manner.

THE NICARAGUAN CANAL.

The Trend of the Age—Facilitating Travel—Prophetic Significance—The New Project—The Best Point of the Isthmus to Cross—Difficulties of the Panama Route—The Nicaraguan Canal Assisted by Nature—The Scheme Practicable—Dimensions of the Proposed Canal—The Route—The Mechanical Appliances—The Traffic Expected—The Work to be Commenced this Year.

THE vast extension of travel and exploration which prophecy indicated (Daniel 12 : 4) would be a characteristic of the last years of this dispensation, is one of the most prominent features of this age. Many run to and fro, and their desire to get from place to place with the greatest rapidity has taxed scientific ingenuity not only to devise means of speedy locomotion and communication, but to remove natural obstacles from the chief routes of travel. This century has witnessed the revolution in travelling produced by the application of steam, the annihilation of time and space, effected by the application of electricity, and has also seen the realization of the long-cherished project of cutting the canal across the narrow neck of land which barred navigation from Europe to India and China. It is in the line with these improvements and another evidence of the predominant desire for increased facilities of travel mentioned by the prophet, that an effort is now to be made to cut a highway for ships across Central America; thereby shortening the distance between our eastern coast and our western coast, also China, Australia and the islands of the Pacific. This is no new project, but it has never seemed so near to realization as now.

At the first glance at the map it would appear

The Best Place for a Canal

was at Panama, where the isthmus is at its narrowest. Indeed, M. De Lesseps, the famous French engineer who cut the Suez canal, is already at work there; but as American engineers predicted from the commencement, he has been met by difficulties almost, if not quite, insurmountable. The work was commenced in 1881, and in the six years that have been consumed only one-seventh of the work has been accomplished, and that the easiest part of it. The expense has already reached the enormous total of *three hundred and fifty million dollars* and appears likely far to exceed, before it is completed, the original estimate of *eight hundred millions*. It will also be necessary to incur a heavy standing expense to keep the canal open at each mouth, and as it is in a region of perpetual calms it will be practically useless for sailing vessels except by the use of tugs which will, with the tolls, involve a cost that will be a prohibition on traffic.

It seems like a paradox to say that though the Nicaraguan route is longer than that of Panama the canal there will be shorter, but that is the simple fact. Nature has already partly cut the Isthmus at that point by a large lake and by the river San Juan. The work to be done, therefore, is reduced to that of connecting those waters with the oceans on each side. This route has, beside, other recommendations. It has a good natural harbor at both its eastern and western ends and runs through a salubrious country, while the region through which the Panama canal runs is a most deadly climate.

The Dimensions of the Canal,

as furnished to the Association for the Advancement of Science at its sessions in New York, indicate that the work will be of practical utility for any ship afloat except the *Great Eastern*. The actual length of the canal will be forty miles and a third—about half the length of the Suez canal—though the entire distance between the two oceans at this point is nearly one hundred and seventy miles; the large portion of one hundred and thirty miles being already navigable through Lake Nicaragua and the River San Juan. It will be about 120 feet wide at the bottom, varying in width at the surface according to the character of the country, but generally about 288 feet. Its depth at no place will be less than 28 feet. It will require the labor of from 10,000 to 15,000 men, and is expected to occupy eight years and to cost about *seventy-five million dollars*.

The Route.

Engineer Peary summarized the details of the project in a lucid address to the scientists on August 15, from which it appears that its western mouth will be at the port of Brito on the Pacific side, from which point the canal ascends the valley of the Rio Grande by four locks, and cutting through the low "divide," enters Lake Nicaragua, seventeen and a quarter miles from Brito, at an elevation of 110 feet above the sea. The route then extends across the lake, which is forty miles wide and over ninety miles long, to its outlet into the Rio San Juan, a distance of fifty-six and a half miles. Then down the broad, deep reaches of the majestic San Juan to the dam, sixty-four miles from the lake. This dam, 1,255 feet long and fifty-two feet high, backs the water of the river the entire distance to the lake, and makes it simply an extension of the lake.

On the north bank of the river, just above the dam, a short section of canal, less than two miles long, cuts through the hills into the Y-shaped valley of the Rio San Francisco, lying north of the San Juan and separated from it by a range of hills. An embankment 6,500 feet long and fifty-one feet high in the centre, built across the stem of the Y, floods this valley to the level of the water above the dam, and makes about ten miles of lake navigation.

At the eastern end of this lake begins the eastern division of the canal, and pierces the "divide" by a cut 14,200 feet long and averaging 149 feet in depth. At the eastern end of this cut is the upper lock of the Atlantic flight, and from here the canal descends the valley of the Deseado by three locks to the sea level, and stretches across the lagoon region back of Greytown to the harbor, eleven and a half miles distant. From the last lock to Greytown, the same as at Brito on the west side, the canal is enlarged, forming an extension of the harbor eleven and a half miles inland.

The lake and the river must form a part of any and every canal route through Nicaragua, and the location as a whole is the result of Civil Engineer Menocal's complete and exhaustive personal knowledge of the entire country, from ocean to ocean, gained in the course of eight different surveys, extending over a period of fifteen years, and supplemented by a conscientious study of all that has been done by others in that region. Of the forty miles of actual canal about twenty-seven miles will be excavation pure and simple, while the remaining thirteen miles will be largely if not entirely excavated by dredges.

The Locks

are to be magnificent structures of concrete, 650 feet long, 80 feet wide and 30 feet deep, capable of containing the largest merchant vessels. The gates are the only features of the locks that will invite discussion or criticism. But as captains are accustomed at Liverpool and Havre to conduct their vessels through the dock-gates, which is equally or more difficult than entering a lock, no difficulty is expected on that account, especially as at many English and French ports a vessel has to pass one and sometimes through two locks before she can reach the quay to discharge, to say nothing of numerous dry-docks and locks, abroad and at home, which are in constant and successful operation and are seldom the cause of disaster.

The Traffic.

The estimated time of through transit by steamer is thirty hours. The traffic of the canal is limited by the time required to pass a lock, and on the basis of forty-five minutes, and allowing but one vessel to each lockage, the number of vessels that can pass through the canal in one day will be thirty-two, or in one year 11,680, which at the average net tonnage of vessels passing the Suez Canal, will give an annual traffic of 20,440,000 tons. This is on the basis that the navigation will not be stopped during the night. On the lake and the river the vessels can proceed as fast as at sea.

The manager of the Nicaraguan Steamship Company, Mr. J. W. Miller, at the same meeting pointed out many advantages which the Nicaraguan route promised, beside those already mentioned. Among them was the fact that the lake divides the canal into two distinct sections, and consequently eliminates any danger from a block, vessels being locked directly up to the lake, where they can remain quietly at anchor, in fresh water, loading under the lee of the numerous islands with the products of the country, repairing any damages with timber of the best quality, or provisioning for the coming ocean voyage. The lake is then the great port, and in considering the question of harbors at either terminus, it will be well to remember that they can be limited in size to the accommodation of the ships which may daily arrive.

"The undeveloped water power of the lake is also a factor, the value of which can scarcely be estimated. The canal once built, there will be a fall of over 100 feet in a distance of nine miles on the Pacific slope; in a length of twenty-three on the Atlantic. This fall will be per-

fectly under control, and harnessed to serve commercial purposes. The products of the country will be changed into merchantable commodities by the waste energies of the lake. Passing vessels will anchor here and reduce the bulk of their cargoes from raw material into manufactured articles. Shipbuilding industries, factories and dockyards will line the lake, where the fleets of the world will meet."

Prompt Action

is contemplated by the Company. Mr. Menocal, of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Navy, though prevented by sickness from attending the sessions of the Association, told a reporter that work would be commenced in December next. Two years would be occupied in making a minute survey of the route, which would be done by a corps of ten engineers, each with a large party of skilled assistants, after which the actual excavation would begin and the canal be in working order by the beginning of 1896. As has been already said, the government of Nicaragua is heartily in favor of the enterprise, and in granting the concession to Mr. Menocal promised to facilitate it in every way within its power. It required a deposit of a hundred thousand dollars as a pledge of good faith, which was immediately furnished.

It is almost unnecessary to point out that this new highway, like others that have been opened, will entail responsibilities on the Church of Christ. In Central America, which the canal will cross, there are thousands of heathens who have never heard of Christ. Mr. Clough, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on July 7, relates that as he stood on the deck of the steamer, during his voyages along the coast of Central and South America, gazing at the wonderful tropical forests (*a picture of one of these appears on the first page*), he saw groups of savages absolutely naked, emerge from the dense growths and gaze longingly and wonderingly on the ship. These are living in a state of barbarism—a virgin field for missions. Nor are the cities of Central America (of one of which there is also a picture on the first page) evangelized. Churches there are, it is true, but in scarcely any is Christ the Saviour of sinners proclaimed. The time grows short; it becomes us to use every facility placed by science at our disposal, to spread the knowledge of Christ, and to gather out a people for His name.

The Crown Prince of Germany has Again submitted to an operation upon his throat. This fact is regarded as ominous, because, when the last operation was performed, Dr. Mackenzie expressed the opinion that no further operations would be necessary. It indicates that the growth continues, as cancers do after they have been cut. The New York *Medical Record*, commenting on the case, says: "The nature of the operation would preclude the possibility of any microscopic examination of the diseased tissue being made. We are thus thrown, in our estimate of the final results, upon the purely clinical characters of the growth. In fact, thus far everything appears to be favorable, save a marked tendency to recurrence of the disease. The latter, however, is of the greatest possible significance in estimating the probabilities regarding the ultimate malignancy of the growth. We regret to say that the outlook is not as encouraging as it might be."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

With Father in His Room.—Mr. Campbell, speaking at the Glasgow Christian Institute, said: "A little child knocked at the door of his father's room, and when he opened it and asked the boy, 'What do you want?' the answer immediately came, 'Oh, nothing; only to sit beside you, father.' The father admitted him, and placed him tenderly in a chair by the side of his table, where the child played, and felt perfectly happy, because he was in the presence of his beloved father. Similarly, it is good for Christians, though they may have no special petition to ask from the Lord, to come into His presence, and abide there, simply basking in the sunshine of His sweet smile."

An Instructive Dream.—A Christian Worker tells the story of a poor woman who had for many years been away from Christ, but who became anxious to return to Him. "One night she dreamed she was walking on the verge of a precipice, when slipping, she fell over. Down, down she went, growing dizzy with the velocity of her descent. About half-way down she managed to catch hold of a twig which grew from the side of the precipice, and, retaining her hold there, she hung suspended between heaven and earth. As she hung there, she thought she heard a voice calling, 'Let go, and I will receive you.' She did so, and felt herself buoyed up in the arms of the caller. She was led to see that all she had to do was to let go and allow herself to be borne up in the arms of the Lord."

Running up his Colors.—A Minister Observes: "A young friend of mine, referring to his first appearance in an office in which he was to be employed, said to me, 'From the beginning I knew that the clerks were all looking at me, and wondering what I was made of, and what I was going to do. So, while they were talking and whispering, I went up to them, and said, "I know what you are thinking and saying, so I may as well tell you at once:" and taking out my Bible, I read that verse which says, "Ye must be born again." And then I said, "I am one of those who have been born again." They all laughed, but I told them that I was in earnest, and their laughing did not hurt me. I had taken my stand; they knew what I was, and if I wanted to draw back, I could not.'"

Only Six Months to Live.—The Rev. Mr. Scrymgour says: "I know a lady who had for some time been ailing. She went to a doctor and consulted him, telling him how she was affected. The doctor looked at her steadfastly, and quietly said, 'You have a disease upon you which, humanly speaking, it is impossible to cure; I am deeply grieved to tell you that it will kill you in six months. Had you come to me before, I should most probably have been able to cure you: but it is now too late.' The lady hoped the doctor's words would not be verified, but at the end of six months she did die, as the physician had told her. Oh, how glad that lady would have been if some one had told her in time of the disease that was slowly but surely encroaching upon her, and had presented her with the cure that would cure it. We now offer the Gospel of salvation to you, the certain cure for the disease of sin, that is insidiously creeping upon and threatening entirely to destroy you."

Saved from Imminent Death.—An Evangelist remarks: "I had a friend who was engaged with some other workmen on the top of a house. He had some work to do, to get at which it was necessary for him to be slung over the side of the house. They had no ropes, nor any of the usual apparatus with which to do this; the only thing which they could procure was a pair of laborer's slings, and with those they lowered him. And, as the man who lowered him looked down, he was horrified to find that the buckle had loosened, and that there was nothing to prevent the leather gliding through the buckle and the man being precipitated to the earth. He was afraid to shout, lest the man, perceiving his danger, should make some frantic effort, that would only assure his destruction; so, leaning over, and, striving to speak calmly, he said, 'Here, John, come up and look at this.' Up he came, hand over hand, and as he passed the buckle and saw in what danger he had been, he grew pale and almost fainted. He saw how utterly useless would all his strength and skill have been to cope with that overwhelming danger. Similarly, when a sinner passes from death to life, he realizes in what imminent peril was his immortal soul, and is full of thankfulness."

The Toll-Gatherer's Daughter.—Mr. Hefford says: "Once, while I was in the Midlands, I was asked by a friend to visit a young woman, the daughter of a toll-gatherer, who was lying very ill, and, the friend feared, in an unsaved state. Arriving at the house, and being admitted, I bent over the bed and said, 'You are very ill.' 'Yes, very,' she faintly replied. 'Are you aware that your time here is very short?' 'Yes,' 'Are you prepared for changing worlds?' 'I think so.' 'May I ask on whom or on what you are resting?' For a few moments she gazed into my face, and then seeing I waited for a reply, at length she said slowly, 'I never did any harm.' 'Oh, no,' interposed the weeping mother, 'she was always a good girl, so different from others. Never has she been disobedient. She has always attended school and church, read good books and said her prayers at night.' When the mother had finished, the eyes of the sufferer had closed never to open again. Who would choose to die resting on his own goodness? There is no safe resting-place but the finished work of Christ. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that believeth not is condemned already.'"

A Sheep-Stealing Case Decided.—Mr. Bennett observes: "I heard lately of an interesting case of sheep-stealing in Asia. The accused and the accuser were brought before the judge. In the course of the examination the judge asked, 'Are there no witnesses?' 'None, my lord,' said he from whom the sheep had been stolen. 'Is the sheep still alive?' then inquired the judge. Being told that it was, he commanded that it be brought in. When this was done, the supposed thief was asked to retire outside the door and call to the animal, for if it were his it would know his voice, and follow him. He did so, and called the sheep several time, but to no purpose. The sheep did not recognize his voice, and would not obey the call. 'It is certainly not your sheep,' said the judge, and commanded the complainant to go without and call it. There was no room for doubting that this man was the owner, for at the first sound of his voice the sheep sought its master. In like manner do they who belong to the Great Shepherd of the sheep, for Jesus Himself has said, 'They hear My voice and I know them, and they follow Me; but a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of a stranger.'"

The Deacon and the Blacksmith.—Mr. Duncan relates: "Sometimes I feel just like the good deacon, who, having the salvation of a certain man very much at heart, stayed up one whole night praying for him. In the morning he saddled his horse and rode off to the place where this man, a blacksmith, resided. Meeting him, he said, I have been very much troubled concerning your soul, and now I have come to speak with you on that subject.' He began to speak about the Lord Jesus. He had prepared certain subjects upon which to speak, but when face to face with the man, he found they had all left his mind; although he was full himself of the power of God, he was unable to present Christ to his friend. So overcome was the worthy deacon that he burst into tears; then the Holy Spirit took up the work, and found the words that pointed the wanderer to the Cross. So, while the servants of the Lord may feel their own weakness and inability even to bear witness for Him, let us trust not in ourselves, but give self and all our weakness into His hands, that He may control our every action, so that it may be, not our working, but Christ's working in us."

THE QUEENS OF HOME.

A Vacation Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

(*A Sequel to last week's Sermon on Woman's Opportunities.*)

"There are three-score queens." Solomon's Song, 6:8.

Woman's Realm—Her Regal Functions—I. Comforting the Sick—A Traveller's Death in the West—The Sick Man's Craving for Home—Woman's Ministry on the Battle-Field—Heroines of the Christian Commission—II. Caring for the Poor—Helen Chalmers in the Slums—Safety of Ministering Women Among Criminals—Successful in Soliciting Charity—III. Consoling in Disaster—Tell Your Wife—The Deborah in the Home—IV. Bringing Heaven Near—A Sailor Haunted—An Immortal Marriage—A Dying Husband's Reproach.—V. Reaching Heaven—The Crown Prepared.

So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, but a queen. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants, and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen; but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at some length that woman's position was higher in the world than man's, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence; and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and this morning I resume the subject.

I. In the first place, woman has the special and the superlative right—not again going back to what I have already said—woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and

Comforting the Sick.

What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sick-room, trying to soothe the distracted nerves and alleviate the pains of the tossing patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influences; but at the first blast of typhoid fever on his cheek, he says, "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment:

> "O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! my head!" And they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed. How loudly they talk. How you long for

The Ministries of Home.

I know one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight; wife and daughters going westward—lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain; but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the promises of Jesus.

In Our Last Dreadful War,

men cast the cannon, men fashioned the musketry, men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying, "Charge! charge!" but woman scraped the lint, woman administered the cordials, woman watched by the dying couch, woman wrote the last message to the home circle, woman wept at the solitary burial, attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the generals home with brass bands and triumphal arches and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of heaven, of *Mrs. Brady*, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of *Annie Ross*, in the cooper-shop hospital; of *Margaret Breckinridge*, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed—some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over, those that had an arm left, waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!"—of *Mrs. Hodge*, who came from Chicago, with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted, "Three cheers for the Christian Commission!

God Bless the Women

at home;" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier"—and of *Mrs. Shelton*, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked, and said: "Your grapes and cologne cured me." Men did their work with shot and shell and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks and slippers and bandages and warm drinks and Scripture texts and gentle strokings of the hot temples and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said, "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said, "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a fight in yonder loft; there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

II. Again: woman has a special right to take

Care of the Poor.

There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down.

O, Christian young woman! if you would make yourself happy, and win the blessing of Christ, go out

Among the Destitute.

A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry, but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give His messenger hosts a charge, saying, "Look after that woman; canopy her with your wings, and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper, "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful!" and if you will listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among

The Haunts of Iniquity,

on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of *Helen Chalmers*, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place, "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "O, yes, she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said, never." That young woman who has her father by her side, walking down the street, armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on Gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the red right arm of His wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignations.

Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that if any of those boys should use a bad word in her presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where God tells you to go.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the

Solicitation of Charities

Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank or store or shop and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your cheque-book, mark the number of the cheque, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say; "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and He never sends me on a fool's errand."

III. Again: I have to tell you that it is a woman's specific

Right to Comfort

under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great

mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again: What is the matter? But he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir! your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She, perhaps might not have distangled your finances, or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. There are business men here who know what I mean. There came

A Crisis in Your Affairs.

You struggled bravely and long; but after a while there came a day when you said, "Here I shall have to stop;" and you called in your partners, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said: "We have got to stop." You left the store suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass throught the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt everybody would be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you. You hasten home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks and the ribbons and the fashions? No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed not under the stroke. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was one who understood your affairs without blaming you. You looked upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up: but while you looked at that arm, there came into the feeble muscles of it the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her ten twenty, or thirty years ago. You said: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care—I don't care." At the moment you were exhausted,

God Sent a Deborah

to meet the host of the Amalekites and scatter them like chaff over the plain. There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. O, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylæ in your own household where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of households to-day where as much bravery and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

IV. Again: I remark it is woman's right to

Bring to Us the Kingdom

of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of Divine love. She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian, I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. I may stand here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will refute it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will refute it. I may stand here and say there will be a Judgment day after a while. Yonder is some one who will refute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's gospel—nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth.

A sailor came slipping down the ratlines one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried: "What's the matter?" He said:

"My Mother's Prayers Haunt Me

like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated Christian home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men here to-day who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge in African jungles, they may fly to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

I stand before women to-day who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after that parting at the grave, will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as

An Immortal Marriage,

making the flowers that grow on the top of the sepulchre brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I stand here as a priest of the most high God, to proclaim the banns of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to set, and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman: "What knowest thou, but thou canst save thy husband?"

A man was dying; and he said to his wife: "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers; you laughed about all that, and you got me away into wordliness; and now I'm going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin?" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband? Are there not some here who have

Kindly Influences

at home? Are there not some here who have wandered far away from God, who can remember the Christian influences in their early home? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness? Oh, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off on that dark sea, I would just like this morning to take hold of that strand and pull you to the beach! For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

V. Lastly: I wish to say that one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. O, what a multitude of

Women in Heaven!

Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven, Elizabeth Fry in heaven, Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven, the mother of Augustine in heaven, the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven, while a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window (the glass broken out), and the aching side, and wornout eyes, to the "house of many mansions!" No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work, to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last! Heaven for aching heads! heaven for broken hearts! heaven for anguish-bitten frames! No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps? No more rough blows across the temples! No more sharp, keen, bitter curses!

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize this morning that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown; whenever you have a pang of body or soul, He puts another gem in that crown; until, after a while, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel, "The crown is done; let her up, that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread

A Banquet,

and He will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast, and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life, and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards, and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps, and Christ will point you out, amid the celebrities of heaven, saying: "She suffered with Me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail! hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall—not such as struck the Babylonian noblemen with horror—but fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love, "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

DISMAYED STUDENTS.

A PHYSICIAN in relating his reminiscences of college life says: "I remember a professor devoting a whole week of the session to the subject of the varieties of heart disease. He had a private apartment opening off the class-room, to which he was wont to retire after he had finished his lecture, in order to take off his gown and enjoy a little meditation by the fire. On the afternoon of the second day a modest knock came to the door. 'Enter,' said Professor Blank. And, hat in hand, appeared one of his students, looking somewhat worried and pale. 'What can I do for you, Mr. M.?' 'Nothing, I fear,' was the reply; 'nothing on earth can aid me. I have the very symptoms that you were describing to-day. Sound me, and see, sir.' The 'sounding' was soon performed. 'You're in perfect health as regards your heart.' That was the verdict of the professor, and Mr. M. went away happy.

"But hardly had the kindly old professor resumed his seat before another knock resounded on the door. 'Come in. Well, what's the matter with you, Mr. C.?' 'I'm a dead man,' gasped Mr. C., looking wildly round as if he wanted to clutch something, 'I've got heart disease, as sure as a gun.' 'Not quite as bad as that, I trust. Take off your coat.' Auscultation and percussion were speedily performed; then the professor laughed in C.'s face. 'Sound as a bell, man,' he said.

"The doctor did not sit down again, however. No, he was afraid there would be more of them, so he hurried along through the quad, and got into his carriage. But he had two more visits at his residence on the same night from frightened students, and every day during the remainder of that week he had a visit or two of the same kind. On the following Monday he lectured on fevers, and the students completely recovered from their cardiac complaints."

Unhappily, clergymen who deal with the same subject in a spiritual sense, and whose hearers are really suffering (Jer. 17: 9) do not find the same alarm manifested, though they are able to prescribe a sure cure (Ezek. 11: 19).

1896 THE PROBABLE YEAR OF CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

By the Late Rev. Joseph Baylee, D. D., Vicar of Sheepscombe, England, and formerly Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead.

Extract from his Work published in 1871.

An Unwarranted Objection to the Study of Prophetic Dates—The Revelation to Christ After His Ascension—General Desire for Light—The Commencement of the 1260 Years—The Descent of Christ into the Air—The Re-Formation of Cæsar's Empire—The Increased Activity of Demons—An Awfully Important Question.

The study of unfulfilled prophecy must be a duty, inasmuch as it occupies so great a part of Divine revelation. Yet the number of students of prophecy is but an infinitesimal portion of even the devout readers of the Bible.

One great objection to many minds against inquiring into prophetical dates is our Lord's declaration, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man: no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father" (Mark 13: 32). Had we no subsequent revelation, this passage might seem to militate against inquiry into the date of the Second Advent. Our Lord, however, made that declaration when He was "in the days of His flesh." Since His ascension to glory, He received

A New Revelation,

which removes the obscurity: "*The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him*, to show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass" (see Revelation 1: 1). The Revelation or Apocalypse was given sixty years after His ascension to the Apostle John in Patmos. In that Apocalypse there are some dates which give precision to the dates mentioned in the Hebrew prophets, besides other statements which contribute to the same result. It is, therefore, obviously a mistake to argue that we cannot now know prophetic dates, because they had not been revealed when Christ was on earth. Especially as the solemn and stirring events of our own day are arousing a widespread attention to the signs of the times, and the number is increasing of those who long for more light.

It is now (1871) forty-one years since I first believed in the Coming Personal Reign of Christ. Throughout that time I have employed all the means in my power to ascertain the truth regarding the predicted time. A comparison of our Lord's words in Luke 21: 24 with Revelation 11: 2 led me to apply the Conquest of Jerusalem by the Saracens in A. D. 636 as the commencement of the Mohammedan 1260 years, which consequently

Terminate in 1896.

Still further, Nebuchadnezzar's 2520 years date from the era of his reign, and end simultaneously with the 1260 days—i. e., A.D. 1896.

About A. D. 1896 the Lord will gather His saints to meet Him in the air (1 Thess. 4: 17). If they are to meet Him in the air, He must have come down to the air, and, therefore, have left His present place, "far above all heavens." Now, we learn from Zechariah 14: 4, that at the last siege of Jerusalem His feet are to stand upon the Mount of Olives. *Before* that great event will probably be this rapture of the saints so strikingly described in Psalm 1: 1–6: "The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth, from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof. Out of Sion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined. Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; a fire shall devour before Him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him. He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people. Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice. And the heavens shall declare His righteousness; for God is Judge Himself." From the heavens above shall come down His saints, from earth beneath His saints shall be taken up, and all those that have made a covenant with the Lord by sacrifice shall be gathered together.

That gathering up will be "in a moment; in the twinkling of an eye." Then will be fulfilled our Lord's words, "One shall be taken and another left" (Luke 17: 24, 26, etc.).

Naturally, evening ends in darkness. But on one great future day evening will end in morning. When Jesus stands with His feet on the Mount of Olives there shall be "one day (i. e., a peculiar day) which shall be known unto the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light" (Zech. 14: 7). The evening issuing not in darkness but in the morning of the day shall see

The Sanctuary Finally Cleansed.

To those who are left it will be an unspeakably awful moment. All the well-meaning but *self-deceived* persons who unite in public worship, and reverentially go to the Lord's table, will suddenly find themselves left behind, and be as the foolish virgins. We have some reason to think that *even converted* persons, whose unwatchfulness did not permit the Christ-like mind to shine through them, will be left behind to endure the judgments of the vine of the earth. Within twenty-five years from this time (1871) we have reason to hope that this rapture of the saints will take place. May we all remember the Lord's warning, and keep our garments unspotted from the world.

To Nebuchadnezzar was shown the great Image. Its head was of fine gold, representing the Babylonian Empire. Its breast and arms of silver—its loins of brass; its legs of iron, its feet part of iron and part of clay. The Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman Empires were thus revealed to Nebuchadnezzar as constituting in reality one continuous system, differing in form and qualities, but one in community. The two arms of silver symbolize the Medes and Persians, the loins represent Greece, European and Asiatic, the two legs,

Cæsar's Roman Empire,

West and East, the two feet and ten toes, Rome and Constantinople with five powers round each. The last condition of the Roman Empire is therefore to be with five toes on each foot, i. e., five western and five eastern toes. we are now approaching rapidly to this last condition of the Prophetic Image. The five toes are the five western powers—England, France, Spain, Italy, and part of Germany (Austria). The Eastern Question will hurry on the formation of the five toes of the Eastern foot, namely, Austro-Hungary, and the four Alexandrine horns—Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt.

Preparatory to the outpouring of the Seventh Vial, and to the last scenes of the times of the Gentiles, this vision is given of the larger liberty given to wicked spirits as a last judgment upon those who received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. Demoniac possession appears to have been more extensive in our Lord's days than in any previous or subsequent age. Judas was possessed by Satan himself. An analogous fact is here revealed. "Spirits of demons working wonders" are permitted to go forth to the kings of the [Roman] earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Such is the awful state of things now spreading through society.

In the midst of these predictions is the warning to the Lord's people, "Behold I come as a thief: blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." It is

An Awfully Important Question

whether a really converted child of God may so walk as to forfeit the privilege of being caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so be left to the judgment of the vine of the earth, partaking of the sufferings of the outer darkness—i. e., the tribulations by which men are to learn righteousness. Many of the warnings of Scripture seem to imply the possibility. See Mark 13: 35-37; Luke: 21 34-36; Matt. 22: 11-13. When we remember the twofold character of our renewal—first, the mind within; second, the power of the renewed mind seen without, the latter the garment—it seems but too probable that many "babes in Christ" (and therefore born again) will be found "carnal, and walking as men?" (1 Cor. 3: 1–3). At all events, it can do us no harm to take the warning, and be more careful to keep our garments undefiled (Rev. 3: 4).

MR. STUDD'S CONFESSION.

In a letter from Shanghai, China, dated May 29 last, there is a remarkable narrative, showing how great is the power of a really consecrated life on one who comes within the circle of its influence. On April 9, 1885, the portrait and life of Mr. C. T. Studd were published in this journal. Our readers will remember that this was the young undergraduate who, through Mr. Moody's influence, abandoned his brilliant prospects in life to go as a missionary to China. A few months ago he received a visit there from his brother, who thus writes of himself in the letter mentioned above:

"It is now about ten years ago, and when I was a schoolboy, that I first realized the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I realized that He had died to wash my sins away; I accepted His salvation, but there I stopped. I tried to live better, but I was only trying in my own strength, and I failed. It was not long before I was trying to live both for God and mammon, to have all the advantages of the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet not willing to confess Him before my fellow-men, nor to do anything for Him. I tried to get all the pleasure I could out of the world, and to rest happy that my sins had been forgiven. As a Christian, I felt that there were some things that I ought not to do, and yet I had not strength to resist temptation when it came, for the very simple reason that I was not looking to Jesus.

About four years ago I started in life, as men say. It had always been my ambition to go to the Bar, and so I began to read law. I had only been reading for a few months when I was overtaken by a very serious illness—an illness that laid me on what, for some time, seemed to be my death-bed. Then it was I began to think of my past life, and I could not but see that it had been very unsatisfactory and full of ingratitude to God. I resolved that, if God would raise me up, I would live a better life and begin to do some Christian work. But they were resolutions with reservations: I was not prepared to live entirely for God.

In His infinite mercy God did raise me up, and I did begin to do a little Christian work; but it was very little, done fitfully, and left undone when any small excuse offered. Last October I was again overtaken by illness, and was ordered to go away to Australia for the winter. I spent four months in Australia, and was just starting again for home when I got a letter from my brother in China, saying that if I would return by China he would come down to within a reasonable distance of the coast and see me. Right glad I was to get that letter, for I wanted to see my brother; I had not seen him for two years and a half, and I was not likely to meet him again for years. I arrived at Shanghai about ten days ago (on May 19) and found to my surprise that my brother had come here to meet me. When it was suggested that I should stay with my brother at the Inland Mission House I was somewhat alarmed, for I was afraid of being thrown too freely into the society of such earnest Christian workers. I did not know what they might not want me to do, and I was afraid of being identified too much with Christians by men of the world.

For the first day or two it was all right, though I could not help noticing *the calm and the peace amongst the people* with whom I was living. No troubles or difficulties seemed really to bother them. They had their trials and difficulties, but these did not seem to burden them. With me it was quite different: I was sometimes vexed and troubled by small, petty things. I asked the secret of this peace, and was told: "Oh! whenever we have a difficulty we lay it definitely

before the Lord in prayer, and He always does according to His promise: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee.'"

That was all very well, but I did not understand it. I believed in prayer, but I knew nothing of it as such a power in everything. Unconsciously I began to wish that I might have this peace, this settled calm. I knew I had not got it myself, and I saw that it was something worth having. I began to ask how I might get it, and was told to submit myself entirely to the Lord Jesus, and trust Him for everything. I did not want to submit myself wholly. I didn't know what it might lead to; it might lead to my going to missionary work in China, and I didn't want to do that, as I was determined to go home and go back to the Bar.

I then heard there were to be some revival meetings in Shanghai, and that made me quite determined to go away at once. I thought they might want me to take part in them, which I was afraid to do; so I took my passage in the Japan Mail starting on Friday last. However, I began to feel such a craving, such a hungering for this peace, that I made up my mind at all costs that I must have it, and after much prayer I surrendered myself to the Lord Jesus, trusting that He would make my will His own. That was on Wednesday, and since that time I have had such peace, such joy in my soul, that I can't express it in words. I know it has made me feel altogether a different creature, and really, last Thursday and Friday I could scarcely believe that I was not in a trance, that I should not suddenly wake up the old self; but no, thank God! it is no trance, but just this: the Lord Jesus Christ is my Keeper. I felt that I must confess before men what the Lord Jesus had done for me. At once I went and got my passage transferred, and I am staying on here to tell out God's love for me. I can now understand what I never could before—the self-denial of my brother and others, who have given up home and comforts in order to preach the Gospel in China, and to live as Chinamen. Why, I see now it is truly their greatest pleasure to tell of the Love of Jesus, to be always on His service—it is no hardship for them—they have given up a sham that they might obtain a reality. Their sole aim now, and I pray God that mine may be for the future, is to be telling of the love of the Lord Jesus, and of the salvation which He is offering to every man who will only believe. Don't let any one refuse that salvation because he is afraid of what his fellow-men will say. Do trust Jesus, and trust Him fully. "O, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

SOME PRECIOUS GIFTS IN AID OF CHRISTIAN WORK IN MEXICO.

A Letter From The Rt. Rev. H. C. Riley, D. D.

AMONG those who have read of the pressing need of contributions in aid of Christian work in Mexico several persons have, as they were able, forwarded gifts for that object. I most sincerely and heartily thank the kind donors for their most timely contributions. What is specially needed are regular monthly or quarterly contributions, which together may amount to three or four hundred dollars a month, to enable us, by God's blessing, to continue our work. One business gentleman, who has been in Mexico and who has become deeply interested in the Christian work of the Mexican Branch of the Church, offers to be one of thirty persons, provided twenty-nine others can be found to unite with him in doing the same, who shall each give ten dollars a month in behalf of that work, thus placing it on a strong financial basis. If among those who may read these lines twenty-nine persons would write to J. P. Heath, 43 Bible House, New York, offering to unite in this effort, it would do great good, and carry great joy to the earnest and faithful workers in Mexico. Who will join in this effort? I have received the following letter, which tells of a gift which well may move many to ask themselves if they too cannot part with something that shall enable them to forward some contributions in aid of Christian work in Mexico.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 7, 1887.

BISHOP H. C. RILEY.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find one dollar, to be used in the effort you and others are making to extend our Master's Kingdom in Mexico. This gift has been used as an ornament by my boy, now nearing his thirteenth birthday, and was given to him on his seventh, as a reward for kind offices performed. After reading your need of help for Christian work in Mexico in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he has insisted that it be forwarded to you; and may our Heavenly Father bless the gift.

Your's truly,

JOHN E. SNEAD.

A poor seamstress, who lived in a town on the Hudson River, some time since sent a dollar in aid of Christian work in Mexico, with a touching message, that she was a seamstress, in delicate health, and had to struggle hard to earn a livelihood. For some time back she had been economizing from her scanty earnings until she had been able to save a dollar, intending with it to buy herself a new hat; but when she heard of the pressing need of funds, with which to aid the Church of Jesus in Mexico, she made up her mind, instead of spending her dollar in buying herself a new hat, to make the old hat with a new ribbon do for some time longer, and to contribute her dollar in aid of the work of the Church of Jesus in Mexico.

A wealthy lady in Ireland, who had heard of this generous act of the poor seamstress, had asked in a store in Dublin for an elegant white feather, intending to purchase the same so as to wear it in her bonnet at a brilliant afternoon reception soon to take place at the hospitable home of a distinguished nobleman. As this wealthy lady was admiring the magnificent feather she had in her hands, she remembered what the poor seamstress had done in aid of Christian work in Mexico, and bravely decided not to purchase the feather, and to contribute the amount it would have cost her in aid of the work of the Church in Mexico. She attended the reception with only some simple artificial violet flowers in her bonnet, and forwarded her gift in aid of the work.

Among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may many be moved to economize some trifle monthly, and to forward the same as a monthly subscription to aid the work. Several might club together and forward their gifts as a monthly subscription "from several friends of the work."

The Church of Jesus in Mexico has to pay salaries to its clergy and employees regularly each month, and needs a monthly income with which to meet these and other expenses. In giving to aid Christian work in Mexico, remember, dear reader, that you are giving to aid in firmly planting a pure branch of the Church of Christ, and helping it to work for our Saviour in a vast land by our side where such work is fearfully needed.

An humble couple, in Liverpool, who had heard of the work of the Church in Mexico, sent £5 to aid it. Their child, a little boy, had died a short time before, and as he was dying, he said to his parents, "Father, mother, don't forget Jesus."

Dear reader, don't forget Jesus when you give in behalf of His holy cause; remember "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15: 3). May His divine love move you to generous deeds. Jesus has said, "I will build my Church." It is the work of His Holy Church that you are asked to aid.

A little girl in Worthing, in the south of England, who had heard of the work of the Church of Jesus in Mexico, presented herself at the home of a clergyman in that town, saying, "I want to be a missionary." Her very tiny form contrasting with her brave resolve, provoked a smile; abashed at being answered only with a smile she added, "At any rate, I can pray for the work, can't I?" and holding up a little silver coin in her hand, offering the same for the work, asked, "And will this do any good?" Sweet child, may your example move others to pray for the work, and to give as they are able.

Christian reader, will you help the work with your prayers, by your example, your generous gifts, and by seeking to interest others in the work?

There is a marvellous opportunity to do a most important work for Christ and His Holy Church in Mexico. There is a most effective instrumentality in that field—a faithful well-equipped, experienced native branch of the Church—through which to work. At its front there are persons of education, but its communion has been gathered from the humbler classes, whose means in Mexico are very limited. To maintain the work of this Church, the gifts of the faithful in other lands are pressingly needed.

Fellow-Christians, encourage with your gifts the efforts made to befriend this faithful branch of Christ's Church in doing its earnest work. May the prayers of many unite with ours to our Triune God in its behalf, asking Him for His blessing, protection, and help.

There are nearly fifty millions who speak the beautiful language of old Spain. They live in some of the fairest portions of the world. The Church of Jesus has already done much Christian work in their midst. Manifestly God has blessed the work. Your gifts are asked for, to continue and extend that work.

They can be forwarded to my address, H. CHAUNCEY RILEY, 43 Bible House, New York.

CONVERSIONS IN CHICAGO STREETS.

OPEN-air services were recently held in the streets of Chicago, the speakers going from place to place in a large truck drawn by two bay horses. An organ and some chairs were in the truck, and Tom Wright, the colored cornetist, sat beside the driver. The meetings were not disturbed anywhere, and in some cases there were blessed results. One young man came to the superintendent and said: "I'd like to join your Mission Band, but before I give my name to the secretary, I feel that it is my duty to tell *you*, sir, who I am; then, if you will take me, I'll be glad." He continued: "I'm not a drunkard; I look a little rough to-night, but I'm not a drunkard. I'm a professional burglar, a safe-blower; a criminal all my life, and only out of jail a few weeks; but *I'm a changed man to-night;* I've given my life to Jesus Christ, and if you will let me join this band maybe I can do some good." He was assured that if he had given himself to Christ he was just the fellow that was wanted.

Another man, a large, handsome fellow, who is employed in a dry goods house, was so affected at the street meeting that he sobbed like a child. He came to the superintendent after the above conversation and said, between his sobs: "Oh, sir, whiskey has nearly ruined me; my wife and family are separated from me, and I was fast going to ruin; but the singing in the street attracted me, and O, I'm so glad I came here to-night; I'm a changed man; I've started in a new life, and by the help of God I'll redeem the past." He was assured God would help him, and bring his family back to him if he was true to Christ.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Canadian Fishery Dispute Has Taken a more hopeful aspect, in the light of cable despatches from England. The British government has appointed a Commissioner to visit Washington with two colleagues, to discuss the question in its various bearings. It would appear from remarks made to a *Times* correspondent, by Mr. Bayard, that the visit of the Commissioners originated in his own suggestion. Mr. Bayard has been embarrassed in his negotiations by the triangular manner in which they have been carried on. Every proposition submitted to England by the United States had to be referred to Canada, for the views of the Dominion Government, and after months of delay, it would be returned with the Canadian objections, and the whole routine would have to be gone over again. Mr. Bayard has therefore suggested that if properly authorized persons consulted with the United States government, an agreement might be more readily reached. The cable despatches state that American commissioners have already been appointed to meet those from England, but Mr. Bayard denies that statement. They will confer with the Secretary of State, but, if it deemed advisable, two or more persons familiar with the question may, aid in the discussion. The arrangement is certainly a wise one, but as the Senate expressed a decided opinion last session against a Commission, it is doubtful whether any treaty that might be framed by the Commissioners and the Secretary of State, would be confirmed. It is unfortunate, and shows a singular lack of tact on the part of Lord Salisbury, that the only commissioner appointed so far, by Great Britain, should be *Mr. Chamberlain*, who is probably the one statesman against whom there is any strong personal prejudice in this country. Tory statesmen are not disliked because in opposing Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question they were consistent with their traditions and principles; but the part Mr. Chamberlain has taken has excited personal animosity against him, which bodes ill for the success of his mission.

The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention held at Allentown on August 31, appears to have been largely under the control of Mr. Randall, although the platform shows signs that there was some opposition to his views. As Mr. Randall is supposed to have aspirations for the Presidency, the endorsement of President Cleveland by the Convention was rather guarded than enthusiastic, and some of the President's utterances, notably those on the abolition of duties on raw materials, were ignored. The tariff plank, which is just now a very difficult subject for a Democratic convention to handle, avoids the crucial point by saying that in view of the existing condition of the public Treasury, we demand with emphasis that the large surplus already in the Treasury shall be used to pay the public debt and that the current and unnecessary increase going on beyond the needs of government shall be immediately prevented by a wise and prudent reduction of internal taxation and of duties on imports, in accordance with the declarations of the Chicago platform of 1884. The immigration difficulty is evidently growing into recognition. The convention said: We recognize the material benefits which this country has received from immigration. We endorse the legislation of Congress against the importation of contract labor and to compel the return of paupers and criminals. We commend the national administration for its efforts to rigidly enforce these laws, and, while we are opposed to any illiberal restrictions, we favor such additional measures of regulation as may be found necessary. This, with denunciation of Republicans in general, and Pennsylvania Republicans in particular, filled out a platform that was deemed sufficient for an off-year.

The Iowa Democratic Convention at Des Moines, on September 1, placed itself squarely on record on the liquor question, which will be the one that will probably take precedence of purely political issues in the coming election. There was a dispute on the details of that plank in the platform, between what is known as "the river country faction," which demanded a stringent license bill, and the interior districts, which proposed a minimum license of $500, with a local-option feature attached. Eventually, the Convention settled on the following plank, as an expression of its views: We are opposed to all sumptuary legislation, and in favor of the repeal of the present prohibitory liquor law, and substitution in its stead of a local-option and carefully guarded license law, with a minimum license fee of $500 for better control of the liquor traffic. As the Republicans stand pledged to the maintenance of prohibition, the liquor question will undoubtedly be the battle-ground, and, in Iowa at any rate, the Republican party will have the good wishes of Prohibitionists. The other planks in the platform included an indorsement of the President, and a resolution in favor of a reduction in the tariff, and maintenance of the existing taxes on liquors and tobacco. Major T. J. Anderson is the candidate for Governor.

A Test of the Composition of the Prohibition party which was made at Syracuse is deeply significant, and deserves the consideration of the politicians and of the public generally. In the course of the proceedings all delegates who had formerly belonged to the Democratic party were asked to stand up, and 134 rose. Then all who had been Republicans were requested to rise, and about 800 responded. This ratio, of course, applies only to New York State, but it is probable that all through the East and West the proportion would be about the same, and only in the South would there be much variation. Another showing was made which was still more significant. The clergymen among the delegates numbered ninety-five, and when a call was made for church officers and Sunday-school superintendents nearly every delegate was on his feet. The practical politicians, who have had their own way so long, cannot afford to ignore these facts.

The Trouble with the Utes in Colorado has given rise to reports so contradictory that it is difficult to get at the truth. It appears to have originated in an attempt on the part of a deputy sheriff to arrest one or more of the Indians on a charge of horse-stealing. The Indians, not understanding his object, resisted, and their friends aided them, until the outbreak grew to formidable proportions. They are said to have gone on the warpath, though this the Indians deny; but it is certain the sheriff collected an armed posse and went in search of them. On August 27 there was a regular pitched battle between the sheriff's posse and the Indians at a place near Rangly, Col., in which at least six Indians were killed and several whites wounded. Gen. Crook has now gone to the scene of the disturbance, which, it is believed, will soon be settled under his capable management. This outbreak is said to be a mere incident of a larger trouble. Colorow and about fifteen braves are strongly opposed to removal, while the consent of a majority of the tribe has been secured.

An Earthquake Shock of Considerable Violence was experienced at Tucson, Ariz., on the morning of September 1, about nine o'clock. It lasted seven seconds and caused general alarm, but no damage has been reported. This shock, following so closely on the slight shocks felt in parts of South Carolina and in Mexico, on August 27, shows how unstable is the earth's crust, and produces no little uneasiness, especially in the South, where the Charleston calamity will never be forgotten.

A Bonapartist Manifesto was Issued in France last week. Prince Victor, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, who is endeavoring to supersede his father as head of the Bonapartists, has issued a manifesto from Brussels, in which he condemns the Conservative party of France for supporting the present Cabinet. He describes the present condition of his party, and expresses his views as to the proper course to be pursued to accomplish the end in view—the restoration of the empire. The manifesto makes no mention of Paul de Cassagnac, who is regarded as the responsible champion of Bonapartism.

Russia's Proposal to Send to Bulgaria a Provisional Governor until a new Sobranje shall legally elect a Prince for the Bulgarian throne has been accepted by the Sultan. A Russian journal states that Turkey is seeking the assent of the Powers to the carrying out of the proposal, and that the Sultan has guaranteed that Turkey will assist General Ernroth to carry out his mission, and supply him with a Turkish army if necessary. The Bulgarians are reported as strongly opposed to the proposal. Still more decisive, as indicating the Czar's intention to occupy the country, is a manifesto which has been circulated in all the Balkan provinces. In this document M. Neitchoff declares that Bulgaria has no means of safety unless Russia nominates a commissary to regulate the affairs of the soldiers as well as of the civilians.

The Irish National League is Preparing to resist the proclamation of the British Government. Mr. O'Brien, who recently visited this country and Canada, speaking at a recent meeting, said that the first branch of the League against which the government should issue a proclamation, would hold its meetings with closed doors, and refuse to open them for the police, even if they demanded admittance. This would leave the police nothing to do but break their way in, if they were determined to enter. As the police would probably resort to this violence, the central branch of the League would then ask the Lord Mayor to grant them the use of the City Hall, with special police to defend it during League meetings therein. Mr. O'Brien is himself to be prosecuted by the government, but the impending trial appears to have produced no fear in his mind. The Irish party in Parliament devoted its energies last week to opposing the grant of money to pay the Irish police and the Irish officials. They were voted, however, and on the question of the proclamation of the League coming up in the discussion, Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, asserted that seventeen hundred persons in Ireland had either suffered from boycotting or been protected from it by the government. This, in his opinion, proved that the League was dangerous.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Imprisonment of an American Missionary by Spanish officials is reported. In March last a Spanish Governor, with his suite of fifty soldiers, *six priests* and a number of convicts, landed at Ponape, in the Caroline Islands, where the American Board has a mission. Almost immediately the Governor, probably incited thereto by the priests, began to encroach on the mission and interfere with its work. The Rev. Edward P. Doane, the missionary in charge, having made several ineffectual protests, ventured on a formal letter of complaint. At this the Governor took offense, arrested Mr. Doane, and put him in close confinement on board the Spanish man-of-war in the harbor. All this was within one month of the arrival of the Spaniards. After three days the Governor came to Mr. Doane, and, without even the form of a trial, sentenced him to fifteen days' imprisonment because of his protest. At the end of the fifteen days the Governor informed Mr. Doane that he was to remain in confinement on other charges, but did not state the charges. For six weeks the Governor paid no attention to the inquiries of Mr. Doane or of his American associates on the island as to the cause of such treatment. Then suddenly he sent word to Mr. Doane that within three days he was to be deported to Manila, 2,000 miles away, to be tried there, but gave him no opportunity to look after his personal property on shore, to find witnesses, or to confer with his associates. A telegram has now been received by Dr. Judson Smith, announcing the release of Mr. Doane, but speaking gloomily of the prospects of the mission.

School Monitors Armed with Repeating rifles keep watch over some pupils being educated in New Jersey. There are over eight hundred convicts in the State Prison, at Trenton, and of these one hundred and forty can neither read nor write. The idea of starting a night school in the prison occurred to one of the keepers, and was approved by the State authorities. Some of the convicts have received good educations, and a dozen, who are fully competent, have volunteered to act as instructors. Books, slates and charts have been obtained, and the school was opened on September 1. Turnkeys, armed with repeating rifles, act as the monitors, the desperate character of many of the convicts rendering it necessary to take every precaution, even on such occasions. It may be hoped that even in a school in which convicts are teachers, some prisoners will gain knowledge that will help them to lead honest lives when they are released. If these teachers could tell their pupils that they have been pardoned and that they might also obtain their pardon in the same way they would be listened to with eager attention. That message delivered by pardoned sinners to sinners in need of pardon, is delivered in our churches, but it too often falls on inattentive ears (1 Tim. 1 : 16).

How to Harness Niagara, and put its Vast power to practical use, is a problem on which many inventors have exercised their faculties. A Buffalo citizen now claims that he has solved it. He has invented a machine which may be used in any river, but will be tried first at Niagara. The model exhibited last week consists of a platform of a foot and a half wide, and nearly as long again, with three upright bearings set so that by stretching an endless chain about them an irregular triangle is formed. The chain is furnished with flat paddles that stand out from it to catch the current, which is, by means of dams or walls thrown against its longest sides. Hinges permit the paddles to feather back against the chain on the return side. One of the wheels around which the chain runs is furnished with a pulley, which gives off the power to a belt that goes ashore. "It is the intention," says the inventor, "to make a machine 100 feet long, with steel blades ten feet high, having eight feet sweep. This, with guiding walls of masonry built in Portland cement, will cost, it is thought, $12,000." The invention has been sold to a company which proposes to put the power so obtained to a variety of uses, among which is that of generating electricity. If the machine will do all that the inventor claims for it, his achievement will be of immense value. All the more because he will not have to produce the power, but only to utilize that which nature has placed ready to his hand. If philosophers and social reformers would follow the example, they would save themselves many disappointments. God has provided a power for the reformation of the world that is omnipotent, but men prefer their own devices (1 John 5 : 4, 5).

A Pathetic Spectacle was Witnessed in the waiting-room of the railroad depot at Kansas City, Mo., on August 19. It was that of a young husband and his wife, both of whom had the appearance of having struggled hard in their country home to earn a scanty living. The man held in his arms what many doubtless looked upon as a sleeping babe. At his side sat a young woman with an old-fashioned sunbonnet pulled over a handsome but girlish face. Her dark eyes were moist with tears, while her lips trembled. The cause of their grief could be easily guessed. The white cloth covered the features of a dead child. A sadder spectacle of mute sorrow than that presented by the father tenderly clasping his dead child, has rarely been witnessed. To a reporter the young man stated that he had recently lived in Wichita County, Kan. He left home to settle at Schuyler, Neb., hoping there to better his financial condition. The babe, which was not yet a year old, was taken sick as they were starting, but neither he nor his wife thought it in a dangerous condition. It grew worse after the journey began, and died in its mother's arms on board a Union Pacific train just before reaching Kansas City. For such sorrow the world has no consolation to give, but the believing soul can find it in the assurance God gives in His Word (11 Sam. 12 :23).

A Thief's Present to a Police Captain Led to his arrest in New York, last week. As the sergeant on duty at the Thirtieth Street Station was sitting alone in the office, on the night of August 29, a man came in and inquired for Captain Williams. The sergeant told him that the Captain had been promoted to an inspectorship, and was not at that station now. The man said he had heard of his promotion, and had called to make the Captain a congratulatory present. Perhaps the sergeant would take charge of it, and forward it to the Captain. The sergeant was willing, and the man handed him a handsome gold ring, with an enormous moonstone set in it. The stone, he said, was known as "the light of the world," and was valued at $1,000. The man's actions aroused the suspicions of the sergeant, and, taking him into his private room, he undertook to cross-question him. The man's answers were evasive, and he was put under arrest as a suspicious person. When he was searched, a handsome diamond stud was found in his pocket, which with the ring, proved to be part of the plunder taken in a recent robbery of a noted jewelry store. If the thief thought to make himself safe from arrest, by putting the Captain under an obligation to him, he must have been sorely disappointed when he found that his visit to the police station had involved his capture. Some men who are engaged in nefarious business occasionally give large sums to hospitals and Christian enterprises from similar motives. They only show their folly; God accepts no such atonement (1 Sam. 15 : 22).

The Purchase of a Husband has Involved a lady in a family quarrel. Some six months ago a lady who inherited over a million of dollars under her father's will, came to reside in a New York hotel. There she became infatuated with a physician who successfully treated her for various real or fancied ailments. The physician, however, was a married man, and this fact would, with a lady of principle, have been regarded as an insuperable obstacle to her union with the man on whom she had set her affections. Not so the heiress. She entered into negotiations with the physician's wife. She proposed to give the wife a certain sum of money, for which the wife was to secure a divorce. The wife demanded a hundred thousand dollars, and the heiress offered fifty thousand. What sum was eventually paid is not known, but the arrangement was effected. The physician went to Europe, and his wife, setting up the plea of desertion, procured a divorce, after which he returned and married the heiress. The lady's relatives expostulated with her, and tried to restrain her by a suit in the courts, but failed. She professes herself well satisfied with her purchase. It is not likely that she will remain so, however, for a man that would lend himself to so unnatural and wicked a bargain will probably prove an ingrate unworthy the sacrifice his wife made to win him. Her folly has been so great that if her husband does prove unfaithful, she will not be entitled to sympathy, but the man himself everyone will condemn. How much more culpable are those members of the Church who are unfaithful to Him who purchased them, not with silver and gold, but with His precious blood (1 Peter 1 : 18)!

BRIEF NOTES.

The death of the Rev. T. J. Comber, of the Congo mission, is briefly reported by cable.

The corner-stone of a Methodist theological seminary was laid at Pueblo, Mexico, July 21.

Bishop W. L. Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died on Friday last. He was seventy years of age, and had been a bishop fifteen years.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea is holding services in the Gospel Pavilion, Brooklyn, and also assisting at the Cremorne and Berachah Missions in New York City.

Mr. James W. Allatt, of Hornellsville, N. Y., will conduct the musical part of the services which Mr. James Scovill has arranged to hold during the fall and winter.

It has been noticed by visitors to the White House that Mrs. Cleveland declines to take wine at the social gatherings given in her honor, accepting Apollinaris water as a substitute.

Miss Frances E. Willard, as Vice-President of the World's W. C. T. U., issues a call, by circular, urging the White-Ribbon Women everywhere to observe November 12 and 13, 1887, as "a World's day of special prayer for the temperance cause."

The Rev. W. F. Re Qua, writing from his sphere of labor among the Indians at McAllister, Ind. Ter., says that the Lord is opening their hearts to receive the Word, and he is expecting blessed results. He thanks the readers of this journal for help recently sent to him, which arrived at a time of pressing need when he had laid the matter in prayer before God.

Mrs. Irvine, who has had considerable experience in the training of young ladies, has opened a seminary in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. Parents desiring a thoroughly religious but unsectarian education for their daughters, with careful regard to their moral and spiritual welfare, should apply to Mrs. Irvine, who, we understand, has unexceptionable references.

Margaret Strachan, the well-known philanthropic friend of fallen women in New York, who managed the Faith Home in West Twenty-seventh Street, died on Sunday, August 28, after a long illness. Continuous and exhausting labor with the exposure and loss of rest incident to her labors, are believed to have shortened her life, but she loved her work, and could not be persuaded to leave it while life and strength remained.

A Turkish student, named Messiah Meseropium, who has been studying at the Crozier Theological Seminary, at Chester, Pa., has recently been ordained to preach in his own land. He came to this country without any money, but has been aided by Baptists from all parts of Pennsylvania. Not only his education, but his journey home and his outfit for his work in the ministry there has been provided for by his Baptist brethren here.

The committee in charge of the Convention of Christian Workers ask us to remind our readers of the approaching Convention, notice of which appeared in these columns several weeks ago. The Convention will meet in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on September 21, and the meetings will continue for eight days. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins will conduct the singing. For particulars as to reduced rates of fare, entertainment, etc., address Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow

Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF THE TEMPLE, AND HIS WONDERFUL CURE.

A New Sermon By Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the world. When He had thus spoken, He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing."—John 9: 5, 6, 7.

The Saviour at Congenial Work—The Blind Man Not Seeking Sight—Did Not Know What it Was—A Typical Case—I. The Conspicuous Healer—The Man's Growing Appreciation of Jesus—His Testimony of Him—A More Urgent Case—The Healer Still Present—II. The Special Means Used—Very Eccentric—Offensive to the Taste of Some—Commonplace but Adequate—III. The Plain Command—Simple—Personal—IV. The Result Certified—The Man Knew It—Others Perceived It—A Converted Man Afraid of his Wife.

OUR Saviour had been dealing with the Jews and the Pharisees, who had bitterly opposed, and even taken up stones to cast at Him. He felt much more at home when He could fix His eyes upon poor necessitous beings, and bless them with healing and salvation. It is the lot of some of us to be often in controversy with the carnal professors of the present day, and it is a great relief to us to get away from them and their stones, and find out individual sinners, and preach to them in the name of God the gospel, which spiritually opens the eyes of the blind.

At the gate of the temple sat a blind beggar, who must have been

A Notable Character,

for he was possessed of remarkable shrewdness and mother wit. From having long been there, he must have been well known to all who regularly frequented the temple, and to the wider circle of those who came from far to the great yearly gatherings. This man could not see Jesus, but, what was better, Jesus could see him; and we read in the opening of the chapter, "As Jesus passed by, He saw a man which was blind from his birth." I suppose that the blind beggar of the temple hardly valued sight, for he had been blind from his birth. Those who have seen must greatly miss the light of day; but those who have never possessed sight at all can hardly have an idea of what that sense must be, and therefore it cannot be so great a deprivation to them.

This beggar did not pray for sight; at least, it is not recorded that he did so. He was a beggar; it was his trade to beg; but amongst all his petitions he did not ask for sight. Yet Jesus gave him sight. Know you not that glorious declaration of free grace, "I am found of them that sought me not"? Is it not a wonderful thing that Jesus does often come to those who sought not for Him? I am persuaded that there are some before me now who are like the man born blind: they do not know what they want, they are not yet aware of the value of the blessing, and consequently they have not sought it; but to-day they are going to receive it. This case of the blind beggar is eminently instructive, and, therefore, let us get at it at once, in the hope that while we are considering the model case, we may see it repeated in spiritual form in our midst.

I. First, in this man's healing, and in the salvation of every chosen soul, we shall see

The Great Healer

conspicuous in this man's mind, as soon as ever he received sight, "a man that was named Jesus" came to the forefront. Jesus was to him the most important person in existence. All that he knew of him at first was, that he was a man that was named Jesus; and under that character Jesus filled the whole horizon of his vision. He was more to him than those learned Pharisees, or than all his neighbors put together. Jesus was exceeding great, for He had opened his eyes. By-and-by, fixing his mind upon that figure, he saw more in it, and he declared, "He is a prophet." He boldly said this when he was running great risks by doing so. To their faces he told the carping Pharisees, "He is a prophet." A little further on he came to this, that he believed Him to be the Son of God, and worshipped Him. Now, my dear friend, if you are saved by Jesus, your star must set, but the star of Jesus must rise and increase in brilliance till it becomes no more a star, but a sun, making your day, and flooding your soul with light.

After this man had received sight his testimony was all of Jesus. It was Jesus that spat, it was Jesus that made the clay,

It was Jesus

that anointed his eyes. So will it be in your mind with the gospel of your salvation: it will be "Jesus only." This man said expressly, "He hath opened mine eyes." Whenever he delivered his testimony, whether to his neighbors or to the Pharisees, there was no uncertain sound about it: he had been enlightened by Jesus, and by Jesus alone, and to Him he gave all the glory; and he was right in doing so. Oh, ye who would find light this morning, give me your thoughts at this moment! Endeavor to realize that Jesus Christ is a living and acting person. He is not dead; He has risen long ago. To us He is not an absent Christ, nor a sleeping Christ: but He is doing still what He did when He was on earth, only He now works in the spiritual, as once He worked in the physical, world. He is now present to save, present to open the eyes of the spiritually blind, present to bless you to whom I speak.

Remember that you must have this miracle wrought upon you. If the blind man had remained blind he might have continued a tolerably happy beggar. He seems to have had very considerable mental resources, and he might have made his way in the world as well as others of the begging confraternity. But *you* cannot be happy or safe unless the Lord Jesus open your eyes. There remains for you nothing but the blackness of darkness for ever unless light from heaven visits you. You must have Christ or die. Here is the blessedness of it, that at this moment He is still in the midst of us, able to save to the uttermost, and willing now to repeat the miracles of His mercy to those who will trust in Him to do so. I think I can almost hear the prayer struggling in your bosom. Silent, and unclothed in words, it sits on your lip. Let it speak. Say, "Lord, open my eyes this day." He will do it! Blessed be His name! He has come on purpose to open the eyes of the blind.

II. Having spoken upon the great Healer, as He stands conspicuous in the miracle, I would now conduct you, in the second place, to

The Special Means

observable in the miracle. Jesus could have healed this man without means, or He could have healed him by other means, but He chose to work the cure in a manner which to all ages will remain a grand sermon, an instructive parable of grace. He spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay. This is a picture of the gospel.

It meets with many modern criticisms. In the first place, the mode of cure *seems very eccentric*. Spat and made clay with the spittle and the dust! Very singular! Very odd! Thus odd and singular is the gospel in the judgment of the worldly-wise. "Why," saith one, "it seems such a strange thing that we are to be saved by believing." Men think it so odd, that fifty other ways are invented straightway. Though the new methods are not one of them worth describing, yet everyone seems to think that the old-fashioned way of "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" might have been greatly improved upon. The way of justification by faith is peculiarly open to criticism, and is about the last that this wise world would have selected. Yet, eccentric as it may seem for Christ to heal with spittle and dust, it was the best and wisest way for His purpose. Suppose instead thereof He had put His hand into His pocket and taken out a gold or ivory box, and out of this box He had taken a little crystal bottle. Suppose He had taken out the stopper, and then had poured a drop on each of those blind eyes, and they had been opened, what would have been the result? Everybody would have said,

"What a Wonderful Medicine."

I wonder what it was! How was it compounded? Who wrote the prescription? Perhaps He found the charm in the writings of Solomon, and so He learned to distil the matchless drops." Thus you see the attention would have been fixed on the means used, and the cure would have been ascribed to the medicine rather than to God. Our Saviour used no such rare oils or choice spirits, but simply spat and made clay of the spittle; for He knew that nobody would say, "The spittle did it," or, "It was the clay that did it." No, if our Lord seems to be eccentric in the choice of means, yet is He eminently prudent. The gospel of our Lord Jesus—and there is but one—is the wisdom of God, however singular it may seem in the judgment of the worldly-wise.

In the next place, the means may appear to some *offensive to the taste*. Oh, I think I see some of the fine gentry! How they turn up their noses as they read: "He spat!" "He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle!" It turns the stomachs of those delicate ones! So is it with the gospel. The Agags who go delicately do not like it. How the men of "culture" sneer at the gospel for which our fathers died!

Hear How They Decry

the ever-blessed Word of our salvation. They say that it is only fit for old women and idiots, and such fossils of the past ages as the preacher who is now addressing you. We are all fools except these men of progress, and our gospel is disgusting to carnal reason, to the idiotic self-complacency of those who, considering themselves to be wise, have become otherwise; but to you that believe He is precious.

It is further objected that the Lord healed this man in such *a commonplace way!* To spit and make clay of the spittle, why, anybody could do that! Why not have used an imposing ceremonial? Why not practice an eclectic method? If it had been one of the doctors of the age, he would have made a great performance of it. His prescription would have been a treat for learned men. And now to-day what is the new gospel that is proposed to us? It is the gospel of "culture." Culture! This of course, is the monopoly of our superiors. It is only to be enjoyed by very refined persons who have been to college, and who carry inside of them a whole university, library and all. The gospel, which is made to be plain enough for wayfaring men, is for that reason despised. Yet commonplace as our Lord's medicine was, it was unique. All the philosophers of Greece could not have compounded a drachm of this healing application. Even thus, if the gospel should seem commonplace, it is to be remembered that there is not another like it!

I think I hear another objector say that the remedy was *quite inadequate*. Clay made out of spittle would be postively inert, and could exercise no healing power upon a blind eye. Just so, we are prepared to hear all this. The clay has no efficacy; but when Jesus uses it,

It Will Answer His Purpose.

The man, after he had washed the clay into the pool, came seeing, The gospel may appear as if it could not renew the heart and save from evil. To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ seems an unlikely means of producing holiness. Men ask, "What can evangelical preaching do to put down sin?" We point to those who were once dead in sin who are made alive by faith, and thus we prove the efficacy of the gospel by facts. "Oh," they say, "can faith transform the character? Can belief subdue the will? Can trust conduct the mind to a high and elevated life?" It does do so; and though in theory it appears inadequate, yet as a matter of fact it has made men into new creatures, and has turned sinners into saints.

Another wise gentleman judges that clay upon the eyes would even be *injurious*. "To

stick clay over a man's eyes would not make him see; it would add another impediment to the light." So have I even heard it said, that to preach salvation by faith is against good morals, and may even encourage men in evil. Blind bats as they are, can they not see that the case is the very reverse? How frequently by the gospel are harlots made chaste, thieves made honest, drunkards made sober! By this very gospel of faith which they say is against good morals, the best of morals are produced.

So, I would say in leaving this point: Do not cavil at the gospel. We sometimes tell servants that it is never wise to quarrel with their bread and butter. I would earnestly say to every anxious spirit: Do not quarrel with the gospel of salvation. If you are in a right state of mind as to your condition, I am sure you will not. When I found the Lord I was driven into such a corner, that whatever salvation might have been, I would have had it on God's terms without a question. If you are the man that I am looking for, if you want to receive spiritual sight, you must make no conditions with Jesus; you will not ask for a perfumed ointment for your eyes; but you will gladly accept an anointing with clay from your Saviour's hands. Whatever the Lord prescribes as the way of salvation you will joyfully accept. In that cheerful acceptance lies a great part of the salvation itself; for your will is at one with God.

III. I would now lead you a step further;

The Plain Command

is most noteworthy. Our Lord said to His patient, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." The man could not see, but he could hear. Salvation comes to us, not by sight of ceremonies, but by hearing the word of God. The ears are the best friends the sinner has remaining to him. It is by Ear-gate that the Prince Immanuel comes riding into Mansoul in triumph. "Hear, and your soul shall live." It was a little, insignificant affair, that pool of Siloam, whose waters flowed softly: why must he go there? He did not ask for reasons, but he at once obeyed, and in obeying he found the blessing. My hearer, you have to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.

It was also *intensely simple.* "Go, wash in the pool." Go to the pool, and wash the clay into it. Any boy can wash his eyes. The task was simplicity itself. So is the gospel as plain as a pikestaff. You have not to perform twenty genuflections or posturings, each one peculiar, nor have you to go to school to learn a dozen languages, each one more difficult than the other. No, the saving deed is one and simple. "Believe and live." But the command was also *distinctly personal.* "Go, wash." His parents could not go for him. It would have been idle for him to have said, "I will pray about it." No, he must go, and himself wash in the pool. So, too, the sinner must himself believe in Jesus. You get into the notion, some of you, that you may sit still and hope that God will save you. I have no authority to encourage you in such a rebellious inactivity. Jesus bids you go and wash, and how dare you sit still? Up with you, man! Up with you! The pool of Siloam will not come to you, you must go to it. The waters will not leap out of their bed and wash your eyes, but you must stoop to them, and wash in the pool until the clay is gone and you see. It is a personal direction; mind that you treat it so.

IV. I come, in the close of the discourse, to

The Result Certified.

I think I see this man, attended by his neighbors, going to Siloam. They had seen Jesus place the clay upon the man's eyes, and they had heard Him say, "Go to Siloam." They volunteer to go, and act as guides to the blind. Curiosity inspires them. He reaches the pool. He goes down the steps. He is close to the water. He stoops his head. He washes his eyes. What will come of it? The clay is gone, but what else has happened? Suddenly the man lifts up his face and cries, "I see! I see!" What a shout went up from them all. "What a wonder! What a marvel!"

This man could see at once. He washed, and his blindness was gone. Eternal life is received in a moment. It does not take the tick of a clock to justify a sinner. O soul, the moment thou believest, thou hast passed from death to life. Quick as a flash of lightning the effectual change is wrought, the eternal life enters and casts out death. Oh, that the Lord would work salvation now! This man

Could See at Once.

We read of another blind man, that he first saw men as trees walking, and only after a time saw every man clearly; but this man saw clearly at once. Oh, that you who hear me this day would believe, and live at once!

This man knew that he could see. He had no question about that, for he said, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Possibly some of you have been decent people all your lives, and yet you do not know whether you are saved or not. This is poor religion. Cold comfort! Saved, and not know it! Surely it must be *as lean a salvation as that man's breakfast, when he did not know whether he had eaten it or not.* The salvation which comes of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is conscious salvation. Your eyes shall be so opened that you shall no longer question whether you can see. Oh, that you would believe in Jesus, and know that you have believed and are saved! Oh, that you might get into a new world, and enter upon a new state of things altogether!

And *other people perceived that he could see.* They could not make it out. Some said, "This is he;" but others would only say, "It is like him." A man with opened eyes is very different from the same man when he is blind. If we were to take any friend we know who has no eyes, and suddenly eyes were to be placed in his countenance, we should probably find his expression so altered that we should hardly think him the same person, and therefore the cautious neighbors only said, "He is like him." Yet they were all of them sure he could see. I remember a poor man who was converted, but he was

Afraid of His Wife—

not the only man in the world that is in that fear—and therefore he was fearful that she would ridicule him if he knelt to pray. He crept up-stairs in his stockings that he might not be heard, but might have a few minutes' prayer before she knew he was there. His scheme broke down. His wife soon found him out. Genuine conversion is no more to be hidden than a candle in a dark room. You cannot hide a cough. If a man has a cough, he must cough; and if a man has grace in his heart, he will show grace in his life. Why should we wish to hide it? Oh, may the Lord give you such an eye-opener this day that friends and relatives shall know that your eyes have been opened!

This man, when he received sight, was willing to lose everything in consequence. The Jews cast him out of the synagogue, but when Jesus found him, the man did not fret about the Jews. I think I can see his face when Jesus found him; how happy he was as he worshipped his benefactor! "Poor soul, poor soul, you have been cast out of the synagogue!" "Oh," says he, "don't pity me. They may cast me out of fifty synagogues now that Christ has found me What care I for synagogues now that I have found the Messiah? When I was in the synagogue I was a blind man, and now I am

Out of the Synagogue,

but I have my sight." When you become a Christian, the world will hate you and revile you; but what of that? Some will have no more to do with you. This may be the best turn they can do you.

We had a lady of title in our membership once, and a very gracious sister she was. I had some little fear about her at first, lest the great ones should draw her away from the truth. Soon after her baptism, she remarked that a certain noble family had given her the cold shoulder, and others, who were very intimate, had ceased to call. She took it as a matter of course, and only remarked that it made her own course all the more easy, for she had not now the pain of hearing their ungodly conversation, nor even the responsibility of severing the connection. The world has done its best for the child of God when it has cast him out. Its excommunications are better than its communications.

What a wonderful thing the Lord Jesus had done for this man, and what a wonderful thing He is prepared to do for all who trust Him! Let us pray the Almighty God to manifest among us the works of God this day. O Lord, regenerate, illuminate, pardon, and save those who are here present, and thus glorify thy Son! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A CLERGYMAN AMONG BEARS.*

THERE is among Western men much controversy as to the various kinds of bear inhabiting our Western Alps; but the number of those who, from personal observation, are capable of forming an opinion, is very small. In the first place, for all the sanguinary talk around the stove, there are not a great many men who have made a practice of hunting bear at all. One such incident as that which occurred two years ago in the Big Horn, scares a good many. Apoor fellow there came on a bear, a small cinnamon, feeding on an elk he had killed. He fired, and wounded it; the bear retreated, and he followed. Coming up with it again, he fired, when the bear charged him. Trying to reload (he used, I heard, a single-shot Sharp rifle), the extractor came off the empty shell, and of course he was defenceless. He evidently drew his knife and used it desperately, for when they found him the bear lay near him, dead, with many knife-wounds in it, but it had killed him first. In short, both on account of the danger and by reason of the great difficulty of seeing them, it scarcely pays to hunt bear alone.

Narrow Escape from a Big Cinnamon Bear.

The largest bear any of us ever saw was a cinnamon, that came within an inch of killing one of my men—a good hunter and first-class guide—Charles Huff. (I may refer to the big cinnamon, too, as an instance of the danger that sometimes attends trapping the bear.) He had set his traps near Sunlight, in the spring, and was unable to visit them for a week. When he got to the bait, trap and log were gone. After taking up the trail he soon found the remnants of his log chewed to match-wood; the bear, evidently a large one, had gone off with the trap. He followed his trail as long as he had light, but found nothing, and had to return to camp. Next day, very foolishly, he took the trail again alone, beginning where he had left off. After a long march he came to the steep side of a hill; the bear had evidently gone up there; on the soft, snow-trodden ground the trail was plain. Just as he was beginning to ascend, there came a rush and a roar, and the bear was on him. He had no time to put his repeater to his shoulder, but letting it fall between his hands, pulled the trigger. The bear was within a few feet of him, and by a great chance the unaimed bullet took him between the eyes. He had evidently tried the hill-side, and, worried by the heavy trap, had come back on his trail, and lain behind a great heap of dirt, into which he had partly burrowed, waiting for his enemy. Among the *debris* of spring-tide—fallen stones and uprooted trees—a bear could easily lie hidden, if he was mad and wanted to conceal himself, till the enemy was within a few feet. It was a terribly close shave.

The Pluck of a Grizzly,

We stalked two small grizzlies in the "open," one evening. They were busy turning over stones, in order to get the grubs and worms underneath, and when we managed to get, unseen, within forty yards; at first fire each received a bullet broadside behind the shoulder; but seemingly none the worse, they both turned down hill, as bear will when wounded, nine times out

* From the Rev. W. S. Rainsford's Paper on Camping and Hunting in the Shoshone, in Scribner's Magazine. Price 25c. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

Zebehr Pasha, the Slave King of the Soudan.

of ten, and made for the ravine, whence they had evidently come. This gave me a nice open shot as they passed, and No. 1 rolled over dead; not so No. 2. Before he got a hundred yards away I hit him three times. At the fourth shot he fell, seemingly dead. We got within a few feet of the bear, when up he jumped, and on one hind leg and one fore, went for Frank. The attack was tremendously unexpected and sudden. At a glance you could see that the brute was past hurting anyone, yet for a few strides he actually caught up to Frank, who made most admirable time; then he suddenly fell dead. Each of the five bullets I had fired had struck him.

HAZELTON'S RETURN HOME.

(*See Illustration on page 573.*)

Two men were pacing the deck of an Atlantic steamer, bound for Liverpool, one night, watching the play of the moonbeams on the water.

"Do you stay long on the other side, Hazelton?" asked one of them. "If you are coming back soon we might arrange to make the passage together."

"I don't know," said Hazelton, a man of some five-and-thirty years of age; "my business is a strange one for a man of my age to take up, and it is possible I may remain for some years. I may as well tell you what it is."

"Do," said the other; "I have had the impression all through that your experience was out of the common order."

"No; I guess it is only too common, but I hope it will end better than it might. I am going to my home. I am the only son of my parents; good, pious people, who built their hopes on me. They thought I should be a good man, and perhaps a clergyman. I know my dear mother made that her prayer. Well, they brought me up a little strictly. Being the only one, you see, they concentrated their efforts on me. As I grew up I fell in with their wishes; thought I was converted, and joined the church. But when I was eighteen I formed an acquaintance that perfectly infatuated me. I lost my liking for religion, for reading and study, and gradually drifted into fast life.

"Well, after a few months I could not conceal the life I was living any longer. The exposure came, and my father's anger was awful, and my mother almost broke her heart. Then home was unendurable, and I ran away. In America I went from bad to worse, until I was a homeless, penniless vagabond. Then being driven by hunger, I turned over a fresh leaf, and went to work. I got on, and prospered, on the whole, but had occasional outbreaks, in which I spent all I had. It was no real reform, and for fifteen years I oscillated between decency and industry and dissipation.

That continued until three months ago when just as I was starting out on a spree after a longer period of abstinence that usual, it pleased God to stop me. I was truly converted and then my conscience put in its work. After a week or two of mental agony I determined to go home and see if I could make any amends to the old folks. I felt that was my first duty, so not waiting for letters I took my passage, and here I am. There never was a schoolboy so eager to get home for his vacation as I am. I can imagine my dear old mother when she sees me go in to the house, and my father won't be slow to forgive the prodigal."

"Ah, that is a pleasant errand," said Hazelton's companion. "I don't wonder it makes you happy to think of it."

Hazelton's impatience for the reunion grew as the voyage came to a close, and no sooner was he landed than he set out by express train toward home. He had some six miles to walk from the nearest station, but the distance seemed nothing. At last, turning a corner, he was at the gate behind which was the dear old house. He pulled the bell, but there was no response. Looking up he saw a board announcing that the house was to let. The disappointment was almost more than he could bear. He felt giddy, and steadied himself by a grasp on the fence.

As soon as he could collect his strength he walked to the village inn, and in a casual way made his inquires.

"Yes," the innkeeper said, "Hazel Cottage is to let. It's a dull place and out of repair. The old gentleman who used to live there didn't seem to have no heart to keep it up. His son ran away, and then his wife died. And after that the old man pined, but he lived on in a quiet sort of way till this spring, and then he took to his bed and died. We buried him a week ago last Monday."

Hazelton turned away with all the light gone out of his life. He was to late too make amends. There could be no place for repentance now, though he might seek it carefully and with tears. He went to the old churchyard, and by the two silent graves he asked God's forgiveness for his past life and consecrated the future to His service. But he was conscious that all his life long the burden of that irretrievable past would lie upon him.

ZEBEHR THE SLAVE KING.

(*See Portrait.*)

The intelligence that Zebehr Pasha has been released from captivity at Gibraltar is only one more surprise in connection with the career of this remarkable man.

The first heard of Zebehr was from the explorer Schweinfurth, who in 1864, found him holding a miniature court, and living in regal state, far up the Nile. He owned fortified posts, garrisoned by strong bands of Arabs, whose sole business was to kidnap negroes and drive them to the slave marts. His power and arrogance grew year by year. He dismissed the Khedive's tax gatherers empty handed, saying he would pay tribute to no one, and an expedition sent against them by the Khedive was annihilated. The dread of Zebehr heading a revolt and wresting from him the great region of the Upper Nile, was, it may be surmised, the chief factor in moving the Khedive to consent to Gordon's raid on the slave traffic, which would inevitably bring him into conflict with Zebehr,

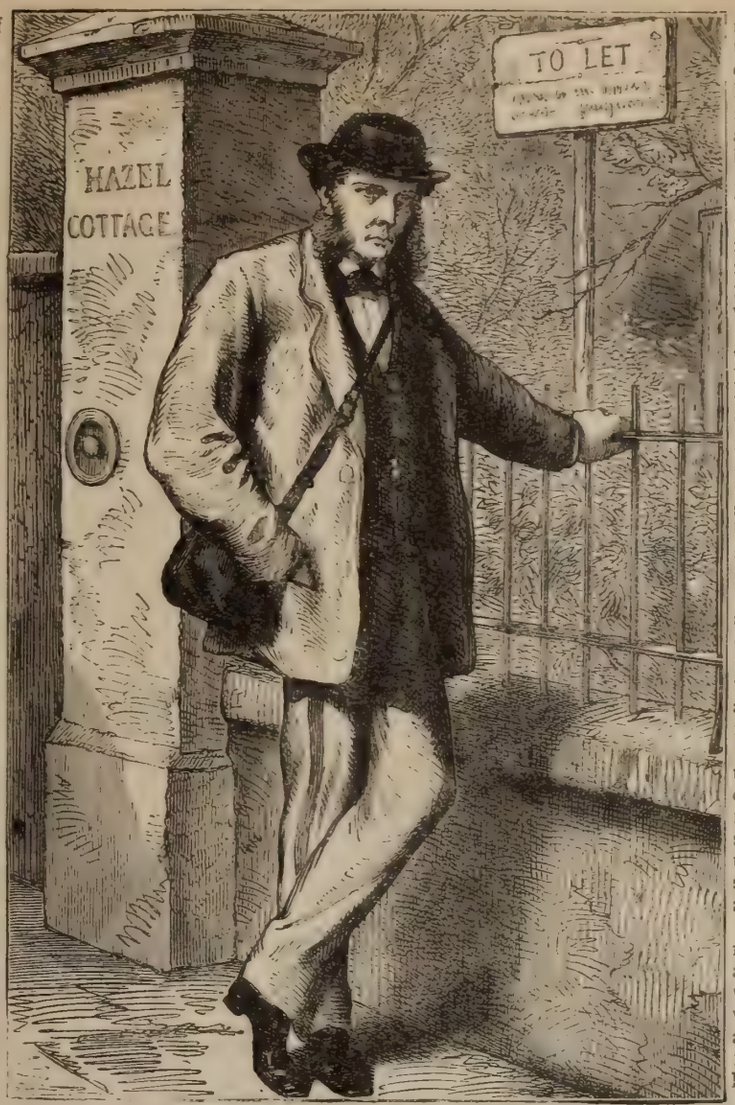
and might lead to the overthrow of that too powerful subject.

Meanwhile, Zebehr had a quarrel with the Sultan of Darfur, and contrived to represent to the Khedive of Egypt, that his enemy was also the enemy of the Khedive. He offered to lead an expedition against Darfur, and make it subject to Egypt. The offer was accepted, and Zebehr kept his promise. The Sultan was vanquished and killed, with his two sons, and Darfur was handed over to Khedi al rule. For this Zebehr was created a Pasha; but he was not satisfied with that reward. He claimed the governorship of the province which he had conquered, and in 1874 he went to Cairo to intrigue for the command. It was, however, refused him, chiefly through Gordon's influence, who knew Zebehr's character, and was aware of the fact that Zebehr was the chief of the slave dealers, whose inhuman traffic he had made it his mission to suppress. As a last resort, Zebehr tried to bribe Gordon, and that failing, his discomfiture made him desperate.

Before leaving for Cairo, he had assembled his chiefs under a large tree, near Obeid, and made them swear that if he sent the word they would unitedly take up arms against the Khedive. Now, as fast as steam and camel could take his messenger to the Soudan, the word of Zebehr Pasha went back to the leagued slave dealers: "Obey the orders I gave you under the tree." Promptly the call was answered, and under Suleiman, the eldest son of Zebehr, a large force was soon in the field. Gordon and his lieutenant, Gessi, immediately moved against him. On his way, Gordon intercepted many of Zebehr's caravans of slaves as they were being driven to the markets. Gordon said: "We must have caught two thousand in less than nine months, and I suspect we did not catch one-fifth of the caravans. Nothing could exceed the misery of these poor wretches. *Some were children of not more than three years old;* they had come from Shaka, a journey from which even I, on my camel shrink. Even the poor women were quite naked."

Eventually, after two years' fighting Suleiman was completely routed, was himself captured, and by Gordon's orders put to death. Zebehr also was put in prison in Cairo and charged with instigating the revolt. He was tried and condemned to execution. The Khedive, however, reprieved him, and he was permitted to reside in Cairo on a pension of $500 a month, allowed him by the Khedive. He still maintained communications with his followers and received a share of their plunder. He occupied a grand palace in Cairo, the harem of which was tenanted by numerous wives, of every hue, from Africa's shiniest black to the lightest bronze of Abyssinia, and the fairest complexions of the Lower Nile Valley. The courtyard in front of the "palace" swarmed with male retainers—slaves, of course, chiefly Nubians and negroes of Central Africa. In the reception-room was always a crowd of visitors and hangers-on, Zebehr himself sitting in the middle of the divan or low couch that runs along the upper wall.

His position became a source of danger when the British forces were fighting in the Soudan, for Zebehr in Cairo had access to information which he supplied to the Mahdi. Hicks Pasha's death was believed to have been one of the results of Zebehr's treachery. The British government therefore insisted on having him in its own keeping, and sent him to Gibraltar where he was kept under close surveillance. He has been there about three years and during that time has been begging for freedom. "I am an old man now," he said; "let me and my family go in peace. We will live in Mecca or in Jerusalem, and so I will end my time." His request has now been granted on his giving pledges of fidelity to the Khedive and the Queen.



Hazelton's Return Home. (See page 572.)

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN.

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 558.)

The Review of the Year—A Spiritually minded Man—The Rent at the Eleventh Hour—Rupture of a Blood-vessel—Healed by Faith—Prayers for Sick People Answered—No Money for Food—A Dinner and Provisions Given—Decreasing Popularity at Teignmouth—Decides to Leave.

AFTER we had, on December 31, 1831, looked over the Lord's gracious dealings with us during the past year, in providing for all our temporal wants, we had about $2.50 left. A little while after the Providence of God called for that, so that *not a single farthing remained.* Thus we closed the year 1831, in which the Lord had been so gracious in giving to us, without our asking any one:—1. Through the instrumentality of the box, $158.—2. From brethren of the church at Teignmouth, in presents of money, $34.50.—3. From brethren living at Teignmouth and elsewhere, not connected with the church at Teignmouth, $466.50. Altogether, $659. There had been likewise many articles of provision and some articles of clothing given to us, worth, at least $100. I am so particular in mentioning these things, to show that we are never losers by acting according to the mind of the Lord. For had I had my regular salary, humanly speaking, I should not have had nearly as much; but whether this would have been the case or not, this is plain, that I have not served a hard master, and that is what I delight to show. For, to speak well of His name, that thus my beloved fellow-pilgrims, who may read this, may be encouraged to trust in Him, is the chief purpose of my writing.

In reading about all these answers to prayer, the believing reader may be led to think that I am spiritually minded above most of the children of God, and that, therefore, the Lord favors us thus. The true reason is this: Just in as many points as we are acting according to the mind of God, in so many are we blessed and made a blessing. Our manner of living is according to the mind of the Lord, for He delights in seeing His children thus come to Him (Matt. 6); and, therefore, though I am weak and erring in many points, yet He blesses me in this particular, and, I doubt not, will bless me as long as He shall enable me to act according to His will in this matter.

We had now in the new year to look up to our kind Father for new mercies, and during the year 1832, also, we found Him as faithful and compassionate as before, not laying more on us than He enabled us to bear, though space will only permit me to mention a few particulars.

January 7, 1832. We had been again repeatedly asking the Lord to-day and yesterday to supply our temporal wants, having no means to pay our weekly rent; and this evening, as late as eleven o'clock, a brother gave us 19s. 6d., a proof that the Lord is not limited to time.

February 18. This afternoon I broke a blood-vessel in my stomach and lost a considerable quantity of blood. I was very happy immediately afterwards.

February 19. This morning, Lord's day, two brethren called on me to ask me what arrangement there should be made to-day, as it regarded the four villages, where some of the brethren were in the habit of preaching, as, on account of my not being able to preach, one of the brethren would need to stay at home to take my place. I asked them kindly to come again in about an hour, when I would give them an answer. After they were gone, the Lord gave me faith to rise. I dressed myself and determined to go to the chapel. I was enabled to do so, though so weak when I went, that walking the short distance to the chapel was an exertion to me. I was enabled to preach this morning with as loud and strong a voice as usual, and for the usual length of time. After the morning meeting a medical friend called on me, and entreated me not to preach again in the afternoon, as it might greatly injure me. I told him that I should indeed consider it great presumption to do so, had the Lord not given me faith. I preached again in the afternoon, and this medical friend called again, and said the same concerning the evening meeting. Nevertheless, having faith, I preached again in the evening. After each meeting I became stronger, which was a plain proof that the hand of God was in the matter. After the third meeting I went immediately to bed, considering that it would be presumption and irreverence to try my strength needlessly.

February 23. I am now as well as I was before I broke the blood-vessel. In relating the particulars of this circumstance, I would earnestly warn everyone who may read this not to imitate me in such a thing if he has no faith;

but if he has, it will, as good coin, most assuredly be honored by God. I could not say that if such a thing should happen again, I would act in the same way; for when I have been not nearly so weak as when I had broken the blood-vessel, having no faith, I did not preach; yet if it were to please the Lord to give me faith, I might be able to do the same, though even still weaker than at the time just spoken of.

About this time I repeatedly prayed with sick believers till they were restored. *Unconditionally* I asked the Lord for the blessing of bodily health (a thing which I could not do now), and almost always had the petition granted. In some instances, however, the prayer was not answered. In the same way, whilst in London, November, 1829, in answer to my prayers, I was immediately restored from a bodily infirmity under which I had been laboring for a long time, and which has never returned since. The way in which I now account for these facts is as follows: It pleased the Lord, I think, to give me in such cases something like the gift (not grace) of faith, so that unconditionally I could ask and look for an answer. The difference between the *gift* and the *grace* of faith seems to me this. According to the *gift of faith* I am able to do a thing, or believe that a thing will come to pass, the not doing of which, or the not believing of which, *would not be sin;* according to *the grace of faith* I am able to do a thing, or believe that a thing will come to pass, respecting which I have the Word of God as the ground to rest upon, and, therefore, the not doing it, or the not believing it *would be sin.* For instance, *the gift of faith* would be needed to believe that a sick person should be restored again, though there is no human probability; *for there is a promise to that effect; the grace of faith* is needed to believe that the Lord will give me the necessaries of life if I first seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness: for *there is a promise to that effect*" (Matt. 6: 34).

March 18. These two days we have not been able to purchase meat. The sister in whose house we lodge gave us to-day part of her dinner. We are still looking to Jesus to pay the difference. We want money to pay the weekly rent and to buy provisions.

March 19. Our landlady sent again of her meat for our dinner. We have but a halfpenny left. I feel myself very cold in asking for money: still I hope for deliverance, though I do not see whence money is to come. We were not able to buy bread to-day as usual.

March 20. This has been again a day of very great mercies. In the morning we met round our breakfast which the Lord had provided for us, though we had not a single penny left; the last half-penny was spent for milk. We were then still looking to Jesus for fresh supplies. We both had no doubt that the Lord would interfere. I felt it a trial that I had but little earnestness in asking the Lord, and had this not been the case, perhaps we might have had our wants sooner supplied.

We have about £7 in the house; but considering it no longer our own, the Lord kept us from taking of it with the view of replacing what we had taken, as formerly I might have done. The meat which was sent yesterday for our dinner was enough also for to-day. Thus the Lord had provided another meal. Two sisters called upon us about noon, who gave us two pounds of sugar, one pound of coffee and two cakes of chocolate. Whilst they were with us a poor sister came and brought 1s. from herself and 2s. 6d. from another poor sister. Our landlady also sent us again of her dinner, and also a loaf. Our bread would scarcely have been enough for tea, had the Lord not thus graciously provided. In the afternoon the same sister who brought the money, brought us also from another sister one pound of butter and 2s., and from another sister 5s. Thus the Lord graciously has again answered our feeble and cold breathings. Lord, strengthen our faith!

March 29. I went to Shaldon this morning. Brother Craik has left for Bristol for four weeks. I think he will only return to take leave, and that the Lord will give him work there. [What a remarkable presentiment, which came to pass, concerning my beloved brother and fellow-laborer!]

April 4. Besides our own family, there are now four visitors staying with us, and we have but 2s.

April 5. Four pounds of cheese and one pound of butter were sent us.

April 7. Anonymously was sent to us from Plymouth, a large ham, with two sovereigns ($10), tied in the corner of the cloth in which the ham was wrapped up. Thus the Lord was once more in this our time of need, when our expenses are double, has graciously appeared for us.

April 8. I have again felt much that Teignmouth is no longer my place, and that I shall leave it.

I would observe that in August of the preceding year (1831), I began greatly to feel as if my work at Teignmouth were done, and that I should go somewhere else. On writing about this to a friend, I was led, from the answer I received, to consider the matter more maturely, and at last had it settled in this way: that it was not likely to be of God, because for certain reasons I should *naturally* have liked to leave Teignmouth. Afterwards I felt quite comfortable in remaining there. In the commencement of the year 1832 I began again much to doubt whether Teignmouth was my place, or whether my gift was not much more that of going about from place to place, seeking to bring believers back to the Scriptures, than to stay in one place and to labor as a pastor. I thought so particularly whilst at Plymouth in February.

On my return, however, I resolved to try whether it were not the will of God that I should still give myself to pastoral work among the brethren at Teignmouth; and, with more earnestness and faithfulness than ever, I was enabled to give myself to this work, and was certainly much refreshed and blessed in it; and I saw immediately blessings result from it. Thus my experience seemed more than ever to settle me at Teignmouth. But notwithstanding this, the impression that my work was done there, came back after some time, as the remark in my journal of April 8 shows, and it became stronger and stronger. There was one point remarkable in connection with this. Wherever I went I preached with much more enjoyment and power than at Teignmouth, the very reverse of which had been the case on my first going there. Moreover, almost everywhere I had many more hearers than at Teignmouth, and found the people hungering after food, which, generally speaking, was no longer the case at Teignmouth.

April 10. I asked the Lord for a text, but got none. At last, after having again much felt that Teignmouth is not my place, I was directed to Isaiah 51: 9–11.

April 11. Felt again much that Teignmouth will not much longer be my residence.

April 12. Still feel the impression that Teignmouth is no longer my place.

April 13. Found a letter from Brother Craik, from Bristol, on my return from Torquay, where I had been to preach. He invites me to come and help him. It appears to me, from what he writes, that such places as Bristol more suit my gifts. O, Lord, teach me! I have felt this day more than ever that I shall soon leave Teignmouth. I fear, however, there is much connected with it which savors of the flesh, and that makes me fearful. It seems to me as if I should shortly go to Bristol, if the Lord permit.

April 14. Wrote a letter to Brother Craik, in which I said I should come if I clearly saw it to be the Lord's will. Have felt again very much to-day, yea, far more than ever, that I shall soon leave Teignmouth. At last I was pressed in spirit to determine that to-morrow I would leave the brethren; so, in order that by the result of this I might see more of the Lord's mind, and that, at all events, I might have their prayers, to be directed in this matter by the Lord.

April 15. Lord's Day. This evening I preached again once more, as fully as time would permit, on the *Lord's Second Coming*. After having done so I told the brethren what effect this doctrine had had upon me on first receiving it, even to determine me to leave London, and to preach throughout the kingdom; but that the Lord had kept me chiefly at Teignmouth for these two years and three months, and that it seemed to me now that the time was near when I should leave them. I reminded them of what I told them when they requested me to take the oversight of them, that I could make no certain engagement, but stay only so long with them as I should see it to be the Lord's will to do so. There was much weeping afterwards. But I am now again in peace. [This would not have been the case had the matter not been of God. I knew of no place to go to. My mind was much directed to Torquay, to preach there for a month or so, and then to go further. For though I had written that I would come to Bristol, I meant only to stay there for a few days.]

(*To be Continued.*)

SOLEMN WARNINGS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 18, Matt. 7: 13-29, Golden Text, Matt. 7: 19.

Ver. 13, 14. Only Two Ways Mentioned—The Narrow Way Needs to be Sought—The Broad Way Demands No Effort—A Knowledge of Destination Important to Travellers—The Strait Gate Too Strait to Admit Worldly Possessions—Or Vices—Or Proud People—Few Find It, Because the Conditions are Severe—Ver. 15-20. A Needed Warning—Dangerous Enemies—The Disguise Disarms Suspicion—A Sure Test—Their Inevitable End—Ver. 21-23. Shouting No Proof of Piety—The One Condition of Admission—Christ Intimates His Office—Ver. 24-29. Admiration of the Gospel Insufficient—Must Put it to Practical Use—The Rock to Build Upon—The House Falling Just When Shelter is Most Needed—The Peculiarity of Christ's Teaching.

"ENTER ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." The popular religion of the day is a kind of rationalistic universalism. You hear men speak in a patronizing way of the love of God, and they believe in just so much of it as suits their purpose. They are very broad, they will say, and they make out that God's friendship is just like their own; that He is too merciful to let any perish, that He may perceive faith where we cannot, that He is not arbitrary, etc., etc., thus they do away with all the distinctions which God makes so plain between the lost and the saved, the children of darkness and the children of light; the children of this world and the children of the Kingdom. His Word is clear in its witness that the two classes are fundamentally distinct and separate, and He uses figure after figure to show us this. "Enter ye in at

The Strait Gate."

Then everyone is either without or within this "strait gate," and none comes in by chance, no one is born into the narrow way, no one is carried in by somebody else. Our Lord is most definite about this, for He says, "Strive (agonize Gr.) to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will *seek* to enter in and shall not be able," (Luke 13: 24). Now, a striving which amounts to agony must be a very conscious thing, and this kind of death-struggle takes place in some way or other whenever a soul is really converted to God. The mere seeking is not enough. Unless a man is conscious that he is venturing his all, that time and eternity hang upon the issue, he does not really enter in at the strait gate. It is not always that a true conversion is accompanied with great emotion, but there is always a great venture; a going out from the known into the unknown; from ex-

perience to faith, from self to God. This is more than head knowledge. A man may be convinced by the clear arguments of another that God has forgiven his sins, he may even in words thank God for it, but unless he has seen that without Christ he is utterly lost, and has fled to Him as to a Refuge, and given himself up to be the Lord's, to belong to Him utterly, he is not really within the "strait gate;" on the "narrow way." When the heart receives Jesus and gives itself to Him, this new relationship cuts the cable which held it to the old life, and the soul is afloat in a new element—God. Men may be, and are, far narrower than God, but God's way of life is a

"Narrow" Way,

and few there be that find it." It is, and always will be, unpopular. The broad way is the popular way; there is no agonizing to enter into that way; we are all of us born into it, we are by nature the children of wrath, even as others" (Eph. 2: 3). The only question of entrance is with regard to the narrow way, and everyone who has not definitely left the broad way for the narrow, is in the broad way still; there is no alternative, no middle way. But the life of God in a soul is a very real thing and God gives us a test of its reality. Many a worldly unconverted man says, "I hate these religious professors who are always talking about themselves, while their lives are no better than other people's." We are told that there shall be false prophets who shall "come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves: ye shall know them by their fruits." A good tree brings forth good fruit, an evil tree evil fruit. When a man makes a great profession of religion, and yet, instead of honestly gaining his own living, is constantly sponging upon Christian people and doing a great amount of religious begging, we cannot be uncharitable in saying, "This is not the fruit of God, for Jesus worked as a carpenter, and never begged, and Paul, who gloried in making "the Gospel of Christ without charge" (I Cor. 9; 15-18), taught that men who work not at all are "disorderly," (II Thes. 4: 11). They bring forth evil fruit. When men or women speak much of their own experience of holiness, and yet make a practice of speaking evil of other Christians, we cannot but see that they have on a good deal of sheep's clothing; what they profess is not the fruit of the divine nature, which is love. Satan is the accuser of the brethren (Rev. 12: 10), and such fruit is surely his. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Do men gather strife, emulation, envyings, uncleanness, evil speaking of Christ? Do such fruits grow on such a Tree? Surely not.

Every Tree Bears its own Fruit,

and when there is the life of God in a soul, the fruit will be divine, it cannot be otherwise. When Stephen was martyred, and cried with his dying breath, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," such fruit was so manifestly of the genus Christ, that it would need no learned divine to discover whence it came. The "sheep's clothing," the outward profession, the membership of a church, all this will pass for nothing with God, if the fruit of the life is not Christ. The balances of the sanctuary are unlike any human test; they cannot be untrue. When some poor native of India or Africa is persecuted for Christ's sake, brought to starvation, degraded from caste, shut out of society, and yet manifests only love to those who persecute, can we fail to see that this is the fruit of an indwelling God in him? O, it is a shame and disgrace to our modern Christianity that this good fruit is so often more apparent in heathen converts than among Christians in England and in America.

The amount of spurious Christianity among us has a fearfully deadening effect, both at home and abroad. Only the other day, a missionary who was sent out to India from the Missionary Training Home, Drayton Park, London, wrote of a native pastor who is a drunkard, taught to love strong drink by missionaries from England! As a heathen he was sober, as a converted native pastor, a drunkard! Is this the kind of conversion which God endorses? Jesus says, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire; wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto Me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven." Some come to God with no other idea than to make God do their will; they accept forgiveness from Him, but they do not yield themselves up to Him. They are strong in their own will; they pray, but it is with the idea of making God come into their thoughts and serve their purpose; this is

Not a True Conversion.

Real conversion turns us from ourselves and our own will to God and His will. Unreal conversions are very numerous. "Many will say to Me in that day, 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?' And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." To many—of the most prominent preachers—will this be said. Yes, if their lives are not accomplishing the will of God and bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance (Gal. 5: 22, 23). To those who are gifted as speakers, it is no renunciation of self to preach, but when an eloquent preacher is patient under incessant interruptions, when he is teachable as a little child, ready to take rebuke from any, and just as pleased to minister to one person as to thousands, then the tree is bearing good fruit, and the man is doing the will of God. Can this condemnation include those who are used in healing? Yes, surely. For there are *many* who have faith for healing, and God responds to their faith, as He always does to these who trust Him in any way; yet how many of these have we seen puffed up and filled with spiritual pride, attributing the work they were doing to some power in themselves which God had given specially to them, rather than regarding themselves as the simple and unworthy instruments of the Holy Ghost! How many are there who stand before the world as the doers of "wonderful works," and whom many envy, and say, "I wish I were as useful a man as he, I wish I had a larger scope for my work." It is blessed indeed, but the glory belongs to Him whose hand holds the instrument, and not to the instrument himself. He may be the organizer of immense machinery in the work of God, he may set thousands of others to work; he may rescue thousands of orphans, of drunkards, of fallen men, and fallen women—but if his life does not speak Christ, if he is not really doing the will of God from the heart, he may, after all, hear the words spoken to him, "I never knew you, depart from me, thou that workest iniquity." It is not the amount which we *do* that pleases God; we can never lay Him under obligations to us by any amount of devotion, and if ever we look upon our work as something in which *we* enrich, or confer favor upon God, we are altogether out of our place. It is by grace we are saved, by grace we are kept, and, equally, by grace is it that we are made of God to do His will. Any power in preaching, healing, or working for God which makes us feel *we* are somebody is bearing evil fruit, is of the nature of the "wood, hay, stubble," which is to be burned by fire (I. Cor. 3:12, 15). Jesus said,

"Follow Me."

His life was a day by day and hour by hour doing the will of His Father, and this, not by constraint, but with joyous gladness. "So I come. I delight to do Thy will, O my God! yea, Thy law is within my heart" (Ps. 11: 8). By nature, every one of us has the tendency to do our own will; we all want to be kings of our own little kingdom, and to carry out our own plans and thoughts. But it is a greater and more glorious thing to carry out the thoughts and plans of our heavenly Father. Ours are imperfect and disjointed, and they have a selfish tendency; His cannot but do good, for they spring from His perfect, impartial, universal love.

"Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." God tries all His children, "everyone shall be salted with fire." When there exists real faith, it will be put to the proof; when there is love, it will be proved. No sooner do we come into a deeper knowledge and experience of our God, than we are tried on that very point. That which we are learning now is an

Education for Eternity,

and we must have our exercises and our long repetitions, that we may be grounded in our knowledge of God; the rain will descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow. There will be everything to test; but if we are "rooted and grounded in love" (Eph. 3: 17), i. e. "rooted and grounded" in God; if, indeed, God has the control of our life, if our wills are fully yielded up to Him, then our house shall stand, "the foundation of God standeth sure," the house is proved to be on a rock. God Himself has the care of it. Abraham was proved when God called him to offer up Isaac, but his house stood, it was founded upon the rock. Daniel was proved in the lion's den, but God was more than a match for the lions. It is in the time of testing that the good or the bad fruit appears. Fair-weather Christians are numerous; but, O how many fail when the time of testing comes! How few are they that find the "strait gate" and the "narrow way!" "Everyone that heareth these sayings of Mine (all this Sermon on the Mount), and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it." In the testing time all that is of man fails, all that is of God stands. Peter thought his love to Jesus was true, but, in the testing time, it failed. None of the disciples would have believed that they should forsake Jesus and flee from Him, until the testing time revealed it. Thank God for the testing times, which show up our unreality and our nothingness. They are God's blessed provision to drive us from every false foundation to rest upon the Rock of Ages.

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SLEEPING AND WAKING.

God giveth His beloved sleep:
They lie securely 'neath His wing
Till the night pale, the dawning break;
Safe in its overshadowing
They fear no dark and harmful thing;
What does He give to those who wake?

To those who sleep He gives good dreams;
For bodies overtasked and spent
Comes rest to comfort every ache;
To weary eyes new light is sent,
To weary spirits new content;—
What does God give to those who wake?

His angels sit beside the beds
Of such as rest beneath His care.
Unweariedly their post they take,
They wave their wings to fan the air,
They cool the brow and stroke the hair—
God comes Himself to those who wake.

To fevered eyes that cannot close,
To hearts o'erburdened with their lot,
He comes to soothe, to heal, to slake;
Close to the pillows hard and hot
He stands, altho gh they see Him not,
And taketh care of those who wake.

Nor saint, nor angel will He trust
With this one blessed ministry.
Lest they should falter or mistake;
They guard the sleepers faithfully
Who are the Lord's beloved; but He
Watches by those beloved who wake.

Oh! in the midnight dense and drear,
When life drifts outward with the tide,
And mortal terrors overtake,
In this sure thought let us abide,
And unafraid be satisfied -
God comes Himself to those who wake!

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

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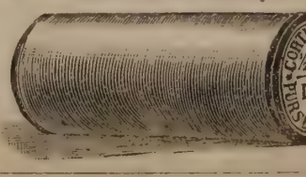

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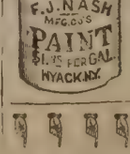

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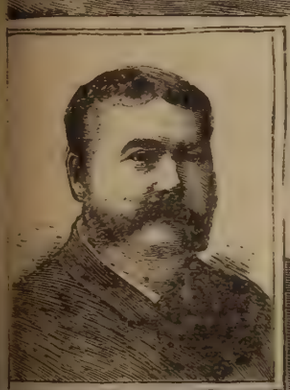

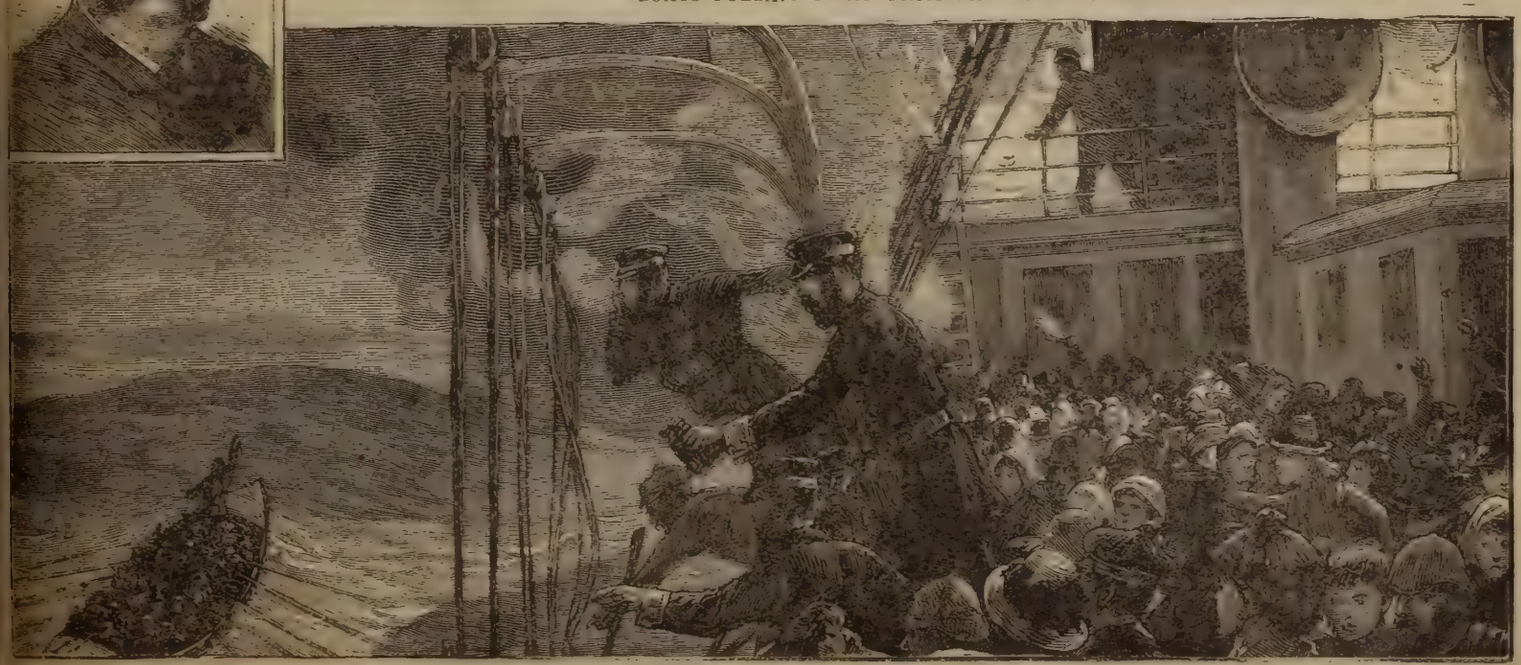

THE PASSENGERS LEAVING THE SHIP.

CAPT. F. S. LAND—THE BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP CITY OF MONTREAL.

THE BURNED INMAN STEAMSHIP.

The Steamer and her Living Freight—A Clergyman's Experience—The Discovery of the Fire—Hand to Hand Battle with the Flames—Arousing the Passengers—The Fire Subdued—Breaks out Afresh—The Second Alarm—Hope Abandoned—Lowering the Boats—Ten Hours Drifting—Temporary Shelter—The Hospitable York City—The Captain of the Burned Steamship.

THAT the Inman steamship *City of Montreal* was burned at sea during her voyage from New York to Liverpool we have already learned from the cable despatches, a summary of which appeared in this journal on August 25; it is now possible, from the fuller narratives of officers and passengers, which have been brought by mail, to form some conception of the details of the awful scene and to realize how dire was the peril from which in the providence of God the people on board were rescued. The following account is compiled from those narratives, and it will, with the two pictures on the first page, which are drawn from material supplied by the purser of the ship, give a clear idea of what occurred.

The Discovery of the Fire

was made on the fifth day out. The *City of Montreal* sailed from New York on Saturday, August 6, with twenty-three intermediate passengers and 112 in the steerage. She had a full cargo, including over 2,000 bales of cotton, which were stowed in the after part of the ship. The voyage for the first four days was uneventful. On the evening of August 10, the ship had reached latitude 43° 38′ north, longitude 43° 54′ west, and was then about 400 miles south easterly of St. Johns, Newfoundland. The night came on with a fresh northerly wind veering to northwest, and a pretty high westerly sea running. *The Rev. J. M. Donaldson*, of Adelaide, Australia, one of the intermediate passengers says: "On Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, after most of the passengers had turned in, and some were in their first sweet sleep, they were aroused by the cry of 'fire' and by the smoke, which increased rapidly and began to fill the cabins and darken the lights throughout the ship. In a short time all were hastily dressed and on deck."

Half an hour of desperate work, of alternate hope and fear, had preceded this alarm. The officers and crew had been battling with the destructive element on deck while the clergyman and his fellow-passengers had been sleeping quietly, unconscious of the danger. In a graphic narrative published in the *Sun*, this picture is drawn of that time: While the two mates were on the bridge, at half past nine o'clock and everything about the decks was quiet and in good order, the carpenter, who had been making a tour around the ship aft, came up on the bridge and reported

Smoke Coming Up Through the Ventilator

from the second compartment forward of the stern, and that there must be fire in the cotton below. A fire at sea is an awful thing, under the most favorable circumstances, but in these days iron ships have been known to run for a week with a cargo on fire in the hold, and then reach port in safety. Captain Land was therefore quietly notified of the impending danger, so as not to alarm the passengers, while the boatswain called all hands to man the hose. The fire hoses were at once connected, and streams of water were poured down upon the flames.

The knowledge of the fire was kept from the passengers for nearly an hour; but then, the Captain, fearing that the smoke below might suffocate some of the passengers, sent for the steward, and bade him order

Every One on Deck.

But before this there came a smell of smoke creeping along the alleyways between the lines of staterooms, and, passing through the ventilators, reached some of the more wakeful. No one was for a time alarmed. There are so many bad smells about a ship at sea, that a little matter of burning cotton will not at once attract a passenger's attention. But the smell was persistent, and grew stronger and stronger, until some of the more timid began to open their stateroom doors and asked their neighbors if they noticed anything unusual in the air. Their neighbors had noticed it. Pretty soon even those least accustomed to a ship noticed that there was an unusual commotion on deck, as of men hurrying to and fro. Orders were frequently given and instantly obeyed. Everybody grew anxious, and some left their staterooms and walked down toward the cabin. All this time the smell of smoke was growing stronger, and finally the passengers could see by the dim lights in the alley between the staterooms that a thick black smoke was actually gathering overhead.

Then it was noticed that the steamer had slowed down, and in a moment the third or fourth officer came into the saloon and spoke to the stewards who were there. The man was calm in speech, but his face betrayed his anxiety. Some of the passengers heard him tell the stewards to awaken the passengers and sound the fire-alarm in the saloon.

A Passenger's Experience.

Mr. John B. Haughton, of New York, who was one of the intermediate passengers, says: "At this time persons were rushing excitedly from room to room. I jumped out of my berth, but had not had sufficient time to dress myself when the steward dashed at my door shouting:

'Up on Deck, Sir; the Ship is on Fire!'

I hurried from my room and got into the corridor, where I met the passengers, men and women, scantily dressed, rushing about in a state of panic to reach the companionway. When I got on deck, the sight was one I shall never forget. I saw that the night was pitch dark, with an occasional star peeping out here and there in the sky. A sharp wind was blowing. It was gloomy and dismal, save on the burning ship, where passengers were rushing to and fro in a state of intense excitement."

At midnight the fire was moderating, and the passengers were requested to retire below, as all appeared to be right. Several persons remained on deck all night, being too terrified to retire below; but most of them obeyed, though few if any undressed or turned in. They sat in groups, listening to the tramping overhead, the shouts and hurried movements; occasionally looking into the passages to see if the smoke had grown less dense. So the long hours of the night passed, and the eastern sky was turning from black to gray, when loud shouts to come on deck told the anxious passengers that the

Fire had Broken Out Afresh,

and this time it had gained complete hold of the vessel. Once on deck, the passengers were sent forward, and there gathered in groups, some weeping, some trying to encourage the distressed, some praying aloud for succor, and all by turns peering over the rail and off across the tossing water, hoping to see the welcome lights of some passing ship, while from the ventilators about the after part of the deck and cracks and crevices about the hatches, heavy clouds of smoke rose and drifted away eastward. When the cabin had been cleared, some sailors, crawling on their hands and knees, went through the staterooms on the main saloon deck and that below, and found that all the passengers had fled. There had been fears that some of them might be stupefied with the smoke while asleep.

The hatches were covered, in the hope of smothering the fire, and the vessel's head was got round to make for Newfoundland, four hundred miles away. But about six o'clock on Thursday morning *a long tongue of flame* burst from the hatchway amidships, where before this, it was supposed there was no fire. Then the captain realized that the cotton must be on fire in several places, and all hope of saving the ship was abandoned. Nothing could be done but

Taking to the Boats.

There were eight of them—four life-boats and four launches—capable of carrying all on board without undue strain, but with little room to spare. All available hands were set at work to prepare provisions, to free the running gear, to see to the state of the boats and to hold all in readiness. About eight o'clock in the morning the fire had so gained that the inevitable moment had come to leave the ship. All the passengers were assembled on deck, each one encased in a life-preserver. It was a picture of human misery and most helpless despair such as words cannot describe. Mothers clasped to their bosoms, with a fervency proportioned to the danger, their helpless children; husbands and wives embraced each other for what they felt might be in all probability the last time. To add to the difficulty of the moment, the sea ran much higher than at any other time during the voyage, and the danger of the boats being smashed or swamped in lowering was imminent.

Leaving the Ship.

The ship had been headed about toward the wind, but had fallen off in the trough of the sea after the fire had progressed so far as to drive the engineers from their stations, for the engines were then, of course, stopped and the ship left without control. The boats were got down in the lee of the ship and the people lowered into them one or two at a time. But it often happen that just as one was ready to drop into a boat the sea would go down and the ship roll away, leaving the unfortunate person hanging in the air thirty feet above the boat. It was with great difficulty that the boats were kept from being smashed. The crew worked splendidly, and all the passengers were placed in the boats in a comparatively short time. How the boats floated with their heavy loads is like a miracle.

The lack of time prevented the manning of the boats with their respective crews, the men being compelled to continue until the last moment the work of keeping the flames down. Women and children were first put into the boats, then the male passengers, and the crew afterwards. As soon as each boat was loaded it left the ship's side, and all of them got safely away. By some unfortunate oversight, however, about twenty persons were left on board the burning craft. When this was discovered, No. 3 boat returned and took six, and No. 5 boat also took another six. Discouraging cries were heard that no land was in sight, and no succor appeared within the wide range of the horizon; but one of the eight men still on board the steamer, a noble young sailor, had the presence of mind to run up to the bridge and take a good look around the horizon, from that point of vantage. Mr. Donaldson, the clergyman before mentioned, says: "Who can describe the joy which was ours, as we laid by, when he shouted, 'I have

Discovered the Masts of a Ship

just rising within the range of vision. A moment's careful survey with the captain's glasses discovered that the approaching vessel was a barque under full sail which was bearing with a fair wind, straight down upon us, her crew having evidently seen our condition. As soon as the joyous vision greeted our eyes every heart in the boats was cheered with hope, and not a few people bowed their heads in thankful prayer. In about ten hours, the deliverer, which proved to be a German barque, arrived, hove to, and waited the arrival of the boats."

After much difficulty, and at intervals extending over four hours, the boats having got considerably scattered during the ten to twelve hours they had been beating about on the waters, all but one reached the barque. This one was the most lightly laden and was supposed to be the best manned. It appears either it had unwisely been allowed to drift before the wind out of sight, or else her crew, anxious to take no more on board, had gone off in spite of the captain's orders to keep together. This boat was subsequently picked up after drifting for four days, during which those on board endured severe hardships from want of water, which they would have been spared had they not gone off by themselves.

Over a hundred persons were now crowded on board the little barque, which was only just large enough to hold them, and had but little provision on board. The temporary refuge, however, was very welcome and doubtless but

for it many of the people in the open boats must have suffered much, and perhaps have died. The next morning, however,

Relief Came.

The captain of the *York City*, a steamer on her voyage from Baltimore, Md., to London, had seen the light of the burning *City of Montreal*, and realizing that there must be men in peril there, altered his course and bore down upon her. Early on the morning of the 12th, the passengers and crew of the *City of Montreal* were taken off the barque and hospitably received on the *York City*. Happily, part of her cargo consisted of corned beef and flour, and the captain took the liberty of using it to help entertain his hungry guests. After seven days all were safely landed at Queenstown.

That such a catastrophe could have occurred without the loss of a single life, is truly marvellous. Every one who escaped from the burning vessel, must have felt that death was very near and must have rejoiced with a full and thankful heart on setting foot on dry land. Yet to them as to us all death must one day come. The King of Terrors he is generally called, but he has no terror for those who are in Christ. Whether he comes in catastrophe by land or sea, or approaches in illness, his power over the Christian is broken. When he has done his worst, he but introduces him into the presence of Him whom He loves, and where there is fullness of joy for evermore.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS S. LAND.

THE *City of Montreal* was commanded by Captain Francis S. Land, whose portrait appears on the first page. He is regarded by the company as one of its most efficient and skilful officers. He was not the regular commander of the steamer, but had taken charge of her while his own vessel, the *City of Berlin*, was laid up for repairs in England. Captain Land entered the service of the old Inman Company fifteen years ago. Twelve years ago he became Captain of the *City of New York*, and when that vessel was transferred to the China trade, Captain Land was placed in charge of the *City of Brussels*. He was afterward put in command of the *City of Berlin*, succeeding Captain Brooks. This was five years ago. A graphic personal sketch of Captain Francis S. Land from the pen of Charles A. Dougherty, was published in Harper's Magazine last year. He says: "If you are a believer in physiognomy, look at Francis S. Land's portrait and you will know him to be as he is, a man of the kindest instincts, and yet of the strongest force of character. Possibly better than any officer who can be named he illustrates the popular idea of the sea-captain. He is a big man, of the hearty, robust type; he looks like a giant in his uniform. You say, as you gaze upon him, 'Here is a man such as one looks for on the sea; he is approachable by a child, but he secures and retains the respect of every one.' He has hosts of friends, whom he has won by his geniality."

That he is genial and warm-hearted, thousands of passengers who have sailed with him on the *City of Berlin*, which he formerly commanded, can testify, but it is comparatively few who have seen how cool and self-possessed he can be in the face of danger. One instance before this of the fire is on record. It occurred in May, 1885, on the *City of Berlin*. In making the westward passage, the ship, one night, collided with an iceberg. The berg was almost as hard as the iron ship, and about ten times as large. Both opposing bodies were much crushed, and at one time affairs looked serious for the passengers on board the steamer, but the gallant mariner with the anomalous name carried his boat through dangerous seas to the port of New York. The passengers on that occasion presented the captain with a handsome gold watch and chain as a testimonial of their gratitude, and their spokesman in presenting it remarked that they would not have been there to tender it if Captain Land had not, in the hour of peril, been "cooler than the iceberg."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

How a Lady Entered Another World.—Mr. Campbell said, at a converts' meeting: "I was recently told of a lady who was dying, when a friend, who stood by her death-bed, remarked, as she gazed down upon the tranquil expression that the dying one's countenance assumed, 'I suppose you are going into another world trusting in the truths of God?' 'Only one truth,' rejoined the lady sweetly; 'it is all I need, for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses us from all sin.' That lady was honoring God in her simple faith and trust in Him. Not long afterwards she 'fell asleep' in Jesus, in the sufficiency of whose blood she was trusting."

A Simple and Sincere Prayer.—An Evangelist remarked: "A young man went home from a meeting one evening much perplexed. Shutting himself into his room, he knelt down and prayed something like this: 'Lord Jesus, I don't understand what all this is about, not a bit of it; but I just come to Thee, knowing that Thou wilt understand me. So Lord, just take me.' Very soon light came, and he rejoiced in God's salvation. I think that poor contrite, heart-broken young fellow just did the right thing. You who cannot understand what Gospel meetings are about, just hand yourself in a definite act over to Jesus, and He will do the whole thing for you."

"Jemmy the Devil."—There is a town in the north of England, where three years ago, lived a man so bad that he was nicknamed "Jemmy the Devil." For miles around, if any serious mischief was in hand, it was always supposed that he was at the bottom of it. A mission was held in his town, and he was persuaded to go to some of the meetings. This was the means of his conversion. From that day he was known to be a new man, and at a meeting recently held in the same place, Jemmy, no longer "the Devil," but the servant of Jesus Christ, was one of the principal helpers. All such instances of the triumphs of God's grace give us fresh courage to do what we can to make known the Gospel which the Holy Spirit thus uses for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

A Case of Fatal Procrastination.—A Christian worker said: "A young man was much agitated in regard to his eternal interests. He knew he was a sinner, and understood the freeness of God's grace to the lost. Rallied, however, by some careless companions, he resolved to put off the matter for ten years. Then, again, the Holy Spirit moved upon his heart, but he was again tempted to delay for ten years more. After this his concern gradually waned, and he died an old man, declaring that there was no hope for him, because he had sinned away his day of opportunity and mercy. Delays are always dangerous, but they are especially so in affairs of the soul. Let me, therefore, urge you to give yourself no rest till your eternal welfare is made sure through prayer and faith in Christ, who died for you and who waits to bless you."

Converted by an Infidel.—A Workingman, speaking in reference to some remarks made by Mr. G. W. Surger, said: "Yes, sir, it's quite true, and no mistake about it either; the devil and his scholars go a little bit too far sometimes. You see they tries to catch us in the quicksands; but we see them sink down instead. Jem Stakes (my mate here, sir) and myself was both a listening to a little man dressed in gray, a holding forth in Hyde Park. He was a saying as how he believed in some sort of a God as a Supreme Being, but he was quite sure He did not dwell in heaven, for he had took the biggest telescope he could find and looked up to see for hisself. This proved 'im to be a fool, says I. Of course it made the boys and maids clap their hands for to hear him, but it set sensible men a thinking he was a duffer. Then he went on to say as how Jesus Christ is not God, for God can't get angry; and it says in the Bible Jesus was angry, and cursed the fig-tree. And that did for me completely; so I cries out, 'O you bloke, I want you to do something.' Says he, 'What is it?' I says to him, 'Speak to that there tree, and tell it to shrivel and dry up.' He says, 'I can't do it.' 'Why?' I asks, laughing, 'Cause no man has the power,' he replies. 'Bravo,' I says, 'Jesus *did* do it, and if no *man* could do it, it tells me plainly that Jesus is God.' He put his tongue out, and made some more silly remarks; but folks saw I was right. All the way home I thought of it, things took a new way, somehow. From that night I began to read the Bible, and have since proved that Jesus is God, for he has forgiven all my sins."

A Highlander's Sad Death.—Mr. Smart Observed: "In a village, not far from Glasgow, a series of evangelistic meetings were being conducted, and one night a big, strong-looking Highland man came in, and, at the close, was asked to take Jesus as his Saviour. But he shook his head, saying, 'No, I would fain take Christ, but I have a piece of work to do to-morrow that I could not do were I a Christian.' He would not be persuaded, and, a few months afterwards, the gentleman who spoke to him was hastily summoned to a death-bed. There he saw, lying in the last moments of life, the wasted form of the strong and healthy man whom he had urged to accept Christ only a few months before. 'Ah,' said the dying man, as his friend again told him that Christ was still willing to receive him. 'Not now; I could have taken Christ that night in the meeting, but not now; my day of grace is past, and I must die unsaved!' With these words upon his lips he passed away."

The Thief's Temptation.—An Evangelist Tells us of "a boy who was brought up amidst very bad surroundings, and who had his conscience so warped that he thought that to be a successful thief was most laudable, and deserving the highest praise. A lady got hold of him, and imposed upon herself the task of reforming him. One day, as the lady and this boy were walking together, he saw a handkerchief hanging partially out of a lady's pocket. He could easily have taken it, and was greatly tempted to do so, but with a great effort he restrained himself. On their return home he told the lady what had happened, and how miserable he felt at having missed the opportunity, though he now knew it to be wrong. The lady comforted him, and told him rather to rejoice that he had been able to overcome the temptation. In that boy there were the two natures—the one the God-given conscience, long asleep, but ultimately awakened, and the carnal nature that strives against all that is spiritual. Happily Christ made that boy His own, and he became 'a new creature.'"

How the Runaway Horses were Stopped.—A friend observed: "About two years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen, at one of our Scotch watering-places, were driving one day. The spirited horses went off at a good speed, till at length the coachman, trying to check them, found he could no longer control them. In vain he pulled the reins and tried to stay their speed, but they madly rushed on. The occupants of the carriage, pale and trembling, held helplessly on to the sides of it, expecting every moment to be thrown on to the road. A little further down the road, which they were so rapidly traversing, divided a branch going off to the left, while the main road turned slightly to the right. This was the natural way for the horses to take, and it led to a precipice. The other, mounting over a steep hill, led to safety. As they approached this crossroad one of the gentlemen, a devoted Christian, knowing that all things are possible with God, and feeling sure that his work in this life was not yet done, prayed God to spare his life, and the lives of his companions. As he kneeled and prayed, they came to where the roads divided, and the horses, swerving slightly to the left, turned in that direction, and were soon brought to a stop."

Light for the Last Days; a New Work on Prophecy. By Mr. H. Grattan Guinness, with two Colored Diagrams, 673 pages. Price $3.50. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, September 18, 1887,

when services were resumed in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, after a suspension of eleven weeks. The vast building, which has been enlarged and renovated, was densely crowed in every part.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." Genesis 41 : 41.

The Good Man Sure of Appreciation—The Bismarck of Egypt—I The World Compelled to Honor Christian Character—Chrysostom's Intrepid Declaration—II. Persecution Leads to Alleviation—Denominations Thrive by Persecution—III. Sins will come to Exposure—The Criminal's Fatal Blunders—A General's Uncovered Forehead—A Court Fool's Suggestion—A Conscience-striken Highwayman—IV. Connection Between All Events—Precision of God's Judgments—A Preacher's Forgotten Text—V. The Propriety of Laying up for the Future—Two Ways of Laying Up Money—VI. A Storehouse in Every Famine.

YOU cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain elevation to which he must attain. He will bring him through, though it cost Him a thousand worlds. There are men constantly in trouble lest they shall not be appreciated. Every man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a Scripture character upon which we speak to-day. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with

The Life of Joseph;

how his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; how Joseph was sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how by his integrity he raised himself to high position in the household, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in government,

The Bismarck of Egypt;

how in time of famine Joseph had the control of a storehouse which he had filled during the seven years of plenty; how when his brothers who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity applied for corn, he sent them home with their beasts borne down under the heft of the corn sacks; how the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last, and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, an illustrious triumph of Christian principle.

Learn from this story, in the first place, that *the world is compelled to honor Christian character.* Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From this servant no honors or confidences were withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and, though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailor that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and, released from close confinement, he became a general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became

The First Man Everywhere,

and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which a man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has bemeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all that is hypocrisy. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a Christian who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son or a daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Of course half and half religious character wins no approbation.

Redwald, the king of the Saxons, after Christian baptism had two altars, one for the worship of God and the other for the sacrifice of devils. You may have a contempt for such men, for mere pretension of religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration. Though that Christian be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discussing, by an irrevocable law of our nature Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. Chrysostom when threatened with death by Eudoxia, the empress, sent word to her saying, "Go tell her that

I Fear Nothing But Sin."

Such nobility of character will always be applauded. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for the thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable apostle. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, though they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in proverty, truthful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected, and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress, John Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and the soul, Elizabeth Frye coming to the profligate of Newgate prison to shake down their obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping locks and chains, as well as the lives of thousands of the followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts.

A man in the cars said: "I would like to become a Christian if I only knew what religion is. But if this lying and cheating and bad behavior among men who profess to be good is religion, I want none of it." But, my friends, if I am an artist in Rome and a man comes to me and asks what the art of painting is, I must not show him the daub of some mere pretender. I will take him to the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos. It is most unfair and dishonest to take the ignominious failures in Christian profession instead of the glorious successes. The Bible and the Church are great picture-galleries filled with masterpieces.

Furthermore: we learn from this story of Joseph that

The Result of Persecution

is alleviation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph would never have become Prime Minister. Everybody accepts the promise: "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to wordly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Had it not been for Æschines who brought impeachment against Demosthenes, the immortal oration, De Corona, would never have been delivered. Men rise to high political position through misrepresentation and the assault of the public. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could never have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of man to gather about those who are persecuted, and defend them, and they are apt to forget the faults of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanderers. Helen Stirk, a Scotch martyr, condemned with her husband, to death, for Christ's sake, said to her husband: "Rejoice; we have lived together many joyful days, but this day, wherein we must die together, ought to be most joyful to us both. Therefore, I will not bid you good night, for soon we shall meet in the heavenly kingdom." By the flash of the furnace best Christian character is demonstrated.

I go into another department, and I find that those great denominations of

Christians Which Have Been Abused

most have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more vilely maltreated than John Wesley. His followers were hooted at and maligned, and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapid the spread of that denomination, until you know what a great host they have become, and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution which gave our own land first to civil liberty, and afterward to religious freedom. Yea, I may go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust trial and ignominious death, where all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the Cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance from guilt and suffering, and her everlasting enthronement among the principalities of heaven.

Patronage and Persecution.

The State has sometimes said to the Church, "Come, let me take your hand, and I will help you." What has been the result? The Church has gone back and has lost its estate of holiness and become ineffective. At other times the State has said to the Church, "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury, the Church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before it. The Church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in His hand by the light of which the Church has marched to her present position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the wheels of the Gospel chariot. Scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the Church has ascended. *Aqua fortis is the best test of pure gold.*

Furthermore: Our subject impresses us that

Sins Will Come to Exposure.

Long, long ago had these brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out an exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen. But when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, and so he thought he would steal them. He drove them towards home, but stopped to report to the prophet how well he had executed his commission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confounded Saul: "What means this bleating of the sheep that I hear and the lowing of the cattle?" Aye, my hearers, you cannot keep an iniquity quiet. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without getting stoned to

death, nor Benedict Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched.

Look Over the Police Arrests,

these thieves, these burglars, these adulterers, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins. They all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down that it would never come to resurrection. But there was some shoe that answered to the print in the sand, some false keys found in possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the deed, and the public indignation, and the anathema of outraged law hurled him him into the Tombs or hoisted him on the gallows. At the close of the battle between the Dauphin of France and the Helvetians, Burchard Monk was so elated with the victory that he lifted his helmet to look off upon the field, when a wounded soldier hurled a stone that struck his uncovered forehead and he fell. Sin always leaves some point exposed; there is

No Safety in Iniquity.

Francis the First, King of France, was discussing how it was best to get his army into Italy. Amaril, the court fool, sprang out from the corner and said to the king and his staff-officers: "You had better be thinking how you will get your army back out of Italy after once you have entered." In other words, it is easier for us to get into sin than to get out of it. Whitefield was riding on horseback in a lonely way with some missionary money in a sack fastened to the saddle-bags. *A highwayman sprang out from the thicket* and put his hand out toward the gold, when Whitefield turned upon him and said: "That belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ; touch it if you dare," and the villain fell back empty-handed into the thicket. O, the power of conscience! If offended, it became God's avenging minister. Do not think that you can hide any great and protracted sin in your hearts. In an unguarded moment it will slip off of the lip, or some slight occasion may for a moment set ajar this door of hell that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with that transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days may hinder the flame from bursting out by keeping down the hatchways, yet at last, in the Judgment, that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Furthermore: learn from this subject the inseparable

Connection Between all Events,

however remote. Lord Hastings was beheaded one year after he had caused the death of the Queen's children, in the very month, the very day, the very hour, and the very moment. There is *wonderful precision in the Divine judgments*. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seem fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that one great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants, and the rulership of Egypt. Yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two in one plan. So all events are linked together. You who are aged can look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One undivided chain of events reached from the Garden of Eden to the Cross of Calvary, and thus up to heaven.

The Ancestral Line.

There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne. God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue-jay that last spring built its nest in a tree behind the house, to some one of that flock of birds which, when Noah hoisted the ark's window, with a whirl and dash of bright wings went out to sing over Mount Ararat. The tulips that bloomed this summer in the flower-bed were nursed off last winter's snow-flakes. The furtherest star on one side the universe could not look to the furtherest star on the other side and say, "You are no relation to me;" for, from that bright orb, a voice of light would ring across the heavens, responding, "Yes, yes; we are sisters."

Sir Sidney Smith in prison was playing lawn tennis in the yard, and the ball flew over the wall. Another ball, containing letters, was thrown back, and so communication was opened with the outside world, and Sidney Smith escaped in time to defeat Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition. What a small accident, connected with what vast results! Sir Robert Peel, from a pattern he drew on the back of a pewter dinner plate, got suggestions of that which led to the important invention by which calico is printed. Nothing in God's universe swings at loose ends. Accidents are only

God's Way of Turning a Leaf

in the book of His eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our loss may be the most direct road to our gain. *Our defeats and victories are twin brothers.* The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you a trifle, while some occurrence, which seemed tremendous, affected you but little. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Basking Ridge, New Jersey, went into his pulpit one Sabbath, and by

A Strange Freak of Memory,

forgot his subject and forgot his text; and, in great embarrassment, rose before his audience and announced the circumstance, and declared himself entirely unable to preach; then launched forth in a few earnest words of entreaty and warning which resulted in the outbreaking of the mightiest revival of religion ever known in that State—a revival of religion that resulted in churches still standing, and in the conversion of a large number of men who entered the Gospel ministry, who have brought their thousands into the kingdom of God.

God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us, turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to Him but as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble, and the most triumphant achievement does not lift Him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes on through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world itself changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!

Furthermore: we learn from this story

The Propriety of Laying Up

for the future. During seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men, in a worldly respect, is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During these seven prosperous years your business bears a rich harvest. You hardly know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astounded with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business, gathering in only a hundred dollars where you reap your thousands. These are the seven years of plenty. Now, Joseph, is the time to prepare for famine; for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick, you will be unfortunate, you will be defrauded, you will be disappointed, you will be old, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back, you may be famine-struck.

We have no admiration for this denying one's self of all present comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up, this grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor and cramped because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can't find another dollar to carry home on its back; but there is an intelligent and noble-minded forecast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred dependent upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which, while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forestall the future: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." Now there are

Two Ways of Laying up Money;

the one by investing it in stock and depositing it in banks and loaning it on bond and mortgage. The other way of laying up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes both of these investments. But the man who devotes none of his gain to the cause of Christ and thinks only of his own comfort and luxury, is not safe, I don't care how his money is invested. But above all lay up treasures in heaven. They never depreciate in value. They never are at a discount. They are always available. You may feel safe now with your present yearly income, but what will such an income be worth after you are dead? Others will get it. Perhaps some of them will quarrel about it before you are buried. They will be right glad that you are dead. They are only waiting for you to die. What then will all your accumulation be worth if you could gather it all into your bosom and walk up with it to heaven's gate? It would not purchase your admission; or, if allowed to enter, it could not buy you a crown or a robe, and the poorest saint in heaven would look down and say, "Where did that pauper come from?"

Finally: learn from this subject that there is

A Storehouse in Every Famine.

Up the long row of buildings, piled to the very roofs with corn, come the hungry multitudes, and Joseph commanded that their sacks and their wagons be filled. The world has been blasted. Every green thing has withered under the touch of sin. From all continents and islands and zones comes up the groan of dying millions. Over tropical spice-grove and Siberian ice-hut and Hindoo jungle the blight has fallen. The famine is universal. But, glory be to God! there is a great storehouse. Jesus Christ, our elder brother, this day bids us come in from our hunger and beggary, and obtain infinite supplies of grace enough to make us rich forever. Many of you have for a long while been smitten of the famine. The world has not stilled the throbbing of your spirit. Your conscience sometimes rouses you up with such suddenness and strength that it requires the most gigantic determination to quell the disturbance. Your courage quakes at the thought of the future. Oh, why will you tarry amid the blastings of the famine when such a glorious storehouse is open in God's mercy?

BAY ISLANDS, HONDURAS.

(*See Illustration on page 604.*)

THE small islands situated in the gulf of Honduras, which washes the eastern shores of the little middle Republic of Central America, are but little known, yet their natural beauty is never forgotten by any one who has visited them. The illustration on page 604 gives some idea of the glorious wealth of tropical vegetation which combines with the wondrously blue skies and clear sparkling water to make up a picture of singular loveliness. The islands belong to the Republic of Honduras, a country containing 52,658 square miles, about the same area as North Carolina and a little larger than England. Its population is 323,274, or smaller than that of Baltimore, Md. It is governed by a President, one minister and an assembly of thirty-seven representatives. The religious condition of the country is deplorable. The Indians, who form the larger part of the population, call themselves in many cases Roman Catholics, but beyond wearing a tin-cross, as a sign of their faith, they appear to be purely heathen. The Moravians, however, established a mission there in 1848, and it may be hoped that from the seed which they have been sowing for forty years amid many discouragements, there will yet come a harvest of souls.

A HUMAN AMBULANCE.

A MINER at Virginia, Nev., owes his limbs, and probably his life, to the ingenuity and devotion of a comrade. The *Enterprise*, of that city states, that while three men were working in one of the mines, a fall of rock occurred which threw one of them to the ground and partially buried him. His two companions ran to his rescue, and had nearly succeded in releasing him when a second fall occurred in which all three narrowly escaped death. They recommenced the task of extricating the man first caught, though all about them was crumbling and threatening to come in. When he was finally dug out it was found that both his legs were broken. He was carried to a place of safety, when a messenger was sent for a surgeon. As there was a shaft fifty feet in depth to be ascended, and the only way of reaching the surface was by means of a rope and bucket, the miners thought that a surgeon could come down into the mine and in some way so mend the legs of their wounded companion as would enable him to go up in the bucket. When the surgeon came he said it was no use to try to do anything with the man down in the mine; he must be brought out. The miners descended and set to work upon the problem. It was an ambulance that was needed, but there are no ambulances for mines. But there are brave, strong men there, and one of them came to the rescue in this case. The strongest man among them stood erect in the drift, when the other lifted the one with the broken legs upon his back. With a long rope the *two men were then lashed together*, the sufferer being so placed that his broken legs were well up from the ground. The miner with his living burden thus lashed upon his back, got into the bucket and was hoisted to the surface, and the broken limbs were set. But for the intrepid conduct of the two miners, the injured man's life must have been sacrificed, as the rocky roof where he had been working continued to fall for some time. They were true friends, and their exertions to carry their comrade to the surgeon showed how anxious they were for his welfare. One can but wish that Christian men were as earnest in their endeavor to take their friends to the Great Physician who can give them eternal life (John 11 : 25,26).

AN OPIUM SLAVE'S EMANCIPATION.

THE remarkable conversion of a graduate in India reported by the Rev. Benjamin Peters, of Bangalore, is published in the current number of *Thy Healer*. Mr. Peters says: "A young man came to my house one afternoon, saying that he wanted to be saved. He was a graduate, yet he was *addicted to drink, and was especially a slave of opium.* I told him that his salvation was finished already, only he must accept it and fulfil the conditions, and go home rejoicing. He looked surprised, and said, 'What are the conditions?' I said, the confession and renunciation of all your sins, and you must make up your mind that, by the grace of God, you will rather die than sin again.

He thought about it for some time, and then said, 'Must I part with all my sins?' I said, 'There is no other way. 'Repent and believe the Gospel,' is what the Bible says.' He asked if Jesus was able to save him from his besetting sin. Not knowing that he was an opium-eater, I related to him the emancipation of a great opium-eater, through the repetition of the mighty name of Jesus. He replied, 'I will part with all my sins, and I determine, by the grace of God, to die rather than sin.' I said, 'Let us pray.'

He got down on his knees trembling, confessed all his sins, and told the Lord that, by His grace, he would rather die than sin again. I repeated to him several passages. The words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' brought light to his soul, and he went home rejoicing. As soon as he reached home, he *threw away his cigars, opium and brandy*, and gave himself to prayer and reading the Word of God. The next day, the young man began to put all his temporal matters aright. He went all over Bangalore, to his friends whom he had injured and wronged, and made confession and restoration. To one man, whom he had robbed of 200 Rs. ($100), while boarding, he went straight and made confession, and told him what the Lord had done for his soul. The man looked at him with astonishment, and told him to pay the money when it was possible for him to do so. He wrote to people whom he had injured, to forgive him, and told them what Jesus had done for his soul, and also wrote to all his creditors to furnish him with their bills. He wrote a very humble letter to his father (an unconverted man), and begged his forgiveness. This young man has joined our church as a probationer, and is of much help to me in my work. He teaches in my school, and preaches in the streets.

A MAGNETIZED RUDDER.

AMONG the remarkable experiences of a sea-captain, recently published, is one of an escape from almost certain shipwreck through a defective rudder. He was in command of the steamship *Carmona*, and during a voyage across the Atlantic it was found that the vessel did not answer to her helm as she ought to. The captain therefore determined that when he arrived at Montreal he would have the steering-gear thoroughly overhauled At one part of the voyage it seemed likely that the work would not be necessary, for the vessel became so unmanageable, and there were so many high seas and headwinds, that nearly all on board thought she would go to the bottom before reaching Montreal. However, she did arrive, and no sooner was she in dock than the mystery was clear. There was a great hole in the rudder itself, below the propeller, nearly three feet square. The only solution of the problem of the cause of the hole was given by a gentleman who has all his life been connected with the ship-building trade. He believes it due to the galvanic action of a large metal nut at the end of the propeller shaft. This having disintegrated the iron of the rudder, the action of the water washed away the iron piecemeal, until, at length, the large and dangerous hole was noticed. This remarkable defect will doubtless lead to precautions being taken in the building of vessels in the future. It is a type of trouble that often happens in the Christian life. Some sinful indulgence paralyzes the conscience and disintegrates the power to resist temptation. Then the man's life becomes erratic, and he no longer follows the course which he should take in the footsteps of Christ. When disintegration of this kind commences, the storms of life are apt to complete the process, unless the man goes to God for strength and renovation (Jer. 3 : 22–23.)

A POLYGAMIST'S DILEMMA

A VIOLATION of God's laws surely involves suffering, and unhappily the suffering brings misery to others as well as the sinner. An illustration in point is related of a man who sinned in darkness and is suffering in the light, by Mr. Tyler, who is laboring among the Zulus at Umsunduzi, in South Africa, in the *Missionary Herald*. It appears that some time ago a Zulu of considerable intelligence and good character went with his two wives, each of whom has four children, to the mission for instruction. "No more eager listener to the Word," says Mr. Tyler, "ever came within sound of my voice, and the repeated and earnest conversations my wife and myself had with him on religious subjects revealed very clearly that he was determined to know the truth. He also decided to learn to read, and succeeded. He can now read in the Zulu New Testament.

In respect to the domestic entanglement into which he had entered before he came to the station, and previous to his desire to become a Christian, I instructed and advised him to the best of my ability. He professed to see, and I believe did see, that polygamy is an evil, and not in accordance with the teachings of the Gospel, but how to get out of it was the question. I told him to look upward and pray earnestly for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, assuring him that, if he did so, he would receive divine direction. He promised to do this.

"Soon after this he rehearsed to me the difficulties under which he labored. He said to his second married wife: 'Will you leave me? You see the fix I am in. God's word does not sanction polygamy. As I am now, I cannot connect myself with the people of God.' She replied; 'You are my husband: I love you, and cannot love another man. I myself want to become a child of God. I cannot leave you. Where thou goest I will go." etc. A similar response came from the wife first married. It is not a wonder that the two chose to stick to him, for he is, to all appearence, a most amiable husband.

"Baffled in this attempt to extricate himself from his polygamous union, Uncapai concluded to let the matter alone for the present, but to do his duty as a Christian. All his children have been under instruction, and some of them shone brilliantly, one having spent nine years at Lovedale College in Kaffraria, at a good deal of expense, and now is Mr. Goodenough's assistant at Adams. Uncapai has grown in the knowledge of God's Word and stablity of moral character. He apparently lacks but one thing; emancipation from polygamy. The wives have also kept pace with their husband in Christian consistency, always attending our religious services, and often asking Mrs. Tyler: Why are *we* not allowed to sit at the table of our Lord like others, who profess to love Him.'" The difficulty is apparently still unsolved.

A PRIEST MELTING HIS IDOL.

The Rev. A. E. Haegert, missionary among the Santhals of India, narrates the following: Babaji is a chief priest among the Hindoos. The Hindoo priests have seven grades, and he belongs to the highest grade. When he was a little boy, the peace of his home was much disturbed by his eldest brother becoming a Christian. His father was in a towering rage, and drove the young convert from the house, calling on all his idols to destroy his son. However, Jehovah watched over the child, and all his anathemas fell like dead leaves to the ground. He was educated in the Mission School, and has since then become a magistrate.

Babaji, when he grew up, often remembered his brother, and when in his wanderings he met a missionary, who gave him a holy book, he read it, and carried it with him wherever he went.

But he was kept back from conversion by love of wealth and power, He used to say: "It is a good thing to worship God; but I am a Hindoo priest, and wherever I go people bow down and worship me. If I open my mouth the oldest holds his peace; and when I open my hands I get as much money as I want. It would not do to become a Christian for then none would honor me any more, or would give me money."

God, however, showed the man how little wealth and power were worth in comparison with the soul. Babaji was seized with severe illness and believed that he was going to die. He sent a letter to me saying: "Sir.—I am dying; please send my old friend D. with some medicine." Babaji was the means of saying D.'s life years ago. So D. was despatched with medicine and instructions to send for me at once if there was no improvement. We all prayed for the priest. When he thought death near, all his illusions vanished, and he most earnestly prayed for pardon. The Lord was merciful, he did not die. D. remained during his convalescence.

When strong enough, he considered his gods, of which he had a famous collection. There was no priest in our hills that had such a beautiful shrine. They were all discarded. The marble and gilded gods he threw in the village street, and there they were lying in the mud and rain with broken heads and feet. A passing Brahmin saw the gods' sad state, picked them up, rever-

ently wiped them, and carried them home. Babaji shouted: "Brother, leave them alone; they cannot save themselves, neither will they save you. Come in and sit down, I will teach you the way of life."

"No, no," said the priest, "these will do for me."

A silver deity which he had worshipped for years, and which many had bowed down to, he put into a crucible and melted. And those who saw this god silent and helpless *while he was being roasted*, remarked that he had never sympathized with the Hindoos who had worshipped him in their distress; he had never moved a finger to remove their woe or lessen their misery; and so it came to pass, when he sat in the fire none moved a finger to save him from being melted. At the annual "Kalis" festival the converted priest preached so boldly that he was almost stoned by the people. D. said: "Sir, if we preached half the things he said, we should never leave the village alive." I wish Christians everywhere would earnestly pray for this and other priests, that Jesus would save them and give them grace to glorify His name.

SATAN'S TACTICS IN THE LAST DAYS.

By Dr. Henry Meymott.

Importance of Correct Views of Satan's Position and Work—His Place and Dignity—His Antagonism to Prophetic Study—His Followers—Aware of their Future Doom—Satan's Scientific Progeny—One Evidence of his Power—A Belated Message—A Change of Tactics—Crafty Designs.

THE present position of the Lord's children in the world cannot be very well understood, unless a clear perception is ascertained by them from the Word of God of the exact position in it occupied by Satan and his ministers. By that we learn that he not only has access to "heavenly places" (Eph. 6: 12), but that he roams without any apparent restriction all over the habitable globe (1 Peter 5: 8; Job 1: 7). We learn also that a time is fixed for his expulsion, and that of his angels, from the "heavenly places" down to this earth for the period of the final three and a half years Great Persecution by the future Antichrist (Rev. 12: 9). This event was anticipated by the Lord Jesus Christ (Luke 10: 18). Satan's amazing power and influence over mankind should also be fully appreciated. This would be overwhelming, had we not the assurance that he has no power over faith; and that by the exercise of faith (1 Peter 5: 9) he is effectually resisted (James 4: 5).

His Recognized Place

and acknowledged dignity should also be taken in account (John 14: 30; Jude 8, 9). The manifestation of his power is fully illustrated and demonstrated both in the Old and new Testament, and the power both of himself and his angels of entering into the bodies both of men and beasts, seems to be ubiquitous (John 13: 27; Matt. 8: 32). His future fate we have not, as members of the body of Christ, so much to do with, though that also is fully revealed, and the sure word of prophecy (more especially in Rev. 20), foretells his last exploits, and final ruin and captivity.

No wonder then that he exercises his influnce in restraining the world and the Church from entering into the study of that wonderful revelation, or from attempting to unravel any other portion of the Bible which relates to future events; or when it is entered into, no wonder that he brings to bear his power over the human heart and understanding, and causes disputations, and unseemly demonstrations, of unsanctified knowledge, the tendency of which is to puff up (I Cor. 8: 1). If his history up to the present time, and also what is predicted of him for the future, is dispassionately considered on the basis of Scripture, it will be observed that the

Foundation Of All His Actions

is the inveterately contracted hatred of the Supreme Being, the Lord Jehovah, from whose happy service he separated himself, together with the angels "who kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation" (Jude 6). We may indeed fairly assume that his actions against mankind are not so much based upon hatred to them as upon his vindictiveness towards God (Acts 5: 3).

His power, pride and aspirations, together with the lamentation of his fall from his glorious position, as the "Light-bearing son of the morning," are beautifully described in the prophetic announcement of the doom of the king of Babylon (Isa. 14: 9-20). Yet for the completion of His own purposes, God allows Satan still to go about in the world, and uses him for the promotion of His own glory (Prov. 16: 4). It is stated in Jude 6 and II Peter 2: 4, in a general way, that some angels, who kept not their first estate or principality, are reserved in "everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." But we know that others of them are permitted, under Satan's leadership, to go about, and they seem to be aware of

The Doom That Awaits Them,

for in Matt. 8: 29 it is related that they asked the Lord Jesus, in the full cognizance of His power, if He was come to "torment them *before the time*," and by His permission they entered into a herd of swine. It will be observed that under whatever circumstances God is working, and under whatever dispensation of His providence, there Satan, as the adversary, is at hand to thwart Him (see Zech. 3: 1). Openly and straightforwardly where he can, and where that is not practicable or expedient, then, under some deceitful imitation of the works and ways of God. The terrible slavish and degraded position into which he has brought and is now still bringing mankind is well known, and when scientific truth withstands his system in action, he shifts his plans and adapts his ways, as we shall see further on, in regard to the progress of Christianity, to altered circumstances. It has been quaintly said that wherever a fresh place for the celebration of Christian worship is opened, Satan is sure to be amongst the first attendants.

The relationship of Satan to the world must next be considered. Perhaps the expression in Eph. 2: 3, is the clearest and simplest in explaining what all mankind are by nature, that is, "children of wrath." To tell a worldly minded person, especially any one who is well educated, and moving in the best of worldly society, that he is a child of the devil, would be considered preposterous, and would be scouted, but what is the actual fact? *If he is not a child of God, he must be a child of the devil. There is no middle place.* It is

One of Satan's Deep Designs

to keep his educated and refined and scientific children altogether ignorant of their true spiritual parentage, and he encourages their atheistic tastes by decking out the worship of God, even where the evangelical doctrines of real Christianity are preached, with everything that art and science and a cultivated taste could effect. In this way, one of the characteristic signs of the perilous times of the last days, viz., the "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (II Tim. 3: 5), is promoted and encouraged.

It will, however, be well to take a more extended view of the power of Satan, and observe from the Word of God, how, from the beginning of creation, he has thwarted the beneficent purposes of God, and succeeded in proportion to the extent to which mankind have yielded themselves over to his devices. In common parlance, "given themselves over to the devil." In considering the amount of

His Success

already attained, and what "the sure word of prophecy" assures us he will yet achieve, and pondering over this alarming picture, let us take comfort in this gracious declaration in 1 John 3: 8, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He may destroy the works of the devil." One of the most striking instances of his remarkable power is related in Dan. 10: 13, when a heavenly message was detained twenty-one days. After his crushing defeat when "life and immortality were brought to light, and death abolished through the Gospel" (II Tim. 1: 10), and "death, and hell and the grave overcome by the resurrection of Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 54; Isa. 25: 8; Hosea 13: 14).

His next great object was to endeavor to crush the spread of Christianity by open and undisguised hostility. This was singularly instanced in the case of Ananias and Sapphira. The firmness with which the martyrs were endowed during the open persecutions caused

A Change of Tactics,

and the "form of godliness denying its power" was employed by Satan when he mixed up Christianity with worldly power and authority in the reign of the Roman Emperor, Constantine. Soon after this, and in connection with the system of what is called "Church and State," the Papacy was established. During its career it has so fully filled up the apocalyptic account of the "great whore" in Rev. 17, that some of the interpreters of unfulfilled prophecy have taught that the Papacy represents the last Antichrist. They thus ignore the account of the "scarlet-covered beast" (Rev. 3: 3) and the work that is assigned to him. Under cover of the dominion which Popery had gained, Satan instituted the deadly system of Jesuitism, which has so extensively prevailed, and so insinuated itself among "all sorts and conditions of men," that the present Læodicean condition of being neither "cold nor hot," has extensively prevailed and will prevail until the time of that judgment, when all such loathsome hypocrisy will be "spued out of the mouth" of the Lord Jesus Christ (Rev. 3: 16). During all this hostility to the true principles of Christianity, which Satan has been promoting, God has not been left without His own witnesses, in the "little flock of faithful ones," and the Reformation opened up a splendid opportunity for the display of godly zeal. This was taken advantage of in the diffusion of Gospel truth, missionary enterprises, and the extensive circulation of the Bible.

But Satan has mixed up much that is not of Christ with the profession of Christianity in these days, especially the spread of sacerdotalism in counteraction to evangelical doctrine, involving thereby the proclamation of that other gospel, which is strenuously denounced by the Apostle Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Galatians. Also by a wrong interpretation of

The Events Predicted

to precede the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ to receive His church, to destroy His enemies, and to re-establish the united and restored kingdoms of Israel and Judah, the believers in Christ are hindered from that spirit of watchfulness which is so plainly, so repeatedly, and so strictly enjoined upon them, and not being on the watch-tower, so graphically described in Isa. 21: 8, they will lose many privileges, and have to pass through much of the tribulation which will come "as a snare on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." (Luke 21: 35). When the mind of the believer is disentangled from tradition, and free from prejudices, and he will receive in godly simplicity the word of God, he will find that the ecclesiastical antichrist exemplified in the Popes of Rome successively will be stripped of all his pretensions, and that the infidel antichrist which is represented by the beast, endowed with Satanic "power and strength" (Rev. 17: 13), shall hate the whore" and "make her desolate," and will work as the "mystery of iniquity" until he is destroyed, whom "the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming" (2 Thess. 2: 8).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Annual Report of the Commissioner of Pensions, issued last week, shows that during the last fiscal year over $73,000,000 was paid out in pensions, and, at the end of that year, there were over 400,000 names on the rolls. The system in operation evidently does not satisfy the Commissioner, who has exceptional opportunities for observing its defects. Among the suggestions he makes for its improvement are: an increase in the allowance to minor children from $2 to $5 per month; that widows' pensions should date from the death of the husband instead of the time of application; that the payment of more than one pension to the same person should be prohibited; and that the Commissioner be allowed discretion in correcting discrepancies in the pension for loss of limbs.

The New York Republican Convention at Saratoga, on September 14, nominated Colonel Fred Grant at the head of its ticket as the candidate of the party for Secretary of State. The nomination has given general satisfaction throughout the State, Col. Grant having many personal friends, beside bearing a name which is a passport to public good-will. The platform adopted by the Convention is a document which will be studied with much interest so far as it deals with live issues. The denunciation of the Federal and State administration which it contains, is a matter of custom, which will have little influence. The people are so accustomed to hear each party denounce the other, that they are coming to regard it as an empty formality and pass on to find out what the party pledges itself to do if successful. As to *the tariff*, the platform says: "National taxation should be so adjusted as to raise revenue sufficient for an economic and wise administration of the Government, for the payment of the public debt, for the development of national resources, and for national defense; but any reduction should be so made as not to impair the prosperity of the home industries." This appears to imply that in New York the Republican party is not opposed to a reduction of the tariff if it can be done without injury to the general prosperity. On the important question of *Immigration* the platform is in accord with the general opinion, here and elsewhere, of both political parties, so that we may hope that there will be no difficulty in getting a really effective measure through Congress next session. The classes of immigrants which the Convention desires to exclude are "Anachists, Communists, polygamists, paupers, fugitives from justice, and insane vicious, and criminal persons, as also contract labor." The *Liquor question* was, as in other conventions, the occasion of a struggle. The result was the following somewhat vague plank: "We heartily indorse the purpose of the Republican majority of the Legislature in passing the bills to limit and restrict the liquor traffic, and we condemn the vetoes of the Governor as hostile to that purpose. We recommend comprehensive and efficient legislation for giving local option by counties, towns and cities, and restriction by taxation in such localities as do not by their option exclude absolutely the traffic." As the liquor trade is already restricted by taxation, it is not quite clear whether the Convention was in favor of further restriction. Nor did it endorse the bills passed by the Legislature, but only "the purpose" of the bills. This plank certainly will not win prohibition votes.

The Centennial Celebration of the Signing of the Constitution at Philadelphia last week was worthy of the occasion. The city was magnificently decorated, and the presence of the President and his Cabinet and the Governors of thirty States with their staffs gave a dignity to the pageant which befitted the importance of the great event commemorated. The celebration commenced on Thursday with the processional *industrial display*, the object of which was to illustrate, upon cars moving in a long and brilliant procession, the customs, the domestic characteristics, commerce, arts, implements of industry, means of transportation, etc., of 1787, contrasted with those of 1887, giving ocular demonstration of the changes and national progress made in the first century of our constitutional existence. In the evening the Governor of Pennsylvania held a public reception in honor of the Governors of the States and Territories present at the celebration. The second day was devoted to a *military parade and review* by the President, of the regiments and companies of the militia of the several States and Territories, accompanied by their respective Governors and staffs, and by detachments from the Army and Navy of the United States, detailed for that occasion. On Saturday, the third and final day, being the day on which the Constitution was signed a hundred years ago, occurred the *special services* of commemoration, at which the President of the United States presided. The oration was pronounced by Mr. Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court of the United States. A poem was recited and a grand musical concert was given. Besides all this the citizens of Philadelphia, who have taken up the matter with praiseworthy enthusiasm, got up other entertainments on a smaller scale in honor of the event.

The Seven Chicago Anarchists who are Lying under sentence of death for killing the policemen by a dynamite bomb on May 4, 1886, have failed in their appeal to the Supreme Court of Illinois. On September 14, Judge Magruder delivered judgment on the points submitted to the court, affirmed the conviction, and fixed November 11, as the day of execution. All the judges concurred in the decision, so that there is now no hope of their escaping the just punishment of their crime but by appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The only important question in doubt was whether in the absense of proof as to which of the men actually threw the bomb, all the prisoners were legally guilty. On this point the court is decided. Judge Magruder said: "If the defendants advised and encouraged, aided or abetted in the killing of the policemen, they are as guilty as if they had taken these men's lives by their own hands. If any of them stood by and saw or aided in the throwing of the fatal bomb, each of the aiders and abettors is as guilty as him who did the fatal deed." The friends of the condemned men are now raising funds to carry the case to the Supreme Court, under the plea that the execution will be a violation of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution. It is only by a forced construction of that amendment that the court can take cognizance of the case.

The British Parliament was Prorogued on Friday last. The Queen's speech on the occasion, in referring to the fishery difficulty, said: I have agreed with the President of the United States to refer to a joint commission the difficult questions respecting the North American fisheries, which have recently been discussed by the two nations. On the Irish question the Queen says: "The wants and difficulties of Ireland have occupied your close attention during a protracted session. I trust the remedies your wisdom has provided will gradually effect a complete restoration of order in Ireland, and give renewed encouragement to peaceful industry." The Queen, or rather her ministers who prepare her speech, is more sanguine than the rest of the world. The general impression is, that the measures this Parliament has passed have exasperated the Irish people and rendered their discontent more embittered.

A Deplorable Riot in Ireland took Place on September 9. An open air meeting was convoked at Mitchellstown to protest against the arrest of Wm. O'Brien the Nationalist editor. Mr. Labouchere and several other English Members of Parliament attended to take part in the proceedings. While the meeting was in progress a government reporter arrived, and the police in endeavoring to force a passage for him through the crowd to the carriage, from which the speeches were being made, hustled some of the people. The result was an attack on the police with sticks and stones, and they were driven back to the barracks. A few of the bolder men followed them throwing stones. The police apparently apprehending an attack on the barracks, formed in line and fired into the crowd, killing two men, and dangerously wounding several others, two of whom have since died. Mr. Labouchere in the House of Commons, denounced the firing as deliberate murder, but Mr. Balfour, the Secretary for Ireland, declared that the conduct of the police was ample justified, and that they were in no way to blame, the sole responsibility resting upon those who convoked the meeting.

Bellicose Speeches at a French Banquet have stirred the spirit of France. The banquet was one given at Toulouse, Sept. 14, to General Bréart, commander of the Seventeenth Army Corps, which has just been mobilized as a test of the efficiency of the army generally. The General, responding, declared that France now knew her strength, and that *she was ready and awaited revenge*. M. Cales, member of the Chamber of Deputies, said the recent mobilization experiment showed that the army was now in a position to give France *the revenge for which she impatiently awaited*. The papers endeavored to soften the effect of the speech made by General Bréart, and assert that no importance must be attached to them. They blame the speakers, and say that the German press will be sure to make an outcry because of the speeches, and they therefore admonish France to remain quiet and dignified. It is clear, however, that a war on Germany, which must shortly take place, according to the views of prophetic students, would be popular in France.

The German Government is Apparently Apprehensive of an approaching war. The *North German Gazette*, which is believed to be controlled by Bismarck, in discussing the Bulgarian situation states that the Prince cannot assent to the Russian proposals, and declines the Czar's request that he act as mediator, because he does not wish to assume responsibility in the Eastern question. Neither does the German government desire, in view of the European situation, to *increase its labors or divide its strength*. Germany is ready to agree to the Ernroth mission, and also to recommend the other Powers to assent to it, provided the proposal is officially made by both Russia and the Porte. This apparent assent to General Ernroth's going to Bulgaria is explained by irreconcilable differences between the Porte and Russia over the mission. There is only a remote chance of both presenting a similar proposal to the Powers.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with this journal have been received, since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of $16. They are: from Mt. Jackson, Va., $1; Woodhaven, L. I., $2; San Andreas Island, West Indies, $3; Leadville, Col., $10. We are extremely glad to receive these amounts, and more *would be very welcome*, for many applications from colored ministers are on hand. Those among them who have received the paper through this fund during the past twelve months speak very gratefully of the benefit they have derived from it, and of the assistance it has rendered them in the preaching of the gospel.

Cheering News of Mr. H. M. Stanley Arrived last week. Major Bartellot, commander of the camp on the Aruwimi, wrote that he had received a letter from Stanley dated July 12. Stanley was then ten days' march in the interior, and was still proceeding up the Aruwimi, which he had found navigable above the rapids. He had launched the steel whaleboat and rafts. The members of the expedition were in good health, and provisions were easily procured at the large villages. The country showed a gradual rise toward high table-lands. A caravan of 480 men followed the expedition on the left bank of the river and an advance guard of 40 natives of Zanzibar led. Stanley expected to arrive on July 22, at the centre of the Mabode district, and to reach *Wadelai by the middle of August*. The advance had been so peaceably accomplished that Stanley had instructed Bartellot that he would shortly send him orders to follow the expedition by the same route.

The Arrest of Mr. Doane, the Missionary of the American Board, at Ponape, in the Caroline Islands, is, it now appears, only the initial step in an effort to completely crush the Protestant Mission there. Mrs. Rand, the wife of Mr. Doane's colleague at Ponape, has arrived at Boston to present the facts to the American Board for transmission to the Department of State, which is prepared to make a strong case to the Court of Madrid. Mrs. Rand says: "The arrest was part of a preconceived plan to oust us out from the islands and supplant our faith by that of the Roman Catholic Church. The Governor was predisposed against us, and evidently only awaited the slightest pretext to annoy and arrest us. We hold good deeds to our property from the native chiefs, but these the Governor entirely ignored, and declared that all the land belonged to Spain. But he did not confine his persecution to us. In the case of one native preacher, he threatened him with imprisonment and flogging if he did not renounce his faith. Then they are at work to break up our schools, indirectly, by taking away our teachers to work by forced labor on the public roads, and, in every way, their determination is shown to supplant us entirely." Mrs. Rand appears to think that even the removal of the Governor will not remedy the matter, as a new man, under the same influences, would follow the same policy.

An Impudent Application was Made to the clerk of the Superior Court in New York, on September 12. In the course of the day's business a man with a red beard strutted into court, and, addressing the clerk, said: "I am Herr Johannes Most, and I want to declare my intentions." Mr. Boesé replied by asking him if he was prepared to swear that he would obey the laws passed under the Constitution by the proper authorities. Most answered: "If they are good laws. If the laws are detrimental to the interests of the people, I believe that force should be used to resist them. It is our duty to use force against laws which deprive people of their rights. I will resist tyranny wherever I find it." The clerk said that in that case he should not administer the oath, nor allow Most to take any steps toward becoming a citizen, adding that we do not want any citizens who will not promise to obey the laws. Most intimated that he should appeal against the decision, but he is not likely to fare better, for the clerk is undoubtedly right. Men who will not obey the law are not fit for citizenship. That fact should be impressed also on all who seek membership in our churches. Many are admitted, unhappily, who do not obey the laws of Christ's kingdom, and much scandal is thereby caused; but all such should be warned that their admission to the church on earth, is not a guarantee that they have been accepted by Christ (Luke 6: 46–49).

A Curious Suit over a Dead Body is being tried in a New Jersey court. It is on an application to the Court of Chancery at Trenton, by a gentleman of that city for an injunction restraining his daughter-in-law from disinterring the body of his son. When the son died he left a will directing his wife, whom he made executrix, to bury his body in a separate plot in the cemetery where she and their child could be interred by his side, when they died. His instructions, however, were disregarded, as his father offered to bury the body at his own expense in his plot, and the wife consented. Now the wife has revoked her consent, has purchased a plot and prepared to remove her husband's corpse to it. It is to prevent her doing so, that the father has invoked the power of the Chancellor. The question now to be decided is as to the ownership of the body and whether the wife forfeited the rights with which her husband's will invested her when she consented to deposit it in her father-in-law's plot. Though all the relatives are in a state of intense concern and excitement about the dispute, and in much suspense as to the result, the dead man himself, if he knows of it, must be supremely indifferent about the place where his body shall lie. For him the all-absorbing subject is the place in which his soul abides. He knows now, if he did not know before, how trivial are the interests relating to the body dead or alive compared with the interests of the soul (Matt. 6: 25, 33).

A Remarkable Confession was Made a few days ago at Ferryville, Ala. A young man, only twenty-seven years old, a stranger in the city, lay dying, and requested that the story of his life might be made public. He said that he was the son of wealthy parents, formerly residing at Dallas, Tex., and when he was thirteen years of age, and while at school, he had a violent quarrel with his cousin, a boy about his own age and his constant companion, and he had procured a gun and shot him dead. Then he had run away and wandered off among the Indians, with whom he made his way to California. He followed the Pacific coast north for a time, then worked eastward. For fourteen years he had wandered from place to place, never staying anywhere more than a month or two, always haunted by the memory of his crime, and tortured by remorse. He had endured many hardships, had suffered from hunger and ill treatment, and had often been in imminent danger of death. He died shortly after making his confession, and when his body was prepared for burial it was found to be marked all over with gashes of knives and scars of bullet wounds. His career was a melancholy illustration of the terrible results of sin. Had he only realized what the atonement of Christ could do for him, he might have been restored; but, as it was, he suffered to the last the literal curse pronounced on the first murderer (Gen 4:14).

A Mechanical Voice has been Supplied to a patient in the New York Hospital. Some six months ago a man went to the hospital suffering from cancer of the throat. The diseased parts were cut out and a silver tube inserted in the windpipe to allow him to breathe and eat. The tube answered the purpose, but the man could not speak articulately, and he was much distressed by the privation. A few days ago he returned to the hospital to inquire whether something could not be done to alleviate his loss of voice. Dr. Bull exercised his ingenuity on the case, and devised a little musical arrangement which he has placed in the silver tube, that is acting as deputy windpipe in the patient's throat. It is on the principle of a jewsharp or harmonica, which will enable the man to emit a variety of musical sounds. These after a time, the doctor thinks, his family will learn to understand and interpret, thus enabling the sufferer to converse, after a fashion, with those about him. Ingenious as the arrangement is, and useful as it doubtless will be to the patient, it is but a poor substitute for the natural voice, which man with all his skill cannot construct. For all who are afflicted with the loss of any faculty there is only one hope of real recovery, and that will come if they give themselves to the Saviour, when the whole earth is rejoicing in His millennial reign (Isa. 35: 5, 6).

A Lost Son Was Found Many Miles Away from home two weeks ago. A wealthy merchant of Waterford, N. J., has two sons, the elder of whom recently went on a pleasure trip to Atlantic City. The younger son wanted to accompany him, but the parents refused permission. Then the boy, who is only seven years old, in his anger at being refused, concluded to run away from home. He quietly packed a few of his boyish treasures in a bundle, and as soon as it was dark disappeared in the pine forest. He wandered through the forest until he reached a railroad, where a man who found him crying gave him some supper, and he slept all night in a shed. On the next day he walked to Camden, a distance of twenty-five miles. Footsore and homesick, he threw himself on a doorstep and cried. Two ladies who lived in the house thus found him, took him in and cared for him, and, finding out who he was, notified his friends. They kept him with them until his father came to fetch him home. There was no hesitation or delay on the father's part, though the child's misery was the result of his own wilfulness. If those who have fallen into trouble through wandering from God, would only learn the lesson this father's conduct conveys, they would apply to their heavenly Father for forgiveness through Christ, and He would receive them. (Isa. 55: 7).

BRIEF NOTES.

A party of eighteen missionaries will leave New York on October 1, to join Bishop Taylor's African mission.

A general conference of all evangelical missions in Mexico is to be held January 31 to February 3, 1888, in the City of Mexico.

Mr. E. P. Telford, the famous English Methodist evangelist, is about to visit this country. His services in Nottingham and other large English cities have resulted in extensive revivals.

More than twelve hundred million cigarettes were sold in the United States during the past year. Physicians are agreed that of all forms of smoking the cigarette is most injurious, as it induces diseases of the throat.

The thirtieth anniversary of the commencement of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting will be celebrated to-morrow (Sept. 23). The Rev. T. W. Chambers, D. D., will preach a commemorative sermon on the occasion at noon in the Collegiate Church.

Seven hundred and twenty-eight new members were received into Dr. Talmage's church last year, making the entire membership 4,020. The Rev. Ralph W. Brokaw, of Belleville, N. J., will act as assistant pastor at the Tabernacle this year.

There are now twenty-seven vessels engaged in missionary work in different parts of the world under the auspices of sixteen societies; of these missionary vessels sixteen are running on the coasts or rivers of Africa, and six among the islands of the Pacific.

The new building erected by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in Forty-fifth Street New York, for the employees of the Fourth Avenue Railroad, will be presented to the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Vanderbilt has also given a library of 6,000 volumes to the branch.

The Evangelical Alliance has issued a call for a conference of evangelical Christians in the United States, to meet in Washington, District of Columbia, December 7–9, 1887. Among other questions to be considered are the following: What are the present perils of the Christian Church and of the country? Can any of them be best met by co-operation of all evangelical Christians?

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

FOLLY OF UNBELIEF.

A New Sermon By Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then He said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."—Luke 24 : 25.

Sadness not a Proof of Insincerity—An Example for Comforters—Let the Mourner Talk—The Saviour's Rebuke—Unbelief a Fault, Not a Weakness—Unbelief in Believers—A Folly—Arises from Thoughtlessness—From Hurry—Causes Needless Suffering—A Strange Inconsistency—Frauds Find Faith—Plenty of Evidence—Mr. Muller's Tour—Slow of Heart, Not Hard of Heart—Why Seekers Do Not Believe—People who Want a Vision.

THE two disciples who walked to Emmaus and conversed together, and were sad, were true believers. We may not judge men by their occasional feelings. The possession of gladness is no clear evidence of grace; and the existence of depression is no sure sign of insincerity. The brightest eyes that look for heaven have sometimes been holden so that they could not see their heart's true joy. Be not cast down, my brethren and sisters, if occasionally the tears of sadness bathe your cheeks. Jesus may be drawing near to you, and yet you may be

Troubled by Mysteries

of grief. The Lord Jesus Christ came to the two disciples, and took a walk of some seven miles with them to remove their sadness; for it is not the will of our Lord that His people should be cast down. Do not dream, when in sadness, that your Lord has deserted you; rather reckon that for this reason He will come.

Observe that, when the Saviour did come to these mourning ones, He acted very wisely towards them. He did not at once begin by saying, "I know why you are sad." No; He waited for them to speak, and in His patience drew forth from them the items and particulars of their trouble. You that deal with mourners, learn hence the way of wisdom. Do not talk too much yourselves. Let the swelling heart relieve itself. Allow those who are seeking the Lord to tell you their difficulties: do not discourse much with them till they have done so. You will be the better able to deal with them, and they will be the better prepared to receive your words of cheer.

Again, learn another point of wisdom. When our Lord had heard their statement of distress he rather rebuked than encouraged them. He began by saying, "O foolish men, and slow in heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken!" Observe that I quote the Revised Version, for the Authorized is too harsh. Our Lord did not call them *fools*, but foolish persons. The difference is rather in the manner than in the sense. He chided them; gently, but still wisely. He let them know that their unbelief was blameworthy, and

He Called Them Foolish

for indulging it. O beloved brother, if thy Master chide thee, do not doubt His love! If, when thou goest to Him in grief, He answers thee roughly, it is His love scarcely disguised, which thus seeks thy truest welfare. If thou believe in thy Lord, thou wilt reply, 'Master, say on." If He call thee foolish, thou wilt wonder that He does not say something worse of thee; and in any case thou wilt trust Him after the manner of Job when he said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Especially observe that our Saviour's rebuke was aimed at their unbelief. Unbelief, which we so often excuse, and for which we almost claim pity, is not treated by our Lord as a trifle. It is for this that He calls them foolish; it is about this that He chides the slowness of their hearts. Do not let us readily excuse ourselves for mistrust of God. If we ever doubt our gracious Lord, let us feel ourselves to be verily guilty. Regard unbelief as a fault rather than a weakness. Brace yourselves to seek a braver and more constant faith than you have reached.

In speaking to believers, I would have them observe that our Lord rebuked their unbelief under two heads: first, *as being folly*, and secondly, *as arising from slowness of heart.*

Unbelief is Folly.

Not to believe all that the prophets have spoken, and not to draw comfort out of it, is great folly. Folly! Note the word. "O fools! O foolish men!" It is folly such as makes the tender Jesus cry out. It is folly because it arises from want of thought and consideration. Not to think is folly. To give way to sadness, when a little thought would prevent it, is foolishness. Is it not? If these two disciples had sat down and said, "Now the prophets have said concerning the Messiah that He shall be led as a lamb to the slaughter, and thus was it with our Master," they would have been confirmed in their confidence that Jesus was the Messiah. If they had said, "The prophet David wrote, 'They pierced My hands and My feet,'" they would have recognized in this their crucified Lord. And if then they had turned to the other passages of the prophets in which they speak of Messiah's future glory, they would have been refreshed with hope.

Forgot the Scriptures.

Had they compared the testimony of the holy women with the prophecies of the Old Testament, they would have obtained ground of hope. The women reported that the body was no longer in the tomb and that they had seen a vision of angels, who said that He was alive; two apostles went to the sepulchre and gave in a like report; and this tallied with the Lord's own words, in which He made Jonah His type, because he came up from the deep on the third day. But they forgot the Scriptures; they did not think of that great source of hope. Their eyes were dimmed with tears, so that they did not see what was plain before them. How many a precious text have you and I read again and again without perceiving its joyful meaning, because our minds have been clouded with despondency!

Unbelief is folly because it is inconsistent with our own professions. The two disciples professed that they believed in the prophets; and I have no doubt that they did so; and yet now they were acting as if they did not believe in the prophets at all. Are we not often found guilty of like inconsistency? O brethren, it is one thing to say, "I believe the Bible," but it is quite another thing to act upon that belief! There is more

Infidelity in the Best Believer

than he dreams of. We think we believe in the gross; and yet, when it comes to the detail, and we have to deal with this promise and with that as a matter of fact in every-day life, *we have to light a candle, and sweep the house, to find our faith.* What folly this is! We may safely rest the weight of our body and soul, our present and future, upon the sure promise of a faithful God; and we are bound by our profession to do so. It is folly to call ourselves believers in the Bible, and then to doubt and distrust.

Folly, again, is clearly seen in unbelieving sadness, because the evidence which should cheer us is so clear. In the case of the brethren going to Emmaus they had solid ground for hope, They speak, to my mind, a little cavalierly of the holy women as "certain women." Yet there were no better disciples in the world than those women. They were surely the best of the chosen company—Mary and the Magdalene. Even the testimonies of Peter and John—the very chief of the apostles—are not sufficiently valued, for they speak of "certain of them which were with us." I say not they speak disrespectfully; but there is a slurring of their witness by casting a doubt upon it. Concerning these godly women they leave an impression on my mind as if they had said, "Women will talk, and these women said that they had seen a vision of angels, which said that He was alive." If they had been pushed to the point, the two disciples would not have allowed that the Magdalene and the other women, or Peter, or John, were unworthy of credence; and yet they were by their sadness acting as if the witnesses were mistaken. Now, dear friends, you and I have had superabundant evidence of the faithfulness of God, and if we are unbelieving, we are unreasonable and foolish. These many years that I have trusted in Him He has never failed me once. Experienced Christians, how can you waver in your confidence? If we disbelieve, is it not folly? If the Saviour does not call us fools, we are forced to call ourselves so.

Unbelief is folly, because it very often arises out of our being

In Such a Hurry.

They said, "Beside all this, this is the third day." I know that they had expected great things on that third day, and were justified in expecting them; but still, the day was not yet over, and they were in as great a fever as if it was past a month ago. Although the Saviour had said that He would rise on the third day, He had not said that He would appear to them all on the third day. He told them to go into Galilee, and there they should see Him; but that meeting had not yet come. "He that believeth shall not make haste;" but they that do not believe are always restless. Well, it is written, "Ye have need of patience." God's promises will be kept to the moment, but they will not all be fulfilled to-day. Divine promises are some of them bills which are payable so many days after sight; and because they are not paid at sight we doubt whether they are good bills. Is this reasonable? If the vision tarry, wilt thou not wait for it? It will come in its own appointed time; wouldst thou have it hurried on for thee?

Yet, again, I think we may be well accused of folly whenever we doubt, because we make ourselves suffer needlessly. There are

Enough Bitter Wells

in this wilderness without our digging more. There are enough real causes of sorrow without our inventing imaginary ones. If these two travellers had considered and believed, they would have known that Christ was risen from the dead; and as they walked along to Emmaus, if indeed they had ever taken that walk at all, their faces would have brightened at the prospect of soon seeing Him they loved so well.

I want you to notice yet further that it was folly, but it was nothing more. It was not wicked rebellion; there was no enmity in it. They loved their Lord, though they feard He had not risen from the dead. I do not want you to draw undue comfort from this gentle word, but yet I would have you lose none of the cheer it is meant to convey. You that are vexed at your own doubts are not to come to the conclusion that the Lord utterly rejects you. He discriminates between the folly of a child and the wickedness of a rebel; he knows what is in your heart, and knows that you are His. You are like a ship that is well anchored, and though the tide is rushing in, and makes your vessel roll from side to side, so that you yourself stagger, yet the vessel is not loosed from its moorings, neither are you in any danger. Your faith is fixed on Christ, and this anchor holds you; though you are tossed about a little, you will suffer no shipwreck because of sin, but much sea-sickness because of folly. So much concerning unbelieving sadness as folly.

Then our Lord rebuked them for

Slowness of Heart

to believe. This is an evil greatly to be fought against, but it is by no means a rare sin among the people of God. Let me try and bring home the charge made by our Lord against the two disciples, since I fear it applies to us as much as to them. Our hearts are full often sluggish in believing; at least, mine is so, and I suppose we are much alike. First, we are slow in heart to believe our God, for we are much more ready to believe others than to believe Him. I am often amazed with the credulity of good people whom I had credited with more sense. Credulity towards man and incredulity towards God are singular things to find in the same person. We cannot help seeing in the daily papers how easily people are duped. Get up a prospectus, and a list

of names as directors, including a titled pauper, and you can bring in money by wagon-loads. The confidence trick can still be successfully performed. One impostor lived for months by calling at the door of guileless old people in almshouses, and telling them that a cousin in America had died, and left them a fortune, but it was essential that fees should be paid at the government offices, and then the legacy would at once be handed over. Times and times the money has been scraped together, the rogue has gone his way, and no more has been heard of the cousin in America. There are so many simpletons about that rogues reap harvests all the months of the year. And yet the God of truth is doubted! This makes our slowness of heart in believing God all the more sad a sign of our inward depravity of nature. We *can* believe, for we believe in man; and yet we are slow at heart to believe our God. Oh, my brethren, can we excuse ourselves? The Lord forgive us!

We are quick of mind to believe mentally, but we are slow of heart to

Believe Practically.

The very heart of our believing is slow. Our dear friend, Mr. George Muller, whom may God long preserve, says that one of his objects in journeying about, at his advanced age, from church to church, is to try and lead God's people to real faith in the promises of God. Mr. Muller's object is a very desirable one: but what fools we must be that 'his should be necessary'!

There are plenty of people who believe God after a superfine kind of fashion up there on the edge of the moon, or "at the back of the north wind"; but they do not believe the Lord in their shops, and on their beds, and in their kitchens: they cannot believe as to bread, and cheese, and house-rent, and raiment. They talk about believing in the Lord for eternity, but for this day and next week they are full of fear. True faith is every-day faith. The faith of the patriarchs was a faith which dwelt in tents and fed sheep. We want a faith which will endure the wear and tear of life—a practical, realizing faith, which trusts in God from hour to hour. Oh, to be delivered from shams, and windbags, and to believe God as a woman believes her husband, or a child believes its father!

These two disciples must have been slow of heart to believe, again, because they had enjoyed so much excellent teaching, and they ought to have been solid believers. They had been for years with Jesus Christ himself as a tutor, and yet they

Had Not Learned the Elements

of simple faith. "Oh," say you, "they were very slow!" Are not you the same? How many years have you been with Jesus? Perhaps for even thirty years. He has Himself taught you, has He not? Let me remind some of you of the remarkable events of your lives. What wonderful providences you have seen! What singular deliverances you have experienced! What divine upholding you have enjoyed! What heavenly consolations you have received! Have you not said many times in the flush of your gratitude for some signal favor, "There, I can never doubt my Lord again?" You were foolish when you made that boastful observation: but you are more foolish still for running back from it.

Before I leave this point, I beg you to notice that the Saviour does not say they were "hard of heart," but "slow of heart." I like to notice that. When He is more severe, he is still tenderly discriminating, "Slow of heart" we are, but there is no enmity in our heart towards Him. It is slowness, and that is bad enough, but our Lord graciously helps our pace. Our face is in the right direction, and our feet are going the right way; but we are slow in heart, and lame in faith. So there I leave it. There is the Master's gentle rebuke, not meant to discourage you, but to encourage you. He calls you foolish in order that you may be so no longer. Believe, and this shall be your wisdom.

Will the Lord's people kindly pray for me while I now speak to the unconverted? Ask that I may have God-speed while I try and speak to

Those who are Seeking

the Lord, and have not yet believed in Him. I want to say to them just this: "O, foolish men, and slow of heart to believe!" Some of you are really seeking the Lord, but you say that you cannot believe, though you long to believe.

Listen! This unbelief proves you to be foolish and slow of heart, for there are other parts of His Word which you easily believe. If there is a threatening or a condemnation, you believe it. You have a quick eye for anything which reads hard and looks dismal. You are ready enough to take in the hard things, but the gracious promises of the loving Christ you will not believe. How can you justify this? How foolish you are! Next, you are very foolish, because your objections against believing are altogether poor and puerile. I should think I have heard hundreds of them in my time, but out of all the objections raised by troubled souls against believing in Jesus, there is not one worthy of serious discussion. One man cannot believe in Jesus because he does not feel humble enough; as if that affected Christ's power to save! Another says he cannot believe, because he has not felt the terrors of the law and the dread of hell. Does he think that his terrors are to save him? Would his dreads and horrors help Christ to save him? Would he not be trusting his terrors, and not Christ? The Lord Jesus says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." The Gospel is to be preached to every creature, and every creature that believes it shall be saved; but these people back out of it, and begin hammering out reasons for their own destruction. A sadly suicidal business this!

And then some of you are foolish and slow of heart because you make such

Foolish Demands upon God.

You would believe if you could hear a voice, if you could dream a dream, if some strange thing were to happen in your family. What! Is God to be tied to your fancies, that you will not believe Him unless He does this and that extravagant thing? If He chooses to bring some to Himself by extraordinary means, must He do the same with you, ot else you prefer to be cast into hell? Surely you are mad. Who are you, that you are to dictate to the Lord, and say He shall do this or that, or else you will refuse to believe Him? And so you will trample on the blood of Jesus, and turn your back upon the kingdom of heaven, unless an angel is sent to you, or you hear a voice from heaven! O fools and slow of heart, to make these irrational demands upon the ever-blessed God!

You are foolish and slow of heart, because to a great extent you ignore the Word of God and its suitability to your case. If a soul in distress will take down the Bible and turn it over, he need not look long before he will light upon a passage which describes himself as the object of mercy. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Does not That Apply to You?

Why, if you will but look through the Word you shall find passages so pertinent to your condition that, as a key fits a lock, they will seem made for you! Those two disciples did not, for a while, see how the prophets met the case of the crucified and risen Christ; but as they did see it their hearts burned within them. As you also see how God has provided for your condition in His Word, in His covenant, in His Son, your sadness will flee away.

I close with this one word of warning to those who are distressed in heart, and are falling into the habit of looking for reasons why they should *not* believe in Christ. I do pray you to leave off this silly practice. Before this evil becomes chronic with you, quit it as a deadly thing. People can reason themselves down, but they cannot reason themselves up again. If thou seest a door open, in God's name hasten in, for one of these days thou mayest be so blind as never to see an open door again. A man may act the cripple till he grows hopelessly lame. Mind what you are at. You may lock a door and open it again for many a year; but one of these days *you may so hamper the lock that it will not open again.* Oh, that you may at once believe in Jesus Christ unto eternal life!

I have come to this pass myself—if I perish, I will perish believing in Jesus. If I must be lost, I will be lost clinging to His cross. Can any man be lost there? No, "fools and slow at heart" though we may be, we know that none shall perish who come to Christ, for that would greatly dishonor the Saviour's name. God bless you! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

HOW THEY CROWN A QUEEN.*

OLD animosities were driven out of the heart on June 28, 1838, amid the June sunshine and the coronation joy. The procession had taken about an hour and a half to reach Westminster Abbey, where the coronation was to take place. The Queen entered the venerable building, preceded by the regalia, and clad in the royal robes of crimson velvet, lined with ermine and embroidered with gold lace, and wearing the orders of the Garter, Thistle, Bath, and St. Patrick. Many of the dignitaries of church and state had preceded her, and she was accompanied on either side by the Bishops of Bath and Wells and the Bishop of Durham. Amid the blare of trumpets and the booming of cannons, the Queen enters the Abbey and halts at the Recognition Chair, where she kneels in prayer. On her rising, the Archbishop of Canterbury approaches, accompanied by some of the chief civic dignitaries, and presenting the Queen, says: "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted queen of this realm; wherefore, all you who have come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" Those to whom the words were more immediately addressed, and those on the east side of the church, then said: "God save Queen Victoria!" Then turning to the south, west and north, the Archbishop made the same "Recognition," and from each side in turn came the same answer, "God save Queen Victoria!"

After this initial part of the ceremony was over, the Queen proceeded with her attendants to the altar, on which she laid her first offering to the Church—a golden altar cloth and an ingot of gold a pound weight. Then followed the litany, the holy communion, and the sermon, preached by the Bishop of London, from II Chronicles, 24: 31, "And the king stood in his place and made a covenant before the Lord," etc.

After the sermon, the various oaths were administered, the Queen replying to each in an audible voice, and, finally, going to the altar and laying her right hand upon the Gospels in the Bible, she stood and said: "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep, so help me God!" she then kissed the book, signed the oath, and again knelt in prayer. The ceremony of anointing followed. She seated herself in King Edward's chair, and four Knights of the Garter held a cloth of gold over her head. Meanwhile, the Dean of Westminster had taken the ampulla from the altar, and poured some of the oil it contained into the gold anointing spoon, and the Archbishop proceeded to anoint the head and hands of the sovereign.

The Queen then received the insignia of royalty, the spurs and the sword of state, was invested with the royal robe, and the orb which

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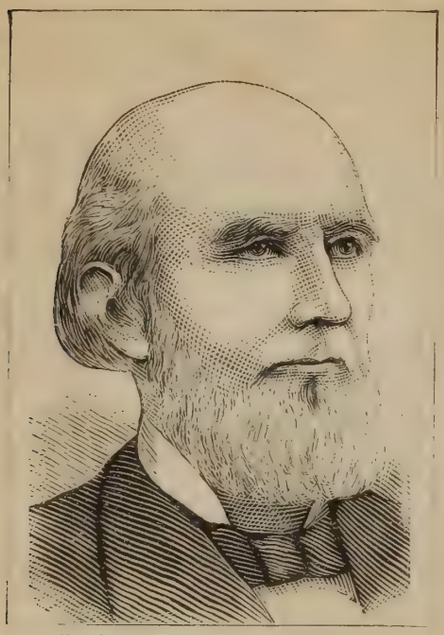
* From "The Story of the Life of Queen Victoria; Told for Boys and Girls all over the World." By W. W. Tulloch, B. D. (Revised by Her Majesty), pp. 277; price $1.25. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, New York.



The Late Capt. James B. Eads.

Bay Islands, Honduras, Central America. (*See page 597.*)

it is said she found heavy to hold, was given to her. The ring it seems had been made for the wrong finger, and there was some difficulty in getting it on the right one. The royal sceptre was then given her as the ensign of kingly power and justice; the rod with the dove as the "rod of equity and mercy." The placing of the crown upon her head was the striking culmination of this part of the proceedings. It was more tasteful than that worn by George IV. and William IV., which had been broken up. The old crown weighed more than seven pounds, and the new, which was smaller, only about three pounds. It was composed of hoops of silver, enclosing a cap of deep blue velvet. The hoops were completely covered with precious stones, surmounted by a ball covered with diamonds, and having a Maltese cross of brilliants on the top of it. The cross had in the centre of it a splendid sapphire. The rim of the crown was clustered with brilliants and ornamented with Fleur-de-lis and Maltese crosses equally rich. In the front of the large Maltese cross was the enormous heart-shaped ruby which had been worn by Edward the Black Prince, and which afterward adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Beneath this in the circular rim was a large oblong sapphire. There were many other precious gems, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, and several small clusters of drop pearls. The lower part of the crown was surrounded with ermine. The value of the jewels on the crown was estimated at $568,800. The following is a summary of the precious stones comprised in the crown: 1 large ruby irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, 273 other pearls.

The procession from the Abbey after the ceremony was even more splendid than in the morning, for the Queen now wore her crown, and the peeresses their robes and jeweled coronets. The enthusiasm and acclamations of the crowd were also heartier and louder.

THE LATE CAPTAIN J. B. EADS.

(*See Portrait.*)

The death of the eminent engineer whose portrait appears on this page, occurred at Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands, where he went last February for a brief vacation, hoping to recruit his system, which was exhausted by overwork. Neither he nor his friends had any apprehension of his death; it was supposed that there was nothing the matter with him but debility, which change and rest would remove. But Captain Eads had exhausted his vitality more completely than he knew, and the two potent remedies were powerless to restore it.

Captain Eads was born May 23, 1820, at Lawrenceburg, Ind. He was, therefore, sixty-seven years old when he died. The family removed to Louisville, Kentucky, when he was nine years old, and there, four years later his father died, and young Eads at thirteen years of age went out to face the world. He went to St. Louis and obtained a situation as clerk, which after about nine years he resigned to enter a firm engaged in the recovery of valuables from sunken wrecks. So energetic and successful was he in this occupation, that in 1857 he was able to retire from business with a handsome fortune. At the outbreak of the war in 1861 he offered his services to the national government, and prepared a plan for the defense of the great rivers of the west. Under a contract with the government he built a fleet of iron-clad gunboats and another of double-turreted "monitors" for offensive and defensive use on the Mississippi. In the construction of these vessels many new features of his invention were employed for the first time, and with marked success.

Captain Eads was from that time forward identified with colossal engineering undertakings. One of his most important achievements was the construction of the bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, which was opened in 1874. After its completion Captain Eads secured from the government a contract for deepening the channels at the mouths of the Mississippi River. His operations were highly successful, opening the Mississippi ports to the deep-water commerce of the world. Captain Eads's last great project was of a ship railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. Captain Eads proposed to construct, at a cost of about seventy-five million dollars, a many-tracked railroad 134 miles in length, and having a grade in some places of fifty-three feet per mile, with turn-tables, etc., and with dry-docks at each end. The largest ocean steamers, heavily laden, were to be docked, placed in huge cradles, mounted on cars, and dragged overland from sea to sea by the combined force of half a dozen giant locomotives. This plan of Isthmian transit was encouraged by the Mexican Government, but failed to receive the guarantee of the United States Congress, which Captain Eads needed before commencing the work. It was again discussed by the last Congress, but did not secure even a charter.

In person Captain Eads was an exceedingly small man. His hair was a flaxen gray and his complexion sallow; his eyes, blue in color, were penetrating and very bright; his forehead was high and broad; his nose sharp and well defined, and his mouth firmly set and determined-looking. Captain Eads had many friends in all parts of the country, who had a warm regard for the indomitable little man, and sincerely deplore his death.

ENOCH WHITELEY'S "LITTLE UN."

(*See Illustration on page 605*).

"Mornin', Doctor," said Enoch Whiteley, as he emerged from a path through the woods into the highroad, and accosted a good-looking young surgeon who was cantering past. "Could you come in and look at my little un. I'm kinder oneasy about her."

"What is it, Enoch?" said Dr. Travers, "anything serious? I'll come around as I return if it is not. I am going to see Mrs. Wheeler."

"That will do, doctor; she's been ailing on and off for a week or two. Sort o' dull and lifeless. Aint got no pain to speak of, but seems tired all the while, lies about, and don't care about anything, and she used to be as full of fun and life as a little squirrel. Guess she wants picking up a bit. Anyhow, you'll know. You won't forget to come in, will you, Doctor? She's all the world to me, and I couldn't bear to lose her."

"All right, Enoch, I'll be sure to come. But it amuses me to hear you say she is all the world to you. I thought your world was in the grocery. You would be a great deal better off, in your health and pocket both, if you thought more of your child and less of rum."

"May be you're right, Doctor, but it's the little un, now, If you can put her right, I'll forgive you for preaching," said Enoch magnanimously. He stood looking after the Doctor for a minute or two until he was lost to view, and then turned back home. He just looked in to tell his wife that Dr. Travers was coming before going to his work.

"Mind you keep sober then, Enoch," said his wife, who was not remarkable for her tact. "It aint o'much use fetching the doctor to her if you scare her out o' her life wi' your shines when you come home full o' nights."

Enoch muttered something very unpleasant as he went out, and had half a mind to go right off to the grocery instead of to work, just to show her it "warn't o' no use nagging," but concluded he would not, for the "little un's sake."

When Enoch got home at night he was quite sober, and very anxious to hear what the Doctor had said. His spirits sunk as he entered, for there sat his wife crying bitterly, while the little girl, who was about twelve years old, was trying

to comfort her. The timid, apprehensive look that was on the child's face as she turned at the sound of his step was a reproach to Enoch, which he felt keenly. There was cause for it, as he knew, for he could remember many a time when he had come home riotously drunk and quarrelsome. He had never hurt his child in his worst times, but he had distressed her by his violence to her mother.

"Well, what's Doctor say about her?" he asked.

"Says he can't do nothing. She's got consumption. All the doctors in the world can't save her. O my precious lamb, it breaks your mother's heart!" and the mother went back to her fit of weeping.

Enoch felt like joining her, strong man as he was. He looked vacantly around, half dazed, like a man who has had a stunning blow, and then walked out of the house without a word. He scarcely knew where he went at first, but he was going in the direction of the Doctor's house, two miles off. With a sad face he entered the office when at last he reached the place, and looked up at Dr. Travers in mute agony. "Is it true, Doctor?" he said at length. "Can't anything save her?"

Enoch Whiteley's Appeal to Dr. Travers.

"Oh, I don't say that," said the physician, perceiving at once that Mrs. Whiteley had exaggerated what he said to her. "She is in a critical state, but I shall do my best. She is young, and that is in her favor. She will want care, and perhaps she will pull through. You had better stop spending your money in rum and use it to buy her better clothes and shoes and more nourishing food. It is like murdering her to let her go about with those old shoes on that let the water in every step. Mind you, Enoch, it depends more on you than me whether that child lives. Now go and turn over a new leaf."

"God help me, sir, I will," said Enoch solemnly.

It was quite late at night when Enoch reached home. His wife had laid the little girl in her bed, and was sitting up in fear and trembling, listening for the staggering steps and the maudlin song that were the usual tokens of her husband's return. He was silent, however, tonight, and she thought he was more steady in his walk. Perhaps, though it was so late, he might be sober. But that was almost too much to hope for. It was true, however, as one look at him convinced her.

"Late, aint I," Enoch said; "where do you think I've been?"

"I don't know, if it aint the grocery, as usual."

"Well, I'll tell you. I've been over to the town to them temperance fellows, and I've signed the pledge."

"You don't mean it, Enoch?"

"I do, and what's more, I'm going to stick to it."

"Thank God, Enoch! that's the best news you ever brought me; let me tell Mamie." But there was no need for that. A little white-robed figure was at the door listening, and when she heard the joyful news she ran in, put her arms around the big rough man's neck and kissed him. His wife too was at his side, clasping his hand and her eyes were full of glad tears.

"Why, I didn't think you'd both be so glad about it," he said. "Well, it's done and maybe it aint too late. You might ask God to save her life, and it wouldn't do no harm to ask Him to help me to hold on to what I've done tonight. You often wanted to pray; you can do it now."

Mrs. Whiteley needed no second invitation. All three knelt together while she pleaded for husband and child, and her petitions for both were heard and answered.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 590.*)

A Retrospect—Removal to Bristol—Justified by Results—A Chapel Secured—Meetings for Inquirers—Ravages of Cholera—Birth of a Daughter—Present of Furniture—His Inferior Preaching—Tries his Colleague's Method and Succeeds—An Invitation to Bagdad.

Review of the time since I left London, up to my removal from Teignmouth.

I. All this time the Lord never allowed me to regret the step I had taken in separating from the society.

II. The results have most abundantly shown that it was of God; for, by His help, 1. I have not lost in truth or grace since. 2. I have been in peace concerning the matter. 3. The Lord made it a blessing to many souls.

III. The Lord most graciously supplied all my temporal wants during this period, so that I lacked no good thing.

IV. We had unexpectedly received, just before we left Teignmouth, about £15, else we should not have been able to defray all the expenses connected with leaving, travelling, etc. By this also, the Lord showed His mind concerning our going to Bristol.

The following record will now show to the believing reader how far what I have said concerning my persuasion, that it was the will of God that we should go to Bristol, has been proved by facts.

May 25, 1832. This evening we arrived in Bristol. May 27. This morning we received a sovereign ($5), sent to us by a sister residing in Devonshire, which we take as an earnest that the Lord will provide for us here also. May 28. When we were going to speak to the brethren who manage the temporal affairs of Gideon Chapel, about giving up the pew-rents, having all the seats free, and receiving the free-will offerings through a box, a matter which was not quite settled on their part, as brother Craik and I had thought, we found that the Lord had so graciously ordered this matter for us, that there was no objection on the part of these brethren.

June 4. For several days we have been looking about for lodgings, but finding none plain and cheap enough, we were led to make this also a subject of earnest prayer; and now, immediately afterwards, the Lord has given us such as are suitable. They are the plainest and cheapest we can find, but still too good for servants of Jesus, as our Master had not where to lay His head. We pay only 18s. ($4.50), a week for two sitting-rooms and three bedrooms, coals and attendance. It was particularly difficult to find *cheap* furnished lodgings having five rooms in the same house, which we need, as brother Craik and we live together. How good is the Lord to have thus appeared for us, in answer to prayer, and what an encouragement to commit everything that concerns us to Him in prayer!

June 5. To-day we had already a testimony of a sinner having been converted by brother Craik's instrumentality, on the first Lord's Day in April, simply through hearing the text read. [This aged sister lived eleven years afterwards, during which time her walk was according to the profession she made. She fell asleep in 1843.] June 7. We have daily fresh encouragements, and fresh proofs that our being here is of God. June 16. We saw another instance of conversion through brother Craik's instrumentality.

June 25. To-day it was finally settled to take Bethesda Chapel for a twelvemonth, on condition that a brother at once paid the rent, with the understanding that, if the Lord shall bless our labors in that place, so that believers are gathered together in fellowship, he expects them to help him; but, if not, that he will pay all. This was the only way in which we could take the chapel; for we could not think it to be of God to have had this chapel, though there should have been every prospect of usefulness, if it had made us in any way debtors. We had tried to obtain a cheaper meeting-place, but could find none large enough.

July 6. To-day we commenced preaching at Bethesda Chapel. It was a good day. July 13. To-day we heard of the first cases of cholera in Bristol. July 16. This evening, from six to nine o'clock, we had appointed for conversing at the vestry, one by one, with individuals, who wished to speak to us about their souls. There were so many that we were engaged from six till ten.

These meetings we have continued ever since, twice a week, or once a week, or once a fortnight, or once a month, as our strength and time allowed it, or as they seem needed. We have found them beneficial in these respects—

1. Many persons, on account of timidity, would prefer coming at an appointed time to the vestry to converse with us, to calling on us

in our own house. 2. The very act of appointing a time for seeing people, to converse with them in private concerning the things of eternity, has brought some, who, humanly speaking, never would have called on us under other circumstances; yea, it has brought even those who, though they thought they were concerned about the things of God, yet were completely ignorant; and thus we have had an opportunity of speaking to them. 3. These meetings have also been a great encouragement to ourselves in the work, for often, when we thought that such and such expositions of the Word had done no good at all, it was, through these meetings, found to be the reverse; and likewise, when our hands were hanging down, we have been afresh encouraged to go forward in the work of the Lord, and to continue sowing the seed in hope, by seeing at these meetings fresh cases, in which the Lord had condescended to use us as instruments, particularly as in this way instances have sometimes occurred in which individuals have spoken to us about the benefit which they derived from our ministry, even as long as two, three and four years before.

For the above reasons I would particularly recommend to other servants in Christ, especially to those who live in large towns, if they have not already introduced a similar plan, to consider whether it may not be well for them also to set apart such times for seeing inquirers. Those meetings, however, require much prayer, to be enabled to speak aright to all those who come, according to their different need; and one is led continually to feel that one is not sufficient of one's self for these things, but that our sufficiency can be alone of God. These meetings also have been by far the most wearing out part of all our work, though at the same time the most refreshing.

July 18. To-day I spent the whole morning in the vestry to procure a quiet season. This has now for some time been the only way, on account of the multiplicity of engagements, to make sure of time for prayer, reading the Word, and meditation. July 19. I spent from half-past nine till one in the vestry, and had real communion with the Lord. The Lord be praised, who has put it into my mind to use the vestry for a place of retirement!

August 5. *When all our money was gone to-day, the Lord again graciously supplied our wants.* August 6. This afternoon, from two till after six, brother Craik and I spent in the vestry to see the inquirers. We have had again, in seeing several instances of blessing upon our labors, abundant reason brought before us to praise the Lord for having sent us here.

August 13. This evening one aged brother and four sisters united with brother Craik and me in church-fellowship at Bethesda, *without any rules, desiring only to act as the Lord shall be pleased to give us light through His word.*

August 14. This day we set apart for prayer concerning the cholera, and had three meetings

August 17. This morning, from six to eight, we had a prayer-meeting at Gideon, on account of the cholera. Between two and three hundred people were present. (We continued these meetings every morning, as long as the cholera raged in Bristol, and afterwards changed them into prayer-meetings for the church at large, so that we had them for four months.)

August 23. This morning a sister in the Lord, within fifty yards of our lodging, was taken ill with the cholera, and died this afternoon. Her husband, also a believer, has been attacked, and may be near death. The ravages of this disease are becoming daily more and more fearful. We have reason to believe that great numbers die daily in this city. Who may be the next, God alone knows. I have never realized so much the nearness of death. Except the Lord keep us this night, we shall be no more in the land of the living to-morrow. Just now, ten in the evening, the funeral bell is ringing, and has been ringing the greater part of this evening. It rings almost all the day. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend myself! Here is Thy poor worthless child! If this night I should be taken in the cholera, my only hope and trust is in the blood of Jesus Christ, shed for the remission of all my sins. I have been thoroughly washed in it, and the righteousness of God covers me. As yet there have not been any of the saints among whom Brother Craik and I labor, taken in the cholera. (Only one of them fell asleep afterwards in consequence of this disease. Though Brother Craik and I visited many cholera cases, by day and by night, yet the Lord most graciously preserved us and our families from it.)

September 17. This morning the dear Lord, in addition to all His other mercies, has given us a little girl, who with her mother are doing well.

September 21. On account of the birth of our little one, and brother Craik's intended marriage, it is needful that we change our lodgings, as they will now be too small for us, because we shall want one room more. Just as we were thinking about this, the house belonging to Gideon Chapel, which has been let for three years, was unexpectedly given up by the tenant, and it was now offered to us by the Church. We said we could not think of going into it, as we had no furniture, and no money to buy any. The brother who proposed our going into that house, however, replied, that the brethren would gladly furnish it for us, to which we objected, fearing it would burthen them. When, however, the matter was repeatedly mentioned, and when it was particularly expressed that it would be a pleasure to the brethren to furnish the house, we began to consider the subject in prayer, and we saw no Scriptural objection to accept this kindness, providing the furniture was very plain. This was promised. The house was furnished, yet the love of the brethren had done it more expensively then we wished it.

September 23. To-day an individual desired publicly to return thanks to the Lord, for having been supported under the loss of a child, mother, brother, and wife, in the cholera, within one month.

September 25. Last night Brother Craik and I were called out of bed to a poor woman ill in the cholera. She was suffering intensely. We never saw a case so distressing. We could hardly say anything to her on account of her loud cries. I felt as if the cholera was coming upon me. We commended ourselves into the hands of the Lord when we came home, and He mercifully preserved us. The poor woman died to-day.

October 1. A meeting for inquirers this afternoon from two to five. Many more are convinced of sin through brother Craik's preaching than my own. This circumstance led me to inquire into the reasons, which are probably these:—1. That brother Craik is more spiritually minded than I am. 2. That he prays more earnestly for the conversion of sinners than I do. 3. That he more frequently addresses sinners, as such, in his public ministrations, than I do. This led me to more frequent and earnest prayer for the conversion of sinners, and to address them more frequently as such. The latter had never been intentionally left undone, but it had not been so frequently brought to my mind as to that of brother Craik. Since then, the cases in which it has pleased the Lord to use me as an instrument of conversion have been quite as many as those in which brother Craik has been used. May the Lord be pleased to use this as a means to lead any of His servants who may not have acted according to these two last points, to seek to do so, and may He graciously enable me to do so more abundantly!

October 3. This day we set apart as a day of thanksgiving, the cholera having decreased. October 5. Prayer meeting this morning as usual. The cholera is very much decreasing, and the number at our morning prayer-meetings likewise. Hundreds of people were stirred up at that time, and many of them, when the judgment of God had passed away, cared no longer about their souls. Yet a goodly number, who were first led through the instrumentality of the cholera to seek the Lord, are now breaking bread with us, and are walking in the fear of the Lord. How merciful in its results has this heavy judgment been to many!

January 4, 1833. This morning we received letters from Bagdad. The missionary brethren there invite brother Craik and me to come and join them in their labors. The invitation was accompanied by drafts to the amount of £200 for our travelling expenses. What wilt thou have me to do, gracious Lord? I do not know what may be the Lord's mind. There are points which ought to be much considered and prayed over: There are German villages not very far from Bagdad, where I might labor; upon *our* going, that of certain other individuals may depend; the brethren at Bagdad are of one mind respecting our going out; good may be done on the way; the going out without any visible support from a society, simply trusting in the Lord for the supply of our temporal wants, would be a testimony for Him; I have had for years a feeling as if one day I should go out as a missionary to the heathen, or Mahomedans; and lastly, the hands of the brethren at Bagdad may be strengthened; these are the points, which must appear of no sufficient weight in comparison with the importance of our work *here*, before I can determine *not* to go.

January 5. I considered with brother Craik about going to Bagdad. We can see nothing clearly. If the Lord will have me to go, here I am. January 7. I spent again some time in prayer respecting our going to Bagdad, and examined more fully into it. January 8. I had from half past five till eight this morning to myself in prayer and reading the Word. I prayed then, and repeatedly besides this day, respecting our going to Bagdad, I wrote also a letter to some believers at and near Barnstable, to ask their prayers concerning this matter. I do not see more clearly than I did before. January 9. I again asked the Lord concerning Bagdad, but see nothing clearly respecting it. I told the Lord I should stay at my post unless He Himself should most evidently take me away, and I did not feel afterwards my remaining here to be against His will. January 14. I feel more and more satisfied that it is not of the Lord that I shall go to Bagdad. January 19. For some days past I have been reading brother Grove's journal of his residence at Bagdad, both for the sake of information respecting his position there, and also, if it please the Lord, that He may use this as a means to show me clearly whether I should go or stay. Blessed be His name that I have no desire of my own in this matter! [Thirty-six years have since passed away, and I think I may say this day, still, according to the best of my knowledge, I had no desire of my own in this matter; but I never saw it to be the Lord's will to leave the work which He had so evidently given me to do in Bristol and the neighborhood.]

(*To be Continued.*)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for September:

1896, the probable year of the Second Advent. By the late Rev. Joseph Baylee, D. D.

The Removal of the Vail. By the Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

Deliverance from the Woes of the Seventh Vial. By the late T. Evill, Esq.

Observations on the Apocalypse of St. John By Sir Isaac Newton.

Satan's Counterfeit Christianity. By Mr. Henry Meymott.

The Coming Inquisition for Blood. By Rev. E Cornwell.

The Jewish Morning and Evening Sacrifices. By Rev. Dr. Edersheim.

Prophetic Lectures. By Rev. M. Baxter.

The Seven Seals Fully Explained in Their Double Fulfilment. Year-Day and Literal-Day. By Rev. M. Baxter.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

[Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had; price $1.]

THE CENTURION'S FAITH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 2, Matt. 8 : 1-13, Memory Text, Matt. 8 : 10.

Ver. 1. Christ Goes from Teaching to Work—An Example to be Imitated—The Multitudes to See His Teaching in Practice—Ver. 2. Meets the Leper—How Ordinary Men Treated a Leper—The Man's Avowal of Confidence—What He Knew and What He Doubted—Ver. 3. How Jesus Always Deals with such Faith—The Touch of Sympathy and Healing—Ver. 4. The Healer Expects Obedience—Shows Respect for Law—Ver. 5-6. A Centurion the Captain of a Hundred Soldiers—A Great Man's Concern for a Sick Servant Uncommon Now—Ver. 7. The Answer One of Kindness and Conscious Power—Ver. 8, 9. The Centurion's Idea of Disease—Thought it would Obey Christ—Ver. 10. The Roman Officer's Faith a Surprise to Christ—Ver. 11, 12. Christ's Prediction now Being Fulfilled—Ver. 13. The Measure of all Blessings—In Proportion to Faith.

HAVING completed His summary of the laws and customs of His Kingdom, our blessed Lord proceeded to exemplify them in His own life. When He came down from the mountain, followed by the multitudes which had been hanging on His words, a poor, loathsome leper came and worshipped Him, saying "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." This was the only time that such a question was ever raised in the lifetime of our Lord, and it was answered at once: "I will, be thou clean." Yet in all parts of the world men are saying: "Of course we believe that God *can* heal the sick, but the question is, is it

His Will to Heal

in every case? Is it always His will to save sinners? Some thirty years ago the answer to this question was looked upon as doubtful, but the word of God has answered it so constantly that it is rarely raised now. The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us *all* (Isa. 4: 6)—"He, by the grace of God, should taste death *for every man* (Heb. 2: 9), "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Heb. 22: 17). But none about sickness? The theology of the day says that sickness is a good thing, but God never said so. We are told that it was sent to teach us patience, yet that we are to do all we can to get rid of it by means of doctors and medicine, but that we may fight against the will of God if we do the only thing He has told sick people to do, i. e., to "call for the elders of the church," and to trust God Himself for healing (James 5: 14-16). Now, if sickness *is* a good thing, why did Jesus always take it away from those who came to Him? If it is such a means of blessing, why did He not lay a double portion of it on them? Why did He take our infirmities and bear our sicknesses (ver. 17), just as He bare our sins, if He saw that it was better for us to bear them ourselves? But there arises the universal difficulty, "How is it then, that so many souls have been blessed on a sick bed? Because their sickness has driven them to Jesus; and anything, poverty, sickness, accident, the reproach of men, bereavement, or anything which drives us to Jesus, is blessed so far. But there are thousands who are brought to Jesus without these things. God says, "Faith cometh by hearing (not by sickness), and hearing by the Word of God (Rom. 10: 17). But God loves us too much to let us go on in our own evil ways without making some strenuous effort to save us, and if we will not hear by gentle means, He must use the whip. But when the sickness has served its purpose, and we have listened to His voice, He does not want to let it remain any longer (Ex. 15 : 26; Job 33: 19-26).

Among the good things He created, before man fell, sickness is not mentioned, and among the herbs provided in those creation days for man's food, He never spoke of any provision against sickness. The Word of God and the example of Jesus upon earth, and then His bearing of our sickness and His plain command to the sick to be healed (James 5 : 14-16), all are evidence enough that He wills to take away sickness whenever His sick children really come to Him. But then

What About Death?

"It is appointed unto men once to die" has never been reversed. Jesus is our refuge from sickness as from sin; He has taken away the sting from death, and when He comes again it will be as the Conqueror of death, to take away His own, without dying, to be "for ever with the Lord." "But how am I to know whether it is His will for *me* to die of this illness?" He will not refuse to make known His mind to one who is fully yielded up to Him.

"Jesus put forth His hand and touched" the leper, and then told him to go and make the offering which a cleansed leper was to make (Lev. 14 : 3, 4, 10, 11) "for a testimony unto them." The only cleansed lepers we read of in the Old Testament are Miriam and Naaman (Num. 12 : 13, 15; II Kings 5); there may have been others, but they are not mentioned; we read of no cleansing of Gehazi or of Uzziah. So rare was the cleansing of a leper, that probably the priests had never had experience in performing the rites which were prescribed, and this man presenting himself among them as cleansed by Jesus must have caused a stir and inquiry.

But Jesus passed on. As the Levite of Levites, He came to bless in the name of the Lord (Deut. 10 : 8). Life, healing, pardon, joy, comfort, flowed forth from Him. He "entered into Capernaum," and there met Him some elders of the Jews who came from a Roman centurion of that city, and besought Him with great urgency to come and heal the centurion's slave who "was sick and ready to die" (Luke 7 : 2-4). They urged their plea on the ground that this man was worthy, for "he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." O how mistaken are man's ideas of God! How many ask prayer for a sick one, saying that he is such a useful man, such an earnest Christian, etc., as though it would be more worth God's while, so to speak, to heal him than to heal some more commonplace Christian. O when will men learn that God deals with us in grace, not for the sake of what *we* are, but out of the wondrous, undeserved love which *He* is. The plea,

"He is Worthy,"

did not weigh with Jesus. Human worthiness of the highest order cannot find a place in the presence of the All Holy God. And then, "he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue," as if to say, "we shall lose his subscriptions to the synagogue if he is offended. We can't afford to lose the help of such an one." What a motive to be urged by one who believes in the living God! Let us be free from men, and make higher calculations; man may fail us, God never. It may be that some one ran back and repeated to the centurion the words which had been spoken. It aroused him. This was a made-up argument, he had never commissioned the Jewish elders to speak thus, so he sent his trusted friends to say what he a few moments later came and said himself, "Lord, I am *not* worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee, but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed." The man *was* worthy because of his very sense of unworthiness, his emptiness was his strongest appeal to Jesus. When men come to God for sanctification, reckoning on their own devotedness, or for healing, counting on their own great faith, they are sure to be disappointed.

The Ground for all Blessing

is in Jesus, not in us. What have we, that we did not receive? Surely, nothing. And so He who gave us the faith or the devotion is alone to be praised. The centurion had his eye on Jesus, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For *I* am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and *I* say to this man, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it." In his little province, he knew how to command that which was subject to him, and he counted that sickness and disease were equally subject to Jesus. In his opinion, the word of Jesus was enough. He asked no sign, no feeling, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." O, how many souls lose blessing for want of the simple reckoning upon God. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. For he spake and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast" (Ps. 33: 6, 9). The centurion would have opened his eyes very wide if he had heard some modern so-called Christians talking about natural law as though it governed God who made it. This man saw God superior to his laws, controlling, enforcing, or suspending them, as He would. The greatest hinderance to God's work throughout the world is the poor opinion which men have of Him. Men judge God by themselves, and measure Him according to their own standard. They only believe a fellow creature when they have no reason to question his veracity, and when his words accord with their own experience. But God's word leads us into regions beyond our own experience, and we must either trust or doubt. Joshua believed, although he had never before seen walls fall down in answer to the praises of God's people, and he was not disappointed. Daniel believed, and the lions became as lambs. Peter and John believed, and the prison ceased to imprison them. The lame man at Lystra believed, and stood upon his feet. The centurion counted on the authority of the word of Jesus, and he was not disappointed. "When Jesus heard it, he marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found

So Great Faith,

no, not in Israel." God values faith; Jesus spoke words of direct commendation to the Gentile woman, "O woman, great is thy faith." He commended the Gentile centurion. God will always own faith. Samson, imperfect and inconsistent man as he was, appears among the men of faith in Heb. 11. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. 11: 6). Faith rests in what God is, and so gives Him an opportunity of manifesting Himself. It was in this that Israel had failed, "They believed not in God" (Ps. 78: 22). They had "an evil heart of unbelief" (Heb. 3: 12). Now, the Lord said "Verily I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into utter darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Jews will not be saved because they are Jews; it is "he that believeth," whether Jew or Gentile, who shall be saved, and "he that believeth not," whether Jew or Gentile, must know the "outer darkness." "And Jesus said unto the centurion, go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." How did he believe? The event proves how, "His servant was healed in the selfsame hour." "O, sir," said

A Seeking Soul to an Evangelist,

"I don't know how it is, but I cannot trust God." "Try it the other way round," he said. "can you doubt Him?" "Doubt Him? I couldn't doubt Him for the world; O, I do trust Him with my all." God's measure to us all is the measure of faith, the measure in which we take of Him. To take and to trust are almost the same, for all His good gifts are held out to us for our acceptance, whether pardon, holiness or healing. How may I know that I trust Him? O, so simply. The heart which trusts him praises Him, and gives thanks, and all anxiety goes out as trusting and believing comes in. "We, which have believed, do enter into rest" (Heb. 4: 3). Before the centurion saw with his own eyes, that his sick slave was healed, his heart was at rest about it; he knew that he was as sure as though he saw it done, and the God whom he trusted would not, and did not, disappoint him. Lord, give us like faith. Amen.

INVITATION.

Oh, come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
Oh, come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

Oh, come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
Oh, come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh, fear not and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have spilt.

Oh, come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

Come, come to His feet and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

—*F. W. Faber.*

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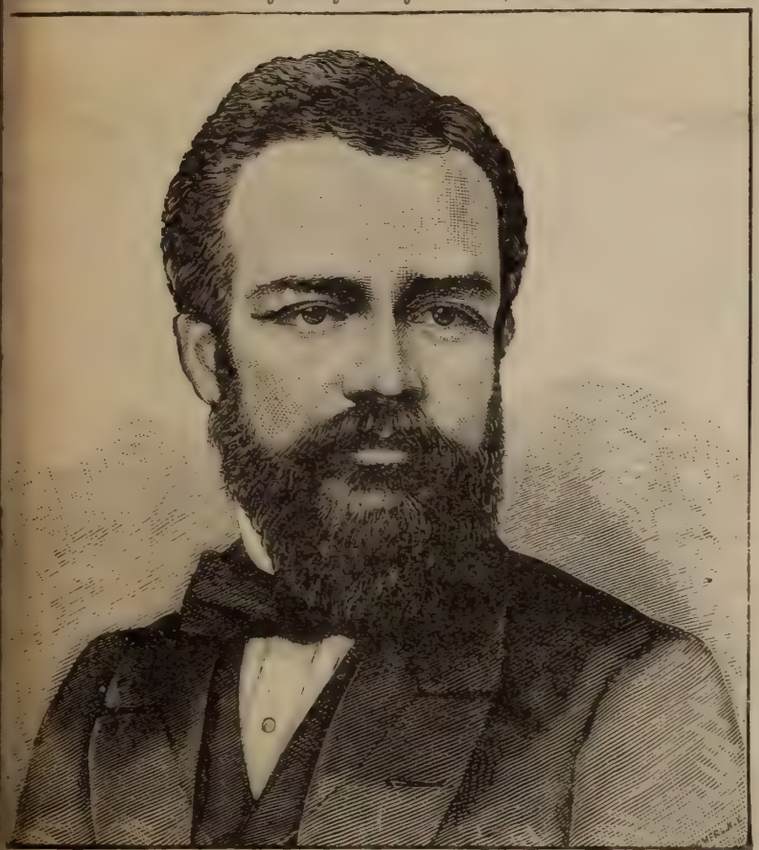
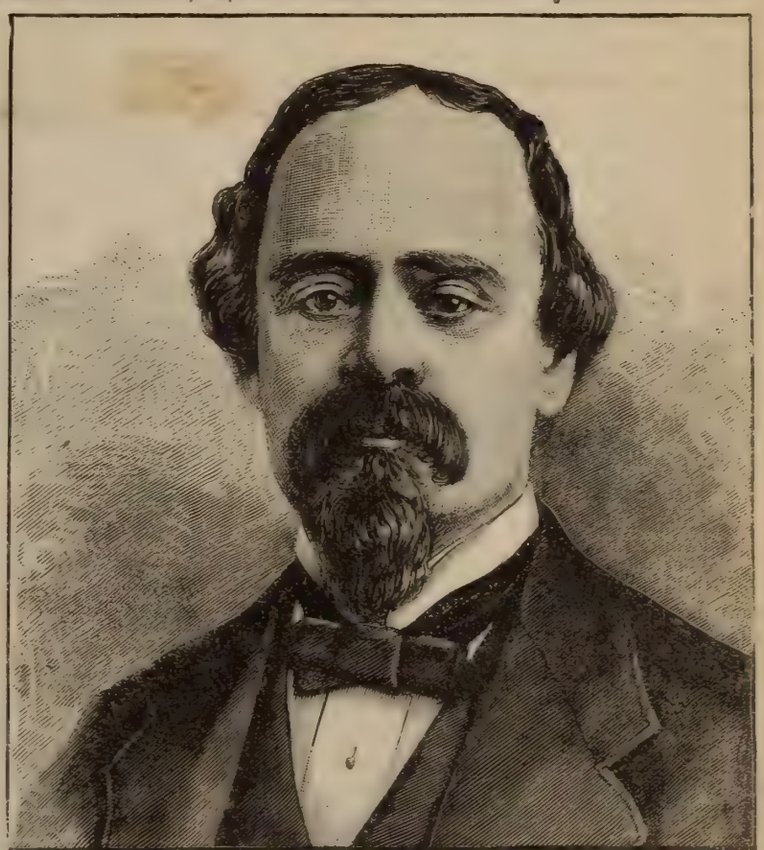


ENOR DON MATIAS ROMERO, Mexican Minister to Washington.



SENOR DON IGNACIO MARISCAL, Mexican Secretary of State.

MOUNTAIN SCENE IN MEXICO.

THE OLD INQUISITION BUILDING IN MEXICO.

THE PROTECTORS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN MEXICO.

If the Christian public of the United States were as familiar with the history of Mexico as they are with the history of England, the interest they feel in the story of Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange, would be awakened also by the names of several Mexican statesmen, notably, the present President, Porfirio Diaz, and the two eminent men whose portraits appear on the first page—Matias Romero, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, now Minister to Washington, and Ignacio Mariscal, the Secretary of State. These last two are natives of the southern town of Oaxaca, a town that has been distinguished as the birthplace of many of the Liberal leaders in Mexico. Both have married American wives, and while faithful to their own nationality, have shown a hearty admiration for American institutions and a warm friendship for the American people. Both speak English fluently.

Our sympathy with these two men and President Diaz is enlisted by the fact that they, with other courageous coadjutors whose names are less widely known, are bravely struggling to preserve to Mexico the religious liberty which she acquired in 1821, and which since then has appeared more than once to be on the verge of extinction. It is not a light matter to enter the lists against the might and cunning of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Kings and powerful statesmen in every century have fought that fight and been beaten; and in our own day the Iron Chancellor of Germany has been glad to end the struggle with a compromise.

It is not that the Mexican Government is inimical to the Roman Catholic Church; it is that they wish it to be placed on a level with other sects, while the priests demand supremacy. Their demand is opposed not only because it is unfair, but because to grant it would mean death to civil as well as religious liberty. What happens in a state in which Roman Catholicism is dominant, every student of history and every intelligent observer of foreign affairs knows perfectly well. The present Mexican Government is aware of the fact, and has only to look back about twenty years for confirmation, to the days when the Roman Catholic party labored hard to rivet the despotism of Maximilian on the country. Consequently the struggle has been a fierce one, and so far the Church has been worsted. She has lost more than she would have lost had she accepted the situation and subsided into the equality assigned her. But proud and obstinate, she resisted the government, and resisted with so much vigor that that government found it necessary to reduce her fighting power. They have sold many of her churches, suppressed her monasteries, and confiscated much of her property. It is therefore not suprising that every priest is an enemy to the government and is continnally plotting against it.

The difficulties with which these liberal statesmen in Mexico have to contend are increased by the condition of the people. Nearly three-fourths of the ten million inhabitants of the country are now unable to appreciate the blessings which are at stake. Many of them are Indians, many are half-breeds, and they do not realize that the future of their country depends on their giving moral support to the men who stand between them and the most merciless tyranny under the sun. If the present freedom of education can be maintained a few years longer, and such societies as The Children's Guardian Society can be helped by Protestants in other lands to continue its work of training and teaching the children, the next generation will be of a different order. The men like those now at the head of the Mexican government will have a valiant band of supporters at their back, and will hold a position against which the hosts of intolerance will fight in vain. May God give courage and fortitude to the Mexican patriots, and move His people in more highly favored lands to support those who are laboring to teach the young, and preach to the adults, Him, whom to know, is to be free indeed!

THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO.

(See Illustration on preceding page.)

On the first page, below the two portraits, is (on the left) a picture of a scene among the mountains, a specimen of the beautiful spots which the traveller in Mexico sees frequently in his journeys through the country. The picture on the right is a view of the quadrangle, in which the Protestant visitor reverently uncovers his head. It is holy ground; for there, tied to stakes, the bodies of martyrs have been burned, and in the projecting building, about the centre of the picture, they were previously imprisoned and tortured, for that building was the Inquisition. It was founded in 1571, though the inquisitorial functions had been performed then for forty years, though without local organization. The chronicler, Ventancurt, records with delight: "They have celebrated general and particular *autos de la fé* with great concourse of dignitaries, and in all cases the Catholic faith and its truth have remained victorious" . . . . The *brasero*, brazier, or burning place, whereon the decrees were executed, was a short distance eastward of the Church of San Diego. It was a square platform with wall and terrace arranged for the erection of stakes to which the condemned, living or dead, were fastened to be burned. Being raised in a large open space, the spectacle could be witnessed by the entire population of the city. When the ceremony was ended, the ashes were thrown into the marsh that then was in the rear of the Church of San Diego . . . The first *auto da fé* in New Spain was celebrated in the year 1574; as its result, as is mentioned with much satisfaction by the chronicler, there perished "*twenty-one pestilent Lutherans.*" The Inquisition was not finally suppressed in Mexico until May 31, 1820.

THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO.

By the Rev. H. Chauncey Riley, D. D.

The republic of Mexico has an area of territory equal to that of the United States east of the Mississippi River. *The population* of that neighboring sister republic amounts to about ten millions of souls. As the tourist approaches Mexico from the Gulf, he finds a belt of low-lying coast land, from which, at some distance from the shores of the Gulf, there rise magnificent ranges of mountains that rise to an altitude of about 8,000 feet. Reaching the summit of these mountains, the traveller then finds a vast table-land that extends throughout almost all the interior of Mexico. *The climate* along the belt of low-lying lands near the coast is tropical, but the climate on the lofty table-land, on the contrary, from its great altitude, is delightfully cool—a perennial spring. A few magnificent snow-capped mountain peaks tower high above this vast table-land, while ranges of mountains here and there intersect it with rich and beautiful valleys between them. Far away in the interior of this vast table-land, the tourist begins to pass through richly cultivated plains, numerous estates and villages, and then reaches the leading cities of the Republic of Mexico.

The Capital,

situated near some sparkling lakes in the valley of Mexico, surrounded in the distance by an amphitheatre of mountains, presents an indescribably picturesque appearance, and contains over 300,000 inhabitants. Entering the city, the tourist finds himself surrounded by a mixed population—the higher classes being evidently of Spanish descent, while the humbler classes have a decidedly Asiatic appearance. The homes of the higher classes are often of palatial grandeur; those of the poorer classes, on the contrary, are exceedingly humble. On the central square of the capital,

A Magnificent Cathedral,

the grandest church edifice in America, rises high above the surrounding buildings. A short distance from this grand structure, a massive stone building, of sombre aspect, formerly the great building of the Inquisition in America, now a model medical college, claims the attention of the traveller. Facing the same square as the cathedral, a very spacious building, called the Palace, forms the central building of the General Government of Mexico. Not far away from the main square of the capital the tourist finds a former Roman Catholic church building, converted into a national library. Near the leading street in this capital, the finest church, after the Roman Catholic cathedral just named, especially deserves attention, as it is the central church building of the native "Evangelical Church of Jesus."

From the western suburbs of the capital a broad avenue leads to the castle palace of Chapultepec, that crowns a lofty eminence, surrounded by a forest of gigantic trees. This palace castle is the residence of the President of the Republic of Mexico—General Porfirio Diaz. The view from this palace castle is surpassingly beautiful. To understand the present aspect of

Affairs in Mexico,

one must keep in mind some of the leading facts of the past history of that nation. When, early in the sixteenth century, the Spaniards found this way from the West India islands to this part of the mainland of America, they discovered a powerful empire, firmly established in its midst, with organized armies, official administrators, courts of justice, mechanical arts, and massive stone buildings. The people of this empire were of Asiatic appearance, and imbued with Asiatic ideas. The little army of Spaniards, led by Cortez, had the advantage of cannons, musketry and other weapons, that enabled them to cut their way through the native armies much as an iron monitor can cut its way through a wooden fleet. The Spaniards captured the Mexican emperor Montezuma. The government of Spain soon sent a viceroy to rule the newly conquered country. An army of Spanish ecclesiastics soon occupied the land and endeavoured to do what they could to Christianize the natives.

For three hundred years Mexico remained a colony of old Spain. In the year 1821 this Spanish colony

Achieved its Independence

from the mother country. Since that date a band of patriotic men have struggled nobly to organize this former Spanish colony into a republic, with a constitution very like that of the United States. Prominent among this band of patriots should be mentioned the names of Benito Juarez, Porfirio Diaz, the present President, and the two statesmen whose portraits appear on the preceding page, Matias Romero, the intimate friend of General Grant, formerly Secretary of the Treasury and now Minister to Washington, and Ignacio Mariscal, now Secretary of State.

The Dawn of Protestantism.

In the year 1827 an agent of the great English Bible Society arrived in Mexico, and, for two or three years, met with unexpected welcome. The Bibles which he offered for sale were quickly purchased. Many earnest souls who read these Bibles became convinced of the idolatry of the Roman Catholic Church, and have endeavored to establish in the Republic of Mexico a native branch of the Christian Church that firmly maintains and earnestly teaches the gospel in its primitive purity. This native Mexican Evangelical Church is popularly called the "Church of Jesus." Its communion having been gathered almost exclusively from the humble poor, to continue its Christian work effectively, needs to be encouraged by the gifts of the faithful in other lands.

Work among Children.

By the side of this native Evangelical Church a society, called the "Children's Guardian Society," has been doing a most important work by not only giving an excellent secular education to a large number of children, but by also carefully training them in the Christian faith. The work done on behalf of these poor children

in Mexico has awakened deep sympathy and gained the respect of some of the foremost men in Mexico.

There are about fifty millions who speak the beautiful language of old Spain. The Spanish is the ruling language in Mexico. The Christian work of the Mexican Church of Jesus, is done in Spanish, and has already extended its blessed influence from that neighboring Republic to the Island of Cuba, and even to Old Spain, across the Atlantic. There are millions and millions throughout Central and South America to whom the pure gospel has not yet been preached, and very few of whom have ever seen a Bible in their lives. Among these vast and neglected portions of the human race, the Church of Jesus in Mexico might eventually extend its Christian work far and wide, if the faithful in other lands will generously contribute in its behalf, as they are able. What is specially needed are systematic contributions. If four hundred persons would each contribute regularly a dollar a month, or if one hundred persons would each contribute a dollar a week, this precious Christian work in Mexico, can be placed on a firm financial basis.

The subscription list commenced for this object, already amounts to thirty-five dollars a month We earnestly solicit further subscriptions to be forwarded regularly each month to the address of BISHOP RILEY, care of J. P. HEATH, 43 Bible House, New York.

Every little aids—who will help?

That the Church of Jesus in Mexico is doing a good work, especially in its efforts to benefit the children, is beyond question, and no stronger proof is needed in this place than the following extracts from two

Letters From Statesmen

who, perhaps better than any one else, know what is Mexico's greatest need. The first from the Secretary of Foreign Relations in Mexico, Don Ignacio Mariscal, to the Children's Guardian Society in that Republic, runs as follows: "In no part of the world that I am acquainted with could the noble hearts that have devoted themselves to the protection of childhood in Mexico find a field so desolate on which to pour their consolations; nowhere else will they find such a field as here, where circumstances, which for a long time cannot be changed, so affect the poorer class that it presents a sad spectacle of wretchedness, neglect and suffering.

Your noble sentiments are the more useful and worthy of praise here, because official beneficence, insufficient in any country, is still less sufficient in ours to alleviate the immeasurable evils which unprotected childhood must suffer. Faithfully yours, IGNACIO MARISCAL."

The second extract is from a letter written by Don Matias Romero, the Minister to the United States from Mexico. Referring to the Children's Guardian Society, that statesman says: "Believing that sound instruction is one of the fountain-heads of the prosperity of the country, be assured that I shall co-operate as much as possible in the labors so well begun and faithfully prosecuted by the Children's Guardian Society. MATIAS ROMERO."

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A Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference, at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The College Professor at Prayer.—"There was a well-known German professor, the beauty and consistency of whose life powerfully attracted all who knew him. On one occasion his students remarking upon him as a most peculiar man, thought that if they could only hear him as he prayed in private, they would know better what to think of him. Accordingly, they waited, concealed in a safe place, until he was about to retire to bed, when they heard him revently and most filially say as he knelt down: 'Lord, we are here once more on the same old terms of fellowship and love. Thou art mine and I am Thine.' What a sweet, child-like prayer! How many of us could use it or anything like it?

A Skater's Fatal Mistake.—An Evangelist remarked: "I heard of an enthusiastic skater, who, with a friend, went down one wintry day to the river to enjoy his favorite pastime. His friend told him that the ice was not good, and that did he venture on he would most likely fall through. But the skater would not be dissuaded. He pronounced it to be in excellent condition, and declared that he had faith in it. He went on, but had not proceeded far when the ice gave way under him; he fell through and was drowned. His belief in the ice did not save him from a watery grave, though he believed it truthfully. "His faith did not save him." (James 3: 14.)

Cost of a Signalman's Neglect.—The Rev. Mr. M'Lauchlin said: "Two years ago a train left one of the Edinburgh stations, and about the same time a second train left a neighboring station. About a mile out of Edinburgh they rushed into one another, and seven men were killed. John Wood, signalman, was simply neglecting his duty, but the awful cost was seven human lives. He was at once arrested, but was bailed for £100. On the day of his trial he was missing, for he feared to face his judge. He is now outlawed, and dare not return home: and all this because he simply neglected his duty; he did nothing actively wrong, he only *neglected*. And as surely will men be eternally lost if they neglect this salvation offered to them."

A Mohammedan Convert Poisoned.—Mr. Lamb, missionary to North Africa, said at a meeting of believers: "A Mohammedan embraced Christianity lately in Morocco. He was an official in the mosque, and when he had accepted Christ, he went about preaching the Lord in the cafés and other public places. One day after he had been preaching Christ, and was standing speaking to a friend, he fell down ill, and soon afterwards died. He had been poisoned by his former friends of the Mohammedan faith. So incensed do the misguided fanatics become at anyone who deserts the religion of their fathers. From this it may be seen that converts in that district have a large share of persecution to bear, But we thank God that we are getting much more familiar with the people, and finding a way into their hearts, and now that they see we are their friends, we look forward with God's blessing, to a time of harvest."

Providential Deliverance from Death.—Mr. Love, an evangelist, observed: "A recent terrible colliery disaster reminds me of an incident that occurred some years ago. There was a family in a mining district, of which the father and two sons worked in the pit. The old man was a devoted Christian, and lived very near to the Lord, and held with great tenacity to anything that he thought was right. It was his belief that a father should conduct family worship in the morning as well as in the evening. And he regularly rose early that he might do so. One morning as he rose from his knees, he said, 'Now, I don't want to be superstitious, but I think that there is something unusual going to happen to-day; just let us all go on our knees again.' And a second time the father committed himself and his sons unto God's keeping. Just as there is a rush of cold air before thunder, so there is in a pit before an explosion, only in the latter case it is much more perceptible. When engaged at their work that day the youngest son felt this precursor of the explosion, and ran and told his father and brother, who were working near him, and together they rushed to the cage and got up in safety; but not a moment too soon, for hardly had they set their feet upon the ground when a terrific explosion occurred, in which, but for their celerity they would have lost their lives. This was a most providential escape in answer to prayer, showing that the Lord does take care of His children."

A Young Man in a Bad Plight.—"At the close of one of my Gospel meetings, says Richard Weaver, I was much struck with what a young man said to me. He was a backslider, and had once been living in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. I urged him to come back to the fold from which he had strayed, but he shook his head mournfully, and replied, 'No, I am given up by the Lord.' 'Thank God,' I replied, 'you are in time and not in eternity to-night.' 'But,' he said, 'I have no desire to be saved.' 'No desire to go back to the place from which you have strayed?' I rejoined. 'No,' he rejoined; 'no desire; I am damned by the Lord.' 'Do not say that,' I answered, 'God damns no man; it is your own sin that condemns you!' No persuasions would avail; he turned away. It did seem, indeed, as if God's Spirit had ceased to strive with him. Remember, poor sinner, God has said, 'My Spirit will not always strive with man.'"

A Brave Blacksmith's Deed.—Mr. Forbes relates: "In one of our large cities there was a hall built upon iron pillars. On a particular occasion it was crowded to excess, and so great was the pressure that it soon became evident the pillars were unable to support the terrible strain. The whole building swayed from side to side, and threatened every instant to crash to the ground. The people inside were seized with a panic and rushed, tumbling over each other, to the doors. There were only two narrow exits, and before half the people were through, the building fell, burying many in its ruins. Among those upon whom it fell was a blacksmith, a strong, muscular fellow, who as he saw a large beam falling towards him, held up his hands and arrested it, and upheld it thus for a time, enabling six poor creatures to crawl past him, from peril into safety. Six lives saved through one man's strength and courage! We call him a noble fellow, and so he was; but what shall we say of Him who stood in the gap bearing the crushing weight of sin that sinners might escape eternal death!

A Spendthrift Prodigal's Discovery.—Richard Weaver said: "I was once residing with a lady and gentleman, who told me of a son that had gone from them, and of whom they had heard nothing for years. Before going to my own home, they gave me as a parting gift, a photograph of themselves, and also of their missing son. They little thought what this act of kindness was to result in, with God's blessing. Years passed, and early one morning the servant came to my room, telling me that a young man had come to the street door begging for food, and she was unwilling to turn him away. I went down and spoke to him. He told me he was a gardener. I took him inside, and offered him a day's work in the garden. I left him, and presently returned with the photographs, and holding up my two friends' photos before him I said, 'Do you know these? He gazed in silence for a few moments, and then exclaimed, while tears rolled down his face, "Oh, I am a wretch! Since I separated myself from all I love I have spent $150,000.' I telegraphed at once to his parents, and the reply came back, 'Keep him; his father and mother are on the way.' When the lady entered my room, she exclaimed, 'You have got him?' Her strength gave way and she fainted. When she recovered, her boy was kneeling at her side, and twining her arms about his neck his mother cried, 'My son, my son!' We talked with him of his need of salvation, and before half an hour he had forgiveness with God through Jesus Christ."

PLUMB-LINE RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, September 25, 1887.

"And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb-line." Amos 7 : 8.

The Mason's Useful Implement—Tests the Perpendicular—The Leaning Tower of Pisa—I. The Divine Plumb-Line in Business—Society Utterly Askew—What would Make Times Good—The Harassed Business Man—The Larger Houses Swallowing the Smaller—How Large Businesses Are Broken Up—II. The Plumb-Line in Theology—Vain Religions, Legislative and Other—Begin at the Wrong End—Unsatisfying Soap Bubbles—Why Men Change their Religion—A Man Dying of Delirium Tremens—Religion Does not Exclude Fun—Two Brothers—III. Over Nations—The Cross by the Plumb-Line.

THE solid masonry of the world has to me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals, four or six hundred years old, and see them stand as erect as when they were builded, walls of great height, for centuries not bending a quarter of an inch this way or that. So greatly honored were the masons who builded these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of just as much importance as the trowel, and my text recognizes it. Bricklayers and stone masons, and carpenters, in

The Building of Walls,

use an instrument made of a cord, at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the centre of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers where the wall recedes, and where it bulges out, and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character, which the Israelites had built, and, in that way, testing it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb-line."

What The World Wants

is a straight up-and-down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that, to suit the times. It is horizontal, with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect, and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into perpendicular? Only by the divine measurement. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb-line."

The whole tendency of the times is to make us act by the standard of what others do. If they play cards, we play cards. If they dance, we dance. If they read certain styles of book, we read them. We throw over the wall of our character the tangled plumb line of other lives and reject

The Infallible Test

which Amos saw. The question for me should not be what you think is right, but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake as wide as the world. There are *ten thousand plumb-lines in use*, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right. There is a mighty attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. *The tower of Pisa* leans over about thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and people go thousands of miles to see its graceful inclination, and, by extra braces and various architectural contrivances, it is kept leaning from century to century. Why not have the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little aslant? Why not have the pillar of truth a leaning tower? Why is not an ellipse as good as a square? Why is not an oblique as good as straight up and down? My friends, we must have a standard; shall it be God's or man's?

The divine plumb-line needs to be thrown *over all merchandise*. Thousands of years ago Solomon discovered the tendency of buyers to depreciate goods. He saw a man beating down an article lower and lower, and saying it was not worth the price asked, and when he has purchased at the lowest point he told everybody what a sharp bargain he had struck, and how he had outwitted the merchant. "It is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." (Proverbs 20: 14.)

Society is so Utterly Askew

in this matter that you seldom find a seller asking the price that he expects to get; he puts on a higher value than he proposes to receive, knowing that he will have to drop. And if he wants fifty, he asks seventy-five. And if he wants two thousand, he asks twenty-five hundred. "It is naught," saith the buyer. "The fabric is defective; the style of goods is poor; I can get elsewhere a better article at a smaller price. It is out of fashion; it is damaged; it will fade; it will not wear well." After awhile the merchant, from over-persuasion or from desire to dispose of that particular stock of goods, says: "Well, take it at your own price," and the purchaser goes home with light step, and calls into his private office his confidential friends, and chuckles while he tells how that for half price, he got the goods. In other words, he lies, and was proud of it.

Nothing would make times so good, and the earning of a livelihood so easy, as the universal adoption of the law of right. Suspicion strikes through all bargain-making. Men who sell know not whether they will ever get the money. Purchasers know not whether the goods shipped will be according to the sample. And what, with the large number of clerks who are making false entries and then absconding to Canada, and the explosion of firms that fail for millions of dollars, honest men are at their wits' end to make a living. He who stands up amid all the pressure and does right is accomplishing something toward the establishment of a high commercial prosperity. I have deep sympathy for the laboring classes who toil with hand and foot. But we must not forget the business men, who, without any complaint or bannered processions through the street, are enduring

A Stress of Circumstances

terrific. The fortunate people of to-day are those who are receiving daily wages or regular salaries. And the men most to be pitied are those who conduct a business while prices are falling, and yet try to pay their clerks and employees, and are in such fearful straits that they would quit business to-morrow, if it were not for the wreck and ruin of others. When people tell me at what a ruinously low price they purchased an article, it gives me more dismay than satisfaction. I know it means the bankruptcy and defalcation of men in many departments. The men who toil with the brain need full as much sympathy as those who toil with the hand. All business life is struck through with suspicion, and panics are the result of want of confidence. The pressure to do wrong is stronger from the fact that in our day the large business houses are swallowing up the smaller,

The Whales Dining

on blue-fish and minnows. The large houses undersell the small ones because they can afford it. They can afford to make nothing, or actually lose, on some styles of goods, assured they can make it up on others. So, a great dry goods house goes outside of its regular line and sells books at cost or less than cost, and that swamps the booksellers; or the dry goods house sells bric-à-brac at lowest figure, that swamps the small dealer in bric-à-brac. And the same thing goes on in other styles of merchandise, and the consequence is that all along the business streets of all our cities there are merchants of small capital who are in terrific struggle to keep their heads above water. The Cunarders run down the Newfoundland fishing smacks. This is nothing against the man who has the big store, for every man has as large a store and as great a business as he can manage.

To feel right and do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial reinforcement. Yet there are tens of thousands of such men getting splendidly through. They see others going up and themselves going down, but they keep their patience and their courage, and their Christian consistency, and after a while their turn of success will come. The owners of the big business will die and their boys will get possession of the business, and with a cigar in their mouths, and full to the chins with the best liquor and behind a pair of spanking bays, they will pass everything on the turnpike road to temporal and eternal perdition. Then the business will break up, and the smaller dealers will have fair opportunity. Or the spirit of

Contentment and Right Feeling

will take possesion of the large firm, as recently in the case of the great house of *A. A. Low & Co.*, and the firm will say: "We have enough money for all our needs, and the needs of our children; now let us dissolve business and make way for other men in the same line." Instead of being startled at a solitary instance of magnanimity, as in the case just mentioned, it will become a common thing. I know of scores of great business housess that have had their opportunity of vast accumulation, and who ought to quit. But perhaps for all the days of this generation the struggle of small houses to keep alive under the over-shadowing pressure of great houses will continue; therefore, taking things as they are, you will be wise to preserve your equilibrium and your honesty and your faith, and throw over all the counters and shelves and casks, the measuring line of divine light. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb-line."

II. In the same way we need to

Measure our Theologies.

All sorts of religions are putting forth their pretensions. Some have a spiritualistic religion, and their chief work is with ghosts, and others a religion of political economy, proposing to put an end to human misery by a new style of taxation, and there is a humanitarian religion that looks after the body of men and lets the soul look after itself, and there is a legislative religion that proposes to rectify all wrongs by enactment of better laws, and there is an aesthetic religion that by rules of exquisite taste would lift the heart out of its deformities, and religions of all sorts, religions by the peck, religions by the square foot, and religions by the ton—all of them devices of the devil that would take the heart away from *the only religion that will ever effect anything* for the human race, and that is the straight up-and-down religion written in the book, which begins with Genesis and ends with Revelation, the religion of the skies the old religion, the God-given religion, the everlasting religion, which says, "Love God above all and your neighbor as yourself. All religions but one

Begin at the Wrong End,

and in the wrong place. The Bible religion demands that we first get right with God. It begins at the top and measures down, while the other religions begin at the bottom and try to measure up. They stand at the foot of the wall, up to their knees in the mud of human theory and speculation, and have a plummet and a string tied fast to it. And they throw the plummet this way, and break a head there, and throw the plummet another way and break a head there, and then they throw it up, and it comes down upon their own pate. Fools! Why will you stand at the foot of the wall measuring up when you ought to stand at the top measuring down? A few days ago I was in the country, thirsty after a long walk. And I came in, and my child was

Blowing Soap Bubbles,

and they rolled out of the cup, blue, and gold, and green, and sparkling, and beautiful, and orbicular, and in so small a space I never saw more splendor concentrated. But she blew once too often and all the glory vanished into suds. Then I turned and took a glass of water, and was refreshed. And so far as soul thirst is concerned, I put against all the blowing, glittering soap-bubbles of worldly reform and human

speculation, one draught from the fountain from under the throne of God, clear as crystal. Glory be to God for the religion that drops from above, not coming up from beneath! "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said a plumb-line."

I want you to notice this fact, that when a man gives up the straight up-and-down religion in the Bible for any new fangled religion, it is *generally to suit his sins.* You first hear of his change of religion, and then you hear of some swindle he has practised in Colorado mining stock, telling some one if he will put in ten thousand dollars he can take out a hundred thousand, or he has sacrificed his chastity, or plunged into irremediable worldliness. His sins are so broad he

Has to Broaden His Religion,

and he becomes as broad as temptation, as broad as the soul's darkness, as broad as hell. They want a religion that will allow them to keep their sins, and then at death say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant," and that tells them: "All is well, for there is no hell." What a glorious heaven they hold before us! Come, let us go in and see it. There is Herod and all the Babes he massacred. There is Charles Guiteau, and Jim Fiske, and Robespierre, the friend of the French guillotine, and all the liars, thieves, house-burners, garroters, pick-pockets and libertines of all the centuries. They have all got crowns, and thrones, and harps, and sceptres, and when they chant they sing: "Thanksgiving, and honor, and glory, and power to the Broad Religion that lets us all into heaven without repentance and faith in those disgraceful dogmas of ecclesiastical old-fogyism."

My text gives me a grand opportunity of saying a useful word to all young men who are now forming habits for a lifetime. Of what use to a stone-mason or a bricklayer is a plumb-line? Why not build the wall by the unaided eye and hand? Because they are insufficient, because if there be

A Deflection in the Wall

it cannot further on be corrected. Because by the law of gravitation a wall must be straight in order to be symmetrical and safe. A young man is in danger of getting a defect in his wall of character that may never be corrected. One of the best friends I ever had died of delirium tremens at sixty years of age, though he had not since twenty-one years of age—before which he had been dissipated—touched intoxicating liquor until that particular carousal that took him off. Not feeling well in the street on a hot summer day, he stepped into a drug store, just as you and I would have done, and asked for a dose of something to make him feel better. And there was alcohol in the dose, and that one drop aroused the old appetite, and he entered the first liquor store, and stayed there until thoroughly under the power of rum. He entered his home a raving maniac, his wife and daughters fleeing from his presence, until he was taken to the city hospital to die. The combustible material of early habit had lain quiet nearly forty years, and that one spark ignited it.

Remember that the wall may be one hundred feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the foundation affects the entire structure. And if you live a hundred years and do right the last eighty years, you may nevertheless do something at twenty years of age that will damage all your earthly existence. All you who have built houses for yourselves, or for others, am I not right in saying to these young men, you cannot build a wall so high as to be independent of the character of its foundation? A man before thirty years of age may commit enough sin to last him a lifetime. Now, John, or George, or Henry, or whatever be your Christian name or surname, say here and now:

"No Wild Oats for Me,

no cigars or cigarettes for me, no wine or beer for me, no nasty stories for me, no Sunday sprees for me, I am going to start right and keep on right. God help me, for I am very weak. From the throne of eternal righteousness let down to me the principles by which I can be guided in building everything from foundation to capstone. Lord God, by the wounded hand of Christ, throw me a plumb-line."

"But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." O, no! I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence, I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked.

I Have Had Fun

illimitable, though I never swore one oath, and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when ten years ago, with Commissioner of Police, and a detective and two elders of my church, I explored these cities by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpit discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet, though I was never intoxicated for an instant, and never committed one act of dissoluteness, restrained only by the grace of God, without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy. I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet at the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all *the fun is on the side of right.* Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful, and like the manchineel, a tree whose dews are poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in a Christian life. There they go—

Two Brothers.

The one was converted a year ago in church one Sunday morning, during prayer, or sermon, or hymn. No one knew it at the time. The persons on either side of him suspected nothing, but in that young man's soul this process went on: "Lord, here I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to risk them alone; come and be my pardon and my help; save me from making the mistake that some of my comrades are making, and save me now." And quicker than a flash God rolled heaven into his soul. He is just as jolly as he used to be, is just as brilliant as he used to be. He can strike a ball or catch one as easily as before he was converted. With gun or fishing rod in this summer vacation, he was just as skilful as before. The world is brighter to him than ever. He appreciates pictures, music, innocent hilarity, social life, good jokes, and has plenty of fun, glorious fun. But his brother is

Going Down Hill.

In the morning his head aches from the champagne debauch. Everybody sees he is in rapid descent. What cares he for right, or decency, or the honor of his family name? Turned out of employment, depleted in health, cast down in spirits, the typhoid fever strikes him in the smallest room on the fourth story of a fifth rate boarding house, cursing God and calling for his mother, and fighting back demons from his dying pillow, which is besweated and torn to rags. He plunges out of this world with the shriek of a destroyed spirit. *Alas for that kind of fun!* It is remorse. It is despair. It is blackness of darkness. It is woe unending and long reverberating and crushing as though all the mountains of all continents rolled on him in one avalanche.

Poor Fun.

My soul, stand back from such fun. Young man, there is no fun in shipwrecking your character, no fun in disgracing your father's name. There is *no fun in breaking your mother's heart.* There is no fun in the physical pangs of the dissolute. There is no fun in the profligate's deathbed. There is no fun in an undone eternity. Paracelsus, out of the ashes of a burnt rose, said he could re-create the rose, but he failed in the alchemic undertaking, and roseate life once burned down in sin can never again be made to blossom.

Oh, this plumb-line of the everlasting right! God will throw it over all our lives to show us our moral deflections. God will throw it over all churches to show whether they are doing useful work or are instances of idleness and pretense. He will throw that plumb line

Over all Nations

to demonstrate whether their laws are just or cruel, their rulers good or bad, their ambitions holy or infamous. He threw that plumb-line over the Spanish monarchy of other days, and what became of her? Ask the splintered hulks of her overthrown Armada. He threw that plumb-line over French imperialism, and what was the result? Ask the ruins of the Tuileries, and the fallen column of the Place Vendome, and the grave trenches of Sedan, and the blood of revolutions at different times rolling through the Champs Elysées. He threw that plumb-line over ancient Rome, and what became of the realm of the ancient Cæsars? Ask her war-eagles, with beak dulled and wings broken, flung helpless into the Tiber. He threw it over the Assyrian empire of a thousand years, the thrones of Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, and Shalmaneser, of twenty-seven victorious expeditions, the cities of Phœnicia kneeling to the sceptre, and all the world blanched in the presence. What became of all the grandeur? Ask the fallen palaces of Khorsabad and the corpses of her one hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiery slain by the angel of the Lord in one night, and the Assyrian sculptures of the world's museums, all that now remains of that splendor before which nations staggered and crouched.

God is now throwing that plumb-line

Over this Republic,

and it is a solemn time with this nation, and whether we keep His Sabbaths or dishonor them, whether righteousness or iniquity dominate, whether we are Christian or infidel, whether we fulfil our mission or refuse, whether we are for God or against Him, will decide whether we shall as a nation go on in higher and higher career or go down in the same grave where Babylon and Nineveh and Thebes are sepulchred.

"But," say you, "if there be nothing but a plumb-line,

What Can Any of Us Do,

for there is an old proverb which truthfully declares: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes." What shall we do when, according to Isaiah, 'God shall lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet?'" Ah, here is where the Gospel comes in with a Saviour's righteousness to make up for our deficits. And while I see hanging on the wall a plumb-line, I see also hanging there a Cross. And while the one condemns us, the other saves us, if only we will hold to it. And here and now you may be set free with a more glorious liberty than Hampden, or Sidney, or a Kosciusko ever fought for. Not out yonder, or down there, or up here, but just where you are you may get it.

A Scottish Invalid.

The invalid proprietress of a wealthy estate in Scotland visited the continent of Europe to get rid of her maladies, and she went to Baden Baden and tried those waters, and went to Carlsbad and tried those waters, and went to Homburg and tried those waters, and instead of getting better she got worse, and in despair she said to a physician: "What shall I do?" His reply was: "Medicine can do nothing for you. You have only one chance in the waters of Pit Keathly, Scotland." "Is it possible?" she replied, "why, those waters are on my own estate!" She returned, and drank of the fountain at her own gate, and in two months completely recovered. Oh, sick, and diseased, and sinning, and dying hearer, why go trudging all the world over, and seeking here and there relief for your discouraged spirit, when close by, and at your very feet, and at the door of your heart, aye, within the very estate of your own consciousness, the healing waters of eternal life may be had, and had this very hour, this very minute, this very Sabbath? Blessed be God that over against the plumb line that Amos saw is the Cross, through the emancipating power of which you and I may live and live forever!

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

By Henry Varley.

The Rapture a Sign to the World—It will Prove that Christ is at Hand—The Complement of the First-fruits—An Impressive Event—Distinction Between the First-fruits and the Harvest—Will the Rapture be Secret—The Gleanings—The Precedent of Elijah's Rapture—The Searc for Him—A Rationalistic Committee—The Effect on Idolaters.

MAY it not be that the rapture of those saints "accounted worthy to stand before the Son of Man," is designed by our Lord to be

The Unmistakable Sign

to the world that His second coming is at hand? These, I understand, make up the complement of the first-fruits before the throne (Rev. 14: 4). They are represented by the wise virgins, who, being ready, arose, trimmed their lamps, and went in with the bridegroom to the marriage. The parable of the virgins gives the truth of rapture, not resurrection. It does not refer to those who have died and are raised from the dead by the Lord, but to the removal and going in with the bridegroom on the part of prepared ones who are living when the midnight cry is made. Mark the words: "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet Him" (Matt. 25: 6).

May not the rapture of the latest addition from the earth, of those "accounted worthy to stand before the Son of Man"—the Lamb on Mount Zion—be the astonishing sign to the world that the Lord is at the door?

Will the World Read that Sign?

Few things could so deeply impress the whole earth, or so fittingly inaugurate the times of breach in natural sequence which will mark the intervention of our Lord in the last days of this age, as the removal of the residue of the first-fruits, raptured from among men. It will be seen, therefore, that the position I maintain is this: I do not believe that one of the dead or living saints will be left behind when our Lord descends to raise the sleeping, and to change the living members of His body. That time is distinctly the time of the harvest, as distinguished from the first-fruits, and is clearly defined in 1 Cor. 15: 51, 52; 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17; and Rev. 14: 14–16. I suggest that the redeemed, cleansed, and consecrated followers of the Lamb have in all ages been taken to the position, association and glories which are identified with the first-fruits, of whom it is written: "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. These were redeemed from among men; and in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God" (Rev. 14: 4, 5).

This view certainly yields intelligent meaning and constant application to those Scriptures which have pleaded with believers in *every* age to walk so that they might "be accounted worthy to stand before the Son of Man" (Luke 21: 36; Rev. 3: 10-12).

There has been much discussion as to whether the rapture of the Church

Will Or Will Not Be Secret,

i. e., unknown to the world. I do not think this is revealed; neither do I regard it as important. The ascension of our Lord, however, does not appear to have been witnessed by any but the disciples themselves. Whether this should guide our thoughts or not, I cannot tell (Acts 1: 3, 9-11). Certainly the world cannot be ignorant long of the rapture. There will doubtless be a great cry throughout the world, even as in Egypt on the night of the avenging angel's visit.

It will occur to some that these sudden removals from the earth will surely induce reflection and repentance among men. In many cases, I doubt not, it will be so. The door of mercy will not be altogether closed to the inhabitants of the earth, after the Church is removed. There yet remaineth

The Gleanings,

which will be gathered during the time of the great tribulation. These gleanings will comprehend the martyred saints, and all who, having obtained mercy of the Lord, escape the devastating tyranny of the Antichrist. In those days will be fulfilled the solemn words of God, given to the prophet Amos: "Behold! the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine on the earth: not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord. And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east; and shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it" (Amos 8: 11, 12).

From the testimony of Scripture concerning the iniquity and atheistic blasphemy of the last days, I gather that, when the first tremendous surprise produced by the removal of the Church is over, there will set in a coarse, sceptical, reactionary spirit, which probably had its foreshadowing in the days of the rapture by the chariots of fire of the great prophet Elijah.

It may be remembered that, immediately the rapture took place,

A Rationalistic Committee

was formed in the school of the prophets. This committee sent out a special contingent of fifty strong men, who for three days gave consistent materialistic search for the missing man of God. There business was to find the prophet, and to this end they were to be particularly careful to explore every cavern, crevice, and perpendicular rock in the whole district round about.

Elijah according to their view, might even then be sitting desolate upon some projecting crag, from whose summit he found it impossible to descend, much less ascend. His remarkable departure was clearly a "breach of natural order." In vain did Elisha tell them of "the chariots of fire, and the horses of fire." In vain did he say: "Ye shall not send" (II Kings 2: 11–15). The sons of the prophets were not accustomed to give place to the strong will of an enthusiastic ploughman. True, fifty of their number had been to view the whole scene, but

They Were Quite Unsettled

as to the nature of the phenomenon presented. The intense light and the whirlwind! Well, those items were capable of explanation! Besides this, Elisha was the only man who distinctly affirmed the fact of the rapture, and might it not have been on his part an optical illusion? [In our day Elisha would have been suspected of crime. He was the last person seen in company with the missing man. He was in possession of his cloak and he gained promotion by Elijah's disappearance. His explanation of the chariots of fire would have been laughed to scorn]. Spiritual facts are so difficult to analyze, and they constantly border on fanaticism. Thus it came to pass that they said unto Elisha: "Behold, now, there be with thy servants fifty strong men: let them go, we pray thee, and seek thy master; lest peradventure the Spirit hath taken him up and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley" (verse 16). Despite the prophet's resolute protest, we read: "And when they urged him, until he was ashamed, he said: Send! They sent, therefore, fifty men, (all rationalists); and they sought three days, but found him not" (verses 16, 17).

With scepticism of such a character in the school of the prophets, we can hardly affect surprise at the effect produced amongst the idolaters who dwelt in Bethel. It is evident that the taking up of the prophet by a whirlwind in the chariot of fire was soon

Turned Into Ribald Jest.

We read that as Elisha was on his way to Bethel a young and godless crowd came out of the city. They mocked God's prophet, and cried: "Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head!" (verse 22). These words were in evident allusion to the taking up of Elisha's great master. From this scene I gather that probably a similar ribald blasphemy may follow the removal of the Church of Christ in the closing day of this corrupt age. It will scarcely be necessary to say to my readers that this act of judgment—the death and wounding of forty-two of their number by two she-bears—does not apply to little children, in the sense in which we use the term. Minors up to twenty years of age, in those days were denominated children. Strong, corrupt, and ungodly youths are here referred to (II Kings 2: 23, 24).

Pool, in his "Annotations," says; "Forty and two children, the Hebrew word signifies, not little children only, but those also who are grown up" (see Gen. 32: 22, 32; 33: 1; and 37: 30). It is evident that little children, unable to discern between right and wrong, would not be in the least likely to utter this ribald blasphemy. Beside this, Bethel was a stronghold of idolatry. This gross insult offered to Elisha was directed not only against himself, but through him to the majesty of the God of Israel.

KINGS IN QUEER RAIMENT.

AN interesting letter which the Rev. Dr. Eaton, of Burlington, Vt., has received from Mr. J. C. Waller, of Bishop Taylor's African Mission, has been published by the *Free Press*, of that city. It is dated Banana, Congo Free State, July 10, 1887, announces the arrival of the party at Vivi, one hundred miles from the coast. Mr. Waller says: "Bishop Taylor and myself were present at *a meeting of Kings* which had been called for consultation with the Bishop. They call such meetings "a palaver." We wanted to establish a mission, and the object of our meeting was to ascertain whether or not they would permit us to come among their people. Our conference with them lasted more than an hour. They consented to our establishing a mission among them, and engaged to let their subjects work for us in building a house, &c., for the schooling we would give them.

"The Bishop has appointed me for this, the first station on the north side of the Congo, and I expect to have the house finished in about three or four weeks from date. I must tell you just

How the Kings Were Dressed.

King No. 1 had three different kinds of blankets wrapped around him as he sat on his throne, which was *an empty gin cask* with an old native mat thrown over it. King No. 2 came marching in with nothing on but an old coat, which looked like one of Lord Nelson's cast-off coats. The lace on the sleeves came down to his fingers' end, the broad collar with fancy facings folded back to his shoulders. He was accompanied by a servant who carried an umbrella over him. King No. 3 had on a green coat which formerly belonged to one of the London sharpshooters. He also wore a vest. These two articles constituted his entire wardrobe. There were seven Kings at the meeting, and all were dressed in a similar fashion. One of them had brass rings on his ankles and three or four iron rings on his arms. The servants placed before us seven bottles of palm wine, one from each King. We asked for water, saying we did not drink wine, and water was brought us. The Kings bore themselves with great dignity throughout the entire interview."

Camping on the Congo.

Mr. Waller gives the following graphic sketch of the first experiences: "We were landed on the banks of the Congo with no place to lay our heads except on the bosom of mother earth. Our tents were on the boat, but could not be unloaded until the next day. We begged the captain to furnish us with a few cans of provisions for immediate use, which he did. We soon sat down to our first meal on the banks of the Congo. It consisted of tomatoes and sardines, all eating out of one can, without knives or forks. The night was coming on, and I was anxious for my wife and children, but the good Lord graciously provided for them. A Baptist mission about five miles from Matiti sent a boat from the mission to see who had come up on the boat, as they were expecting some one by it. They saw our condition, and feeling sorry for us, especially for our dear little ones, they took my wife and children to the mission for the night, though their quarters were very small. Next day they returned and took all the ladies of our party and gave them dinner at the mis

sion. My wife and children remained two days and nights at the mission. Our tents having been put up and arranged as comfortably as possible, my family came up from the mission, and we commenced housekeeping under canvas. The Lord has been very good to us. The natives have brought us chickens and other articles of food, and the chiefs have also been very kind to us. Bishop Taylor is much interested for the comfort of our entire party."

At the time of writing, Mr. Waller had not fallen with the fever, though of the whole party of twenty-one, nineteen had been down with it, and had a hard siege. It was then *midwinter:* the thermometer registered eighty-two degrees at noon, and seventy in the night. It had been as low as sixty degrees once since the arrival of the party.

A MISSIONARY INVITED BACK.

IN the course of a recent journey in Persia, the Rev. James W. Hawkes went to Anneh, an Armenian village where there had once been a mission school, but the teacher had been driven out by the priest. "We heard," he says, "that the priest was dead, and the people would be glad to see us, and so it was found. On that Sunday Mr. Hawkes preached twice to quite respectable congregations. Some listened well. Many were anxious that the missionaries should send back the teacher, and assured them that no one would molest or oppose him. Their children had just begun to spell, and were desirous of going on, and the parents regretted that the past two years had been lost to them." Mr. Hawkes also saw the owners of the village, who are Mohammedans, and who were pleased with the teacher, and encouraged their sending him back, assuring them that they would take the trouble to look after him and his interests. "Oh, that we may have the men and means," says Mr. Hawkes, "to enter in and give the gospel light to these benighted people as fast as they are prepared to receive it! Their eyes are just opened. May the Lord, who opens their eyes, also fill their hearts with a bountiful supply of His grace, joy and love."

ROMANCE OF A SANTHAL GIRL.

THE following remarkable story of a Santhal girl is related by the Rev. A. Haegert, a medical missionary in Santhalistan India: Chapa Manjhan is the daughter of a village priest, who presides at the religious ceremonies of the people, and appeases the wrath of the evil spirits by sacrificing pigs, goats, sheep and cocks. His family assisted to build our mission station twelve years ago, and as we had divine service every morning and evening with the workpeople, they must have heard the Gospel scores of times. Chapa was a strong and healthy girl, and was married to a Santhal farmer five years ago, and then removed to her husband's home, five miles west. After four weeks she was brought back to her parents' home on a bed, carried by four men. Her father and mother came begging me to go and see her. I went at once, and there was no doubt that she was dangerously ill: and I knew she was not prepared to die. I went and prayed with them for the recovery of their daughter, and exhorted her to pray for herself,

The next morning I went again, and found her much better, and asked her if she had been praying to Jesus. She said, "Father, I have prayed, and I lie just thinking of Him," and she wept. After a couple of months, Chapa, being quite recovered, returned to her husband; and, to her horror, found that he had taken another wife. This is a common thing for heathens to do. Chapa was henceforth depised in her own home, and, after a few months, returned to her parents for good.

She was a changed girl, and was now earnestly seeking the light of Christianity. Sometimes she was caught praying, and was well scolded, and sometimes severely beaten. By and by she was baptized into the name of Jesus. When the news spread, the people of the village held a meeting, when violent speeches were made, but through God's kindness nothing further was done, but she was regarded as an outcast—as one dead, and the ceremony for the dead was performed in her name, and her effigy publicly burnt. While the effigy was being devoured by the flames, Chapa was in the girls' school praying for her country.

Time rolled on, and Chapa became a widow. The headmaster of our boys' training school was a widower, and as several other people were wishing to marry, the banns were published, and one day five Christian young couples were married, among them Chapa and the Christian schoolmaster. Our own garden was stripped of flowers and leaves to decorate our church. Christians from thirty-five villages, in white, and many heathen filled the building. A new wedding anthem, composed for the occasion had been prepared by the boys and girls of the training schools. There was great joy, and smiles on every face. Over three hundred sat down to the wedding feast.

One other incident about Chapa. On the 25th of May, 1887, *a cobra pounced suddenly* upon her, and bit her. The alarm of the brethren was great. One of my trained medical preachers was called, and attended her, and used the bottle of medicine I had left for this purpose. God blessed the medicine, and Chapa recovered to the joy of all her friends.

TWO MIDNIGHT WEDDINGS.

THE celebration of two weddings is described in a letter recently received from Mr. Stanley Smith, the English Undergraduate now laboring as a missionary in China. He says: "The first two Christian marriages in the Chao-ch'eng district created great excitement, and, to add to the novelty, my harmonium was carried there for the occasion. At what time do you think the marriages took place? After midnight one, and just before midnight the other. The bridegrooms in both cases were fifteen years of age, and the brides about seventeen — the bridegrooms in both cases Christian, and the brides heathen. This latter case is unavoidable, as, according to custom, these marriages are settled by the parents of the parties concerned long before, generally quite in young childhood; so, of course, these two matches were made long before they heard of the Gospel. About midnight, the sound of tom-toms and music — if music may be applied to such discordance—in the distance announced the fact that the bride in her sedan was being brought from her village, and nearing the bridegroom's house. We thereupon gathered in a tent erected in an open yard. Two chairs were placed in front of the table facing me; the bridegroom was first escorted to a chair, and then the bride, dragged (to come willingly would be considered a sign of forwardness) by a number of lady attendants, four in number, to her seat. The service was very short and simple, and consisted mainly of prayer and singing, with the customary questions as to willingness, etc., on the part of bride and bridegroom. It was a grand opportunity for proclaiming the Gospel, as people came in from many parts."

A DISSOLUTE KING.

THE death of King Jamba Yamina, of Bihe, is announced in a letter from Mr. Fay, of the West Central Africa Mission, published in the *Missionary Herald.* His dusky majesty appears to have surpassed his brother monarchs in Europe a little in conceit. While they claim superiority over ordinary men by virtue of their royal blood they still admit humanity: but this man actually believed that he had the Divine nature. The missionary, however, does not seem to have been rendered inconsolable by his death. He says:

"The Lord can take the burden off his children even if it is in a mysterious way. In all our dealings here the king was the man we most dreaded, because, on account of his greater abilities and energy, he could, if he choose, do us the most harm. The last visit Mr. Sanders made to the *ombala*, the king would not see him at all. And word has just reached us that he did intend harm to us. But while part of his head men assented to his plans, some of them would not consent that we be plundered or be put out bag and baggage. So the matter dropped, and the attention of the king was given to a new lot of wine and liquors just arrived from the coast.

As it had been fifteen days since he had had any liquors, he began at once to drink to excess, and what might have occurred had we come before him in his frenzied drunkenness none can tell. But in the midst of his excess he was called to his last account. He had been drinking for some time, when in a vomiting fit blood gushed out of his mouth, and he died. I doubt not that his people will be very glad, as they did not like him much. I cannot say that we were glad of his death, but I can say that it has taken a great load off our shoulders. It virtually stops all the trouble, and before any new questions arise we will have word from the coast that will stop any further attempt to molest us. It will give us an opportunity to pray that the next king may not be so opposed to Christ's work. It is a source of some satisfaction that several times Mr. Sanders has tried, as best he could, to tell Jamba Yamina of the true way, but each time has been laughed at or stopped by some foolish talk on the part of the king. He evidently did not care to hear of God and his duty to Him; in fact, he claimed to be *Suku*—God. And I remember how his eyes started out when Mr. Sanders told him he was not God."

A KING'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

A REPORT of the Presbyterian mission in West Africa published by the *Church*, contains cheering news from the Rev. Thomas H. Roberts, who is now laboring in the Vei country. The mission is situated on a spot called by the natives, Glima Koro (Old Glima). This is the spot where the old Glima stood over a hundred years ago. King Musa, of Glima, who is himself about sixty-five or seventy years old, says that his grandfather was a boy in this old Glima. The print of mud huts can still be seen on the ground. King Musa told me that *where our mission stands was once a great slave mart.* Slaves were brought from all parts of the interior to Glima Koro, and here awaited the slave traders. Thus where once human beings were brought to be sold into perpetual slavery, the same spot, in the providence of God, shall be where they shall come to be "free indeed." The mission is about fifteen miles from Robertsport, Cape Mount, by the sea. You ride eight or ten miles up the Mafa River, and then branch off on the Mani River about five or six miles. There are towns and villages all along the banks of the Mafa. The Mani River is much wider in some places than the Mafa, but not so deep. Both of these rivers are densely wooded on both banks. The land rises higher and higher toward the interior. Measuring by the coast line the mission is about the centre of the Vei country. There are roads and river courses to all the principal towns of the tribes. Gbese, the capital of the Vei country, lies three hours back of this point.

"The situation of the mission," says Mr. Roberts, "is favorable in every respect. King Musa, of Glima, is himself a Christian, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Robertsport. *He has been asking for a missionary for his people for years. My coming here seems to be an answer to his prayers.* The king and his people are happy over the idea that a mission is to be established among them. They are doing all they can, in their way to assist the mission. King Duamba Como, known as King Freeman of the entire Vei country, and his sub kings or chiefs, welcome the mission and promise to send their children. Surely a change for the better is coming over these people. God is working in the hearts of the heathen."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Interposed again Last Week to relieve the stringency in the money market. The prediction that if no steps were taken by Congress to prevent the accumulation of money in the Treasury there would be serious difficulties in the fall among business men, was fulfilled. Money was so scarce at the beginning of the week, that even responsible men with unimpeachable security were unable to obtain loans on reasonable terms. Money was not to be had, though it was lying idle in abundance in the Treasury. Mr. Fairchild prevented the impending panic, by offering to purchase two classes of bonds and the stringency immediately relaxed. It may be hoped, however, that this constantly recurring source of embarrassment may be removed by the next Congress adopting some wise plan of reducing the revenue to the necessities of the government.

The Massachusetts State Democratic Convention at Worcester on Sept. 20, nominated ex-Congressman Henry B. Lovering for the governorship. He was a distinguished soldier in the War, and lost one of his legs while fighting under the Union flag. Democratic politicians claim that he will receive the support of the soldier element in the State. *The platform* adopted by the Convention strongly endorses the administration, though it implies in its third plank that there has been remissness in retaining Republicans in the Civil Service. This reproof, coming from Massachusetts, is a surprise, and must be peculiarly vexatious to the administration. The platform "favors and desires a revision of the present unjust and burdensome tariff laws," but is careful to say that it does "not advocate free trade." On the subject of temperance the platform is silent.

A Large and Enthusiastic Meeting to Express sympathy with the Chicago anarchists now under sentence, was held in Cooper Institute, New York, on September 19. The majority of those present were foreigners, and many of the speeches were in German. Two reasons were urged against the execution of the condemned men. One was that the conviction and sentence were against evidence. On that point the meeting was at issue, not only with the judge and jury who tried the case, but with the Supreme Court of Illinois, which affirmed the judgment. The second reason urged, was that the execution would exasperate the wage-earning classes. That there are some workingmen who would be exasperated, was self-evident, but until the Knights of Labor and other trade organizations explicitly and officially protest against the execution, no one will believe that the workingmen as a body sympathize with the prisoners. At present the evidence is the other way. While the anarchists and their friends express no contrition, and do not ask for mercy, neither the wage-earners nor any other class are likely to exert themselves to save the lives of the condemned men.

A Careful Analysis on the Vote of Prohibition in Texas, shows how little politics had to do with the question in that State. It is popularly supposed that all Prohibitionists come from the Republican party, yet every one of the nineteen counties which Mr. Blaine carried in 1884, voted against the amendment. Their aggregate vote being 9,267 for and 30,352 against it. It is remarkable too that the colored vote was nearly solid against the amendment. The total vote of the State was larger by 29,998 than in the Presidential election; of this total 129,273 votes were cast for the amendment and 221,934 against it. The Prohibitionists, though defeated, need not be cast down by the result. That in Texas thirty-seven votes in every hundred would have polled for Prohibition in 1887, is a fact that a few years ago no political prophet would have dared predict.

A Destructive Cyclone Visited Sections of Texas and Mexico, on September 21. The storm was accompanied by a heavy rainfall, which a Brownsville despatch says reached by actual measurement ten inches. Seventy houses in that city were blown down, and three hundred others severely damaged; scarcely a tree remains standing, and the telegraph poles were thrown down. Matamoras also suffered heavily by overturned houses. The Rio Grande rose rapidly, submerging Santa Cruz, destroying crops and carrying away cattle and sheep. The interruption of telegraphic communication prevents a full knowledge of the losses being obtained, but it is feared that fully a million dollars worth of property was destroyed. Many persons were injured, but no death had been reported when the despatches were sent out.

A Cholera-Infected Vessel Arrived at New York on Friday last. It was the *Alesia*, from Marseilles. When the vessel left that port, fugitives from Naples were flying in terror from the scourge, and the *Alesia* was crowded with terror-stricken passengers. When only a few days out, two of the steerage passengers were seized with cholera. There were over five hundred persons in the steerage and they became panic-stricken. The patients were isolated, and precautions were promptly taken to prevent the plague spreading; but six other persons were attacked by the disease, and all of the eight died and were buried at sea. Four others were dying of the plague when the ship arrived here. The vessel was quarantined and thirty of her passengers who showed signs of sickness were sent into hospital, and the others to Swinburne Island to await developments. The ship's cargo will have to be thoroughly fumigated before it is put ashore.

The New Local Option Law in Michigan is now in operation, the Legislature having appointed September 28, as the day for its going into effect. By its terms, whenever one-fifth of the voters at the last preceding election shall sign a petition, asking for the submission of the question of prohibition in that county, it is made the duty of designated officers to take the necessary steps to have the vote taken. The result of the election, whatever it may be, is thereafter to remain undisturbed for three years, The Prohibition State Central Committee has decided not to take the initiative in getting up petitions, but whenever or wherever a petition is gotten up to sign it, vote for the measure, and if carried, heartily co-operate in securing its enforcement.

The Reform in the Moral Condition of New York City effected under the administration of Mayor Hewitt, has been much lauded in some of the city journals, and still more by journals at a convenient distance. How radical that reform is may be perceived by an incident which occurred in Justice Duffy's court on Thursday last. A saloon-keeper was summoned there to answer the charge of violating the Excise and Theatrical laws. There was plenty of evidence of the man's guilt, but the Justice adjourned the case to obtain further information. He assigned a significant reason for doing so. He said the saloon-keeper had informed him a few weeks ago that the reason he had been able to violate the law with impunity was that he paid a regular sum to the proper parties. Justice Duffy told him to refuse to pay any longer and see what would happen. The man did refuse and he was promptly hauled into court. The Justice, therefore, thought it advisable to adjourn the case, that he might learn who it was that had been receiving the money. If reform means prosecution of law-breakers who refuse to pay blackmail and immunity for those who will pay, the less we boast of such "reform" the better.

General Uneasiness in Europe is Reported by the trans-Atlantic correspondents of the daily press. Their observations are confirmed by the state of the financial markets, which are always regarded as a safe and a sensitive barometer of international relations. One cause of apprehension arises from the visit the Czar of Russia is paying to his father-in-law, the King of Denmark. Arrangements were made for a meeting between him and the Emperor of Germany at Stettin, but the meeting did not take place at the time fixed, and a rumor is in circulation that the Czar abruptly refused the invitation. This lack of cordiality with Germany, however, does not imply that there is a close friendship between Russia and France. The Czar does not like republics, and while France continues under that form of government an alliance with the Czar cannot be counted upon. It is significant, that while the Czar has been at Copenhagen the Compte de Paris, who, like him, is allied by marriage to the Danish royal family, should have issued his manifesto, making a new bid for the throne of France. European observers suggest that the manifesto was inspired by the Czar, whose objections to an alliance would be removed if the Count becameKing of France.

Another Irish Riot is Reported. A League meeting held in Cork on Thursday night, overflowed the hall in which it was held. The crowd outside amused themselves with stone-throwing, and subsequently by attacking the building of the Protestant Young Men's Association. The police charged the crowd with their clubs, but were unable to disperse it until, after a protracted fight, Mr. Tanner, M. P., came out from the League meeting and implored the mob to separate quietly. Mr. O'Brien, the editor, who has been arrested under the Coercion Act, was taken to Mitchelstown on Friday for trial, the language complained of having been uttered there. The streets were lined with sympathizers, who cheered him and gave him flowers. A Roman Catholic priest from St. Louis, Mo., who is now visiting Ireland, is doing his utmost to injure the cause of the League. In a recent speech he announced himself a believer in the doctrines of Henry George, and urged that no rent should be paid. At the Chicago Convention he had expressed his readiness "to become a chaplain in any army raised to relieve Ireland from the slavery she was enduring." Mr. Harrington who appeared at the coroner's inquest on behalf of the families of the men killed at Mitchelstown, has also damaged his case by intemperate language. He called one of the witnesses a liar, and told another he could scarcely restrain himself from kicking him. Violence of this character will render it very difficult for Mr. Gladstone to convince the English constituencies that the government of Ireland may safely be intrusted to such men.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

Mr. H. M. Stanley Appears to Have Overestimated the influence of his strange ally, Tippo Tib, the slave dealer. The Arabs are indisposed to obey him, now that he has pledged himself to suppress the slave raids. A letter from Stanley, written on June 23, has been received, in which he says that 500 slave traders at Yarnhombe, half of whom were under command of Chief Saidhabbub, refused allegiance to Tippo Tib, whose own people, however, warmly welcomed him and paid ready obedience. Tippo Tib was reluctant to fight old friends, and asked for a small force of Congo State troops, to uphold his authority as Governor. Mr. Stanley was confident that Tippo Tib would prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. Mr. Stanley concludes as follows: "As soon as fuel as been obtained, the steamers will start, and the last chance of communicating with Europe for a few months will be gone."

An Extensive Famine Prevails in Asia Minor. Reports received from the missionaries of the American Board stationed in that country, state that people are dying of starvation, and that the food supply will soon be entirely exhausted. The Board has sent seven thousand dollars to be expended in relieving the most urgent cases, and is now making an appeal for funds for another remittance. Mr. Montgomery, one of the missionaries, says: "Large numbers of people are kept alive by eating grass, roots, refuse of the streets, berries and small fruits. There was brought to me this week a kind of nauseous, bitter, puckery bread, made from the pods of a low thorn found upon the plain, which I should think would kill those who eat it, and yet I am told that whole villages eat it and have nothing else. The gratitude of those who are helped appears to be sincere, and Heaven's blessings are invoked by Moslem and nominal Christians alike upon the Protestants who minister to their needs."

The Convention of Christian Workers at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, has been largely attended. Earnest workers from all parts of the country have met together for consultation, study of the Bible and prayer. No one could be in the meetings without being impressed with the desire manifested by the delegates to reach a practical result from the convention. The great question so far has been *how to reach the masses*, and every suggestion made with that object has been eagerly received and examined. The *Rev. Jacob Freshman's* description of his successful work among the Jewish population excited deep interest, as the Jews in all our great cities are rapidly increasing in number. *Dr. A. T. Pierson*, of Philadelphia, gave an address on Thursday, on "The Ideal Church for the People" which was listened to with deep attention. Dr. A. F. Schauffler of the New York City mission, and Dr. Josiah Strong, who explained the object of the Evangelical Alliance, were among the speakers at the earlier sessions. Among the missions represented are the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., one of the most important in the country, from which have come Rev. E. D. Bailey, Mr. George W. Wheeler, Mr. N. A. Robbins, and others; The Minneapolis City Mission; The McAll Mission; The Florence Mission of New York; The School for Christian Workers, etc. etc. The Rev. R. A. Torrey of Minneapolis, Minn., is chairman.

An Incorrigible Offender was Released from the State Prison of Massachusetts on September 16, by the pardon of Governor Ames. The man is forty-eight years of age and has spent most of that time behind the bars. He was only ten years old when he was incarcerated first. In 1855, when he was sixteen, he served another year for burglary, and three years later he was again sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. In 1866 he received a sentence of ten years, but escaped in 1872. The next year he was again caught and sent up for three years. After that he spent a few months at large, but took to burglary again, was captured and sentenced to another ten years in prison. He and another convict dug a tunnel under the prison wall after he had served about half his sentence and both escaped, but he had not had his liberty many weeks before he was detected in committing a burglary and was again convicted and sent back to prison. Governor Ames has been induced to pardon him by the fact that he is now suffering from consumption and can live but a short time. Were it not for that fact the Governor's pardon would be folly, as the man would be sure to offend again. There would be the same hopelessness about the case of the sinner who through Christ obtains pardon for past offences, if it were not that with his pardon he receives a new heart and is sanctified by the Holy Spirit (1 Cor. 6: 11).

A Floor Inlaid with Silver Dollars has been laid in a bar-room in New York which was opened last Thursday. The same coins are also set in other conspicuous places about the room. An admiring reporter who attended the opening gives this inventory: "In every stone in the white marble floor are two silver dollars, and in the centre of the floor in front of the bar is a black marble stone with a $20 gold piece in the centre and nineteen $1 silver pieces around it. Overhead in the ceiling are three medallions, serving as centres of three chandeliers, made of ground glass and representing silver dollars. At the back of the bar is a chandelier which has $500 worth of silver dollars on it. There is, besides, on the back bar a star and crescent a foot high, covered with silver pieces from a dime to a dollar. The silver dollars in the floor are secured by the strongest cement known. To pry them up with a knife is impossible. It is easier to chisel them out by destroying the stone. The actual cost of this unique embellishment is about two thousand dollars." Customers who, going there to drink, see the dollars under their feet, and think they might be put to a better use, may profitably consider whether the use to which they are putting *their* money is not far worse. They buy liquor which curses them body and soul, while Christ offers them the water of life without money (Isa. 55: 1, 2).

A Millionaire's Gratitude is the Subject of a press despatch published in a Southern journal last week. About twenty-five years ago a young man of Laurens, S. C., went West to make his fortune. He went from place to place, without finding a good opening, and finally all his little capital was exhausted in travelling expenses and unprofitable ventures, and he was in a sore strait. At last, being pressed for money he wrote to his family. They were poor, and could not help him, but his brother-in-law, a struggling young lawyer, borrowed a hundred dollars on his own security and sent it to him. That appears to have been the turning-point in the young emigrant's fortunes. He began to prosper, and eventually succeeded in amassing a large fortune. Some investments in mineral lands soon multiplied it, and he became many times a millionaire. He never forgot the kindness of his brother-in-law, who helped him in his early difficulties and who is now a lawyer in Nashville, Tenn. The millionaire died recently, and on his will being read it was found that he had bequeathed to the lawyer's two daughters a legacy of $1,600,000. Thus the hundred dollars has been repaid above a thousand-fold. There will be far greater surprises than that at the last great day, for Christ will then reward His servants so munificently that they will themselves wonder that services so small as those they have rendered to the sick and the poor should be deemed worthy of recompense (Matt. 25: 34–40).

An Enigmatic Message on a Cedar Board was given by an old Indian deer-hunter to Captain Cogan, of the Bark *Hunter*, when off Cape Behring, in June last. On one side of the board was the request in letters rudely carved, "Give Tobacco," and on the other side "Help Come," followed by the initials J. B. V. B. K. Nap. Another group of letters read S. W. C. Nav. 10 M. There was no question about the meaning of the words on one side and the Indian, having received the tobacco as a reward for delivering the cedar board, departed. The other inscription, with its plaintive appeal for help, was shown to several whaling captains, and eventually was submitted to Captain Healy, of the Revenue Cutter *Rush*, stationed at Sitka, who sent a copy of it to the Treasury Department. After repeated efforts to decipher the inscription it was thought that the letters J. B. V. B. K. Nap might signify J. B. Vincent, of the Bark *Napoleon*, as a vessel named *Napoleon*, which was lost in Behring Sea in 1885, had among her crew a seaman named J. B. Vincent. This solution gave a clue to the other inscription; and "S. W. C. Nav. 10 M." was read as "Ten miles southwest of Cape Navarin." On receiving this explanation, Captain Healy went to the point indicated and there found that the carving had been rightly read. Vincent was there among the Indians and, having neither pen nor paper, had carved the board and had sent it by an Indian, going south, with instructions to give it to any sailor he might fall in with. He was the sole survivor of the eighteen men on board the bark *Napoleon*, all his comrades having died from exposure after the wreck and from scurvy. He is now on the steamer *Bear* on its way to San Francisco. He would not have been rescued if his message had not fallen into the hands of humane as well as intelligent men. It was so vague that none other could have understood it or responded. The Christian has reason to rejoice that in the same way his prayers are heard. Sometimes in his distress they are inarticulate and incoherent (Rom. 8: 26, 27).

BRIEF NOTES.

The bequests received by Yale University last year amounted to $300,000.

The number of churches of all denominations in the United States is 132,435; and the number of clergymen 91,911.

During the last fiscal year the Grand Army of the Republic expended $253,936 for charitable purposes, relieving 26,606 persons.

The seventy-eighth anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held in Springfield, Mass., commencing October 4.

The Rev. Edward Judson, D. D., son of the celebrated missionary, Adoniram Judson, has begun a series of meetings at Baptist Tabernacle, Bowdoin Square, Boston.

Professor Drummond, the author of Natural Law in the Spiritual World, has accepted the pressing invitation of the Amherst students to conduct special services among them before leaving the country.

Temperance women have prevailed upon the managers of the New York State Fair, held this month, to allow no sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds, and to permit addresses to be made on the Fair grounds.

The committee of clergymen who have been especially interested in Christian work among prisoners, have issued a request that the churches will make October 30 "Prisoners' Sunday." Responses indicate that the day will be observed both in the States and in Canada.

Special religious services for the employees of the Longdale Iron Company, in Alleghany County, Va., have been held recently. They have been wonderfully blessed —more than seventy persons have made a profession of faith, and many others are earnestly seeking salvation.

The house to house visitation organized by Mr. Moody in Chicago, is being industriously carried forward. During the past six months four thousand families have been visited by lady missionaries, who have read the Bible to them and distributed religious literature, and invited them to church and their children to Sunday-school.

A congregation of Presbyterians at Chatham, Va., is sorely in need of a church building. They have raised a considerable sum themselves, and some kind friends in the North have liberally assisted them. They need further help before beginning to build. Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. B. Shepherd, Chatham, Va.

The Rev. Yaroo M. Neesan, the Persian student who is preparing for mission work in his native land, and whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on December 23, 1886, has returned to New York from an extensive lecture tour. He expects his wife and son to arrive from Persia shortly. They will assist him in his lectures during the fall and winter by appearing in various Oriental dresses. This is his last year at college.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

GOD, THE WONDER-WORKER.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"To Him who alone doeth great wonders: for His mercy endureth forever."—Psalm 136:4.

An Inexhaustible Theme—An Unfair Preacher—I. God Working Wonders Now—In Saving Sinners—Preserving His People—Great Things to be Expected—Preparations for Christ's Coming—Promises Confirmed by Facts—II. The Wonders Still Great—Do not Diminish by Familiarity—Can Never be Eclipsed—III. Are Wrought by God Alone—Forgiveness Superhuman—When Nobody can Help Him—The Railway of Heaven—The Rule in Fishing—IV. God to be Praised for Wonder-Working—No Collision Between Mercy and Justice.

BELOVED, when we get into God's world of wonders, we have range enough. Which way shall I turn? On what subject shall I speak? If I turn to nature, it teems with wonders. Altering a little the language of Coleridge, I would say, "All true science begins with wonder and ends with wonder, and the space between is filled up with admiration. If we turn to Providence, the history of the nations, the history of the Church, what centuries of wonders pass before us! It is said that wise men only wonder once, and that is always;

Fools Never Wonder,

because they are fools. The story of the Church is a constellation of miracles. I cannot venture upon themes so vast as Creation and Providence. Shall we turn to the works of Grace, the wonders of Redemption? If we consider the glory of grace surrounding the Cross, which is the wonder of wonders, we are upon a boundless ocean. Here is sea-room indeed. we are at no loss for a subject, but we are lost in the subject. Now are we where the height, and depth, and length, and breadth are each immeasurable. It was said of Dr. Barrow that he was an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every subject he touched, and left nothing for anyone else to say. I would like Dr. Barrow to try my text, and I am sure for once he would have to vary his style. He would only be able to suggest to us what might be said by ten thousand preachers all occupied ten thousand years upon the one theme.

"To Him who alone doeth great wonders: for His mercy endureth for ever." I feel inclined to bow the knee instead of opening the mouth, and to ask you rather to meditate in the silence of your hearts than to listen to my scanty speech. Happily the text assists me; for it suggests that I narrow my theme to the consideration of wonders of mercy; and that I narrow it again to the present wonder of mercy; for the text is in the present tense—"To Him who *doeth* great wonders"—that is to say, is doing them now. Only, then, of marvels of mercy shall I speak at this time, and I shall endeavor, as far as possible, to direct your thoughts to present wonders of mercy. I say as far as possible, for it must needs be that we link with the present both the past and the future, because they are all of one, and God lives in all the tenses at once.

I. Our first head shall be this—God is

Working Wonders Now.

"To Him who alone *doeth* great wonders: for His mercy endureth for ever." It is enduring now, and is the present tense for ever. Wonders are things out of the common, unusual things, extraordinary things. Usually they are unexpected; we wonder at them partly because they are novel and surprising. They take us aback; they are things which we looked not for. Great wonders, even when we grow accustomed to them, still continue to excite admiration, and frequently they cause us to praise the worker of them, as it is written, "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done marvellous things."

I believe that to-day God is doing great wonders in saving great sinners. It is a wonder that God should touch a sinner at all; yea, that He should even look at him. A sinner is such an evil thing, his sin is so vile, so foul, that holiness cannot take any pleasure in him. He who fails to obey his Maker, is creation's blank, creation's blot, and it is a wonder that his Creator should think of him with patience. But that God should call the sinner with the voice of love, and bid him return and find favor is a wonder. That when he does not return at the gracious bidding, the Lord should draw him with bands of love, is more wonderful still. The Lord, travailing with compassion, goes about to compass the salvation of the greatly erring one. He is still doing great wonders in changing depraved natures, breaking hard hearts, subduing obstinate wills, enlightening darkened judgments and winning rebellious minds.

Spiritual Miracles

Jesus is working still; and of this fact many of us are instances in our own persons, and also eye-witnesses of the wonders wrought in others.

Nor less may the wonders of the Lord be seen in the preservation of those who believe on His name. We are men wondered at. Do you not wonder, my brother, that you are still a Christian? Faith is so contrary to nature that its existence in the heart is like a spark burning in the sea. Faith is so much attacked, especially in this evil day, that it is like a candle kept alight in a cyclone. Yet you have not drawn back unto perdition! Still, though faint, you are pursuing. Truly, if you had been mindful of the country from which you came out, you have had many opportunities to return. Satan's chariots and his horses have waited upon you with many invitations to ride back into the land of your former slavery, if you had a mind to go. Kept alive, with death so near,

You are a Standing Wonder

to your own self. The Lord God does wonders still by maintaining His Church and the cause of truth in the midst of the world. Read through history, and you meet with periods when the light seemed quenched; but then, suddenly, it burned up with superior lustre. Remember the Reformation, and the revival of the last century. When spiritual life seemed almost extinct, there came times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It will be the same at this dark hour. God is still doing great wonders in the maintenance of His despised Gospel, and in the keeping alive of those spiritual doctrines which the carnal mind hates as much to-day as it ever did.

Now, dear brethren, why may we expect the Lord still to do wonders? I answer, first, because His Word raises our expectations. This inspired Book does not promise us small things. It is not pitched in a low key. Concerning the multitudes that will be saved in the latter days, it speaks in grand terms, saying, "Nations that knew not Thee shall run unto Thee." We have so much to this effect that I will not stay to quote the passages; only of this we are sure, that one day we shall hear the glorious shout, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." But, beloved, we have something more than words. God has evidently made preparations for doing great things. If our Lord Jesus Christ is to receive a reward commensurate with His accomplished work, we may safely look for things which shall amaze the world. Furthermore, when I reflect that the Holy Ghost has come down from heaven, and that He has never quitted us, but abides with His Church to carry out the purposes of grace by convincing men of sin, and glorifying Christ, I am encouraged to look for great things. The Holy Ghost is not here in vain. He intends to do great things.

When I see, in addition to the covenant, the Christ and the Holy Ghost, all the preparations of the Lord's effectual power for

The Coming of the Lord,

for His glorious reign upon the earth, and for the eternal glorification of the redeemed, I am assured in my own soul that the Lord is working upon a wonderful scale, whether we see it or not. Between now and the consummation of all things, wonders are to be common. The pathway of grace shall blaze with splendor. I invite you to enlarge your hope concerning Him who alone "doeth great wonders: for His mercy endureth for ever."

Dear friends, we are not left to promises and preparations. Our faith is continually refreshed by new facts. I have the great happiness of frequently seeing very extraordinary instances of God's grace among sinful men. I will not relate even one of them, but my memory is stored with them. Often my eyes are filled with tears when I grip the hand of a convert who but a little while ago was a blasphemer and injurious, a Sabbath breaker, a drunkard, and sunk in every form of uncleanness. When I see such a man converted, renewed and made holy, because the Lord has met with him and revealed Himself to him through the preaching of the Word, my eyes are filled with tears of wondering joy. When I find that such a poor testimony as I am able to bear is made by God's grace effectual to work a total change of nature, I am overwhelmed with wondering and grateful emotions. We are assured that among us upon whom the ends of the earth have come, "the Lord doeth great wonders." Did I hear one say, "Truly, if I were converted it would be a wonder. Yes, you are

Excellent Raw Material

for God to work upon in the creation of a wonder. Did I hear another say, "A person is here this morning who, if he were saved, would be a wonder indeed?" Pray for him, then. Pray at once, distinctly, for him, in the glad hope that he will be another wonder. The God of infinite mercy looks out for room for His grace to work in, and space for almighty love to display its power. Your necessity, feebleness, and emptiness are the space in which infinite mercy finds elbow-room for its energy. He "who alone doeth great wonders," looks for the greatly guilty and the greatly needy, that in them He may reveal His grace. Oh, that my heart were enlarged, and that my mouth were opened fitly, to encourage you who think you are beyond the bounds of divine mercy! Oh, think not that the grace of God can never come to you! The Lord delighteth in mercy.

II. I pass on to another phase of the same thought; for upon this one thought I mean to harp at this time, so that this one note shall linger in your ears for many a day. Our first head has been that God is working wonders of mercy; our second point is that

These Wonders are Still Great.

"To Him who alone doeth *great* wonders." Many apparent wonders can be explained, and, henceforth, the wonder is gone. Certain nations wonder at an eclipse, which to the astronomer is a very simple affair. Now, you cannot explain away election, redemption, regeneration, and the pardon of sin: these great wonders of almighty love are all the greater the more you know of them. Many wonders, also, are diminished by familiarity. Well do I remember as a child being taken to see the first train drawn by a steam-engine to our town: I greatly wondered; but I have now ceased to wonder at such an ordinary sight. I remember a viaduct, which to my juvenile mind was stupendous; I have seen it since, and it is by no means one of the wonders of the world. The wonders of grace are such that the more you see them the more your wonder grows. In these cases it is ignorance which does *not* wonder; but knowledge marvels exceedingly. Those who are most familiar with the Lord think the most of Him and His grace.

The wonders of grace are so great that they

Can Never be Eclipsed

by any greater marvels. No one will ever tell us a more marvellous story than the life and death of our Lord for sinful men. In the gift of Jesus Christ the infinite God has outdone all His previous acts. This is the greatest wonder that ever angels heard of; they desire still to look into it. This is in words and sense the climax of all miracles—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Now," cries some one, "you speak about wonders; if I were to be converted it would not only be a wonder, but a *great* wonder." That is why I expect it, for the Lord takes pleasure in performing wonders.

This leads me to believe that the Lord Jesus will yet save greater sinners than He ever did

save, if such sinners there be. Our Lord celebrated His entrance into Paradise by the salvation of a thief, and soon after His resurrection He restored Peter. He will always be saving thieves, and restoring backsliders. He went after Saul of Tarsus, who was both a persecutor and a blasphemer; and He means always to be saving sinners of that kind. That Philippian gaoler, converted at the dead of night, is but a specimen of the sort of hard, rough, cruel brutes that He will still subdue by his mighty grace. The Lord will go on to save great sinners, for He has put His hand to

The Plough of Grace,

he will not look back. The very guiltiest, and most hardened, and most daring of rebels are welcome to come to Jesus and look to Him and live. How pleased I am to preach this gospel! Oh, that I could preach it better! I expect the Lord to go on saving great sinners by these words of mine, and this shall be to His praise.

The Lord is working great wonders of delivering grace. Are any of you in great trouble or great danger? The Lord that delivered David out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, and from the hand of the uncircumcised Philistine, will deliver you also with a great deliverance. He that saved Daniel in the den of lions, and brought him out unharmed, even He that walked with the holy children in the burning fiery furnace, is the same God still. He can, He will, He doth deliver. You shall see His great wonders if you will but trust in Him. You that are tossed about and sorely pained with the present state of the Church of God, you may look for wonders of grace. I expect our Lord to do great wonders at this time by sending us great revivals of religion, or in some other way making bare His holy arm. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Now we have got some good way into our text—"To Him that doeth great wonders" be glory for ever and ever.

III. The third point is this—these great wonders are

Wrought By God Alone.

He *alone* doeth great wonders. Lay emphasis heavily upon the word alone." My brethren, there are deeds of kindness which you could not expect any one else to do. The most forgiving of human spirits can never pardon as God does. You, poor sinner, have been measuring God's corn with your bushel, and therefore you conclude that He cannot forgive you; but his long-suffering and grace are greater than yours. If you had offended others as you have offended God, you might safely come to the conclusion that forgiveness would be out of question; but the Lord in mercy far outruns all others. None can forgive and forget as the Lord does. It was never heard of, that one could pass over such offenses and rebellions as God doth freely blot out. The Lord can do, and is daily doing, such acts of love and mercy as would be looked for in vain among men and angels. Believe that God is more able to forgive than you are able to believe. Ah, poor desponding soul! you had a dream. Did you not dream that you were a child again, and could begin life once more? You woke up, and cried, "Ah me! this will never be true. I wish it were." It can be true. The Lord can make you again to become a little child by being born again. It is hard, I know, for you to believe it; but nothing ought to be hard to believe concerning the God whose mercy endureth for ever. He alone, Himself, and by Himself, can perform prodigies of love.

When it is said that He does these great wonders "alone," it means that He does them

When Nobody Can Help Him.

My friend, you cannot do anything: you are now reduced to utter impotence, under a sense of sin. You fear that you cannot even believe, or feel; but the Lord is all-sufficient, and He alone doeth great wonders. He can do all for you, and work all in you. What strange creatures we are! We feel that we must try to help God. What folly is this! Out of the way with you! You do but block the road. Stand aside, and let grace work! What canst thou do? Do you reply, "I must believe and repent? I know you must, but Jesus Christ comes to save you just as you are, and His salvation comes to you where you are. When they make railways in England they usually carry them sufficiently far from a town to give work to an omnibus. Seldom does the station stand near the house where one wants to go.

The Railway to Heaven

is of another sort; it comes to your door. Jesus comes where you are, and meets your actual condition. Though you lie at death's door, Christ comes as the Resurrection and the Life. In your spiritual helplessness and hopelessness, Jesus comes to you, saying: "Trust me now to be all in all to you." Praise Him who alone, without your puny aid, or the aid of priest, or the aid of mortifications and penances, can remove your sins, and make you pure and holy. His own arm brings salvation to those who trust Him, and He alone doeth great wonders.

When the Lord uses means in the salvation of a soul, He takes care that nobody shall praise the means or ascribe the salvation to the agent. He has many ways with His most useful servants of making them keep their places; and you will notice that as soon as ever any one of them begins to grow rather large in his own esteem, he is usually met with weakness and barrenness. We must, brethren, keep self out of the way. We must put ourselves absolutely into God's hands, that He may use us in the winning of souls, and then we must send the great *I* down, down, down, till it is buried out of all remembrance. They tell us that when you go fishing it is wise to stand back and keep yourself out of sight as much as possible. The fish that see *you* will not take the bait. The Lord will not do great wonders in company, but alone. His servants must not set up to be masters, or they will be sternly rebuked.

IV. I close with my last head—upon which I will speak briefly. Beloved, if you know anything about these wonders, these great wonders, these wonders in which God stands alone, then remember that for these wonders He is to be praised. This verse is

An Ascription of Praise.

"To Him who alone doeth great wonders: for His mercy endureth for ever." It means to Him be thanks and praise and power and honor and majesty for ever and ever. Wonder is a sort of praise; it is the chaos out of which a world of praise is to be made. Sit thou still and silently meditate on the greatness and goodness of God until thou art overcome with admiration, and then thou wilt adore. Our wonderment should always blossom into thanks. Holy wonder is like sweet incense, but love must set it on a blaze with a burning coal of gratitude.

Still, when thou praisest God for the wonders He has wrought for thee, and for others, let the climax of thy praise be this, that "His mercy endureth for ever." Magnify with all thy faculties of mind and heart; with memory, and hope, and fear, and every emotion of which thou art capable, the changeless mercy of God. He is ever merciful, or full of mercy. He always will be so. Thou hast a God of immutable goodness; rejoice in Him at all times, and

Under All Aspects.

When thou thinkest upon His terrible justice, doubt not his mercy. Pharaoh is cast into the Red Sea, but Jehovah's mercy endureth. He slays mighty kings, but "His mercy endureth for ever." Ay, when thou seest hell engulf the impenitent, and thou thinkest with solemn awe of the dread punishment necessary to sin, rest assured that this alters not the fact that God is love, and that "His mercy endureth for ever." There must be no collision in thy thoughts between His justice and His mercy: they are both divine and they both endure for ever. Do thou say "Hallelujah!" when thou seest His wrath.

Accepting His mercy in Jesus, praise Him; resting in that mercy, praise Him: hoping in that mercy that it will follow thee all the days of thy life, praise Him. By-and-by, brothers and sisters, we shall know more of His eternal mercy, and then we shall praise Him in loftier strains. Shall we ever need a sweeter song than this—"To Him who alone doeth great wonders: for His mercy endureth for ever?" As we shall hear the harpers harping with their harps, and see the holy ones casting their crowns before Him on the glassy sea, shall we not chant this *great Hallel*—"To Him who alone doeth great wonders: for His mercy endureth for ever?" The Lord bless you ever! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.*

WHAT El Dorado had been to the active imaginings of De Soto's Spaniards, was now to become a reality that would startle the world from its long forgetfulness. The world believed they had been chasing a phantom which had lured them to their death. One seeks in vain to know why nature at last revealed the secret she had long kept hidden from those who had sought but not found, to disclose it to others who were not seeking.

The war which gave us California was scarcely ended, when a scene took place there of far-reaching moment to mankind. Words can scarcely describe it. For a moment it seemed the overturning of all laws governing the acquisition and distribution of wealth, if it were not to put the common laborer on a level with the millionaire, and so revolutionize society itself. When we consider what has followed in its train, the story itself seems tame indeed.

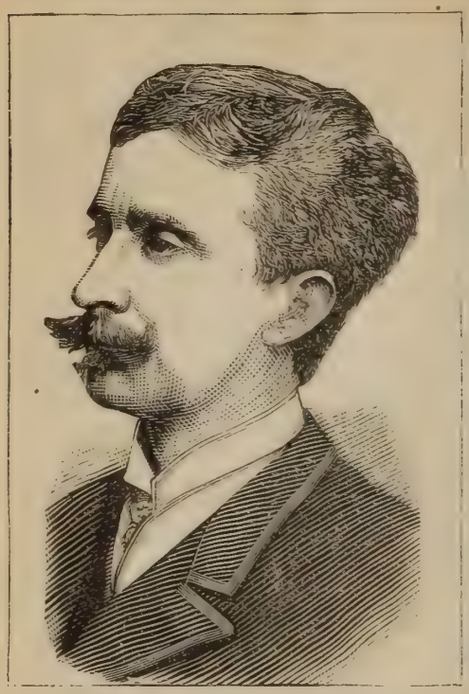
Captain Sutter had been having a saw-mill built for him fifty miles above his fort, on the south fork of the American River, which is there a swift mountain stream. One evening when all within the fort wore its usual quiet, a horseman rode up in hot haste, and asked to see Sutter alone; this was James W. Marshall, one of Sutter's men, who had charge of the mill above. Seeing by his manner that something unusual was the matter, Sutter led the way into his private room and turned the key in the lock. With much show of mystery Marshall then handed his employer a packet, which being opened was found to contain a handful of yellow metal, in flakes or kernels, which he said he had taken from the mill-race, and asserted to be gold. By the light of a candle the two men bent over the little heap of shining particles in eager scrutiny. Sutter would not believe it was gold. Marshall was sure it could be nothing else. Aqua-fortis was then tried without effect. The metal was next weighed with silver in water. All doubt was then removed. It was indeed gold, yellow gold, that Marshall had found.

His story briefly told was to this effect. They had started the mill, when the tail-race was found to be too small to carry off the water; in order to deepen it the whole head of water was then let into the race, thus washing it out to the required depth. It was while looking at the work the water had done, that Marshall saw many shining particles lodging in crevices of the rocks, or among the dirt the water had carried down before it. All at once it flashed upon him that this might be gold. Gathering up what he could without risk of detection, he had started off to the fort without making his discovery known to any one.

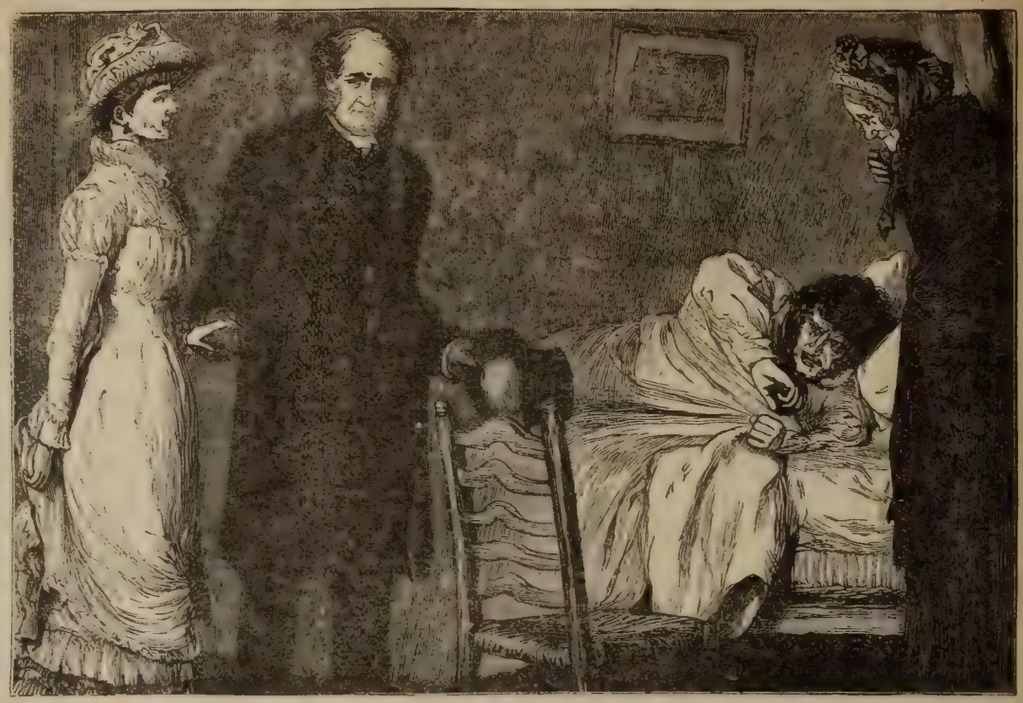
Sutter saw his happy pastoral life of the past on the point of vanishing. He made an idle effort to keep the discovery secret, at least till he could set his house in order. It was soon known in the household and at the mill. From this little mountain-nook it was borne on the wings of the wind to the seacoast, and from the seacoast to the four quarters of the globe.

Captain Sutter's men deserted him in a body. The American settlers and Indians of the neighborhood next caught the infection. Gold was soon found at a point midway between Sutter's fort and mill, called the Mormon Diggings, on

* From "The Making of the Great West, 1512–1883." By Samuel Adams Drake. Pp. 379, with many Maps and Illustrations. Price $1.25. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



Col. Chaille-Long, U. S. Consul to Corea.



The Dying Man Mistakes his Daughter for her dead Mother.

Feather River, and in the gulches above the mill site. From these districts the miners began to straggle down to San Francisco with pouches of gold dust in their possession. Men who had hardly known what it was to have a dollar of their own, suddenly lived like an emperor in their expense.

The effect was magical. Within a short three months most of the houses in San Francisco and Monterey were shut up, Blacksmiths left their anvils, carpenters their benches, sailors their ships, soldiers were every day deserting from the garrisons of San Francisco, Sonoma and Monterey. The two newspapers then printed in the country suspended their issue indefinitely. Everybody was off for the mines; nothing else was talked of but gold.

CHARLES CHAILLE-LONG.

The Friend of General Gordon Recently Appointed American Consul in Corea.

(See Portrait.)

THE eminent American citizen whom President Cleveland has selected to represent the government in "the Hermit Kingdom" is a man whose antecedents inspire confidence in his capacity to promote mutually advantageous relations between this country and the comparatively unknown nation whose closely shut gates have only recently been opened to international intercourse.

Colonel Chaille-Long is the son of Mr. L. Long, of Maryland, whose mother belonged to the old Huguenot family of Chaille in Rochelle, France. The desire to perpetuate the memory of his grandmother and the glorious traditions of her house prompted him to take legal measures to incorporate the name of Chaille with his own. He was born in Somerset County, Maryland, July 2, 1842, and is now therefore forty-five years old. He was educated for the law, but his career has been more stirring and adventurous than that of most lawyers. In 1862, he enlisted in the United States Volunteers, served through the war, and in 1865 was mustered out with the rank of captain. Shortly afterward he went to Egypt and entered the service of the Khedive under General Gordon, who conceived a strong regard for the young man, and appointed him to responsible and important commands. While engaged in the expeditions planned by General Gordon, Chaille-Long made several important geographical discoveries, which brought his name prominently before European savants.

In 1876, he returned to America, but after practicing law in New York for five years he returned to Egypt where he rendered important services to the government. It so happened that he was in Alexandria when Arabi Pasha's troops commenced to sack the city and kill the foreigners. The American Consul was not in the city at the time, and Chaille-Long, at the suggestion of American residents, assumed control at the Consulate, gave refuge to the fugitives and saved many lives. He sent information of the state of affairs to the British commander, who, acting upon it, occupied the city and put a stop to the carnage. Colonel Chaille-Long assisted in the task of restoring order with a detachment of American sailors, who were placed at his disposal by the commander of the United States vessels in port.

Colonel Chaille-Long is a profound Arabic scholar, and also speaks French fluently. He is prompt in action and cool and sagacious in danger, a man of inexhaustible resource and an expert diplomatist. In his new office of Consul-General of Corea, which is a peninsula lying between China and Japan, there will be ample opportunities for the exercise of his talents; for the Coreans have emerged from their seclusion of centuries with many misgivings, and will need to be constantly reassured of the wisdom of the step they have taken in admitting foreigners into their kingdom.

WORK AMONG HOP-PICKERS.

(See Illustration on page 621).

CHRISTIAN workers and evangelists in England are now busy with their annual labors among the hop-pickers in Kent, Surrey and the adjoining counties, where the cultivation of hops is carried on. It is a remarkable work, due to the sagacity and energy of a few earnest men. Many of the hop-pickers are denizens of the London slums, whom it is diffieult to reach at any other time of the year. When the hops are ripe, countrymen who have drifted to London and are living in poverty in squalid dens keeping body and soul together by precarious occupations, migrate to the country, where they are assured of a few weeks of steady work in a healthy atmosphere, redolent with odors that remind them of their boyhood days, and where they can look once more on green fields.

For a long time their annual visit demoralized the country districts, and while they were there drunkenness and vice were rampant, but a few years ago a mission was organized specially for them, which has brought about a happy change.

Evangelists travelled down and conversed with them individually, held services for them after working hours, and much good has been done. Now, many a London loafer goes back to the city not only with his pocket heavier for his work, his health renewed by country air and food, but with a new heart, a soul redeemed, full of love to the Saviour, and resolved to lead a new life in the strength of the Lord.

A HAUNTED DEATH-BED.

(See Illustration).

A SHORT time ago a clergyman passing through the poorer quarters of a great city was accosted by an elderly woman who asked him if he would visit one of her boarders who was very sick, and had, apparently, something on his mind. "I ought to tell you, sir," she said, "that he don't want to see a clergyman; I've begged him to, times and times, but he says no, he won't—and he uses dreadful bad language.

The old lady paused, and Dr. Winter said, "Yes, surely I will come at once."

His guide led him to one of those old houses which had once been an aristocratic residence, but, in its old age, had fallen from its high estate to the boarding-house level. In the highest floor of that house, he found the sick man. An angry glance was the only greeting the clergyman received, and it travelled on to the woman, the sick man evidently perceiving who was responsible for the intrusion.

Dr. Winter, however, spoke kindly to him, saying he had heard of his illness, and had called to see if he could be of any service, adding, by way of explanation, "I serve a Master who enjoins on all His servants the duty of visiting the sick and telling them how to reach a place where sickness and death are unknown."

"Well," said the sick man, in a surly tone, "you have done your duty now, so you can go. I don't want any preaching here."

"Will you let me pray with you? I will not preach; I did not come for that" said Dr. Winter, quietly. "If I can help you in any way I shall be glad."

"You can't help me; I don't want your help and I will not talk to you at all," said the man with sullen determination.

His was clearly a case in which human skill was powerless, and Dr. Winter did as he had done in many other cases which he had met with in a long experience—appealed to God. Kneeling down by the bed, he prayed that this

man's eyes might be opened. "He knows not that thou art a loving Father," said the clergyman, "reveal Thyself to him in love. Let him see Thee as Thou art, a Being full of tenderness and patience and mercy, and draw him to Thee." Pleading thus for some minutes, he rested the case of the dying man in God's own hands and then rose to go.

"I don't wish to intrude upon you against your will," he said, "and I will not come again unless you wish it, but if you will let me help you, I shall do so joyfully. Be assured that if you need forgiveness for the past, you may have it. God never casts any out who come to Him through Christ.

"It is of no use your coming," said the man, in a somewhat softened tone. "You mean well, I dare say, but I am past your help. There is no forgiveness for me. I have ruined scores of persons: one young man shot himself when I had won his last dollar in a gambling house, and he has been here while I have been lying here, to taunt me with his fate, and chuckled over the punishment getting ready for me. My wife comes too, I broke her heart years ago and she died, but they have let her come back and she stands just where you do and points at me with her skeleton finger. And my little daughter, whom I drove out of the house after her mother died, and who went to shame and a life of sin—she comes too, and they charge me with their ruin, and call for vengeance. I lie here and defy them, but I'll have to go. I've done enough wickedness in my time to make a fiend ashamed. What is the use of talking about forgiveness to me? I hate 'em all. I don't forbid you coming, but you see it is of no use."

Hop Pickers at their Dinner.

Dr. Winter tried in vain to point him to the blood of Jesus, which *cleanses from all sin*, but as the man said, it was of no use, and he went away full of pity and sorrow. From the boarding-house keeper he gleaned a few facts as to the man's name and occupation, and, promising to come again, he turned his steps homeward. That night when his family and servants were gathered for family prayer, he spoke of what he had witnessed, and dwelt upon the awful results of a sinful life. An hour later, when he had retired to his study, there came a knock at the door, and on opening it he saw his children's governess.

"Excuse my disturbing you, sir," she said. "Do you know the name of the dying man of whom you spoke just now?"

Dr. Winter told her the name.

"Oh, sir," she said, "he is my father. I am the daughter whom years ago he turned out of his house. Will you take me to him?"

There was no time to be lost, and Dr. Winter, deeply agitated, as he was, set out at once with the girl to her dying father's abode. The woman whom he had seen in the morning, said he was much worse. She had just returned from going to fetch a physician to him. She led them up to the room, and Dr. Winter, holding the daughter's hand, was leading her to the bedside, when the sick man, seeing her, gave a cry of horror. He had not seen her before, since as a child he had driven her forth from his home, and he did not know her; but her remarkable resemblance to her mother deceived him, and he thought it was his dead wife that the clergyman was bringing to him.

"Take her away; take her away," he shrieked, and uttering an awful malediction, he passed into a paroxysm of dementia. That night he died, raving wildly and cursing to the last—an awful example of the anguish of an impenitent's doom.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 606.)

The Use of Tea-Meetings—Helping the Poor—First Project for the Children—Results of Personal Work Among the Unconverted—The Financial Result of Faith—Four Years of Absolute Dependence—An Attempted Burglary—The Help of Unbelievers Rejected.

FEBRUARY 9. I read a part of Franke's life. The Lord graciously help me to follow him, as far as he followed Christ. The greater part of the Lord's people whom we know in Bristol are poor, and if the Lord were to give us grace to live more as this dear man of God did, we might draw much more than we have as yet done out of our Heavenly Father's bank, for our poor brethren and sisters.

May 27. To-day the two churches, assembling at Gideon and Bethesda, met together at tea. These meetings we have often repeated, and found them profitable on several accounts. 1. They give a testimony to the world of the love of the brethren, by rich and poor meeting thus together to partake of a meal. 2. Such meetings may be instrumental in uniting the saints more and more together. 3. They give us a sweet foretaste of our meeting together at the marriage supper of the Lamb. At these meetings we pray and sing together, and any brother has opportunity to speak what may tend to the edification of the rest.

May 28. This morning, whilst siting in my room, the distress of several brethren and sisters was brought to my mind, and I said to myself, "Oh, that it might please the Lord to give me means to help them!" About an hour afterwards I received £60 from a brother, whom, up to this day I never saw, and who then lived, as he does still, at a distance of several thousand miles. This shows how the Lord can provide in any way for His people, and that He is not confined to places. Oh that my heart might overflow with gratitude to the Lord! [Since the first edition was printed, I have become personally acquainted with the donor.]

May 29. Review of last twelve months, since we have been in Bristol, as it regards the fruits of our labors. 1. It has pleased the Lord to gather a church through our instrumentality at Bethesda, which is increased to sixty in number, and there have been added to Gideon Church forty-nine; therefore the total number of those added to us within the year has been 109. 2. There have been converted through our instrumentality, *so far as we have heard and can judge respecting the individuals*, sixty-five. 3. Many backsliders have been reclaimed and many of the children of God have been encouraged and strengthened in the way of truth. What clear proofs that we were not suffered to be mistaken, as it regards our coming to Bristol!

June 12. I felt this morning that we might do something for the souls of those poor boys and girls, and grown-up or aged people, to whom we have daily given bread for some time past, in establishing a school for them, reading the Scriptures to them, and, speaking to them about the Lord. As far as I see at present, it appears well to me to take a place in the midst of those poor streets near us, to collect the children in the morning about eight, giving them each a piece of bread for breakfast, and then to teach them to read, or to read the Scriptures to them, for about an hour and a half. Afterwards the aged or grown-up people may have their appointed time, when bread may be given to them, and the Scriptures read and expounded to them, for half an hour.

About similar things I have now and then thought these two years. There was bread given to about thirty or forty persons to-day; and though the number should increase, in the

above way, to 200 or more, surely our gracious and rich Lord can give us bread for them also. No sooner had these thoughts arisen, and I communicated them to my dear brother Craik, than I was also directed to a place where the people may be assembled, holding comfortably 150 children. We went about it, and may have it at the rent of £10 yearly. The Lord directed us, also, to an aged brother as a teacher, and he gladly accepted of our offer. Surely this matter seems to be of God. Moreover, as I have just now a good deal of money left of the £60, we have wherewith to begin; and if it be the Lord's will, and if He will accept it, I am willing to lay out at once £20 of it in this way, yea, all that is left, if He will but speak; and when this is gone, He can send more. O Lord, if this matter be of Thee, then prosper it!

[This desire was not carried out. As far as I remember, the chief obstacle in the way was a pressure of work coming upon brother Craik and me just about that time. Shortly after, the number of the poor who came for bread increased to between 60 and 80 a day, whereby our neighbors were molested, as the beggars were lying about in troops in the streets, on account of which we were obliged to tell them no longer to come for bread. But though at this time this matter was not carried out, the thought was from time to time revived and strengthened in my mind, and it ultimately ended in the formation of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and in the establishment of the Orphan-Houses.]

December, 17. This evening brother Craik and I took tea with a family, of whom five had been brought to the knowledge of the Lord through our instrumentality. [When we took tea with them again about a twelvemonth afterwards, the number had increased to seven.] As an encouragement to brethren who may desire to preach the Gospel in a language not their own, I would mention that the first member of this family who was converted, came merely out of curiosity to hear my foreign accent, some words having been mentioned to her which I did not pronounce properly. Scarcely had she entered the chapel when she was led to see herself a sinner. Her intention had been to stay only a few minutes. But she felt herself as if bound to the seat whilst I was speaking, and remained to the close of the meeting. She then went hastily home, instead of pursuing her pleasures, washed the paint off her face, stayed at home that Lord's day, till the meeting began again, and from that day was truly converted. Having found the Lord, she entreated her brothers and sisters to go and hear the Gospel preached, who, in doing so, were likewise converted. May my dear missionary brethren always be mindful that the Lord can bless a few broken sentences, however badly the words are pronounced, as a means in the conversion of sinners!

December 31, 1833. In looking over my journal, I find that at least 260 persons (according to the number of names we have marked down, but there have been many more), have come to converse with us about the concerns of their souls. Out of these 153 have been added to us in fellowship these last eighteen months, 60 of whom have been brought to the knowledge of the Lord through our instrumentality. Besides these 60, five have fallen asleep before they were received into communion. In addition to these, there are many among the inquirers and candidates for fellowship, whom we have reason to believe God has given us as seals to our ministry in this city. Some also were converted through our instrumentality who are in fellowship with other churches in this city.

In looking over the Lord's dealing with me as to temporal things, I find that He has sent me during the past year (1833)—in money, clothes and provisions, over £277 (about $1,340). It is just now four years since I first began to trust in the Lord alone for the supply of my temporal wants. My little all I had then, at most worth £100 ($500) a year, I gave up to the Lord, having then nothing left but about £5 ($25). The Lord greatly honored this little sacrifice, and He gave me, in return, not only as much as I had given up, but considerably more. For during the first year He sent me already, in one way or other), about £130 ($650). During the second year £151 18s. 8d. ($759.50). During this year, £267 15s. 8d. ($1338.25) The following points require particular notice: 1. During the last three years and three months I have never asked any one for anything; but, by the help of the Lord, I have been enabled at all times to bring my wants to Him, and He graciously has supplied them all. And thus, the Lord helping me, I hope to be enabled to go on to the last moment of my life. 2 At the close of each of these four years, though my income has been comparatively great, I have had only a few shillings or nothing at all left; and thus it is also to-day, by the help of God. 3. During the last year a considerable part of my income has come from a distance of several thousand miles, from a brother whom I never saw. 4. Since we have been obliged to discontinue the giving away bread to about fifty poor people every day, on account of our neighbors, our income has not been, during the second part of this year, nearly so great, scarcely one-half as much, as during the first part of it; as if the Lord would thereby show us that when the calls upon us are many, He is able to send in accordingly. Observe this!

January 1, 1834. It seemed well to brother Craik and me, to have an especial public meeting for thanksgiving to the Lord, for His many mercies toward us since we have been in Bristol, and for the great success which it has pleased Him to grant to our labors; and also for confession of our sinfulness and unworthiness, and to entreat Him to continue His goodness toward us. About four hundred individuals, or more, met with us on the occasion.

January 3. This evening, from six to a quarter past ten, we conversed with inquirers. After we had seen twelve, we had to send away six. There were several fresh cases of conversion among them. The work of the Lord is still going on among us. One of the individuals, who has lately been brought to the knowledge of the truth, used to say in his unconverted state, when he was tempted not to go to the chapel, "I will go; the Lord may bless me one day, and soften my hard heart." His expection has not come to nothing.

January 9. Brother Craik and I have preached during these eighteen months, once a month, at Brislington, a village near Bristol, but have not seen any fruit of our labors there. This led me to-day very earnestly to pray to the Lord for the conversion of sinners in that place. I was also, in the chapel, especially led to pray again about this, and asked the Lord in particular that He would be pleased to convert, at least, one soul this evening, that we might have a little encouragement. I preached with much help, and I hope there has been good done this evening. [The Lord did according to my request. There was, that evening, a young man brought to the knowledge of the truth.]

January 13. The Lord verified in our experience the truths which I had preached last evening in speaking on "Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?" Job 1: 10. Thieves attempted to break into Gideon Chapel. They had broken it open, but were either smitten with blindness, so as not to see a certain door which had been left unlocked, or were disturbed before accomplishing their design; for there was nothing missing.

January 14. I was greatly tried by the difficulty of fixing upon a text from which to preach on the morning of October 20, and at last preached without enjoyment. To-day I heard of a *ninth* instance in which this very sermon has been blessed. May my brethren in the ministry of the Word be encouraged by this to go quietly, yet prayerfully, forward in the work of the Lord!

January 31. This evening a Dorcas Society was formed among the sisters in communion with us, but not according to the manner in which we found one when we came to Bristol; for as we have dismissed all teachers from the Sunday-school who were not believers, so now believing females only will meet together to make clothes for the poor. The being mixed up with unbelievers had not only proved a barrier to spiritual conversation among the sisters, but must have been also injurious to both parties in several respects. One sister, now united to us in fellowship, acknowledged that the being connected with the Dorcas Society, previous to her conversion, had been, in a measure, the means of keeping her in security; as she thought, that, by helping on such like things, she might gain Heaven at last. Oh that the saints in *faithful* love, according to the Word of God (II Cor. 6: 14-18), might be more separated, in all spiritual matters, from unbelievers, and not be unequally yoked together with them!

February 19. Brother Craik preached on Mark 4. 30-31, and was enabled to give out precious truths. Oh that I did feed more upon them! For several weeks I have had very little real communion with the Lord. I long for it. I am cold. I have little love to the Lord. But I am not, yea, I cannot be satisfied with such a state of heart. Oh that once more I might be brought to fervency of spirit, and that thus it might continue with me forever! I long to go home that I may be with the Lord, and that I may love Him with all my heart. I fear that the Lord will chastise me at the time of my dear wife's confinement. Lord Jesus, take thy miserable sinful servant soon to Thyself that I may serve Thee better. Within the last week I have repeatedly set out, as it were, afresh; but soon, very soon, all has come again to nothing. Oh that it might please the Lord to bring me into a more spiritual state!

February 20. By the mercy of God I was to-day melted into tears on account of my state of heart. Oh that it might please the Lord to bring me into a more spiritual state!

February 21. Through the help of the Lord I am rather in a better state of heart than for some time past. I was led this morning to form a plan for establishing, upon Scriptual principles, *an institution for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad.* I trust this matter is of God. This evening we had again, from six to half-past ten, a meeting with inquirers. The work of the Lord is going on among us as much as ever. Oh that our hearts might overflow with gratitude! Even after we were worn-out to the uttermost we could not see all, but had to send away several individuals.

February 25. The inquirers were so many yesterday, that though we conversed more than four hours with them, we had to appoint another meeting for to-day, and saw again several from two to five. I was led again this day to pray about the forming of a new Missionary Institution, and felt still more confirmed that we should do so.

(*To be Continued.*)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for September:

1866, the probable year of the Second Advent. By the late Rev. Joseph Baylee, D. D.

The Removal of the Vail. By the Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

Deliverance from the Woes of the Seventh Vial. By the late T. Evill, Esq.

Observations on the Apocalypse of St. John. By Sir Isaac Newton.

Satan's Counterfeit Christianity. By Mr. Henry Meymott.

The Coming Inquisition for Blood. By Rev. E. Cornwell

The Jewish Morning and Evening Sacrifices. By Rev. Dr. Edersheim.

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THE TEMPEST STILLED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 9, Matt. 8 : 18-27.
Memory Text, Matt. 8 : 27.

Verse 18. Christ did not Seek Notoriety—Left the Multitude. Ver. 19. The Impulsive Man—The Self-reliant Announcement—Ver. 20. The Consequence Frankly Stated—Christ's Chosen Title; see Daniel 7 : 13—What Following Christ May Involve—Ver. 21. The Tardy Procrastinating Follower—The Opposite of the Scribe—The World's Claims Given Priority—Ver. 22. The First Duty for a Disciple to Follow Christ—Worldly Duties to be Left to Worldly People—Ver. 23, 24. Christ's Presence Does not Preclude Trial—His Calmness in Storms—Ver. 25. His Power to Save Implied—Strange Spectacle of Sailors Appealing for Help to a Teacher—Ver. 26. Christ's Reproof—Fear Implies Weak Faith—The Rebuke of a Creator—The Surprise Inconsistent—Just What they Asked Him to Do.

IT was no unusual thing for Jesus to heal the sick. "In Him was life" (John 1 : 4), and life power overcomes sickness which is death-power. Having spoken the word according to the centurion's desire, and his servant at home having been made whole from that very hour, Jesus went on His way, and entered into Peter's house. There again, was sickness, Peter's mother-in-law was down with fever. Perhaps she was unconscious; perhaps too ill to exercise faith for herself. But Jesus "touched her hand, (it was the touch of life), and the fever left her;" and without any period of convalescence.

"She Arose and Ministered

unto them." O, how blessed is the power of Jesus when it is unhindered by our unbelief! The neighborhood was aroused; the centurion's servant and Peter's mother-in-law were going in and out to their usual avocations, the flush of health upon their cheeks, and the vigor of health in their tread; whereas, an hour or two before, both were nigh unto death! Who or what had wrought the change? From every lip came the same answer, "Jesus." Then it was not to be wondered at, that, before the sun went down, a multitude were around Him, bringing insane and sick and lame with them. The modern question as to whether it is the will of God to heal does not seem to have troubled them. The idea that sickness is a great blessing had not entered into the theology of the day. Natural instinct led men then, as now, to seek to get rid of it by the best means they knew, and none of the physicians of Galilee healed as Jesus healed. Perhaps the old relationship of God to His people in the wilderness, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," may not have recurred to the minds of some who looked on Jesus as a prophet, and they may have felt that God was visiting His people. Jesus "cast out the spirits with a word" (R. V.) "He sent His Word, and healed them." (Ps. 107 : 20). "And healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esais, the prophet, saying, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our diseases."

The writer was for many years in constant suffering from head and spine. She believed in the power of Christ to heal, and had been several times used of God in prayer and laying on of hands for the healing of others from paralysis, epilepsy, malignant fever, etc., yet the old idea that to ask for healing for herself, might be contrary to the will of God, and would not honor Him so much as the patient endurance of pain, still clung to her. A friend asked her one day, pointing to the passage we have just quoted, "How is His word to be fulfilled in you, if you are not healed? Would you wish that any word which Jesus has spoken concerning you should remain unfulfilled in your experience? Would you rob Him of part of the fruits of His suffering for you?" A new light dawned upon her. Was it then

For Christ's Sake,

for His interest, that she could claim healing? Could it be, after all, with an unselfish aim? When the next fierce attack of pain set in, she prayed, "Lord, Thou willest that Thy Word should be fulfilled in me; I will it too." In less than five minutes the terrible pain went down, the intense sensitiveness to noise and other external influences was taken away. "She felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." That is now nearly ten years ago, but the same Lord is true to the promise still, and still, according to her faith, is it with her.

Our blessed Lord never allowed Himself to be lionized. Whenever great multitudes followed Him, He always left them, and His greatest works were generally done when few were present. His one day's work in Capernaum had roused the country, "and He gave commandment to depart unto the other side" of the lake. Before they set sail, a certain scribe, an enthusiastic man, came and said to Him, "Master, I will follow Thee; withersoever Thou goest." "I will." O, how many there are who see the glory and the beauty of the works of Christ: souls saved, bodies healed, hearts comforted; and feel how much more to their taste the life of an evangelist would be than to live as housemaid or cook, or shoemaker's apprentice, or grocer's assistant. Why, *they* would get the credit of being the instruments of the Holy Ghost. They would feel how useful their lives were; numbers would bless them. And so they cry "Lord, I will follow Thee!"

But it Costs Something.

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Unless such devotees are willing to relinquish all claim to the comforts and honors and prestige of the world, they *cannot* follow Jesus withersoever He goeth. How often have we known a dear young man, a true lover of souls, go out into mission work, and all went blessedly for a time, but, by and by, people began to say unkind things, and, instead of passing it over to Christ, he attempted to set himself right, and a party was created in the mission. He had *not* followed Christ whithersoever He went, for He, "when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously" (1 Peter 2 : 23). Another disciple said, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." Father first? No; God first. "Jesus saith unto him, Follow Me, and leave the dead to bury their own dead" (R. V.).

By this time the ship was ready, and Jesus and His disciples entered into it. Perhaps they thought, "Now we shall have a blessed time, alone with Jesus." How often has God disappointed such plans, because He saw that we could learn more of Him

In the Midst of Trial,

than in any other way. He says, "Take no thought for the morrow." As sure as we *do* take thought, and plan and picture out the morrow, so surely are all our plans prostrated, and God makes quite another. Half, if not all, the worries of life come from our plan-making and the spoiling of our plans by a wiser hand. How we hold on to them, seeking to carry out, if but a part of our own programme, while He, who loves us better than life, has a perfect plan ready, if we will only leave it to Him! "There arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but He was asleep." Asleep! Why, the waves were beating into the ship, "so that it was now full" (Mark 4 : 37). They must have dashed over Him, tossed Him and wetted Him to the skin! But they were all subservient even to the *sleeping* Jesus. As He lay there tossed about, He was still the waves' Master.

Terror laid hold upon the disciples, and, in fear for their life, they awoke Him, crying, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" Yes; though He cared not for the storm, for the noise or the tumult, everything which touched His disciples was of moment to Him. "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. 2 : 8). "In all their afflictions, He was afflicted" (Isa. 63 : 9). "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" was His waking word. Fearful, when the Creator of the elements was with them! O, how God-dishonoring it is when we are afraid! Afraid of man, when we believe that Christ, man's Master and Maker, is dwelling in our hearts by faith! Afraid of sickness, when the Lord that healeth us, is dwelling in us! Afraid of heat or of cold, when He who is "a Shadow from the heat" and whose Almighty wings cover us from the cold, is with us "alway, even unto the end of the world!" O how it shames us when we consider our unbelief! Lord, save us from it!

Having spoken to His disciples, it was a little matter to Him to speak to the winds and the sea. "Peace be still," was all, but it was enough. In the very midst of its fury, the wind dropped and the half-formed waves fell back with a mirror-like stillness: Jesus was obeyed. The disciples marvelled. O, it is

Easier to Marvel than to Believe!

They said, "What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the waves obey Him?" Unbelief is fostered by our natural tendency to oppose our experience of the past to the promises of God. "Well," says one, "I did pray for the healing of my disease, but at last I was obliged to go to the doctor." Obliged! Who obliged you? Martha and Mary did not go to the doctor, even after Lazarus was dead, and four days of corruption in the grave did not foil Him who is the Resurrection and the Life! So few of us have confidence enough in God to trust Him where we see nothing, feel nothing, but have only some written word of God's to rely upon. As a dear sister in Christ said recently, "We do not give God a chance." If we really believe in God and that He has unlimited power over all persons, circumstances, etc., and that He *has* undertaken the very thing which is now pressing upon us, it is impossible for us to continue anxious or fearful about that thing. The presence of anxiety reveals the absence of trust. Was there no blessing in the trial! Without it, the disciples would never have known Jesus in His command over the powers of nature. Thus, every trial in which Jesus is allowed to have His way brings out some new revelation of Him to our souls, which becomes a precious treasure to us all our life long. Thus we learn to "glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope" (Rom. 5 : 3, 4).

In the life of the Lord Jesus we never hear of such expressions as "How tiresome!" "How unfortunate!" He saw His Father's hand in all which occurred. Thus, when He and His disciples landed in the country of the Gergesenes, and, instead of a multitude of hearers hanging upon His words, He found

Two Demoniacs

"coming out of the tombs," to meet Him, Jesus saw only another opportunity of bringing light, and joy and blessing. These men were so fierce "that no man might pass by that way." But the Son of Man was seeking that which was lost, and where the lost ones were, there was His way. "They cried out, saying, what have we to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God? Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?" They dreaded to be disembodied, and added to their cry, "If Thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine." Close by, a numerous herd of swine were feeding. Swine were unclean animals, forbidden by the law, yet this partly Jewish population were keeping them. In pity to the people, Christ permitted the demons to enter into the swine, that the occasion of their sin might be taken away from them. The herd of swine, under the power of the demons, rushed headlong into the sea and were drowned. Their keepers fled into the city and told the story, and how the former demoniacs were healed. The city was roused—not to welcome Jesus, but to get rid of Him. They saw Him, but their minds were full of bitterness at the loss of their darling sin. They besought Him to depart out of their coasts. They would rather have the demons and the swine, than have Jesus and lose the swine. Such is the choice of the world to this day.

"WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE."—1 PETER, i: 8.

Saviour, my feet have never trod with Thine
The "solitary place,"
My eyes have never seen, in human form,
Thy manifested grace;
My hands have never touched Thy garment's hem
With faith's unuttered plea,
Nor has Thou tarried, when the day was spent,
And broken bread with me:—

But, Lord, my rescued feet are steadfast set
Upon the King's Highway,
And though as yet I may not see Thy face,
I follow on each day;
My waiting eyes are unto Thee, dear Lord,
In whom I live and move,
Whose love, believed in, is the fullest joy
That earth or heaven can prove.

The needs-be of Thy ways may not be clear
To my imperfect sight;
Love trusts Thee wholly, where it cannot trace,
And *knows* that all is right.
It is enough for me by faith to stay
My hidden life on Thee,
And in the secret of Thy covenant
To rest implicitly.

I know that Thou art gone to beautify
A place in Heaven for me,
And when Thou comest to take Thy children home
I shall be like to Thee.
Then shall I wake, and see Thee eye to eye,
Whom now, *unseen*, I love;
Faith's darkly visioned glass exchanged at last
For rapturous sight above.

—*Selected.*

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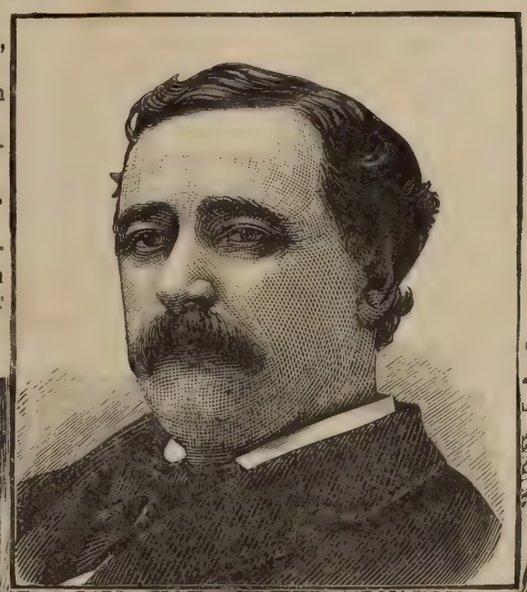

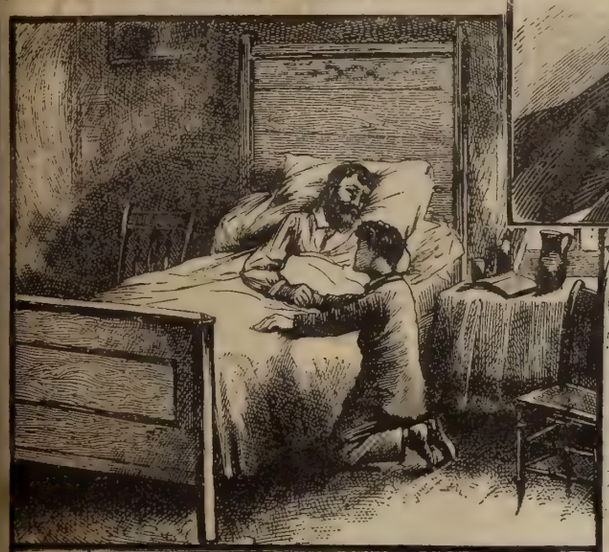

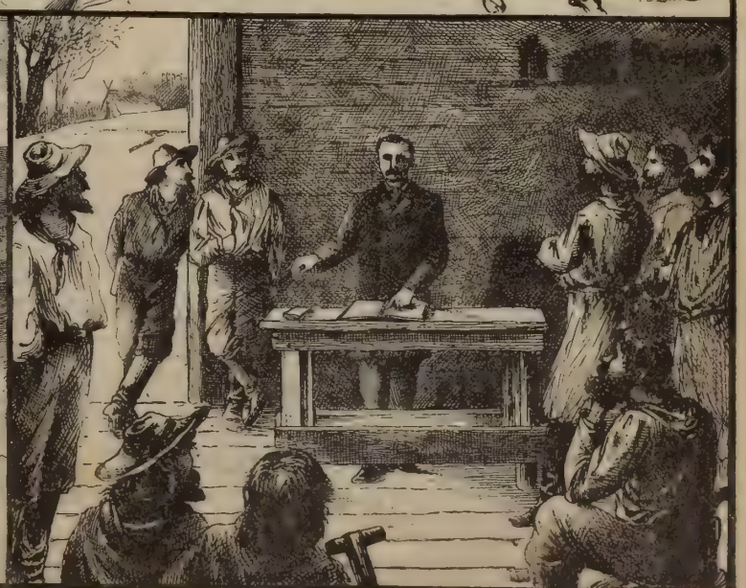

DR. L. W. MUNHALL, the Eminent Evangelist—Scenes in His Life.

DR. L. W. MUNHALL.

The Revival in Brooklyn—Dr. Talmage's Testimony—Birth and Early Life—A Touching Scene by a Death Bed—Among Bad Companions—A Solemn Renunciation—A Sunday's Spiritual Conflict—The Decision Taken—Enters the Army—Wonderful Preservation of Life—A Narrow Escape at Chickamauga—On the Sapling Bridge at Peach Tree Creek—One of Seven Survivors at Stone River—Professional Success After the War—Y. M. C. A. Work—Tour in Europe—Evangelical Labor—Preaching to Cowboys in Montana—In the California Mining Districts.

EARLY in this year a great wave of revival blessing swept over the Brooklyn Tabernacle. That immense building was crowded, night after night, for six weeks, and a magnificent harvest of souls was gathered in. At that time few in the cities of New York and Brooklyn knew Dr. Munhall, save by reputation; but as the work at the Tabernacle went on, the name of the Evangelist who was drawing the vast crowds there, and whose words were being blessed to the conversion of so many, was on all lips. Men who went out of curiosity went again and again, and came away changed for time and eternity. It was a blessed, a glorious time, and Dr. Munhall's name will be an honored one in many a home as long as the home lasts, and prayers for his welfare and continued success will go up unceasingly, mingled with thanks to God, that he was ever sent into this locality. When the services closed and the new converts made public profession of faith, some at the Tabernacle and some at other churches, the following

Testimony from Dr. Talmage

was given to the editor of this journal: "Dr. L. W. Munhall, the Evangelist, and Professor and Mrs. Towner, the Gospel Singers, have now concluded a series of six weeks' meetings in Brooklyn Tabernacle. *Between two and three thousand people have professed conversion.* Upwards of six hundred have already joined the church of which I am pastor. But the service was cosmopolitan, and many have gone to connect themselves with other churches in this city and other cities and other lands. The work has been characterized by quietude, solemnity, profound conviction for sin, and positive decision for Christ, leaving no doubt as to the regenerated heart.

"Dr. Munhall has, with tremendous power, enthralled the attention of the people, from first to last. His manner and words are beyond criticism, and acceptable to all. He is a magnetic speaker, and, in a good sense, dramatic and always evangelical. When he opens his gospel batteries, loaded with exegesis, argument, illustration and anecdote, the hearer must either surrender or retreat into hopeless obduracy.

"Though we have had but three days of pleasant weather since the meetings began, the church has been thronged with great audiences, and at his Sabbath preaching multitudes have been unable to get inside the building."

Since that time, in Boston, Toronto and other cities, Dr. Munhall has been much blessed, and large numbers of our readers will be glad to see his portrait on the first page of this week's issue, and to learn a few personal details respecting him.

Birth and Early Life.

Leander W. Munhall was born at Zanesville, Ind., on June 7, 1843. He is therefore now in his forty-fifth year. When about nine years of age he went with his family to Cincinnati, O., and there he received an excellent education. It was decided that he should follow the medical profession, and he therefore attended the lectures of the professors of medical science and devoted himself to study. When he was about fifteen years of age, an event occurred which made a permanent impression on his character, and though afterward apparently effaced for a time, reasserted its influence and eventually redeemed it from the downward forces which were threatening it with disaster. It was the death of his father. He was one day summoned to the chamber in which his revered parent lay, in what proved to be his fatal illness. With the solemnity that comes to all with the approach of death, the father spoke to his son about his future in this world and the next. Conscious that the boy would soon be left without a father's watchful care in the midst of a world full of temptations, he begged him to give his heart to Christ and to consecrate his life to God. At the close of his affectionate appeal the father had the boy kneel down at his bedside, and there solemnly commended him to God and gave him his blessing (*See Illustration on first page*). That scene was never forgotten. Dr. Munhall has said often in later years, as he has surveyed his past career "*that was*

The Turning Point

in my life." At first, however, and for some time after his father's death, it seemed as if the boy was unmindful of the solemn admonition, and in spite of it was bent on evil courses. In Cincinnati, and subsequently in Indianapolis, to which city he removed, he was the companion of a set of idle, pleasure-loving young men, and with them he "went the rounds" of the city, enjoying a life of frivolity and frequenting places where many young men were taking the first steps to ruin. Happily, the conscience and the natural temperament of the youth held him back from the worst forms of dissipation, but the example of less scrupulous companions was gradually sapping the foundations of morality and there was only too strong reason for apprehending that a very few months more of that careless, thoughtless indulgence would result in the formation of habits which would hold him a helpless victim in their iron bonds. No youth of sixteen or seventeen can spend his time as young Munhall did, in billiard-rooms, beer saloons and other haunts of dissipation night after night, going home hilarious at midnight or later, without imminent danger of temporal and eternal ruin. It seemed as if in his case Satan was sure of his prey, when God interposed for his rescue.

A Solemn Renunciation

was registered without any apparent cause when he was in the height of his reckless career. It was one Sunday morning following a night of pleasure that the young man, waking about nine o'clock with aching head, parched tongue, and without appetite, struggled into his clothes and strolled off to a beer-garden, where he knew he should meet some of his boon companions. He was not disappointed. A group of young men welcomed him, and on the solemn Sabbath morning they surrounded one of the tables, chaffing each other, making plans for future escapades, and drinking beverages which were supposed to be tonic for unstrung nerves.

As they sat drinking, the bells in a neighboring church tower rang out above the sounds of the beer-garden in a melody which stirred all the memories of young Munhall's being. It was

A Familiar Church Tune

that the bells rang out. In the silence that fell on the party his thoughts went back to the times when he had joined in that air in the sanctuary. How had he fallen since then! What would his widowed mother think if she could see her son in his present surroundings on the Lord's Day! And, still more momentous, what would be his own end if he persisted in his present course! He shuddered as his imagination painted the picture of which he might be the centre in a few years' time. His mother sinking broken hearted into the grave; the honored and unsullied family name besmirched and degraded by his misconduct; a prematurely aged and dissipated man, his life wasted, going down to death with no hope, and to an eternity of misery! It was an awful picture. The place grew hateful to him as he looked around. It was unbearable; he must leave it instantly. Rising from the table, he told his companions that he had resolved to "end all that." He was determined to turn over a fresh leaf and become a Christian.

Uproarious laughter greeted the announcement. It was regarded as an excellent joke. A fresh supply of liquor was called for, in which to drink the health of the young Christian, and to invoke luck on his new career. But ridicule had no effect on the young man. The colors of th picture which the church bells had set h painting were too vivid to be effaced by laught Finding that he could make no impression his companions he left them there and we right home, hunted up his Bible, and in the s itude of his room gave himself up to readi meditation and prayer. He did not stir out doors all that day. He sought earnestly light and strength, and that night he enter into the joy of acceptance—the conscio ness of forgiveness through Christ and t assurance of sonship with God. He lost time in applying for membership in a Christi church, and from that time on he has ne wavered in his Christian profession.

The Call to Arms

rang out through the land only three mont after this solemn change in the young ma life. It appealed with irresistible force to you Munhall, as it did to so many thousands young men all over the country. He promp offered himself for service and was accept He was mustered into the Twenty-First Cor serving under Buell and afterward under Hc ard, who has won the name of the *Havelock America*. Dr. Munhall's reminiscences of t four years of army life would fill a volur Some of the most telling illustrations wh thrill his hearers in his meetings are drawn fr his personal experience in that dreadful tir He fought all through the war, took part

In Twenty-Five Battles

and rose to the rank of sergeant-major and f ally to adjutant. It is a remarkable evider of the providential care which God exerci over instruments that He designs to use in l service, that though Dr. Munhall was in t thick of the struggle, was engaged in so ma battles, and was in constant danger, his life v preserved. His comrades said he bore "a charm life," and certainly it seemed marvellous tha man whose clothes were riddled with bull and more than once torn into strips in the fi should have left the field alive. Yet in all th twenty-five battles Dr. Munhall never once l a drop of blood or had his skin scratched.

At Chicamauga,

during that awful two days' struggle of Septe ber 19 and 20, 1863, Dr. Munhall was proba nearer to death than he ever will be until final hour comes. He was color-bearer of regiment, and was with a party which storn and carried a battery of artillery. While enga among the guns the general in command served that the enemy was executing a fl movement, which threatened to annihilate Union force holding the battery. The orde fall back was immediately given, but Dr. M hall and his captain did not hear it. The co mand retreated, and it was not until a loud sh from the advancing Southern regiment "Drop that flag and surrender" reached th ears that they perceived that they were alc (*See illustration on first page.*) The demand the flag was met by Dr. Munhall with refu and so close were his foes that he could h their curses as they rushed after him, firing they came. He escaped unhurt, though seve bullets were found in his clothing at night.

At Peach Tree Creek

on July 19, Dr. Munhall was one of the fo which engaged in the memorable amateur er neering feat of constructing a bridge under f The stream was too deep to ford, but it was wide, and long poles were brought to its ec set upright and allowed to fall, their tops rea ing to the opposite bank. In the mean ti other men had cut a quantity of saplings, wh were thrown across the poles, forming a str though unsteady pathway for the troc While this work was being done the men w under fire the whole time. It was a distinct of which Dr. Munhall was justly proud, that was the first man to reach the opposite b over this rude bridge, and in the terrific strug that ensued there, he, with his company, wa hardly beset that his escape seemed like a r acle. Again, at *the battle of Stone River*,

sanguinary conflict that occurred during the battle. Dr. Munhall was one of a party of 119 which was engaged in a charge in which 109 of them were shot down in ten minutes. That was a hair-breadth escape never to be forgotten.

After the War

Dr. Munhall returned to Indianapolis, received his diploma, and commenced the practice of his profession, having selected the department of dentistry for his sphere. During the long years of the war, though when he entered the army he had been a Christian only three months, he lived a consistent life, being true to his colors in the Christian as in the military sense of the phrase. Accordingly, now that peaceful pursuits gave him opportunities for usefulness, he looked around for service under his Great Captain. Though his practice in his profession increased so rapidly that his receipts reached the comparatively large sum of $360 a month, and his time was to be valued at that rate, he reserved a large portion of it for Christian service. He accepted the position of President of the local Young Men's Christian Association and threw himself into the work at considerable cost of time and labor. The new openings which his office afforded him for Christian usefulness, were occupied as they presented themselves, and they eventually encroached upon his time to a degree that left him but little for the exercise of his profession. Finally he abandoned it altogether on being offered the post of State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. This office he held for ten years, working in it with indefatigable energy. During the latter part of that period four months of each year were devoted to

Evangelistic Work

the rest of the year being occupied with his secretarial duties. His life was a busy one, with rare intervals of rest. One of these, which was made eminently useful, came when he was appointed member of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, at Geneva. At the conclusion of the business of that committee he made a tour of the Old World, visiting its chief cities and exploring its out of the way districts, with a determination to learn whatever they might have to teach that would be helpful to him in his work.

He returned with an increasing desire for service. The blessings which had attended his labors as an Evangelist impelled him to give more and more of his time to that sphere while they brought him ever increasing demands for his services. Finally he recognized it as his duty to give himself entirely to that work, and in October, 1885, he resigned his office as Secretary and gave his life to Evangelistic labor.

Two Years Work

in that sphere have made Dr. Munhall known through the length and breadth of the land. At Savannah, Ga., a great work of grace commenced with his labors. At Columbia, S. C. notably in the Theological Seminary, there was a similar result. Nashville, Tenn., Springfield, O., Kansas City, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., and other cities were visited with much blessing. Then there came a tour farther West, and Dr. Munhall was not content with preaching, and holding meetings in the cities, but penetrated into the plains of Montana and other territories, and there gathering an audience of cow-boys, commencing with a mere handful but growing to a crowd, would preach the gospel in the open air. (*See Illustration on first page.*) Thence he went on to California, and held meetings with remarkable success in San Francisco. From that city he made excursions into the mining districts, and held meetings in the huts and shanties wherever opportunity offered (*See Illustration on first page.*) He made his way back across the continent, preaching as he came to the Atlantic coast, held the mission in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, another mission in Dr. A. J. Gordon's church in Boston, and another of great blessing in Toronto. The blessing of the Lord has been with him throughout, and it may be hoped, as he is still in the prime of life, that it will continue with him in the years to come.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Christian's Bright Farewell. "A Young girl, a Christian, died a few months ago. Hers was a lingering death, and, physically, very painful, but it was happy, for her feet were upon Christ, the solid Rock. When I saw her she had a radiant smile on her face, as she told me: 'I am resting on Jesus. He is so near to me, nearer He could not be, for He dwells in my heart.' Soon she gently hastened away to be with her Saviour, repeating the words, 'Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.' 'Grace can make a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are.'"

A Load on the Wrong Back.—A Devoted worker says: "I remember when my father died, and the whole house was plunged into grief. As we stood round his body I could see the eyes of my younger brother fill with tears. He had dearly loved his father, and was almost crushed by his great loss. My brother was a good, moral young man, but he had never received Christ as his Saviour. He was trying to save himself by his own works; and that day he was bearing the whole of his deep sorrow himself. He had no Saviour upon whom to throw it, as I had done my grief, but he hugged it to himself. It was not long, however, before God the Holy Spirit enlightened him to see his error and revealed to him the all-sufficiency of Jesus, our Almighty Saviour. Oh, what a marked change there was in him. His spiritual midnight was exchanged for the most radiant noon."

A Worldly Young Lady's Death. Mr. Alexander remarked: "I shall never forget a scene of which I was a witness. A young woman, twenty-one years of age, lay dying. She had spent her life in gaiety, but now, the pleasures of earth were fled, and she was about to enter eternity. As I ascended the stairs which led to her room, I could hear her shrieks of agony and fear. On entering, I saw her old gray-haired mother bending kindly over her, and trying to comfort her; telling her that there were two men of God coming, who would pray with her. But the daughter would not be comforted, her constant reply being, 'Oh, it is too late now.' One gentleman prayed and spoke to her for two hours, but to no purpose. Her pain was so great she could not give her attention to anything, and at length she passed away without having found rest or peace for her soul. 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

The Lost Bank Note Found. A Friend Tells of "an aged woman, who was often very much troubled about a loss that had occurred to her a considerable time before—the loss of a bank note worth $25. At last she gave up hope of ever finding the note, but she did not forget it, and often mourned over her loss, which was considerable to one in her position. One day, having nothing special to do, she took down her Bible, which had long lain by unopened, and began to read it slowly. As she turned the leaves, to her great surprise she found the lost note, snugly ensconced between two leaves. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, as she looked at it, 'if I had but known you were here. I should have had my Bible down before.' So I am afraid there are a good many like this poor widow, who very seldom open their Bibles, but if they only knew the preciousness of what it contains, the promise of no earthly bank, but of the Lord Himself, they would have been there long ago."

Why a Certain Seat was Chosen. The Rev. Mr. M'Lachlan related: "A man went to the Rev. Mr. Wilson one day and said, 'Mr. Wilson, I want to have a certain seat in your church, the one right opposite you, and just under the clock.' 'Well,' said the minister, 'the seats are being appropriated, and I will make a point of seeing the seat-letting committee about it.' 'But,' insisted the man, 'it is that seat I want, and no other, and, truth to tell, if I don't get it I'll not sit under your ministry.' 'Why are you so particular about that seat?' inquired Mr. Wilson. 'Because last Sunday I came into your church and sat in that pew, and I determined that I should not miss a single word you said, and there, by the grace of God, I was converted, and in that place and no other I wish to sit.' But there was another man present in that same church, and listening to the same sermon, who on the following Monday, when asked how the sermon had touched him, was unable to tell even the text. It is not the preaching nor the preacher that converts, but the Holy Spirit taking the truth and applying it to the soul.

Religion Not in the Way of Business. A minister of the Gospel says: "Some time ago I met a man on the steps of the Exchange, and I asked him, 'How is it with your soul?' 'I was at one of your meetings last night, and I have not slept since,' was the reply. 'Why?' I asked, a little surprised. 'I am so troubled about my soul, and if I give myself up to Christ, then—then,' and he hesitated. 'Then what,' I asked. 'Then I cannot get on in business.' 'Here is my Bible,' I said; 'take it and look right through it, and see if there be anything against a business man going to heaven, and if that does not satisfy you, I will show you two better business men than yourself, who are true and earnest Christians.' He did not comply with my latter request; the Bible satisfied him; he took Christ to be his Saviour; aye, and he took him into his business, and it was all the more prosperous for this, and he continues to serve God, in his business and out of it, until this day. If men for a few short years attend to business and neglect the Lord, what will it avail them when they stand to be judged?"

A Profane Drinker's Conversion.—A Member of a Mizpah Band observed: "I used to go to evangelistic meetings from time to time, and though often asked to come to Christ, I refused to do so, until going one evening to the meeting I had been in the habit of attending, I was persuaded to give my heart to Christ and openly confess Him before men. But the difficulty was to confess Him at my work, where I was known as the worst swearer in the whole place. The very first work which my Divine Master gave me to do was to check a mate for swearing. I went up to him and said, 'Here, man, can you not talk without an oath?' He looked up, surprised at me, above anyone, finding fault with him for that, but recovering himself quickly, he sarcastically remarked, 'Oh, were you at the meeting last night?' 'Yes, I was,' I replied, 'and I accepted Christ there.' They tried to win me back into my old ways again, but I had given myself to an All-powerful Keeper, who kept me through many temptations. They held out the intoxicating cup to me, thinking that I would not be able to withstand it. But God gave me strength to refuse that which had been my ruin, and in His strength I stand this day."

Too Simple to be Dishonest.—The Rev. Mr. McLean observed: "A young lad who was brought up in the country was placed by his father in a large city warehouse, there to learn the business, and he prepared to push his own way in the world. While engaged there, he one day attended a lady customer, who made several purchases. As he was tying up the parcel he noticed a defect in one of the articles, and thinking it was his duty to call her attention to it, he did so. The lady examined the flaw, and did not buy the piece. The manager of the establishment had seen all that had happened, and being highly displeased, wrote to the lad's father, stating that his son was not smart enough to be a merchant, and that it would be necessary to have him removed as soon as possible. The father hastened to town on receipt of the news, and there heard what had taken place. Instead of being displeased he said, 'I am proud of my son, and rejoice that the Lord has given him power to be honest and upright under all circumstances. I will gladly take him away from this place, for I know that the Lord will provide a more suitable opening.' The father's words came true, for soon the lad was placed under a God-fearing master, where he continued to walk in wisdom's ways, and prospered."

UNOCCUPIED FIELDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, October 9, 1887.

"Lest I should build on another man's foundation." Rom. 15 : 20.

Mission Work Better than Proselyting—New Recruits Needed—Too much Time Spent on Ironclad Sinners—The Mighty Millions Outside the Church—How to reach them—Drop all Technicalities Out of Religion—Two Definitions of Justification—An Exclusive Pin Factory—The Field Occupied by Sceptics—How they are made—In Uncongenial Homes—By Inconsistent Christians—A Typical Oil Company—By Natural Temperament—Voltaire's Idiotic Reason—To be Reached through the Heart—The Field of Alcoholism—The Churches Life Saving Stations—The Field of Destitute Children—A Revelation.

STIRRING reports come from all parts of America, showing what a great work the churches of God are doing, and I congratulate them and their pastors. Misapprehensions have been going the rounds of the religious papers concerning this church. $781.316.24 have been paid, cash down, in this church for religious uses and Christian work during the nineteen years of my ministry here. This church was built by all denominations of Christians and by many sections of this land, and other lands, and that obligation has led us to raise money for many objects not connected with our denomination, and this accounts for the fact that we have not regularly contributed to the Boards of our denomination. Subscription papers for all good objects, Christian, humanitarian, collegiate and missionary are as common in this church as the daylight, and no church in Christendom has been more continuous in its charities than this church. Besides that, I am grateful that we have received during the year, by confession of faith in Christ, seven hundred and twenty-eight souls, which fact I mention, not in boasting, but in defense of our church, showing it has been neither idle nor inefficient, and I ask the secular press to set us right. Most of our accessions have been from the outside world, so that, taking the idea of my text, we have not been building on other people's foundations.

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour, Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the Sanhedrim were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has

Especial Work to Do.

and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations, If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath-school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church-pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church-pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the cause of Christ.

What Strengthens an Army

is new recruits. What I have always desired is, that while we are courteous to those coming from other flocks, we build our church not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we built on another man's foundation. The fact is, this is a big world. When, in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary, I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh,

It is a Great World.

Since six o'clock this morning sixty thousand eight hundred persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the Gospel, In England, or in our Eastern American cities, we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West five hundred acres is a small farm, and twenty thousand acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation.

We need as churches to stop bombarding the

Old Ironclad Sinners

that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending on one chandelier enough to light five hundred souls to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever," and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting-house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets, and a minister who has never seen a college, or knows the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hardly bestead that will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the

Mightier Millions Outside

of them, eight hundred thousand in Brooklyn, but less than one hundred thousand in the churches? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run-rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ancles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners and *sinners with a gloss on*. It is as though a man had a farm of three thousand acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small enclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left fifty thousand wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly fifty thousand dying for lack of surgical attendance!" "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In

This Awful Battle of Sin

and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation, say: "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitude of outsider we must

Drop All Technicalities

out of our religion. When we talk to peopl about the hypostatic union and French Encyclo pedianism, and Erastinianism, and Compluten sianism, we are as impolitic and little under stood as if a physician should talk to an ordinar patient about the pericardium, and intercosta muscle, and scorbutic symptoms. Many of u come out of the theological seminaries so loade up that we take the first ten years to show ou people how much we know, and the next te years get our people to know as much as w know, and at the end find that neither of u know anything as we ought to know. Here ar hundreds and thousands of sinning, strugglin and dying people who need to realize just on thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them and will save them now. But we go into a pro found and elaborate definition of what justifica tion is, and after all the work there are no outside of the learned professions, five thousan people in the United States who can tell

What Justification Is.

I will read you the definitions: "Justificatio is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sit ting in the forum, in which the Supreme Rule and Judge, who is accountable to none, an who alone knows the manner in which the end of His universal government can best be ob tained, reckons that which was done by th substitute in the same manner as if it had bee done by those who believe in the substitute, an purely upon account of this gracious method o reckoning, grants them the full remission o their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell yo what justification is—when a sinner believe God lets him off. One summer in Connecticu I went to a large factory, and I saw over th door written the words: "No Admittance." entered and saw over the next door: "No Ad mittance." Of course I entered. I got insid and found it a pin factory, and they were mak ing pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pin So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church "No Admittance." And if the stranger ente he finds practically written over the secon door: "No Admittance," and if he goes i over all the pew doors seems written: "N Admittance," while the minister stands in th pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of be lief, pounding out the technicalities of religio making pins. In the most practical, commo sense way, and laying aside the non-essentia and the hard definitions of religion, go out o the God-given mission, telling the people wha they need and when and how they can get it.

How to Treat Sceptics.

Comparatively little effort as yet has bee made to save that large class of persons in ou midst called sceptics, and he who goes to wor here will not be building upon another man foundation. There is a great multitude of them They are afraid of us and our churches, for th reason we don't know how to treat them. On of this class met Christ; and hear with what te derness and pathos and beauty and succe Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love th Lord Thy God with all thy heart, and with a thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all th strength. This is the first commandment, an the second is like to this, namely: thou sha love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no oth commandment greater than this." And th scribe said to Him, "Well, Master, thou ha said the truth, for there is one God, and to lo Him with all the heart, and all the understan ing, and all the soul and all the strength, is mo than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." An when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, H said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kin dom of God." So a sceptic was saved in on interview. But few Christian people treat th sceptic in that way. Instead of taking hold o him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt take him with the pincers of ecclesiasticism,

You would not be so rough on that man if ou knew

How He Lost His Faith

n Christianity. I have known men sceptical rom the fact that they grew up in houses where eligion was overdone. Sunday was the most wful day in the week. They had religion driven nto them with a trip-hammer. They were surcited with prayer-meetings. They were stuffed nd choked with catechisms. They were often old they were the worst boys the parents ever new, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth nd rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will end a boy or girl to perdition sooner than another, that is it. If I had had such a father and nother I fear I should have been an infidel.

Inconsistent Christians.

Others were tripped up of scepticism from eing grievously wronged by some man who prossed to be a Christian. They had a partner in usiness who turned out to be a first-class scounrel, though a professed Christian. Twenty years go they lost all faith by what happened in an il company which was formed amid the petroeum excitement. The company owned no land, r if they did there was no sign of oil produced; ut the president of the company was a Presbyerian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopal estryman, and one director was a Methodist lass-leader, and the other directors promient members of Baptist and Congregational hurches. Circulars were gotten out, telling hat fabulous prospects opened before this ompany. Innocent men and women, who had little money to invest, and that little their all, aid: "I don't know anything about this comany, but so many

Good Men are at the Head

f it that it must be excellent, and taking stock n it must be almost as good as joining the hurch." So they bought the stock, and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them till, but after a while they found that the comany had reorganized, and had a different president and different treasurer and different directrs. Other engagements or ill-health had caused he former officers of the company, with many egrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers f that stock had to show for their investment vas a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers, omes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the reigion that the presidents and trustees and irectors of that oil company professed.

Remember, scepticism always has some reaon, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany f the earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1775. hat sixty thousand people should have perished in that earthquake, and in the after rising f the Tagus River, so stirred his sympathies hat he threw up his belief in the goodness f God.

Others have gone into scepticism from a natral persistence in asking the reason why. They ave been fearfully stabbed of

The Fatal Interrogation Point.

here are so many things they cannot get exlained. They cannot understand the Trinity r how God can be sovereign and yet man a free gent. Neither can I. They say, "I don't unerstand why a good God should have let sin ome into the world." Neither do I. You say, Why was that child started in life with such isadvantages, while others have all physical nd mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They o out of church on Easter morning and say, That doctrine of the resurrection confounded e." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelent. I understand all the processes by which en get into the dark. I know them all. I have avelled with burning feet that blistering way. he first word that children learn to utter is enerally papa or mamma. I think the first word ever uttered was "Why?" I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour.

Such men are not to be scoffed at but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a sceptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones can be. Oh,

Scepticism is a Dark Land.

There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds, if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These sceptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily affected, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers was once a sceptic, Robert Hall a sceptic, Robert Newton a sceptic, Christmas Evans a sceptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the Gospel, they rolled it on with what momentum!

If I address such men and women to-day, I throw out no scoff. I implead them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine in just the right time, and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust, soothed away your pain, and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul; by all that, I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death-throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow, and lacerated hand, and whipped back, and saying: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched, occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations, like those of North America, and England and Scotland, that is, in the colder climates, are

Devastated by Alcoholism.

They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influences drop him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery, for getting people off shipwrecks. Summer before last I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting, after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many

Life-Saving Stations,

not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life-boats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men; we have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us, we are laboriously trying to show the difference between *Sublapsarianism and Supralapsarianism*, while they have a thousand vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men, whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help He will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven, and a million angels with drawn swords. Get one hundred such redeemed men in your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

Destitute Children

of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared-for children are in the majority in Brooklyn and most of our cities. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog-shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Tombs and Raymond Street Jail cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. Church of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it! Get somewhere, somehow to work!

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount your war charger, if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? That God has called this church to especial work no one can doubt. Its history has been miraculous. God has helped us at every step, and though the wheels of its history have made many revolutions, they have all been forward, and never backward, and now with our borders enlarged, and with important reinforcements, we start on a new campaign.

A Revelation.

At Sharon Springs, nineteen years ago, walking in the park, I asked God, if He had any particular work for me to do, to make it plain and I would do it. He revealed to me the style of church we were to have, and He revealed to me the architecture, and He revealed to me the modes of worship, and He revealed to me my work, and, as far as in my ignorance and weakness I have seen the right way, I have tried to walk in it. We decided that we wanted it a soul-saving church, and it has been almost a constant outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Ye powers of darkness, ye devils in hell, we mean to snatch from your dominion other multitudes, if God will help us. I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that this church may be so mighty in prayer and work that it would become a thundering legion, before which the forces of sin might be routed, and the gates of hell might tremble. Now that the autumn has come, and the Gospel Ship has been repaired and enlarged, it is time to launch her for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward, Jesus on the shore will welcome us into harbor.

STRABISMUS CURED THROUGH FAITH.

SCEPTICAL persons frequently contend, when spoken to about Divine healing, that the cures cited as evidence of its reality are only imaginary cures of imaginary diseases. The following instance reported in the current number of *Thy Healer*,* may be commended to the notice of such persons as a case in which the deformity was visible to every one and the cure well authenticated:

Mrs. Emma Hudson, an English lady, writing to Mrs. Baxter says: Miss Lees, a young woman, who sews for me, is bringing up a little nephew whose mother died at his birth. She had often spoken to me of this little nephew, saying what a dear, bright little boy he was, but regretting that there was one great detriment to his appearance, namely, that he was cross-eyed, i. e., squinted with one eye. He had been taken to one of our first Birmingham oculists, who said nothing could possibly help him but an operation when he was a few months older. He is now about two years, I think. The last time I saw Miss Lees. I felt led to ask her if she could unite with me in asking healing for the little boy's eye. She is a Christian girl, and I had already spoken to her of my own case, and of the subject of the Lord's healing. Without hesitation, she assented, and we then and there laid the case before the Lord, and accepted healing. I did feel that He had given me "the prayer of faith," and a fortnight since, Miss Lees brought the joyful news that the little boy's eyes were *perfectly* straight, and that without any medical or surgical aid whatever. She said that the very next day to that on which we prayed, she noticed a change in the eye, and from that time the progress continued until, in a few weeks, it was restored to perfect straightness. We do praise and bless the Lord for His faithfulness in hearing and answering prayer, and we have consecrated this dear little boy to Him. I felt I should not be faithful if I did not bear witness to the Lord's goodness.

THE FAMINE IN ASIA MINOR.

HARROWING details of the suffering of the famine-stricken people of Asia Minor continue to arrive. The American Board is helping its missionaries in that land to relieve the people, but its funds are totally inadequate to deal effectually with the stupendous task. Mr. Montgomery, writing from Adana, on July 23, says:

"We returned here last Wednesday, and find that the famine sufferers have increased quite beyond our ability to aid them. It is pitiful to see the crowds of hungry people, mostly women, who press round our doors for aid. Some of them say that they had *nothing to eat for two and three days;* and their pinched faces show it. Some of the babies in their arms, vainly trying to get nourishment out of starved breasts, have become reduced to little limp, pale skeletons, scarcely able to move. The municipal council of Adana, not able or willing to help the poor, and wishing to show as small a number as possible, ordered an enrolment of only the poorest—those who had sold everything out of their houses, even to the beds under them—and the enrolment reached 8,000 souls. The bitter cry comes to us also from Tarsus, Koozoolook, Missis and many other towns and villages. The number to be aided will reach sixty or seventy thousand. As yet, the government has done nothing but make promises."

A similar report comes from Dr. Shepard who wrote, on the 22d of July:

"We reached this place yesterday, after having spent three days travelling about the northern part of the great Adana plain. It was a sad sight, this great, fertile plain as deserted and desolate as Sahara. Village after village was completely deserted, or had a single family left in it to guard it. Very little had been sown or planted, and what little had been, was dried up from the root. Cotton sown upon black soil twenty feet deep was only two or three inches high and withered as though scorched by fire. Arrived at Adana, we found the mission house besieged by crowds of hungry women with their starving infants at their breasts. I hope the good people at home will give from their plenty to feed these starving bodies. In the providence of God it will be instrumental in feeding many hungry souls too."

Subscriptions may be sent to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

* Thy Healer and Faith Witness, a Monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where Missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 75 cents, may be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

BEER RENOUNCED IN AFRICA.

A NEW church has been organized in West Central Africa, through God's blessing on the work of the missionaries of the American Board. Mrs. Stover, writing to the *Missionary Herald* respecting it, mentions the solution of a problem which is not always so satisfactorily solved in more civilized lands. She says:

"This question of beer-drinking and its influence, was one which was early discussed by the members of our mission. It seemed hard to settle, since the common beer is both food and drink to them (being thick with the corn meal of which it is made), and is of a much milder quality than that which is used in the south and east. However, that question settled itself, or, rather, the first converts settled it. This is their testimony: 'When we first accepted Christ's words we thought to drink only the sweet beer. But when we drank the sweet, we found we wanted the bitter; and when we drank *just a little*, we found we were not satisfied, but wanted more; so we concluded the only way was to let it alone entirely." This was their own decision. They were not urged to it, neither had they listened to any eloquent temperance addresses. They have been taught of the Spirit. All praise and glory to the Name above every name!"

A LETTER IN A SOCK.

AT a special meeting in Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London, a young man was present who afterwards went into the vestry. Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, one of Mr. Spurgeon's Evangelists, who received him, says: "He sat down and said he would like to tell me his story. Years before, after leading a desperate life, he had run away from home, had gone to America, Australia—all round the world. He left his godly father and mother in Dundee, Scotland, and never wrote to them. They sorrowed for their lost boy, and when several years afterwards he returned to his native place, he found his father was dead. This sobered him for a while, and his widowed mother took him back to her home in the hope of reformation. But in a very little while his conduct was worse than ever. At last his Christian mother told him she could not have him at home to disgrace the family, and as he said himself, he 'was driven off to London on prodigal's allowance.' His mother yearned for his salvation, but he would not allow her to speak to him about Christ; so very sorrowfully she packed his box for him, and saw him off. The third or fourth day in the great city, he was attracted to the Tabernacle, and hearing the Gospel, was aroused to see his sad condition. 'This morning,' he continued, 'having occasion to put on a clean pair of socks, I got a pair out of the box my mother had packed for me. I put one on, and then the other; but in the toe of the second I felt something hard, and thinking to myself that I couldn't go about like that all day, I took it off again to see what was the matter, and that's what I found,' he said. Handing me a piece of paper he burst into tears, and shaking convulsively, he cried, 'Oh, I'm lost! lost!!' It was a letter from his mother—a tear-stained letter; he would not let her speak to him about Christ, but he could not prevent her writing t him. And with quick wit—for a mother's lov is very ingenious—she had put the letter wher he would be sure to find it. A most touchin letter it was. One sentence I remember wel She said, 'My boy, you have wandered far, bu you have not got beyond the reach of God grace, for He says, 'Look unto Me and be y saved, all the ends of the earth,' and you hav not got beyond that yet.'"

A MAN LEFT IN A HOLE.

AMONG the testimonies given at the Cremorn mission on a recent evening, as reported by *Jerr McAuley's Newspaper*, was the following, whic was given by a man who had been rescued fro a life of crime which had more than once ir volved him in imprisonment in a cell, the dimer sions of which he seems to have known accu rately: "I want to say a word about what Jesu has done for me. I don't know that there i anybody in this room who has more reason t do so than I have. The devil and I have bee side by side for twenty long years, and he ha left me in a hole every time, and very often i was one six by four. I became sick and tire and disgusted. Eleven weeks ago last Wednes day I came to this place. It was the first plac of worship I'd been in of my own free will fo twenty years. I thank the Lord I did come here for I went down on my knees at those chairs and with a humble heart asked God to tak away my sins. *I couldn't turn over a new leaf I had to throw the whole book away* and star new. The last eleven weeks have been happ and joyful."

A BAILUNDU BOY S MARTYR SPIRIT.

A YOUNG African convert's refusal to partic pate in a heathen ceremony, in spite of blow and threats, is reported to the American Boar from West Central Africa. A missionary sta tioned at Bailundu says that a slave-boy, twelv years old, on a recent Sunday surprised him b praying in the boys' meeting. He had not bee counted among the converts. A few days later a feast in honor of a departed spirit was held a his village. The chief, Chikulu, noticed tha this boy did not drink the beer, and commande him to do so. He refused, and remained firm though the chief tried force, and finally tied hir up, beat him, and threatened to sell him to very cruel master. The old men interfered, an the lad was released and came directly to th mission. *"Did they make you afraid?"* aske a missionary. "No," he replied, "there was n fear in my heart. Jesus gave me strength They may tie and beat or sell my body, but the cannot tie or kill or sell my soul." And th missionary adds: "I never felt so low and hum ble in my life, as since I have watched thes children, struggling with all the powers of dark ness and temptation, and accepting the life o hardships, and in many cases of peril, of thos who follow the Lord. All my sins and short comings and lost opportunities come up befor me sometimes, and I wonder if in their positio I should have their courage."

A HORTICULTURAL COMBAT

A curious duel between plants is described i a scientific journal. It states that a professo and his pupils have been watching with inte est for some time the various developments o a struggle for life between a sumach and climbing bitter-sweet. The sumach was abou two inches in diameter when the bitter-swee first wound its coils about it. As the growth o each proceeded, these coils became tighter an tighter, cutting into and through the bark an growing layer of the sumach until it seemed t be threatened with strangulation. It was no however, to be so easily vanquished. It reso lutely kept up its manufacture of new materia which, owing to the tight embrace of the vin had to be distributed along a spiral line betwee the coils. Although rendered unsightly, th tree presented the curious features of havin two spirals, one of living, growing, the other o

ead and decaying material, so that the whole esembled a huge augur. Gradually, however, ne sumach pushed its new growth out above nd over the coils of the vine until at one lace it had completely encompassed it. The ine, in turn, was now so tightly squeezed as to e cut off from communication with the ground, nd but little life remained. Victory now eemed within the grasp of the sumach. The ine, however, united itself with the growing ayer of the sumach, and thus literally drew from ne sumach the supplies needed to keep itself live. At this stage the conflict was cut short y the axe of the collector, and the combatants, ocked in each other's arms, have been laid away mong the curiosities of a museum. There are ome lives like those two growths. It is often o when the apostle's injunction against the arriage of a Christian with an unbeliever has een disregarded. Both lives have been marred ntil in union together through Christ both ave drawn their life from the same source (1 Cor. 7 : 14-16.)

LEPERS IN INDIA AND AFRICA.

THE extent to which the hideous scourge of eprosy prevails throughout the East may be inerred from the fact that in India alone there re at least 95,000 lepers. Until recent times hey have been cast out to die neglected and lone, every one fearing contagion, but now, ospel work among them is carried on, and is eing blessed by God. The following touching escription of the work is sent by Dr. Newton, f the Asylum at Sabathu:

"When the lepers are gathered together for family worship' in the building which is both rayer-room and dispensary, they present a sight f deep interest, which gives rise to very mingled motions of pain and pleasure. It is painful to ee such a mass of diseased, mutilated, suffering uman beings. To strangers the sight is always ery horrible; but to my wife and myself, who ee them daily, and who are able to contrast the niserable, half-starved appearance of most of hem when first admitted with the manifest imrovement wrought by a few weeks of medical reatment and improved diet, there is more leasure in the sight than of pain. Nor ould any stranger present on such an occasion elp sharing the pleasure. He would see the whole throng join with intense enjoyment in inging hymn after hymn in praise of Jesus; he would see many who until lately were sunk in he lowest degradation of idolatry, ignorance, nd superstition, listening *intently*, not unfrequently with an eager, hungry look, while the Bible is being read and explained. And then ne would see the heads of nearly all reverently owed during the prayer that follows. After the rayer a very simple version of the Lord's prayer s uttered by the leader, in which the Christian epers are invited to join. Twelve of the inates of the Asylum are professing Christians. Seven of these have been baptized within the ast twelve months. Though the little Christian and receives recruits from year to year, death hins its ranks so fast that it remains but small n proportion to the number of heathen lepers."

An African Asylum.

When the British government removed the Leper Asylum to Robben Island, a low sandy islet, surrounded by dangerous rocks, near the entrance of Table Bay, seven miles from Cape Town, Africa, the missionary Lehman and his wife went there to reside, having before labored among these lepers. As they approached, the whole company broke forth in songs of praise to the Lord, who had restored to them their beloved father and mother. A school was opened there for the children of lepers, and such adults as chose to attend. The first teacher was Mr. Wedeman, *a leprous young Englishman*, who undertook the service gratuitously. He wrote: "It is most touching to see the scholars turn over the leaves of their Bibles with their mutilated hands, some not only without fingers, but with hands corrupted to the wrist. On Sunday morning you would see the blind, lame and deaf lepers, just such miserable beings as pressed round the Lord Jesus to be healed of Him, exerting all their ingenuity to reach the little church. Here you see a young lazar sitting on the ground, and thrusting himself forward with difficulty; there another, who had lost hands and part of his feet, creeping on his knees and the stumps of his arms. Further on you see a patient wholly deprived of hands and feet, seated in a wheelbarrow, and thus conveyed to the house of prayer by a stronger brother in affliction, whose head and face are swollen till they look like a lion's. Go into the wards of the hospital. On one couch lies a leper whose hands are gone, and before him an open Bible. He has reached the bottom of the page, but cannot turn it over. He looks round, and one who can walk, but is also without hands, takes another, who has lost his feet, on his back, and carries him to the first to turn over the leaf."

There can be no stronger proof of the power of the constraining love of Christ than the fact that men and women can be found ready to surrender all that they hold dear and isolate themselves in these asylums, that they may preach Christ to these loathsome sufferers.

THE MIRACLES OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

By Henry Varley.

Characteristics of Human Government—What it Has Brought the World to—The Reign of Christ to be Inaugurated by Miracles—The Miracles of His First Mission—The Lord's Silence Broken—The Dead Raised—The Living Changed—The Physical Earth Renovated—A New River Given to Jerusalem—Millennial Glory.

WHAT has been the character and quality of human rule and authority throughout the world during the past 6,000 years? Is it not a fact that instability, confusions, revolutions and wars have been, and continue to be, the marked characteristics which have and do pertain to personal and corporate government in all the earth? Does the close of the nineteenth century see any improvement in these respects? With preparedness to place 10,000,000 soldiers on the battle-field within six months, does the continent of Europe tell of rest and peace? In no former period of the world's history were the engines for the destruction of human life so fearful and terrible. Science has lent her aid, until the horrible weapons of war seem more like a fearful dream from another Dante's "Inferno" than an awful reality.

There can be no question that the second coming of Christ will be identified with wonderful *breaches in natural sequence*. It should be carefully noted that a series of miracles, on a scale of magnificent grandeur, will inaugurate the commencement of

The Reign of the Great King.

Let it be intelligently and firmly borne in mind that, at our Lord's first advent, miracle was identified with and attended the whole of His ministry. The Lord Jesus cited the facts of the lepers being cleansed, the deaf being made to hear, the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the dead being raised to life, as amongst the foremost and incontestible proofs of His Messiahship (Matt. 11 : 4, 5). Indeed, from the Virgin's conception until the ascension of our Lord from Mount Olivet, natural sequence may be said to have been in constantly recurring breach, and miracle Christ's attendant Minister of State.

Now, as the supernatural endorsed and accompanied our Lord's advent before, so the Word of God snows that miracle, upon a scale of surpassing grandeur and magnificence, will attend His advent again to be a great King over all the earth; "for the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day there shall be one Lord, and His name one (Zech. 14 : 9)."

Concerning the marvellous breaches in natural sequence which will take place when He comes whose right it is to reign, there will be no room for the materialistic scoffer's jest then. Hearken to the words of the inspired Apostle: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord . . . . that the Lord Himself shall *descend* from Heaven with the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God." What a breach in natural sequence now takes place! It is the Lord

Breaking His Present Silence

by the resurrection and instant change of untold millions of the Church of Christ: "And the dead in Christ shall rise first." The Lord Jesus, in majesty and great glory, calls from the tomb myriads of the sons of light. Forth they come, in instant obedience to His almighty voice, robed in the incorruptible glory which neither thought, imagination, nor human language can adequately portray or describe (1. Thess. 4 : 15–17).

Then instantly follows another tremendous breach in life's present order. True believers in Christ living on the face of the earth will be *instantly changed*. "Behold," said the apostle, "I shew you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump . . . . for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (1. Cor. 15 : 51–52). Then, when the dead are raised incorruptible, and the living instantly changed into the likeness of the body of His glory, they will together be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Here, beyond all question, is

The Very Majesty of Miracle.

Then follow the marvellous changes which are identified at that time with the physical renovation of the earth (Hab. 3, Psa. 46). In the same wonderful series of events the Lord Himself stands upon the Mount of Olives (Zech. 14 : 4, 5), which, cleaving in twain at His presence "half toward the north and half toward the south," a wide and noble river will be formed, which, opening from the Mediterranean Sea on the west, will run through Jerusalem and flow eastward to the Dead Sea, whose waters henceforth will be healed (Zech. 14 : 4–11 : Ezek. 47 : 1–12).

Thus, by miracle, Jerusalem will become possessed of a magnificent river, which in the past she was destitute of. This *great water-way* will fit her to become the great *maritime centre* for which God in the future has designed her (Isa. 33 : 20–21). The groaning creation also will be no longer burdened, for with the manifestation of the sons of God the mournful dirge of 6,000 years of "sorrow, lamentation and woe" give place to the glorious liberty of the earth's great year of jubilee—now begins the rest and peace, and the gladness of "the day the Lord hath made" (Ps. 118 : 24), the antitype of the Sabbath, the 1,000 years of

Millennial Glory.

Then "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea, and they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest" (Hab. 2 : 14; Heb. 8 : 11).

Without question, the Lord shall reign over this earth in righteousness. Sin will scarcely be known. The nations of the earth shall learn war no more. Peace will be universal and enduring. Good-will to men will everywhere prevail, and Europe will no longer be the vast "armed camp" it has been since the days when the imperial world-power put to a shameful death Jesus Christ the Lord of glory.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Relief Needed by the Money Market appears to have been fully met by the offer of the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate the payment of interest and the redemption of bonds. According to a report issued last week, the total amount of money set at liberty by the proposal of August 3, and that of September 22, is $24,106,179, of which $2,683,929 was for premium on the bonds and $21,422,250 was for the face value of the bonds. Of the total purchase money $12,560,278 was under the offer of August 3, and $11,545,901 was under that of September 22. This appears to indicate that the moral effect produced by the Secretary's act had more to do with restoring confidence than the actual supply of money.

New Changes and Revisions of Rules Are occupying the attention of the Civil Service Commissioners who are in consultation with the President. Among the questions which are understood to be under consideration is one which has been a prominent subject of complaint by the opponents of civil service reform, and that is the limitation placed upon the age of applicants by the requirement that they shall not be more than 45 years old. It is proposed to remove this limitation which applies only to copyists, and to the lowest grade of clerks, who enter the service at $1,000 or $1,200 a year. These are the only examinations in the departmental, customs, or Postal Service which are controlled by the 45-year limitation of age, and few men over forty-five years of age desire them, so it is deemed advisable to dispense with a limitation which causes opposition while it is of little practical value. Among other questions of revision which are under consideration s the extention of the classified service to branches of Government employ which are not now included, such as the subordinates of Collectors of Internal Revenue and also in the Postal Service. It is understood that there is no present intention of extending the operations of the rules to the chiefs of divisions.

The Reasons for Discharging a Member of the Civil Service should, it is contended by many members of the League, be made public, while others think it unnecessary and sometimes impolitic. The question, it will be remembered, occasioned some difficulty early in the year in the Senate and it has now been revived by a dispute in the Custom house and Post Office in Chicago. Civil Service Commissioner Oberly, who must be accepted as an authority on the question, has taken a decided stand on the subject, giving his opinion in an interview published by the New York *Times*. He said that inasmuch as the civil service law required that only men who were fitted should be appointed to office, the principle which imposed that limitation also seemed to justify the requirement that a public officer shall, in exercising the power of dismissal, exercise it only for the public good, and not because of any personal reasons of his own. In other words, he believed that the public, whose servant the appointing officer was, had the right to know the reasons both for his appointments and his dismissals, so that it could applaud him for his good and condemn him for his bad acts. Probably the new rules, now being arranged, will deal with this subject on Mr. Oberly's principle.

The Report of the Utah Commission, Issued on October 4, confirms the suspicion generally entertained, that the movement to secure the admission of Utah as a State was designed to perpetuate polygamy. Although the men who framed the Constitution inserted an anti-polygamy article, the Commission reports that polyamy is still practiced, and has the sanction of the Mormon authorities. The Commission reports that sixty-seven men entered into polygamous relations *last year*. Convictions are difficult to secure, because no evidence can be obtained of the marriage ceremony, but the subsequent relations of the parties afford positive proof of the fact. The Commission, therefore, regards the movement "as an effort to free the Mormon Church from the toils which the firm attitude of the Government and the energetic course of the Federal officers have thrown around it," and "opposes its consummation."

A New Indian Trouble has Developed. This time it is the Crows who are in insurrection. A band of young braves under the leadership of their new orator and medicine-man "Thunder and Lightning," recently made a raid on the Piegan reservation, three hundred miles from the Crow Agency, in Montana, and carried off sixty ponies. They were celebrating the success of the raid when the Agent attempted to arrest the whole band for horse-stealing. He was resisted, the agency was attacked and riddled with bullets from Indian rifles, but no one was hurt. The Agent sent to Fort Custer for assistance, and a troop of cavalry has been stationed there to protect the agency. No arrests were made last week, but the Indians appear to expect that punishment will be inflicted, and are preparing to resist it. Scouts have been sent out to call in straggling members of the tribe, which looks as though they meant fighting. The older chiefs repudiate the action of the young braves, and it is hoped that their influence may prevent the rising spreading.

The Naturalization Movement Among British residents is becoming more extensive than was expected. Large numbers of Englishmen, Scotchmen and Canadians in all the States are taking out papers, and their influence is likely to be felt in ensuing elections. The number of British residents was, it appears underestimated. In Massachusetts alone, the number, exclusive of Irishmen, is stated to be over 25,000. In Chicago there are, according to the *Tribune* 20,000 Canadians and 15,000 Englishmen of whom only 2,500 are naturalized. In New York, there are 46,000 with a similar proportion naturalized, and in Philadelphia 35 000. At the census of 1880 the number of persons in the United States born in Great Britain and Canada, exclusive of Irishmen was 1,634,755, and since that time the number of such immigrants exceeded the number of Irish immigrants by 9,500. In view of the large influx of socialists and anarchists, who naturalize themselves whenever they are allowed to do so, the naturalization of British subjects is welcomed as they are as a rule law-abiding, and not amenable to Boss rule or corruption.

An Encouraging Result of a Labor Dispute is reported from Boston, Mass. The horse-shoers for the horse-car railroads in that city recently had a dispute with their employers, and went on strike. As is usual in such cases, the men demanded a double concession in shorter hours and more pay. It seemed likely to become an obstinate struggle, involving much suffering, when the State Board of Arbitration interposed, and persuaded both parties to submit the questions in dispute to the decision of the Board, and to abide by it for a year. What was still more important, the arbitrators induced the strikers to return to work pending the decision. Thus, the men were saved loss of wages, and the companies inconvenience. The Board has now rendered its decision, and has achieved the almost unprecedented feat of pleasing both parties.

A Triple Alliance between Germany, Italy and Austria is reported. It is stated that Signor Crispi, the Italian statesman who visited Prince Bismarck last week, definitely agreed to the terms of an alliance by which Italy has full power to take independent action on the Mediterranean, and should Italian interests conflict with those of France or Russia, Italy will rely upon the support of Germany and Austria. This alliance is to continue for five years, and separate military conventions, the terms of which have not been disclosed, were arranged for a shorter period.

The Difficulty Between France and Germany relative to the shooting affray on the frontier appears to have been amicably settled. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a communication to the Council of State on the subject, said that Count Münster, the German Ambassador had promised that an indemnity would be paid by the German government to the widow of Brignon, the murdered Frenchman, and added that the soldier Kaufmann, who fired the fatal shot, would be tried before the usual civil court, and that his punishment was certain. Further, the German Ambassador gave M. Flourens to understand that the regrets which he had expressed at first on the subject of the incident would be officially repeated by the government of Emperor William. Finally, he expressed the hope that, thanks to a good understanding between the two governments, it would become possible to have a better *modus vivendi* on the Franco-German frontier, and prevent the occurrence of similar painful affairs.

The Latest News Received From Mr. Henry M. Stanley is dated July 25. At that time the expedition had ascended the Aruwimi River to the elevated country belonging to the Mabodi district. The river becoming too narrow they left the rafts, and the men for several days had to carry a double burden of provisions. The steel whaleboat was carried past the narrows and again launched. Stanley calculated that upon arriving at the summit of the table-lands the expedition would halt two days for a rest, and would establish a camp there, to be garrisoned by twenty men, with a European officer. The districts traversed were tranquil, and little difficulty was experienced in obtaining provisions from the natives.

A Remarkable Disclosure Was Made at the trial of the Irish nationalists who murdered the policeman Wheelehan recently. One of the men arrested turned State's evidence and testified against his fellow prisoners. He confessed in cross examination that he had planned a number of "moonlight" raids in Kerry and Clare. He said that he had been *in the pay of the police for the last five years*, and that he had received from Constable Wheelehan, just before the attack in which Wheelehan was killed, a small sum of money in payment of his share for arranging the raid. This statement caused a great sensation in the court. The indignation expressed against the Irishman who could take pay from the police while acting with the law-breakers is extreme both in Ireland and in this country.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Death of Mr. John B. Finch, the Chairman of the national committee of the Prohibition party and head of the order of Good Templars, occurred at Boston, Mass., on October 3. Mr. Finch had been speaking at Lynn, Mass., and travelled to Boston immediately after the meeting. He stepped from the car to the platform and a minute afterwards fell down dead. He had suffered from heart disease for several years, and on two previous occasions his life had been despaired of. He was only thirty-five years of age, and was a most vigorous worker. Since the death of Mr. John B. Gough his services as a speaker have been in constant request, as by common consent he was regarded as the only fit successor of the great orator. He was exceedingly generous, and many poor families will have substantial reason to mourn his early death; but the Temperance cause is the chief sufferer.

A Call for a Conference of Evangelical Christians has been issued. It is signed by Dr. McCosh, Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. Wm. Taylor, Dr. R. S. Storrs, Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, and many other well-known men. The conference is to be held December 7–9, in Washington, D. C. The subjects for discussion are: 1. What are the present perils and opportunities of the Christian Church and of the country? 2. Can any of them be met best by a hearty co-operation of all Evangelical Christians, which, without detriment to any denominational interests, will serve the welfare of the whole Church? 3. What are the best means to secure such co-operation, and to waken the whole Church to its responsibility? Papers will be read on The Public Schools, The Saloon, Divorce, Mormonism, etc.

The Sudden Death of Ex. Gov. William B. Washburn, of Massachusetts, on October 5, has removed a prominent and much respected citizen. He was attending the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, of which he was a member, when he suddenly fell down on the platform, and when his friends went to his assistance he was found to be dead. He was sixty-seven years of age, having been born at Winchendon, Massachusetts in 1820. His father died when the boy was only three years old, but he managed to push his way forward and secured a college education. He was elected to Congress in 1862, and was three times re-elected. He resigned in 1871, before the completion of his fourth term, to become Governor of Massachusetts. He was twice re-elected, and resigned in 1874 to succeed Charles Sumner in the United States Senate. He was an earnest Congregationalist, and held several offices of trust in that denomination.

A Bride, Bridegroom and Wedding Party were all disappointed last week in Boston, Mass. The *Traveller*, of that city, says, that two years ago a young man, who left Boston when a boy to reside in western New York, wrote to a young lady in Boston whom he had known as a schoolfellow, and who had shown a partiality for him then. A correspondence sprang up, and became somewhat voluminous. The old affection on both sides was revived, and eventually the young man proposed marriage, and was accepted. His business arrangements precluded his visiting his betrothed, so the courtship was carried on by letter, until the young man's pecuniary position warranted him in marrying. He furnished a home in readiness for his bride, and then snatched a brief holiday to go to Boston and be married. Tuesday, October 4, was the day fixed for the wedding, and the young man arrived on Monday evening, and went to see his prospective bride. He was surprised at receiving anything but a warm welcome. The young lady manifested none of the affection he expected, and was, in fact, in a very unpleasant state of mind. The next morning all was explained. He was notified that the marriage could not take place. The young lady had changed her mind. She said that "he did not look the same as she thought he would." The school-boy, whom she had liked, had developed into a man whom she could not bring herself to marry. Argument was useless, and he was constrained to return home alone. His chagrin may be imagined, but he will doubtless recover from it. His position is much better than if he had been married to a lady whose affection depended on his personal appearance. Such love is not that which a wife ought to have for her husband—not the love which the apostle had in mind when he made it the type of the love of the Church for Christ. It is said, "Whom having not seen, ye love" (1 Peter 1:8).

A Man Whose Life Was Saved by Love is living in Nashville, Tenn. The *American* of that city says that a romance has recently come to light in connection with a prominent citizen. He is the son of a prosperous British banker, but when a young man he committed a flagrant act of disobedience, and his father turned him out of doors and forbade him ever again entering his home. The youth, full of remorse and despair, resolved to commit suicide. He procured a pistol and went to a retired place to execute the determination. Sitting for a few moments in reflection, he thought of the young lady to whom he had given his affections, and took her photograph from his pocket to bid it good by. The eyes seemed to look at him reproachfully and to ask him to live for her sake. The thought that she still loved him gave him new hope. He put the pistol away, and determined that he would make an effort to retrieve the past on her account if not for his own. He came to America and drifted to Nashville, where he settled and prospered, and is now a respected citizen. He never married the lady whose portrait was the means of saving his life. She became the wife of another before he could tell her of his reformation, but he has never ceased to think with gratitude of what he owes to her influence over him at that critical moment. The fact may serve as a suggestion to the Christian in dealing with despairing sinners. To all such the message that will have most power to save them is that Christ loves them (1 John 4:10).

An Amusing Retribution has Fallen upon some prisoners in the Chicago jail. Among the men now incarcerated there, are two who formerly held high official position in the city, having control of the very prison in which they are now confined. At that time they were too much engrossed in misappropriating the public money to give proper attention to the sanitary condition of the jail, and now they profess to have made the discovery that it is in a bad state. The kind-hearted physician of the prison has listened to their complaints, and has certified that their state of health requires their removal to more salubrious quarters. The warders, however, are less impressionable. They assert that they have done their duty thoroughly, and have taken care that the "boodle" prisoners are well supplied with cleaning utensils and an abundance of good water, which, if they would use as other prisoners do, would ensure the cells being clean and wholesome. They say that the filthy condition of the cells is due to the two prisoners neglecting to cleanse them; and besides that, if there is sewer gas in the cells, it is owing to defective plumbing, which these very men would have remedied when they were in office if they had done their duty. When an inquiry is made by the proper authorities, the physician's humane advice will probably be followed rather than the cynical suggestions of the jailers; but, in the meantime, the prisoners will have an opportunity of reflecting on the consequences which, sooner or later, fall upon wrong-doers (Prov. 26:27).

The Use of Face Powder has Brought Two young ladies of Ohio into a critical state of health. A press despatch from Springfield, published on Thursday last describes the distress of a prominent family in that city occasioned by the dangerous illness of two of its members—young ladies who have been considered the belles of the city. One of them, it is stated, cannot recover, and the other is in a condition which excites serious alarm. It appears that five years ago they purchased some face powder, which when used gave a remarkable brilliance to their complexion. They received many compliments on their enhanced beauty, and the use of the face powder was continued. But though they became more beautiful, they gradually lost their health. The decay was so slight and so slow in progress that it was scarcely noticeable, but it continued, and a year ago became serious. Since then its progress has become rapid. They lost the use of their fingers, and now their arms are paralyzed; stomach derangements were developed, and frequent spasms occurred. The physician was puzzled, and tried various remedies without success, until the concidence of both sisters being similarly afflicted led him to make searching inquiries. The use of the face powder was disclosed, and he analyzed it. Then the secret was discovered. The powder was found to be largely composed of white-lead which had poisoned the system of both girls. It may be hoped that the discovery has not been made too late to save their lives. Their danger and sufferings should be a warning to other ladies whose desire to make themselves attractive is leading them to use similar applications. None are so beautiful as they who have followed the apostolic directions for ladies (1 Peter 3:3, 4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

In a recently published work on Presbyterianism the Rev. Mr. Kerr states that the number of Presbyterians in the world is now forty millions.

Mrs. Amanda Smith has been seriously ill with African fever. She hopes to return to the United States for recuperation as soon she is able to travel.

The new Diocesan House, the gift of the late Miss Catherine Wolfe to the Protestant Episcopal Bishopric of New York, was opened on September 28.

The Prohibition vote in Tennessee is said to be fully 125,000. The majority against Prohibition will be about 15,000. The colored vote was largely with the majority.

Mr. James B. Jermain, of Albany, N. Y., has presented the Y. M. C. A., of that city, with a new building, on which he has spent $80,000. The site, which cost $40,000, was given by a few citizens.

The Princeton undergraduates have subscribed among themselves to pay the expenses of sending one of their number, Mr. John Newton Freeman, as a missionary to India. The fund reached $1,600.

Revival services of a very successful character have been conducted at Woodbridge, N. J., by the Rev. B. Fay Mills. The Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist churches united in the work.

Mrs. Ada C. Bittenbender, a successful lawyer in Nebraska, has been nominated for Justice of the Supreme Court. This is the first case in the history of the country in which a lady has received such a nomination.

A meteoric stone, described as of the size of a rail road car, fell near New Brunswick, Me., two weeks ago. Its heat was so intense the following day that the crowds who attempted to make an examination were unable to approach within several feet of the fiery mass.

The Rev. F. E. Clark will accept the office of President of the Societies of Christian Endeavor, to which he was elected at the recent convention in Saratoga. He has resigned the pastorate of his church in South Boston, Mass., to devote himself exclusively to the work. There are now 2,500 societies, with a membership of over 150,000.

One of the gang who murdered the Rev. George A. Haddock at Sioux City, Ia., has been convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. That anyone concerned in the cold-blooded murder should escape with so slight a punishment is ridiculous, but even that sentence is to be appealed. The man convicted is named Fred. Munchrath.

The church of Belleville, N. J., has presented a memorial to its pastor, the Rev. Ralph W. Brokaw, begging him to withdraw his acceptance of the co-pastorate of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Several prominent citizens, not connected with the church, joined in the memorial. Mr. Brokaw has yielded to their request. Dr. Talmage has found a co-pastor in Dr. Ostrander.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, as stated in the annual report presented last week, were $679,572.54. Of this total the contributions, exclusive of legacies, amounted to $366,958.40. The expenditure of the Board on missions was $642,657.71. This, with the expenses of agencies and administration, leaves a balance in the treasurer's hands of $1,577.13.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

HOW HEARTS ARE SOFTENED.

A New Sermon By Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn." Zechariah 12: 10, 11.

Hardness of Heart a Grevious Evil—How Tenderness May be Obtained—I. Arises Out of a Divine Operation—The Trinity Engaged—A Secret Work—Productive—II. Wrought by a Faith-Look at Christ—The Remarkable Use of Pronouns—Who Pierced Him—III. The Character of the Mourning Produced—Immediate—Touching Tenderness—Personal.

HARDNESS of heart is a great and grievous evil. It exists not only in the outside world, but in many who frequent the courts of the Lord's house. Beneath the robes of religion many carry a heart of stone. It is more than possible to come to baptism and the sacred supper, to come constantly to the hearing of the Word, and even, as a matter of form, to attend to private religious duties, and yet still to have an unrenewed heart, a heart within which no spiritual life palpitates, and no spiritual feeling exists. Nothing good can come out of a stony heart; it is barren as a rock. To be unfeeling is to be unfruitful. Prayer without desire, praise without emotion, preaching without earnestness—what are all these? Like the marble images of life, they are cold and dead. Insensibility is

A Deadly Sign.

Frequently it is the next stage to destruction. Pharaoh's hard heart was a prophecy that his pride would meet a terrible overthrow. The hammer of vengeance is not far off when the heart becomes harder than an adamant stone. You are in this matter agreed with me: at least, I know that some of you are thoroughly thus minded; for you are longing to be made tender and contrite. Certain of you who are truly softened by divine grace are very prone to accuse yourselves of being stony-hearted. We are poor judges of our own condition, and in this matter many make mistakes. But, whether this be so or not, I address myself to all of you whose prayer is for godly sorrow for sin. The object of this sermon is to show how this tenderness is to be obtained, and how sorrow for sin can be produced in the heart, and maintained there. I would set forth the simple method by which the inward nature can be made living, feeling, and tender, full of warm emotions, fervent breathings, and intense affections towards the Lord Jesus Christ.

It will be instructive to keep to the words of the text. This passage is peculiarly suited to our purpose, and it will add authority to that which we teach. Observe that holy tenderness *arises out of 'a divine operation.* "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications." Secondly, *it is actually wrought by the look of faith:* "And they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced," and they shall mourn for Him." And, thirdly, the tenderness which comes in this way *leads to mourning for sin of an intense kind:* "They shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.

I. First, note that the holy tenderness which makes men mourn for sin arises out of

A Divine Operation

It is not in fallen man to renew his own heart. Can the adamant turn itself to wax, or the granite soften itself to clay? Only He that stretcheth out the heavens and layeth the foundation of the earth can form and reform the spirit of man within him. The power to make the rock of our nature flow with rivers of repentance is not in the rock itself.

The power lies in the omnipotent Spirit of God, and is an omen for good that He delights to exercise this power. The Spirit of God is prompt to give life and feeling. Remember, you that are hard of heart, that your hope lies this way; God Himself, who melts the icebergs of the northern sea, must make your soul to yield up its hardness in the presence of His love. Nothing short of the work of God within you can effect this. "Ye must be born again," and that new birth must be from above. The Spirit of God must work regeneration in you. He is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham; but until He works you are dead and insensible. Even now I perceive the goings forth of His power: He is moving you to desire His divine working, and in that gracious desire the work has already begun.

Note next, that as this tenderness comes of the Spirit of God, so it also comes by His working in full co-operation with the Father and with the Son. In our text we have all the three persons of the divine Trinity. We hear the Father say, "I will pour upon the house of David the spirit of grace," and that the Spirit when poured out leads men to look to Him whom they pierced, even to the incarnate Son of God. Thus the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son, fulfils the purpose of the Father by revealing the Son, and thus the heart of man is reached. Do not think, therefore, when thou feelest the Holy Ghost melting thee, that the Father will refuse thee: it is He that sent the Holy Spirit to deal with thee. This operation is

An Unseen Secret Work.

Thou canst not perceive the work of the Spirit by the senses of the flesh; it is spiritually discerned. He that feels the movement of the Holy Spirit, knows that a singular work is going on within him, but what it is, or who it is that worketh it, he knoweth not. Do not, therefore, expect to be informed when the Spirit is upon thee. Marvel not if it should so happen that He is dealing with thee now, though thou knowest it not, "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not."

The operations of the Holy Ghost are consciously perceived by the human heart, but they are not always attributed to their right cause. Many a man, does not know how his new tenderness has been produced. He finds himself anxious to hear and understand the gospel, and he feels that the gospel affects him as it never did before, but he does not perceive those "invisible" cords of love which are drawing him toward his Saviour. Before long he will cry, "This is the finger of God;" but as yet he perceives not the divine cause. It is well set forth by John Bunyan in his parable of the fire, which burned though a man tried to quench it. There was one behind the wall who secretly poured oil upon the fire. He

Himself was Unperceived,

but the fire burned because of what he poured on it. You can see the flame, but you cannot see the hidden One who ministers the fuel. The Spirit of God may work in you, my dear hearer, this morning, but it will not be with special token of marvel or voice or vision. Not with earthquake nor wind nor fire will He come, but with "a still small voice."

But the secret operation of the Spirit is known by its effects, for it is productive. We read in the text of "the spirit of grace and of supplications," which must mean that the Spirit produces graciousness and prayerfulness in the soul upon which He works. The man is now willing to receive the grace or free favor of God: he ceases to be proud, and becomes gracious. He is put into a condition in which God's grace can deal with him. As long as you are self-righteous; you are upon wrong ground, for you are making claims which He cannot possibly allow. You must be willing to receive as a free favor what God will never give you if you claim it by right. When thou art made conscious of sin, then forgiveness can be granted. When thou art malleable under the hammer of God's Word, then will He work His work of love upon thee. When thou dost lay thine own righteousness aside, and take up the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," then shalt thou go to thy house justified.

All this leads on towards the tenderness which begets mourning for sin. Again I say, this is the point from which help must come for the sinner. You that have been striving to feel, and yet cannot feel, and do not feel—you should look to the strong for strength, and to the living for life. He who in the day of His creation breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life, so that he became a living soul, can infuse the new life into you, and give you with it all the feeling which is natural thereto. Think much of the Holy Spirit, for He can make thee live in the truest sense. It is God's to give thee a tender heart, not thine to create it within thyself. Do not attempt first to renew thy heart, and then to come to Christ for salvation; for this renewal of heart is salvation. Come thou as thou art, confessing all thy hardness, thy wicked, wilful obduracy and obstinacy, confess it all; and then put thyself into the hands of the Spirit, who can remove thy hardness at the same time that grace removes thy guilt.

II. But now I come to the core and centre of our subject: this tenderness of heart and mourning for sin is actually

Wrought by a Faith-Look.

at the pierced Son of God. True sorrow for sin comes not without the Spirit of God; but even the Spirit of God Himself does not work it except by leading us to look to Jesus the crucified. There is no true mourning for sin until the eye has seen Christ. It is a beautiful remark of an old divine, that *eyes are made for two things at least:* first, to look with, and next, to weep with. The eye which looks to the pierced One is the eye which weeps for Him. O soul, when thou comest to look where all eyes should look, even to Him who was pierced, then thine eye begins to weep for that for which all eyes should weep, even the sin which slew thy Saviour! There is no saving repentance except within sight of the Cross. That repentance of sin which omits Christ, is a repentance which will have to be repented of. It is a tempest of the soul with thunder and lightning, but no rain. God save us from remorse! it worketh death.

Note well that this look to the pierced One is peculiarly dear to God. Observe the change of the pronoun in the middle of the verse: "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him." The Me and the Him refer to the same person. I lay no special stress upon this, and I do not attempt to *prove* any doctrine from it; but certainly it is remarkable that when we read this verse with defined views as to the oneness of Christ with God, and the Union of God and man in one person in the Lord Jesus, we find the pronouns perfectly correct, and understand why there should be "Me" in one case, and "Him" in another. If you adopt any other theory, then the passage would seem to be a jumble of words. O, dear hearts, if this morning, in those pews, you look to Christ believingly, accepting Him as God's salvation, then is the promise fulfilled before the eyes of Him who spake it, and said, "They shall look on Me whom they have pierced." He was lifted on a cross to be looked at, He was nailed there that He might be

A Perpetual Spectacle,

and His heart was pierced that we might see the blood and water, which are our double cure. The look which blesses us so as to produce tenderness of heart, is a look to Jesus as the pierced One. On this I want to dwell for a season. It is not looking to Jesus as God only which affects the heart, but looking to this same Lord and God as crucified for us. We see the Lord pierced, and then the piercing of our own heart begins. When the Lord reveals Jesus to us, we begin to have our sins revealed. We see who it was that was pierced, and this deeply stirs our sorrow. Come, dear souls, let us go together to the Cross for a little while, and *note who it was* that there received the spear-thrust of the Roman soldier. Look at His side, and mark that fearful gash which has broached His

heart, and set the double flood in motion. The centurion said, "Truly this was the Son of God." He who only hath immortality condescended to die! He was all glory and power; and yet He died! He was all tenderness and grace; and yet He died! Infinite goodness was hanged upon a tree! Boundless bounty was pierced with a spear! This tragedy exceeds all others! However dark man's ingratitude may seem in other cases, it is blackest here!

Look steadily at the pierced One, and

Note the Suffering

which is here covered by the word "pierced." Our Lord suffered greatly and grievously. I cannot in one discourse rehearse the story of His sorrows; the griefs of His life of poverty and persecution; the griefs of Gethsemane, and the bloody sweat; the griefs of His desertion, denial and betrayal; the griefs of Pilate's hall, and the scourging and the spitting and the mockery; the griefs of the cross, with its dishonor and agony. The sufferings of our Lord's body were only the body of His sufferings.

"'Twas not the insulting voice of scorn
So deeply wrung His heart;
The piercing nail, the pointed thorn,
That caused the saddest smart:

"But every struggling sigh betray'd
A heavier grief within,
How on His burden'd soul was laid
The weight of human sin."

Our Lord was made a curse for us. The penalty for sin, or that which was equivalent thereto, He endured. "He, His own self, bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Brethren, the sufferings of Jesus ought to melt our hearts. I mourn this morning that I do not mourn as I should. I accuse myself of that hardness of heart which I condemn, since I can tell you this story without breaking down. My Lord's griefs are untellable. Behold and see if there was ever sorrow like unto His sorrow! Here we lean over a dread abyss and look down into fathomless gulfs. Now we are upon great waters, where deep calleth unto deep. If you will steadfastly consider Jesus pierced for our sins, and all that is meant thereby, your hearts must relent.

Who it Was That Pierced Him.

"*They* shall look on Me whom *they* have pierced;" the "they," in each case, relates to the same persons. We slew the Saviour, even we, who look to Him and live. If a man were condemned and put to death, you might inquire who it was that slew him; and you might be told that it was the judge who condemned him; but that would not be all the truth. Another might blame the jury who brought in the verdict of guilty, or the executioner who actually hanged him; but when you go to the root of the matter, you would find that it was the man's crime which was the real blameworthy cause of his death. In the Saviour's case sin was the cause of His death. Transgression pierced Him. But whose transgression? Whose? It was not His own, for He knew no sin, neither was guile found in His lips. Pilate said, "I find no fault in this man." Brethren, the Messiah was cut off, but not for Himself. *Our* sins slew the Saviour. He suffered because there was no other way of vindicating the justice of God and allowing us to escape.

Let me also say to you, beloved, that the more you look at Jesus crucified, the more you will mourn for sin. Growing thought will bring growing tenderness. I would have you look much at the pierced One, that you may hate sin much. I would say, look to the pierced One till your own heart is pierced. An old divine saith, "Look at the Cross until all that is on the Cross is in your heart." He further says: Look at Jesus until He looks at you. Steadily view His suffering person until He seems to turn His head and look at you, as He did at Peter when he went out and wept bitterly. See Jesus till you see yourself: mourn for Him till you mourn for your sin.

III. My time is nearly over, and therefore I must only for a minute touch upon the surface of my third subject: the sight of Christ crucified will produce a mourning for sin of a very thorough character.

It Will be Immediate.

If the Spirit of God grants us an inward sight of Christ, we shall bleed inwardly at once. The sentences are fast joined together: "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn." How rapidly the Spirit of God often works! "His word runneth very swiftly." With a single blow of grace the bars of iron are broken. Saul of Tarsus was foaming at the mouth with rage against Jesus of Nazareth and His disciples, but a flash and a word changed him. "Why persecutest thou Me?" showed him the pierced Lord, and, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" was his speedy answer. One glimpse at Christ will make yonder stubborn sinner bow the knee.

Look on him, Lord!

This mourning, according to our text, is refined and pure. They shall mourn *for Him*, they shall be in bitterness *for Him*. For Jesus they sorrow rather than for themselves. Sin is not mentioned in these verses, and yet the sorrow is all concerning sin. The grief for sin itself is overborne and compassed about by the greater grief occasioned by the sad results of sin upon the person of the pierced One. Sin is grieved over as it is against the Lord: even as David cries, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned." The mourning of a penitent is not because of hell: if there were no hell he would mourn just as much. His grief is not for what sin might cost himself, but for what it has cost the Substitute.

In this mourning there is a touching tenderness: "They shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." It is not a son lamenting for a father, for there the grief might be as much for the loss of the father's care and help as for the father's self; but in the case of a father mourning his young son, the father is not supposed to lose anything but his boy; his grief is for the child himself. It is a bitter mourning which we have when we see Jesus slain by our sins. Were it not for the consequences which grace has caused to flow therefrom, our sorrow would be hopeless and helpless; for we feel that in killing Jesus we have destroyed our best, our only hope, our one and only joy. His death was the hiding of the sun, and the shaking of the earth, and we feel it to be so within our own souls.

This mourning is

Personal Grief;

every man repents apart, and every woman apart. It is a private, personal grief; it is not produced by the contagion of example, but by the conviction of the individual conscience. Such sorrow is only to be assuaged by Jesus Christ Himself when He is revealed as the salvation of God.

Brethren, I am conscious that I have not preached as I ought to have preached this morning. I have been mastered by my subject. I could sit down alone and picture my Divine Master on the cross. I delight to do so. It is my comfort to meditate on Him. I see Him hanging on the tree, and carefully survey Him, from His head encircled with the thorns, down to His blessed feet, made by the nails to be fountains of crimson blood. I have wept behind the cross at the marks of the dread scourging which He bore; and then coming to the front I have gazed upon His pierced hands, and lingered long before that opened side. Then I feel as if I could die of a pleasing grief and mournful joy. Oh, how I then love and adore! But here before this crowd I am a mere lisper of words—words which fall far below the height of this great argument.

Ah me! Ah me! Who among the sons of men could fitly tell you of His unknown agonies, His piercing anguish, His distraction and heart-break? Who can fully interpret that awful cry of "Eloi, Eloi, lama, sabachthani? My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Alone I can hide my face and bow my head; but here what can I—O Lord, what can Thy servant do?

"Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
And Thy compassions are divine."

I cannot tell of love's bleeding, love's agony, love's death! If the Holy Ghost will graciously come at this time and put me and my words altogether aside, and set my Lord before you, evidently crucified among you, then shall I be content, and you will go home thoughtful, tender, hating sin, and therefore more deeply happy, more serenely glad, than ever before. The Lord grant it for His name's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THACKERAY'S VIEW OF DEATH.*

I DON'T pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief; that's an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? but we sha'n't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess, even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends, though ever so far off? . . . Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will—properties of Creation, like the electric something (spark, is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe why not *Ueberall?* and the body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc. go along with the body—a lucid Intelligence remains, a Perception ubiquitous.

Thackeray in America.

Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I never have seen; not so full as the Strand, but so rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the midst of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been into a house except the fat country one, but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall, or steps are down, or the family is going to move. Nobody is quiet here; no more am I. The rush and restlessness pleases me, and I like, for a little, the dash of the stream. I am not received as a god, which I like too. There is one paper which goes on every morning saying I am a snob, and I don't say no. Six people were reading it at breakfast this morning, and the man opposite me popped it under the table-cloth. But the other papers roar with approbation. At present, I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc dimittis* without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition—I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputa-

*From the Unpublished Letters of Thackeray in Scribner's Magazine for October which contains, besides, articles on Caverns and Cavern-life, Municipal Government etc, etc. Price 25 cents. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

A Country Scene in Chili.

tion of that kind. That literary play is played ous, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all.

O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business night after night. Everybody is introduced and shakes hands. I know thousands of colonels, professors, editors, and what not, and walk the streets guiltily, knowing that I don't know 'em, and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before. I believe I am popular, except at Boston among the newspaper men who fired into me, but a great favorite with the *monde* there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. Do you know there are 500,000 people in Philadelphia? I daresay you had no idea thereof, and smile at the idea of there being a *monde* here and at Boston and New York. Early next month I begin at Washington and Baltimore, then, D. V., to New Orleans, back to New York by Mississippi and Ohio, if the steamers don't blow up, and if they do, you know I am easy.

A COUNTRY SCENE IN CHILI.

(*See Illustration.*)

AMONG the South American republics Chili, though inconsiderable in size, occupies a prominent place. Shut in between the Andes and the Pacific it is a mere strip of coast line, 2,485 miles long, with an average breadth of little over one hundred miles. With its recent accessions of territory it contains only 256,850 square miles, and has a population of about two millions and a half. Two facts have contributed to give the little nation its present influence. One is the superabundant energy of its people, and the other their intense love for and pride of their native land. It was under the dominion of the Spaniards, who invaded it after the conquest of Peru, until 1818, when the Chilians threw off the Spanish yoke and established a republic. A President, elected every five years, and two houses of Congress, constitute the government.

As in the other South American and Central American countries, a political struggle is now raging between the Liberals and the reactionaries. The domination of the clerical party was practically destroyed by the revolution of 1818, but the priests and bishops have never ceased to intrigue for the recovery of their lost power. Hitherto they have not been successful, Don Jose Balmaceda, the present President, who was elected last year, being a strong liberal. It was found necessary early in the struggle, to banish the Jesuits, the most dangerous of the malcontents, but the other Roman Catholic orders remain, and exert considerable influence over the people. A heavy blow at the clerical combination against the government was struck not long ago when Congress enacted that the appointment of bishops should be transferred from the Pope to the President of the Republic. This, with the law legalizing civil marriage, has crippled the power of the Church to a decree not yet fully realized.

In spite of the ascendancy that the Roman Catholic Church has so long enjoyed in Chili, it is a fact that nowhere in South America has Protestantism made so much progress in recent times. The Presbyterian Mission in the country, which Dr. Trumbull, of the American Board directs, has worked with indefatigable energy, and God has blessed its labors to the conversion of a large number of the people. Many of its churches are self-supporting, and it has now erected a college in which male and female students are being trained for mission work.

ALFRED ARMADALE'S RETURN.

(*See Illustration on page 653.*)

A MISERABLE discontented man was Alfred Armadale. There were few cities from Maine to Florida, or from New York to San Francisco, in which he was not known. In many of them he dare not show his face after his first visit, for numerous creditors would have pounced upon him, and men whom he had wronged would have taken vengeance upon him, either legally or summarily. A gambler, a libertine, and, occasionally, a drunkard, he was a pest wherever he went. Yet he had his good qualities. He could never see a case of real distress without relieving it if he had any money in his pocket, and, more than once, in a fire he had been foremost among the rescuers, and had saved lives at the risk of his own. There were traces of nobility in him which showed themselves on rare occasions, indicating that the material for making a good man was there if only the evil could be eradicated. Neverthless he did many cruel things with a reckless disregard of consequence. He was sorry for his victims afterward, but, as he had no money and could no compensate them for the wrong, he was powerless, and slipped away to another city where he would not be harassed by the sight of the misery he had caused.

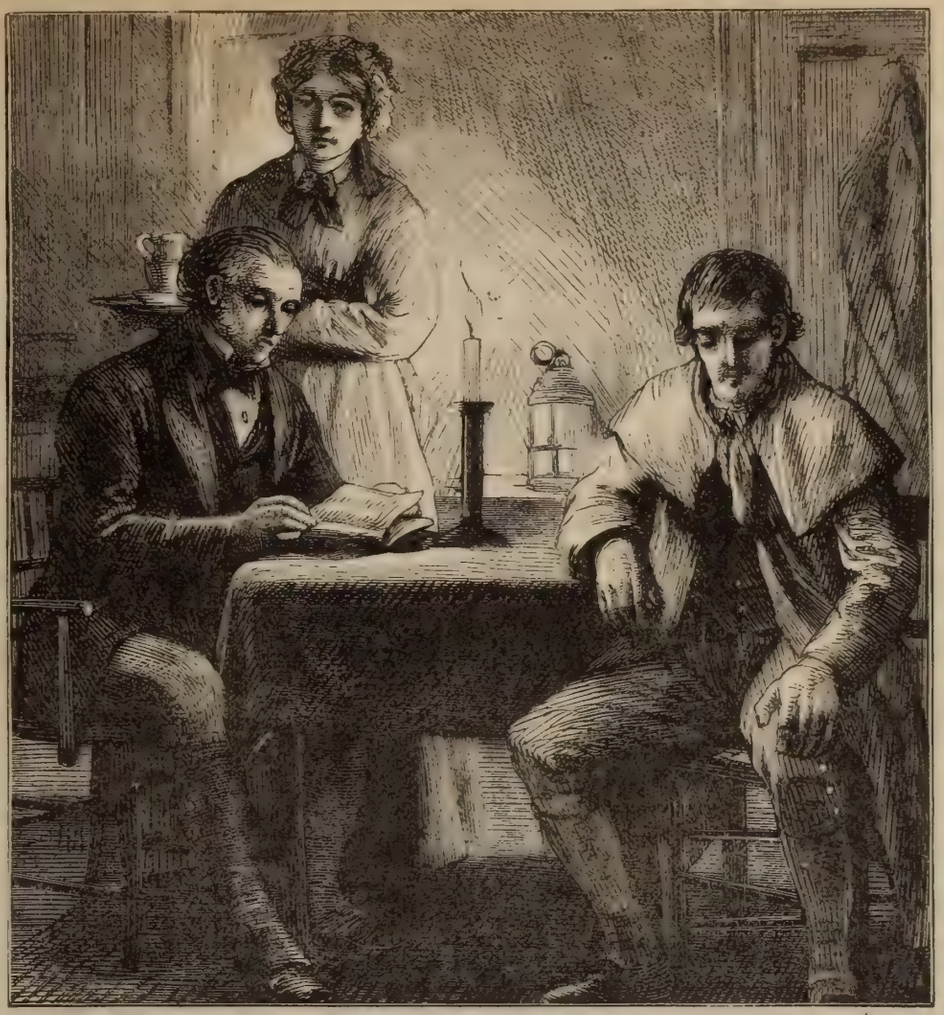
Armadale could not have lived this idle vagabond life if he had not received an income from somebody. The fact was that his father, a well-to-do English farmer, kept him supplied with money. Again and again the old man had paid his debts, until, at last, losing patience, he had guaranteed him a hundred dollars a month which would be mailed to him in America, and not a cent more under any circumstances. The month's allowance was always spent long before the next was due, and Armadale resorted to any ingenious device that occurred to him to get over the intervening time. He was often reduced to sore straits, but he managed to live, though gradually getting more and more hardened and reckless. One evidence of this growing callousness was that latterly he found himself looking foward to his father's death. He expected that then he would share with his elder brother, and his two sisters, the whole estate. Formerly love for his father had kept him from wishing for this event, but sin always degrades the nature, and tends to destroy natural affection and it was so in his case. He grew to long for the news that he was fatherless for the sake of the inheritance it would bring him. Judge then of his disappointment, when, on receiving a black-bordered letter, which he opened eagerly, he learned that his father was dead, but had left him nothing but the regular monthly allowance which he had been receiving. It would be continued to him, he was told, but the father had expressly stated in his will that Alfred, having already had his share of the estate, was not entitled to anything more than his allowance.

For about two or three years he lived on in America, brooding over his lot, making vain appeals to his brother for money, and execrating him when he received letters from him full of Christian counsel, but containing no funds.

At last dissipation and resentment made him desperate, and he determined to go to England, and by fair means or foul—he had

got to that—compel his brother to divide equally with him. He lost no time in executing the project, and one winter night he was once more in his native parish. He meant to reconnoitre before presenting himself, and had bought a suit of country clothes such as farmers wore, to avoid attracting attention. It was many years since he and his brother had met, and so disguised and with the changes which his wild life had made in his features, he did not think his brother would recognize him. Making his way by well remembered paths to the old farm-house, he looked around at the evidences of comfort and prosperity, and they made his heart almost burst with envy. He felt toward his brother as Cain felt.

It was a cold, rainy night, and the light and warmth within made his own desolate position more unenviable by contrast. He heard footsteps, and sheltered himself under an outhouse where he thought the farm-hand, who was passing, did not see him, but the man must have observed, for presently a man whom he easily recognized as his brother, came out with a lantern and walked directly to his place of concealment.



Alfred Armadale's Return.

"Will you come into the house a bit?" said a voice which reminded the wanderer of his father's. "It is a bitter night."

Armadale accepted the hospitality in few words and followed his brother into the old sitting-room. He refused to remove his wraps, saying that he should go as soon as the rain ceased. Some food and milk which was offered him, however, he did accept, and then the farmer, bringing out the family Bible, said they were about to have family prayers; perhaps the traveller would join them. Alfred Armadale made no objection, but sat sullenly during the reading and did not kneel when the others did. But the prayer startled him. To his amazement he heard himself prayed for by name, and his brother was very earnest about it, too, praying that the prodigal might repent and return. This touched him; he had imagined himself forgotten, almost hated. Here was the brother whom he had cursed, calling down blessings on his head!

"I should like to have a few words with you on family business," he said, when the prayer was over.

"Certainly," said the surprised farmer, and took the stranger into another room. What passed there, neither of them ever told; but when they came out the elder brother had his hand on the traveller's shoulder, and, leading him to his wife, told her that this was the long lost brother for whom they had so often prayed. There was no limit to the welcome either of them gave the prodigal, and his heart melted. He had come to meet his brother as an enemy, and he had found a friend.

The wanderer might have lived there a welcome guest until old age; but such men do not reach old age. Dissipation and hard living had undermined his constitution. He fell ill a few days after his arrival, and, in spite of skilful medical treatment and the tenderest nursing a man could have, he gradually sank. It was a comfort to his brother to see that as he neared the threshold of eternity, he anxiously sought forgiveness from God and listened to gospel truth. The light dawned upon him at length. "It is a comfort," he said, "to be dying in the old home. I am glad I came. You have taught me the way to a better land. I am not fit to enter it, but through Christ I shall go in. God bless you all." And all his wanderings were ended. The prodigal was at rest.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 638.)

The Last Shilling—A Gift of Clothing—A Drunken Couple Reformed—A Gospel Dinner-Party—Removal to a New House—Gifts to Aid in Furnishing—Naming a Child—Suffering from Irritable Temper—Seven Months' Work—Silver Spoons Sold for Food—A Legacy—House to House Visitation.

March 7, 1834. To-day we have only one shilling left. Many times also in Bristol our purse has been either empty or nearly so, though we have not been brought quite so low as it regards *provisions*, as was sometimes the case at Teignmouth. This evening, when we came home from our work, we found a brother, our tailor, waiting for us, who brought a new suit of clothes both for Brother Craik and me, which a brother, whose name was not to be mentioned, had ordered for us.

March 10. Some time since, a brother who had been brought to the knowledge of the Lord through our instrumentality, having been previously guilty of habitual drunkenness and many other open sins, requested with tears our prayers on behalf of his wife, who, like himself formerly, was still given to drinking, and who grew worse and worse. About ten days after he had spoken to us it pleased God to begin a work of grace in her heart in answer to many prayers of her husband, and this evening she was added to us in fellowship

March 31. To-day the brethren and sisters in comunion at Bethesda dined together, having been invited by a sister; and in the evening the churches of Gideon and Bethesda took tea together. Both times were refreshing seasons. At dinner we were together from one till half past three, at tea from five to nine. Both times we prayed repeatedly, sang hymns, read a little of the Word, and several brethren spoke of the Lord's dealings with them.

April 14. Brother and sister Craik and ourselves have been living together hitherto; but now, as the Lord has given to them one child, and to us two, and there are but six rooms in our house, so that of late dear brother Craik and I have had repeatedly to go to another house to be uninterrupted, we came at last to the conclusion that it would be better for our souls and the Lord's work that we should separate.

April 15. To-day I received from several sisters £25 towards furnishing a house.

April 26. We have repeatedly conversed about the name which we should give to our babe; but, being unsettled about it, and considering that *in all our ways* we ought to acknowledge the Lord, I gave myself to-day to prayer concerning this matter; and the name Elijah, about which I had never thought, was particularly, whilst praying, impressed on my mind, and therefore we intend to name the child Elijah, i. e., my God is Jah, Jehovah. May the Lord in mercy grant Elijah's spirit and Elijah's blessing to our little one!

May 4. To-day £15 more was given to me towards furnishing a house. Thus the Lord has now graciously supplied our need in this particular also. May 13. To-day £2 more was given to us towards furnishing the house, and also some carpet. May 15. To-day we moved into our new house, having lived nearly two years with brother and sister Craik.

June 8. Lord's Day. I obtained no text yesterday, notwithstanding repeated prayer and reading of the Word. This morning I awoke with these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee." As soon as I had dressed myself I turned to II Cor. 12, to consider this passage; but in doing so, after prayer, I was led to think that I had not been directed to this portion for the sake of speaking on it, as I at first thought, and I therefore followed my usual practice in such cases, i. e., to read in the Scriptures where I left off last evening. In doing so, when I came to Heb. 11: 13-16, I felt this was the text. Having prayed, I was confirmed in it, and in a few minutes the Lord was pleased to open this passage to me. I preached on it with great enjoyment, both at Gideon and Bethesda, particularly in the evening at Bethesda. This help was evidently

from God. May He fill my heart with gratitude, and encourage me by this, to trust in Him for the future! I now understand why those words, "My grace is sufficient for thee," were brought to my mind when I awoke this morning. [It pleased God, as I have heard since, greatly to bless what I said on that passage, and at least one soul was brought to the Lord.]

June 25. These last three days I have had very little real communion with God, and have therefore been very weak spiritually, and have several times felt irritability of temper. May God in mercy help me to have more secret prayer! Let none expect to have the mastery over his inward corruption in any degree, without going in his weakness again and again to the Lord for strength. Nor will prayer with others, or conversing with the brethren, make up for secret prayer; for I had been engaged in both repeatedly, during the three previous days, as my journal shows.

June 26. I was enabled, by the grace of God, to rise early, and I had nearly two hours in prayer before breakfast. I feel now this morning more comfortable, May God in mercy help me to walk before Him this day, and to do His work; and may He keep me from all evil!

July 5. The Lord very mercifully kept us today from a great calamity, the apron of our Christian servant having caught fire; but the fire was extinguished, and she was kept from being burned!

July 11. I have prayed much about a master for a boy's school, to be established in connection with our Institution. Eight have applied for the situation, but none seemed to be suitable. Now at last the Lord has given us a brother, who will commence the work. The Lord allowed us to call upon Him many times before He answered, but at last He granted our request.

July 13. To-day we finished reading through the Scriptures, at *family prayer*, the second time since we came to Bristol, which is a little more than two years. I mention this circumstance to show how often we may read through the whole of the Scriptures, though we should read but a very little every day, if we go regularly and steadily onward.

August 18. To-day brother Craik and I engaged a sister to be governess of another girls' school, which we intend to establish in dependence upon the Lord for supplies.

August 24. I had prayed repeatedly, and had read ten chapters of the Word to get a text, but obtained none, and had to go this evening to the chapel without knowing on what portion of His Holy Word the Lord would have me to speak. At the commencement of the meeting I was directed to Lament. 3: 22-26, on which I spoke with much assistance and enjoyment.

September 18. A brother, a tailor, was sent to measure me for new clothes. My clothes are again getting old, and it is therefore very kind of the Lord to provide thus.

October 9. Our little Institution, established in dependence upon the Lord, and supplied by Him with means, has now been seven months in operation, and through it have been benefited with instruction:—1. In the Sunday-school, about 129 children. 2. In the adult school, about 40 adults. 3. In the two day schools for boys and the two day schools for girls, 209 children, of whom 51 have been entirely free; the others pay about one-third of the expense. There have been also circulated 482 Bibles, and 520 New Testaments. Lastly, £57 has been spent to aid missionary exertions. The means which the Lord has sent us, as the fruit of many prayers, during these months, amount to £167.

October 28. This afternoon brother Craik and I took tea with seven brothers and sisters, whom the Lord has brought to a knowledge of Himself through our instrumentality, within the last two years, all but one belonging to the same family. We heard there a most affecting account of a poor little orphan boy, who for some time attended one of our schools, and who seems there, as far as we can judge, to have been brought to a real concern about his soul, and who some time ago was taken to the poorhouse some miles out of Bristol. He has expressed great sorrow that he can no longer attend our school and ministry. May this, if it be the Lord's will, lead me to do something also for the supply of the *temporal* wants of poor children, the pressure of which has occasioned this poor boy to be taken away from our school!

November 1. To-day, our means being completely gone, we had them supplied in the following manner: Some time since some silver spoons were given to us, which we never used, from the consideration that for servants of Christ it was better, for the sake of example, to use cheaper ones, and for that reason we had sold our plate at Teignmouth. Yet up to this day these spoons remained unsold. But now, as we wanted money, we disposed of them, considering that the kind giver would not be displeased at our doing so to supply our need.

November 4. I spent the greater part of the morning in reading the Word and in prayer, and asked also for our daily bread, for we had scarcely any money left. We obtained to-day two large school-rooms which we much needed. Thus the Lord graciously helps us concerning the Institution, and gives us faith to go forward in the work, enlarging the field more and more (though we have but little money), yet so that we do not contract debts.

November 5. I spent almost the whole of the day in prayer and reading the Word. I prayed also again for the supply of our own temporal wants, but the Lord has not as yet appeared. Still my eyes are up to Him.

November 8. Saturday. The Lord had graciously again supplied our temporal wants during this week, though at the commencement of it we had but little left. I have prayed much this week for money, more than any other week, as far as I can remember, since we have been in Bristol. The Lord has not answered our prayers by causing means to be sent in the way of a *gift*, but has supplied us through our selling what we did not need, or by our being paid what had for some time been owing to us.

December 10. To-day we found that a departed brother had left both to brother Craik and me £12. December 31, 1834.—I. Since brother Craik and I have been laboring in Bristol, 227 brethren and sisters have been added to us in fellowship. We found 68 believers in the church at Gideon, so that now the whole number would be 295, had there been no changes, but it is only 257; for twelve have fallen asleep; six have left Bristol; twelve have left the churches during the two years and six months, but are still in Bristol; eight are under church discipline, respecting some of whom, however, we hope that they may be soon restored to communion. Of those 257, there belong 125 to Bethesda Church, and 132 to Gideon Church. Out of the 227 who have been added to us, 103 have been converted through our instrumentality, and many have been brought into the liberty of the Gospel, or reclaimed from backsliding. Forty-seven young converts are at Gideon, and fifty-six at Bethesda. Considering that some have fallen asleep who never were in communion with us, and yet converted through our instrumentality; and that some are united to other churches in and out Bristol; and that many are now standing as candidates for fellowship, of those who have been given to us in this city, as seals of our ministry, the number added may be only one half or two-thirds of the real number. May the Lord fill our hearts with gratitude for having thus condescended to use us. II. The income which the Lord has given to me during this year is £228 money, and about £60 in furniture, provisions and clothing.

January 1, 1835. We had last evening an especial prayer-meeting of the two churches, and any other persons that chose to attend, for the sake of praising the Lord for all His many mercies which we have received during the past year, and to ask Him to continue to us His favor during this year also. It was open to any of the brethren to pray, as they felt disposed, and eighteen did so, as I afterwards reckoned. We continued in prayer and praise, mixed with singing, reading the Word, and exhortation for six hours.

January 13. From ten till one in the first part of the day, and from six to half past eight this evening, I visited from house to house, the people living in Orange Street, and saw in this way the families living in nine houses, to ascertain whether any individual wanted Bibles, whether they could read, whether they wished their children to be put to our day-schools or Sunday-schools, with the view of helping them accordingly. This afforded opportunities to converse with them about their souls. In this way I sold eight Bibles and two Testaments at reduced prices, and gave away one Testament; engaged one woman as an adult scholar, one boy as a day scholar; and spoke to thirty people about their souls.

January 15. This morning, from ten to one, I went again from house to house in Orange Street. I visited nine houses, sold a Bible and Testament at reduced prices, and engaged a few children for the schools, and conversed with fifteen persons about their souls. I should greatly delight in being frequently engaged in such work, for it is a most important one; but our hands are so full of other work that we can do but little in this way.

(*To be Continued.*)

THREE MIRACLES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 23, Matt. 9: 18–31. Memory Text, Matt. 9: 29.

Ver. 18. The Ruler's Pathetic Appeal—His Daughter Dying, not Dead, see Mark 5: 23, and Luke 8: 42—Ver. 19. The Way Jesus Responds to an Appeal—Ver. 20 and 21. The Woman's Faith, Timid but Strong—The Only Unconscious Miracle Recorded in Christ's Life—Contact Necessary to Spiritual Healing—Ver. 22. Faith that Saves——Ver. 23. The Professional Mourners Hired as Usual—Ver. 24. Transient Death not Natural Sleep or Swoon—The Laughter a Proof that it was Really Death—Ver. 25 and 26. Christ's Characteristic Shrinking from Notoriety—Witnesses not Necessary to Prove the Miracle—Those who had Seen her Dead would See her Living—Ver. 27. The Blind Men Hailing the Expected Messiah—Warrant for the Appeal, Ps. 72: 12, 13—Ver. 28. Faith the Indispensable and Only Condition—Ver. 29 and 39. The Gauge of all Blessing—Ver. 31. An Example for Converts.

WHILE the Pharisees were not honest nor frank enough to ask their questions of Jesus Himself, the disciples of John, who *were* honest inquirers, came direct to Him with a question about fasting, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not?" The answer of Jesus gives a clue to the whole subject of fasting: "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." The Jews fasted for strife and debate (Isa. 58: 50), the disciples of John fasted in the spirit of repentance; but when the heart is satisfied with Jesus the thought of fasting does not occur. It is when a soul or a congregation is sensible of the want of God, of His power, of His presence, that it becomes almost an instinct to get down low before God, and fast and pray, that He may reveal to us the things which hinder His working, and may work with power unhindered by the unfaithfulness of His people. But neither fasting nor prayer can be joined on to an old, unrenewed life of sin as a kind of make-weight against the past; Jesus says it is like putting a new piece on an old garment, or new wine into old "wine-skins." (R. V.)

It was while Jesus was thus occupied in showing the extreme difference between the old life and the new, between nature and grace, between the thoughts of man and the thoughts of God, that a certain ruler came and worshipped Him, saying, "My daughter is even now dead, or at the point of death (Mark 5: 23), but come and lay

Thy hand upon her, and she shall live." It was not often that people of position sought out Jesus; it is not often so now. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him" (James 2: 5)? "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called" (1 Cor. 1 : 26). But sometimes dire necessity drives a rich man, or one in high position, to seek God—he can find help nowhere else. Jairus was a father, with a father's heart; he saw life slowly ebbing out in his precious and beloved child; doctors and nurses had done their best, but the eye was becoming glassy, the mouth black, the chill of death had set in; what was to be done? Jesus of Nazareth healed "all manner of sickness and all manner of disease;" would death itself be subject to Him? The father, in desperation, rushes into His presence, urges his plea and puts forth faith. "Come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live."

But the child was not yet dead, and the ruler's faith must stand a stronger test, "Jesus arose and followed him, and so did His disciples."

An Unexpected Hindrance

arose. A woman, with a wasting, incurable disease, which, according to the law, made her unclean, and forbade her appearance in public, came behind Jesus, and "touched the hem of His garment:" for she said within herself, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole." Hers, too, was a desperate case. Possessed of a little fortune, she had spent it all upon physicians. Had it been in our day, and in our country, she would doubtless have undergone several painful operations. But it was the same story we have heard from so many—she was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse (Mark 5 : 26). Could not God have healed her through earthly physicians? Of course He could; but that was not the way of Healing which His Word had taught. "*I am* the Lord, thy Physician," or "*I am* the Lord that healeth thee," He said (Ex. 15 : 26). His object was, as it was with Naaman, to bring the sick one in contact with Himself, and to teach her to know Him, whom to know is life eternal (John 17 : 3). Like the ruler, necessity had driven her to Jesus: she looked no more on her symptoms, but gave all her thoughts to take in what Jesus was. She had heard of Him as the Healer, and not one case of failure had been reported. He had healed men of whatever disease they had. She measured Him by this report, and perhaps, also, she had seen some of those who were healed. Now she heard His words, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," and she had perhaps applied to her bodily condition the words He had spoken about the new piece on an old garment; and the sum of her consideration amounted to this: "If I may but touch His garment I shall be whole." She and the ruler, quite independently one of the other, had come to the same conclusion about Jesus: He *can*, He *will* heal.

All blessing for soul and body hinges on this:

The Opinion We Form of Jesus.

"What think ye of Christ?" is His own question, which we may all take home to our hearts. Lost souls, what think ye of Him who bore your sins? Is He worth trusting with your soul's salvation? Struggling believers, what think ye of Him who was tempted in all points like as you are, and, therefore, is able "to succor them that are tempted"? Can you trust Him to fight your battles? Will you yield yourselves, your wills, your all, including all your temptations, to Him? Ye sick ones, whose very life is a burden, and who have failed so long to obtain earthly help, what think ye of Him? *Can* He who raised the dead heal you? *Will* He who healed all that were sick, refuse to heal you, if you trust Him as they did? The woman thought herself to be unseen; but He, to whom "the darkness and light are both alike" (Ps. 139 : 12), who searcheth the hearts of the children of men (1 Chron. 28 : 9), felt that virtue had gone out of Him. He turned Him round in the crowd and said, "Who touched my garments" (Mark 5 : 30, R.V.)? The disciples thought it utterly unreasonable of Jesus to ask such a question. All round the people thronged Him; how discern one touch from another? *Jesus* knew how. There was in

The Touch of Faith

an attraction for Him which filled Him with wondrous joy; it gave Him the opportunity to bless. This He is always longing for. The woman had not only touched Jesus, but He, without moving hand or foot, had touched her, too, by His divine power, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." And all went on in silence, none knowing of the transaction till the question of Jesus called forth the woman's testimony. She, "fearing and trembling (not for fear of Jesus, but of the multitude), knowing what was done to her, came and fell down before Him, and told Him all the truth" He said to her, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole" (or "saved thee"). These words Jesus used as much for the healing of the body as the salvation of the soul (comp. Luke 7 : 50; 17 : 19; 18 : 42).

But how about the ruler and his dying daughter? No doubt this long delay must have been a sore trial of faith to him, the very trial which Jesus saw he needed. In the economy of Christ it was not the poor woman who was to wait for the ruler's daughter, but the ruler and his daughter who must wait for the poor woman. No doubt the poor woman's twelve years of suffering, with her continual disappointment from the use of means, and the deep trial of seeing all her little money go, and no prospect of being able to maintain herself—all this must have been an exercise of patience such as the ruler knew nothing about. Besides, the ruler had influence in the synagogue, and it was necessary that his faith should be called out in a higher degree than hers. The delay was almost at an end when messengers arrived from his house to tell him that all was over. But before there was time for the bitter cry, which might have been his first utterance, "Lord, if thou hadst let that woman wait, there might yet have been hope for my child," Jesus had a word for him, "Fear not, believe only." The messengers had said, "Why troublest thou the Master any further?" But the ruler had made a venture, and now the words of Jesus reassured him, and the presence of Jesus yet more, so that death itself did not make him despair.

Already the hired mourners were weeping and wailing; but there entered in among them the Prince of Life, He who is "the Resurrection and the Life," and these accompaniments of death must go. He said,

"Give Place,

the maid is not dead; but sleepeth." It was true; but Jesus was speaking a language which they knew not, the language of faith. To Him in whom was life, death is but a sleep, for He has power to wake the dead. "But they laughed Him to scorn." But He put them all forth, and entered into the chamber of death, accompanied only by the chosen three, and the father and mother of the maiden. Eternal life and human death met together in that chamber—which should prove the stronger? Jesus took the youthful corpse by the hand. Life touched death, and conquered. He said, "Damsel, *I* say unto thee, arise." It was the Voice which brought the world into being; it was the Hand "which upholdeth all things." Life prevailed. "Straightway the damsel arose and walked." The door of the chamber opened, and they who had laughed Jesus to scorn, saw the living child walk, "and they were astonished with a great astonishment" (Mark 5 : 41–42). If the parents had not *given place* to Jesus, would she have been raised? We think not. Many who seek for healing at the hand of Jesus, do not give place to Him; the accompaniments of sickness are still maintained, the healing is looked on as an uncertainty, and a provision is made in case the sickness should continue. O, let us give place to Jesus for His work in soul and body.

"Jesus departed thence," but work was waiting for Him; two blind men followed Him, crying "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us!" In all the teachings of Jesus, we see a

Wonderful Diversity.

To the leper He proved His willingness, He drew out the faith of the centurion. He healed Peter's mother-in-law without a word. The paralytic was dealt with about his soul, and his sins were forgiven before he was healed. Jairus's faith and patience were tested to the utmost, and the woman who touched His garment was made to confess the blessing she had received Each case was different, but what wisdom, what love, what power in each! The case of the blind men was different again. They had never seen His miracles; blind as they were, they could not; they must take all they heard on trust. His question to them was, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" It was again, "What think ye of Christ?" It was not, "Believe ye that such a case as *yours* can be healed?" or, "Believe ye that *your* faith is strong enough?" It was nothing about themselves; they were to believe. He took their thoughts off and away from themselves to Him, "Believe ye this concerning *Me*, that I am able to do this thing?"

There was not a moment's hesitation. From the depths of hearts which had already weighed the matter and come to a conclusion they said, "Yea, Lord, "Then touched He their eyes, saying,

According to Your Faith,

be it unto you." But, practically, what does this amount to? Just to this: "According to your value for Jesus, according to the confidence you place in Him, be it unto you." We really measure all things by the way in which we measure God. If, when we are tempted, we see Him instantly as Satan's Conqueror, and trust Him as such, He keeps us from falling; if, when we are sick, instead of dwelling upon our sickness, we dwell upon our Healer, because we know His faithfulness in that relation, He does deliver us. Always, and in all circumstances, according to our faith, is it so unto us. Jesus would have had the blind men silent; the very fact of their walking in and out amongst those who had known them as blind men before, would have been a witness for Jesus more than any words could be. But human nature does like to *do* something, and so, thinking they knew better than Jesus, they "spread abroad His fame in all that country."

"Then they brought to Him a dumb man, possessed with a devil." A dumb spirit is no uncommon thing; you meet with it in the prayer-meetings, in the testimony meetings, in the Bible classes, but never in the public house, in the theatre, the music hall, the dram shop, the street corner, the social tea-table. Why is this? "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh (Matt. 12: 3–4). The world can have its own in all these resorts, but the heart unfilled with Jesus has nothing to say when He stands in the midst. When *Jesus* cast out the dumb spirit, the tongue was loosed.

Thus Jesus Lived,

thus He worked, dispensing blessings all around and at all times; He went about all the cities and villages, "teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people."

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WEARY, YET WAITING.

ROM. viii: 19, 23, 25.

I am weary, yet I would not
Flee away and be at rest,
Jesus loves me, and He could not
Fail to give me what is best.

I am weary night and morning
Of the world's incessant strife,
But I know the day is dawning
Of a bright immortal life.

I can wait a little longer,
For His will is very dear;
And in waiting I grow stronger,
For I feel the day is near.

Not a moment will He keep me
When the harvest-time is come,
Angel messengers will reap me,
And shall take the harvest home.

Where He is—so hath He taught me—
I shall be when I can bear
All the weight of glory brought me,
By His intercession there.

Welcome then be every dealing,
That is helping to the end;
Though the discipline I'm feeling,
I can hail it as a friend.

—*Selected.*

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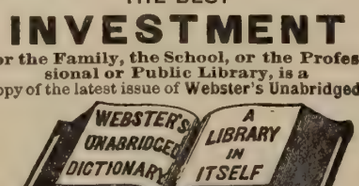

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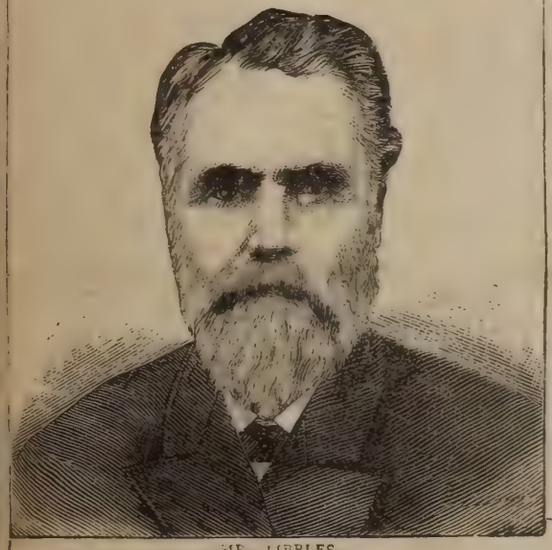

MR. TIBBLES.

"BRIGHT EYES."

MR. T. H. TIBBLES, the Champion of the Poncas—MRS. TIBBLES (Bright Eyes)—A Group of the Ponca Tribe.

MR. T. H. TIBBLES AND THE PONCAS.

As public attention has again been drawn strongly to the Indian question by the recent Lake Mohonk Conference, the portraits and picture on the first page of this issue will be welcome to the readers of this journal. The story of the Poncas is an old story now, but it is one that must never be forgotten. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD did not conceal its indignation at the time the outrage was perpetrated, and though the frank confession and apology of Mr. Hayes and Mr. Schurz disarmed further attack upon them, the facts live in history, telling their own story, and teaching a lesson that should ever be kept in mind. If the Christian people of the United States wish to keep their hands free from the stain of Indian blood, they must watch every government closely. Public opinion brought the Hayes administration to the bar, and made it plead guilty. Similar vigilance may present future administrations from committing similar crimes, which will be much better than administering punishment after the crimes have been committed.

Mr. W. H. Tibbles, the brave Omaha lawyer and editor, whose portrait appears on the first page, was the man who had the intrepidity to beard Secretary Schurz in his office, and to denounce Whitney and Kemble, even though he was arrested and threatened with death. Taking up the cause of the wronged people, he appealed to public opinion and raised a storm, before which the Hayes administration quailed, and finally forced them to a limited restitution. "Bright Eyes," whose portrait accompanies his is the Omaha woman who went with him in his campaign on behalf of her relatives, the Poncas, and who is now Mr. Tibbles' wife. Beneath the portraits is a picture of

A Group of Poncas,

whose names were very familiar to us in those days of 1879. They are portraits taken from photographs. Beginning with the upper left-hand side, they stand in the following order: "Big Snake," Esau, a Pawnee interpreter; "White Eagle," formerly the Head Chief; Le Clair, a Sioux interpreter; and on the extreme right hand, "Little Chief." Commencing again with the left-hand side of the engraving, the lower portion represents two sub-chiefs sitting side by side, and a third sub-chief in a recumbent attitude; then "Standing Bear," "Standing Buffalo," "White Swan," the present Head Chief of the tribe, and "Smoke Maker."

A Life of Danger.

Mr. Tibbles is now forty-seven years of age. He has spent all his life in the far West, taking a prominent part in the questions which have agitated the country during the last eventful thirty years. He was active as a youth in the terrible scenes in Kansas, and was more than once within a step of death. He still bears on his hand a scar which was made by a bayonet, which he grasped to turn aside the muzzle of a rifle, out of which came a bullet that grazed his head. He fought all through the war on the Union side, and after it was past settled down in western Missouri, as reporter on a local journal. Soon afterward, to the surprise of all who knew his wild desperate character,

He Was Converted

by the blessing of God, on a sermon from a pioneer preacher, and at once began to preach himself. True to his natural disposition, he accepted service of danger. Casually attending a conference of ministers as a newspaper reporter, he heard the presiding Bishop announce that, in a strip of country lying on the banks of the Missouri, 300 miles long and 50 miles wide, there were no religious services and not a minister, and that the last one sent there had been first tarred and feathered, and then thrown into the river, and that no man could be induced to go there. He at once volunteered to go and hold Gospel services over the whole region, and was accepted. Purchasing a large tent, a camping-out "outfit," and buckling on his revolvers, he started on his perilous expedition. For three years he wandered over that country, preaching to the people, and defending himself against the desperadoes, who often attacked him, and organized a great many churches, which still exist and flourish. He went among the Indian tribes in the course of his expedition, and there heard stories of their wrongs, which prepared him for the effort that has occupied the last ten years of his life. On his return he again applied himself to journalism in Omaha City, and to the reading of law. He was so occupied when

The Ponca Fugitives,

pursued by the United States troops, arrived in Omaha. He visited them and heard their story. They convinced him that the lands they held in Dakota were secured to them by treaty; yet, in spite of that, the government had given the lands to the Sioux, and had ordered the Poncas to move out, to make room for them. At that time (1877) the Poncas had five hundred acres under cultivation, had built one hundred and fifty houses, and were living quietly on their farms, when they were visited by the Inspector, and told that they must remove to the Indian Territory, where the President would give them other lands and pay them for those they were to leave, and that if they did not like the new lands they should be allowed to communicate directly with him. After great persuasion, ten chiefs of the tribe were induced to make

The Journey of One Thousand Miles

to the Indian Territory. They found the lands sterile and the water bad, and they declined to remain. Every effort, short of imprisonment, was made to prevent their escape. They were refused money, and the services of the interpreter, whom they had themselves paid. It was midwinter when Standing Bear and a few others started to return to their homes; they travelled on foot, subsisted on dried corn which they found in the fields, and slept under hay-stacks, or such cover as they could find. After a journey of fifty days they reached the Otoe Reservation, and when they entered the agent's room they left *the prints of their feet in blood upon the floor.* Meanwhile the Inspector had telegraphed that the chiefs had run away, and requested that no aid should be afforded them. The friendly Otoes, notwithstanding, received them kindly, and furnished each one with a pony, and after a journey of four days more, they reached their homes, where the Inspector—*who did not walk*—had already arrived.

The troops were called in, whatever could be moved was packed in wagons, and although they preferred to die rather than to go, they and the rest of their tribe were hurried off.

One Hundred and Fifty-seven Died

on the way, and after all the horses and cattle were dead, Standing Bear and thirty of his people—men, women and children—escaped. After a journey of three months, they reached the Omaha Reservation, weak, sick and starved. The Omahas gave them land, and they were hastening to plant and plough it, when they were again arrested, to be driven back to the Indian Territory by military force. They had reached Omaha City, on their way, when Mr. Tibbles, by a happy inspiration, applied to Judge Dundy for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted, and they were set free.

Mr. Tibbles was arrested for his share in the work, but no sooner was he released, than, taking Standing Bear and Bright Eyes with him, he went to Boston, New York and other great cities, and told the story to the people. Kemble, Whitney and the other parties to the wrong were held up to public scorn, and eventually Mr. Tibbles had the satisfaction of seeing a congressional committee appointed to investigate the outrage, and some measure of redress granted. Since then, having married Bright Eyes, he has devoted himself to the task of elevating and civilizing the Indians, and has now gone to Europe with his wife to enlist public sympathy and obtain some pecuniary help for the work.

Volume IX. of the Christian Herald, Containing the numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes, of 1884, and 1885 are also for sale.

BRIGHT EYES.

IN-SHTA-THE-AM-BA, or Bright Eyes, is the daughter of a chief of the Omahas, who are related to the Poncas. She is a young woman of medium height, slight figure, with pleasing manner and graceful bearing. She speaks perfect English, and her voice is gentle and well modulated. When speaking of the expulsion of the Poncas from their reservation, she said that it seemed to her like a repetition of Longfellow's story of Acadia and Evangeline. The Indians visited Mr. Longfellow while they were in Boston. When the poet saw Bright Eyes he grasped her by the hand, exclaiming,

"This is Minnehaha!"

She speaks perfect English, though her education was obtained in two years in a New Jersey school. When she rose to speak before a Boston audience, which filled the Music Hall to suffocation, her simplicity and pathos won all hearts. She said: "I have come to you to appeal for your sympathy and help for my people. They are immortal beings, for whom Christ died. They asked me to appeal to the churches, because they have heard that God's people are there, and to the judges, because they can right all wrong. The people who were once owners of this soil ask you for their liberty, 'and law is liberty.' For the past one hundred years the Indians have had no one to tell the story of their wrongs. If a white man does an injury to an Indian the injured party has to suffer in silence, or, if too much exasperated, to seek revenge. Then the act of vengeance has been spread abroad through the newspapers as a senseless act. It is because I know that a majority of the people of the United States do not know of the cruelties and injustice of the Indian Ring that I have the courage to appeal to them in behalf of a conquered and helpless people. I do not know that I have the right to say a conquered people. We are helpless, it is true, but we do not feel that we are conquered."

A Glimpse of Indian Life.

"Perhaps you will understand me better if I give you a little glimpse of my own life, as I lived with my people before we came in contact with the whites. When I was a little girl I had a nurse, whose sole business was to take charge of me. I was very fond of her, and she used to carry me on her back a great deal. My father was chief, and as such he always had a great many people around him. He often had strangers from other tribes visiting him, and thus he had a great many young Indian men entrusted to his care by their parents to bring up to manhood, and my mother had young girls 'given' to her, as the Indians say, to be brought up too. There were scarcely ever less than forty to fifty at a meal in our house. My mother was a very busy woman, and everybody loved her. I used to be very proud of her, particularly when she was all dressed up, of course in her own costume. She can neither read nor speak the English language; but she is loving and gentle to all human beings, and at the same time, she is strong. But I never know when to stop when I commence to talk of my mother. My first remembrances in life are of the pleasures I used to have in

Our Buffalo Hunts.

In the spring, after the crop was put up in, the tribe started for the summer hunt, leaving in the village only the old men and families, who, for some reason, could not go. I cannot describe the delight of it all—the great boundless horizon, without a house or a human being in sight but ourselves; the riding on, day after day, as if the world were infinite. When I grew older the Presbyterians started a mission school on our reserve, and father decided to place me and my elder brother at school there, that we might learn to speak English. The next thing I can remember is my forlorn self sitting on a high chair, with my feet dangling in the air, crying as though my heart would break, because father and mother had left me all alone in a room with two strange white men, who were talking together in a strange language I could not under-

stand. Now and then we were allowed to go home for a holiday, and that was a pleasure, while going back would be terrible, for I would be so home-sick that it seemed to me that I should die. But that feeling wore off gradually as I came to understand the English language, and felt more at home with the missionaries. My dear old grandmother, who is still living, used to come often to see us, and bring us dried buffalo meat and pounded cherries, and such things as we could not get at the mission. During the first four years I was

At the Mission

we went home in the summer and joined the rest of the tribe on the hunt. At that time we had a missionary who identified himself so thoroughly with the tribe that he gained the confidence of a good many of the Indians, and they were willing to listen to what he said. He spoke to them through an interpreter. I remember the first religious meetings that were held in my father's house, and how some of the Indian men prayed for the first time in public, and the burden of their prayer was, 'God have pity upon us. You did not give us your Book, and we are ignorant. God have pity on us.' I looked on it all with interest and wonder, but I did not think of it in any way particularly concerning me.

"I remember one particular Saturday, about that time, when I was at home. My mother was busy sewing on some Indian fancy work, and

My Father

commenced to talk to me of his strong wish and desire that I should always try to do what was right, and that he wanted me to grow up to be good. Then he turned to mother, and spoke to her of something the missionary had told them out of the Bible. I had by this time learned to understand English, and I suddenly remembered the story of how Christ had been put to death on the cross that sinful men might be saved. It had been told us at the mission but a short time before, and I remembered it vividly as if it had all been new to me, and I told it to them as well as I knew how. My father is strict in his ideas of right and wrong, and stern in his sense of justice, and he had been in many battles with the Sioux, but I saw the tears come into his eyes while I was telling the story, and my mother cried also.

"Later on, my father and mother joined the church. I think what you call sudden conversions are rare among Indians. They think a good deal over any change they think of making. Some years after that my grandmother became a member of the church too. The Indians have secret societies and religious societies, and my grandmother belonged to some of these societies, and I remember that my grandmother broke all her connections with these societies when she became a church member. Some of these she had been a member of all her life. My sisters and I did not join the church until some years after father and mother had done so. There is more need of help for my people now than ever before. All the conditions around them are changing. The time has come when they must give way to a civilization that is

Pushing Them to the Wall.

The knowledge of the sympathy you feel for them for Christ's sake would be a stimulus to them, and it would bring Christ Himself a little nearer to them; and what if, as is sometimes affirmed, they should not appreciate what you do for them, has not God had infinite patience? Do you know that every time you attend a missionary meeting and do what you can to help, you are bringing the kingdom of heaven a little nearer? What a small event it must have seemed when a little Child was born in Bethlehem some eighteen hundred years ago, and yet to-day, in a land far away from His birth, centuries after His death, are each of you working for Him and living for Him. The force and power of the life lived by the little Child born in a manger is changing the whole world. The most powerful and enlightened nations on earth to-day are those which love and serve Him most."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Gold for a Dying Pillow.—Richard Weaver, in one of his addresses, said: "I have heard of a wealthy man who spent his whole life simply gathering gold. But his last moments came, and when one tried to speak to him of Christ he cried for his money to be brought in and put under his pillow. His wish was at once obeyed, but as his head tossed wearily on the bags of gold, it was evident that he was getting no satisfaction from them. Money is a hard pillow to die on. Jesus can make your death-bed easy."

The African Chief's Eulogium.—"A Missionary was traveling over a tract of land in Africa where Dr. Livingstone had been widely known and respected. He was well received by the various tribes, and once while speaking to an old chief he made some reference to Dr. Livingstone. 'What! did you know him?' exclaimed the surprised chief. 'Yes,' the missionary replied, 'I knew him.' Then the old native, turning round, waved his hand to a number of young men who where standing near, and exclaimed: 'Come, boys, see the friend of the good white man.' That was the name by which Dr. Livingstone was known among them. Do we all live that we are known as true servants of Christ?"

A Plate-layer on the Railway Said: "I did not know even the Lord's Prayer. I heard some one testify in the tent, and it seemed as if he were drawing my own character. When I first told my mates of my conversion they said I was mad. I said, 'Bless God! heaven will be my asylum. God made me instrumental in my wife's conversion. Any one stepping in at the time might have thought I was thrashing her, but hers was repentance and mine rejoicing. I have helped to remove men cut to pieces on the railway. If that should be my fate I have no fear of my hereafter. I thank God for the sake of my children, for opening my eyes while they are young."

The Eldest of a Family of Infidels.—A man at the Evangelistic mission conducted by Mr. Hurditch, said: "When I entered this place I had a face as long as a kite, but I can smile at you all now, for Christ has saved me. When I first entered here, the eldest of a family of infidels, I could scarcely spell out my A B C, and I know comparatively little now, but that my place is at His feet. I came to hear the three gipsy brothers. Mr. Hucklesby read Exodus 12: 22, 23, and it was blessed to my soul. Is it not worth living for my Master, to know He died for me and is now risen again and sits at the right hand of His and my Father! Who would not speak for Jesus? If He calls me to-night, I am willing to go."

A Young Scotchman's Surrender.—A young man who had come from Scotland only three months before, and was very anxious about his soul's welfare, came to several of the meetings, but for some time would not decide for Christ. The last Sunday of the mission he was there, and one of the workers spent a long time with him. On a sudden, he asked, "Is there any one in the vestry?" On receiving a negative reply, he said, "Then let me go in." Three of us went in, and directly the door was closed he threw himself down on his knees, crying out, "O God, I yield, I yield!" After remaining there for some time, he rose, with eyes full of tears, thanking God for saving him. He turned up at every succeeding meeting until the close of the services, and there is great promise of usefulness in his case.

Mother's Bible in the Bunk.—Mr. Morrison, a retired sea-captain, observes: "On one occasion, after having been almost lost overboard, I lay in my bunk on the sick list. As a man who had been just snatched from the jaws of death, I was naturally an object of some interest to the passengers. Among many others who came to see me was a minister. My soul was hungering after Christ, but he never mentioned Him. He came to see me simply from curiosity. There were five Roman Catholic priests on board; they also came to see me, and talked with me about my soul, but as soon as they heard that I was a Protestant they stopped their visits. But I had my mother's Bible, and to it I went for comfort. I remember reading it one night by the light of the steamer's lamp, when one of our crew came along, and, seeing what I was doing, he cried out, 'Just look at Jack, he is reading the Bible; he has gone wrong in the mind since he fell overboard.' But, thank God, I have been wrong in the mind ever since, and I intend to remain so. I knew that I ought to pray to God, but I was afraid to do so before all the sailors. When I first knelt down there was not a single word spoken, all was hushed; but they meant to be revenged afterwards by jeering at me and calling me 'Holy Joe,' 'The Parson,' and 'The Methodist.' But it did not matter. I was so very happy that every one noticed it, and came to look at the young sailor who was wrong in his mind."

Sought and Found—A Young Man was Strolling along the road one Sunday evening, with no particular object in view, but seeing the announcement of the meetings, thought he would turn in and see what was going on. The Lord had already dealt with him in convicting power, but he had striven to banish such thoughts from his mind. That night the Word of God laid hold on him in a mighty manner. He bent his head in the seat and sobbed bitterly—an unseen but felt power broke him down, and made him feel as he had never done before. One of the workers dealt with him for a considerable time, and at last light dawned upon him, and he yielded to God, with the result that his hitherto darkened soul was filled with light, and joy took the place of misery. As he pressed our hands on leaving, he said with a voice choking from emotion, "Thank God for sending me in here to-night."

In Charge of "a Bundle of Rags."—Mr. Scroggie related: "As I was going home from a Gospel meeting in Greenock one night, I saw a little girl standing in the dark, apparently doing nothing. It was somewhat late, and I wondered what a little child could want standing there. When I got nearer I noticed that her face was stained with weeping, and going up to her I asked what kept her there. She was looking down, at what seemed to me a bundle of rags, and I said, 'You are not in charge of that?' 'Yes,' said the sorrowful little maiden, 'that is father, and I cannot go home without him.' Her faithfulness to her drunken parent touched my heart. I procured the services of a friendly policeman, and we two, led by his child, took him home. Are there not too many drunken fathers and mothers who are ruining themselves, body and soul, for the sake of their debasing indulgence in strong drink? And not only themselves, but are exposing their families to temptations from which the father should shield them!"

What Ned the Miner Heard.—Mr. Miller remarked: "Some years ago I knew a man called Ned. Going home one night he went to bed, and, as usual, put his watch under his pillow. This night he could not sleep for the ticking of his watch, which seemed to keep repeating these words, 'Condemned already.' He took it out and looked at it, but could see nothing unusual about it, and putting it back again, tried to obtain sleep, but that night sleep fled from his pillow. Next morning he went to his work, down into the pit, but every stroke of the pick and every scratch of the spade seemed to say, 'Condemned already.' Every sound seemed to repeat the same thing. He had been to a meeting of Mr. Scroggie's, and his text had been these words, and since then they had been ever in his ears. He determined to find the meaning of that passage. He got it explained, and then saw that he had broken God's laws, had been found guilty before Him, and was condemned already. Then he sought mercy and found Jesus. God broke the fetters of sin and set the captive free. Ned has been living for years, basking in the smile of the Lord Jesus."

FORBIDDEN HONEY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, October 16, 1887.

"I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die." I. Sam. 14: 43.

The Wonders of the Bee—An Architect—Honey Plentiful in Palestine—Jonathan's Awful Mistake—Forbidden Honey a Fruitful Cause of Ruin—I. The Honey of Corrupt Literature—Its Awful Results—All Honey not Forbidden—One Book may Decide Everything—II. The Honey of Stimulating Liquids—An All Consuming Passion—The Beginning and the End—The Only Cure—Ominous Names—"Old Crow"—III. The Honey of Gambling—The Inventor of the Sandwich—Is it Right to Play Cards—A Game of Rattlesnakes—The Wall Street Variety—A Boy's Death on the Swiss Mountains.

THE honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, a geometer, drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter, robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, a wondrous creature of God, whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristaeus, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and St. John, used the delicacies of the bee-manufacture as

A Bible Symbol,

A miracle of formation is the bee: five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protecting hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. *The honey-comb is a palace* such as no one but God could plan, and the honey bee construct; its cells sometimes a dormitory, and sometimes a storehouse, and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antennae, which are to them hammer, and chisel, and square, and plumb-line, fashion them for use. Two and two, these workers shape the wall. If an accident happen they put up buttresses or extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect, before unknown, in the night time attacked the bee-hives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader, that was the terror of the bee-hives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection, and built before their honeycombs an especial wall of wax with porthole through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx Atropos.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is

Divinely Directed?

The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees; and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree, and cling to each other and hold on until a committee of two or three have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far off from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony, aud ply their aromatic industries, and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee and part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Beth-aven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed they were accursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy.

A Great Honey Manufactory:

Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not, save Jonathan, and, he not knowing the military order about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid and as, yellow, and brown, and tempting, it glowed on the end of the stick, he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention, he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been *damaged by forbidden honey*, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive!

Corrupt Literature.

Literature, fascinating, but deathful, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now, there are one hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boy on the cars comes through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are depleting and injurious. All the way from New York to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this *scum of the publishing house*. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue, or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The bookbinding may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan dipped up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment, or at the close of a misimproved life-time: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die."

Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at post-office windows, clandestine meetings in parks and at ferry gates and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries are among

The Damnable Results.

When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel, she is in appalling peril. But some one will say: "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the persons so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so enrapturing, I cannot quit them." My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify, and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. *The devil does not own all the honey*. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent men or women, and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short, and your time for improvement so abbreviated, that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders, and debris.

In the intervals of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home, and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes, here or there in every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing, or read that which bedwarfs. See all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honeycombs that have in them the fiery bees, which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it?

One Book May Decide Everything

for you or me, for this world or the next. I was a turning point with me when in Wynkoop's bookstore, Syracuse, one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and what a heaven I went through in reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and his "Stones of Venice," it is impossible for me to describe, except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immoral books that will last me while my immortal soul lasts. All around the church and the world to-day there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses, from whose pens drips a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven and why will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the deathful saccharine of perdition?

Stimulating Liquids

also come into the category of temptations, delicious but deathful. You say: "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the same reason that you reject certain styles of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic, and they take it to aid digestion, or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to produce sleep, or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious, or they feel good, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep, sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza, and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is

An All-Consuming Passion

of body, mind and soul, and after a while have it they will, though one wine glass of it should cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves and all their families and the whole human race. They would say: "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and my family, and all the world's population so very much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most rapturous thing that ever thrilled mortal or immortal."

To Cure the Habit

before it comes to its last stages, various plans were tried in olden times. This plan was recommended in the books: When a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup of glass of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day, that displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less, until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass, and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not; but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man, that he quit forever, and I could count a score of them here to-day, some of them pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the

Ominous Names

given to the intoxicants, and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed for instance that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and

his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "*Old Crow*," mightily suggestive of a carcass, and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without numbers slain of rum, but unburied, and this evil is pecking at their glazed eyes and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow!"

But alas, how many take no warning. They make me think of Cæsar on his way to assassination, fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical and mental and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste, and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods of Beth-aven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations, delicious but destructive. I have crossed the ocean eight times, and always one of the best rooms, has from morning till late at night, been given up to

Gambling Practices.

I heard of many men who went on board with enough money for European excursion, who landed without enough money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed the hunger for food is often over powered with the hunger for wagers, as in the case of Lord Sandwich, a persistent gambler, who not being willing to leave the dice table long enough for the taking of food, invented a preparation of food that he could take without stopping the game; namely, a slice of beef between two slices of bread, which was named after Lord Sandwich.

It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightingly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon the historian, and Charles Fox the statesman; and in olden times famous senators of the United states, who used to be as regularly at the gambling-house all night, as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a lady's parlor, and ended with the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that Satan was playing for their bones at the same time, and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. The last New York legislature sanctioned the mighty evil last spring, by passing a law for its defense at the race tracks, and many young men in these cities lost all their wages at Coney Island this summer, and this fall are borrowing from the money tills of their employers, or arranging by means of false entry, to adjust their demoralized finances. Every man who voted for the Ives' Pool Bill, has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me:

"Is it Right to Play Cards?

Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre, and other styles of game without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close said: "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are in my mind so associated with the temporal and eternal damnation of splendid young men, that I should no sooner say to my family, "Come let us have a game of cards," than I would go into a menagerie and say: "Come, let us have *a game of rattlesnakes*," or into a cemetery, and sitting down by a marble slab, say to the grave diggers: "Come, let us have a game of skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying to me while I speak: "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel if in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man shall say to you: "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1887, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business, and lost my morals and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

Stock Gambling

comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilirating to go into Wall Street, New York, or State Street, Boston, or Third Street, Philadelphia, and depositing a small sum of money, run the risk of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as to deal in coffee or sugar or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a little financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said to me in substance: "I have there the value of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." His home is to-day penniless. What was the matter? Wall Street. Of the vast majority who are victimized, you hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down, and whole columns of newspapers discuss their frand or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks, five hundred unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down, and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or bread-stuffs, or dice or race-track betting. Exhiliration at the start, and a raving brain and a shattered nervous system and a sacrificed property, and a destroyed soul at the last.

Young man, buy no lottery tickets; purchase no prize packages; bet on no baseball games or yacht racing,

Have no Faith in Luck;

answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment; shoo away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But further on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable. The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lip, but that which God puts on the banqueting table of Mercy, at which we are all invited to sit.

I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending

A Dangerous Place

with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get that beautiful flower," and the guides rushed toward him to pull him back, when they heard him say, "I almost have it," as he fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers off the edge of a precipice when you may walk knee deep amid the full blooms of the very Paradise of God? When a man may sit at a king's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the gristle and bones of a hound's kennel?

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drinking of which, would make men live forever, and one sip of this honey from the Eternal Rock will give you immortal life with God. Come off the

Malarial Levels

of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace where the vineyards sun themselves. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious. Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired *Percy Shelley*, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it was a great sweetness to him to dishonor God. The poem "Queen Mab," has in it the maligning of the Deity. The infidel poet was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey Chapel that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat, he was coming toward shore when a squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore, through a glass saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outrode the terror except one, that in which Shelley, the infidel poet, and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed upon the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the sea shore by some classic friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and he probably had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

COMAYAGUA.

(*See Illustration on page 668*).

One of the chief towns of the Republic of Honduras is Comayagua. It was formerly the capital; but the seat of government has now been removed to Teyucigalpa. It still gives its name, however, to one of the seven districts or provinces into which Honduras is divided. Its population is about 10,000, of which the majority are Indians and half-breeds. Many inducements have been held out for emigrants to settle there, but hitherto with but small success. In addition to the unhealthiness of the climate, there have been so many revolutions since Honduras became an independent state, that men of capital and enterprise have avoided it as a place lacking the security essential to successful business undertakings. As late as July of last year there was a rising, accompanied by an invasion in the interest of Ex-President Soto, in opposition to President Bogran. Soto did not give it his endorsement, and Bogran succeeded in suppressing it, but it gave confirmation to the impression that political convulsions were chronic in that country. With a strong and stable government, Honduras might become a prosperous State. The soil is rich in minerals and wonderfully fertile.

The religious condition of the people is deplorable. The Moravians have labored there with the patience and perseverance for which they are remarkable, but beyond their limited sphere the people are either pagans or converts to Roman Catholicism, and these latter are more immoral than the former, and are quite ignorant of the truths of the gospel. We can but hope that the hope cherished by Bishop Riley, of Mexico, may yet be fulfilled, and converts from Mexico go throughout Central America proclaiming the pure gospel.

Subscriptions in aid of the Church of Jesus, in Mexico, its pastors, evangelists, churches and orphanages, will be thankfully received by the Rt. Rev. H. C. Riley, 43 Bible House, New York.

A DECORATED EAGLE.

A TOURIST in the mountains of Nebraska states that he saw, during his recent visit, an eagle bearing aloft a small American flag which has a curious history. It was, he says, a most suggestive sight, that of the king bird soaring upward with the Stars and Stripes, the symbol of freedom, waving above his head. It would have so impressed any patriotic mind, yet the Christian, dearly as he loves the flag, might have been reminded by it, as it was borne across the sky, of that still truer emblem of freedom which the apostle John saw carried by angel's wings from the midst of heaven to those that dwell on earth (Rev. 14:6).

The tourist received the following explanation of the decorated bird: "A year or two ago a rancher saw a huge eagle flutter over his barnyard, interested in a fat turkey, and immediately secured his rifle. The first shot broke the eagle's wing, and in its crippled condition it circled around uttering screams of pain. The man was watching the result before firing again, when he discovered another eagle coming from a distance. It was evidently a mate of the first one. Like an arrow it flew to the rescue, and examining its wound and seeing its mate could not escape, it took hold of it by its claws, and though the weight evidently severely tried its strength, succeeded in flying with it to the mountain side, where it laid down the victim of the rancher's gun. During the next few weeks the men on the ranch noticed each day that the mate carried food to the wounded bird regularly, feeding it upon squirrels, rabbits, birds and mice. The rancher could have killed the two birds any day, but refrained on account of the affection displayed between them. He even went so far as to visit the wounded bird, and found that it was recovering. Thinking to render it safe from further molestation he procured a small silk flag, which he attached to a rod and secured by a leather collar around the eagle's neck. The bird regained its strength, and has worn the decoration to this day."

AN ERRING DAUGHTER'S RETURN.

As an illustration of the welcome awaiting sinners who repent and return to their Heavenly Father, the following incident is related by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., in his *Watchword*. "A gentleman who labors in the Gospel was once walking through the streets of one of our Northern cities, when he was arrested by the sight of a young woman evidently in great distress. 'What is it, my poor lass, that is the matter?' he said, in his kind, fatherly way, as he approached her, and for some time received no reply save sobs and tears. But seeing that it was real interest, and not mere curiosity, that led the kind stranger to speak as he did, the girl told him her mournful history; and as she did so, the vision of her home, of her childhood, of her mother's training, even to the well-known voice and loving eye, passed before her despairing mind. Having heard the wanderer's story, the stranger said, 'Well lassie, will you go home? I will pay your railway fare—see, here it is.'

"With intense earnestness, the girl replied, 'I long to be at home, but I dare not go back; what would my mother say to me?'

"'But would you go if I were to take you home?' asked her benefactor; and immediately every difficulty was overcome, and the girl at once consented. On reaching the village, the stranger bade his charge wait, while he went to the mother to discover whether she would receive her child. Oh, how anxiously did the daughter long to hear the welcome!

"The woman who opened the cottage door supposed the stranger to be a city missionary, or one come upon an errand of mercy, for she said to him, 'Have you come to pray with Mrs.———, sir?' 'I have,' was his reply; and accordingly he was shown up-stairs, where the mother whom he sought lay on a sick-bed.

"'You are very ill, good woman, very ill; can you look forward to death happily? Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus?' he inquired.

"'Yes, sir,' replied the woman. 'I do believe in Jesus, and know I am saved; I am going to glory, but I cannot, no I cannot, die happy.'

"'How is this?' questioned the stranger.

"'Sir,' wept the dying woman, 'I have a child, a daughter, and I know not where she is; how, then, can I die happy?'

"Well, thought the Christian man, surely the Lord's hand is in all this; and, turning to the woman, he said: 'Tell me, would you receive your daughter into your house just as she is—could you forgive her?'

"He received a true mother's answer, for the poor woman wept, 'She is *my* child, *my* child, sir.' Upon which he hastily left, and, bringing in the daughter, said: 'Now, Christian mother, receive your child;' and she, without one word of reproach, clasped her child to her bosom, weeping for joy over her."

THE MISSION SHOE SHOP.

THE Saviour's injunction to be wise as serperts and harmless as doves, is being obeyed by the missionaries in Persia, who are taking shrewd practical measures to improve the social condition of the people, and, at the same time, remove a source of temptation from them. Mr. Coan, who is at Teheran, says: "It has long been perceived that much mischief is caused by the annual excursions to Russia. A very large number go to Russia yearly—part to honestly earn a living, many to beg and gather means dishonestly, all to be led into many temptations and return, discontented and a sore to the nation. Many new diseases are being brought in, before unknown here. This evil is sapping the nation and acting directly against our work. The need was shown of grappling with it, just as with the temperance question at home, and bringing all the influences possible from all sources to bear against it. This brought up the question of employment for the natives at home, and we have now as the result a company who are doing all they can to revive the trades and introduce new industries. I know of no way in which we can help the spiritual work more than by teaching the people the bane of idleness and the dignity of labor. Our shoe shop, started one year ago, has done well, and we now have ten boys who, instead of drifting aimlessly about, will soon have the means of earning an honest living in their villages. The shop is paying its own way now. This year seventy-five dollars were subscribed to send a man to some place to learn the trade of curing leather. Now men are to be put at the trades of blacksmithing and making hats.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

PERSONS acquainted with Jewish families in America have frequently expressed the opinion that they have now no desire for nationality nor for restoration to the Holy Land. Whether that is so or not, the sure word of prophecy proves that in a very few years there will be a reorganization of Jewish nationality in Palestine, and recent events prove that a large number of the race in other lands are ardently longing to return, while many have already gone to settle there individually. A writer in the *Independent* says: "The Talmudic and Rabbinic Jews of Eastern Europe have a longing for the land of their fathers, of which the Israelites of Western Europe and of America know almost nothing. Trained in the traditions of centuries, they believe that God is especially present in the Holy Land; that the Jew who dies within the sacred borders goes directly into Heaven, while those of other lands must first pass through the purgatory of Gehinnom. The Messiah will first appear in Palestine, and the dead of that country shall rise first, and only they will receive again the spiritual body which was lost in Adam's fall. Such faith and hope, augmented also by the persecution of their people in Russia, Roumelia and elsewhere, have driven thousands of Abraham's children to Jerusalem, there to end their days and be interred in the sacred soil.

The result of these causes is, that at no time since the expulsion of the Jews from Palestine by the Emperor Hadrian, 130-140 A.D., has the number of these people in Jerusalem been as large as it is now. For many decades no Jew was allowed to set his foot on the sacred soil. Benjamin of Tudela, in 1170 reports only 200 Jewish families in Jerusalem, 50 in Tiberias, 30 in Ramle. In 1525 there were 300 families in Jerusalem, 10 in Hebron, 300 in Saphed. Only in the present century has the immigration increased to a notable extent. In 1858 there were 6,000 Jews in Jerusalem, and at present 14,000, about one-half of all the inhabitants of the city.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT FOUND.

AMONG some ancient papers sold by auction recently in London by Messrs. Sotheby was an odd lot of various kinds, chiefly manuscripts of the poet Pope. The purchaser, however, found among them one that must have been unnoticed by the venders. It was a warrant for the arrest of *John Bunyan, "a Tynker,"* and is the original warrant under which Bunyan was apprehended for that third and final imprisonment of some six months' duration, during which he wrote the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It fills a half-sheet of foolscap, and is dated March 4, 1674–75, under the hands and seals of twelve justices, six of them, either then or in the Parliament of 1678, members for county or borough, and three of whom had originally committed him for the previous twelve years' imprisonment. The sufferer is described as "Tynker," which may indicate that he worked at his trade, while ministering, a fact hitherto doubted. "I have been able," says the purchaser, "to trace its pedigree to some extent. I am informed by the family solicitor, Mr. Teesdale, that when the Chauncy collections, to which the document belonged, were disposed of by the original Sotheby in 1790, the autographs were retained by the family, who have now sent them to the hammer. Dr. Chauncy probably acquired it with some other article, also included in the sale, from his grandfather, Ichabod Chauncy, who died 1691. Ichabod was the general legal adviser of the persecuted folk, and, as such, exiled with forfeit of land and goods in 1686. From the perfect condition of the document, it may possibly have been sent to him by Bunyan's friends in the faint hope that a *habeas corpus* might lie, and, as no loophole existed, remitted it to one of his pigeon-holes."

MURDER AND SUICIDE PREVENTED

ONE of those fearful tragedies which occasionally shock civilized communities by showing what desperate men are capable of doing, was impending recently in London, but was averted through the kindness and sympathy of a city missionary. He relates it as an encouragement to others who may come in contact with cases which are apparently hopeless, but which may yield, as in this case, to Christian care and love. He says: "In the poor and degraded district in which I labor, lives a family in which the father has been a soldier, rising to the rank of sergeant. He took to drink, and was degraded to a private soldier. On completing his term of twenty-one years, he was discharged with a pension of eightpence per day ($137 a year). He obtained employment in the Post Office, but drink was still his curse, which led him to rob the Post Office. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with the loss of his pension, his wife and four children being left to the mercies of the world. He was liberated from prison in January last, when he again took to drink, and became a wanderer in the streets. I met him, and spoke to him about the sinful life he was leading, pointing out God's great love to him in offering him pardon. I invited him to a temperance meeting at which I was going to speak. He came, and after the meeting I again spoke to him, and induced both his wife and him to sign the pledge. I then invited him to my Gospel meeting in the room below, on the next Thursday night, when he came and decided for the Lord. His home at this time was the picture of a drunkard's. He had one room, and one

bed, for himself, wife, and four children; one table and two old chairs. I got him work also; and both he and his wife worship at the parish church. His children also attend the Sunday-school. He has, moreover, become the occupant of three rooms. He is a good open-air worker. So degraded was this man previous to his conversion that he had made up his mind to murder his wife and four children, and then commit suicide.

AN ILL-USED WIFE'S RETALIATION.

THE influence of Christianity cannot fail to make itself felt in China if the converts live as fully up to the Saviour's command (Matt. 5: 39–44) as did a much-abused wife whose story is related by Mr. Meadows, of Shao-hing, Chehkiang Province. He writes: "Our people have had of late many answers to their united prayers. God has delivered men and women from persecution, has kept brethren and sisters 'steadfast and unmovable' under severe domestic affliction and distress. I wrote you of a poor woman at one of our out-stations, 'Dao-hong-san,' whose husband has beaten her times without number for attending the services. No disciple, male or female, was permitted to enter the house while her husband was at home. A short time ago he beat her so severely that he began to regret his violence. Whilst in this state of mind he was seized with a serious illness, and was unable to rise from his bed or help himself. 'Now,' thought he, 'my wife will pay me back for my ill-treatment. She will not attend to me, so I must do the best I can for myself.' This is the way a heathen wife of any spirit would have treated him; or, if she had waited on him, it would probably have been with loud murmuring and unkind words, so perpetually uttered in his presence as to make his illness more unbearable. But, instead of this, our sister, who was slowly recovering from his cruel treatment, did all she could to make him comfortable; and even used up her little savings to buy him some delicacies. This was all done with such Christian grace and patience, without one unkind word, that the husband was astonished, and began to think, 'There cannot be anything very bad in the religion of Jesus, or my wife would not have acted in this manner towards me.' From that time he has given her full liberty to attend the services, and is himself interested in them."

A TRAVELLING MOUNTAIN.

A SINGULAR phenomenon has been observed in Nevada. It is that of a mountain or gigantic sand-dune, which is slowly shifting its position. The *Reno* (Nev.) *Gazette* gives a lengthy description, from which it appears that the mountain, which is situated in Churchill County, is four hundred feet high, and contains millions of tons of sand. In the whole mass it is impossible to find a particle much larger than a pin's head, and it is as clean as any sea-beach sand. The mountain is so solid as to give it a musical sound when trodden upon, and oftentimes a bird lighting upon it, or a large lizard running across the bottom, will start a large quantity of the sand to sliding, which makes a noise resembling the vibration of telegraph wires with a hard wind blowing. But the peculiar feature of the dune is, that it is not stationary, but rolls slowly eastward, the wind gathering it up on the west end and carrying it along the ridge until it is again deposited at the eastern end. Mr. Monroe, the well-known surveyor, having heard of the movement of this mammoth sand-heap, a number of years ago took careful bearings on it while sectionizing government lands in that vicinity. He recently visited the place, and found that the dune had moved several hundred yards. This phenomenon is, of course, regarded as extraordinary, for we have been accustomed to use the mountain as a symbol of eternal stability, but it may remind us of a time which will certainly come, when every mountain will be removed out of its place (Rev. 6:14). It is also a remarkable illustration of a spiritual promise (Isa. 41: 15, 16).

OUR LORD'S PROPHECY.

By G. H. Pember.

The Indulgence of the Body—Absorption in Business, etc.—The Coming of Christ—Expectant and Unworldly Christians—The Suddenness of the Summons—The Source of our Preparations.

"As the days of Noe were, so shall the Coming of the Son of Man be, For as in the days that were before the Flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed *them* all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed. In that day, he which shall be upon the house-top, and his stuff in the house, let him not come down to take it away; and he that is in the field, let him likewise not return back. Remember Lot's wife. Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it. I tell you, In that night there shall be two *men* in one bed; the one shall be taken, the other shall be left. Two *women* shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two *men* shall be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. And they answered and said unto Him, Where, Lord? And He said unto them, Wheresoever the body *is* thither will the eagles be gathered together" (Matt. 24: 37, 38; Luke 17: 28–37).

We may here regard, "*eating and drinking*," "*marrying and giving in marriage*," as standing generally for the indulgence of the body. This, if it be the great pleasure of our lives, may prove fatal to us though we never step over the line of worldly morality and propriety. Absorption in business and commerce, that most prominent characteristic of modern times, is indicated by "*buying and selling*." And in "*building and planting*," we discern the use to which wealth is usually applied, that is, for comfortable settlement in the doomed world.

Now the exclusive, or too eager pursuit of these things deprives men of all spiritual perception; so that they laugh at the threats of God, until the very

Moment of Judgment has Arrived.

And yet even believers cannot avoid more or less entanglement in the actions mentioned, which are not, of course, necessarily sinful. The latter must, therefore, watch and pray, lest, becoming absorbed in that which is earthly, they should be surprised by the coming of the Son of Man, and so should be left by Him to endure the hour of temptation with the world.

For Christ will, at His Advent, pass as lightning round the whole globe, summoning all those who profess His name to leave home and kindred and ascend to Him. And whosoever loves Him better than aught besides, and really wishes to obey, will prove able to do so, even as the impotent man, when he made an effort to respond to the Lord's command, "Arise," found that the power to rise and walk was present with him. But he who hesitates, remembering something which he must first do, or turning in his heart to any object of love other than Christ, will have lost his opportunity.

"In that day," continues the Lord, "he which shall be on the housetop, and his goods in the house, let him not go down to take them away; and let him that is in the fields likewise not return back." At that instant, he that is on the housetop must have no thought of precious things within the house, but must stand where he is, ready to be caught into the Presence of Christ. Not that there will be any time for actual motion before the King has gone by with His train, and the awful moment has passed; it is but the inclination of the heart one way or the other that will decide the matter. The attractive power which will proceed from the Lord during His progress, will be sufficient to draw to Him only those who are

Not Weighted with Earthward Desires.

So, again, he that is in the field must not seek to return back. He may have father and mother, brothers and sisters, wife and little ones, at home; but not a thought must he bestow upon them when the sudden summons comes. Up to that time it is his duty to think and care for them; the law written for him is: "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel" (1 Tim. 5: 8). But the instant he becomes conscious that the Lord is come, the duties of this life are ended. His love for his Creator, Saviour, and King must overpower all other love; and his trust must so abound that he can at once resign even his dearest ones to the Almighty and tender care of Him into whose presence he has been called.

Such must be the condition of every believer who would be able to respond to the Master's voice. But there are some who, remembering that

The Summons Will Come Suddenly,

and that literally no more than an instant will be given for its acceptance, may be disposed to fall into despondency, "How," they say, "can we prepare ourselves for such a time; how can we always be watching?" God by His own love and power has justified us, and by that same love and power He must sanctify us. On our side it is required that with purpose of heart, and not merely in sentiment, we put ourselves into His hands, being willing that He should do with us whatsoever He sees to be necessary.

To us the command is given: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do, of His good pleasure" (Phil. 2: 12, 13). Of Him, then, is our preparation, just as from Him the very desire for it comes into our hearts. And as soon as we recognize this fact, all our perplexities vanish, and there is no longer any ground for despair. For it is His touch that transmutes all things to gold; it is He who chooses the base things of the earth to make them honorable, who "raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory" (1 Sam. 2: 8).

Let us, then, if doubts oppress us, cast the burden of them upon Him, and remember the prayer of Paul for the Thessalonians in regard to the very point which is now before us. For after the Apostle has urged them to walk worthily of their vocation, he closes his address with the pregnant words: "And the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly, and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, *without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*. Faithful is He that calleth you, who will also do it" (1. Thess. 5: 24).

As the Lightning of Christ's Advent

speeds through the night, husband and wife may be reposing on the same bed; the one is borne away, and the other is left to weep alone on the dark earth. Two women may be employed together in some ordinary work, such as the Eastern duty of grinding corn, for the day's food, in the early morning; in an instant the one is removed in a flood of glory, while her companion must labor on in bitterest grief. Two men may be tilling the ground in the heat of the day; a sudden flash far exceeds the brightness of the sun; and when it has passed, there remains but a solitary figure in the field.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled. "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Memorial to Congress Urging Government control of the telegraph system of the United States is being prepared by the Knights of Labor, who decided upon it at their Convention at Minneapolis, Minn., last week. The decision was doubtless prompted by the announcement that Mr. Jay Gould, who controls the Western Union, had bought up the Baltimore and Ohio lines. The consequences of that amalgamation are easily foreseen. Any person sending a telegram by Western Union now, is puzzled by the apparently capricious difference of rates, until he discovers the clue to the arrangement, He finds that wherever the Western Union is in competiton with another line, its rates are low; but where there is no competing line its price is high. What the rate will be when Western Union has swallowed its competitor altogether, may be imagined. The memorial of the Knights of Labor is therefore likely to be followed by others from the business community. In England the government acquired control of the telegraph wires nearly twenty years ago, and made the system a department of the Post Office. Since that time the public has been well served at uniform rates, and with a profit to the government. The efficiency of the Postal service in this country, encourages the belief that the government could manage the telegraph business equally well.

The Suggestions Made at the Bankers' Conference in New York, on October 12, by Mr. John Jay Knox, ex-Controller of the Currency, are finding favor among men who are concerned about the financial situation. To be every few months on the verge of a panic which is only averted by the interposition of the Secretary of the Treasury. is not a healthy state of affairs for the nation or individuals, and it was this condition which the bankers had under discussion. Mr. Knox had not much hope of immediate relief from Congress. He said: It is admitted by the members of both political parties that the revenues of the Government ought to be so reduced that this excessive accumulation of surplus shall be curtailed, but the methods of reducing the surplus are diverse, and there is no reasonable hope that even those Congressmen who are friends of the present Administration, and who compose the majority of the House of Representativs, can agree early in the session upon any measures which would secure such reduction. The most that can be expected is that some bill may be matured after protracted discussion in the House and the Senate, which will go into effect and produce this result some time in the year 1890. In the meantime he suggested that the government might afford relief with mutual benefit by taking four per cent. bonds due in 1907, and giving in exchange bonds at two and a half per cent. interest, with cash down in compensation for the difference of interest at the rate of twenty-three dollars on every hundred. By this plan he calculated the government would save nearly six dollars on every bond, and the holders would have possession of money which they could invest with a better return than four per cent. The plan is ingenious, and will probably be embodied in a bill when Congress meets.

Misconceptions as to the Fishery Commission, which is soon to meet in Washington, are prevalent. It is alleged that the commission is an act of defiance to Congress on the part of the Administration. Mr. Bayard has made an effort to correct the mistake. He states that the commissioners have been appointed merely to facilitate and simplify the negotiations. At present his despatches go to London, thence to Canada, thence back to London, and finally the answer, after months of delay reaches Washington. The object of the commission is to negotiate a treaty and for this no authority from Congress is required; the President possesses that power. The primary negotiators are the Secretary of State and the English Minister. The British Government will send two gentlemen, one from London and one from Canada, to assist the latter, and the President has appointed Messrs. Putnam and Angell to assist Mr. Bayard. The Commissioners will bind nobody beyond the administrations they represent. But it sincerely hoped by the President and the Secretary of State that the commission will be able to agree on a plan that will be satisfactory to both countries and that will remain so.

The Answer of the Mormon Church to the suits commenced by the Attorney-General under direction of Congress has been filed. The defendants in the suit, who are the "Apostles" of the church and the managers of the Immigration Society, deny all the charges of the Government. They assert that the church corporation, by law, ceased to exist on July 1, 1862, and that the church has since been a voluntary religious and charitable association. The property which the church holds in excess of the $50,000 allowed by law, was held for the church as a church, and not as a corporation, by the late President Taylor, as sole trustee, until his death. The real estate is held by three trustees, last appointed by the Probate Court. The officers of the Immigration Society admit that the society existed as a corporation when the law was enacted, but say that it has never held any real estate and now has no personal property except a few worthless promissory notes. On these grounds they contend that their charter cannot be annulled by Congress. It ought not to be difficult to prove the falsity of every allegation.

Another Frightful Railroad Catastrophe, with the usual accompaniments of fire, occurred on October 11, in Indiana, on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad. A passenger train which left Chicago at 7: 45 P. M., on Oct. 10, was delayed by a slight accident to the engine. The engineer stopped at a water-tank near Kouts Station, Indiana, to see if he could repair the damage. He states that he turned the Semaphore signal a thousand feet in his rear, by means of the cord at the tank. The night, however, was foggy, and probably the light could not be seen far away. While the passenger train was standing by the tank a freight train came dashing down the incline at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and dashed into the rear of the passenger train, telescoping the cars and crushing the sleeping-car. Almost instantly flames burst simultaneously from the smoker, sleeping-car and the ladies' car, and cries of terror rang on the midnight air. The uninjured passengers and the train men worked energetically to release the inmates, but after the first few minutes the fierce heat drove the rescuers from their task. How many persons perished in the flames it is impossible to tell. Of one family of six persons on board, all but one died, and no trace was found of them; the fact of their being burned being only known through the escape of the one little boy. It is thought that thirty deaths is not too large an estimate of the number. Not until there is enacted a stringent law prescribing heavy penalties against any railroad company having stoves in the cars, will railroad travel be free from the recurrence of these horrible calamities.

Destitution in London is Arriving at an alarming stage. In the parks and in open places, notably in Trafalgar Square, large numbers of homeless and destitute persons congregate and sleep at night on the bare stones. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables to that journal that in the back streets of London is a large mass of suffering humanity—*thousands of women and children on the verge of starvation.* Private charity is active. Thousands of pounds are spent that are never heard of in the papers; but still the horrible cry of hunger and want rings through the vast city. Very few people are rich. Even a general division of property would go no way now. The rich are getting poor, the poor are sinking toward destitution. On Friday a deputation of starving men appealed to the Lord Mayor to find them work or give them temporary relief. He professed his inability to do either, and the men departed in angry mood. On their way back to their nightly camping ground in Trafalgar Square they had a fight with the police, but were vanquished.

The Inquest on the Bodies of the Men Killed at Mitchelstown, in Ireland, by the police on September 9, has resulted in a verdict of wilful murder against the head Constable and five policemen who fired on the rioters by his orders. The conduct of Mr. Harrington at the inquest, his coarse and violent language, and the evident bias of both coroner and jury has, however, robbed the verdict of much of its weight. The coroner has issued his warrant for the arrest of the policemen, but it is not expected that they will be brought to trial. Any indictment of them would have to be passed upon by the Grand Jury who, it is believed, would dismiss the complaint. The opinion gains ground in England, even among Liberals, that the police did not fire until they believed their lives were in danger. That they acted hastily and in panic, is probable, but there is a prejudice in society against the attacking party when there is a conflict between the police and a mob, which is producing a reaction in favor of the police.

A Disgraceful Scandal Exposed in France last week is one that has caused general surprise. General Caffarel, the chief of the War Department staff, was arrested and imprisoned by a council of war for selling civil decorations. The discovery was made through an application by a detective who represented himself as a retired manufacturer, to a woman who boasted that for a specified sum of money she could procure the Cross of the Legion of Honor. She was arrested and her house searched. The papers found, implicated General Caffarel and many others in high position. Among them is General Andlau, an officer of distinction who fought in the Crimean war. He absconded as soon as he heard of the woman's arrest and the police found incriminating documents in his office. Mr. Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grevy, has also been charged with complicity. The most important arrest, however, is that of General Boulanger, who was arrested on Thursday last. He contends, however, that the charges against him are false and that the whole affair is a conspiracy to ruin him. It is alleged that the accused persons have not only traded in decorations, but have sold military secrets to Germany.

The Gospel Union (or Gospel Army, as it has been styled in some places), of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, has now about fifteen mission stations in the United States and Canada, besides more than seventy mission stations in Britain. Evangelistic Gospel meetings are held at these stations generally every week evening, and Sundays, in halls rented permanently by evangelists, and many sinners are being converted by this Gospel work. Contributions, which are urgently needed for carrying on and extending the movement, should be sent to Rev. M. Baxter, care of Manager of The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

Further News of Mr. H. M. Stanley has been received in a private letter addressed to Lieut. E. H. Taunt, U. S. N., by Mr. Swinburne, Stanley's agent and right hand man at Stanley Pool. The letter bears date early in September. It says that Stanley has progressed 150 miles farther up the Aruwiwi River since the sending of the last despatches, and has thus already *penetrated further than any explorer has gone before.* Two entrenched camps were built at the new halting place. These camps, however, appear to be unnecessary, as the natives do not seem to be disposed to attack the party. Mr. Stanley and his men, the letter says, are in good health and spirits. Stanley sent the steamer Florida, back to Stanley Pool, which is one of the stations of the Sanford exploring expedition, for more stores and men. Lieutenant Taunt says that so far everything promises a favorable outcome of Stanley's present enterprise. The Lieutenant himself returned from the Congo, about three months ago, being obliged to leave at that time on account of the failure of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Telford the English Methodist Evangelists arrived in New York on Oct. 12, by the steamer Italy. Several invitations to hold meetings have been received by them. Other invitations are doubtless on their way. Replies will be sent in due course as soon as a programme can be arranged which will diminish to the lowest point the time to be spent in travelling. Mr. Telford has come for work, and he is anxious to arrange his tour so that by taking the cities in their geographical order, he may not waste time by retracing his steps. In addition to the testimonials quoted in the sketch of his life, published in this journal two weeks ago, Mr. Telford has received one from Dr. Paton the Principal of the Congregational Institute in Nottingham, eulogizing his work in that town, and heartily commending him to the American churches

A Glowing But Perfectly Just Tribute to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon is paid by the New York *Herald* in a cable despatch published on Friday last. It says that the health of "a man who has done more good in the world than all the politicians put together, excites real uneasiness. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is a martyr to rheumatic gout. He manages to recover from his attacks, but they increase in intensity and weaken his constitution, causing the approach of each winter to be regarded with apprehension. He has taken more poor children off the streets and started them comfortably in life than any other man who can be named. His orphan asylum is a marvellous proof of what one man can do to mitigate suffering. His state of health, while thought not to be unusually bad, is a source of greater anxiety to many thousands than Mr. Gladstone's or Lord Salisbury's." Other reports of Mr. Spurgeon's health are not so discouraging. Every autumn of late years he has been laid aside for a time when the London fogs appear, but after a brief sojourn at Mentone, in the south of France, he has returned with renewed health. His attack this year is not considered more dangerous than usual.

A Wedding Party Armed With Rifles Conducted the bride and bridegroom to the altar at Carrolton, Ga., on October 1, and stood on guard while the ceremony was performed. It appears that a farmer, living near Franklin, has a daughter whose charms have won her many admirers. Among them was one whom the father selected for her husband, he being the most wealthy of the lot, though not the one whose suit was the most welcome to the daughter. She preferred a younger and more handsome suitor, and in spite of her father's injunctions, frequently met him clandestinely. The father surprised one of these meetings, and at once shot at the lover, who ran for the woods, followed by the angry farmer, who continued firing at him until he disappeared among the trees. The young man had many friends among the neighbors, and they espoused his cause. A number of them, armed with rifles, stormed the farmer's house before daylight, on the morning of October 1, and captured the girl. Placing her with her lover in a wagon, they drove to Carrolton, the whole party riding on horseback, as a guard alongside the wagon. There the marriage took place while the escort distributed themselves at the different doors of the church, with rifles loaded, to prevent interruption on the part of the farmer and his friends. They were incongruous surroundings for a wedding, and though they sufficed to protect the young couple while they were made one, they would be a poor protection against the foes that will assail their future happiness. Trials and troubles which come into the lives of all married couples, especially to those who have married in opposition to parental counsels, can be encountered successfully, only when both hearts are armed with faith and fortified with grace (Eph. 6 : 13).

How a Pastor Lost his Church was Related by Dr. Strong in his recent address to the Boston Evangelical Ministers' Association. He said that a certain pastor had made many efforts to attract the poorer class of citizens to the church rather than the wealthy, but he had been defeated through the want of hospitality on the part of the pew-holders. He therefore called a meeting of the church and pleaded with his people for a larger manifestation of sympathy to the poor and destitute around them, when an influential church member arose and said he wanted none or that class in his pew. The pastor, remembering that he had been commissioned to preach the Gospel to the poor, promptly rejoinded : "I will not cease my plea till the door of this church swings in to the slightest touch of the needy." Dr. Strong said that this avowal of the pastor's determination so incensed that member and other wealthy holders of pews against him that they did not cease their efforts to drive him from his pulpit until he voluntarily resigned. Whether that church is now without a pastor or has secured one after its own heart, Dr. Strong did not say; but it ought not to call itself a Christian church any longer, for He whom they profess to worship had not where to lay His head, and therefore belonged to the class excluded from its walls, and it violates apostolic precepts (James 2 : 1-5)

A Lawsuit About a Dead Man's Grave is to be tried in Connecticut, at the next term of the Court of Common Pleas. Some years ago an English naval officer, the younger brother of a baronet, resigned from the navy and went to reside at New Haven, Conn. After living there for several years he died and was buried in Whitneyville cemetery. The cost of the grave and a monument erected in the lot to his memory was defrayed by a citizen of New Haven, who charged it against the deceased man's estate. The purchase of the burial lot was not formally completed and the authorities sold the lot to other parties who had the naval officer's remains exhumed and reinterred in a remote corner of the cemetery. They then used the lot for burials of their own family. Now, the baronet, who has become aware of the transaction, brings suit to compel the restoration of his brother's body to its original resting-place. It is said that the suit will be hotly contested, the present holders of the lot being determined to resist the disturbance of the bodies of their relatives. In ordinary ejectment cases the tenants would be deeply concerned as to the result, but in this case it signifies nothing to them. If in life they trusted in Christ they have secured a habitation from which they can never be disturbed, and in which they are happy wherever their bodies may repose (Ps. 16 : 8).

A Crafty Convict Succumbed to a Ruse in Detroit, Mich., a few days ago. He was sent up in July of last year for larceny, with a sentence of three years. Seven months ago he began to show symptoms of paralysis. Finally he took to his bed and refused food, the muscles of his face became rigid and he ceased to speak or eat, except when fed with a spoon. Physicians from different parts of the State, when visiting the prison, examined him and all pronounced his malady paralysis. The prison physician, however suspected that the malady was feigned, and resolved to put his suspicions to the test. Calling the attendants into the hospital, where the convict lay, he remarked in his hearing, that the case was a very remarkable one, and he wished he could understand it. "The man cannot live many days, anyway," he said, "and I will experiment on him. To-morrow morning we will chloroform him and I will remove the top of his skull, and have a look at his brain, and find out what the disease is." No sooner had the doctor moved away than the convict opened his eyes and called the attendant. To him he confessed that he had been shamming from the first, in the hope of eliciting sympathy and getting a pardon. He rose from his bed, and the next day he was at work in the paint-shop. Much as he disliked imprisonment, he preferred it to the prospect of undergoing such an operation. Even a less severe examination would have been unwelcome to him. There are many hypocritical professors in our churches, similarly hoping for pardon through their profession, who dread nothing so much as the searching examination for which the Psalmist yrayed (Ps. 139 : 23, 24).

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has accepted engagements which will occupy the whole of the next twelve months.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond expects to commence an evangelistic tour in California next month. His services at Mansfield Centre were very successful.

Messrs. Whittle and Billhorn are holding services in Iowa. They commenced at Ottumwa, and will work in various cities in that State for some months.

Tracts on "Christian Living" will be supplied free of charge to any minister on application to Mr. W. P. Alward, 487 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Major J. H. Cole is at Sedalia, Mo. The meetings are held in a tabernacle which seats two thousand persons, and it will soon be too small for the crowds.

The Women's National Christian Temperance Union will hold its Convention at Nashville, Tenn., November 16–23. Forty States and Territories have appointed Delegates and a large number of southern ladies have promised to take part in the proceedings.

President Cleveland, on Thursday last, laid the corner stone of a new building for the Young Men's Christian Association, in Kansas City, Mo. The President spoke in high appreciation of the value of the work being done through the Associations in the cities of the United States.

Mr. Charles Herald, who is about to hold services in Cooper Union, New York, is laboring at Hartford, Conn. At the conclusion of his services there he proposes to hold a house to house visitation in the densely populated district around Cooper Union and invite non-churchgoers to the meetings.

Mrs. Warnes Huntly has commenced services at Pittsburgh, Pa. She is an English evangelist, who has been very useful in her own land. On the voyage over, the steamship *Wyoming*, by which she travelled, was the scene of continuous evangelistic services, and many emigrants made a profession of faith.

Captain Moreton, whose work at Mildmay Park, England, is so well known, and whose labors in Canada and this country have been much blessed, will re-enter the evangelistic field next year. He has been doing pastoral duty for some months at Norfolk, Va. Invitations to hold services may be sent to him at 48 Brown St., Norfolk, Va., during this and next month.

The classes of the Y. W. C. A., of New York, were reopened October 1. Applications for admission were received all through the month of September. In addition to the classes of previous years two new ones have been added : a class in physical culture with "Health Talks," and two evening classes in type-writing, all of which are filled. New classes will be added as the need for them arises.

A Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations will be held in the Y. W. C. A. building, 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York, October 25–28. Mrs. Davis, of Boston, Mass., will preside. Delegates will attend from all the associations in the United States and Canada. A public reception to the delegates will be given in the rooms of the Y. W. C. A. on October 25, when ladies interested in Christian work among women will be invited to meet them.

Canvassars Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD 63 Bible House, New York.

MODERN IDOLATRY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"—Isaiah 2 : 22.

Man a Born Materialist—Always Seeking for a Visible God—The Idols of Modern Days—The Trust in Man a Mockery—I. What is Man—His Weak Point—A Feeble Creature—Frail—Fickle—II. Relations to Man—Not to be Idolized in Love—Or Trust—Cease from Fear of Him—From Worry About Him—III. The Reason for It—Nothing Accounted of—The Value of a Cipher.

MAN, especially since the fall, is a very unspiritual creature. His animus is animal. He is made up, as the old writers used to say, of soul and soil. Alas, the soil terribly soils his soul! "My soul cleaveth to the dust" might be the confession of every man in one sense or another. We bear the image of the first Adam, who was of the earth earthy: earthy enough are we. One consequence of

The Prevailing Materialism

of our corrupt nature is our craving for something tangible, audible, visible, as the object of our confidence. We want something which can be touched, heard, seen, or felt: we cannot be content with that which appeals only to the soul or the spirit. It seems as if man is so unspiritual that he cannot believe in a spiritual God; and yet any other than a spiritual God is an absurdity. Man cannot see God; therefore he will not trust in Him, He cannot hear His voice; therefore he will not attend to the movement of the Holy Spirit upon his soul. Humanity is carnal, sold under sin, infected with idolatry; and this fact remains true in a measure even of the regenerate. Their old nature is not other than it was, save that it is held in check by the new nature. So long as sin remaineth in us—and this will be so long as we are in this body—our tendency will be to be weary of God, who is a Spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. We seek after something to worship, something to love, something to rely upon, which is near akin to the coarser part of our nature that we may commune with it through the senses.

Man is by nature an idolater. Under the most favorable circumstances he flies to his idols, even as the dog seeks after carrion, or the vulture hastens to its prey. The Lord's people, Israel, were delivered out of Egypt with a high hand and with an outstretched arm, and by many signs and tokens God's presence among them was abundantly certified. This was

A Noble Beginning.

The circumstances which afterwards surrounded them were specially helpful. They were placed in the wilderness, where, if they lived at all, they must live through the special protection and provision of God; for they reaped no harvests, and they gathered into no barns: the bread they ate fell from heaven, the water they drank came from a rock which had been smitten by command of God through the rod of Moses. All day long they were sheltered from the burning sun by a canopy of cloud, and at night the canvas city was made bright with that same canopy turned into a flame of fire. They were in the wilderness alone, and apart; shut out from the rest of the world, surrounded as it were by the Lord Himself, who was a wall of fire round about them, and the glory in their midst. Nothing could have been more favorable for faith in God. Yet they must needs have a god that they can see. "Make us gods to go before us," cried they with such furious clamor that Aaron yielded to their evil desires, and made them the image of an ox.

For century after century this was always the tendency of Israel, the most spiritual race of men upon the face of the earth. This race, educated by miracle and instructed by revelation, continually went aside after the gods of the heathen. Abraham among his own descendants after the flesh had few who were like him in his high spiritual faith. The world of spiritual realities seems to be too bright, too holy for such gross and carnal beings as we are.

The people of Isaiah's day were like the rest of their race: they showed their unspiritualness and their inability to walk in the light of the Lord by making their own *wealth* their chief confidence. We read at verse 7, "Their land also is full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures;" and then is added, "their land also is full of idols." Alas! this

Idolatry of Wealth

is common among God's people even at this day. "Give us this day our daily bread" is a prayer which falls far short of the general desires even of Christian people. Our demands are for luxuries, and plenty of them. Many would be coming down in the world very terribly if they had to receive after that from-hand-to-mouth fashion day by day their daily bread. Yet the Lord Jesus has put these words into our mouth. The providence of God is to some professing Christians a mere dream: they cannot rest till they have something more substantial to rely upon than the care of heaven. You think I am sarcastic; is it not true? See how your professed believers hunger to make sure of the main chance: as eagerly as the merest worldlings they scrape and they hoard. I have not a word to say against that Scriptural prudence which bids us, like the ant, lay by in store for wintry times; but I speak of the hunger to be rich, and of the selfish expenditure which forgets entirely that our substance is to be used for the glory of God, and that we are only stewards.

You tell me that this idolatry is confined to heathen countries. Alas! it is not so; idolatry is common even here "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," is a text that needs still to be preached from—ay, to be preached in Christian congregations; for idols will intrude themselves into the sanctuary of the Lord. The forms and shapes of modern idols are many. May we not easily make

Idols of Ourselves?

Almost before we are aware of it, we may be thus debased. What more degrading than for a man to worship himself! Yet we all too much trust in ourselves at times—what is this but idolatry? Do we not seek ourselves in a measure? Is not this idolatry? Do we not reverence our own achievements and atonements—in what does this differ from idolatry? Gods many and lords many have men made unto themselves. Like a child that must have a toy, man must have a visible trust and confidence. For this purpose, "he hath sought out many inventions."

I need not enlarge upon this. You all know how true it is that, one way or another, man gets away from the spiritual life which would make God everything to him, and he wanders into the sensual region, where he either finds another god, or else allows some symbol or priest to stand between him and God. So sadly through sin is our nature twisted and biassed, that we seem to be under the witchery of idolatry. Concerning that sin so common and so accursed I have to speak at this time. May the Lord bless the word, that we may be kept from the transgression! Here is the text: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

I. Our first inquiry is

What is Man?

This question is asked many times in Scripture, and it has been frequently answered with a copiousness of instruction. What is man? He is assuredly a very feeble creature. He must be weak, for "his breath is in his nostrils." We measure the strength of a chain by its weakest link. If other links are strong, yet if one is ready to snap, we judge that the whole chain is far from strong, and is not to be depended upon. See, then, how weak man is, for he is weakness itself in a vital point. He has bones that may be hard and durable, and he has many a strong sinew, tough and wiry, as we sometimes say; but there is a weak point about him which is found in a matter on which his life depends, namely, his breath. And what is our breath? A vapor which we scarcely see ourselves—a thing so unsubstantial that when we have it we scarce see it, and yet when we lose it, life is gone from us. It is a marvel that so frail a life is not sooner ended. That we live, is miraculous; that we die, is but natural. Go rest on a reed, or ride upon a moth, or build on a bubble; but rely not upon a man. Moreover, man is

A Frail Creature;

for his strength must be measured by his fleeting breath, and that breath is in his nostrils. It seems as though his life in his breath stood at the gates, ready to be gone, since it is in his nostrils. Tho text says, not that his breath is in his lungs, deep, hidden below, but in his nostrils—at the door, in the most exposed part of the face, at *two open portals which can never be shut*; as if it meant to secure an easy exit at any moment. Brethren, there are ten thousand gates to death. One man is choked by a grape-stone, another dies through sleeping in a newly whitewashed room; one receives death as he passes by a reeking sewer, another finds it in the best kept house, or by a chill taken in a walk. Those who study neither to eat nor to drink anything unwholesome, nor go into quarters where the arrows of death are flying, yet pass away on a sudden, falling from their couch into a coffin, from their seat into the sepulchre.

Man is a weak and frail creature; he is also a dying creature. Need I further enlarge upon this? To our sorrow, many of us know that it is so. Some of you had fathers of your flesh, but they passed away and you were fatherless before you could earn your bread. Had not God preserved the orphan, you had been miserable indeed. Some of you once leaned upon a manly arm and looked up into the smiling face of a husband; but the dear one has been laid in a grave wet with floods of tears; it is well for you that your Maker dies not. There are those here who once enjoyed dear friendships; these seemed essential to your lives, but ruthless death has torn Jonathan away from David. It has come closer, and stolen the child from its mother, and the wife from the husband. Man is ever dying while he lives. Oh, set not all thy love, or much of thy confidence, or any of thy worship upon him.

But I think that the text also reminds us that man is a

Very Fickle Creature.

His breath is in his "nostrils." That is where he wears his life, and this hints to us that he is sadly changeable. As his breath is affected by his health, so is he changed. To-day he loves, and to-morrow he hates; he promises fair but he forgets his words. He swears that he will be faithful unto death, and anon he betrays the confidence reposed in him. No dependence can be wisely placed in him. O man! O woman! Change is written on thy brow. The lapse of years alters thee, yea, the flight of days and hours suffices to transform thee! We may better trust the winds and waves than thee!

Think of the days of divine wrath, and especially of the last dread Day of Judgment, and of the dismay which will then seize upon many of the proud and the great. Are you going to make these your confidants? Are you going to give up Christ for the sake of the smile of these who will wail in terror when He comes? Is it so, that for the sake of some young man or woman who loves not God, and one day must quail before the coming Judge, you will let your Lord and Saviour go? It is concerning such a temptation as this that the text thunders at you: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," who will fear and fly and lose his breath in very dread at the appearing of the Lord.

II. Secondly, what is to be

Our Relation to Man,

or what does the text mean when it says, "Cease ye from man"? It means, first, cease to idolize him in your love. Do any of you idolize any living person? Answer honestly. It is very common to idolize children. A mother who had lost her babe, fretted and rebelled about it. She happened to be in a meeting of the Society of Friends, and there was nothing spoken that

morning except this word by one female Friend who was moved, I doubt not, by the Spirit of God to say, "Verily, I perceive that children are idols." She did not know the condition of that mourner's mind, but it was the right word, and she to whom God applied it, knew how true it was. She submitted her rebellious will, and at once was comforted. Cease ye from these little men and women; for, though you prize them so, they are of the race from which you are to cease.

I will not go into the many instances in which men have been idolized politically, or idolized by a blind following of their teaching. You can idolize a minister, you can idolize a poet, you can idolize a patron; but in so doing you break the first and greatest of the commandments, and you anger the Most High. He declares Himself to be a jealous God, and He will not yield His throne to another. Upon any who are thus erring, let me press the text home: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

Next, "Cease ye from man": cease to idolize him in your trust. There is a measure of confidence that we may place in good and gracious men, for they are worthy of it; but a

Blind Confidence

in any mere man is altogether evil. I care not who he may be, you cannot read his heart; and some of the greatest deceptions that have ever been wrought in this world have been accomplished by persons who seemed to be self-evidently honest and sincere. I remember conversing with a person, who was concerned in one of the great speculations which brought loss and ruin to many, and as I looked into his honest face and heard his open-hearted talk, I said to myself, "This is not a man who is capable of robbery. He is a plain, blunt, farmer-like sort of a man, who might even be the victim of the confidence trick." I afterwards learned that this is the usual style of the man who puffs a company, or betrays a trust. Of course if a man looks like a thief, you button up your pockets, and smile if he invites you to take shares; but you are off your guard when a man appears to be the embodiment of simple honesty. Hear you this, and learn what God would teach you, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Do not idolize man by laying yourself at his feet, or following him in the dark; for it will not only be in itself a folly, but it will bring you under the curse of my text.

Equally does the text bid us

Cease From the Fear of Man.

Oh, how many are kept from doing right through some man or some woman, wealthy relative, or influential friend! Are there not men in workshops who join with others in their ribaldry because they are afraid to speak out, lest they should be laughed at and marked as hypocrites? Are there not persons in well-to-do circles who must attend a certain place of worship, because all the respectable people go there? No matter which way conscience would take them, they are bound to follow the fashion: the fear of men is upon them. They do not want to be despised and remarked upon. But, my dear friends if any of you are doing wrong under fear of men, do not excuse yourselves, but at once obey the word which says, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

Once more, cease from being worried about men. We ought to do all we can for our fellow men to set them right and keep them right, both by teaching and by example; but certain folks think that everything must go according to their wishes, and if we cannot see eye to eye with them, they worry themselves and us. This is not right, and that is not right, and indeed nothing is right but what is hammered on their anvil. Let us please our neighbor for his good, for edification, but let us not become men-pleasers, nor grieve inordinately because unreasonable persons are not satisfied with us. To our own Master we stand or fall, and interfering brethren must be so good as to remember that we are not their servants, but we serve Christ.

"*But they say.*" What do they say? Let them say.

It Will Not Hurt You

if you can only gird up the loins of your mind, and cease from man. "Oh, but they have accused me of this and that." Is it true? "No, sir, it is not true, and that is why it grieves me." That is why it should not grieve you. If it were true it ought to trouble you; but if it is not true let it alone. If an enemy has said anything against your character it will not always be worth while to answer him. Silence has both dignity and argument in it. Nine times out of ten, if a boy makes a blot in his copy-book and borrows a knife to take it out, he makes the mess ten times worse; and as in your case there is no blot after all, you need not make one by attempting to remove what is not there. All the dirt that falls upon a good man will brush off when it is dry: but let him wait till it is dry, and not dirty his hands with wet mud. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." Brethren in Christ, let us think more of God and less of man.

That was a wise and tender word of our Saviour to the woman who had washed his feet. He said to her, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" and then, as they began to cavil at her, and talk about the expense and the waste of the ointment, he added to her, "Thy faith hath saved thee; *go in peace*:" as much as to say, "They are going to have a discussion about you but do you go out of earshot of it. They are going to criticize what you have done; do not tarry to hear them, but go home. I have accepted you, let that be enough for you; never mind *them*. Do not want to know their opinions." Oftentimes to a child of God, it is the best advice that can be given—"Go in peace." Certain doubters are about to argue; let them argue to themselves, but do you go in peace. Why do you want to know the last new doubt? Would you like to taste the last new poison? "Prove all things," but when it has been proved to be evil, have done with it. Do not want to hear that which can only tend to stagger your faith and defile your conscience. You have heard enough of that stuff already; go in peace.

III. We finish with the question: why are we to cease from man? The answer is, he is

Nothing to be accounted for.

Begin, dear brethren, by ceasing from yourselves. Every man must cease from himself first, and then he must cease from all men, as his hope and his trust, because neither ourselves nor others are worthy of such confidence. What figure shall I put down for man? Some men would wish to have themselves written down at a very high figure, but a cipher is quite sufficient. Write man at nothing, and you are somewhat above the mark. Wherein is he to be accounted of? Compared with God, man is less than nothing and vanity. Reckon him so, and act upon the reckoning. If there were no men on the face of the earth, how would you live? If God alone filled all your thoughts and all your heart, how would you live? Live just so. Then if there be a thousand million men upon the face of the globe—and there are more—they will not sway you. If the city teems with them, and if the forum is disturbed with their noise, and if they ride up to the capitol in triumph, what of that? We have ceased from them, and we shall never have cause to regret it, for they will be no loss to us. If we try to reckon up what the loss might be if we lost their aid, it comes to nothing; for wherein are they to be accounted of. Cease from them and go straight on in the path of faith and duty, resting in God and believing in him. Care nothing for the vanity of vanities, but trust in the Verity of verities, even God Himself.

This is a special subject, and someone will say, "Can't such a text as this be useful for the ungodly?" Yes, it hits the nail on the head. "Cease ye from man." You have been looking to your feelings; you have been looking to your works; you have been looking to this and that of your own; cease ye altogether from that evil man—yourself. Wherein are ye to be accounted of? Some of you have kept back from Christ because you have made much of this poor nobody that is crushed before the moth, this worm of the earth, this mere vapor. Now, rise above your dead selves and think more of God. Believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, and may His Holy Spirit help you now to come and commit your souls into the hands of the risen Redeemer, even unto Him who is able to save you and keep you to the end. God so help you, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

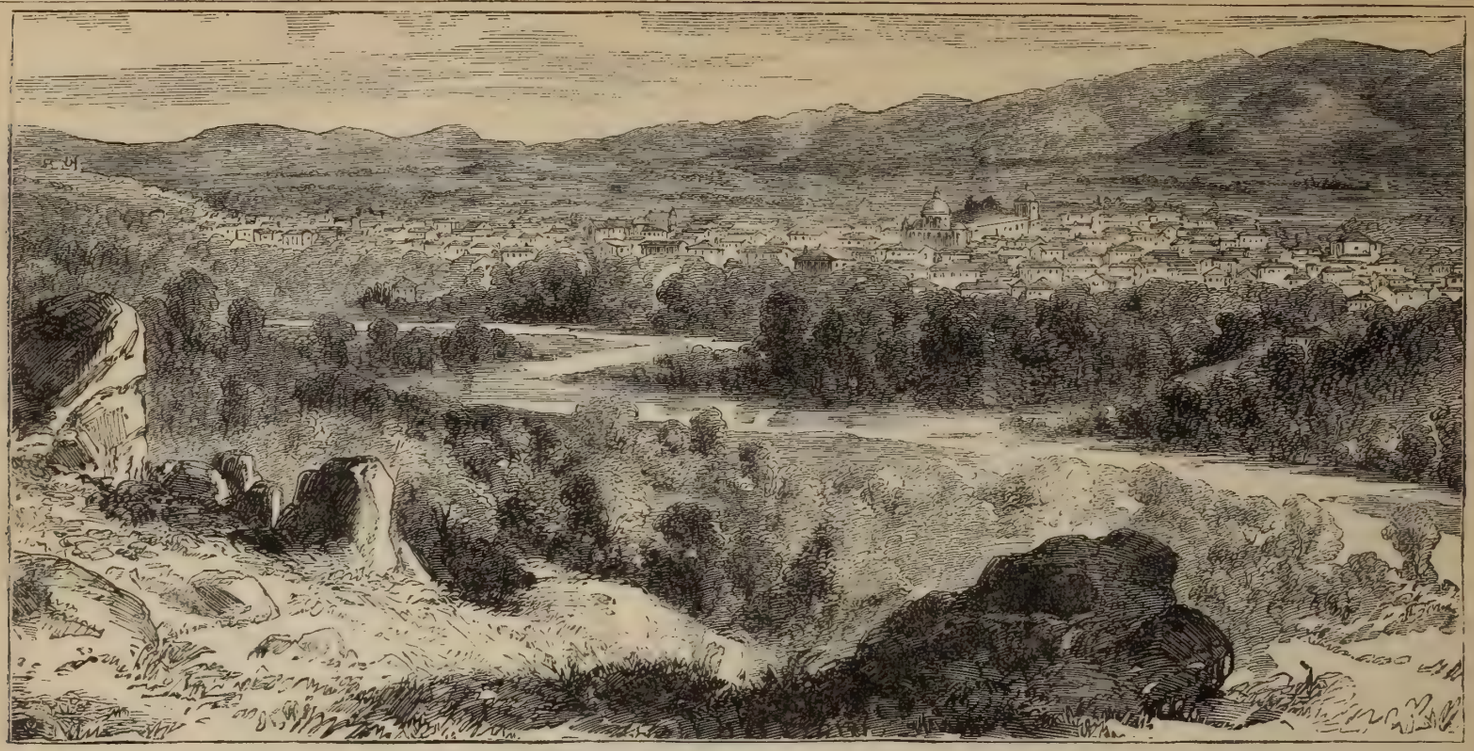
A Modern Zebedee.*

We have reason enough to inquire whether we are giving to men such report of our Master and Lord as must command their consent. I knew a man who was, I believe, a devout man, and who throughout his life had been a cheerful supporter of the church, and what report of Jesus Christ did the church, with which through his wife he was connected, bring to that man in order that he also might come to Jesus in its communion? It gave him a confession of faith which had been cast in the heat of the Unitarian controversy, all the parts of which had been soundly riveted together, and which then had been left for all future generations as the faith once delivered to the saints. The apostle James would hardly have comprehended all its technical phrases; the apostle Peter might have found in it more things hard to be understood than he read in the epistles of Paul his beloved brother; and Paul himself, with his trained rabbinical intellect, might possibly have so interpreted it as to be able to accept its reasoned dogmas, while John might have asked why in so complete a compendium of Christianity his one word, "God is love," and, "little children, love one another," had been left out. But that was the witness of that church to that man of the doctrines of the divine One who spake not as the scribes, and who went about doing good. Not one article or word of it did the Zebedee of whom I speak openly deny; only while Salome went to the Lord's table, he kept quietly on mending his nets.

A Strange Wedding.

One afternoon in the year 1210, as Pope Innocent III., surrounded by a sumptuous retinue of prelates, was walking on the terrace of the Lateran, a company of mendicants laid at his feet the article of a new association. At their head was a young man who but a few years before had been foremost in every scene of merriment; he had been a successful merchant, a gallant soldier, and one of the most popular of the sons of Assisi. But while seeking military service and adventure, he had endured a protracted sickness; and when upon his recovery and return, his friends gathered at one of the gates of Assisi to welcome him, and merrily placed in his hand the sceptre of frolic, to their astonishment he remained grave in the midst of their festivities, as one not of them, and suddenly breaking loose from his companions (so the story runs) he proceeded to the church, and before its high altar there was witnessed a wedding which has been celebrated by Italy's great poet, and is still represented in the same cathedral by Giotto's art; and at the wedding of St. Francis *the name of the bride was poverty*. The solemn espousal of poverty by this youth of Assisi was no meaningless ceremony. To him the vow of his soul before that high altar meant emptied coffers, surrender of

* From "Facts and Forces," By Rev. Newman Smyth, a volume of twenty sermons the chief object of which is to show that the principles of Christianity are applicable to the social and political problems which perplex this generation; and that the Christian citizen of to-day can find in the teachings of Christ guidance for his life among men which will lead him so to act as to attract others to the same source of wisdom, where they will find the solution of the difficulties which political economists and politicians have given up. A deeply thoughtful, and practical volume of timely value. Pp. 267; Price $1.50. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*. 745 Broadway, New York.



Comayagua, a Town in Honduras, Central America. *(See page 661.)*

the comforts of life, patient endurance of evil, and even self-torture, and withal a love of all created things so joyous and overflowing that as he wandered among the mountains, or over the plains of Italy, he would speak of the beasts of the field as his brethren, and the twittering swallows as his little sisters. The vow of self-sacrifice, and his espousal of poverty meant the unflinching prosecution of a work of moral purification for which Europe for at least two generations was better.

We read the story of St. Francis and smile, and put it from us as a pleasing bit of mediævalism. Such singular sacrifice might have place and fitness in that odd mosaic of mediæval manners and life. It would not be in accordance with the sensible and soberer coloring of real life in this most prosaic of the centuries. Should the life of St. Francis be held up in the pulpit as an example for us, a comfortable and well-dressed modern congregation would regard it as a romantic picture, and we should not think of imitating the visionary sainthood and unnatural asceticism of those spiritual heroes and heroines of the Middle Ages.

Nevertheless what do these words of our master, (Mark 10:21) concerning losing our life, and taking up the Cross, mean to us? Why did Jesus ask of that young Israelite a sacrifice seemingly so unnecessary? And who then can be saved? We may put the story of St. Francis from us as an idle tale; but here for us all to look upon in the Gospels is this picture of the one great requirement; and is that only as a mediæval painting to us? How shall we catch the spirit of it, in our lives, amid present surroundings, reproduce what the Lord would have us imitate in that commandment?

A VOLUNTEER GUARDIAN.

(See Illustration on page 669.)

THERE are few scenes more melancholy than that of a home after an auction sale, when the old rooms, dear from tender associations, are despoiled of their furniture. In such a scene a little boy of some four years old was standing, trying to understand what the desolation meant. He was an orphan. Only five years before that day his father and mother had begun married life in that house. The father now lay in a drunkard's grave, and the beautiful young mother had died broken-hearted. The child was disturbed by the voice of a servant, who called Henry, Henry, and took him into a room where three gentlemen stood talking. One was the physician who had been his mother's medical attendant, another was a lawyer, though the boy did not know that at the time; and the third was a stranger, whom he had never seen before.

"This is the child, Mr. Gordon," said the physician, taking Henry by the hand and leading him up to the stranger.

"Ah, a boy, is it?" said the burly man, looking down at him as if he would not be surprised if the "it" had been a kitten or a monkey. "What is your name, boy?" he asked with a suddenness that startled the child.

The boy told him.

"Umph! glad of that. She did well to give you your grandfather's name instead of your father's. Come here; let me look at you."

Mr. Gordon took the boy to the uncurtained window, and gazed earnestly at every feature. "Her eyes and hair," he said as if to himself; "his mouth and chin, composite character, I expect." He released the boy, and, turning to the lawyer, said bluntly, "Well, what did you think of doing with him?"

"Oh, I am not responsible," was the reply; "I can do nothing with him. He has not a single relative in the world so far as I know, and the sale did not realize enough to pay the debts."

"If he were a dog or a pony," said Gordon, musing, "I suppose somebody would take care of him and feed him and bring him up, but a boy! What can be done with a boy? Who should you say, as a lawyer now, might be said to be his owner?"

"That is the difficulty: their is no one to acknowledge ownership."

"Suppose I were to take possession of him, as I might of a stray dog, you think there would be no one to dispute my title?"

"No: and that would be a good solution of the difficulty."

"I don't know that. Why should an old bachelor like I am undertake to rear another man's child? Lots of worry and anxiety and no profit in prospect. Well, I have a fancy to do it. I have done many foolish things in my time but I guess this is about the silliest. But you must make out some sort of a title for me. Pity he was not put in the auction sale, then I could have had a regular bill of him. Just write out the circumstances, and say that he is made over to me in default of any other claimants, and make the doctor here a witness."

The laywer being too glad to get rid of an embarrassing charge, humored the eccentric man's wish and wrote a brief sketch of the transaction. The servant was called in again and bidden to get the child's clothes together, and dress him to go out. He was soon ready and in a state of wonder and desolation, trotted off with his protector.

They went to some queer bachelor rooms, and as they entered them Henry was conscious of a surprising change in Mr. Gordon's demeanor. No sooner was the door closed than he was taken up in the strong man's arms and kissed and hugged and addressed in words of ardent affection. The child would have been less surprised if Mr. Gordon had been metamorphosed into an ogre. He could not but wonder at its cause. His friend, however, made no explanation, but leaving him in the care of his landlady went out. He returned before night, and taking the child with him, went to a house at a short distance, which Henry afterward found was the parsonage, where Mr. Gordon confided him to the care of a kindly matronly lady, whom Henry in after years loved with all his heart.

The parsonage was his home for five years after that introduction. He grew up there in quiet happiness, learning the rudiments o education under the tuition of the good clergyman and his wife, and feeling toward them the affection of a son. Of Mr. Gordon he saw nothing, and questions about him were the only ones that the clergyman would not answer. One day, however, the clergyman did speak of him.

"Henry," he said, "your guardian has decided to send you to boarding-school."

"Do you mean Mr. Gordon, Sir?" Henry asked.

"Yes he is your guardian. He has sent a sum of money to fit you out, and you are to go to-morrow. I have done all I can to train you up in the fear and love of God; now you will be thrown among temptations, and I beg of you to remember what I have taught you, pray continually to God for help, and I hope you may be kept unspotted from the world."

The change from the pleasant parsonage was somewhat painful for a time, but the boy grew cheerful among his boyish associates, and was happy. His boarding-school life covered nearly five years, and still he heard nothing from Mr. Gordon. Henry often wondered about him, and tried to

solve the mystery of his blunt, almost brutal, behaviour at their first interview, and the subsequent outburst of affection. Of the two dispositions he inferred that the latter had been the genuine one for he had been lavishly supplied with money, and that with his expenses must have entailed a considerable outlay which his eccentric benefactor had defrayed. Still, he wondered that he never came to see him or wrote to him. The last week of the term came, and Henry knew nothing of what his future was to be, but he had learned to trust in God, who had given him so generous a friend hitherto, and he was not dismayed.

The solution of the mystery came at last. One morning he received a brief note from his friend, the clergyman, saying that Mr. Gordon proposed to visit him that day, and wished Henry to be prepared to go away with him. The news threw the lad into a flutter of excitement, and he watched eagerly for this long expected arrival. He happened to be looking from a window when he saw a hack drive up with the well remembered face visible within. He was at the door in a moment, almost before the servant could open it, and met Mr. Gordon as he alighted. That gentleman dropped his bag on the sidewalk, and, taking hold of the boy, directed the same keen, inquiring gaze on his features that Henry remembered him doing ten years before. He was satisfied apparently, for he shook him heartly by the hand and smiled upon him.

A Long Expected Meeting.

"Glad to see me, eh, Henry?" he said. "Well, that is a change for me. I've heard of you often though I have not shown myself. Now go and get ready to come away while I see the principal. We will go to the hotel to-night and decide what we will do next."

That night Mr. Gordon told the boy his story. Henry's mother had been the love of his boyhood, and it was his dearest wish as he grew to manhood to make her his wife. But she had become infatuated with the man whom she afterwards married. "He was your father, my boy" said Mr. Gordon, "so I will not say what my opinion about him is; besides he is dead and gone now, and you belong to me. Well, trouble came, and when I heard that her child was homeless I made up my mind to befriend you for her sake. I am an odd man, and am always doing some silly thing, but I think I was right in that. It depends on you whether I ever regret it."

Mr. Gordon never did regret that act of kindness. Finding that the boy had set his heart on the work of preaching the gospel, he sent him to college, and had the pleasure of seeing him become a useful and honored minister of Christ. Mr. Gordon himself, with all his respect for religion and for clergymen, knew nothing of practical religion, but under Henry's preaching his eyes were opened, and he earnestly sought and found salvation.

"You have been the greatest blessing of my life," he said to Henry, as the latter stood beside his bed in his last moments. "But for you I should have been going into utter darkness instead of into the light of life. You have often spoken of what you owe me, I owe you my own self, my very soul. God bless you."

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 654.)

Invitation to Special Work in Germany—Longing to be a Missionary in India—Announces his Intended Visit to Germany—His Congregation Quite Willing—Another Day School for Poor Children—Difficulty about a Passport—Sees Paris but does not Care for It—Snowed up on the Journey—Instructs Ministers—A Story of a Meek Wife and a Midnight Supper.

JANUARY 17, 1835. To-day brother Groves arrived from the East Indies. One reason of his coming to England is, to go to Germany to obtain missionary brethren for the East Indies, having reason to believe that he will find them there: and he asked me, on account of my acquaintance with the language, to accompany him, that thus, through me, he may be enabled to judge about the state of the brethren, and to communicate to them what he thinks needful for them to know. This is a most important work. May the Lord direct me in this matter, and make me to act according to His will! I received again to-day, after prayer, respecting the funds, £10 for the Scriptural Knowledge Institution.

January 21. Received, in answer to prayer, from an unexpected quarter, £5 for the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. The Lord pours in, whilst we seek to pour out. For during the past week, merely among the poor, in going from house to house, fifty-eight copies of the Scriptures were sold at reduced prices, the going on with which is most important, but will require much more means than we have had.

January 28. I have, for these several days, again prayed much to ascertain whether the Lord will have me to go as a missionary to the East Indies, and I am most willing to go if He will use me in this way.

January 29. I have been greatly stirred up to pray about going to Calcutta as a missionary. May the Lord guide me in this matter! [After all my repeated and earnest prayer in the commencement of 1835, and willingness on my part to go, if it were the Lord's will, still He did not send me.]

February 4. I have been praying repeatedly and earnestly of late respecting my journey to the Continent. I desire to go, or not to go, just as the Lord will have it to be. May He graciously direct me! I feel the same about going to India. As a means to ascertain the Lord's will, I have been reading about the Hindoos, that I may know more clearly the state in which they are. May the Lord in mercy stir me up to care more about their state, whether it be His will that I should labor personally among them or not.

February 7. I was again *tempted* to disbelieve the faithfulness of the Lord, and though I was not miserable, still I was not so fully resting upon the Lord that I could triumph with joy. It was *but one hour after* when the Lord gave me another proof of His faithful love. A Christian lady at Ilfracombe had been from home for some time, and on her return she brought from the sisters of the Lord with whom she had been staying, five sovereigns ($25) for us, with these words written in the paper: "I was an hungered, and ye gave *me* meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave *me* drink."

February 10. The Lord enabled me to rise early in the morning and to go to our usual prayer-meeting, where I read, spoke and prayed. Afterwards I wrote four letters, expounding the Scriptures at home, and attended the meeting again in the evening.

February 11. I attended the two meetings as usual, preached in the evening, and did my other work besides.

February 16. I mentioned this evening, before the church at Bethesda, as also on the 13th, before the church at Gideon, that I see it the Lord's will to go to the Continent, for the sake of assisting brother Groves by my knowledge of the German language, in conferring with those who may desire to go out as missionaries. There is not one believer amongst us who sees any objection to it, and several have remarked that it seems to be of the Lord, and that thus we could help, as churches, in the going forth as missionaries. This is very comforting to me, as the Lord confirms me still more, through this unanimity, in its being His will that I should go.

February 25. In the name of the Lord, and in dependence upon Him alone for support, we have established a fifth day-school for poor

children, which to-day has been opened. We have now two boys' and three girls' schools.

February 26. I left Bristol for the Continent.

February 27. London. This morning I went to the Alien Office for my passport. On entering the office I saw a printed paper, in which it is stated that every alien neglecting to renew, every six months, his certificate of residence, which he receives on depositing his passport, subjects himself to a penalty of £50, or imprisonment. This law I have ignorantly broken ever since I left London in 1829. It appeared to me much better to confess at once that I had ignorantly done so, than now wilfully break it; *trusting in the Lord as it regarded the consequences of the step.* I did so, and *the Lord inclined the heart of the officer with whom I had to do, to pass over my non-compliance with the law, on account of my having broken it ignorantly.* Having obtained my passport, I found an unexpected difficulty in the Prussian ambassador refusing to sign it, as it did not contain a description of my person, and therefore I needed to prove that I was the individual spoken of in the passport. This difficulty was not removed for three days, when, *after earnest prayer*, through a paper signed by some citizens of London, to whom I am known, the ambassador was satisfied. This very difficulty, when once the Lord had removed it, afforded me cause for thanksgiving; for I now obtained a *new* passport, worded in such a way that, should I ever need it, will prevent similar difficulties.

March 3. This evening I preached comfortably in John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, for brother Evans. I never preached in any place where I so much felt that he who statedly ministers was more worthy than myself. This feeling led me to earnest prayer, and the Lord heard and assisted me.

March 7. Dover. Last evening I left London and arrived here this morning. The Lord enabled me to confess Him before my fellow passengers. I have had a good deal of prayer and reading the Word in quietness, though staying in an hotel.

March 8. I preached this morning and evening comfortably in one of the chapels at Dover.

March 9. All this day, too, we have been obliged to remain at Dover, the sea being so rough that no packet sailed. I spent the day in writing letters, in reading the Word, and in prayer. We depend entirely upon the Lord as it regards our movements. This evening we asked the Lord twice, unitedly, that He would be pleased to calm the wind and the waves, and I feel safe in leaving the matter with Him.

March 10. The Lord heard our prayer. We awoke early in the morning, and found the wind comparatively calm. We left the hotel before break of day, to go to the packet. All being in great hurry, on our way toward the sea I was separated from brothers G. and Y. I now lifted up my heart to the Lord, as He generally helps me to do on such occasions, to direct my steps toward the boat which went out to meet the packet, and I *found it almost immediately.* We had, in answer to prayer, a good passage. At Calais we obtained our passports, luggage out of the custom house, and places in the diligence without difficulty, and left a little after ten in the morning for Paris. What a blessed thing it is, in all such matters to have a Father to go to for help! What a different thing also, to travel in the service of the Lord Jesus, from what it is to travel in the service of the flesh!

March 11. Paris. We arrived here about ten this evening. March 12. To-day we went about our passports, and I saw thus a good deal of the best part of Paris. Blessed be God, my heart is above these things! If ten years ago, when my poor foolish heart was full of Paris, I had come here, how should I have been taken up with these palaces, etc.; but now I look at these things, and my heart does not care at all about them. What a difference grace makes! There were few people, perhaps, more passionately fond of travelling, and seeing fresh places, and new scenes, than myself; but now since I have seen beauty in the Lord Jesus, I have lost my taste for these things.

March 13. We again found difficulty in obtaining our passport, arising probably from a mistake of the police officers. May the Lord order this matter so that it shall be for our real welfare! March 14. By the help of the Lord we obtained our passports, and brother Groves and I took our places in the *Malle Poste* for Strasburg, to leave to-morrow evening. Brother Y. intends to remain here a few days on account of his health.

March 15. This morning I preached in a little chapel in Palais Royal. We left Paris this evening at six—March 17. From six o'clock in the evening of the 15th, till this afternoon at half-past one, when we arrived at Strasburg, we were continually shut up in the *Malle Poste*, with the exception of yesterday morning about seven, and last night about eleven, when we were allowed half an hour for our meals. I had refreshing communion with my beloved brother. This quickest of all conveyances in France carries only two passengers, and we were thus able freely to converse and to pray together, which was refreshing indeed. Though we had travelled forty-four hours, yet as we had soon finished our business at Strasburg, we left this evening for Basle, trusting in the Lord for strength for the third night's travelling. A little after we had started, we stuck fast in a new road. I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and we were soon delivered, otherwise the circumstance, in a cold night, and during a fall of snow, would have been trying, as we had to get out of the mail. I now found myself again, after six years, amidst fellow-passengers who spoke my native language; alas! they spoke not for Christ.

March 18. This afternoon we arrived at Basle, where we were very kindly received by the brethren. March 23.—Basle. These six days we have received great kindness from the brethren. The Lord has given me an opportunity of bringing before several who are already engaged in the ministry of the Word, and before many who intend to give themselves to this work, many important truths, so that in these opportunities I have been richly repaid for the journey. This morning I conversed also with three brethren, journeymen, who have a desire to give themselves to missionary work, but nothing could be decided now. I awoke very faint, but have been mercifully helped through the work. Brother Groves intends to go to Geneva, and I to Tubingen, in order to become acquainted with a brother, a student, who is likely to go out with Brother Groves as a tutor to his sons, and to combine with this missionary service.

During my stay at Basle I attended one day a meeting at which a venerable pious clergyman expounded the Greek New Testament to several brethren, who proposed to give themselves to missionary service. The passage to which this dear aged brother had then come, in the original of the New Testament was 1 Peter 3: 1, 2, which, in our English translation, reads thus: "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the Word, they also may without the Word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear." After this aged brother had expounded the passage, he related a circumstance which occurred in his own days, and under his own eyes, at Basle, which has appeared to me most encouraging for those children of God who have unbelieving relatives, and especially for sisters of the Lord who have unbelieving husbands: and which, at the same time, is such a beautiful illustration of 1 Peter 3: 1, 2, that I judge it desirable to insert the narrative of the fact exactly as I remember it.

There lived at Balse an opulent citizen, whose wife was a believer, but he himself feared not the Lord. His practice was to spend his evenings in a wine house, where he would often tarry till eleven, twelve or even one o'clock. On such occasions his wife always used to send the servants to bed, and sat up herself, to await the return of her husband. When at last he came, she used to receive him most kindly, never reproach him in the least, either at the time or afterwards, nor complain at all on account of his late hours, by which she was kept from seasonable rest. Moreover, if it should be needful to assist him in undressing himself, when he had drunk to excess, she would do this also in a very kind and meek way. Thus it went on for a long time. One evening, this gentleman was again, as usual, in a wine-house, and having tarried there with his merry companions till midnight, he said to them: "I bet, that if we go to my house, we shall find my wife sitting up and waiting for me, and she herself will come to the door and receive us very kindly; and if I ask her to prepare us a supper, she will do it at once without the least murmur, or unkind expression or look." His companions in sin did not believe his statement. At last, however, after some more conversation about this strange statement (as it appeared to them), it was agreed that they should all go to see this kind wife. Accordingly they went, and, after they had knocked, found the door immediately opened by the lady herself, and they were all courteously and kindly received by her.

The master of the house asked his wife to prepare supper for them, which she, in the meekest way, at once agreed to do; and, after awhile, supper was served by herself, without the least sign of dissatisfaction or murmur or complaint. Having now prepared all for the company, she retired from the party to her room. When she had left the party, one of the gentlemen said: "What a wicked and cruel man you are, thus to torment so kind a wife." He then took his hat and stick, and without touching a morsel of the supper, went away. Another made a similar remark, and left, without touching the supper. Thus one after another left, till they were all gone without tasting the supper. The master of the house was now left alone, and the Spirit of God brought before him all his dreadful wickedness, and especially his great sin towards his wife; and the party had not left the house half an hour, before he went to his wife's room, requesting her to pray for him, told her that he felt himself a great sinner, and asked her forgiveness for all his behavior towards her. From that time he became a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Observe here, dear reader, the following points in particular, which I affectionately commend to your consideration: 1. The wife acted in accordance with 1 Peter 3: 1. She kept her place in being in subjection, and the Lord owned it. 2. She reproached not her husband, but meekly and kindly served him when he used to come home. 3. She did not allow the servants to sit up for their master, but sat up herself, thus honoring him as her head and superior, and concealed also, as far as she was able, her husband's shame from the servants. 4. In all probability, a part of those hours, during which she had to sit up, was spent in prayer for her husband, or in reading the Word of God, to gather fresh strength for all the trials connected with her position. 5. Be not discouraged if you have to suffer from unconverted relatives. Perhaps very shortly the Lord may give you the desire of your heart, but in the mean time commend the truth, by manifesting towards *them* the meekness and kindness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(*To be Continued.*)

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THE HARVEST AND THE LABORERS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 30, Matt. 9: 35-38; 10: 1-8. Memory Text, Matt. 10: 8.

Ver. 35. An Evangelistic Tour—The Message Christ Delivered—The Good News of the Kingdom—Long Looked for—The Subjugated Nation Remembering the Glories of David and Solomon—Desiring a Revival of those Times—Christ's Ideal the Theocracy earlier than David—His Beneficent Journeys—Ver. 36. His Pity for the People Lacking Spiritual Food—Perceived their Dissatisfaction with the Ritualistic Teachers—Ver. 37. The Proportion Always Existing—Ver. 38. How to Get it Rectified—Ver. 1. Christ's Great Gift—His Own Power Imparted—Ver. 2. The Disciples or Learners Become Apostles or Messengers—Ver. 5, 6 The First Duty—The Opportunity Afforded to the Chosen Race—Ver. 7. Their Message that of Christ and John—The Most Momentous Ever Proclaimed—Ver. 8. The Mission of all Christians.

Jesus did not know self-interest, therefore, it was no distraction from personal cares and worries for Him to think of others. It was His life to love. He breathed out love just as Saul of Tarsus breathed out threatenings and slaughter. Thus, as He went about the cities and villages on His blessed mission to teach and preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, His teaching and preaching illustrated by the constant healing of the sick and the insane, He could not be untouched by the sight of the multitudes around Him. The sight of a multitude of people affects men in various ways. Some political economists begin to calculate what it would cost to feed them; alarmists compute what amount of power so many would have if banded together in a time of revolution; some study the physiognomy of a crowd. In all these calculations there is no heart, no fellow-feeling. But Jesus "was *moved with compassion* on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having

No Shepherd."

They had no real caretaker, and, therefore, their burdens lay heavy on them. David had found the Lord as his Shepherd, therefore he did not want (Ps. 23: 1); he did not faint. Men are to pray always and not to faint (Luke 18: 1); but to pray so that the burden passes from them on to One who wills to bear it for them. The Jews, in our Lord's day, had shepherds, but God said of them, "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty, have ye ruled them. And they were scattered, because there is no shepherd" (Ezek. 34: 2-5). The Levites fulfilled their ordinary round of duties, but the souls of men were not saved, there was no work of God upon the people, and these formal shepherds counted for nothing with God! O, how awful is an unspiritual, and, therefore, an unfruitful ministry! "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against the shepherds; and I will require My flock at their hands" (Ezek. 34: 10).

"Then saith He unto His disciples, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the

Laborers are few;

pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." "The harvest truly is plenteous"—souls which need salvation are everywhere. Not only do Asia and Africa teem with them, not only does Roman Catholic, infidel, and Mahomedan Europe present a vast field of labor, but even in the countries supposed to be evangelical, even in England, America, and Protestant Germany, how few there are who ever profess to be saved, and of those, Oh! how few are living as new creatures in Christ Jesus! The field is vast enough, indeed, the little handful of believers is so small, such a "little flock," but thank God, we have the promise that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against" us, that it is our "Father's good pleasure that gives (us) the kingdom" (Matt. 16: 18; Luke 12: 32).

God Wants Laborers, not Amateurs.

And He does not tell us to *seek* laborers, but to *pray for* them; He will choose them. We are to deal with Him, and He will deal with them. *He* prepared Moses, Daniel, Paul and others for their work, and He will find means to prepare those whom He will signally use. How few of those who are turned out from our theological colleges and universities are men really sent of God, while He has his Moodys and others, prepared by Himself, doing mighty work. What would be the issue if every true servant of God recognized the call to pray in real faith that God would send forth laborers into His harvest? The China Inland Mission have been praying for one hundred more this year for China, and God is sending them fast; the mission is in apostolic lines, and God owns this walking in His ways. There are numbers of people who offer themselves for the work of God, who are not God's laborers at all. Some have an idea that they will gain in worldly position if they give up their occupation and work for God; some think it is a much pleasanter life, and that they will escape many crosses and trials by giving themselves exclusively to the work of winning souls; some like to

Make Themselves Martyrs,

and to tell us how much they have given up for the work of the Master. All these are self-seekers and mere amateurs; they feed themselves, and they feed not the flock. If any man comes into the work of the Lord without feeling himself utterly unworthy, he is not fit for his post. If any one thinks, like Peter, that he has done a great thing in giving up all (Matt. 19: 27), let him know that God has done a much greater thing in accepting such an unworthy offering. The privilege of giving up all for God is its own reward. There is no work in the universe of God so great as the work of winning souls.

When Jesus "had called unto Him His twelve disciples, He gave them power (authority) against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease." This authority was confirmed by Christ before He ascended into heaven (Mark 16: 17-18), and it has never been withdrawn. In the days of primitive Christianity,

The Credentials of God's Laborers

were, not the honors they had gained at the university, but the power they had with God. Stephen's credentials were his unanswerable words, "the wisdom and the spirit by which he spoke," his angelic countenance, and "the great wonders and miracles" which he did among the people. It was much the same with Paul, as well as with Peter, and the rest of the twelve. Why have we departed from the order of these early days, and put book learning in the place of the power and presence of God? Jesus was wholly the living example of all which He taught. Having exhorted His disciples to pray for laborers, "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, He called unto Him His disciples, and of them He chose twelve," "that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach" (Mark 3: 14). His first command to them was: "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." A good rule for all evangelists. God's plan is,

"Begin at My Sanctuary"

(Ezek. 9: 6). The Lord Jesus ordained "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, *beginning at Jerusalem*" (Luke 24: 47). If God's people, or those who profess to be so, are brought into vital union with God, then there is a nucleus for His work, a little fold into which the lost sheep may be gathered. If we bring recently unsaved ones into a dead church, they catch the infection, and then spiritual life wanes, unless they wake the church into life.

Christ's next direction was in relation to the message, "And as ye go, preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand." They were to make men see that they could no longer say, "The vision that he seeth is for many days to come, and he prophesieth of the times that are far off" (Ezek. 12:27). They were to show the imminence of all they said. They brought a message from God *to-day*. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." God presses men to an

Immediate Decision,

and unless His laborers do so too, they are not delivering God's message. Whenever a man or woman is sent of God with a message from Him, "the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" is with the preaching (1. Pet. 1: 12), and men will feel that God is waiting for an answer. With this preaching of the kingdom, this bold assertion of the claims of Christ the King, His laborers are commanded, "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, (but the latter clause was not repeated after the resurrection Mark 16: 17, 18), cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give." In no single passage of Scripture have these commandments been reversed, and as surely as God's laborers are called to preach, so surely are they called to heal in the name of the Lord; it is our shameful unbelief that hinders the Lord in His working, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief," were the sad words about Nazareth. Well might He say the same of England now!

Jesus called His first laborers to a life of faith, "Get you no gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; no wallet for your journey, neither two coats, nor shoes, nor staff; for the laborer is worthy of his food" (R.V.). If they were to teach a life of faith, they must exemplify it; and in so doing, they would learn the wondrous tenderness of their heavenly Father's care. Those who *really* live a life of faith are the people on earth most full of praise; the

Sweet Surprises

of God's provision for them are so frequent and so striking! But nothing is more painful than an imitation of faith, which results in begging under the guise of faith. If a man beg, let him beg honestly, only let no one call begging faith. When a man comes and tells you of the work he is doing, and how poor he is, and that he lives by faith, and hints that he has nowhere to stay, it is only a covert way of begging; it would be far better for him to say honestly, "I am in need, can you lodge me, or can you give me something?" When a man is sent as God's messenger to a place, God will not leave him uncared for, but he will have to inquire, not who will take him in, but which of the many who desire to lodge him is "worthy." God wills that His children should lodge with those who are of good report. If a man has got wrong in his life, and the thing is not cleared up, he is the man of all others who is most forward to lodge and make friends with any messenger of God who comes to the place where he lives. He wants to assert his position in this way, and make use of the man of God for his own ends, and

God's Children have to Beware.

"Once having found a lodging place, God's laborer is to remain there, whether his host is poor or rich, whether the bed he sleeps on is soft or hard, whether the fare is to his taste or not. "Go not from house to house." And the messenger of God comes in the name of the Lord, and His peace must come on the house where he enters; he is meant to bring a blessing to it, and he must say in God's name, believing that what he says is coming to pass, "Peace be to this house." "If the house be worthy," if there be receptivity there, "if the Son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if not, it shall turn to you again." Such is the outfit such is the charge, for the laborers for whom we are taught to pray. O, God, send speedily such laborers into Thine harvests!

OH, FOR A PERFECT TRUST!

ISAIAH xxi 3. PHILIP. iv. 6, 7

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust,
My loving God, in Thee;
Unwavering faith, that never doubts
Thou choosest best for me.

Best, though my plans be all upset;
Best, though the way be rough;
Best, though my earthly store be scant;
In Thee I have enough.

Best, though my health and strength be gone.
Though weary days be mine,
Shut out from much that others have;
Not my will, Lord, but Thine!

And even though disappointments come,
They too are best for me.
To wean me from this changing world,
And lead me nearer Thee.

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust
That looks away from all;
That sees Thy hand in everything,
In great events or small;

That hears Thy voice—a Father's voice—.
Directing for the best:—
Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust,
A heart with Thee at rest!

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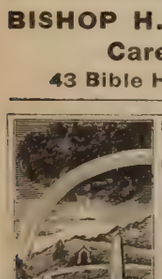

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THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

Dimensions, History and Populations of the Country—Its Present Condition—The Berber Tribes—Their Early Christian Influence—How the Light was Extinguished—The Pirates of Tunis—The "Drying up of the Euphrates"—Inauguration of the Gospel Mission to the Moors—Rev. N. Hall's Visit to Moorish Prisons—What Rev. Mr. Macintosh Says about the Serpent-Charmers, Sorcerers, and Story-Tellers at the Fairs--The PresentPolicy and Attitude of the Sultan of Morocco towards Christians—Instances of Enlightenment—A Group of Lepers Begging on the Road.

THE little known country of Morocco has suddenly sprung into prominence as a question of European importance. The Sultan of that country is either dead or at the point of death. During the past few weeks his death has been several times announced by cable, but has each time been contradicted. His illness, however, is so serious as to render his death at any time probable. He has insisted on making his favorite son his heir and as he is a child, France, Spain and Italy are struggling to secure control of the Regency which must govern the country until he attains maturity, and complications are likely to arise out of this rivalry.

National History.

Morocco is the largest of the Barbary States, and is situated in the northwest of Africa, its most northern point being immediately opposite the famous rock of Gibraltar. The Empire, which is an absolute monarchy, consists of the Kingdom of Fez and Morocco, to the north of the Atlas Mountains, and several territories to the south, ruled for the most part by their own chiefs, with only the scantiest possible reference to the authority of the Sultan of Morocco. It consists of about 314,000 square miles, or about two and a half times more than the area of Great Britain and Ireland. Its population is variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. In their features and complexion the Moors, as the native population are called, have a strong eastern cast, and are evidently not of pure Negro descent, but a mixture of Arab and African races. They travel much as merchants, are rigid Mohammedans, and use the Arabic language in their ordinary intercourse with each other, as well as in their religious exercises. To the influence of the Moors must be attributed the extensive spread of Mohammedanism in various parts of Western Africa, for they are in the habit of forcing their religious dogmas on all over whom they have authority.

Besides the Moors the country is inhabited by several widely differing races, European, Berbers, Arabs, negroes, and every degree of intermixture between these races. The Moors are, of course, the dominant race, and number about 3,000,000; the Berbers, or real Aborigines, are next in order, and about equally numerous: then come the Arabs and Jews; whilst the number of Christians residing in the empire is small, and composed chiefly of Spaniards.

The City of Morocco

was founded in 1072, and reached the height of its prosperity in the thirteenth century. Since that time it has been rapidly decaying, like most of the other great cities in the Empire, and is now half in ruins. Leo Africanus, who visited and described the Empire of Morocco three and a half centuries ago, presents a picture of its condition which, contrasted with the existing state of things, shows how steadily the prosperity of the Empire has decreased, and how melancholy is the decay which has overtaken it.

The Most Interesting Section

of the population is that composed of the Berber tribes. Prior to the Arab invasions of the seventh century, prior to the Vandal invasions of the fifth, prior to the still earlier Roman conquest, these races occupied the land as their own, and they occupy it still. They are of Semitic origin, spread all across North Africa, from the Atlantic coast to the shores of Tunis and Tripoli, dwelling in the vales, and on the sides of the greater and lesser Atlas ranges especially, but extending also to the plains and even to the Mediteranean shores. They are decidedly superior to the other inhabitants of the country in intelligence, industry and general activity. They are extremely independent in character, and have always proved hard to conquer.

In the early centuries of our era

The Berber Tribes

were Christianized, and from the days of Tertullian to those of Augustine, the Church of Northern Africa occupied an important and influential position; underwent many persecutions, and furnished some recruits to the noble army of martyrs. But the Vandal invasion in the fifth century, and the Saracenic conquest of the seventh, extinguished the light of Christianity over Northern Africa, and the great Arab immigration of the eleventh century drove the Berber race up into their mountain strongholds. For long centuries, thenceforth the history of the Berbers is one unbroken series of wars and fightings rebellions and massacres.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Moors, driven out of Spain, settled in Morocco and Algiers, and began to revenge themselves on their persecutors by piracy. Gradually they and the still more audacious pirates of Tunis became the scourges of European commerce, preying upon the shipping of all nations, and

Enslaving the Christians

they captured. The slaves, of whom there were sometimes 20,000 at a time, were treated with the utmost cruelty, and never released except for high ransoms. In seven years, from A. D. 1674 to 1681, no fewer than 350 European vessels were captured, and 5,000 or 6,000 English slaves taken into Algiers. So much were these pirates dreaded that one nation after another actually compounded with them for an annual tribute, till at last they grew so rich and so audacious that Europe could stand it no longer. In 1816, Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers, liberated over 3,000 Christian slaves, and extorted from the Sultan a treaty abolishing the slavery of Christians forever. In 1830 the French conquered and annexed Algiers. In 1860, Morocco was invaded by Spain, in consequence of fresh aggressions and insults, and the Sultan was forced to make a treaty and pay an indemnity. Still more recently Tunis has passed under French influence, and is virtually annexed to Algeria; so that all the once powerful Mohammedan states of North Africa have shared the fate of other Moslem countries—sunk in the scale of nations, in consequence of their own utter corruption and intolerable evil deeds, until they are on the verge of political extinction. The Vial of Divine judgment has been poured out on the once great and overflowing "Euphrates" of Mohammedan power, and its waters, as predicted in the Bible, have been dried up in North Africa, as well as in Southern Europe and in Asia.

Now, it is remarkable that while in Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia this process of

The Predicted "Drying-up"

has been accompanied by a revival of pure Christian teaching, it has not been so in what may be called Turkey in Africa. European power and European civilization have been spreading, but, alas! until the year 1881 *not a single Protestant Gospel missionary* was laboring either among the Berbers or the Moors, from Mogador to Alexandria. Through the whole country roads and railways had been made, and along the coast steamers plied; and though Moslem and Romish barriers to the Gospel were removed, the latter in great measure through the fall of the Napoleonic Empire in France, yet it was supposed that the Mohammedans were so opposed to Christianity that it would be dangerous to attempt to evangelize them. They were therefore neglected until six years ago, when Mr. George Pearse and his wife, acting on the advice of Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, travelled

Among the Kabyles

of Northern Africa and Morocco, and found that they were far less opposed to the Gospel than had been imagined. A mission was organized forthwith, and there are now about twenty-five missionaries on the spot; but what are these among so many?

The Rev. Newman Hall, LL. B., visited Tangier, one of the cities of Morocco, in the autumn of 1883. He had heard much of the miserable condition of the prisoners in the gaol, but he resolved to see for himself, and the following are some of his subsequent remarks on what he saw: "I went up with my Moor and a man bearing as many loaves as he could carry. There was no difficulty in getting access to the entrance-lobby, where the gaoler abides. In the wall is a round hole, about a foot in diameter, through which I looked into a sort of den, with two grated openings in the roof. I saw about

Thirty Men in a Dungeon.

Through a similar opening I looked into what may have been the ground floor of a house, with small open court in the centre, with recesses. Here were about sixty men herding together. Some were lying or sitting on the stone floor, some lounging about, the ankles of several being chained together. When it is considered they have no change of dress, or washing of clothes or persons, and that there is the absence of sanitary conveniences, it cannot be a wonder that the odor through the opening rendered it difficult to look long enough for the eye to get accustomed to the darkness so as to see distinctly. But enough, and more than enough, was witnessed! I shall not soon forget the haggard, hungry looks of those near the opening, nor the eager, clutching hands that grasped the bread. My guide told me that sometimes there are twice as many prisoners, and that in the summer the stench is intolerable. If they have small-pox or cholera, however infectious or loathsome the disease, no doctors visit them, and they remain among their fellow-prisoners."

The Rev. Mr. Macintosh who was for twenty-five years a missionary in Damascus, and who recently visited Morocco, writes: "If any one wishes to see

Degraded Heathen Darkness,

he does not need to go to Central Africa. Let any of us enter a Moorish town, and especially one of the fairs peculiar to the country that are held in succession at different places during every day of the week, and see if the masses gathered there do not exhibit, spiritually and physically, a spectacle of human degradation and misery pitiable in the extreme and sorrowful to behold, that may well attract the sympathy and awaken the efforts of the followers of Him who came to 'seek and to save the lost.'"

At these fairs "serpent charmers" are very popular, and always attract crowds of poor Moors covered with filth and rags, to witness the base and disgusting performances; "sorcerers" also attract an assembly nearly as numerous, lost in wonder and admiration at their deceptions, and the "story-tellers" are applauded to the echo at the rehearsal of the most corrupt and lying stories. All these deceivers of the people, the religion of the country countenances, and in no way would attempt to counteract their evil teaching. But there are also "processions," conducted in the memory of the birth, death, or deeds of some famous so-called "saints," whose only title to saintship in many cases has been their depravity and cruelty. Mr. Macintosh says:

A Hideous Saturnalia.

"At these processions, crowds assemble from different parts of the country, many of whom feign madness for the day, while others have been really wild and degraded maniacs for years. In the course of their march they frequently stop, form a circle of thirty or forty men in the middle of the road, including the half-naked madmen; and with long dishevelled hair, and foaming mouths, go through the most repulsive and unmeaning ceremonies, throwing their heads first forward and then backward in quick succession, and all together, with a loud and hideous grunt, and with the greatest violence, so that the bystanders wonder that their necks are not broken and their heads thrown off their bodies. This ceremony is continued with hor-

rid and debasing monotony, until the crowd is tired of looking at them. Then the miserable actors pass on a hundred yards, and do exactly the same over again. This ceremony is repeated at intervals many times along the road, and is continued the greater part of the day."

The Sultan of Morocco,

Mulai Hassan, and his Government, do their best, not so much, perhaps, from friendliness as from fear, to protect Europeans who go into their dominions, so as to avoid a quarrel or dispute that might lead war ships to pay their coast another unwelcome visit. The events which have of late years occurred at Alexandria and in the Egyptian Soudan have also helped to overawe them. This salutary fear instilled into the mind of the once proud and cruel oppressor, is the safeguard of Europeans residing in or visiting Morocco. The Moors too, show a desire to be friendly with strangers, and in a good many instances have been seeking the partnership in trade of the once hated Christians, so as to obtain through them the protection of their Consuls against the crying wrongs and grinding oppression of their own Moorish rulers. A "British Commission," among others has been sent to meet this want (*a picture of its journey into the interior is on the top panel, first page*), in response to pressing overtures and repeated appeals. In this and other ways the providence of God seems to have opened a door into dark and long-sealed Morocco for European influence, and for

Christian Teaching and Light.

We quote once more from Mr. Macintosh, who says: "I found the people friendly, both in the sea-coast towns and in the interior, with almost no exception, and not unwilling to be spoken to on religious subjects by a Christian, They seemed in many instances to be surprised and pleased to find a Christian who would speak to them on such matters. One Moor from the great inland city of Fez, who had seen a copy of the Proverbs and Gospel of John which I had given to another man, was so interested in them that he got his friend to come and introduce him to me, and begged me to give him copies of the same two books. He said he would thoroughly study them, and if he found in them the truth he would gather his relations and friends together, after returning home, to study them with him. After I spoke a few words to him, he told me he had never met any one before who spoke to him of such things. I gave him the books, and we can only pray 'that the Word may not return void.'

Moorish Lepers.

The under portion of our front-page picture illustrates a scene which was witnessed by the mission party one afternoon near a large village, called Sok-el-Tlata, concerning which Mr. Walter B. Harris says:

"On the road we passed half-a-dozen lepers. Nothing more miserable than the appearance of these wretched people could be imagined. There, in the full glare of the sun, they sat on the scorching sand, wrapped up in their ragged jelabas, begging alms. They wore, as all lepers are obliged to do in this country, square straw hats, and had their faces bound up in linen, so that only the eyes were visible. What a life of horror—to be barred from entering any village, or from holding intercourse, almost, with the outer world! So great is the dread of lepers in this country that they have a village set aside for them outside the walls of Morocco city, to which they are strictly confined. These poor beggars that we saw held wooden bowls for one to drop the coin into, for fear of contamination." Unhappily, there are many lepers in the Empire of Morocco, and throughout the East, doomed to a "living death," but it is a subject of gratitude to God that even these are not left to perish without some effort being made to tell them of Him whose blood can cleanse away the yet deadlier leprosy of sin. The Gospel Mission to the Kabyles, and other Berber races of Morocco, has already borne very valuable fruit; but the field for evangelization is vast, and the demand for laborers is pressing and great.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Man Who Wore Bracelets.—Mr. Colville, a Christian worker, remarked at a temperance meeting: "I know a man who affirmed that after his conversion to Christ he had given up intoxicating drink. One day, passing by a saloon, where he had been in the habit of spending his money, he looked in and said to the landlord, 'Look here, you used to get my hard-earned money to help to put bracelets on your daughter's arms, while you, with your accursed stuff called strong drink, put iron bracelets on my wrists. But that is all past now, thank God; I take my money to my once neglected wife.'"

Sudden Death of a Sea-Gull.—Mr. Finlayson remarks: 'When walking home from an evangelistic meeting the other night, I was much startled by a large sea-gull dropping dead at my feet. I picked it up, and, on examination, found that the poor creature's death had been caused by its flying against the telegraph wires, and having thus broken its neck, it had died instantaneously and fallen at my feet. It set me thinking. 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Our end may be sudden; we know not, when we walk forth in health and strength, that we shall ever return alive to our homes. But it matters little, if we have made peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ."

Not too Bad to be Saved.—Mr. Dewar remarks: "I remember being in an infirmary some time ago, and speaking with a poor girl, and trying to point her to Christ; but her reply was a sad one. She asked: 'What is the use of talking to me? I cannot pray, and although I could, I am too bad to pray.' I said to her, 'That is the true spirit of prayer; just tell Jesus what you have told me, and ask Him to help you to pray.' She did so, and the Lord, who is ever ready to hear and answer prayer, heard and answered her, and when a few days afterwards she died, it was only a ransomed and cleansed spirit that had left its frail tenement of clay to dwell in heaven with Jesus. It is *sinners* Jesus came to save, and, until we acknowledge ourselves to be such, we cannot be saved. 'Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.'"

Who will Testify for the Devil?—The Rev. Mr. Daley says: "The other day a number of young men were holding a Gospel meeting in a country town not far from Glasgow. After they had sung and prayed, the young men, one after the other, gave testimony as to what the Lord had done for them. Presently a gentleman stepped out from their midst, and said, 'Now you have heard from us of our Master, the Lord Jesus, is there anyone among you who will testify for their master, the devil?' There was silence for a few minutes, then a man came forward and remarked, 'Well, I will not testify for the devil, but I can tell you that I have served him long and faithfully, and have found him to be a very hard master, and now from this day forward I have determined to change masters. Satan takes, Christ gives. Satan's wages is death, but Christ's gift is eternal life. Happily, the rebel sinner, when he sighs out, 'Father, I have sinned,' is forthwith welcomed to the loving embrace of Jesus Christ.'"

A Fatal Postponement.—A Scotch Missionary says: "Some time ago, when I was at Lanark, a godly mother came to me and said, 'I have an only son, whose father died some years ago, and I am very anxious about his soul. I should like you to try and get him to some of your meetings, for this is a very critical time of his life. He is twenty years of age, and has just finished his apprenticeship as a plasterer. If he is not led to give his heart to Christ now, I am afraid he will go astray.' I went and saw him, told him what his mother had said, and asked him to come to our meeting that night. He expressed his willingness to comply with my request, but hoped that I would excuse him for that evening, as he had promised to see some of his fellow plasterers, but the following night he would come. I told him I could not say anything of the morrow, that now was the accepted time. The following day I was at the Falls of Clyde, and there I saw this young man, John Neil, with some other young fellows. By-and-by, as I looked about me, I saw John and some others amusing themselves by jumping from rock to rock, seemingly with ease, but their success made them careless, and to my horror I saw John's foot slip, and he was precipitated over the rocks. He was dashed to pieces. His body was recovered afterwards, but for John Neil to-morrow had never come."

A Resolve to be Converted.—The Rev. Mr. M'Laughlan observed: "I was preaching in Maybole on one occasion, and there came to the meeting, among others, a lady deeply anxious about her soul. As she herself afterwards said, 'I came to the meeting that night, having made up my mind that I would be converted.' When she went home she prayed that God would open her eyes, and, taking down the old family Bible, in the presence of her father and mother, she opened it with a prayer that the Holy Spirit would guide her hand and her eyes. The first passage on which her eyes fell, was John 3: 16, 'God so loved the world,' etc. The next was, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.' She accepted God's gift then and there. And then from her full heart she cried, 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.' She felt indeed as if that was the most appropriate thanks she could give, thanks for his unspeakably heavenly gift. That lady is now one of the foremost Christian workers in Maybole, and she always says, 'I just took Christ at His word. When He offered me Himself, the heavenly Gift, I at once accepted Him.'"

The Meeting of Two Old Mates.—At the same meeting Mr. Clyde, an evangelist, related: "There were two shopmates, who, for many years, had wrought beside each other, but had lately been for some time separated. When they met again, the one asked the other, 'Well, Tom, how are you getting along?' 'Oh,' was the answer, 'I am a brand plucked from the burning.' 'What do you mean? Are you not going to have a drink' 'No,' was the reply, 'I tell you I am a brand plucked from the fire.' 'Explain, please,' said his companion, 'I don't understand you.' 'Well,' began the other, 'there is a great difference between a brand plucked from the burning and a green stick. The brand which has been plucked from the fire, if it be put near the fire, will soon be burning again. I, who have been snatched from the fire of strong drink, am not going to put myself near its terrible flames again, for I have seen myself exceedingly sinful, and have placed my hand within the pierced hand of Christ, who died to save me, and I now feel that I am a forgiven sinner.' Those who pray the Lord to deliver them from temptation should be careful not to rush into it again."

A Devoted Lady Missionary.—Miss Leitch, of Javna, Ceylon, remarks: "There was a young lady who had been out in India for many years, who, when asked if she did not want to go home, and have a little rest, and see her old friends, replied, 'Go home! No, I have no time to go home; I am too busy in my Master's work.' She was most devoted, spending her whole life for the salvation of others, praying that the girls under her care might be both Christians and earnest workers. As she lay dying one of the missionaries went to her and asked: 'Would you like me to pray with you?' 'Yes,' she answered. 'Anything special?' was the gentle inquiry. 'Yes; pray for the women of Javna, that they may come to Christ,' she earnestly answered. That was the one thought of her life and of her death. A number of women, all of whom had graduated under her, met to pray that God would restore her to health, or take her to Himself without pain. Eventually she slipped away peacefully, while they were thus engaged. What a wonderful life she had led! What a blessing she had been to thousands! For a life like that, and a future like hers, it is surely worth while to give up home and friends, and go forth on the Lord's errand!"

FORGIVENESS BEFORE SUNDOWN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, October 23, 1887.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Eph. 4:25.

Sunset Among Mountains—A Sublime Duty—Anger may be Justifiable—Why It should Cease at Sundown—I. Twelve Hours Long Enough to Indulge It—Injurious to the Angry Person—A Glass of Wine Flung at a Speaker—A Rheumatic Woman Cured at Bethshan—Injuries Accepted as Blessings—II. Because Sleep is Sweeter After Forgiving—An Unfailing Prescription for Wakefulness—Hatred an Obstacle to Peace with God—The Spartan Boy Bitten by a Fox—Frederic the Great Postponing Forgiveness—III. Because Life is Uncertain—The Faithful Soldier at Pompeii—A Burdened Child's Confidence—IV. A Fit Association of Sublimities—The One Least to Blame to Move First—V. Because the God of the Sunset Vindicates.

WHAT a pillow, embroidered of all colors, hath the dying day! The cradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many-colored mausoleum in which, at evening, it is buried.

Sunset Among The Mountains!

It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light, on the tiptop crags, and struck aslant though the foliage, the more transpicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in conflagration. Burning Moscows on the sky. Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapor, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks, and the Swiss villager among the Alps, know what is a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe at nightfall is something to make weird and splendid dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Smith, in his poem, compares the sunset to "the barren beach of hell," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of heaven. Paul, in prison, writing my text, remembers some of the gorgeous sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor, and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the Oriental days, and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sublime and All-suggestive Duty

for people then and people now! Forgiveness before sundown! He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of cheek, or flash of eye, or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest, ordered the constables of the court room to smite Paul on the mouth, Paul fired up and said: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts, whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David, Succoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pasquins after Augustus, the Pharisees after Christ, and every one has had his pursuers, and we are swindled, or belied, or misrepresented, or persecuted, or in some way wronged, and the danger is that healthful indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why That Limitation

to one's anger? Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no; I think of five reasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper sets. First: Because

Twelve Hours is Long Enough

to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill-humor. It racks the nervous system, It hurts the digestion. It heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Beside that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed, and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legimate denunciation, from six o'clock to six o'clock, but says: "Stop there!" Watch the ascending orb of day, and when it reaches the horizon, take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant. Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and, I beg you, on its blazing hearth throw all your feuds, invectives and satires.

A Vinous Digression.

Other things being equal, the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old essayist says that the celebrated John Henderson, of Bristol, England, was at a dining party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking, his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face, when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said: "This, sir, is a digression; now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few to such equipoise of spirit, the grace of God could help any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say, "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible if God help, since

What I Saw at Bethshan

faith cure in London, England, two summers ago. While the religious service was going on, Rev. Dr. Boardman, glorious man! since gone to his heavenly rest, was telling the scores of sick people present that Christ was there as of old to heal all diseases, and that, if they would only believe, their sickness would depart. I saw a woman near me, with hand and arm twisted of rheumatism, and her wrist was fiery with inflammation, and it looked like those cases of *chronic rheumatism* which we have all seen and sympathized with, cases beyond all human healing. At the preacher's reiteration of the words: "Will you believe? Do you believe? Do you believe now?" I heard this poor sick woman say, with an emphasis which sounded through the building: "I do believe." And then she laid her twisted arm and hand out as straight as your arm and hand, or mine. If I had seen her rise from the dead, I would not have been much more thrilled. Since then I believe that God will do anything in answer to our prayer and in answer to our faith, and He can heal our bodies, and if our soul is all twisted and misshapen of revenge and hate and inflamed with sinful proclivity, He can straighten that also and make it well and clean.

Aye, you will not postpone till sundown forgiveness of enemies if you can realize that their behavior towards you may be

Put Into the Catalogue

of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by enemies. And when, years ago, they conspired against me, that opened all Christendom to me as a field in which to preach the Gospel. So you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until six minutes past five o'clock this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgiveness before meridian.

Again: We ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath,

Because We Will Sleep Better

if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at ten o'clock at night and sleep clear through to six in the morning! To relieve this disorder all narcotics, and sedatives, and chloral, and bromide of potassium, and cocaine and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win somnolence. How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy? with what nervous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan for cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes eleven, twelve, one, two. I give you

An Unfailing Prescription

for wakefulness: spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at eight and nine o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeon hole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your evening's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of the day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be a worried quiescence, and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back, a frightful nightmare.

Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanderers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business, bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer—sweet, refreshing, all invigorating sleep. Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud, and say to them: "Thus far and no farther." Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night, come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked them: "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion they have slightly wispered, "Yes." Then I have said: "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

A boy in Sparta having stolen a fox, kept him under his coat and, though the fox was gnawing his vitals, he submitted to it rather than expose his misdeed. Many a man with a smiling face has under his jacket an animosity that is gnawing away the strength of his body and the integrity of his soul. Better get rid of

That Hidden Fox

as soon as possible. There are hundreds of domestic circles where that which most is needed is the spirit of forgiveness. Brothers apart, and sisters apart, and parents and children apart. Solomon says a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city. Are there not enough sacred memories of your childhood to bring you together? The rabbins recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son had such a spite against his father that after he was dead, he had his father burned to ashes and then put the ashes into four sacks and tied them to four eagles' necks which flew away in opposite directions. And there are now domestic antipathies that seem forever to have scattered all parental memories to the four winds of heaven. How far the eagles fly with that sacred ashes! The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical suggestion. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of *Frederick the Great*, says the old King was told by the confessor he must be at peace with his enemies if he wanted to enter

heaven. Then he said to his wife the Queen: "Write to your brother after I am dead that I forgive him." Roloff, the confessor, said: "Her Majesty had better write him immediately." "No," said the King, "after I am dead; that will be safer." So he let the sun of his earthly existence go down upon his wrath.

Again: We ought not to allow the sun to set before forgiveness takes place.

Because We Might Not Live

to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between eleven o'clock P. M. and three o'clock A. M. there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most of people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Perhaps God may have arranged it in that way so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunshiny days in this world that must have been almost like the radiance of heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sundown and sunrise they quit this world at its darkest, and heaven always bright, will be the brighter for that contrast. Out of darkness into irradiation.

Shall we then leap over the roseate bank of sunset into the favorite hunting ground of disease and death, carrying our animosities with us? Who would want to confront his God, against whom we have all done meaner things than anybody has ever done against us, carrying old grudges? How can we expect His forgiveness for the greater when we are not willing to forgive others for less? Napoleon was encouraged to undertake the crossing of the Alps because Charlemagne had previously crossed them. And all this rugged path of forgiveness bears the bleeding footsteps of Him who conquered through suffering, and we ought to be willing to follow. On the night of our departure from this life into the next, our one plea will have to be for mercy, and it will have to be offered in the presence of Him who has said: "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your heavenly father forgive your trespasses." What a sorry plight if we stand there hating this one, and hating that one, and wishing that one a damage, and wishing some one else a calamity, and we ourselves needing forgiveness for ten thousand times ten thousand obliquities of heart and life. When our last hour comes, we want it to find us all right. Hardly anything affects me so much in

The Uncovering of Pompeii

as the account of the soldier who, after the city had for many centuries been covered with the ashes, and scoriae of Vesuvius, was found standing in his placé on guard, hand on spear and helmet on head. Others fled at the awful submergement, but the explorer, seventeen hundred years after, found the body of that brave fellow in right position. And it will be a grand thing if, when our last moment comes, we are found in right position toward the world, as well as in right position toward God, on guard and unaffrighted by the ashes from the mountain of death. I do not suppose that I am any more of a coward than most people, but I declare to you that I would not dare to sleep tonight if there were any being in all the earth with whom I would not gladly shake hands, lest during the night hours my spirit dismissed to other realms, I should, because of my unforgiving spirit, be denied divine forgiveness.

"But," says some woman, "there is a horrid creature that has so injured me that rather than make up with her I would die first. Well, sister

You May Take Your Choice,

—for one or the other it will be—your complete pardon of her or God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man, "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods, or damaged my business credit, or started that lie about me in the newspapers, or by his perfidy broke up my domestic happiness, forgive him I cannot, forgive him I will not." Well, brother, take your choice. You will never be at peace with God till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of heaven as to see the lightship. Better leave that man with the God who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet; I will make him squirm; I mean to pursue him to the death," but you are damaging yourself more than you damage him, and you are making heaven for your own soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, be reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sundown. The dahlias will bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that take a shovel and bury the old quarrel at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"

"But," you say, "I have more than I can bear; too much is put upon me, and I am not to blame if I am somewhat revengeful and unrelenting." Then I think or the little child at the moving of some goods from a store. The father was putting some rolls of goods on the child's arm, package after package and some one said: "That child is being overloaded and so much ought not to be put upon her," when the child responded:

"Father Knows How Much

I can carry;" and God our Father, will not allow too much imposition on his children. In the day of eternity it will be found you had not one annoyance too many; not one exasperation too many; not one outrage too many. Your Heavenly Father knows how much you can carry.

Again: We ought not to allow the passage of the sunset hour before the dismissal or all our affronts, because we may associate

The Sublimest Action of the Soul,

with the sublimest spectacle in nature. It is a most delightsome thing to have our personal experiences allied with certain subjects. There is a tree or river bank where God first answered your prayer. You will never pass that place or think of that place without thinking of the glorious communion. There was some gate or some room or some garden wall where you were affianced with the companion who has been your chief joy in life. You never speak of that place but with a smile. Some of you have pleasant memories connected with the evening star, or the moon in its first quarter, or with the sunrise. Because you saw it just as you were arriving at harbor after a tempestuous voyage. Forever and forever, Oh hearer, associate the sunset with your magnanimous, out and out, unlimited renunciation of all hatreds and forgiveness of all foes.

I admit it is *the most difficult of all graces* to practice, and at the start you may make a complete failure, but keep on in the attempt to practice it. Shakespeare wrote ten plays before he reached "Hamlet," and seventeen plays before he reached "Merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reached "Macbeth." And gradually you will come from the easier graces to the most difficult. Beside that, it is not a matter of personal determination so much as the laying hold of the almighty arm of God, who will help us to do anything we ought to do. Remember that in all personal controversies

The One Least to Blame

will have to take the first step at pacification, if it is ever effective. The contest between Aeschines and Aristippus resounds through history, but Aristippus, who was least to blame, went to Aeschines and said: "Shall we not agree to be friends before we make ourselves the laughing stock of the whole country?" And Aeschines said: "Thou art a far better man than I, for I began the quarrel, but thou hast been the first in healing the breach," and they were always friends afterwards. So let the one of you that is least to blame take the first step toward conciliation. The one most in the wrong will never take it.

Oh, it makes one feel splendidly to be able by God's help to practice unlimited forgiveness. It improves one's body and soul. It will make you measure three or four more inches around the chest and improve your respiration, so that you can take a deeper and longer breath. It improves the countenance by scattering the gloom and makes you somewhat

Like God Himself.

He is omnipotence, and we cannot copy that. He is independent of all the universe, and we cannot copy that. He is creative, and we cannot copy that. He is omnipresent, and we cannot copy that. But He forgives with a broad sweep all faults, and all neglects, and all insults, and all wrong-doings, and in that we may copy Him with mighty success. Go harness that sublime action of your soul to an autumnal sunset—the hour when the gate of heaven opens to let the day pass into the eternities, and some of the glories escape this way through the brief opening. We talk about the Italian sunsets, and sunset amid the Appenines, and sunset amid the Corderillas, but I will tell you how you may see a grander sunset than any mere lover of Nature ever beheld; that is, by flinging into it all your hatreds and animosities, and let the horses of fire trample them, and the chariots of fire roll over them, and the spearmen of fire stab them, and the beach of fire consume them, and the billows of fire overwhelm them.

Again: We should not let the sun go down on our wrath, because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the affluent God of the sunset as

Your Provider and Defender.

People talk as though it were a fixed spectacle of Nature and always the same. But no one ever saw two sunsets alike, and if the world has existed six thousand years, there have been about two million one hundred and ninety thousand sunsets, each of them as distinct from all the other pictures in the gallery of the sky as Titian's "Last Supper," Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," Raphael's "Transfiguration," and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" are distinct from each other. If that God of such infinite resources that he can put on the wall of the sky each night more than the Louvre and the Luxembourg galleries all in one, is my God and your God, our Provider and Protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many-colored sunset can put the right color on our action. If all the garniture of the western heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of one of the windows of our future home, what small business for us to be chasing enemies? Let not this Sabbath sun go down upon your wrath.

Mahomet said: "The sword is the key of heaven and hell." But, my hearers, in the Last Day we will find just the opposite of that to be true, and that the sword never unlocks heaven, and that he who heals wounds is greater than he who makes them, and that on the same ring are two keys—God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of enemies—and these two keys unlock Paradise.

And now, I wish for all of you a beautiful

Sunset in your Earthly Existence.

With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at six o'clock it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophecied, but by the time the noonday of middle-life had come, and the clock of your earthly existence had struck twelve, cloud-racks gathered and tempest bellowed in the track of tempest. But as the evening of old age approaches, I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars as of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight below the horizon, may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald. "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset of earth become the sunrise of heaven.

AN UNEXPECTED CALAMITY.

Among a party of sailors and firemen, from the steamship *Topaz*, who visited the Berachah mission in 32d Street, New York, one evening, was a man who miscalculated his opportunities. The *Topaz* party enjoyed the services as many other parties of sailors have done since Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, the founders of the mission, made special efforts to reach, with their invitations, the ships as they came in. They joined in the singing and showed no disaffection until they were approached by the mission workers, and individually urged to give themselves to God. The usual excuses were made, and the King's messengers were repelled at every point. As an argument for present decision they were told of an incident which had occurred not long before at the same mission. It was that of a sailor who, only the next morning after giving his heart to God, fell from the masthead and was killed. The incident impressed several, who yielded to the plea, but one man said, in reply: "*Oh, I don't expect anything of that sort. God will give me time to repent before I die.*" He left the mission that night, in spite of all the workers could say or do, and was determinedly set against God. Instead of going to the mission the next evening he borrowed a dollar from the captain and took it to the drink shop. Returning late at night, with unsteady gait, he mounted the gang-plank, and was getting on board the ship when he missed his footing, fell between the vessel and the pier, and was drowned before the watchman could reach him. Ten days afterwards, as the mission workers went to another ship service, his dead body floated up from the mud of the river and was taken to the morgue. He left a wife and five children in England to lament his awful end.

A CLERGYMAN'S NEURALGIA CURED.

That most obstinate and distressing complaint which is sometimes lightly spoken of—neuralgia—makes life a burden for those whom it makes its prey. One sufferer, the Rev. John F. Palmer, of Coffeyville, Kans., in a letter to a contemporary, describes his remarkable recovery from an attack. He had been a victim to the malady from childhood, the acute attacks lasting from ten days to three weeks at a time. One day, after being exposed to a cold wind, he felt the usual premonitory symptoms—shooting pains in the chest and about the heart. The attack came on very rapidly, and soon the pastor was in excruciating agony. He and his wife had already trusted Christ for sickness, "and now," says Mr. Palmer, "we continued in prayer and trustful faith, apparently without any change from most intense pain, *refusing to relax our hold of faith*. About midnight the pain began to leave. I then requested my wife to lie down and sleep, which she did. As the suffering subsided, I dropped into sleep, and awoke the next morning but little later than my usual time of waking, got up, the pain gone, the disease broken, and about in the same condition where I had been in the former attacks at the end of ten days or two weeks, after the disease had run its course. This was one of those attacks which would have disabled me for three weeks."

PATRIOTISM IN A POLICE COURT.

An incident which illustrates the principle that an offense may be aggravated by reflection is reported from Memphis, Tenn. It may be commended to the notice of men who have taken upon them the name of Christ, yet live inconsistent lives, forgetting that their profession requires them to depart from iniquity (II Tim. 2:19).

On the morning after a masked ball had been held in the city, a Memphis magistrate saw among the prisoners a young man who had attended the ball in the character of George Washington. The charge against him was drunkenness, disorderly conduct and profane language. It certainly did seem incongruous that a man who proposed to personate "the Father of his Country," should indulge in vices for which that revered man had an especial abhorrence. The magistrate took that view of the case and emphasized it in a very practical way. He said: "Now, *if you had got drunk as a private citizen, and had ripped around as such*, I should have fined you $5; but inasmuch as you appeared at the masked ball and committed the offense while personating the character of George Washington, the revered father of his country, I will have to inflict a fine on you of $20. I won't have this patriotism business brought into disrepute."

A LIVING CONCORDANCE.

Among the converts in Persia is a young man who was formerly employed as a herdsman, but is now working as a colporteur. In the course of a recent letter to the *Church*, Mr. Larabee, of Oroomiah, relates an interesting fact in connection with him. He says:

Some years ago, in my circuit among the villages of Oroomiah, I became deeply interested in a class of young men uniting with the church in Ada about the same time. Out of this class there have gone forth three colporteurs, who have made an interesting record for themselves and greatly advanced the cause of Christ in Persia. One of these was a very poor boy, who gained his livelihood by tending the village herd. The missionary riding over the grazing lands of that village was pretty sure to have a visit from Shimoon. He had learned to read in the mission village school, and his New Testament was his constant companion as he tended his cattle. He usually had a question to ask upon some verse or passage. His memory was a remarkable one. It was almost impossible to mention a verse or sentence of which he could not tell the chapter and verse. *He was a living concordance.* He has graduated from herding cattle, taken a short course of study, and entered the colporteur service. In this capacity he has travelled much in Persia and in Russia, and has been the means of circulating very many copies of God's word among all classes.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF MISERY.

A grateful wife, writing to Mrs. Naylor in acknowledgment of the blessings which had come on her home through God's blessing on the work at the Berachah Mission says:

"My husband was once a prosperous business man in this city, and a large employer of labor, but he fell a victim to the hurtful drinking customs of social life, until at last he was completely enslaved. Then his business relations became entangled, and the course was downward, and still downward until we were homeless and friendless. The fatal drink habit still clung to him and for *thirty-three years I was the companion of a drunkard.* The future was hopeless, and as wretched and miserable as it could be. I heard of the Berachah Mission, and last November I said to my husband: 'George, we have neglected God these many years, and now we are without His blessing. Let us go up to the little mission and spend an evening with God's people.' He hesitated for a while, but at last consented to go, and now, we look back to that night as to the brightest spot in our lives. My dear husband responded to the invitation that was given, and went with two or three friends and knelt before God in prayer. It was the hour of his conversion, and since then, we have a bright but humble home. We go to the house of God together, and in Him all our wants are supplied. The terrible drink appetite that ruined my husband, and blighted our earthly prospects, is gone, and gone, I trust, forever. We have much cause for rejoicing, and our every-day prayer is that God will bless Berachah Mission."

[Gifts of left-off clothing for men, women, or children or of material for clothes, will be welcome at the mission. Also, if any employer who can employ an extra man or boy for a day or two would notify the managers they would be glad. Half naked hungry men with wives and children in similar condition are continually met with about the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Naylor would be glad to co-operate with philanthropists who would aid in the erection of a soup kitchen, bath-house, etc., in their neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. Naylor have already expended $37,079 in erecting the Berachah Mission and they also defray the expenses of it, which amount to six thousand dollars a year.]

ALONE IN UGANDA.

A recently published telegram stated that the savage king of Uganda, who had Bishop Hannington murdered, had at length granted permission for Mr. A. M. Mackay to depart. Prior to the granting of that permission Mr. Mackay wrote a deeply interesting letter, which arrived about the same date as the telegram. As the whole church throughout the world has been praying for this noble man left solitary in the power of a ferocious despot, the following extracts from his letter will be welcome to Christian readers:

"I have not the slightest desire to 'escape,' if I can do a particle of good by staying. My desire, and, I believe, the desire of all our friends is that the Lord will open the way for the mission to be kept on, not abandoned. The *Eleanor* is in port, some twelve miles off, and possibly I might make a dash for it, but what then? I do not at present see that I am warranted in seeking to do so. Anything may happen at any moment, and it may be that I shall be led to adopt such a course, but hitherto I believe I am doing right in quietly going on with the work. *My earnest heart-wish* is simply to cast myself on the Master and say 'Thy will be done!' *My own choice is to stay*, that is, if choice were given me at all. Not that we are in any favorable state at present. On the contrary, I am in no small odium at present with his Majesty. Nor do I labor under any conceited notion that my presence is essential to the work. Well I know that the Lord will carry on His work, whether the workmen be alive or buried. I only wait for more light before I take any rash step. I know, too, that I have a prominent place in the prayers of all of you, that our people and myself may be not only preserved, but guided also.

"I have been making an effort to complete St. Matthew. My best version of the remaining chapters was unsatisfactory. However, I got Duta back from Budu, and with Bartolomayo, Luka, Andrea, and others, we have gone steadily to work, and now we have, by God's grace, rewritten the whole to the end. I thought this more immediately important than joggin on as I had been doing, setting up sheet by sheet: as in the case of sudden expulsion the MSS. may be saved, and the mere printing can be done elsewhere.

"Kanta, a strong enemy to Christianity, was sent to rob and nyaga the island of Busi, on the pretext that two years ago the natives had speared one of the king's servants (who had been stealing the people's goats) on the expedition to Nkanaga. This fellow returned with much booty, having slain almost every man he found, and captured the women, children and cattle.

"One of the imprisoned lads was liberated, and the king gave out that those in hiding might come back. One lad, named Jamari, reported himself. He was asked to go and find his chums, and bring them to the Katikiro, who would find them wives and place them among the basalosalo. The lad went about for a day or two looking for the others, but none would venture; so he returned to the Katikiros and was taken in, but has never more been seen. Kisule has made diligent inquiries, and hears from some of the boys at that worthy's place that Jamari was recently murdered and thrown into a hole in the muga, at the foot of Katikiro's enclosure. It is needless to say that the others are not inclined to show face now. Apparently it was a trap to catch and murder them all.

"The edict for catching people on the road at night gradually became more and more of

dead letter, as most things do in this country, and at present seems to have been withdrawn. Hence I have almost all along had a fair number of pupils every evening. At present we are going through St. Luke, for the—I-cannot-say how-many—th time. We had a good stock of that Gospel, while the idiom of it has ever been almost unintelligible to most. Hence few ever took to it, the rage being on St. Matthew. But necessity compelled me to take up St. Luke, and now they seem all keen for it. I have read also several Epistles this last month with the more advanced ones. The Apocalypse, too, is always a favorite, as also the Acts. When, oh when, can they have more than the veriest fraction of the Word in their own tongue—I mean in real idiomatic, intelligible language? When can we be together again at this work? The Lord hasten the day! This one-man job is little better than a makeshift, let me be ever so careful.

"On Sundays I generally have a houseful; in fact, far more than I think safe or prudent meantime. But we must risk something. I trust that some of our people are growing in knowledge, and I hope in grace also. One good sign is that beginners are numerous, being taught by those of older standing. Books and papers continue to be purchased."

THE VISION OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

A Pictorial History of the Church for 1862 Years—Difference Between the Seals and the Trumpets—Their Parallel Signification—Respective Significance of the Four Horses—The First Seal of Purity and Poverty Combined with Persecution—The Second Seal of Wealth and Dissension.

THE first of the prophetic visions in the Book of Revelation is the symbolic series of Seven Seals, which, in its historical fulfilment throughout this Gentile dispensation, furnishes a

Dramatic History of the Church

from the First to the Second Advent of Christ. The seven-sealed Book of Life, in which are written the names of all who shall be redeemed by the blood of Christ, is first of all delivered by God the Father to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God who forthwith proceeds to break open, one by one, the seven seals, with which it is securely fastened. Certain events are described as transpiring at the successive opening of each seal, until at last, when the seventh seal is opened and the Second Advent of Christ takes place, the Lamb's Book of Life becomes unfastened, so that the full list of the names of "such as shall be saved" becomes open to inspection, and it is found to contain, written within it before the foundation of the world, a complete register and muster-roll of all the true soldiers of Jesus Christ.

While the prophetic series of the *Seven Seals* describes the history and future of the *Christian Church* during 1862 years from the First to the Second Advent of Christ, the prophetic series of the *Seven Trumpets* (which is entirely a new prophetic vision, and quite distinct from the Seven Seals) describes the history of the *world*, and of the Divine judgments inflicted on it during the same period. Thus the series of the Seven Seals and the Seven Trumpets run in parallel streams of fulfilment, side by side; and the former relate more to spiritual and ecclesiastical affairs—the latter are more descriptive of temporal and political events.

The First Four Seals

are symbolic prefigurations of the successive stages of the visible professing Christian Church from *Primitive Purity* as a white horse—A. D. 39 to 324, to a state of internal discord and sanguinary strife as a red horse—324 to 566; then to a condition of spiritual famine and dark superstition, as a black horse—566 to 1095; then as a death-dealing crusading Church—the ghastly horse, from the first crusade in 1095 to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, when the Cry of the Martyrs is raised at the beginning of the Fifth Seal.

The First Seal.

Historical fulfilment—A. D. 39 to 324—The victorious progress and primitive purity of the visible Christian Church. "And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard as it were the noise of thunder, one of the living creatures, saying Come and see. And I saw and behold a white horse: and He that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto Him, and He went forth conquering and to conquer" (Rev. 6: 1, 2).

The explanation given by the Fathers of the Church and, as a general rule, by all expositors for fifteen centuries, from the earliest writer, Irenæus, to the time of Luther, was that the first Seal represents the early conquests of Christianity and Christ's victory through the first preachers of the Gospel. The rapid success of the Christian religion, its vast conquests and its spreading dominion, fully justified their application of the triumphant symbol.

History of the Period.

The Acts of the Apostles declare how victorious was the Gospel of Christ, as preached by the primitive disciples, in pulling down the strongholds of Satan. So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed. Lactantius asserted that within twenty-five years from the day of Pentecost, Christian churches were established in all the provinces and states of the Roman Empire. Eusebius said that, by the Divine power and helping hand of God, the wholesome doctrine, like sunbeams, suddenly shone throughout the world, and the sound of the holy evangelists and apostles passed throughout the whole earth. So that forthwith, in all cities and villages, many, and the same very populous, churches were established.

A modern author, describing the apostolic era, has unconsciously written the following commentary on this First Seal period. "From the time that the Great Head of the Church gave the vast commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' to the present hour, Christ has, by the instrumentality of His Word, gone forth 'conquering and to conquer.' Many and mighty indeed were the enemies to be overcome—Jew and Gentile, prince and peasant, rich and poor, the intellectual Greek and the ignorant barbarian, were alike opposed to the holy, humbling doctrine of the crucified Nazarene; and united in one strong phalanx, although composed of such discordant materials, they seemed to present an impenetrable barrier to the progress of the twelve poor 'unlearned and ignorant men' to whom the diffusion of the word of truth was committed. Nevertheless, armed simply with that word, and 'strong with that word, and 'strong in the Lord and the power of His might,' they went forth. The arrows which they shot as they were supplied to them from the heavenly quiver (Matt. 10: 20) pierced the hearts of the King's enemies, and the mighty host of foes either turned their backs and fled, or were melted into friends." For

The First Three Centuries

the Christian converts, although greatly multiplied, consisted mostly of the lower classes. The ecclesiastical historian, Milner, says of the period ending A. D. 300: "It does not appear that the number of converts among the learned or great was considerable. The lower ranks of men were best disposed to receive Christianity, and the bulk of its professors consisted of these." Indeed, one of their opponents objected to them that they were mostly "mean, illiterate, ignorant people, such as weavers, tailors, fullers, and day laborers. They can gain only the foolish, the vulgar, slaves, women and children." But when in 323 the Christian church ceased to be a despised denomination, and was established by the Emperor Constantine, as the popular and fashionable State Church, multitudes of the noble and wealthy became professedly members of it, and helped to cause its degeneracy from pristine purity.

Although Paganism was the national religion of the Roman Empire until A. D. 323, yet during that time Christians enjoyed considerable toleration and religious freedom for long intervals.

Severe Persecutions,

however, occasionally broke out against them according to the capricious disposition of the populace or the political rulers. Historians enumerate ten such Pagan persecutions against Christianity in the following order: 1st, by Nero, A. D. 65, for 3 years. 2d by Domitian, A. D. 94, for 3 years. 3d, by Trajan, A. D. 103, very short. 4th, by Antoninus, A. D. 161, for 18 years. 5th, by Severus, A. D. 202, for 9 years. 6th, by Maximus, A. D. 235, for 3 years. 7th, by Decius, A. D. 249, for 3 years. 8th, by Valerian, A. D. 256, for 3½ years. 9th, by Aurelian, A. D. 273, very short. 10th, by Diocletian, A. D. 303, ten years.

The Second Seal.

A. D. 324–566. "And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see. And there went out *another horse that was red*; and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword." The Christian Church Militant underwent a change from Primitive Purity as a White Horse to Fratricidal Strife and Fiery Discord prefigured as a Red or Fire-Colored Horse about the era of its nationalization by Constantine in 324.

Even as early as toward the close of the third century, shortly before Diocletian's persecution in 303, many of the bishops began, according to Eusebius' history to manifest considerable ambition, pride, contentiousness and abuse of their authority. Milner says that the declension of piety and decayed state of the church began about A. D. 270. Mosheim represents that when freed from persecution by the Pagan power, they speedily engaged in dispute and contentions with one another. Alexander and Chrysostom describe the office of a Bishop as giving rise to constant intrigue, envy, and strife in the rivalry between candidates to secure their election.

The ambitious and usurping spirit thus early evinced in connection with the Bishoprics, was powerful stimulated by Constantine's nationalization of the Christian Church in 324; thenceforth election to a Bishopric, or See, as it is termed, conferred upon the successful candidate in many cases extensive authority and wealth.

Hallam, the historian, says: "It was among the first effects of the conversion of Constantine to give not only a security but a legal sanction to the territorial acquisitions of the church. Passing rapidly from a condition of distress and persecution to the summit of prosperity, the church degenerated as rapidly from her ancient purity. Covetousness became almost a characteristic vice."

The 242 years of this second seal period were also remarkable for the development of

Schisms, Heresies, and Dissensions

that plunged the visible church into discord. Of these, the most notable were the *Donatists*, who, under Donatus resorted to arms against the Cecilian, the Bishop of Carthage, elected in A. D. 311; the *Arians*, who denied the equality of Christ with God much as Unitarians and Socinians do now; the *Pelagians*, who denied the doctrine of original sin; the *Nestorians*, who contended that the union of Godhead and manhood in Christ was a union of will and not of nature; and the *Monophysites*, who denied the manhood of Christ, holding that His nature was purely divine.

About 514 a bitter dissension also arose between the Latin and the Greek section of the Church, regarding the addition of a few words to a hymn called *Trisagion* (*thrice holy*, Isa. 6: 3.) The two rival factions met in the Cathedral at Constantinople, and each chanted the hymn according to their respective versions. They then fought against each other. The streets were crowded with swarms of men and women: the legions of monks in regular array marched and shouted and fought at their head, and large numbers of persons were killed,

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Large Increase in Post Office Business which has followed the two latest concessions to the public, will, it is expected, still further reduce the deficit in that department this year. When the rate was reduced from three to two cents, and when subsequently the weight of letters which might be sent for two cents was increased from half an ounce to an ounce, it was expected that the deficiency between income and expenditure would reach nine million dollars. It proved to be less than seven millions. This year according to facts ascertained by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, the Postmaster-General will report a deficiency of less than four millions, and will, in his report, express the opinion that the Postal service will very soon be entirely self-supporting.

The Memorial to the President and Congress from England, in favor of the settlement of all international differences by arbitration, has arrived here, and is to be presented to the President as soon after his return to Washington as convenient. It is signed by two hundred and thirty-one members of the English Parliament. The memorialists say that they "learn with the utmost satisfaction that various proposals have been introduced into Congress urging the Government of the United States to take the necessary steps for concluding with the Government of Great Britain a treaty which shall stipulate that any differences or disputes arising between the two Governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, shall be referred to arbitration. Should such a proposal happily emanate from the Congress of the United States, our best influence shall be used to insure its acceptance by the Government of Great Britain." They also express the hope that if America and England agreed upon such a plan, other nations, now exhausted by their preparations for war, would join the peaceful compact. The effort is commendable, but students of prophecy know that war, rather than peaceful arbitration, will continue the rule in Europe, during the next few years.

Several Attempts to Harmonize the Democratic factions of New York were made last week. The County Democracy and Tammany Hall succeeded at last by appointing a conference committee to agree on a basis of union. Irving Hall appears to be working independently and in opposition to both the County Democracy and Tammany Hall. It is significant that the questions in dispute were not as to principles, but spoils. The fair distribution of the offices was the difficulty that was troubling the rival organizations, and the office of District Attorney was the coveted prize. The influence which this official wields is perfectly well appreciated, for the politicians are aware that in the pigeon-holes of his official desk there are indictments lying which it would be exceedingly inconvenient to have pressed, and many other indictments may be added to the list in a short time. Besides this office there are two Supreme Court judges and several other judges, the Controller, Surrogate, etc., to be elected.

The Opposition of the Mormon Church to the appointment of a receiver has been met with a direct contradiction. On October 19, the Assistant District Attorney made the opening argument in reply to the demurrer. He contended that Congress had power to disincorporate, and that the church, being declared disincorporated by law, the only party entitled to hold the property was a Receiver, and not Trustees appointed by a disestablished church. He dwelt at length on the fraudulent nature of the bills of sale, and showed how impossible it was for the church to convey so much personal property, situated in all quarters of the Territory, in three days. A suggestion is made, and finds favor, that in the event of Utah pressing a claim for admission as a State, a sixteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution should be adopted as speedily as possible, prohibiting polygamy in all States and Territories.

The Interesting Experiment in Criminal treatment which has been inaugurated in Massachusetts is attracting the attention of the public in other States. By a law passed by the last Legislature, any criminal convicted of a State prison offense, who has previously served two terms of more than three years each, must be sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment, whatever may be the punishment assigned for that particular crime. The first prisoner of whom this law has laid hold is a horse-thief. He has received the twenty-five year sentence and has disappeared behind the bars. This effort to rid the State of habitual and incorrigible criminals, will probably have the effect of driving beyond its borders any criminal who has served two terms. In that case other States may find it advisable to pass a similar law.

The Strenuous Opposition of the Mayor of New York to the companies engaged in burying the wires of the telegraph and electric lights has excited no little curiosity as to his motive. The wires have repeatedly obstructed firemen in their efforts to extinguish fires, and have in some instances led to a loss of life. Beside this, the cumbrous and unsightly poles which have for many years disfigured the streets are a nuisance that cannot too soon be got rid of. It was expected that the project of abolishing the poles and getting the wires underground would, when it had once been endorsed by the Legislature, be cordially welcomed and earnestly forwarded by the Mayor of the city, whoever might happen at that time to hold the office. Mayor Hewitt, however, has done all in his power to hinder it. He explained last week to the Electrical Commission that his action was prompted by *a desire for clean streets*, and the work of burying the wires involved digging up the pavements to lay the conduits. It is well for the city that the Mayor can only obstruct, and cannot stop the work altogether.

The Breach Between Prohibitionists and Republicans will be widened rather than closed by the result of the recent convention in Nebraska. Of late years the Republican conventions in that State have made a bid for Prohibition votes by pledging the party to the submission of an amendment to the popular vote. The pledge did not appear to bind the party except during the campaign, for although the Republicans controlled the Legislature, the amendment was not submitted. This year the Republican convention went a step farther. The committee on Resolution incorporated the Prohibition plank as usual but it was vigorously opposed in the convention. It escaped being laid on the table by a very narrow majority, and it was finally shelved by an amendment remitting the question to the primaries in 1888, This will carry the party over the Presidential year, and if the Prohibitionists think the reference to the primaries has been made in good faith some Prohibitionist votes may be secured for the Republican ticket. Outside the State however, the impression is produced that it is a mere trick, rather smart but not honorable.

General Caffarel, the French General who was proved to have sold decorations and accepted bribes, has been removed from his post of chief of staff of the War office, and his name has been struck from the army list. He will receive a yearly pension of $1,600. The Council of the Legion of Honor has recommended that his name be struck from the list of members of the Legion, and that he be deprived of the right of wearing any decoration of the order. The War office having disposed of the matter, the case of General Caffarel and the others implicated in the sale of decorations will now be handed over to the correctional police. General Caffarel has been arrested and lodged in the public prison. No charge of complicity has been proved against General Boulanger. His sentence of thirty days' arrest was inflicted for a breach of discipline in having spoken disrespectfully of his superior officer to a reporter.

Riotous Conflicts with the Police were Reported from London each day last week. On Monday a deputation of unemployed working men went to the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, and demanded that they be supplied with work. The Board of Aldermen referred them to the workhouse. When the deputation reported the result of their mission to those who had sent them from Trafalgar Square, the mob became infuriated and marched toward the city. On their way they attacked a detachment of police with stones. The police charged upon the crowd and scattered them, capturing a number of banners. Several policemen and about fifty of the crowd were injured. On Tuesday there was another conflict in which the police suffered seriously, but were finally victorious. On subsequent days there was more fighting, and an uneasy feeling of alarm is spreading throughout the city. Socialists are believed to have disguised themselves and mixed with the starving men, and urged them to deeds of violence. There is unquestionable serious distress in London, but the leaders in the disturbances are not starving workingmen but desperadoes from the slums.

Mr. Gladstone Delivered two Important speeches at the Congress of the Liberal Federation on October 18 and 19 at Nottingham. They will serve to bind more closely together both his friends and his enemies. He openly avowed his intention to agitate for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, for the abolition of the law of entail, which compels the owners of large estates to leave them in bulk to their eldest sons, for the abrogation of the law allowing the owners of property in different counties to have a vote in each county and other radical changes of great importance. These, however, he said, must wait until the Irish question was satisfactorily settled. He hinted that he was prepared now to make concessions in his orignal plan for giving home rule to Ireland. He said he wanted a statutory Parliament in Dublin, subject to Imperial control. There was nothing to prevent any reasonable man from agreeing with the Liberals' Irish proposals, without reference to this or that particular or detail such as "the retention of Irish members at Westminister, the use of Imperial credit in the purchase of Irish land, the delegation instead of the surrender of power to an Irish Parliament and in regard to the mode of action by which and the particular time when, a system that is English and anti-national in spirit is to be changed for a system that is Irish and national in spirit. He contended that Ireland might be satisfied by a scheme of Home Rule which would not impair but strengthen and consolidate the unity of the empire.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of the Christian Herald to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A Meeting of Representative Clergymen of all denominations was held in New York on October 17, to organize in defense of the observance of the Lord's Day against the attacks of liquor dealers, and the encroachments of managers of popular amusements. The fact that Mayor Hewitt has openly advocated the opening of certain liquor saloons and beer-gardens on Sundays, doubtless had much to do with the action of the clergymen. They did not content themselves with a simple protest, but passed a resolution urging Christian citizens to ascertain definitely from every candidate for election to the Senate or Assembly whether he will defend the Lord's Day against any relaxation of the present laws for its maintenance, and also advised such citizens to take effective means for the defeat of any candidate, of whatever political party, who declines to commit himself to this defense. A committee was appointed, comprising a prominent clergyman of every denomination, to devise the best means of counteracting the present tendency to desecrate the Sabbath.

An Illustration of the Growing Lawlessness and want of respect for the sanctity of human life is afforded by an incident chronicled by the Chicago journals. A youth of eighteen, who was on bad terms with his step-father waited on Sunday morning, October 16, among the throng outside a church door for his step-father to come out of the sacred edifice. As soon as he emerged the youth produced a pistol and shot him. A significant fact about the affair is that the mother of the lad, who is also the wife of the victim, approved the crime, and said she had intended to shoot him herself. The family does not belong to the criminal classes, but moves in good society. Crimes of this character are becoming alarmingly frequent, and are not confined to Western cities. While they are committed, it is absurd to boast of our national progress. In civilized countries wrongdoers are not murdered in open daylight by their relatives. They are handed over to the proper authorities for punishment. It is time that one or more of these wealthy and influential persons, who take the law into their own hands, were made an example of for the sake of society.

A Lake Has Been Poisoned through a Hail storm in South Carolina. Some weeks ago a statement was published that from some mysterious cause the waters of Daroko Lake had become poisonous, and the fish in it had died. It was not credited at the time, but is now confirmed by a citizen who investigated the matter at the request of Gen. Greely, Chief of the Signal Service. The lake is surrounded by a dense mass of black gum trees, the leaves of which are strongly impregnated with tannic acid. The bottom of the lake contains a slight deposit of iron. The poisoning of the water is due to the falling in of bruised leaves and branches, the tannic acid emanating from which, mingled with the iron, formed tannate of iron, causing the water to turn black and bitter as quinine, and poisoning the fishes by thousands. This singular disaster is a type of that terrible visitation which will occur in the last days of this dispensation when the wormwood falling into the waters at the sound of the seventh trumpet will poison one third of them (Rev. 8:11).

A Man was Rescued from a Living Grave in New York on October 19. Last May a large cotton warehouse in King Street caught fire and was completely gutted. Since that time men have been at work digging out and raking over the bales of cotton which fell into the basement and separating the uninjured cotton from that which was injured by fire or water. While they were at work on Wednesday of last week they came upon a half-dead man lying under some bales which formed an arch over him. He was almost lifeless through want of air and food. On being removed to Bellevue Hospital, he said that five days previously he arrived in New York without a cent. Being tired and footsore he looked around for a place to sleep. He noticed a hole in the wall of the half-burned warehouse and crept through. He crawled among the cotton bales until he found a sheltered nook, in which he lay down and slept. When he awoke he tried to get out, but found that the hole by which he had entered was boarded up. He went back to his hiding place, intending to make another effort to get out of the building at night; but before night the workmen in moving the bales completely blocked him in and he had to remain there under the cotton for what seemed to him many days and nights. When he was taken out he was almost dead, and the hospital surgeons are doubtful about his recovery. He is not the first man who in seeking rest has ventured into danger, counting on an easy return, and has found the way of escape closed against him. Liquor and opium both hold many such prisoners in their power (Isa. 5 : 11–13).

A Time of Terror Never to be Forgotten by the man who passed through it is described by a Connecticut journal. It states that a citizen of that State was belated a few nights ago in a journey. In order to save time he took a short cut which brought him on the railroad track. He knew that it was a dangerous route to travel in the darkness, so he hurried on as rapidly as he could walk over the ties. As he stumbled along he caught his foot between a plank and a rail at a crossing. While trying to get free he heard an approaching train. As he struggled it came nearer and nearer, until, just as he made up his mind for death, the headlight showed him that he was on a switch and not on the main line. After the train thundered by a watchman released him. The transition from horror and despair to joy and thankfulness was such as the awakened sinner experiences when, having fully realized the terrors of his situation as a sinner before God, he becomes conscious of his safety in Christ. Sometimes the backsliding Christian is restored by a similar transition through some providential escape (Ps. 91 : 7–9).

Fifty Dollars For The Site of a Great City was all that was paid to the original owner, less than half a century ago. The *Oregonian* of Portland, Oregon, has been publishing some historical facts in connection with that city. Among them is the statement that in 1843, when there was not a single house built where now the stately city sits in wealth and power, the land on which it is built belonged to a settler, who was anxious to dispose of it. After seeking a purchaser for some time without success, he offered it to Mr. Frank W. Pettygrove, a merchant at Oregon City, for fifty dollars. Mr. Pettygrove went and looked at the land, and believing it would prove valuable, invested fifty dollars in it. He built a store there, made a road from it to Tualaten Plains, and soon it became a thriving village, then an important town, and now it is a great commercial centre, the pride of the North West. What the land, which in 1843 was sold for fifty dollers would now bring, if it were put up for sale in one lot, it would be difficult to estimate. Looking back now, the original cost seems ridiculously small. The enormous appreciation in this case is due to business foresight and sagacity, but the time is coming when the world will wonder at an apparent disproportion of another kind due to other qualities. Men will be placed in "authority over ten cities," simply because they have been faithful to their Lord (Luke 19 : 17).

A Dollar Commission to Find a Wife Was offered by a citizen of New Jersey to an official at Castle Garden on October 17. The man is a farmer who, being tired of living alone, but having no leisure to look around for a wife thought he might save time and trouble by intrusting the commission to the immigration man. He described the kind of woman he wanted, and said, that if the man could find her it would "be a dollar in his pocket." He stipulated that she must be pretty and have some money, but if very pretty he would waive the money consideration. She must be good and loving and Irish. Moreover, she must have black hair, and know how to play the piano. She must not be over twenty-five. She must have no male cousins or relations, who might want to live on his farm in the summer. He placidly added that he had $100 in cash, a decent house, two goats and a pig, and from his manner and appearance when stating the conditions it appeared that he considered his offer a very attractive one. Last Thursday the farmer received notice that the official had found a suitable person. He came over and interviewed her. She filled all the stipulations but one. She had red hair instead of black, but in consideration of her other good qualities the farmer waived that point, and paid out the dollar in evident satisfaction. If she proves a good wife of the Biblical model (Prov. 31 : 10–27) the farmer may congratulate himself on having secured a treasure at a very insignificant outlay. It may be hoped, for his sake, that his wife will not be satisfied with proving that she is worth only what she cost, or her service will be but small. That principle, however, if applied to the Church, the bride of Christ, would demand complete complete consecration, for she was purchased by His precious blood (Eph. 5 : 25, 26).

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has commenced revival services at Amesbury, Mass. He will remain there six weeks and then open at Augusta, Me.

The Association for the Advancement of Women is holding its fifteenth annual congress in the Masonic Temple, Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York. It commenced yesterday, October 26.

Dr. T. J. Barnardo, the philanthropist, of London, has secured 5,000 acres of land in the northwestern part of the Dominion of Canada, and proposes to make of the entire block an industrial farm where homeless lads of London may be sent.

Ying Lee, the proprietor of a Chinese laundry, at Hartford, Conn., has given up his business and entered Mr. Moody's school, at Northfield, Mass., to study for missionary work in China. He is described as remarkably intelligent, and of untiring industry in study.

Mr. E. P. Telford commenced services last Sunday in Dr. J. W. Hamilton's church, Somerville, Boston, Mass. He has received invitations to labor at Mr. Moody's church in Chicago, and at Fall River, Mass., Grand Rapids, Mich., Philadelphia, Pa., Wilmington, Del., and Raleigh, N. C.

Rev. George C. Needham commenced a series of services in the Wylie Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, on October 16. All through the week the church was densely crowded, and large numbers remained after the services for prayer and personal conversation. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* refers in glowing terms to the good that resulted from Mr. Needham's former visit.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, at its recent meeting at the Bible House, New York, made grants and consignments of books for distribution in the home and foreign field amounting to $11,090. This includes a grant of 5,000 Bibles in Esthonian to the Russian agency, and an appropriation of books to the value of $3,000, for colportage in the States and Territories in our own land.

Dr. Munhall's services in the Granite Rink, Toronto, have been much blessed. At the afternoon meetings, for women only, the hall had to be opened long before the hour announced, the crowd which had collected at the doors having become so dense that an accident was feared. The night meetings, for men only, attracted a still larger attendance, large numbers being unable to obtain admission. At one of the meetings more than two hundred rose to ask for prayers and remained to the inquiry meeting.

Mr. Parker, one of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's evangelists, whose services in America last year, in connection with Mr. Mateer, were much blessed, arrived by the *Aurania* from England on October 17. He is accompanied by his sister, who has rendered him efficient aid in his evangelistic services in England. Since leaving America, Mr. Parker has visited Australia, New Zealand and India. In South India his services were much blessed—more than one thousand natives made a profession of faith during his two months' stay. Mr. and Miss Parker propose remaining a few months in America, and will be glad to preach and sing the Gospel. Their address is the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Canvassars Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD 63 Bible House, New York.

WALKING IN DARKNESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Isaiah 1 : 10.

Two Marks of the True Man of God—Fear and Obedience—His Walk in Darkness—I. What that Condition is—Light his Normal Element—The Darkness of Trouble and Perplexity—A Test of Grace—Very Sorrowful—Bewildering—II. What to Trust to in the Darkness—The Name of God—His Character—Testimony of Experience—III. Reasons For Trust—The Promises Made For Darkness—What Anchors are for—IV. What will Come of Trusting—Faith—Humility—Strength—Greater Light.

See how the Lord inquires for His people. In every congregation He asks this question: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord?" These are the wheat upon the threshing-floor. As to the thoughtless, "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." The Lord's heart is towards the hearts that fear Him, and He makes inquiry concerning them, because He loves them, and cares for them, and helps them in their day of trouble.

Observe how clearly the Lord describes His own people. The description is brief, but remarkably full: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant?" Holy reverence within the heart, and careful obedience in the life, these are the

Two Infallible Marks

of the true man of God. He fears his God, and therefore he obeys that heavenly messenger whom God has sent. No servant of God has such authority over us that we are bound to obey him in all things, except One, that *Servus servorum*, that Servant of servants, who was also *Rex regum*, the King of kings.

Note that the Lord not only makes an inquiry for these people, but He takes note of their condition. He is not indifferent to their state. When they walk in darkness He is with them, and when they have no light He still beholds them. The Lord is very sensitive to the sorrows of His chosen, and very quick to help them. When He finds them walking in darkness He graciously counsels and advises them. Thus saith the gracious Lord to the benighted one: "Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

I. First, then, what is the condition into which a child of God may come? The person described is one who fears the Lord, and obeys the voice of His servant, yet "walketh in darkness, and hath no light." To many who know nothing of Christian experience, this condition might seem to be a surprising one. Shall the child of light walk in darkness?

The Normal Condition

of a child of God is to walk in the light, as God is in the light, and to have fellowship with Him; how comes he, then, to have no light? He that believes in the Lord Jesus Christ has passed from darkness to light, and he shall never come into condemnation; how, then, does he come into darkness? In the darkness of sin and ignorance we no longer walk; but with *the darkness of trouble and perplexity* we are sometimes surrounded. The Lord is our light and our salvation, and therefore we do not walk in that darkness wherein the prince of darkness rules supreme; but yet at times we are in the gloom of sadness, and we see no light of consolation.

It is not always so. Many Christian people go on year after year in uninterrupted sunshine; and I do not see why we should not all look upon continued joy in the Lord as possible to ourselves. Why should not our peace flow on like an ever-widening river? Those of you who are always bright need not be afraid of your gladness. O Lord! we are now and then in the dark, but we do not wish others to be so. Spiritual darkness of any sort is to be avoided, and not desired; and yet, surprising as it may seem to be, it is a fact that some of the best of God's people frequently walk in darkness.

We should have thought, judging after the manner of men, that the good were always happy, as one of our children's songs so positively declares. When first brought home to the great Father, we thought that it would be

All Music and Dancing

and fatted calf, world without end. But it is not so; we have heard the elder brother's ungenerous voice since then, and we have found out many things which we wish we could forget We dreamed that the year would be summer throughout all its months: the time of the singing of birds was come, and we reckoned that it was to continue through the year. Alas! the birds have ceased their songs, and the swallows are pluming their wings to depart, and in a few days we shall be walking among the falling leaves, and preparing our winter garments wherewith to meet the biting frosts. We have not found perfect bliss beneath the moon. If, instead of judging by the sight of our eyes, we had turned to the records of the family of God, we should long ago have been disabused of our ideal heaven below. It is written, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Be not, therefore, surprised as though some strange thing had happened unto you, if you find yourself in darkness; for this text warns you of what you may expect. We may fear God and carefully obey His servant, and yet we may be out after dark and find the streets of daily life as foggy and obscure for us as for others.

This condition is a severe test of grace. When darkness lowers down upon the believer's mind it is a great trial to his heart. He cries, "Where am I? and how came I here? If I be a child of God, why am I thus? Did I really repent and obtain light so as to escape the darkness of sin? If so, why am I conscious of this

Thick Gloom?

Did I really joy in Christ and think I had received the atonement? Why, then, has the sun of my joy gone down so hopelessly? Where are now the loving kindnesses of the Lord?" The good man begins to question himself as to every point of his profession: for in the dark he cannot even judge his own self. What is worse, he sometimes questions the truth which he has aforetime received, and doubts the very ground on which his foot is resting. Satan will come in with vile insinuations questioning everything, even as he questioned God's Word when he ruined our race in the garden. It is possible at such times even to question the existence of the God we love, though we still cling to Him with desperate resolve. This darkness is very trying to faith, trying to love, trying to hope, trying to patience, trying to every grace of the spiritual man. Blessed is the man who can endure it.

While it is thus trying, it is also very sorrowful. It is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun, and a painful thing to be without it. We are in heaviness at such times. The darkness which is spoken of in the text includes providential trial of many sorts. At the present moment many are in the dark in reference to

Temporal Circumstances.

Business used to prosper, and things went well with them, but everything runs the other way at this season. They were not ambitious to accumulate great riches, they were perfectly satisfied if they had bread to eat, and raiment to put on: but now even this seems to be denied them. They are out of situation, or business is gradually dying out, and their means of support will soon disappear. This is a new trial for those who have hitherto had abundance, and naturally it makes them walk in darkness. Oh, you that have a superfluity of this world's goods, you little know the darkness which comes over the hearts of God's servants when they are not able to provide things honest in the sight of all men, and are afraid that the Lord's name will be evil spoken of because they cannot meet their engagements. When parents look at their dear children, and wonder where the next meal of bread will come from, times are dark indeed. Still, mark you, this is not *the* darkness—the darkness which might be felt. Many of God's people, by reason of a strong faith, are happier in their adversity than they were in their prosperity.

The Real Darkness

has come when our evidences of grace are no longer visible, and conscience pronounces an adverse verdict. As the Psalmist says, "We see not our signs." The marks of grace are hidden. Self-examination fails to reveal to the conscience the infallible marks of the Holy Spirit's work within the soul, and then the child of God feels that he is in an evil case. While I know I am the son of God I am undismayed; but when my sonship is in doubt I am distressed indeed. If a clear sense of God's love is also withdrawn from the soul darkness follows. He that used to rejoice in that love which passeth knowledge now feels his heart to be as hard as a stone, without tender emotion, and almost without living desire. The Holy Spirit is leaving us for a while, that we may know what poor things we are apart from Him, and how useless are ordinances without His divine presence in them.

Perhaps the worst feature of this darkness is, that it is so bewildering. You have to walk, and yet your way is hidden from your eyes. This is hard work. God will help His children, will He not? Ay, that He will, but we cannot see how! If you have ever steamed up the Rhine, you have looked before you, and it has looked as if you could go no further; the river seemed to be a lake; great mountains and vast rocks blocked up all further advance. Suddenly there has been a turn in the stream, and at once a broad highway has been before you, inviting you to enter the heart of the country. Perhaps in Providence you are in one of those parts of the river of life where no progress appears possible. You are quite blocked up, and this causes you darkness of mind. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.

Worse still is that bewilderment which comes upon us in the darkness as to what we ourselves ought to do. Men of God know, as a broad principle, that they are to do right; but the question is, what is right? Which of many courses should I take? We beg the Lord to make our path straight, but we

Cannot Discover the Road.

We look for a sign-post which we had seen long ago, and it is gone: we hasten to a friend, but he is as much perplexed as we are. This suspense is the hardest part of the ordeal. Not to see our way, nay, not to see foothold for the next step, is a specially trying position. If we knew what to do, or what to prepare for, we we would gird our loins for the occasion; but knowing nothing, we are shut up, and cannot come forth. Yet you notice in the text that this does not absolve us from daily duty. The text saith, "If he *walk* in darkness, and see no light." The walk has to be continued, though the light has departed. When it is quite dark, it is safe to sit down till the day dawns. What if you may not remain where you are? Something has to be done, and done at once; and thus you are compelled to walk on, though you cannot see an inch before you. What but a divine faith can do this? Here lies the stress of the difficulty: inaction might be simple, but activity in the dark, this must be the Lord's doing, and we must cry to Him to work in us.

II. But now, secondly, I am going to turn to a practical part of this matter.

What is There to Trust to

when you are in such a condition as that? What is there to trust to? Well, says the text, "Let him trust in the name of the Lord," or, as it should be read, "in the name of Jehovah." What is there to trust in the name of Jehovah? It is "*I Am*," and signifies His self-existence. This is a fine foundation for trust. Your friend is dead, but Jehovah is still living as the "I AM." Those who could have succored you have forsaken you, but He says, "I am with thee." Trust thou in Him, for He is, and ever will be. He says, "Be still, and know that I am God."

It is also good, dear friends, when you are thinking of the name of the Lord, to remember that to you it signifies what you have seen of God in your own experience. This is His memorial or name to you. A grand thing it is, when at present you have no consolation, to recollect the consolation you enjoyed in years gone by. Oh the days when He did help us! when His arm was made bare on our behalf! I recollect that morning, you recollect it too, when the Lord brought you up out of the horrible pit. You said, "Blessed be His glorious name! What a deliverance I have had! I shall never doubt Him again!" O poor stupid, you are

Doubting Him Now!

But, furthermore, the text says, "Let him stay upon his God." Let him lean upon his God; make God his stay, his prop, his rest. This is a variation from the former sentence. He was to trust in the name of Jehovah, but now he is to *lean upon "his God."* You have taken God to be your God, have you not? If so, He has also taken you to be His own. There is a covenant between you; lean on that covenant. Treat it as a valid covenant in full force. Brethren, I am often brought to this pass, that I say to myself—Lord, if these Scriptures be not indeed a revelation of God, and inspired, then it is all over with me, for I have no other hope. But if this Book be a faithful record of what God has said to me—and I am sure it is—then I cannot too confidently rest in what He has here recorded. I will prove the truth of the Gospel. I will lean upon His promise with all my might. I have never yet hung a weight upon God's promise too heavy for it to bear. Wherefore I say to you, in the language of the text, if you walk in darkness, and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay yourself upon God.

III. Thirdly, and with great brevity,

Why Should We Trust

God at such times? If the Lord has taken away the light, and is trying us so severely, why should we trust him now? I answer thou art bound to trust in the Lord now in the time of darkness because His promises were made for dark times. When a shipwright builds a vessel, does he build it to keep it upon the stocks? Nay, he builds it for the sea and the storm. When he was making it he thought of tempests and hurricanes; if he did not he was a poor shipbuilder. When God made thee a believer He meant to try thee; and when He gave thee the promises, and bade thee trust them, He gave such promises as are suitable for tempest and tossing. O man, I beseech you, do not treat God's promises as if they were curiosities for a museum, but use them as every-day sources of comfort. Trust the Lord whenever your time of need comes on. Besides; notice that here

A Special Permit

is issued for you, to allow you to trust in God in darkness. Thus saith the Lord, "*Let him trust.*" Satan says he shall not trust, but the Lord says, "Let him trust;" and if the Lord gives us permission to trust we will not suffer the world, the flesh, or the devil to keep us back from our privilege. "Let him trust" is our divine warrant for reposing on the Lord; and we mean to use it. This is the pass-word which lets us through the gates of the promise into the royal chamber of rest. O brothers and sisters, we often act very foolishly, for we try to get a stay within ourselves. Did you ever hear of a captain of a vessel driven about by rough winds who wanted anchorage and tried to find it on board his vessel? He desires to place his anchor somewhere on board the ship where it will prove a hold-fast. He hangs it at the prow, but still the ship drives; he exhibits the anchor upon deck, but that does not hold the vessel; at last he puts it down into the hold, but with no better success. Why, man alive, anchors do not hold as long as they are on board a ship. They must be thrown into the deep, and then they will get a grip of the sea-bottom, and hold the vessel against wind and tide. As long as ever you have confidence in yourselves, you are like a man who keeps his anchor on board his boat, and you will never come to a resting-place. Over with your faith into the great deeps of eternal love and power, and trust in the infinitely faithful One. Then shall you be glad because your heart is quiet. Stay yourself upon your God, because He commands you so to do. Do not dare to hesitate.

Look, sirs! if you do not stay upon God in the dark, it would seem as if, after all, you did not trust God, but were trusting in the light, or were relying on your own eyesight. Too often we think we believe, and all the while we are miles off believing. Unless we trust in God alone, and in God wholly, we do not trust Him at all. Faith is the opposite of sight. When a man seeth, he hath no need of faith. Blessed is he to whom God is all the light he needs.

IV. So I finish with this last point: What will come of it if we do trust in God in the dark? Now, whether you are saint or sinner, I want you to lend me your ears for a minute or two while I try to show

What Will Come of Trusting

in God when you have nothing else to trust to. Very likely through this darkness of yours you will be humbled. Walking in darkness and seeing no light, you will form a very low idea of yourself, and this will be a choice blessing. Peradventure our darkness is sent to us to make our pride stoop towards the ground, while it gropes its way. Deliverance from pride will be a lasting gain to us. O my friend, thou art getting good by the painful process which reveals to thee thy littleness. Do not fret because thou now seest thy folly, thy helplessness, thine emptiness; this will be a mine of wealth to thee.

Next to that, if thou canst trust God in thy trial, thou wilt prove and enjoy the power of prayer. The man that has never needed to pray cannot tell whether there is anything in prayer or not. You that have always had your bread every morning scarcely know the value of that request, "Give us this day our daily bread": but there are poor people here at this hour to whom the petition is peculiarly sweet. He that has prayed for his breakfast values the providence which sent it. If in your darkness you will go to God and trust Him, you will become an established Christian. Yours will not be that timid bulrush faith which bows before every wind: you will be rooted and grounded in assurance of faith. These trials of yours will help to root you fast in the good soil of confidence in God. In days to come you will bless God for the clouds and the darkness, since through them your tried faith grew into strong faith, and your strong faith ripened into full assurance. Doubtless faith will make our nights the fruitful mothers of brighter days.

And let me close by saying, that by-and-by—and perhaps much sooner than we think—we shall come out

Into Greater Light

than we have as yet hoped for. Perhaps half a mile ahead you will find light springing up, even light which has long ago been sown for the righteous. Your weeping is nearly over: joy cometh in the morning. You shall sit down and say, "I did not think the day would break so soon; but now the sun is up, I perceive that even in the night I have been preserved from a thousand dangers, and I have passed safely where none but the Lord himself could have held me up."

How loudly some of us will sing when once we get to heaven! When we leap ashore upon the golden strand, how we will magnify that omnipotent love which kept us from ten thousand devouring waves! Surely in the heavenly choirs certain voices reach to higher notes than all others, for they have known the heights and depths of love divine. There will be a fullness, roundness and sweetness of tone about certain voices which shall make them notable among the celestials, even as Heman, and Asaph, and Ethan were notable amongst the sweet singers of Israel in the temple below. Who are these, and whence came they? Surely the one answer will be, "These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

And you poor troubled ones, who have as yet no hope, and are afraid that God has cast you away forever, come and rest in Jesus Christ this morning. Trust in Jesus, and defy the darkness and the devil who rules over it. So soon as you dare to trust in Christ Jesus our Lord, your salvation is secured. Do but trust, and your Saviour is bound to answer to your trust, and make it good by saving you. The Lord bless you for Jesus' sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

SOUTH AMERICANS CONVERTED IN PARIS.*

A MAN and his wife had come from Montevideo, South America, to form in Paris a financial enterprise for that town, hoping to return before the winter. One evening they were walking about in the square St. Jacques, when they made the acquaintance of two German maids, who pressed them to come to the meeting. The husband yielded, saying, "it will pass an hour, let us go." They found it pleasant from its novelty, but, the following evening the story of Christ's dying on the cross was told; the hymns were all about the cross. "I had never," says the wife, "heard Jesus spoken about in this wise; my heart was touched and I cried. So I got a Bible and began to read and pray from my heart. Then on Wednesday I was thinking, ought I to leave my religion? When I went to the meeting the text was 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' As the speaker proceeded, I could hesitate no longer. I resolved to serve God and trust alone in the sacrifice of Jesus and His mediation and then I was filled with joy." She added, "we are now on the eve of returning to America." We knelt down in their lodgings to praise God that he had revealed to her His Son Jesus, and to pray that her husband also might be made partaker of the same faith. Her progress was rapid, and a few weeks afterward she expressed a wish to go to the Lord's table. I was surprised to find her views so clear, so spiritual—surely she was taught of the spirit—and her German friend had helped her in the study of the Bible. On the first Sabbath of October she was received as a member of the Lutheran Church Rue des Billetes.

The wife soon became anxious for the salvation of her husband; she wanted him to share her faith, to be a partaker of her joy; and God has given to her the desire of her heart. On Sunday, December 16, she spoke at our fraternal meeting, giving public testimony to the great change wrought within her, and praising God for what He had done. At the close of the meeting she requested that prayer should be offered for herself and husband at our special service at the oratoire that night.

At the close of the service she came to me with a face radiant, as I have seldom seen, with inward joy. Her husband was with her. "My husband is decided; he is convinced," she said, "he has given himself. Is it not so?" To this appeal he answered, with quivering lips and moistened eyes, "Oh, yes, thank God!" "Our financial loss has been great," said the wife, "but no material loss can be compared with our spiritual gain; no sacrifice too great in view of what we have found in Paris."

Up to the time of their leaving Paris they both gave clear evidence of genuine attachment to the Saviour. On August 24 we bade

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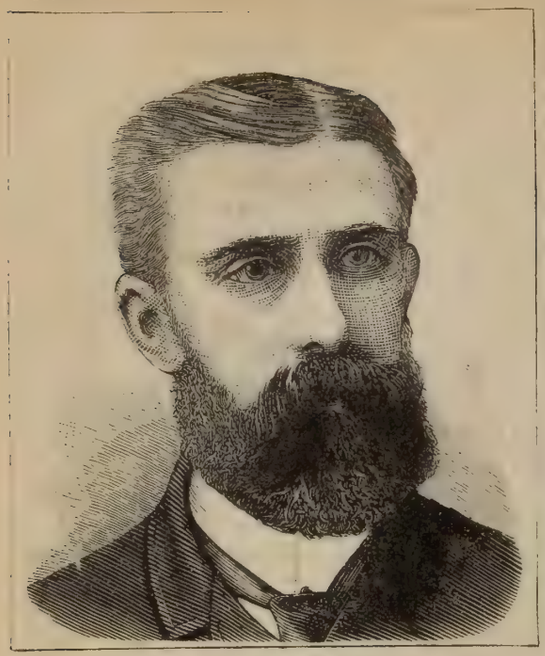
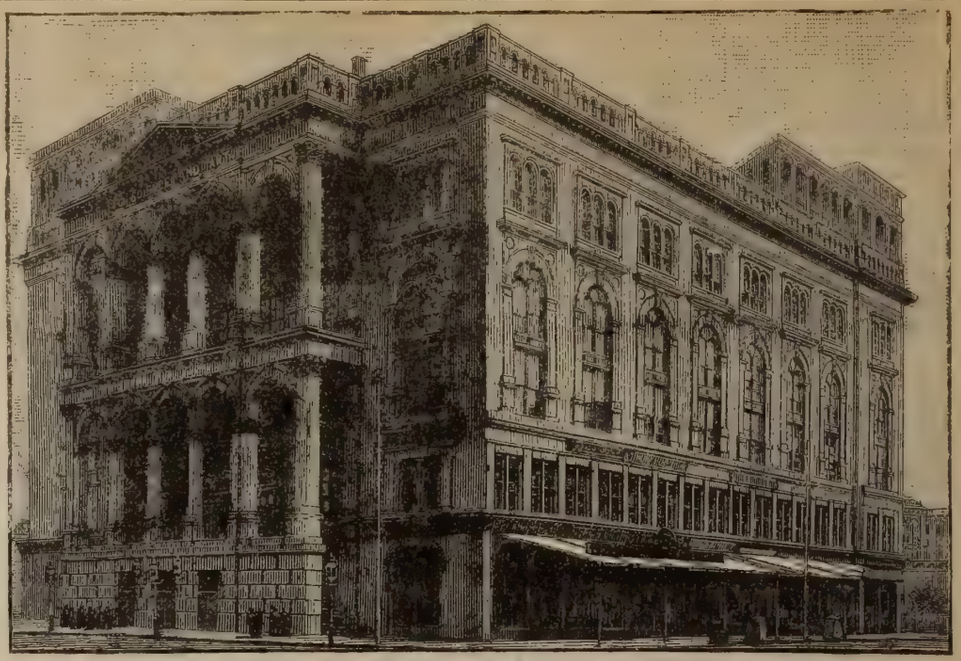
* From "A Cry from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire." A series of records of the McAll Mission, with eight illustrations; pp. 181. Price 75 cents. Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph*, 38 West 23d St., New York.



Mr. Charles Herald, the Evangelist, of Chicago.



The Cooper Union, New York, Engaged for Mr. Herald's Services.

them farewell in the reunion Rue St. Honore, commending them to God, with prayer that they might be made a blessing in their distant home. They were greatly moved: we too felt much in taking their hands, probably for the last time on earth. The wife said, "My husband was later in setting out; but he has gone before me now." So they left Paris, to use their own expression, "poorer in pocket, but rich in heart."

MR. CHARLES HERALD,

The Evangelist for Cooper Union, New York.

(See Portrait on this Page.)

THE sight of the Bowery, New York, and of the streets that branch out of it, is one that cannot fail to deeply impress the Christian spectator. The teeming thousands who dwell within a few blocks of that great thoroughfare, who hurry along it in the daytime and stroll through it at night, find in it scores of rum shops, many theatres and places of amusement, and traps and pitfalls of various kinds. It is well that right there a thoroughly organized effort for its evangelization should be centred. This is now to be done. Cooper Union (*a picture of which appears on this page*) has in times past been the birthplace of many souls. Turning in there out of the glare and glitter of the street many a sin-tossed, despairing heart has found rest in Jesus. An interval in the services unhappily occurred, then came a feeble attempt to revive them, but now to the joy of all Christian hearts in the city it is announced that a vigorous, well-arranged campaign has been planned, and that Mr. Charles Herald, of Chicago, an evangelist well known for his energy and self-devotedness, is to have charge of the work. He will have the best wishes of the churches, and, it may be hoped, all their prayers.

Mr. Charles Herald is a native of Manchester, England, where he was born just forty years ago. His parents were godly people, and his father was for twenty-five years an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Charles was intended for a commercial career, and at the age of fourteen was taken into the employment of a dry goods firm in Manchester, doing a large foreign trade. He remained there eight years, but when his father's death occurred, he drifted into dissipated ways, became addicted to liquor, and finally left the city and country.

He went to Buenos Ayres, South America, got into a good position there, and was sent by the firm who employed him to their branch house in Monte Video. There he lived a very careless, wild life until his marriage with a Scotch young lady, who came out from Glasgow to link her life with his. Reformation was attempted and for a time carried out. He became careless again, however, and this time he lost his situation. He earned a precarious living, first at teaching and then in the printing business. A beautiful girl baby had been born, but God took her to Himself when she was six months old, thus knocking at the father's heart to bring him to Christ. But he was deaf to the call, though he grieved over his loss.

He returned with his wife to England and again God blessed him in business until he was sent to London from Manchester to represent the firm who employed him. There he again mixed with bad companions, and he became utterly indifferent to the interests of his business and the admonitions of friends. He was fast traveling the downward road, and utter ruin for body and soul did not appear far distant. But God had better things in store for him.

On Sunday, Jan. 23, 1881, he rose from his bed feeling very wretched and miserable both in body and mind, and the earnest desire came into his heart that he might be delivered from the thraldom of sin and become a Christian. He tried to pray, but got no relief. He tried to sing hymns, but could get no joy. He read God's Word, but found no comfort. The trouble was that all the time he would not fully trust God. He was saying secretly to himself, "I will try and drink *less*," instead of "I will give it up and trust God for the power to keep from it." At last, at 11 o'clock at night, after his weeping, praying wife had retired to rest, he opened his Bible once more and read 1 John 1:9 and 7. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanses us from all sin." The light came into his soul. He threw himself on his face before God, confessed his sins, and then and there believed that God had forgiven him and accepted him as His child.

He came to this country shortly after as agent of the firm who had employed him in London, and for a time resided in New York. He afterward removed to Chicago, where he held several responsible positions. He joined the church at Mr. Moody's Tabernacle, and took an active part in its various modes of usefulness. He was a deacon there, a member of the choir, and frequently went on evangelistic expeditions connected with the church. The success with which God blessed his efforts in this last sphere was so remarkable as to cause a serious consideration of duty. It needs some faith, as well as moral courage, to resign a lucrative employment to go out to work for God. But Mr. Herald had the best evidence in the souls that had been given to him, that God was calling him to the work, and he therefore quitted his employment and entered the evangelistic field, assured that God would supply his temporal needs. Last year he labored in the west with much success, and this year he has been engaged at various places in Pennsylvania and New York State. Everywhere God has blessed his labors. He now enters on his extensive and arduous field of labor at Cooper Union, New York City, full of hope and faith, depending on God for success. He asks the prayers of Christian friends on his behalf.

MR. BALFOUR'S PRINCIPLES.

(See Illustration.

IT was a bright, pleasant morning in the early fall, and the sun was gilding all nature with its glorious light as if to give it courage to endure the frost and snow and bitter winds which must soon visit it. But the gladsomeness without gave no cheer to the withered heart of the old man sitting within, busy correcting proofs of his article on political economy for the next number of the *Bondholders' Review*. It was beyond the power of the sun to do that. Mr. Balfour would have brightened up under the influence of a rise in the value of an investment, but nothing else could raise his spirits. His nephew Harold sat at the window enjoying the prospect, but that was a sign of weakness in him which Mr. Balfour deplored and made him doubt whether, after all, he would do wisely to leave his large fortune to him, smart and brilliant as he was. The silence in the room, disturbed only by the monotonous scratching of Mr. Balfour's pen, was at length broken by the entrance of a clergyman.

"Good morning, Mr. Balfour," said the new comer. "I am raising a little subscription for a poor widow and her three children—Mrs. Latimer you know; poor Latimer fell down dead last week, and he has left nothing to support his family. We want to start the widow in a little business if we can get a small sum together. "You will help, I hope."

"No, Mr. Sefton, I will not, said Mr. Balfour, decisively." It is against my principles to do anything of the kind. There ought to be a law to prevent the possibility of such cases. Men ought not to be allowed to marry, and have families unless they can keep them from becoming a public burden after they die. Why should I be called upon to bear a burden which

has resulted from another man's imprudence? No, sir; I have no sympathy with your project, and I will not give."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir, the widow and the fatherless have a claim on Christian sympathy too strong to be ignored."

"I don't see it. If this man had been prudent and thrifty he would have left funds to support them; if he could not do that he ought not to have married. At least he might have insured his life.

"We cannot go behind the facts, sir," said the clergyman. "It is of no use to blame the dead man now. Here we have a woman and three children with no means of support. What are we to do with them? We cannot let them starve."

"Send them to the poor-house then. I help to support that, though that is a wrong principle. Society will never be as it ought to be until every man bears the consqeuence of his own want of prudence. It is a gross injustice that the industrious and the careful should be taxed to provide food and shelter for the families of the idle and improvident, It is doubly unjust to expect them voluntarily to take up an additional burden. I wonder that you as a clergyman should be engaged in such work."

"It is my duty as a clergyman, sir, to succor the widow and the fatherless. The poor are Christ's representatives on earth. In helping and relieving them we are obeying his injunctions. I cannot find the money myself, but I am doing what I can. If all who can afford it will help, the burden will not be heavy for any one."

"That may be so in this case; but it is the principle that I object to. There are thousands of similar cases, and always will be while illogial people provide the funds to relieve them. No, sir; argument is useless with me. I will not contribute."

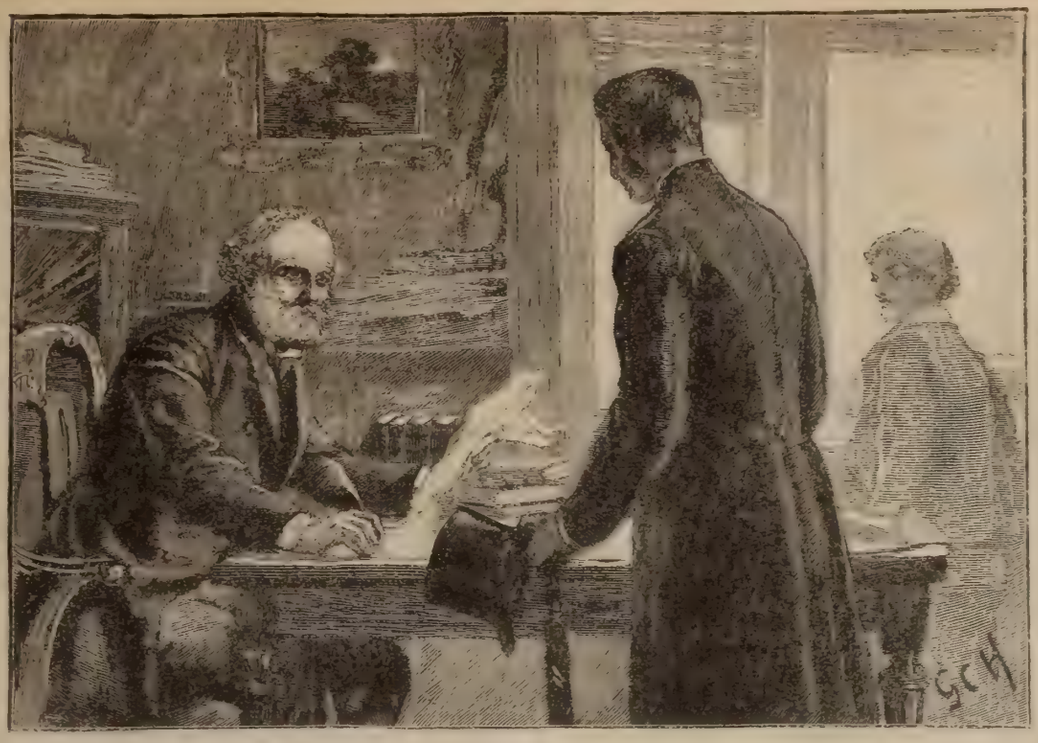
Mr. Sefton went his way sorrowfully, grieved most of all that the old man had so little of the spirit of Christ. All that day he spent in going from place to place on his errand of mercy, and at night he had the happiness of finding that he had received more than enough for his purpose.

As he walked toward the widow's home to tell her of his success, a loud shout behind him startled him from the reverie into which he had fallen. Turning, he saw a runaway horse galloping wildly along the road. One shaft of the vehicle broke at the moment, and a man fell out, but his coat caught in the wheel, and he was dragged along the stony road. Not many feet, however, for Mr. Sefton, at the risk of his life, leaped forward and seized the bridle of the horse, hanging to it with all his might. The horse stopped, and stood panting and trembling. Mr. Sefton looked down at the man lying bleeding and unconscious in the roadway, and recognized Mr. Balfour. The nearest house was the widow's, and Mr. Sefton had the old man carried there. He lay for many days hovering between life and death, and the physician who attended him said his recovery was almost miraculous. Nothing saved him, he said, but his happening to be near a house that was open to him, and the careful nursing the widow had given him.

"I am indebted to you for my life," Mr. Balfour said to the clergyman when he went to see him in his convalescence. "When I saw you in the road ahead of me that day, I never thought you would risk your life on my account. You and this good woman together have given me my life. How shall I ever repay you?"

"Do not speak of repayment, sir," said the clergyman. "Both she and I believe it is our duty as Christians to help any one who is in need of help; we have done that, and no more, and we do not look for payment. Perhaps some day you may have an opportunity of helping some one who has fallen in life's pathway; if so, use it."

"I understand you, sir," said Mr. Balfour, "you have given me a practical lesson. God helping me, I will never let such an opportunity pass me again."



Mr. Balfour Rejects an Appeal on Principle.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 670.*)

Meeting with University Students—Incidents of the Journey to Halle—A Visit to Dr. Tholuck—A. H. Franke's Orphan House—A Faithful Moravian Man-Servant—A Good Man in a Wrong Place—A Town with only Two Christians—Mr. Muller in His Father's House—A Bankrupt's Difficulty.

MARCH 25, 1835. I am now at Tubingen in Wirtemberg. The day before yesterday I left Basle. The Lord enabled me to confess Him before a young man and his wife, who were going to Vienna to increase their riches. They listened very attentively, and were not at all opposed. They also esteem the people of God, and have been in the habit of meeting with them. Our parting was very affectionate and solemn, after I had charged them to care about the one thing needful.

I arrived yesterday morning at six, at Schafthausen. I found a brother waiting for me at the post-office, a gentleman of title, who, having been informed by brethren at Basle of my arrival, kindly took me to his house for the two hours I had to stay in that town, to refresh my body with breakfast and my soul with the communion with the brethren whom he had invited to meet me. I was in this town about ten years ago. I was now again within a few minutes walk of The Fall of the Rhine, which was then most attractive to me Now I considered that my time could be spent much more profitably than by going there. The little time that I was at Schafthausen, I received much information concerning the state of the church in many parts of the Continent, from a believing physician and a clergyman; and I also communicated things which with God's blessing, may be profitable. After this I continued my journey to Tubingen. It was with peculiar feelings; for all this way I had traversed ten years ago, to gratify my natural desire for travelling, and now I went over the same ground in the service of Jesus.

I arrived here this morning at nine, having been strengthened to travel two nights and a day and a half, though I left Basle very weak. This morning I saw brother Gundert, the student of divinity, on whose account I have come here, and spent about three hours in conversation with him. Afterwards I called on a Christian professor in the university, who received me kindly. This evening I had a very profitable meeting with the beliving students, for whom the Lord gave me a word.

March 26. This morning I rode with brother Gundert to Stuttgart, both for the sake of seeing more of him, and also that we might unitedly talk over the matter with his father, who lives there. I am now staying at the house of brother Gundert, senior, where I am kindly lodged. I think brother Gundert, junior, will go to the East Indies. His father is not only willing to give him up for the Lord's sake, but seems to consider it an honor to have a son to give to the Lord in this way. This evening I again met several brethren, to whom I spoke about the things of God.

March 30. Halle. From the evening of the 27th till this afternoon, when I arrived here, I have travelled day and night, and have been strengthened by the Lord for it. The whole of this way, several hundred miles, I had gone step by step before. My thoughts were peculiarly affecting as I retraced the mercies which I had experienced at the hands of God. The Lord enabled me repeatedly to confess His name before my changing fellow-travellers. A student spoke to me about the peculiarly good and cheap wine of Weinheim, near Heidelberg. I told him that when, years ago, as a student, like himself, I came through that place, I cared about such things, but that now I knew what was much better than wine. Yesterday a Frenchman, having heard my testimony for Jesus, once or twice, when the last merry companion had left the coach, quitted my society, it being too dull for him, and joined himself to an officer in the army, sitting in the forepart of the coach.

This afternoon I reached Halle, where it pleased the Lord to bring me to the knowledge of Himself, having been graciously preserved hitherto, *though a spring was found broken when I got out of the mail.* I greatly needed rest, but my heart was too full. I could not sleep. I went first to the house of the brother, where I was first awakened, and afterwards I called on my esteemed tutor, Professor Dr. Tholuck, Counsellor of the Consistory, who received me, after seven years separation, with his former kindness and brotherly love. (He made me lodge with him, and gave thereby a testimony

that differences of views, concerning certain parts of God's truth, ought not to separate the children of God; for I had written to him my mind from Bristol two years before).

March 31. To-day I rode with Dr. Tholuck and two young brethren to a believing clergyman, living in the neighborhood of Halle, where we spent the day. Dr. Tholuck told me many encouraging things, particularly this, that several of my former fellow-students, who at the time I was at Halle, knew not the Lord, had been brought to know Him since, and are now laboring in His vineyard. And further, that certain brethren, formerly very weak in the faith, had been established, and are now going on well. May this encourage the heart of the believing reader still to pray for his unconverted friends, and may it strengthen him to hope for better days concerning those of his brethren in the Lord who are now weak in the faith!

April 1. To-day I saw a clergyman, in whom I recognized an individual who studied at Halle whilst I was there, living then in open sin, and who is now, by divine mercy, pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. In the evening I went to the large Orphan-house, built in dependence on the Lord, by A. H. Franke, to see one of the classical teachers, who is the son of my father's neighbor, and whom I had not seen for about fifteen years. I found him, to the joy of my heart, to be a brother in the Lord. This evening I spent in the same room where it pleased the Lord to begin a work of grace in my heart, with several of the same brethren and sisters with whom I used to meet seven years ago, and told them of the Lord's faithfulness, gentleness, kindness and forbearance towards me since I had seen them last. Truly, how good has the Lord been to me since!

April 2. This morning I again spent in calling on the brethren and sisters, being enabled everywhere, before learned and unlearned, to testify about the blessedness of adhering to the Scriptures as our only guide in spiritual things. I left Halle this afternoon, having received much love from the brethren, and rode fifteen miles further, to a beloved brother and old friend, brother Stahlschmidt at Sandersleben, who has shown me much kindness even since I have been in England. I was received with much love by this brother and his dear wife, and his man-servant, also a beloved brother.

[This brother (the man-servant) I met thirty-two years ago at Gnadau, a Moravian settlement, where I several times spent a few days for the refreshment of my soul, to which place he also came, a distance of about forty-five miles, for the same purpose. He was then living with a farmer, ploughing his fields, etc. At that time our hearts were knit together; for I wish it to be understood by any unconverted reader, that, whilst I should at one time have looked with scorn upon such a person, if he had attempted to be familiar with me, now the love of Jesus, in whom we were one, filled my heart with love to him, and these outward distinctions were broken down. In consequence of this acquaintance, he wrote me several letters to Halle, and I wrote to him. These letters were particularly refreshing and spiritual, and therefore I read them to other brethren, and also to brother Stahlschmidt, a wine merchant. On account of this he had a great desire to have brother Kroll living in his house. The Lord, after a time, brought it about, and this brother has now (while this seventh edition is being printed) been living with him about forty years, and is a friend, a brother, and a most faithful servant to this merchant, so that his considerable business is in a great measure intrusted to him; and yet he treats his master with all due respect, and keeps his place as a servant. This latter point is very important, and brings glory to God. For whilst a believing master should treat a believing servant with all kindness and brotherly love, yet the believing servant should with all faithfulness, and particularly with due respect, treat his believing master or mistress].

April 3. Sandersleben. To-day I saw several brethren and sisters, and among others a brother who is about in the state in which he was eight years ago. He has very little enjoyment, and makes no progress in the things of God. The reason is, that, against his conscience, he remains in a calling which is opposed to the profession of a believer. We are exhorted in Scripture to abide in our calling; but only if we can abide in it "*with God.*" 1 Cor. 7: 24. This evening a believing clergyman, and the brethren and sisters of this small town and some neighboring villages, were collected together in brother Stahlschmidt's house, and I spoke to them for two hours about the things of God, particularly about the way in which God has led me, since I saw them, and sought to strengthen their hands in God, and exhorted them to give themselves fully to the Lord. It was a time of refreshing. Indeed the Lord has greatly refreshed my own soul at Basle, Tubingen, Stuttgart, Halle, and elsewhere, whenever I have spoken well of His name. The child of God should make it his particular business to encourage sinners to seek after the Lord, and to increase the faith and love of the brethren, through speaking well of the name of the Lord.

April 4. I left Sandersleben this morning. My brother and host acted according to John 5 and 6; for he sent me on ten miles in his carriage. When I arrived at Aschersleben, to which place brother Stahlschmidt had conveyed me, I had but one station more to my father's house. On the way I asked the driver about a certain individual with whom I studied at Halle, once a companion with me in open sin. I found that he is still in the same state. What a difference has grace made between him and me! Nothing, nothing but grace has made this difference! I, guilty sinner, might still be on the same road, and he, in my room, might have been plucked as a brand out of the fire. But it is not so. May the Lord help me to love Him much, very much, for His distinguishing grace.—Such feelings I had in particular this afternoon, when I saw the town before me in which my father lives, as there are but two in the whole place, as far as I can find out, who love the Lord.

How different is everything with me now from what it was when, as a wicked youth, I used to go to this town, at the time of my vacation. How truly happy am I now! How is my heart now raised above all those things in which I sought, and also fancied I found happiness! Truly all these things are like bubbles to me now! My heart is not here, yea, my heart is not even in England. My heart is, at least in a measure, in heaven, though I am still nothing but a poor, weak worm. I felt the solemnity and importance of having once more the privilege of *seeing my aged father*. I also felt the importance of being at the place where I had spent much of my time in my youth, and where I had been known as living in sin. My desire was that I might be enabled to walk, the three days I intended to stay here, as it becomes a servant of Christ. For this I had been led to prayer before I left Bristol, and since I have been on the Continent. At last I arrived at my father's house. How affecting to meet him once more!

April 5. Heimersleben. This afternoon a friend of my father called—one who knows not the Lord. After a few minutes, the Lord gave me an opportunity of setting before him the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and the joy and comfort they afford, and have afforded to *me*. Thus a way was opened to me of stating the truth more fully than ever I had been able to do before, by word of mouth, *in the presence of my father and brother*, without saying to them, "Thou art the man." I was assisted by the Lord. May He water the seed sown! This evening I went to the only two brethren in this little town, thus to own them as such. It has appeared well to me to call on none whom I know, else I should be expected to call on all; and as I see it right to spend but three days here, I consider that that time should be wholly given to my father, as it may be the last time that I shall see him; yet, at the same time, I judged that it was well pleasing in the sight of the Lord, that I should call on these brethren to strengthen their hands.

When I saw these brethren last in February, 1829, two or three more used to meet with them; but since then the reproach of the Cross has driven the others back into the world. From that time, these brethren have scarcely seen a believer, and never hear the Gospel preached; it was, therefore, a great joy to them to see me. They told me that the Lord had blessed my last visit to them; and having been informed of my coming, they were prepared to ask me many questions. One of them, Knabe, about thirty years ago being possessed of property, was persuaded to lay it out in coal mines. He joined with two men, who spent his property, and after some time they became bankrupts, so that there was not money enough to pay the workmen and some other creditors, even after all their goods had been sold. This evening brother Knabe asked me what he ought to do about the money, which had been left unpaid three and twenty years; whether he was still under any obligation to pay it if he could. My answer was at once that he was, being in the sight of the Lord, still a debtor, though cleared by the laws of men.

He then told me that some years since some property was left to him, and that he also, in the years 1816, 1817 and 1818, when corn prices were very high, had laid by some money, and that therefore he was fully able to pay the debt. He saw immediately that this was the right way, and said that he would act accordingly. He added that now he saw why he had made so little progress in Divine things. I have learned that this brother has lately taken two destitute orphans into his house, whom he entirely supports by the labor of his hands (he earns his bread by thrashing corn), and that the people, though they consider him, on account of his love to the Lord, as weak and foolish, yet look upon him with respect.

(*To be Continued.*)

CONFESSING CHRIST.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for November 6, Matt. 10: 32–42
Memory Text Matt. 10: 32.

Ver. 32. A Duty and a Reward—What Confession Implies—Discipleship—Obedience—Fealty—Self Denial—Christlikeness—The Confession by Deeds of Love—Verbal Confession Insufficient—The Glory of being Acknowledged by Christ—Ver. 33. Denial May be by Inconsistent Life—Its Fearful Consequences—Ver. 34–36. A Prediction not a Purpose—Its Fulfilment in Families—Obligations Higher than Filial—Family Foes have Traitorous Allies in the Affections—Ver. 37. Christ's Claims Paramount—Ver. 38. Every One has his Cross—Those Who Take it Up, and Those who Shrink from It—Ver. 39. What Life Consists In—The Life that is Lost and Found—Ver. 40-42. Every True Christian a Representative—His Claims More than Personal.

"WHOSOEVER . . . shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." And yet men are more ashamed to name the name of Christ than to get intoxicated! Men of the world shrink from being thought converted more than they shrink from being thought dishonest, untruthful or immoral! And, strange to say, even converted men shrink, very often, from being spoken of as Christians; they shrink from speaking of Christ when they fear they will be misunderstood! The Buddhist is not ashamed of his religion, the Mahommedan professes his worship openly, whosover may be near him, and is not ashamed; the Roman Catholic is not ashamed to count his beads and read his breviary in a railway carriage. Why, then, should Evangelical Christians be so backward in confessing Christ before men? Romanists marvel that Protestants seem to have so little conscience about their religion, and so little zeal for God, and they naturally argue that the re-

ligion which produces so much zeal must be the best, and they condemn the religion of the Bible because its votaries are

Ashamed of Christ!

But what lies at the bottom of this sense of shame? It is this: all other religions consist in the works of man, while the religion of the true Christian consists in his faith in the work of God for him. The religion of the Buddhist, the Parsee, the Mahommedan and the Roman Catholic alike consists in the performance of a round of duties, whereby they hope to gain for themselves merit, and whereby they believe that they are accumulating a capital of righteousness upon which they can draw in time to come. Every man has a pride and satisfaction in doing good as far as his light goes, and in all these false religions there is great room for self-satisfaction. But the true child of God has learned that by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in [God's] sight (Rom. 3: 20). His religion does not bring to him any self-satisfaction, nor yet any glory in the sight of men. He cannot compare his religion with the others we have mentioned, and, taking *their* ground of personal merit, prove that his is the best. The ground on which he stands is that his sins are put away by the blood of Christ, but the only proof of this he can give to the unbeliever is his own new and changed life. Other religions do not profess to provide atonement for sin, communion with God, or a real change of heart, but these are His delight and glory. Other religionists can speak their own praises, tell of their fasts and vigils, their charities and good works; he can only "shew forth the praises of Him who hath called (him) out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Pet. 2:9). He cannot vaunt his prayers, for it is a wonder of wonders to him that the God of heaven deigns to hear, and answers him for Christ's sake. He cannot boast of his good deeds, for he knows that it is only the grace of God which makes them acceptable to Him. He knows, if he is honest, that the only guarantee to an unbelieving world of the truth of his religion is the change which it has wrought in *him*, and too often he is conscious that this is not all it should be. Paul could say, "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful, putting me in to the ministy; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief. And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." Any one who knew Paul could testify to the change in him; he testified to the Lord who wrought it. The greatest hindrance to the confession of Christ by believers is that they know

Their Lives Will Not Bear Out

what they say. But when a man is wholly given to God, when he is true and honest, self-denying and full of love to good men, then his tongue is not tied; it is a joy to him to speak of Jesus, and no fear of man hinders him. He is not kept back by the fear of being counted one of the many hypocrites which are abroad, for he knows that he walks before God, and that Satan is overcome by the word of our testimony (Rev. 12:11).

But witnessing for Christ entails persecution. We cannot allure away the supporters of the saloon and the variety theatre without provoking the enmity of those who keep these traps for precious souls. We cannot rob the aristocratic libertine of his prey without provoking enmity in high quarters. The magistrates of Philippi quarrelled with Paul for robbing them of one evil spirit; the Gadarenes besought Jesus to depart from them because He had driven out two thousand devils; and men in the present day can bear with wicked spirits, but they are at enmity with God. Persecution will be of three kinds: 1. Political, i. e., the councils; 2. Religious, i. e., from the synagogues; 3. Social, i. e., from the family. We are not to expect to be understood either by unsaved rulers, unsaved ecclesiastics, or unsaved relations. It is part of the plan of God that His witnessing servants shall be "brought before kings and rulers" for His name's sake. It is almost the only chance some of the great ones of the earth have of hearing the Gospel, when some persecuted missionary or evangelist is brought before them. Then they see and hear and feel that these men and women possess something which they themselves have not, and many of them, like Felix and Agrippa, wish that they were Christians. "But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Thank God *we* are not called on to meet and to overcome those who will be our enemies. "I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist" (Luke 21:15). Thus was it with Stephen. Thus it was in the early part of the persecution among the Waldenses; such a power was with one old pastor who spoke to the attacking forces that they turned round their horses' heads, and gave up their proposed persecution.

The Lord expressly states that persecution will come. All that will live *godly* in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," and He teaches us to "rejoice and be exceeding glad" when we are persecuted; yet He would not have us provoke persecution, or prolong it by any determined opposition on our part. "I say unto you that ye resist not evil." "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." What! and leave the converts behind? This is the thought which most troubles the heart of the missionary. With whom are they left?

Is Not God Enough?

And does He not know what He is about? Yet the missionary is not to flee because of personal fear, but because the Lord wills that he should flee. When the spirit of persecution is rife in a place, that is not the best time for preaching the Gospel, but it is the time when God harrows in the seed sown. There are three grounds why we should not fear: first, "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. Fear them not, therefore, for "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known. Ungodly men fear lest they should be found out in their evil deeds; they flee when no man pursueth" (Prov. 28:1); but the righteous is "bold as a lion;" he walks in the light, and rejoices that the time is coming when every secret thing shall be brought into judgment. He can wait for God to justify him, he has a quiet confidence that God is working out all things for the very best. Wherefore is not to fear but to proclaim his message on the house tops. Second, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul. The witness for Christ counts the cost; if he is a real missionary he may have to follow Jesus "to prison and to death." But oh, how few of us are enough unlike the world to provoke its persecution. Third: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. *Fear ye* not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." Of value to God! it is a wondrous thought. His witnesses, though they may be persecuted even to the death, are precious in His sight. Would Stephen have chosen life when his ravished eyes beheld "the heavens opened," and his beloved Lord, for whom he died "standing at the right hand of God?" Did Stephen fear when he left his mangled corpse among the stones, and with the utmost assurance commended his spirit to his Lord, and with his dying breath, plead like another hero, standing between his murderers and their deserts. No, he feared not them that killed the body.

Family Persecution

is specially mentioned here. "The brothers shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death." In the early persecutions, and in all times of the church's history, this has been literally fulfilled. In the reign of Queen Mary, when the Jesuits attempted to stamp out of England the light which the reading of the Bible and the preaching of the truth in its simplicity had shed abroad during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., this bitter spirit of persecution separated families, and so in India and China, in Africa, in Madagascar, and wherever the Gospel has been faithfully preached, persecution has arisen, and these words of Christ have been fulfilled. But there is a family persecution even in our own favored land in the present day, a persecution which is perhaps more in word and in spirit than in the way of bodily injury, but which is none the less bitter. It is Satan's delight to make the way of a young Christian hard by setting against him those who are dear to him. In a worldly family,

A Newly Married Wife

became converted. She owned her faith in Christ. The friend who had been the means of her conversion was forbidden the house, and she herself was practically deserted by her husband, treated with the utmost contempt by her mother-in-law, and kept in a kind of partial imprisonment, for no other reason than that she had given her heart to God, and could live no longer in the world!

Confession of Christ must however be not only with the mouth but in the life also. He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself so to walk even as He walked" (1. John 2:6). A really Christ-like man, or a Christ-like woman, is a greater power than hundreds of sermons. We can never forget a person who brings us into the presence of God, who lives in God's presence, and shines out God upon us; it is one of the breaths of heaven which we now and again get on earth. Wherever such an one—one who lives in "the secret place of the Most High—" goes, he, unconsciously to himself, leaves a blessing behind him. The

True Principles of Christian Life

are given here. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me." The true witness for Christ puts Christ first in his home; he does not consider what his children like so much as what God would like. He does not consider what he would like himself, so much as what will please God. But such a life involves Cross-bearing. It is much easier to do what pleases other people than to oppose them for God's sake. But "he that taketh not his Cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." "Mine is a very easy life," said a dear child of God. "How so?" she was asked. "I have but one thing to do," she said, "and that is to please God; and then I am so happy that He is pleased." "He that findeth his life (or seeks his own) shall lose it." If the Lord is our shepherd, why then should we be anxious or careful about our own interests; the Almighty, All-loving God is caring for them, and a part of confessing Christ is to be careful for nothing, and so to bear witness to everybody that He careth for us. The Lord raise up amongst us true witnesses to Him, who shall "not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1. John 2:28).

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for October:

The Seven Seals Fully Explained in Their Double Fulfilment. Year-Day and Literal-Day. By Rev. M. Baxter.

Sin During the Millennium. By the Rev. E. J. Hytche. (*Part I.*)

The Parable of the Ten Virgins, and the Coming Translation of Living Saints. By late Thos. Evill, Esq.

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ALONE.

Earthly lights are fading fast,
Daylight dies once more;
Brightness lingers round the past,
But that past is o'er.
Oh! my heart is aching, Lord,
In the dark to-night
Wilt Thou say one tender word,
Just to set me right?

Answer.

"Doubting child, so weak and weary,
Things just now I know are dreary:
Look beyond, then, in thy sorrow,
There is yet a bright to-morrow!"

Lord I do, yet only see
Empty shades draw nigh:
Friends are gone who cared for me
In the days gone by.
All alone I feel to-night;
Everything seems wrong:
Quicken, Lord, my feeble sight,
Make my faith more strong!

Answer.

"Lonely one, thy lot I'm sharing:
All the sorrow I am bearing.
Look again: there still remaineth
Glory that to Heaven pertaineth!"

Dearest Lord, these tear-dimmed eyes
Just can see one ray—
One faint glow in eastern skies:
Does that tell of day?
Will my friends be mine e again
When the night is o'er?
Need my heart recall in vain
All the joys of yore?

Answer.

"Child, for thee a day is dawning
Brighter than life's brightest morning:
Farewells then no hearts need sever:
Friends of Mine will meet forever!"

—*Charlotte Murray.*

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GEN. DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

CAMPECHE, IN MEXICO.

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GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.

President of the Republic of Mexico.

The Third Term Movement--Its Justification--Early Life of Diaz—His Brave Fight Against Maximilian—Growing Popularity—Magnanimity at the Capture of Mexico—Appeal to Him in 1871—Another Rising in 1876—Made President—Character of His Government—Re-elected in 1884—Surrenders Half his Salary—Private Life—Gift of his Watch to a Blind Child—His Remark on Receiving a Bible—The Hope for Mexico.

THE amendment to the Mexican Constitution promulgated last week brings into still greater prominence in that land the statesman and soldier whose portrait appears on the preceding page. The friends of President Diaz make no secret of their motive in pressing forward this amendment. They want him to have a third term of the Presidency and though Diaz has done nothing to help them in their effort he has not interfered to prevent them. He has from the initiation of the movement maintained a dignified silence and now has simply obeyed the behests of the Legislature. The Constitution of Mexico which President Diaz has uniformly upheld, prohibits any man filling the executive chair for two consecutive terms, and this particular article has found until recently its strongest champion in Diaz; and in passively submitting to its abrogation he must have been actuated by some very cogent reasoning. Hostile critics doubtless say that his motive was wholly selfish and personal, as he is perfectly aware that he will be the beneficiary of the change. Those who know Diaz best, however, will acquit him of any such charge. Indeed, he has probably found in that fact his greatest difficulty. If another man had been the one to be benefited. Diaz would have taken an active instead of a passive part in promoting the amendment; for whatever faults Diaz has, selfishness is not one.

His Only Rival.

He probably knows, as everyone else in Mexico sees, that there is no fit man to take his place. When in 1880 Diaz quitted office at the close of his first term, it was supposed that in Gonzalez such a man had been found. It was not long, however, before the mistake was discovered. He was a man of genius and courage intensely desirous of the prosperity and advancement of his country, but he was avaricious, and there was only too valid reason to believe that he schemed to promote his own fortunes at the expense of his country. A project for the consolidation of the Mexican debt, which he directed; and the acceptance of which he urged with all his power and influence, was so transparently unjust to Mexico, and added so heavy a burden to those that were already crushing her, that no financier, unless he expected a share of the plunder, would have advocated it. It aroused an opposition in the legislature such as Mexico had never seen before, and was ultimately rejected. Never before had a legislature dared to resist a scheme so urged and supported, but Gonzalez's motives were suspected, and when he gave way to Diaz at the end of his term he was generally despised, and subsequent investigations have confirmed the suspicions entertained of his integrity. Besides Gonzalez, there is no one of prominence commanding the confidence of the people to succeed Diaz at the expiration of his term next year, and it is on that account that the obstacle to Diaz having another term has been removed.

Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca in 1835; he is therefore now fifty-two years of age. His boyhood and early manhood were passed in troublous times. Mexico was torn by internal convulsions, and the struggle of rival candidates for the supreme power kept the country in continual commotion. The intelligence and robust mental power of young Diaz, combined with rare moral and physical courage, soon brought him into prominence. In 1854, and again in 1856, he did some desperate fighting, and in the latter year he was severely wounded. It was, however, in 1863, when Napoleon III. attempted to force a foreign despot upon Mexico, that the qualities of Diaz first received national recognition. His valor and excellent generalship during the bitter struggle against Maximilian and his French forces, made him the idol of his little army, and Juarez, the rightful President had no better and stouter defender than Diaz. Finally the United States interfered, and plainly intimated to the French emperor that he must withdraw his forces from Mexico or fight. He chose the feebler alternative, and in 1867 the French troops were withdrawn. Had Maximilian gone with them, he would have saved his life, and it is marvellous that any man in his situation should have done otherwise. He could never hope, unaided by foreign troops, to maintain his position in the face of an opposition which had united Mexican patriots of all sections against him. Juarez, who had clung to his rights, though driven to Paso del Norte, on the very verge of Mexican territory, immediately moved toward the capital, defeating Maximilian's forces at San Jacinto. In the meantime Diaz besiged and captured Puebla, and meeting Maximilian's general, Marquiez at San Lorenzo, he defeated him, and pressing forward laid siege to the capital, which surrendered on June 21.

Humanity and Patriotism.

Never was the humanity of a conquering general more conspicuously displayed than in the entry of Diaz into the City of Mexico. He was preceded, not by cannon or armed soldiers bent on plunder and outrage, but by a train of provisions for the relief of the starving populace. Perfect order was preserved, and Juarez was triumphantly restored to the seat of government. That year he was re-elected President for another term of four years. The conspicuous part which Diaz had taken in bringing about this restoration of popular government and delivering his native country from a foreign despotism, was not overlooked, though the fruits of the victory fell to Juarez. The people looked to him with admiration and confidence, and when in 1871 a new danger threatened the Republic, it was to Diaz that they turned for deliverance. Juarez was re-elected in that year to the Presidency, though he had already held the office for ten years. The Mexicans had not shaken off one permanent ruler in the person of Maximilian in order to put another, though a more enlightened one, in his place. An armed rebellion was organized, and Diaz yielded to the entreaties of the insurgents to lead them. The sudden death of Juarez on July 18, 1872, rendered this movement useless and Lerdo de Tejada was peacefully inaugurated President. Diaz again retired to his hacienda. Once more, in 1876, the call for Diaz resounded through the country. Lerdo was making an attempt to secure personal and absolute power. Republican government was menaced, and again Diaz was at the head of the Liberal rising. Lerdo fled, and on November 24, 1876, Diaz entered the city of Mexico in triumph. He was proclaimed Provisional President, and on May 6, 1877,

Constitutional President,

his term to expire on Nov. 30, 1880. During the four years of his rule Mexico had the advantage, for the first time since the close of the war of Independence in 1821, of a strong, stable, vigorous government, and in 1880 she saw, with gratified amazement, the spectacle, almost unique in her history, of a ruler voluntarily laying down the insignia of his office and peaceably inaugurating his successor. In 1884 Diaz was again called to the Presidential chair, and this time it was not with rebellion or with foreign foes that his genius was required to deal. Danger of another kind threatened the Republic. Financial ruin was menacing the country. He found the army unpaid, civil liabilities in arrear and an empty treasury. The heroism of the man, his unselfishness and self-sacrifice were as conspicuous in this emergency as in his military career. He met the difficulty in characteristic fashion by reducing his own salary as President from $30,000 a year (not a large stipend for the ruler of a country as large as France, Germany, Great Britain and Spain combined) to $15,000, and requiring a smaller proportionate sacrifice on the part of other officials. That accomplished, he proceeded to set the finances in order on an economical basis, conducting the government with severe simplicity, and unsparingly cutting down unnecessary expenses. It is not surprising that a man of qualities so dear to the lovers of republican institutions should be beloved by the people and a renewal of his term be desired.

In private life President Diaz is noted for his simplicity and generosity.

A Characteristic Incident

related of him illustrates this trait of his character. Not long since, he was visiting an asylum for blind children, the distribution of prizes or some such ceremony having brought him there. Passing quietly through the wards he overheard one little sightless boy say to his companion: "*They say the President is a great man; I wonder if he is a good man.*" The President stopped and taking the little fellow up in his arms allowed him to study his physiognomy in the only way possible to him, by passing his small hands over the presidential face and head. "Yes," said the child after his examination; "I think you are a good man." Diaz put the child down and explored his own pockets to find a present for the little fellow. But there was no money at all in the pockets (not an uncommon occurrence with the generous Diaz.) He had given it all away. Taking out his gold watch he put it in the child's hand and said: "Take this, my boy and use it to educate yourself."

The Acceptance of a Bible

is another incident related of Diaz which has a still more gratifying tone. Dr. Gillman, of the American Bible Society, was in Mexico some time back, and desiring to see the President looked around for a means of introduction. Bishop Riley was able to secure him the honor, and a day was appointed for his reception. Diaz received his visitor frankly and cordially, and Dr. Gillman presented him with a handsomely bound copy of the Word of God. The President accepted it graciously, and said as he took the sacred volume from Dr. Gillman's hands: "I thank you for the book, and I thank you for the benefit I hope to derive from it." The remark encourages the hope that the President realizes the benefit which the Bible is capable of imparting, and we pray that its perusal may be blessed to his soul.

His Romish Foes.

It has not been an encouraging experience, or one calculated to attract the President to religion that he has passed through in his administration. In endeavoring to give to his country civil and religious liberty his most inveterate and stubborn opponents have been the Roman Catholic bishops and priests. We may trust, however, that a man of so much penetration as Diaz possesses, has by this time perceived in how small a degree the Church of Rome represents the spirit of Christianity. As the movement of which Bishop Riley is the head makes advance in Mexico, he will see that true Christianity is never inimical to good government, and that the only hope for the elevation of the people and their progress in civilization and that righteousness which exalts a nation is in the pure Gospel which is being preached by the devoted band of men which Dr. Riley has been the means of sending forth. The Roman Catholic party realize this fact, and are even more rabid against Dr. Riley and his mission than against the President. They have violently opposed him in Mexico and are exerting themselves in this country to deprive him of the means of continuing his work. We regret to notice that the ritualistic party in the Protestant Episcopal Church have gone to their assistance, forgetful of the title of "Protestant" which their church bears. Those who know most about Mexico, who have the best interests of the nation at heart, know, however, the good Dr. Riley's mission is doing, and are helping him in his noble labor. He is deeply grateful for their help; for, having given the whole of his large patrimony to the cause of Christ in Mexi-

co, and continuing to devote the bulk of the annuity which is at his command, to the same work, he necessarily depends on the voluntary gifts of those who are laboring and praying for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and are above all desirous that the spiritual darkness should be lifted from those who are our neighbors on this great continent.

Subscriptions in aid of the Church of Jesus, in Mexico, its pastors, evangelists, church and orphanages, will be thankfully received by the Rt. Rev. H. C. Riley, 43 Bible House, New York.

CHAPULTEPEC.

THE official residence of the President of the Mexican Republic, a picture of which appears on the first page, is one of the most beautiful spectacles in the country. It is built on the top of a high rock, and at its foot grow magnificent trees of great age. The palace is a most beautiful building, in which are large halls and galleries handsomely decorated, and it is surrounded by marble paved terraces commanding one of the grandest views in the world. The rock on which it is built has some remarkable associations with the ancient civilization. M. Déseré Charnay, in his valuable work on "The Ancient Cities of the New World" (published by Messrs. *Harper Brothers*, New York), a volume of deeply fascinating interest, and containing a wonderful amount of information, thus speaks of Chapultepec:

"Chapultepec is one of the most delightful spots in the Mexican Valley. Two roads—the Pasco Nuevo and the tramway—lead to it from Mexico City; we will take the latter as shorter and cheaper. Starting from the Place d'Armes, it goes through Belen Gate and sets us down at the very entrance to the castle. Chapultepec—Grasshopper Hill—is a volcanic hill some 1,625 feet long and 100 feet high, covered with luxurious vegetation, crowned with groves of cypresses, some of which are seventy-five feet in diameter, and seem to defy the decay of ages. The view from the windows of the palace, which stands on the top of the hill, embracing the Valley of Mexico, is one of the finest in the world. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of those upper regions even distant objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which enables one to take in the details of this marvellous panorama, studded with towns and hamlets, the white walls of which, together with the tops of porphyry rocks, glimmer in the rays of the sun. Stretching far away at their feet are seen noble forests of oak, sycamore and cedar, whilst beyond, cultivated fields, beautiful gardens, lakes and lagoons girdle the valley around. Looking toward Mexico, the spectator has behind him the low chain De Las Cruces; on his right, to the south, Pedregal and the Ajuscean Hills; before him, to the east, the grand, snowy tops of Popocatepetl, the Hill of Smoke, and Iztaccihuatl, "White Woman," from its bright robe of snow; on his left, to the north, Cerro Gordo, and nearer the Sierra Guadaloupe, where stands the most celebrated church of Mexico, dedicated to the Virgin.

Xolotl, king of the Chichemecs, first gave the Aztecs permission to settle on Chapultepec, which, in the course of time, became a royal residence and a royal burial-place, where its rocks were made to transmit to posterity the features of the Mexican monarchs. Azayacoatl and the two Montezumas, together with the sons of the last Aztec emperor; the statues of this monarch were to be seen as late as the last century, when they were destroyed by order of the Government.

Campeche,

a picture of which also appears on the first page, is the chief town of the State of that name, on the west, or Yucatan coast, of Mexico. It is a thriving town of sixteen thousand inhabitants.

Light for the Last Days; a New Work on Prophecy. By Mr. H. Grattan Guinness, with two Colored Diagrams, 673 pages. Price $3 50. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The End of a Young Man's Dissipation.—Mr. Paterson observes: "A young man was drawn to Christ through a six weeks' debauchery. You think that strange; but previous to that he had lived a quiet, respectable life, until he was enticed by worldly companions into sin. He drank to excess, until, at the end of six weeks, he was roused to a sense of his awful danger. He was disgusted with his own conduct, and revolted from himself with intense dislike. The Lord was giving him a sight of himself. For some time he suffered from the dreadful gnawing of an awakened conscience, until the sympathizing Jesus drew nigh to him. He turned and beheld his Saviour, and was brought nigh by the blood of His Cross."

Why the Laundry Women Laughed.—Mr. Goodfellow, a Christian worker, says: "Three women were standing in a laundry, talking of a mutual acquaintance, and laughing and joking at her expense, because she had been converted. They seemed to have a supreme contempt for anything pertaining to religion. But just as they were about to part, one of them said to her companions, 'Well, I don't care what you say about it, but if there is anything in conversion I hope the Lord will not pass me by.' She spoke from her heart: amidst all her levity of speech there was a deep-seated yearning after something that she had not yet attained. She was troubled with herself, and did not find rest till she came to Jesus, which she did that very night. How many there are like this woman who, while they scoff at some child of God, experience a longing in their hearts to be like them, but are afraid to accept Christ lest they encounter the ridicule of companions, yet just waiting some friendly hand to help them over the line that divides them from Jesus?"

A Deluded Man Put Right.—Mr. J. Campbell White related: "On Tuesday night I was asked to visit a man who was ill. The man himself said he was a Christian, but my friend who asked me to call had very grave doubts upon the subject. I went to see him, and asked him if he were a Christian, 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Have you been long converted?' 'Since Mr. Moody was here the first time,' he replied. 'And what does your life testify concerning your Christianity?' I inquired. 'Oh, just what other folks' lives say about it, I suppose.' 'Now, look here,' I said, 'when were you intoxicated last?' 'About three weeks ago,' he answered. 'And I suppose that was the first time since your conversion?' I queried. 'No, I am sorry to say,' he replied. 'And when had you family worship last?' I next asked. 'I never have it,' was the sad answer. 'Ah, these are the fruits that you produce. Be quite assured you are not a Christian, and the sooner you become a truly converted man the better,' I said. I put the Gospel plainly before him, and I am glad that that man has been born again from above, and entered upon the real Christian life."

The Boy who Broke the Bottles.—An Evangelist observed: "A lad in a grocery store, was sent with a dozen bottles of potash water to the house of a lady customer. As the lady was in a hurry, the boy went as quickly as possible, but in his haste he slipped and broke seven of the bottles. He thought of going back to replace them, but remembering that the lady was desirous to obtain the goods at once, he decided to go on with the remaining five bottles. When he had delivered them, he did not at once return, but stayed in the kitchen, crying. The lady, having meanwhile heard of the accident, went to him and kindly said, 'Don't cry, my boy, I will pay for them all when the bill comes in, and you need not tell your master about it.' The boy thanked her heartily, and was about to go, when she called him and asked him to write his name in a book; while he was doing so, she said, 'When I began life I too had some things to keep, but I fell and broke them all, and I cried, for I knew I must be punished if I could not make substitution. But One came to me who had kept the whole ten commandments, and he said to me, 'Take my ten kept commandments and offer them to God, and He will accept you, and give me your broken ones, and I will take care of them." That was the Lord Jesus Christ, and will you not let Him save you? The boy could not understand her at first, but afterward he came to see clearly his lost state, and before many weeks had passed he had accepted Christ, and through all his manhood he has thanked God for the day he slipped and broke the bottles.

Last Words with the Doctor.—A Worker in Scotland remarks: "A boy of fifteen years of age, with a happy home and bright prospects, met with an accident one day, and soon it became evident that his young life was ebbing fast away. One night, as the doctor was leaving, the boy turned to him and inquired: 'Doctor, am I dying?' The doctor looked into his pale face and sadly answered, 'Yes, you are; are you afraid to die?' 'Oh, no,' the boy replied, with marvellous sweetness, 'I am glad; will *you* meet me in heaven?' 'I hope so, my boy; was the doctor's response. 'Oh, don't only hope so, doctor; make sure, make sure, and that at once.' Then the sufferer relapsed into unconsciousness. The minister came to visit him, and after whispering some words of comfort said, 'Is Jesus with you?' Then the lips and eyes moved and he murmured faintly, 'He is with me, and it is not at all dark.' Even when the Christian is passing through the valley of the shadow of death, Christ the Light and the Life is with him, and He lights His redeemed and blood-washed child through the murky, chilly gloom into the everlasting brightness beyond."

A Reclaimed Atheist's Story.—A Member of a Mizpah Band gives this testimony: "I was for many years an atheist. My wife, who is an earnest Christian, ceased not to pray for me, and as a consequence of being urged by her to do so, I took a seat in a church, and attended it, not for any spiritual good I hoped to get, but only to criticise the service and what the minister said. But a change came. My father was dying, and as I sat by his bed watching him, he asked me to read the third chapter of John to him. He did not know of my infidelity, and not wishing to disturb his last hours with anxiety and discomfort, I read to him as desired. The words troubled me greatly as I read them, for I felt that there must be some reality in religion after all. About this time a gentleman spoke to me about my soul. While he put the way of salvation through Christ before me, I thought I heard the ring of sincerity in his voice, and it was evident that he was not trying to deceive me. The Gospel appeared totally different, and became indeed good news to me. I realized that there was a God to judge, but also, there was a Saviour to save. I came to Him and trusted Him; He saved me, and now He keeps me."

How Satan's Attack was Foiled.—The Rev. Mr. McLauchlan observed: "A godly minister whom I knew, labored in the little town of Dunlop, in Ayrshire. He, his wife, and three daughters were known to be true Christians, and respected as such by the whole neighborhood. One of the daughters fell seriously ill, and after a long illness it was evident she was fast approaching her mortal end. She had been rejoicing in Christ for many years, but now, in the hour of her trouble, Satan tried to fill her heart with doubts and fears as to her salvation. Her mother endeavored to comfort her, but did not succeed. One evening, the invalid had been slumbering, but suddenly waking up, she exclaimed, 'Oh, mother! mother! I have been thinking of that text which says, 'God commended His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us, and I have found rest in it.' She saw now, more clearly than ever, that she did not require to stand on her own righteousness, and that Christ had come into the world to seek and save sinners, and she, being a saved sinner, need not fear. The darkness which had fallen upon her spirit was dispersed, and she gently passed away with the assurance that 'to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.'"

DEFENSES OF YOUNG MEN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, Oct. 30, 1887.

"And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man." II Kings, 6: 17.

A Scared Student—Confidence of an Aged Minister—His Supernatural Guard—Unseen by the Young Man—His Eyes Opened—Young Men Recognizing Their Defenses—I. The Defense of a Good Home—Early and Adopted Homes—A Potent Charm—II. Of Industrious Habit—The Young Man Living by his Wits—The King and Prince at Crecy—A Royal Duel—Weapons that Satan Fears—A Child Behind Runaway Horses—III. Of Respect for the Sabbath—A Sabbath Breaking Inventor's Loss—IV. Of a Noble Ideal—Two Pictures—Impostors in Ohio—V. Of Religious Principle—How to Make a Fortune—A Parting at a Theatre Door.

ONE morning in Dothan, a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha, the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains full of defense for him, in chariots made out of fire, wheels of fire, dashboard of fire, and cushion of fire, drawn by horses with nostrils of fire, and mane of fire, and haunches of fire, and hoofs of fire—

A Supernatural Appearance

that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghanies in this autumnal resplendence.

Many young men, standing among the most tremenduous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity and your destiny.

A Mighty Defense

for a young man is *a good home*. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough-hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country-seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farm-house and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze, and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling-place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is solemn, because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done, to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning.

It Is Home.

Now, I declare it, that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The memory of parental solicitude, watching, planning and praying, will be to him a shield and a shelter. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home, who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association, rather than from the more quiet and unpresuming pleasures of which I have spoken, may be suspected to be on the broad road to ruin. Absalom despised his father's house, and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates, is there not some room that you can call your own? Into it gather books and pictures, and a harp. Have a portrait over the mantel. Make ungodly mirth stand back from the threshold. Consecrate some spot with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, and a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another defense for a young man is

Industrious Habits.

Many young men, in starting upon life in this age, expect to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A child now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. Sitting in some office, rented at a thousand dollars a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money-drawer, and forgets to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship makes a copy-plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind, all is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dreams

A Vision of Blackwell's Island,

or of Sing Sing, but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds culture the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once were his schoolmates, and knew no better than to engage in honest work, will come with their ox-teams to draw him logs, and with their hard hands help heave up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sicknesses should smite through the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draught that would thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave, and beyond it into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

The Battle and the Stakes.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success, except through toil either of the head or hand. At the battle of Crecy, in 1346, the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill, and seeing that his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word: "No, I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God will, I desire that this day be his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle, all through, and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting. Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V. and Francis, and the stakes were kingdoms, Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin, and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that, therefore, there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail.

The Curse of this Age

is the geniuses: men with enormous self-conceit and egotism, and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain, and plodding and useful, rather than high-flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcases. *Extraordinary capacity without use is extraordinary failure.* There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is that he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and, therefore, God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hungering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity; proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief.

I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to the man whom this roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets.

Drudgery Necessary.

Do not demand that your toil always be elegant, and cleanly and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced a certain number of years to prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. And so it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after a while, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession, but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's, or the merchant's, or the mechanic's life. I know you have, at the beginning, many a hard time, but after a while these things will become easy. You will be your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison.

Bless God that you have a brain to think, and hands to work, and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defenses. Put your trust in God and do your level best. That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood and he sat on it. When asked if he was frightened? he said: "*No, I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver.*"

Respect for the Sabbath

will be to the young man another preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new-fangled notion of a wild-brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, that must be wound up as often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's Day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished either in this world or the world to come.

A Sabbath Breaker's Loss.

This is the statement of a man who had broken this divine enactment: "I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh River. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath when the noise was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it and boasted of my day's work, and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath Day's work cost me thirty thousand dollars. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the Divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day properly observed will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous scenes. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect of the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no prominent successes. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body and his

soul. The way of the wicked He turneth upside down. In *one of the old fables* it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps six thousand miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man on his way to the house of worship this morning; step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the coming step of eternal joys of heavens yet millions of miles away.

A Noble Ideal

and confident expectation of approximating to it, is an infallible defence. The artist completes in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and though there may for a long while seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness, he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet, stranger to us, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude trapper's den or a St. Mark's of Venice. Men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's Odyssey or a rhymester's botch. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life-plot. Booted and spurred and plumed, and urging their swift courser in the hottest haste. I ask:

"Halloo, Man, Whither Away?"

His response is, "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one, and taking the plane out of the man's hand and laying down the yard-stick say: "What, man, is all this about, so much stir and sweat?" The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the following up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery and cruelty and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrong-doing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red stripe the canvas, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed, a froth-tangle and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and scorch into the frame the right name for it, namely,

The Soul's Suicide.

If one entering upon sinful directions would only in his mind or on paper, draw out in awful reality this dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say: "Am I a Dante, that by my own life I should write another Inferno?" But if you are resolved to live a life such as God and good men will approve, do not let it be a vague dream, an indefinite determination, but in your mind or upon paper, sketch it in all its minutiæ. You cannot know the changes to which you my be subject, but you may know what always will be right and always will be wrong. Let gentleness and charity and veracity and faith stand in the heart of the sketch. On some still brook's bank make a lamb and lion lie down together. Draw two or three of the trees of life, not frost-stricken, nor ice-glazed, nor wind-stripped, but with thick verdure waving like the palms of heaven. On the darkest cloud place the rainbow, that billow of the dying storm. You need not burn the title on the frame. The dullest will catch the design at a glance, and say: "That is

The Road to Heaven."

Ah, me! On this sea of life, what innumerable ships, heavily laden and well-rigged, yet some bound for another port. Swept every whither of wind and wave, they go up by the mountains, they go down by the billows, and are at their wits' end. They sail by no chart, they watch no star, they long for no harbor. I beg every young man to-day to draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be, though in excellence so high that you cannot reach it. He who starts out in life with a high ideal of character, and faith in its attainment, will find himself encased from a thousand temptations. There are

Magnificent Possibilities

before each of you young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step, and the bounding spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. God now provides for you the fleet and the armor, and the fortifications; who is on the Lord's side? The captain of the zouaves in ancient times, to encourage them against the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said: "Come, my men, look these fellows in the face. They are six thousand, you are three hundred. Surely the match is even." That speech gave them the victory. Be not, my hearers, dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. Is fortune, is want of education, are men, are devils against you, though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With a million against you, the match is just even. Nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need not spend much time in answering your assailants.

Many years ago word came to me that

Two Impostors,

as temperance lecturers, had been speaking in Ohio, in various places, and giving their experience, and they told their audience that they had long been intimate with me, and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquors of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree, I went down to Patrick Campbell, Chief of Brooklyn Police, saying that I was going to start that night for Ohio to have these villains arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel, and all was well. Long ago I made up my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty, he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no damage.

And this leads me to say that the mightiest defense for a young man is the possession of

Religious Principle.

Nothing can take the place of it. He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to discuss literature and laws and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequaled polish and power. His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting-house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril. Satan does not care for the allegiance of a coward and illiterate being. He can bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirate attacked, but the ship, full-winged and flagged, plying between great ports, carrying its millions of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or hack up any smoothness of disposition or behavior.

It Gives Symmetry.

It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested, and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty. to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the Holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart he does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition.

You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the Cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses, nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are assaulted the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character; nothing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Cheer up, I will tell you

How You May Make a Fortune.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things will be added unto you." I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. Give God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Saviour so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave, that is not honorable, that is not manly. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that. And the Blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour. Put the cup of life eternal to your thirsty lips. Thrust it not back. Mercy offers it; bleeding mercy, long-suffering mercy. Reject all other friendships, be ungrateful for all other kindness, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your immortal soul—don't you do that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth, it is

A Winged Messenger

of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after a while it may be rough, wild and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked, and I read on two sign-boards: "This is the way to happiness." "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the forks of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

A Parting at a Theatre.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement: "Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park Theatre, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door, and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theatre. It was the turning-point in the history of those two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy; he was lost. That other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the Gospel."

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Rev. G. H. Pember's New Prophetic Work, entitled "Earth's Earliest Ages and Their Connection With Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy," is for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office. Price $1.50. This volume of 500 pages draws a parallel between our time and the age before the Deluge, showing how closely in spirit and moral tone they resemble each other, and how many of the distinguished features of the earlier age have reappeared among us in modern dress. Thus proving that it fulfils the conditions which were to indicate the time of Christ's Second Advent (Matt. 24: 37-39).

THE SPIRIT IN THE LAST DAYS.

By Rev. F. L. Chapell.*

Two Pre-eminent Promises—Christ's Dependence on the Spirit—In His Life and Work—The Spirit to be Active Before Christ's Return—Notable Signs of It—Extended Missionary Operations—Divine Healing—Satan's Opposing Activity—Burlesquing the Spirit's Work—Theosophy and Spiritualism—The Grand Goal.

WHEN our Lord ascended He left with His disciples two pre-eminent promises. One was the promise of the Spirit; the other was the promise of His Own return. Both of these promises were very vivid in the minds of the apostles, and for both of the things promised they earnestly looked and prayed. And in their minds both of these things were harmonious, tending to the same end—namely, the establishment of the kingdom of Heaven upon earth. In the Old Testament Scriptures and in the sermons of the apostles these two things blend and coalesce. The outpourings of the spirit run into and join with the notable events of the day of the Lord. There is no break or change of agency. The work of the Spirit continues, intensifies, and outreaches, till all things, external as well as internal, material as well as spiritual, are reached and restored or perfected.

If we wish for light on the career of Christ's cause in the earth, we have but to look at His personal career; and as we look upon Him the

Potent and Significant Fact

that meets our gaze is, that He is what He was, and is what He is, and will be what He will be by reason of the Holy Spirit. He was "conceived by the Holy Ghost" (Mat. 1:20) in order to become flesh. He was "anointed with the Holy Ghost" (Acts 10:38) in order to follow His earthly ministry. He "cast out devils by the Spirit of God" (Mat. 12:28), in order to show His method of victory. He "through the eternal spirit offered Himself without spot unto God" (Heb. 9:14), in order to make His great atonement. He was raised from the dead or "quickened by the Spirit" (1. Pet. 3:18), in order to be fully manifested as the Son of God. His intercession is also by the Spirit, for "the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us" (Rom. 8:26). And His future coming is to be no exception to the method of His past career. For prophets and apostles discern the grandest outpourings of the Spirit as in the same category with the coming of the Lord. But if Christ's person and sacrifice and intercession is by the Spirit, surely His reappearing is by the same Spirit. He went to Heaven to secure the Spirit for earth. And as soon as He arrived there He sent some measure or installment, as Pentecost witnessed, which the apostles recognized as earnests or pledges of what should more fully come at His return.

Having established this general relation of the Holy Spirit to the Lord's return, we proceed to notice what general action of the Holy Spirit may be expected as the day of the Lord draws near. And here the career of the personal Christ will be our guide. There were

Three Distinct Epochs

in the career of Jesus Christ, each produced by a special action of the Holy Spirit. 1. He was begotten or constituted a son of God by the Holy Ghost. But in this capacity He was hidden. His nation knew nothing of Him. He lived in obscurity in Egypt and Nazareth for thirty years. 2. He was anointed with power by the Holy Ghost for His witnessing ministry. And, in this capacity, He filled the land with His mighty works and wonderful wisdom, thus witnessing to His divine Sonship for three years. 3. He was raised from the dead and glorified as to His physical being by the spirit of holiness, and was thus declared or manifested as the Son of God. In this capacity He lived on earth for forty days, and then, ascending, continued this, His perfect being, in the heavens.

These three epochs were distinct, although there was before each of them some anticipation or foreshadowing of the next succeeding. Thus we find that His Old Testament theophanies foretokened His Incarnation. His visit to the temple, at the age of twelve, foretokened His ministry. And His transfiguration on the mount foretokened His risen or glorified state. We notice, moreover, that the enemy made special

Attempts To Thwart Him

at each transition, or, as He entered upon each successive epoch: First, to kill Him as an infant; second, to seduce Him in the wilderness; and third, to overwhelm Him in Gethsemane and the tomb. If, now, we observe the career of the general, visible body of the sons of God in the historic world, we shall find these same three stages: First, Israel was begotten, or constituted by the Holy Ghost as God's son. But in this capacity she was hidden. The great world knew nothing of her. She lived in obscurity in Egypt and Palestine. Second, the church was anointed with power by the Holy Ghost to go into all the world and to be a witness to all the nations. And, though she has been far too recreant to this her specific duty in past centuries, she is now awakening to it, and the testimony is being rapidly given to all the world. The third stage is to be the resurrection and rapture, or the glorification or manifestation of the sons of God, together with the liberation of the groaning creation in the day of the Lord. If now we are

Approaching The Close

of the second epoch and the beginning of the third, what special action of the Spirit may we expect in the present time? Manifestly the intensification of the work of the second epoch; and some slight anticipation of the work of the third, together with some earnest and cunning efforts of the enemy to prevent the transition.

And surely these are the very things that we now behold. That the nineteenth century has witnessed a marvellous intensification of missionary zeal is among the tritest of remarks. This is such a generally recognized sign of the times, and will be so fully and ably presented by others that I will not stop to enlarge upon it, but pass to inquire: How about anticipations of the third special work of the Spirit, namely, the glorification or perfection of our physical natures? Perhaps some are ready to say that surely nothing of this kind is occurring. But not too fast! These things are not trumpeted abroad. The Transfiguration was witnessed only by three, and even they were charged to tell no one until the event, which it foretokened, had taken place. But certain it is, that the power of the Spirit over material things, and particularly over our own bodies, is one of the thoughts that the Holy Ghost is forcing upon the attention of those who really know the Lord. The quickening of mortal bodies, or

"Divine Healing,"

as it is more popularly called, is one of the most significant signs of the times to every one who is sufficiently instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom to recognize it as an earnest of the resurrection life. But this aside: certainly any one may notice that the doctrine, at least, of the resurrection of the dead and of the rapture of the living, holds a much larger place in the thought of the church than it did fifty years ago. Many minds have been revolutionized on this matter, so that the apostolic sayings, "We shall not all sleep;" "for this cause many are weak and sickly among you and many sleep;" "we look for the Saviour who shall change the body of our humiliation," etc., are coming to hold something of their proper place in the Christian dialect of the day.

But perhaps the true situation is better discerned by observing

The Tactics of The Enemy.

Satan is wiser than men, and more on the alert to foresee what is coming. And he is now seeking most earnestly and adroitly to forestall with his lying wonders, and so to hinder the work of the Spirit in this regard. Why is it that we hear so much in our day about theosophy and spiritualism and esoteric Buddhism and Christian science, falsely so called? Why is it that spiritualistic cures are wrought, that alleged spirits are materialized, that corporeal bodies are levitated, and that astral bodies are separated, except to forestall and hinder the genuine work of the Holy Spirit in this department? It is but a little while since the reign of law—the impossibility of anything supernatural in physics—was the stronghold of unbelief. Why is the enemy now changing his tactics? It is, I believe, because the Holy Spirit is soon to work His third work for the sons of God.

But, thanks be to God, the Scriptures stand uncontaminated. They not only point out

The Grand Goal,

but they give us fair and plain and repeated warnings of the false doctrines and lying wonders that Satan will interpose before the goal is reached. To disentangle the sure word of prophecy from all beguiling admixtures of error is the duty of the hour. The watching prayer of God's people is not to their souls or minds to go from this dying scene of decaying nature; but it is, rather, to the spirit of the living God to come into it, and to restore and perfect it. This third office of the Spirit is fully indicated in the Scriptures, and the events of the day of the Lord will fully verify what is there indicated. And while we wait we cry, "Come, Holy Spirit," "Come, Lord Jesus," fully assured that these cries are wholly in harmony, and that when both are answered the kingdom will have come, and the will of God will be done on earth as it is in heaven. "He which testifieth these things saith: Surely, I come quickly—Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

* From his address at the Chicago Conference. A full report of this address and many others is contained in a volume entitled "Prophetic Studies," 216 pages. Price 50 cents paper covers, or 75 cents in cloth. May be had from this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

A CHINAMAN'S CHANGED LIFE.

A MEMBER of the party which went from Cambridge University to China through the instrumentality of Mr. D. L. Moody, sends a cheering account of the success that is attending their labors. Among other incidents he mentions that of a man named Fan Lih-yu, who lives near Shan-si. This man had from childhood always been careful and correct in his conduct; and as he grew older the desire to attain to a high standard of virtue deepened into a fixed longing. He resorted to the usual devices of the human heart for attaining to this, and his name for benevolence and well-doing spread through his immediate neighborhood. Though others praised him, the Holy Spirit was deepening conviction of sin in his soul. He decided "to leave the world and cultivate the practice of virtue." At this time he was a young man, and his female relatives wouldn't hear of his taking this step of becoming a recluse. A compromise was effected; he consented to live with his wife and family till he reached the age of thirty, when it was agreed he should be free to leave all and become a hermit: thus having leisure to attend to the salvation of his soul.

Meanwhile he attached himself to one of the many religious sects in this region, and continued to live a life of great strictness. He had heard of the gospel from some of our brethren, who live in his village and the surrounding neighborhood, but appears to have been uninterested in what he heard. Last year the news that there was in this city a place where a doctrine, said to be very good in its teachings, was being promulgated, reached his ears. Accordingly one Sunday last December he came in and sat through the service. Stanley Smith conducted it, and spoke on the words of the Lord, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." The Holy Spirit sent the word home into the man's heart, and next morning he came full of eagerness to hear more. After some hours of conversation with him, Stanley asked him if he was willing then and there to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. He said, Yes. They knelt down and the matter was settled. Since then he has been growing in the knowledge of the Lord, and was baptized at the Conference.

Naturally a very quiet, rather silent man, he now in his village is preaching and publishing the news of the Gospel. As he walked home a carter offered him a lift, which he accepted, and then preached the Gospel to the kind carter, who then and there believed in the Lord. The other Christians were alarmed at his manner, for he did not eat or drink as before, and prayed and preached much. They feared that he was under some oppression of the devil; on our getting the news yesterday morning, we set out to the village, and I feel quite sure that it is God's work.

His manner is perfectly clear and collected, but there is an intensity and earnestness, especially in his prayers, that would convince much more sceptical people than oneself. What is the most cheering feature of this is the simple, clear faith in a crucified Redeemer. Oh, it is glory indeed to see this dear man's joy and love, and wonderful enlightenment in the things of God! It is another call to preach the Gospel of Christ; to have faith in it as the power of God unto salvation. Expect to hear of mighty outbreaks in these parts. I feel convinced that God's time has arrived.

AN INFIDEL SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

A REMARKABLE testimony was given recently at Cremorne Mission in New York. A man said that he was an infidel, the son of infidel parents. He received a good education and was employed in the Indian Department of the British civil service. He could speak Persian, Sanscrit and Hindustanee. Though he had been a temperate man all his life, he fell into the snare of rum a short time ago when he came to America in charge of some products to be exhibited at the New Orleans Exhibition. Fast companions led him into other sins, and in a short time he was without money and on the high road to ruin. Determining to get back to England if possible, he made his way to New York from New Orleans. He arrived here tired, hungry, ill-clad and penniless. His pride would not allow him to beg, and he was unable to procure work. Utterly broken down and reckless he determined to drown himself, and set out for the river. On his way he passed the Gospel Tent, in which the Rev. A. B. Simpson has been holding services during the summer. Something attracted him and he went inside, and for the first time in his life he listened to the gospel. The Spirit applied the word to his heart, and he rose to ask for prayers. His infidelity seemed to vanish completely and eventually he was led to Christ. A situation in a large liquor store was offered him, and though he would have accepted it eagerly a few days before, he refused it. He is now employed where the work is more laborious, but where he has opportunity for Christian service. His joy in Christ is most ecstatic.

A MORAL MAN'S DISCOVERY.

AT the close of one of the services in the Berachah Mission, New York, some two months ago when an invitation was given to all who desired prayer for their conversion to hold up their hands, a little girl was noticed urging her father to hold up his. He seemed disinclined to do so, being a sober, moral man, who thought he was good enough. Eventually, however, he did so, and one of the workers entered into conversation with him. United prayer was offered on his behalf, and that night he was converted. He said at a subsequent meeting: "For forty years I have been going by churches and missions, looking up at them and passing on, but never thinking of entering, as I was utterly devoid of interest as to what was said or done in them. A few weeks ago my little girl began to come here, then her mother came, and after a while they got me to come. Well, I confess I liked the services and the people, and made up my mind to come again, and so I've been coming now for six weeks or more. I never thought but what I was a good man until after my little girl would have me raise my hand to ask for prayer, and one of these workers came to me and asked me '*If I had given my heart to God.*' I felt condemned at once and realized my guilt, but still I kept at a distance from my Saviour. Then things came to such a pass with me that I felt that the matter had to be settled. I was in perfect agony; my state of heart and mind was indescribably wretched, but I cried to the Lord: He forgave my sins, and the peace which passes all understanding now fills my soul.

A FRENCHMAN'S TWO SAVIOURS.

AT one of Mr. McAll's meetings in Paris, a rough looking workingman, who had been converted at the mission and is now a devoted and active Christian, told a most pointed story of his own life. "I have had two Saviours," he said. "The first was after the Commune. I was taken and accused as a Communist, and, without any form of trial, was marched to instant death. In my own eyes I was a dead man. Marching across the Champ de Mars, we met an officer, who touched me, and said to the soldiers, 'What are you doing with that man there? I answer for him; he is an honest man; let him go.' They let me go. This man was my savior. I did not know then that I was in danger of another death, that my sin had condemned me before God. Years after, I found it out, and I was in despair. I could see no way to be saved. Then Jesus Christ passed by, and said, 'This man—I answer for him.' And a second time I was saved."

HOW CHRISTIANS FARE IN PERSIA.

IN describing a recent tour in Karadagh in Persia in a letter to a contemporary, the Rev. S. G. Wilson says: We passed the night in a village across the basin of the Aji Chai, and going out into the street, a group of twenty or more gathered around. The Armenian evangelist and I sat down on the ground by the blacksmith shop, and presented Jesus as the divine Saviour. Their spokesman tried with ill-success to maintain the superiority of Mohammed. Some of the younger men sided with us, and took part in praising Jesus. At last the blacksmith arose and said, "I'll shoe their horses quickly, and get these men out of here." The spokesman, too, muttered some words about raising a row, so we thought it discreet to withdraw. The population of Karadagh is wild and bigoted, and they have rarely had their traditional faith called in question. In many parts of Persia the idea that *the touch of a Christian is contaminating*, has passed away, but there it remains. The next day we inquired about stopping for lunch, and as we passed on we heard some women say, "Let them sit down, and we will raise the men against them." We stopped at the next village on a grassy spot under some trees. I went into a field to rest and a Turk asked me crossly what business I had there, and helped me out with a gentle stroke of his stick. At another place they reviled our muleteer for serving Christians, hoping that "the birds of the air might eat his carcass."

A FALSE SELF-ACCUSER.

A Chicago young lady's effort to save her lover from prison, has caused some difficulty in a trial in that city. The father of the girl is captain of a steam tug, and a man of good character. Recently his house was robbed of a considerable sum of money, and he with some reason suspected that the thief was a young man who much to his disgust is the accepted lover of his daughter. He had the young man arrested, and the evidence against him appeared conclusive. But before the trial the captain's daughter made a written confession that she was the thief. It was she and she alone, she said, who had stolen her father's money, and she addressed two letters to her lover who was in prison awaiting his trial, repeating the statement. When the trial came on she was present with the intention of going on the witness-stand and testifying to her guilt. It was therefore decided to abandon the prosecution, as no jury would convict in the face of such evidence. Both the captain and the police are convinced that the girl had nothing to do with the theft, and that the young man is guilty, especially as there is another charge of burglary against him. The girl, however, has succeeded in saving him from punishment, whether her self-accusation is true or false. She doubtless considers herself a heroine, but as she knew that she was safe from prosecution her heroism is of a cheap order, and is probably a very wicked heroism. This wretched travesty of substitution reminds us by contrast of the grandeur of Christ's vicarious sacrifice. Though Himself sinless, He so loved the sinner, that He bore the punishment that the sinner might be saved (1 Peter 2: 24)

A KOORDISH SHEPHERD'S DIFFICULTY

THE mission work in Persia has received a great impetus from the hospital ministrations. Patients who go for healing of the body receive spiritual blessing in addition, and go away home carrying the glad tidings. One case reported is that of a young Koordish shepherd who was deeply interested in Christian truth, but was not inclined to believe anything without the strongest evidence. One of the hardest things for him to accept was Christ's free foregiveness of sin. With his hot Koordish blood he could not see how God could forgive until He had first taken revenge. He one day heard the passage read where Christ likens himself to the Good Shepherd. The young man eagerly asked, Does Jesus truly love me as I love my sheep?" and then added, "Now I can understand how he can forgive my sins. Toward spring he returned to his dark mountain home, where pillage and bloodshed were scenes of almost daily occurrence. Good report came constantly of his Christian-like deportment, although exposed to great peril from his Mohammedan friends for his confession of the Lord Jesus. He has lately returned to the hospital, and desires to be baptized. In other parts of the mountains of Koordistan, difficult of access, missionaries and native helpers on recent tours have found old hospital patients giving them a hearty welcome, and ready to promote their mission of gospel light.

YEARS OF WORK FOR A BIBLE.

SEVERAL interesting and encouraging incidents are briefly reported to the *Church* by Miss Chamberlain, who is laboring at Sivas in Turkey. She says: "A few days since a girl burst into my room, saying: "Oh, teacher, I am afraid I have not money enough for a Bible; but please give me one, for father has promised to read with me." The six cents that were wanting were not to be thought of in the presence of such an eager girl.

In one of our villages, some fifteen years since, a Bible-seller was thrown down-stairs, dragged out of the village and beaten. One of the perpetrators of this cruel act sent for a coarse-print Testament, and he and his wife are reported to be quite changed in their daily life.

A little girl of the Gregorians came to our Sabbath-school, and for learning the Golden Texts she received a Testament. This she carefully kept, as she had an old one. The following year she gained another Testament, and the third year something else. Then she brought her long-kept treasures and a few cents, and entreated that she might exchange them for a Bible; and the tears streamed down her face as she said: "*I have waited these years for it.*" I often see her on the Sabbath, and look to see where her mark is, for she reads day by day the Word for which she labored so long. It is her one treasure, the only thing she has on earth that is her very own, save the threadbare clothes she wears.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation appointing the observance of Thursday, November 24, was issued on October 25. The President says: "The goodness and the mercy of God which have followed the American people during all the days of the past year, claim their grateful recognition and humble acknowledgment. By His omnipotent power He has protected us from war and pestilence, and from every national calamity; by His gracious favor the earth has yielded a generous return to the labor of the husbandman, and every path of honest toil has led to comfort and contentment; by His loving kindness the hearts of our people have been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor, and by His unerring guidance we have been directed in the way of national prosperity." And he adds to his appointment of the day the suggestion that, "Families and kindred be reunited on that day, and let their hearts, filled with kindly cheer and affectionate reminiscence, be turned in thankfulness to the Source of all their pleasures and the Giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous. And in the midst of our worship and our happiness let us remember the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence let us increase the number of those who with grateful hearts, shall join in our thanksgiving.

The Arrival of Another Cholera Infected ship has suggested to the quarantine Commissioners the necessity for greater powers to be exercised by them or the government. The danger is becoming so serious that unless stringent measures are promptly taken the plague may find an entrance into this country. The Commissioners have now applied to the Secretary of the Treasury, believing that he has power to prevent infected vessels entering our ports. They directed their President to ask the Secretary whether ships with immigrants on board and from ports where cholera is prevailing cannot be sent back to the ports from which the emigrants were shipped, it being the opinion of the board that, if the power to return such immigrants to the ports of embarkation is with the Secretary of the Treasury, he should now exercise it. According to the quarantine laws the Commissioners cannot now order an infected ship to put back to sea.

The Question as to the Civil Service Examiners, which was recently raised and produced a difference of opinion between Commissioners Oberly and Edgerton, is now settled, subject to the President's approval, so far as the Commission is concerned. Mr. Lyman last week stated that he was opposed to members of political committees being examiners. As he is, therefore, in agreement with his colleague, Mr. Oberly, his view will prevail, unless the President overrules it. At the same time Mr. Lyman expressed his conception of an ideal civil service. "It would be a service," he said, "which would be made up of men of all parties; men who might in truth, and on suitable occasions give expression to strong political views, but who would hold the expression and advocacy of those views in subordination to the public interest, and in so doing would yield no whit of their rights or privileges as citizens. It is clearly the right of a citizen—of every citizen"—said Mr. Lyman, "to hold and express, in word and act, political views; but it is not the right of any citizen who is also a public servant, so to give expression to his political views, either in word or act, as to bring discord and confusion into the public service." This view is so utterly opposed to the system so long in vogue, that Mr. Lyman will incur, by expressing it, the animosity of all lovers of the old system.

An Interesting Report Filed by the Superintendent of Indian schools, on October 27, shows the progress at length being made in this important matter. Mr. Riley states that the aggregate expenditure by the government for the education of Indian children during the year was $1,095,379. The whole number of Indian children between the ages of six and sixteen years is 39,821; of this number, 14,932 attended school, Mr. Riley says that too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of preparing native teachers, and to this end suggests that a normal school department be established at some of the larger schools. He also recommends that an industrial boarding-school be established near the Missouri River, adjacent to the Sioux Reservation; that schools be provided for the tribes in Nevada; that Congress be requested to provide for the education of 100 Indian children, to be selected from the tribes living in the State of New York; and that a commission be appointed and empowered to make a thorough examination of the whole subject of Indian education.

An Effort to Arouse the Citizens of New York to a recognition of their duties was made last week by the City Reform Club. It issued a pamphlet giving the record of the legislators who represented the city at Albany in the last Legislature. The information it supplies ought to convince every citizen that the present method of selecting candidates by both parties is hopelessly bad, and cannot be too soon abandoned. Summarizing the conclusions to which the club has arrived, it appears that of the seven Senators, two only are worthy of commendation and a third is honest. The others are described as "disgracefully bad." Of the twenty-four Assemblymen, only four are spoken of in favorable terms; while of the other twenty, some are characterized as "ignorant, corrupt, or otherwise unfit." This will continue so long as citizens can be relied upon to vote the straight party ticket without discrimination. It may be hoped that the club will succeed in arousing the conscience of Christian voters, and incidentally, that other cities will take warning by the evils into which the Empire City has fallen.

The Utterances of Dr. McGlynn, the Excommunicated Roman Catholic priest are stirring up the Bishops of that church to further proceedings in his case. The large audiences that assemble wherever Dr. McGlynn is to speak, and the enthusiasm with which he is greeted, are becoming dangerous to the church. The amusing stories the ex-priest tells of the gross blunders which the present Pope has made, especially in reference to America, must have convinced his Romanist hearers that there are many spheres in which Leo is not infallible. Recently, Dr. McGlynn, who has had opportunities of knowing whereof he speaks, said that "*most nuns were fitted for their calling by their professional garb only*," and hints are given that he has other exposures to make. It is not surprising, therefore that threats are being uttered. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., said in the course of his sermon on Sunday, Oct. 22, in reference to McGlynn: "When a Catholic priest or an instructed Catholic goes to hear this man, it is a sin, and he is liable to excommunication. If this thing goes on, you will find that I and other Catholic Bishops will pronounce sentence of excommunication against those who, not being ignorant, hover about this man." Present indications, however, are that his friends who are still members of the church, if forced to choose between Dr. McGlynn and the church, will quit the church.

The Knights of Labor, at the Recent General Assembly at Minneapolis, decided two burning questions which have long agitated the Order. One was an attempt to rescind the rule prohibiting any person dealing in, or deriving profit from the sale of intoxicating liquors, from admission to the Order, and with it, the companion rule prohibiting assemblies from selling liquors at their picnics and social gatherings. The attempt was overwhelmingly defeated, and the temperance principles of the Order were maintained. The second question referred to the anarchist element. The General Assembly decided that no flag should be carried in the parades of the Knights of Labor but the State or National colors. Those who want to march under the Red flag will therefore, have to march apart from the Knights. There is considerable disaffection in the Order, and disruption is threatened, but on these two questions public opinion is with the Assembly.

The Arrest of Sir Wilfrid Blunt at Woodford, County Galway, Ireland on October 23, has caused much excitement. Sir Wilfrid is the well-known philanthropist and benefactor of Arabi Pacha, who was formerly a conservative but is now a home ruler. He was announced to preside at a public meeting, supported by Mr. Rowlands and other English members of Parliament. The police stormed the platform, and Sir Wilfrid Blunt apparently lost his temper. He dared the police to arrest him, and they took him at his word. He resisted violently, but was soon overpowered and lodged in jail. He was brought up for trial on October 26 and sentenced to two months imprisonment. An appeal has been taken, but it is difficult to see how it can benefit Sir Wilfrid. He was clearly breaking the law and defying the government, which has declared its intention of treating English and Irish agitators who speak at proclaimed meetings, on the same footing.

The Difficulty Between France and England on the Egyptian question appears to have been removed. Lord Salisbury having failed to arrange a treaty with Turkey, commenced negotiations with France directly, and it is reported that an agreement has been reached. Though the terms have not been authoritatively disclosed, the main provisions are stated to be that: The Suez Canal shall be kept open in time of war; that no act of hostility shall be permitted at either of its approaches or on its banks within a zone to be determined by an international commission on supervision; that belligerent Powers shall neither embark nor disembark troops or war material on the canal or in the ports of access, and that if Egypt proves unable to compel respect for the treaty, she will appeal to Turkey, who, in concert with the Signatory Powers, will take the necessary measures to enforce obedience. It is reported that Germany, Austria and Russia already approve the convention. The English government has, on its side, given assurances satisfactory to France as to the date of evacuation of the country.

Further News of Mr. H. M. Stanley's Progress was received in Brussels on October 25. It came by the steamer *Florida* direct from Stanley to the nearest telegraph station, whence it was sent to the King of the Belgians. It reports that Stanley has advanced about seven hundred and eighty miles since he was last heard of, on August 25. He was in excellent health. He had met with a friendly reception from the natives in hitherto unexplored country through which he had to pass. As a precaution the explorer has had entrenched camps constructed at all his halting places, but he does not apprehend molestation.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $9.50. They are from Blue Earth City, Minn., $2 50; Warren, N., H., $5; Minneapolis, Minn., $2. We are extremely glad to receive these amounts, for many colored ministers who received the paper last year missed its visits sadly, as the fund was exhausted. The help they received from the sermons and articles published in the paper was priceless to men whose means do not allow of their collecting a library. Their congregations are also profited by it, through them, so that even one dollar added to this fund confers a benefit on a large number of persons. To those who know the condition of the colored people in the South, and the need their pastors have of such help as this journal gives, it is unnecessary to say more.

The Withdrawal of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon from the Baptist Union, which has been so freely commented upon in the daily press during the past week, is not so important a matter as has been represented. Mr. Spurgeon has not wavered in his adherence to the principles and doctrines of the Baptist denomination, and his withdrawal from the Union does not imply any change in his beliefs or teachings. The Union is simply an association of ministers and churches for united work in missions, etc., and in all such work Mr. Spurgeon's church, whether in the Union or alone, will always do its part while he presides over it. In withdrawing from the Union, Mr. Spurgeon is entering his conscientious protest against a latitudinarian spirit which has been growing rapidly of late years. His own words will best express his motive. He says: "To pursue union at the expense of the truth, is treason to Jesus. To tamper with His doctrine, is to become traitors to Him. We have before us the wretched spectacle of professedly orthodox Christians publicly avowing union with those who deny the faith, call the fall of man a fable, and deny the personality of the Holy Ghost."

The Special Conference on the Inspiration of the Bible, preliminary notices of which have already appeared in these columns, will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 15-18. Among the eminent clergymen who will read papers on the various branches of the subject are: Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., Philadelphia; Prof. J. M. Stifler, Crozier Seminary; Rev. George S. Bishop, D. D., Orange, N. J.; Prof. L. F. Townsend, D. D., Boston, Mass.; Rev. W. Dinwiddie, D. D., Greenwood, Va.; Rev. W. Gardner, D. D., Michigan; Prof. W. R. Harper, Yale College; Rev. J. H. Brookes, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. T. C. Child, D. D., Washington, D. C.; Rev. T. C. Johnson, D. D., Virginia; Rev. J. E. Gilbert, D. D., Indianapolis, Ind.; Rt. Rev. W. R. Nicholson, D. D., Philadelphia; Prof. Howard Osgood, D. D., Rochester Seminary; Prof. W. G. Moorhead, D. D., Xenia College, Ohio; Rev. T. W. Chambers, D. D., New York; Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., New York; Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., Philadelphia. For full particulars address Rev. George C. Needham, 1528 Market St., Philadelphia.

A Living Man Officially Declared Dead is causing some trouble among his friends in Baltimore, Md. The sergeant on duty at the Southern police station in that city was startled on October 21, by the entrance of a wild, excited man, who walking up to his desk exclaimed, "I vos der man dot vos trowned." As soon as he became suffici ntly composed to explain, he said that he had left Baltimore suddenly and secretly last July, owing to a disagreement with his wife, and had gone to Hartford County, where he found work in a tomato canning establishment. He remained there until two weeks ago, when he had an uncontrollable desire to return and make it up with his wife. He had just got back and found himself an outcast. About a week after his departure in July, a dead body had been found floating in the Patapsco, very much decomposed, which had been identified as his. His wife had professed to recognize it, an inquest had been held, and the body, buried in his lot in the cemetery. What was still more trying, his goods had been sold, and his place in other ways filled up. The sergeant showed him the official record of his death, and told him he could do nothing for him; he must take legal measures to get alive again. Those who have profited by the man's supposed death will probably take the same attitude, but if he happens to have any unsatisfied creditors they will take a different view. The complication is singular, but in spiritual matters the Christian knows what it is to be officially yet and yet alive. He is dead to the world, but alive to God (Rom. 6 : 11).

A Fortune has been Unexpectedly Inherited by an old soldier, at Lock Haven, Pa. On Oct. 26, he received a letter from a lawyer at Marblehead, Mass., requesting him to come and take possession of a property valued at $18,000, which had been bequeathed to him by a citizen recently deceased. On complying with the request he found that the legacy was an act of gratitude for a service he had rendered to a comrade during the war, and had almost been forgotten. During the battle at Hatcher's Run, Va., on October 27, 1864, he had seen a comrade fall, badly wounded. He ran to him, and, though the bullets were flying around him, he had dragged him out of danger, and got him carried to the hospital. There, after a long struggle for life, the man had recovered. But for the timely help he would have bled to death where he fell. The rescued man prospered after the war, and has now left all his property to the man who saved his life, at the risk of his own, twenty-three years ago. The legacy is a genuine surprise to the recipient, who never expected any reward for an act of simple humanity. A day is coming in which far greater rewards will fall to many who, without expectation of recompense, have shown kindness to those whom Christ has made His representatives (Matt. 25 : 37-40).

A Child's Interview with the President, and its results, are described in the Philadelphia *Call*. It appears that when the Presidential party was in the city, a little girl only six years old, learning the cause of the general excitement, resolved to make the President a present on her own account. She gathered and arranged a bouquet of wild-flowers, and without telling any one of her purpose, took it to his hotel and asked the clerk to "give that to the President." Amused at the little child's gift, the clerk called a bell boy and placed her in his care that she might make the gift in person. On entering the rooms occupied by the Chief Magistrate, the child walked straight up to him, and presenting the flowers said, "I picked these on purpose for you, Mr. President." The President, showing in his face the pleasure which the childish gift and simplicity called forth, asked her name. This she readily gave, and after being kissed by the President she returned to her home. Her parents could scarcely credit the story when she told them, but a few days ago it received confirmation when a package addressed to the little girl was received from President Cleveland, containing his portrait and an autograph letter of thanks. She was delighted at receiving so much notice from a man in so exalted a station. It may be hoped as she grows older, the simplicity and boldness which prompted her visit to the President, may still characterize her, and that she may offer to the King of kings the gift He will not despise (Ps. 51 : 17).

A Curious Hiding Place for Money was Discovered in Connecticut on October 21. About six weeks ago an eccentric old farmer, who resided near Waterbury, died, and a diligent search was made for his savings by his heirs. The old man was known to have accumulated a considerable sum of ready money beside his real estate, yet no trace of it could be found. He had no confidence in banks, and used to hide his money until he could invest it safely. He was often cautioned against doing so, as it was a temptation to thieves, but he would smile knowingly, and say he guessed no thief was smart enough to find his bank. He died suddenly without revealing his secret, and the heirs could not find it. After the search was abandoned two boys noticed a large grey squirrel running around the old mans place and chased it. The squirrel took refuge in a hollow tree near the house and the boys followed. It crawled through a hole in an old box which was fixed in the tree, and the boys stopped the hole and with some difficulty dislodged the box and carried it off with the squirrel in it. On opening it they found that the animal had *a costly nest*. It was nearly full of bank notes which the squirrel had chewed or torn to pieces. Scarcely a single note was intact, but the fragments showed that the total value must have been several thousand dollars, only a small part of which can be recovered. If the old miser could have foreseen how his hoarded wealth would be wasted, it would have almost broken his heart. He was spared that grief, but he has made the more momentous discovery that the only treasures which can avail him now are those eternal treasures which were once within his reach (Matt. 6: 19, 20).

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Justin Fulton, D. D., has been delivering lectures on the Pauline Propaganda in Boston, Mass.

Mr. D; L. Moody expects to commence his services in Pittsburgh, Pa., on November 7, or as soon afterward as possible. The churches of the city are united in the work.

A general summary of the English Wesleyan Methodist Conference gives the total membership of the community as 537,000, with nearly 47,000 on trial. The ministers number 2,867, including probationers and supernumeraries.

The ninth Biennial Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations was held in the Hall of the Y. W. C. A., New York, last week. There was a large attendance of delegates from various States, and the sessions were devoted to earnest, practical discussion.

Extensive preparations are being made for Dr. L. W. Munhall's mission at Columbus, O. Prayers for God's blessing on the work are being offered in the churches, and workers from the Y. M. C. A. are volunteering for any kind of service that may be needed. A large outpouring of the Spirit may be expected.

The statistics of the Reformed Episcopal Church; for last year are: Baptisms, 907; confirmations, 916 received otherwise, 519; present number of communicants, 8,429; contributions for all purposes, $155,861.51; church buildings, 87; value of church property, less incumbrances, $1.077,758.

The Louisville, Ky., churches have arranged for the erection of a temporary building for Mr. Moody's services. It will be built on a vacant lot belonging to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, on Broadway, and will have a seating capacity for five thousand persons. The meetings will commence on January 1, 1888.

Mr. E. P. Telford's work in America has opened with most encouraging tokens of success. Signs of a great movement are observed. Dr. Hamilton's church at Somerville, Mass., where he now is, is crowded every night, and much good is being done. Mr. Telford has accepted invitations for mission work in Lynn, Mass., and at Dr. Baldwin's church, in Boston, Mass.

Sunday, November 13, is the day appointed for United Prayer for young men and Young Men's Christian Associations. The International Committee earnestly request clergymen of all denominations to remember the fact in their sermons and prayers, and commend it to their congregations. In many churches special prayer-meetings will be held each evening from November 13-19.

A sermon was preached under very interesting circumstances, on August 21, in Japan, by Bishop Warren, of the M. E. Church About 1,500 persons assembled to hear it in the Meiji Kaido, at Tokio. That is the building erected by the opponents of Christianity for the use of anti-Christian lecturers. A missionary translated the Bishop's sermon into Japanese, for the benefit of the natives in the congregation.

The sermons of pastor C. H. Spurgeon are now being read every Sunday in many Greek churches in Servia. The order of the Metropolitan of Servia, that the priests should preach in their churches, was being disobeyed, because the priests were not able to preach. A Christian gentleman of Belgrade came to their assistance, by furnishing them with translations of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which they now read by permission.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

WALKING IN LIGHT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 6, 7.

The Apostle's Warning—The Common Tendency to Pretension—The Christian's Walk—I. Its Light—The Light of Grace—Of Sincerity—Of Publicity—Of the Scriptures—Produces Simplicity of Character—Abhorrence of Sin—II. The Communion of the Walk—III. The Glory of the Communion—Prison Doors Opened—Fellowship with God—In Hatred of Sin—In Love of Jesus—In Joy over Reconciliation—In Purpose.

THE apostle warns us against *saying* more than we have made our own by experience. He hints at the solemn difference between empty profession and gracious reality. To have fellowship with God is a great matter; but merely to *say* that we have fellowship with Him is a totally different thing. John warns us that if we *say* that which our characters do not support, we lie. He leaves it just so, without a word of softening or excuse. Between saying and being, between saying and doing, there may be all the difference in the world. There is a tendency among men, if there be a good experience, to say that they possess it: if there be a high privilege of grace, to say that they are enjoying it. What a folly is this! It is akin to madness. To unsound minds a precious original suggests a desire to fashion an imitation. To the untruthful mind the genuine is an invitation to be the counterfeit. Let us be upon our guard, that we do not flatter ourselves into

Saying More than is True.

Let us not stretch our arm beyond our sleeve, nor boast beyond our line. Every profession will be tried with fire; let us, therefore, see to it that we put in no claim which will not endure the severest test. There were certain in John's day who said, "We have fellowship with God." How they had come by it they did not explain: perhaps they claimed they have reached it by philosophical speculation, by exact reasoning, or by long-continued meditation. Whatever the road, they said that they had reached the city of God, and were in communion with the Great Being. John saw that they walked in darkness, rejecting the light of divine revelation from above, and the pure light of the Holy Spirit within; he saw also that they themselves were not true, and that their lives were not pure, and therefore he warned them that they were speaking and acting a lie. The disciple whom Jesus loved spoke like the Son of Thunder that he was, when he had to deal with shams. It is the part of true love to be honest, and to expose that which would be injurious to those he loves. He who will gloss over a falsehood loves but in word only. Learn, then, that if men boast of fellowship with God, and do not receive the revelation of His word, they lie, and know not the truth.

Let us speak of the real thing, the fellowship with God which comes of walking in the light.

I. Consider first,

The Light of our Walk

True believers do not walk in darkness: they have found the road, and they see it before them. They know whom they have believed, and why they have believed, and so they go forward intelligently. How unhappy are those who are sure of nothing but a groping for the way, and wandering in endless circles of hope and fear! True believers walk onward, because a light shows them their path, and makes them sure of safety and progress. What is meant by walking in the light? It is somewhat singular that last Sunday morning our subject was "The Child of Light walking in Darkness." That darkness is very different from the darkness with which we deal this morning. Children of light may for a time walk in the darkness of sorrow; but from the darkness of untruthfulness, ignorance, sin and unbelief they have been delivered. In these respects the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. Moral darkness is contrary to their new-born nature: they cannot endure it. We must distinguish between things that differ. between the darkness of sorrow and the darkness of sin. A metaphor may be used for many purposes, and that of darkness has a wide range of meaning.

What is this Light,

then, in which the Christian walks? I answer, first, it is the light of grace. In our natural state we are in darkness, and under the dominion of the Prince of Darkness. When the grace of God comes the day-spring on high visits us. The Holy Spirit brings us out from under the dominion of the old nature by creating within us a new life, and He brings us out from under the tyranny of the Prince of Darkness by opening our eyes to see and our minds to understand celestial truth. The entrance of God's word into the mind by the power of the Holy Spirit gives us light as to ourselves, our sin and our danger. With this comes light as to the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and light as to the mind of God concerning our sanctification. True knowledge takes the place of ignorance, and a desire for purity becomes supreme over the love of sin. With the driving out of our natural darkness old things pass away, and with the coming in of the divine light all things become new.

The result of this light is seen in various ways. It causes deep sorrow in the beginning, for its first discoveries are grievous to the conscience. Light is painful to eyes long accustomed to darkness. Anon the light brings great joy, for the soul perceives deliverance from the evils which it mourned. Thus light and gladness in the end go together, as it is written, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Ever, in each condition, you observe conspicuously that the light of grace is seen as

The Light of Sincerity.

Until grace comes into our souls we have no heart for the things of God. We may be fussily religious so far as to be attentive to every outward form of worship; but there is no heart work, no light of truth, in all our devotion. But when once the divine light comes in, then we become intensely real in our dealings with God. We do not merely say that we desire salvation and eternal life; but we feel that we must have them, and cannot be denied. We cease from playing fast and loose with God. We no longer halt between two opinions, but one thing we seek after, desiring it of the Lord; we would be right with God in all respects.

Next to sincerity I regard a willingness to know and to be known as an early result of walking in the light of God. The ungodly come not to the light, lest their deed should be reproved. There are matters about which they desire no light, but rather say, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." Where ignorance affords them a present peace they count it folly to be wise. Alas! it is too commonly the case that men have no inclination to obtain a knowledge which might involve humilation, repentance and a retracing of steps. "Let well alone," cry they. How many will say, "Well, we have been Christians after our own way for a good many years; why need we question ourselves?" They look upon a faithful preacher with suspicion: he comes a deal too close home. When he begins to deal with the heart and conscience, they look at him as if he were a dog hunting about for a rat. Truly the emblem is not so very unlike; for wherever there is a self-satisfaction which is afraid of light, we suspect that the rat of hypocrisy is not far off. A religion which we will not submit to the test of examination cannot be worth much.

Docility.

A still surer evidence of grace is the mind's perception of revealed truth and its obedience to it. Then has true light shone on a man's walk when he perceives the truth revealed by the Holy Spirit in sacred Scripture, and receives it into his heart with a child-like spirit. He that receives Christ also receives Christ's words, and the doctrine which we believe is by no means a matter of indifference. Whatever may be said, brethren, we have received a revelation from God; which we know to be "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." The Lord God has broken through the veil of silence, and had manifested himself to the sons of men. Through the darkness of their minds the carnal cannot see what God has revealed, neither will they believe His truth. The truth of God is spiritual, and the natural man is carnal, and therefore the natural man will not receive the teaching which comes from God. By this test shalt thou know whether the true light is shining upon thee. Dost thou believe what God has revealed in His word? This is to walk in the light. All other teaching is darkness,

This, beloved brethren, leads to a transparency and simplicity of character. Walking in the light produces Israelites indeed, in whom is no guile. Those who are full of deceit and craftiness upon any subject are not walking in the light of God. God will not have fellowship with any whose minds are crooked and deceitful. Some persons are so warped that nothing is straight to them; their minds seem to see things crookedly; long practice in untruthfulness has given them an evil bias. This is not the case with the man in whom

The Light of Grace

is shining. The man who does in reality what he seems to do; the man who says what he means, and means what he says; the man who is truthful, artless and sincere in all his general dealings both before God and man—he it is whose conduct leads us to hope that the light of grace shines within.

The man who is walking in the light, as God is in the light, is full of abhorrence of sin. Sin is practical falsehood; it is a moral darkness. The man that abhors evil and injustice; the man that would do good if it cost him his earthly all; the man who would not do wrong though the world should be his reward for doing it—this is the man that walks in the light, and he is the man that shall have fellowship with God, and a sense of cleansing from sin. We cannot attach too great importance to the condition of our minds in reference to sin; for if we wink at it or take pleasure in it, or persistently practice it, we are abiding in the darkness, and we are under the wrath of God. John says: "Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous." Forget not this practical truth.

II. I come, secondly, to

The Communion of our Walk.

Those who are in the light shall not be alone God Himself will be with them, and be their God. The words, "We have fellowship one with another," constitute a wonderfully condescending expression. John would not have dared coin such an expression; it must have been minted for him by the Spirit from above. Think of God and His people having mutual intercourse! What honor! What joy is this!

God in the light and man in the light have much in common. Now are they abiding in one element, for they are dwelling in one light. Now are they both concerned about the same thing, and their arms are undivided; God loves truth, and so do those who are renewed in heart. It has come to pass that the great Lord and His enlightened ones see things in the same light. God with His great vision beholds more than we can, yet He does not see more than the truth; and we with our narrow perceptions see the truth, and falsehood we cannot tolerate. Now we can speak with God, seeing we speak truth; and He can converse with us, seeing we are ready to hear the truth. In prayer and praise we are no longer false, and therefore the Lord can hear us. His word falls also upon an honest mind, and so its meaning is perceived. Now also we can act together; the great God and His poor feeble children are striving together for truth and righteousness. Our poor little work He might overlook if He were not so good, but being infinitely condescending, He works

through us whenever He sees that our work is done in truth. If our works were works of darkness, He could not co-operate with us; but now that we walk and work in the light, He is able to make us laborers together with Himself.

Now we partake with God in sympathy, having a fellow-feeling with Him. Does the great Father mourn His prodigal child? So do we mourn over sinners. Do we see Jesus weeping over Jerusalem? So do we mourn for the perishing who will not be saved. Again, as God rejoices over sinners that repent, so do we rejoice in sympathy with Him. By coming into the light of love as well as into the light of knowledge we have received power to enter into sympathy with God. Is not this a very wonderful thing? But it is as clear and

True as it is Wonderful.

We would desire to bring the whole world into the light. We daily pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." Our will has grown to be like God's will according to its measure, seeing we have come into the same light.

Do you know, dear brothers and sisters, by experience what it is to be honestly dealing with eternal things, to be no longer playing, and toying, and counterfeiting, but to be in real and blessed earnest with God and spiritual facts? Then you have come into fellowship with the great God, for He is in earnest, and in Him there is no trifling nor make-believe; but He is acting with intense reality, acting with His whole heart in His contention against sin, His desire for the glory of His Son, His purpose for the salvation of His people.

III. But now I come, in the third place, to that which strikes me most in the text, and it is this—the glory of this communion: "We have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Here am I a poor creature reading this text. I find that

It is Possible for Men

to walk in fellowship with God, the great and ever blessed. I rejoice to learn this, and my heart responds, "If there is any fellowship with God to be known, I will know it. If I can be reconciled to God, and be at friendship with Him, I desire it beyond everything. But how can these things be? I see that a great stone lieth at the door. I cannot get out of my prison to begin this walk, because this great stone of sin shuts me in." Then the Lord comes in, and He says, "I saw that this hindrance was in thy road, and so in this very verse I have shown thee how I have taken it away. Precious words! The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

To begin with, here is sin! What an evil thing it is! How our soul hates it! It is uncleanness to us; a loathsome and abominable evil. You that are in the light know how every beam of light makes you see more of the heinousness, blackness, and accursed nature of sin. Even to feel a tendency towards it in your members makes you groan out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me." Listen! You are having fellowship with God in this. In Him is no sin, but in Him is great abhorrence of sin. If you hate sin, God hates it also; and herein you are agreed. The very thought of inquity, uncleanness, or falsehood, is abhored of God. His holy nature detests it; and in proportion as you feel the same loathing and detestation, you have fellowship with God. This comes to you by walking in the light, as God is in the light.

Let us go a step further. Sin being once perceived, the next step is that it should *be got rid of*. "Ah!" say you, "I wish, I could be cleansed from it; cleansed from all of it; but how can this be? It is not possible for me to purge away my sin." This also is God's thought about sin: He knows how hard it is to remove its pollution. He saw that nothing of ours could remove the horrible blot. In this persuasion we have fellowship with the pure and holy God, who saw that there was no means of removing sin but one; He must deliver up His own Son to death, or the sin of man could never be purged away. The sacrifice of the Only-begotten is

The Unique Hope of Sinners.

Now go a step further. The glorious Son of God condescends to become the atonement for sin. He is taken to the tree; our sins are made to meet upon His blessed head, and there He dies, the just for the unjust. He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Standing by the tree of doom, we look up at that blessed Saviour with all-absorbing admiration and love. We admire Him as the masterpiece of divine wisdom, grace, power, and truth; and, admiring, we love Him; we pledge ourselves to Him. Herein we have entered into fellowship with the great Father indeed and of a truth; for the Father loves His Son infinitely: He greatly delights in Him.

A step further. Beloved, many of us have come to Jesus Christ by faith; we have looked to Him, and have accepted Him as our Saviour, cleansing us from all sin. Joy, joy, joy forever: the brightest day that ever dawned on us was that day when we saw all our sins numbered on our blessed Scapegoat and carried away into the wilderness of forgetfulness! When God saw the blood of old He passed over Israel, for His justice was satisfied; and it is so with Jesus. How glad and content we are to see how Jesus finished the transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness! Brethren, the death of Jesus is a cleansing from sin which will bear the light; it is no hole and corner business, no winking at evil, no suspension of law, no making out that sin is no sin. No, the debt is acknowledged, and what is better far, it is paid. The guilty are punished in their Substitute, and in Him are thus justly set free. We rejoice in perfect whiteness, for the Lord has made us whiter than snow. Yes, we have fellowship with God in this cleansing, for God accepts us in the Beloved.

Brethren, we are now as one with God

In His Master-Purpose.

Was it not in His heart to create beings with whom He might have fellowship? He desired to produce and bring to Himself an order of beings who could be glorified without danger of pride, who could think and feel as the Firstborn would do; in fact, would become the friends of the Son of God. It was needful for these creatures to know sin, and yet to hate it more fully than if they had never known it; to know the love of God, and to be bound by it for ever to an unsinning obedience, which would fill them with boundless happiness. Behold the process by which this new creation, this new order of creatures should come forth. Consider the process which, by the Fall, the Incarnation, the Cross, and the new birth work out

The Sacred Result!

When you have read the past in this light, then gaze into the future. Now we see how throughout eternity we shall walk in the light, as God is in the light, and have fellowship one with another—fellowship culminating in Jesus Christ the Only-begotten, and the cleansing from all sin by His blood. The blood-washed are to be the friends of God, with whom He shall speak face to face, as He speaks with no angel or seraph. With these He will dwell, and He will be their God, and they shall be His people; and in them and through them He will make known the glories of His Son to wondering worlds.

This great purpose has been wrought out to a considerable extent by the Lord's having already made us to walk in the light, as he is in the light, and by washing us in the precious blood; but it doth not even yet appear what we shall be. This must we practically seek after: henceforth we live for Christ! Henceforth our chief glory is the Cross! Henceforth our beau-ideal of glory for ourselves is to see Jesus glorified! The torrents have swept us away! We are no longer bound to this earth! We are borne along by the irresistible force of eternal love! God has achieved His purpose in our blood-washed souls; walking in the light we are now in harmony with His master purpose, and we cry: "Father, glorify thy Son"!

I have done; but oh, I wish that all your hearts were brought into the light of God at this moment! Oh, that you would quit the dark ways of self-righteousness, carelessness, thoughtlessness, and sin, and come into the light of truth! Oh, that the light may come to you as to Saul of Tarsus, and at once transform you! May the Spirit of God bring you to know God and His Son Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

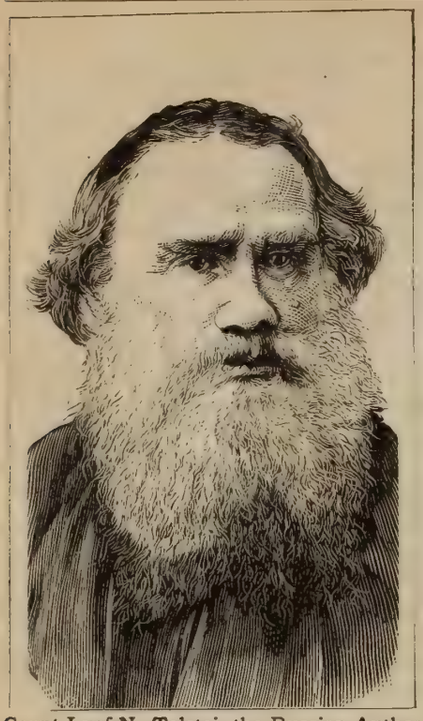
THE LIGHTS UNDER THE SEA.*

Among the many revelations of modern science, none have a more absorbing interest than those relating to the illumination of the deep sea. Until within a few years, the ocean has been a sealed book; the surface forms only were known, and it was assumed that, owing to the enormous pressure, lack of sunlight, and consequent darkness, nature—at least in the abyssal depths—was at fault, and this vast region was devoid of life and incapable of supporting it. Recent investigations, however, have shown the reverse; and that this great area, with its plateaux, its mountain ranges and its isolated, coral-capped peaks, whose valleys are now known to lie miles in ocean depths, teem with living forms, and far from being the dismal realm we had supposed, is a region of surpassing wonders; which we may term in fancy that lower firmament, where float sparkling, gleaming constellations, meteor-like disks and globes with trailing luminosity, stars and nebulæ of living lights.

The phosphorescence of the sea is no new discovery, and those who have visited the seashore at night must have witnessed this phenomenon. The region of coves and beaches along the shores of eastern Massachusetts, around Nahant particularly, is a favorable one for its full display. As the waves come rolling in upon the rocks, or upon the long expansive shingle, in tidal measure we see the foaming crest, seemingly ignited all along the line, more and more intense in brilliancy when with a roar it breaks masses of scintillating liquid upon the sands. We glide over the smooth portions of this sea, our boat leaving a golden train; every dip of oar or the dash of some affrighted fish, produces an equally vivid display. Even when not disturbed, looking down in the calm, clear depths, the same phenomenon is witnessed. Pale, ghostly forms are seen here and there moving slowly about, while the seeming silvery atoms seem to suggest the nebulæ of this submarine sky. Deeper yet, the bottom shows weird splendors. The great kelps are bedecked with mystic lights and gleam like diamond's flash from ledge and rock. These wonderful exhibitions of submarine illumination are due to the presence of luminous creatures, or in some cases to large animals swimming through immense numbers of small phosphorescent bodies, so appearing as light-givers themselves.

In nearly every branch of the animal kingdom we find these living lights, some marvellously brilliant, others growing with dim rays, and all contributing often to wonderful illumination, far-reaching or circumscribed. M. De Tessan, a French observer, states that one evening the sea in the roadstead of Simonstown, Cape of Good Hope, presented an extraordinary phosphorescence of a most vivid character. At whatever points the phosphorescence was greatest, the water was colored on the surface as red as blood; and it contained such an immense quantity of little globules that it had the consistency of syrup. Viewed under the magnifying glass, these globules presented the appearance of little transparent and inflated bladders having on their surface a black point surrounded with equally black and radiant stripes. The least agitation or slightest contact made them throw out a vivid greenish light.

* From "Living Lights: a Popular Account of Phosphorescent Animals and Vegetables," by Charles Frederick Holder. Pp. 187. Illustrated. Price, $2. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, the Russian Author.

Russian Nihilists on the Way to Siberia.

When a vessel is ploughing through masses of these creatures, the effect is extremely brilliant. An American captain states that when his ship traversed a zone of them recently in the Indian ocean, the waves presented the appearance of molten metal, of purest white; flames sprang from the bow as the ship surged along, and great waves of living light spread out ahead; a fascinating but appalling sight.

In many of the ports of tropical and semi-tropical America, it is the custom to bathe in the ocean at night, the warmth of the water rendering the recreation most enjoyable. A gentleman who visited one of these places on the Pacific coast, proceeded at night to take a bath, and, upon rising from the water, was amazed to find his entire body become luminous, as if covered with a coating of light, which he found originated from innumerable minute, phosphorescent creatures which clung to his skin and changed it to a golden hue.

LYOF N. TOLSTOI.

(See Portrait).

THE numerous works of the great Russian writer, which have been translated into English, and published in this country, have made Count Tolstoi's name familiar to the American public. Deeply interesting as these works are, they are not so interesting as the personal life and character of the author. He is considered eccentric, and doubtless his teachings are far from being in accord with orthodox doctrine, but his sincerity and his earnest desire to lead his countrymen to lives of humble usefulness in imitation of the life of Christ, are feature of his character to be heartily commended.

Tolstoi is in his sixtieth year, having been born at Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, Russia, on August 28, 1828. His parents were aristocratic, and occupied a high social position. He studied in the University of Kazan, where he distinguished himself in law and languages. When the Crimean War broke out in 1854 Tolstoi entered the Russian army and took part in the defense of Sebastopol. On the declaration of peace, he bade farewell to military life, for which he never had any taste, though he acquitted himself with credit in the war. A courtier's life, which was open to him, was still less to his liking. He retired to his country house and devoted himself to literary pursuits.

The condition of his countrymen, their ignorance, vice and poverty, soon began to weigh heavily on his heart. He longed to do something for them, but he was comparatively alone, the indifference of wealthy men of his order being beyond his power to penetrate. He tried several philanthropic schemes without success. They were not appreciated either by the people he hoped to benefit, nor by others whose aid he hoped to enlist. His failure so deeply depressed him that he became melancholy and contemplated suicide. Happily some earnest Christian people formed his acquaintance at this time, and Tolstoi was brought to see that in Christ there was hope.

With the promptitude and zeal which have always characterized him, he at once quitted the few frivolities of life which he allowed himself in his retirement, and devoted himself to a life of humble usefulness. He set about the translation of the four Gospels into the dialect of the lower Russian people, and has struggled, by example and teaching, to inculcate the doctrines of Christ, while trying to live as Christ lived, a life of self-sacrifice and beneficence.

EXILES TO SIBERIA.

(See Illustration.)

THE very name of Siberia is a sound of horror throughout Russia. It is a vast territory, larger than the whole United States, extending across the north of Asia. A bleak, inhospitable land having a climate the rigors of which only the most robust of Europeans can endure. It has long been the penal settlement of Russia, to which the Czars have sent political malcontents and other criminals. Those whose crimes were most odious to the government were condemned to labor in the mines, while others were simply banished to its wilds, and left to support themselves by hunting or tilling the barren soil. As Russia has no constitution, no citizen is safe from this horrible doom. Thousands of men suspected of plotting against the government have been seized, secretly examined and without trial, sent off to Siberia. They have simply disappeared from the towns in which they lived, and their friends know nothing of them. It would be dangerous to inquire after them, and would be useless. The organization of the secret police is so perfect and so powerful throughout all Russia, that prisoners leave no trace.

In past years the horrors of the exile began on the very day of condemnation. They were forced to walk manacled together all the way from St. Petersburg to Tobolsk-a, a journey occupying eight months; and many died from fatigue and exposure. Now, however, they are spared some of these hardships. Prisoners accused of crimes of violence and Nihilists likely to escape, are chained to an iron rod, and guarded by soldiers, but the infirm persons and children are placed in wagons, in which they are conveyed by railway from Moscow to Nijni Novgorod, in the month of May, there placed in large covered barges, towed by steamers to Perm, and thence carried by rail to Ekaterineburg, where a conveyance is provided to Tiumen, the first prison town in Siberia. A few are sent by the Orenburg southern route. In spite of this mitigation, however, the horrors of the exile are so terrible, that many prisoners prefer death to banishment to Siberia.

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

(See Illustration on page 701.)

EVERYONE who knew her, spoke pityingly of Olive Chester. Her case truly was almost as sad as it could be. Day and night she lay utterly helpless on her couch, her lower limbs completely powerless. It seemed that though she might live for many years—she was only twenty-three years old—she would never be able to walk abroad, or even to step from one room to another. It was a doleful prospect to look forward to, and many a young girl so circumstanced would have lost all brightness and sunk into a melancholy, querulous state of mind. That was what Olive dreaded, and her ceaseless prayer was that she might be so supported that she might prove by her patience and cheerfulness how mighty a power faith is to overcome all ills.

She had been lying thus for nearly four years, and her prayer had been answered. Her aunt Ethel, having never married, cheerfully devoted her life to waiting on her beloved niece; though she had been with her day and night during all her helplessness, had never heard an impatient word fall from her lips. Many old friends came to see her, and they, too, were amazed at Olive's cheerfulness in circumstances so sad.

"I cannot understand it," said Mrs. Raymond, one of these friends, as she and her husband and their little Florence came away from Olive's room. "I am sure I should go demented with melancholy if I were in her place."

"It is her faith in Christ and her submission to the Divine will that keeps her so," said Mr. Raymond. "Mr. Phayre, the clergyman, told me about it the other day; he said Miss Chester was the best example he knew of what faith could do. Has she always been so afflicted?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Raymond, "that is one

of the saddest features of it. I heard the facts only a few days ago. It seems that a little while before we came here to live she was engaged to be married. She was a beautiful, bright, active girl then, and a bright future was open before her. On the wedding morning she was descending the stairs in her bridal robes, all ready for the ceremony, when she slipped and fell from the top to the bottom. She hurt her spine in some way, and has been paralyzed ever since. And would you believe it! the man to whom she was to have been married has deserted her and married some one else. He said he could not be expected to marry a cripple. Well, perhaps it was not a bad thing for Olive, for he has taken to drink and is going on badly. She is better off as a cripple than as the wife of a libertine."

"Yes, poor girl," said Mr. Raymond; "either is bad, but this is not the worse."

Florence's Saved Life Consecrated to God.

But a strange thing occurred in Olive Chester's state not long after this conversation. Perhaps God, seeing how well she had borne her lot, interposed for her release, as He interposed to spare Abraham when he had proved his full acquiescence in the Divine will. One sultry August morning, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, with their little daughter, were again at the Chester residence. They left little Florence playing about Olive's room, while they went away on some errand. The child was amusing herself quietly, and Olive, who had passed a restless night, fell into a doze. She awakened presently, disturbed by a German band outside the open window. To her horror, she saw that little Florence had been leaning out of the window so far that she had lost her balance, and was now struggling desperately to regain it by her hold on the sash. It was useless to call out; in another moment she must fall. Olive was in an agony.

What happened, she never knew, but in a moment she found herself on her knees at the window with the child safe on the floor beside her. Her cries brought her aunt and the servant quickly to the room, and she was carried back to her couch, where she fainted. On recovering consciousness, her first words were, "The child! the child! Is she safe?" For answer Mr. Raymond led the little one to her side, and Olive put her hand on the little one's head and reverently thanked God.

But the strange thing was how she had been saved. Olive had never put her feet to the ground before since her fall, and in all those years of helplessness had had no power in her limbs, yet she must have rushed to the window in her anxiety. She thought much of this that day and all that night as she lay awake. Could it be that God was going to give her back the use of her limbs? In the silence of the night she asked Him, and tried if she could move her foot. To her intense joy and thankfulness she found that she could. Calling her aunt to her side, she told her the glad news, and both together they offered praise and thanks to God. The physicians were sent for the next day, and they accounted for the unexpected change in some learned way by the stimulus given by sudden terror to the spinal cord, but Olive shook her head. She was sure that the recovery came from God alone, and when it went on to complete restoration, she consecrated her life afresh to Him, as a trust which He had confided to her for His use.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 686.)

Conversations with his Father—Admits past lack of Tenderness—His Appeals Resented · Tries to Show Love in Action—Deals with an Unconverted Brother—An Honest Man Obstructed by his Wife—Says Farewell to his Father—Perceives that he is Better than his Fellow-Passengers—Returns to England—The S. K. Institution—Family Bereavements.

April 4, 1835. I spent this day in answering questions which my father put to me about secular things in England. This I did for the following reasons:—1. I had scarcely ever spoken about these thing in my letters—indeed so little, that my father told me he had often intended to ask me whether it was forbidden in England to send letters abroad about such matters, as I never wrote about them. I had refrained from doing so, partly on account of want of time; and, partly, because I had better things to write about, wishing to direct his mind to the things of God. 2. Now, however, I spoke on those subjects, because I particularly desired to be as kind, affectionate and obliging as I *conscientiously* could, as I considered that this was the testimony I was especially called on to give Formerly I had much pressed the things of God on him, and not with sufficient tenderness, knowing not then experimentally the helplessness of the creature. After it had pleased the Lord to show me the truth more clearly, in the summer of 1829, I wrote in a different way; but in the commencement of the year 1833 I felt pressed in spirit once more, most fully, not so much as a son, but as a servant of Christ, to write, and to point out to him minutely his state, showing him the danger of his soul, the grounds of which I fully laid before him.

When this, as formerly, greatly displeased him, I ceased to speak any more in this way, and from that time I aimed, and still aim more and more, to show him *love in action*, as it becomes a believing son, telling him only how happy I am—how I am supported under such and such trials—how I am not caring about certain things as formerly I did—in what an awful state I was once living, and how God brought me out of it, and how any sinner, by forsaking his evil ways, and believing on the Lord Jesus, may be brought to the same joy and happiness, and what a delight it would be to me to meet my father at last in heaven, etc. Since I have corresponded with him in this way, things have been very comfortable, though I have brought as much truth before him as formerly, and though I have never sent a letter without speaking, comparatively, much about these things. On the same ground I have not on this visit spoken *directly* to my father about the state of his soul, though he has more than ever heard the truth from my lips. God has indeed been with me, and I believe I have been led by Him to pursue this course. Different, however, has been the way in which I have dealt with my unconverted brother; for the relationship in which I stand to him is a different one. For this afternoon I not only pointed out to him his danger, but spoke also to him respecting his sins, and intend to do so still, if the Lord permit.

This afternoon brother Knabe called on me. He told me that he had already experienced a trial on account of his intention to pay the money, as his wife tried to keep him from it, by endeavoring to persuade him that God does not require him to do such a thing, as he had taken two orphan children into his house. He nevertheless is determined to do it. He saw, however, another difficulty, which was, when he looked over the papers containing the names of his creditors, it was found that all but three, out of about thirty, were dead, and he did not know what to do concerning them. I told him to go to those places where his creditors used to live, and he might find, perhaps, some needy widows and fatherless children whom they had left behind; and, if not, he should inquire after the lawful heirs, and pay the money to them. He saw with me, and declared his full intention to do so, whatever it might cost, and seemed truly glad that God at last, through my advice, had delivered him from this burden; for from time to time the matter had pressed on his conscience that he ought to do it. I spent this evening in relating to my father and brother some of the Lord's dealings with me in England, particularly how He has graciously provided for my temporal wants in answer to prayer, and they both seemed to feel, for the moment at least, the blessedness of such a life.

April 5. I saw brother Knabe this morning, who is still determined to pay the money, though tried by his wife. I also saw some persons who called on me to hear about England, for every one of whom the Lord gave me a word without any effort. A Roman Catholic called, and I set the truths of the Gospel before him, with their blessed effects, without entering upon the Roman Catholic controversy.

April 7, 1835. A part of this morning I spent in walking about with my father in his garden, and some of his fields, because I knew it would give him pleasure; and I felt that I ought in every way to show him kindness and attention, as far as I *conscientiously* could. To-morrow, God willing, I intend to leave, and to return to England. The Lord in His rich mercy, in answer to my prayer has enabled me so to walk before my father, and has also impressed what I have said so far upon his heart, as to cause him to say, to-day, "May God help me to follow your example and to act according to what you have said to me."

April 9, Celle. Yesterday morning I rode with my father to Halberstadt, where, with many tears, he separated from me. I was alone in the coach, which was a great comfort to me. It was a solemn time. I found myself again on the road to Brunswick, which I had traversed twice in the service of the devil, and now I was travelling on it in the name of Jesus. I discerned, in passing, the inn at Wolfenbüttel, from whence I intended to run away, and where I was arrested. How peculiar were my feelings! In the evening we reached Brunswick, from whence we started the same night. During the night I heard a fearfully wicked, most profligate infidel, and scoffing conversation between the conducteur and a student, and the only testimony I gave was complete silence all the time. I arrived here this morning at eight, and have been here all the morning, as the mail will not start for Hamburg until four this afternoon. It has been far from well with me in my soul to-day. That awful conversation last night has been spiritual poison to me. How very soon do we receive evil!

April 10. Hamburg. I arrived here at ten this morning. April 11. I went on board last night, and at twelve we sailed. This morning at half-past eleven, we arrived at Cuxhaven, where we cast anchor, on account of a strong contrary wind.

April 13. Though I desired as much, perhaps, as any of the passengers speedily to get to the end of our voyage, longing to get back to my work in Bristol and also to my wife and children, yet I was kept in peace; and whilst some murmured at the contrary wind, the Lord enabled me to lift up my heart in prayer that He would calm it, if it were His holy will, and, accordingly, after a delay of about nineteen hours, we sailed again yesterday morning, at seven. At ten I was taken with sea-sickness, from which I had been kept during my four previous short voyages in answer to prayer; but this time I on purpose refrained from praying about it, as I did not know whether it was better for my health to be seasick or not. The sickness continued the whole of yesterday. To-day I am well. We have calm weather.

April 15. Bristol. Yesterday at one we landed in London. In answer to prayer I soon obtained my things from the Custom-house, and reached my friends in Chancery Lane a little before two, where I found a letter from my wife, stating that brother Craik is ill, having an inflammation in the wind-pipe, and therefore, humanly speaking, will be unable to preach for some time. In consequence of this I started immediately for Bristol, where I arrived this morning. I found brother Craik better than I had expected, though completely unable to attend to the public ministry of the Word.

April 16. To-day brother Craik and I received £11 15s. 9d. (about $59) each, being a legacy left to us some time since. We said once or twice to one another that perhaps this money might be paid just at a time when we much needed it. *And so it is just now.* May I and all my brethren leave the management of all our affairs entirely to the Lord, who best knows what is good for us; and may it be our concern to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all temporal supplies shall be added to us.

May 1. I went to see brother Craik, and found him better, but heard from his medical attendant that he ought not to preach for several months.

May 5. My father-in-law has been for several days very ill. May 15. Mr. Groves continues very ill. May 29. This morning brother Craik went into Devonshire for change of air.

June 3. To-day we had a public meeting on account of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for home and abroad. It is now fifteen months since, in dependence upon the Lord for the supply of means, we have been enabled to provide poor children with schooling, circulate the Holy Scriptures, and aid missionary labors. During this time, though the field of labor has been continually enlarged, and though we have now and then been brought low in funds, the Lord has never allowed us to be obliged to stop the work. We have been enabled during this time to establish three day-schools, and to connect with the Institution two other charity schools which, humanly speaking, would have been closed for want of means.

In addition to this, the expenses connected with a Sunday-school and an adult school have been likewise defrayed, making seven schools altogether. The number of the children that have been thus provided with schooling in the day-schools only amounts to 439. The number of copies of the Holy Scriptures which have been circulated, is 795 Bibles and 753 New Testaments. We have also sent, in aid of missionary labors in Canada, in the East Indies, and on the Continent of Europe, £117 11s. The whole amount of the free-will offerings put into our hands for carrying on this work, from March 5, 1834, to May 19, 1835, is £363 12s. ($1,818).

June 20. Our father is evidently to-day near his end. June 22. This morning at two our father died. June 23. Both our children are ill. June 24. Our little boy is very ill. June 24. The dear little boy is so ill, that I have no hope of his recovery. The disease is inflammation on the chest. I spoke this evening comfortably at Gideon, on Psalm 145. 1-4, thinking it right that neither the death of my father-in-law nor my dying child should keep me from the Lord's work. The Lord's holy will be done concerning the little one!

June 26. My prayer last evening was, that God would be pleased to support my dear wife under the trial, should He remove the little one; and to take him soon to Himself, thus sparing him from suffering. I did not pray for the child's recovery. It was but two hours after that the dear little one went home. The eldest and the youngest the Lord has thus removed from our family in the same week. My dear Mary feels her loss much, but yet is greatly supported. As to myself, I am so fully enabled to realize that the dear infant is so much better off with the Lord Jesus than with us, that I scarcely feel the loss at all, and when I weep, I weep for joy.

June 27. My dear wife is graciously supported. May the Lord grant that these afflictions may not be lost upon us! June 28. I preached to-day both times comfortably. June 29. This morning was the funeral. The remains of our father and infant were put into the same grave.

July 3. Our taxes are due, and may be called for any day, and for the first time we have no money to pay them, as we were obliged, on account of our late afflictions, to spend the money which we had put by for them. May the Lord in mercy provide!

July 6. I was enabled to-day, by the free-will offerings through the boxes, and by what I had left, to pay the taxes before they were called for. How kind of the Lord to answer my prayer so soon!

July 8. This evening I had £5 sent from Weston-super-Mare. So the Lord has again appeared. May I praise His holy name for this seasonable help, which came when I had scarcely any money left!

July 14. To-day I had again a suit of new clothes given to me by a brother. My clothes were much worn and old, and our late funeral might have given a second reason for not having new ones. But I did not order any, because I had no money to pay for them, and thought it wrong to contract debts. A fresh paper was brought in to-day for taxes, which ought to have been asked for many months since. May the Lord give us the means to pay them!

July 15. We had again an especial prayer-meeting for the restoration of brother Craik, who, though well in his general health, is yet unable to preach, or even to converse for any length of time.

July 18. I have felt for several days weak in my chest. This weakness has been increasing, and to-day I have felt it more than ever. I have thought it well to refrain next week from all public speaking. May the Lord grant that I may be brought nearer to Him through this, for I am not at all in the state in which I ought to be, and I think sometimes that our late afflictions have been lost upon me, and that the Lord will need to chastise me severely.

July 22. The last mentioned taxes were called for this morning, just after the Lord had sent us £5, from a distance of eighty miles. So the Lord has again of late, repeatedly, in answer to prayer, sent help. May this lead us to trust in Him for the future!

July 28. Since the 14th I have felt unwell, and though sometimes a little better, on the whole I have been getting worse and worse. This morning I have seen our medical attendant, who thinks that all the disease arises from a disordered stomach.

July 31. To-day brother C ——r, formerly a minister in the Establishment, who came to us a few days since, began, in connection with the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, to go from house to house, to spread the truth as a city missionary. [This was a remarkable interposition of God. Brother Craik had before this, for some months, been unable on account of bodily infirmity, to labor in the work of the schools, the circulation of the Scriptures, &c., and my own weakness, shortly after brother C——r's arrival, increased so that I was obliged to give up the work entirely. How gracious, therefore, of the Lord, to send brother C——r, that thus the work might go on! Up to July, 1837, this brother was enabled to continue in his work, and thus this Institution was in a most important way enlarged as it regards the field of labor.]

August 15. To-day dear brother Craik returned from Devonshire, much better in his general health, but not as it regards his voice.

August 24, I feel very weak, and suffer more than before from the disease. I am in doubt whether to leave Bristol entirely for a time. I have no money to go away for a change of air. I have had an invitation to stay for a week with a sister in the country, and I think of accepting the invitation, and going to-morrow.

August 26. To-day I had £5 given to me *for the express purpose of using change of air.*

August 29. To-day I received another £5 *for the same purpose.*

August 30. To-day, for the first Lord's day since our arrival in Bristol, I have been kept from preaching through illness. How mercifully has the Lord dealt in giving me so much strength for these years. I had another £5 sent, *to aid me in procuring change of air.* How kind is the Lord in thus providing me with the means of leaving Bristol!

(*To be Continued.*)

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller. This reduction in price is made to encourage the study of this important subject.

CHRIST'S WITNESS TO JOHN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SS. Lesson for November 13, Matt. 11: 2-15, Memory Text, John 5: 35.

Ver. 2. John Heard through his Disciples. See Luke 7: 18—His Interest Natural—His Own Work Being Consummated—Ver. 3. His Inquiry—A Most Momentous Question—Still Being Asked—There is no Other; See Hosea 13: 4—Ver. 4. Jesus Confident of John's Recognition—The Testimony of Life and Works Always Better than Profession—Ver. 5. John Would Know What Messiah Was to Do—Christ Resting His Claims on Miracles—Preaching to the Poor Among the Wonders—Always a Neglected Class—Ver. 6. Many in All Ages Offended—The Proud, the Selfish, the Avaricious, the Malicious—Christ's Demands too Great for Them—Ver. 7-9. Why John Drew the Crowds—Not a Time Server—Not Luxurious—A God-Sent Man—Ver. 11-15. John's Place in the Dispensations—Greater than all His Predecessors—On the Threshold of the Greatest Age—The Least in Christ's Light More Advanced.

"He was a burning and a shining light" (John 5: 35). Such is Christ's witness to John the Baptist. Jesus valued His forerunner and confessed him before men. It is a marvellous thought, yet none the less true, that not only may we have the privilege of confessing Christ, bearing witness of Him before men, but that He, the Son of God, God the Son, the Mighty Upholder of the Universe, "by whom all things were made," has constituted

Himself a Witness to us!

It is His joy to bear witness of us in heaven, for "He ever liveth to make intercession for" us (Heb. 7: 25). He also bears witness to His people upon earth. When Stephen, with his angel face and irresistible words, was hunted down to death by the rage of the men who, "cut to the heart" (Acts 7: 54), by God's message from his lips, Jesus bore witness to him by the opened heaven which beamed down upon the dying martyr. When Peter and John were persecuted, Jesus bore witness to them by bringing them out of prison, and so confounding their judges that they sought in vain for an excuse to punish them, "for all men glorified God for that which was done" to the impotent man (Acts 4: 21). He bore witness to Paul when, with his feet fast in the stocks at Philippi, and, with bleeding back, he looked up without a murmur into the face of his risen Lord, and praised Him. The earthquake, the loosened bonds, the open doors of the prison, and, above all, the jailer's conversion at his feet, were Christ's witness to him. The superhuman, and, therefore, divine patience which He has brought forth in the life of many a lowly woman, many a drunkard's wife, or the wife of a fallen man, the patience of some invalids under excruciating suffering, the love He has placed in the hearts of some towards their enemies—these things, too, are Christ's witness to His people. But above all, does He in His Word bear witness to His own, especially in Heb. 11, where He seems to linger over the portraits of His people, and to point out the features of one and another, with wondrous tenderness. "The Lord hath loved His people (II Chr. 2: 11). "He will rejoice over thee with joy. He will rest in His love. He will joy over thee with singing." (Zeph. 3: 17). "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." (Isa. 62: 5.)

Christ's testimony to John, was indeed, a precious one, "He was a burning and a shining light"—one who gave out warmth and light. Can God bear this witness to us also? Are we warm enough to kindle God's love in other hearts from the flame which burns in ours? Are we so letting our light shine before men that they come and light their little lamps by ours, because "it giveth light to all that are in the house" (Matt. 5: 15.)?

Burning and Shining.

This was just like Jesus Himself. John lived for Jesus. He had no other object in life than to bear witness to Him. John had no idea of living a comfortable life, and then adding on a little religion as a kind of flavoring to all the rest; he lived for his mission. All his habits of life were formed by his witness for Christ. He was clothed in camel's hair, not because he became a holier man by wearing a coarse and unfashionable kind of coat, but because it served the purpose of his mission. How should he leave his place of testimony to learn the newest cut at the tailor's, or the choicest cookery in the kitchens of his day? "His meat was locusts and wild honey," not because a man becomes more holy by living on this kind of food, but because his mission was all-absorbing. The absorbing topics of men, in general, "What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?" (Matt. 6: 31), were matters of small consequence to this man of God. He sought those things which were above. It was not by this or that particular habit of his life, but by the whole fact of it, that men saw in John the Baptist "a man sent from God" (John 1: 6). God calls His children to *be*, not to *make themselves* peculiar, but

A Peculiar People.

If the world is set upon its own glory, its own pleasures, its own rights, its own feelings, its own advantage, its own power, its own praise, and if the man of God is set upon *God's* glory, upon pleasing *God*, upon *His* rights, *His* interests, *His* praise—it will lead him into a life which cannot but be the exact contrary of that of the self-seeking world, and this will necessarily touch all the habits of life; they will be peculiar. If we seek "*first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," we cannot make eating, drinking and dress the important things of life. Again, John said, not in word only, but in all he said and did, "He must increase; but I must decrease" (John 3 30). The world asserts itself, and is sensitive to a degree about all which interferes with its prerogatives or touches its dignity. The true messenger of God is glad to see himself

Eclipsed by Another.

That his very littleness and nothingness serves as a foil to throw into prominence the glory and the greatness of his Lord. How important does a man of the world think himself! In his eye, the society in which he moves, the church of which he is a member, the business in which he is a partner, all revolve around *him*. He cannot think of these things apart from his position in them. But when Christ has shone in all His glory upon a soul, that soul sees Christ where he used to see himself. Christ is the man's mover in all things, Christ the centre of all things. If only Christ is in charge, he can conceive of all going on very well without *him*. It costs him nothing to be put aside, he has a quiet, deep joy, that his absence brings Jesus more to the front. But John

Must Needs be Tried.

He had served his Master faithfully, had borne witness to Him as He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, "as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." When Jesus insisted on being baptized, it was John who baptized Him. The question of the priests and Levites from Jerusalem, as to whether he, John, was the Christ presented no temptation to John; he existed only for Jesus. Why was it, then, that when John was cast into prison—for his faithfulness in reproving King Herod for his life of sin with the infamous Herodias, his brother Philip's wife—that Jesus did not exercise His divine power, and rescue him? Rumors reached him in the prison, that this Jesus to whom he had borne witness did wonderful works, but they were all done on the persons of those who had not been His disciples. How could He neglect one who had served Him so well? John was at a loss; he knew not how to understand it. O how many a tried child of God has been just in this position! He has seen those who have not worked for God, who have suffered nothing for His sake, and whom He has looked upon as very inferior Christians, receiving wonderful answers to prayer, and blessed bodily healing, while he, who had given up his whole life to God, appeared comparatively neglected. What is the reason? It is this—God is always occupied with the education of His children. Those who know little of Him need stronger proofs than those who know Him best, of His power and His faithfulness; so He leaves His older children under tests of faith which He would never give to those who are only beginning to walk by faith.

John did the very best thing he could have done under the circumstances—instead of reasoning the matter over in his own mind, or seeking human counsel.

He Sent at Once to Jesus

with the question, "*Art* Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus understood John's trouble, but He spoke no word of sympathy. He said, "Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them." All this John knew, and he was conversant enough with Scripture to know how fully the works of Jesus showed him to be God's anointed, but how should that explain his own present difficulty? It would never be explained by being dealt with. God brings us out of depression and temptation, not by dealing with our thoughts, but by turning us to His thoughts. But He sent one last message which gave John the clue to the whole mystery; "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." This was the word he wanted. If he was to trust on in the dark, he would do so, and though to man John may appear to have been conquered by Herod, yet when the last and everlasting witness of Jesus is borne to His faithful forerunner, and we know the details of that battle, we shall find that the victory was won by faith in Christ, in the lonely Judean prison.

No sooner were John's messengers gone, than the heart of Jesus, just bursting with love towards His faithful John, found vent in His witness of him to the multitude. Far from dismissing all thoughts of His servant, He asked, "what went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses (not in deserts). But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet." John said of himself, that he was "a voice;" Jesus said of him that he was "more than a prophet." He said of himself, "I must decrease;" Jesus said of Him." "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist;" and again, "This is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee." O what a glimpse this gives us of

The Heart of Jesus.

It was just when John would be perhaps ashamed that he had doubted, and be perhaps feeling unworthy as never before, that Jesus bore witness of him! We shall never know all the tenderness of His love; "it passeth knowledge." John would soon have to suffer, or rather to be taken away to glory; but we may believe he was never more offended in Christ. He could trust where he could not understand. Many are tried as John was. They think, If God *can* do such things, if He *can* heal the sick, if He *can* provide means for His work to be carried on, why does He let such and such an one suffer so, or be in such perplexity? God does not always unfold His plan to us, but this we know, that in every exercise of faith which is provided for or permitted us, blessed is he who is not offended, who can trust on in the dark, and justify God when he cannot understand Him. The Lord raise up among us men like John the Baptist, and He who bore witness to him will bear witness to them too.

NOT FAR.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
Yet, in the shadow of sin,
How many are coming and going,
How few are entering in!

Not far from the golden gateway,
Where voices whisper and wait,
Fearing to enter in boldly,
So lingering still at the gate;

Catching the strain of the music
Floating so sweetly along,
Knowing the song they are singing,
Yet joining not in the song;

Seeing the warmth and the beauty,
The infinite love and the light,
Yet weary, and lonely, and waiting,
Out in the desolate night!

Out in the dark and the danger,
Out in the night and the cold,
Though He is longing to lead them
Tenderly into the fold.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But it may be the last and forever,
Out of the resting place.

—*Selected.*

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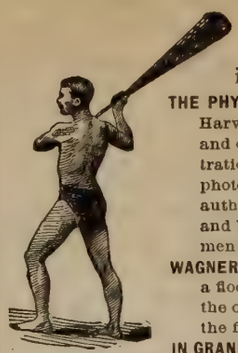

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And their Voyages in the Sunbeam.

Recent Death of Lady Brassey—Her Charming Books—Incidents of the Voyages—Nearly Overboard—A Rescue from a Burning Ship—In a Native Church at Tahiti—A Leper Settlement in Hawaii—A Wrestling Fete in Japan—Buddha's Image—The Chinese Holy of Holies—Sunday Services on Board.

THE name of the Sunbeam is familiar to thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, who have been charmed by the brilliant and graceful narratives of its voyages. The hand that wrote those narratives is now still and cold and lifeless. The famous little yacht may go on other voyages, but they will have no interest for the public now that Lady Brassey is not on board to report the scenes and incidents in her bright facinating style. During a voyage from Australia to the Cape of Good Hope, in September last, Lady Brassey succumbed to an attack of malarial fever, and was buried in mid-ocean. The interest excited by her works will render her portrait and that of her husband, with the sketches on the preceding page, welcome to the readers of this journal. Between the portraits is a picture of the residence of Lord and Lady Brassey in England. The picture beneath Lord Brassey's portrait is of Lady Brassey addressing a meeting of an Ambulance Society, in which she took a deep interest. No. 3 represents the launch of a lifeboat at which she officiated. No. 4 is a view of the famous Sunbeam in full sail. No. 5 represents an incident of one of the voyages—Lady Brassey welcoming to the Sunbeam the captain of a wrecked ship, and No. 6 a journey in Japan, which Lady Brassey made in a species of hand-barrow, called a "Jinrikisha."

Lady Brassey was the eldest daughter of Mr. Allnutt, of London, and in 1860 was married to the eldest son and heir of Mr. Thomas Brassey, the famous railroad contractor. He was a member of Parliament, but last year he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Brassey. Husband and wife were both ardent lovers of the sea, and a portion of each year of their early married life was passed on board the yacht which has now attained world-wide fame. Notes of these voyages with original remarks on the places visited and the incidents on board, were made by the lady whose intelligence and educational training, combined with a singularly natural and graceful style of writing, fitted her for such work. When these notes included a sketch of

A Tour Around the World,

which Lord and Lady Brassey undertook in 1876, they were read with so much interest and pleasure by the personal friends who were privileged to see them, that Lady Brassey was urged to publish them, and they were accordingly issued in book form. They had a phenomenal success, passed through several editions and were re-printed in this country. The cordial welcome given to her first book encouraged Lady Brassey to continue writing, and the "Voyage in the Sunbeam" was followed by the "Roaring Forties" and other works, all of which had a wide circulation. It is a touching coincidence that one who so loved the Sunbeam and made the sea her home, should have died on her beloved vessel and found her last resting place beneath the billows.

The most fitting accompaniment to the pictures on the first page will be a few extracts from Lady Brassey's books, which tell her story in her own charming style. The first from the "Voyage in the Sunbeam," we may call

Nearly Overboard

Lady Brassey says: "After dinner, one day, when we were off Ushant, we very nearly met with a most serious accident. We were all sitting or standing about the stern of the vessel, admiring the magnificent dark blue billows following us, with their curling white crests mountains high. Each wave, as it approached, appeared as if it must overwhelm us, instead of which it rushed grandly by, rolling and shaking us from stem to stern, and sending fountains of spray on board. Tom (Lord Brassey) was looking at the stern compass, Allnutt being close to him. Captain Lecky, seated on a large coil of rope placed on the box of the rudder, was spinning Mabelle a yarn. A new hand was steering, and just at the moment when an unusually big wave overtook us he unfortunately allowed the vessel to broach-to a little. In a second the sea came pouring over the stern, above Allnutt's head. The boy was nearly washed overboard, but he managed to catch hold of the rail, and, with great presence of mind, stuck his knees into the bulwarks. Kindred, our boatswain, seeing his danger, rushed forward to save him, but was knocked down by the return wave, from which

He Emerged Gasping.

The coil of rope on which Captain Lecky and Mabelle were seated was completely floated by the sea. Providentially, however, he had taken a double turn round his wrist with a reefing point, and throwing his other arm round Mabelle, held on like grim death; otherwise nothing could have saved them. She was perfectly self-possessed, and only said quietly, 'Hold on, Captain Lecky, hold on!' to which he replied, 'All right.' I asked her afterwards if she thought she was going overboard, and she answered, 'I did not *think* at all, mamma, but felt sure we were gone.' Captain Lecky, being accustomed to very large ships, had not in the least realized how near we were to the water in our little vessel, and was proportionately taken by surprise. Happily, the children don't know what fear is. Soon after this adventure we all went to bed, full of sincere thankfulness that it had ended as well as it did."

Saving the Crew of a Ship on Fire.

"I was lying down, below, after breakfast, feeling very stupid, when my daughter Mabelle rushed into the cabin, saying, "Papa says you are to come on deck at once, to see the ship on fire." I rushed up quickly, hardly knowing whether she referred to our own or to some other vessel, and on reaching the deck I found everybody looking at a large barque, under full sail, flying the red Union Jack upside down, and with signals in her rigging, which our signalman read as "Ship on fire." We sent off a boat's crew, well armed, thinking it not impossible that a mutiny had taken place on board. In the course of a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the mate of the *Monkshaven*, a fine-looking Norwegian, who spoke English perfectly and who reported his ship to be sixty-eight days out from Swansea, bound for Valparaiso with a cargo of smelting coal. The fire had first been discovered on the previous Sunday, and by six A. M. on Monday the crew had got up their clothes and provisions on deck, thrown overboard all articles of a combustible character, such as tar, oil, paint, spare spars and sails, planks and rope, and battened down the hatches. Ever since then they had all been living on deck, with no protection from the wind and sea but a canvas screen. Tom and Captain Brown proceeded on board at once. It was perfectly evident that it would be impossible to save the ship, and the captain therefore determined to abandon her. Some of the crew were accordingly at once brought on board the *Sunbeam* in our boat, which was then sent back to assist in removing the remainder, a portion of whom came in their own boat. The poor fellows were almost wild with joy at getting alongside another ship, after all the hardships they had gone through. Our boat made three trips altogether, and by half-past six we had them all safe on board, with most of their effects, and the ship's chronometers, charts, and papers.

"For two hours we could see the smoke pouring from various portions of the ill-fated barque. Our men, who had brought off the last of the crew, reported that, as they left her, flames were just beginning to burst from the fore-hatchway, and it was therefore certain that the rescue had not taken place an hour too soon."

At a Native Christian Service at Tahiti.

"At half-past eight we breakfasted, so as to be ready for the service at the native Christian church at ten; but several visitors arrived in the interval, and we had rather a bustle to get off in time, after all. We landed close to the church, under the shade of an hibiscus, whose yellow and orange flowers dropped off into the sea and floated away amongst the coral rocks, peeping out of the water here and there. The building appeared to be full to overflowing with an attentive and most devout congregation. The windows and doors were all wide open, and many members of the congregation were seated on the steps, on the lawn, and on the grassy slope beyond, listening to a most earnest discourse in the native language. Most of the people wore the native costume, which, especially when made of black stuff and surmounted by a little sailor's hat, decorated with a bandana handkerchief or a wreath of flowers, was very becoming."

A Leper Settlement.

"A sad interest attaches to the island of Molokai, which is situated midway between Maui and Oahu. It is the leper settlement, and to it all the victims of this terrible, loathsome and incurable disease, unhappily so prevalent in the Hawaiian archipelago, are sent, in order to prevent the spread of the contagion. They are well cared for, and looked after in every way; but their life, separated as they inevitably are from all they hold most dear, and with no prospect before them but that of a slow and cruel death, must indeed be a miserable one. In Molokai there are many tiny children, fatherless and motherless, parents without children, husbands without wives, wives without husbands, 'all condemned,' as Miss Bird says, 'to watch the repulsive steps by which each of their doomed fellows goes down to a loathsome death, knowing that by the same they, too, must pass.' A French priest has nobly devoted himself to the religious and secular instruction of the lepers, and, up to the present time, has enjoyed complete immunity from the disease; but, even if he escapes this danger, he can *never* return to his country and friends. When one thinks what that implies, and to what a death in life he has condemned himself, for the sake of others, it seems impossible to doubt that he will indeed reap a rich reward hereafter."

A Lively Scene at Tokio, Japan.

"There is always a festival going in some part of Tokio. To-day there had been a great wrestling-match, and we met all the people coming away. Such crowds of *jinrikishas*, full of gaily dressed and painted women and children, with their hair plastered into all sorts of inconceivable shapes, and decorated with artificial flowers and glittering pins! We met six of the wrestlers themselves, riding in *jinrikishas*—big men, prodigiously fat, and not at all, according to our ideas, in fighting or wrestling condition. One of their *jinrikisha* men stumbled and fell just as they passed us, and the wrestler shot out, head over heels, and lay, quite helpless in the middle of the road till somebody picked him up. He was not in the least hurt, and, as soon as he was set on his feet again, began to belabor the poor *jinrikisha* man most unmercifully."

The Great Buddha of Japan.

"Careful arrangements have been made for our excursion to the island of Inoshima, to see the colossal figure of Daibutz, or Great Buddha. There still remain some of the columns of the temple which once existed in the gardens surrounding the idol. Now he is quite alone; and for centuries has this grand old figure sat, exposed to the elements, serenely smiling on the varying scene beneath him. The figure is bronze, and is supposed to have been cast about the year 1250 or 1260. By eight o'clock we had landed, and packed ourselves into a funny little shaky carriage drawn by four horses. After stopping twice on the road, to drink the inevitable tea, we changed from our carriage to *jinrikishas*, each drawn and pushed by four strong men,

bowling along at a merry pace. The sun was very warm in the sheltered valleys, and the abundance of evergreens of all kinds quite deluded one into the belief that instead of February it was summer time, especially as camellias grew like forest trees, covered with red and white blooms, amidst a dense tangle of bamboos and half-hardy palm. There were many strange things upside down to be seen on either hand—horses and cows with bells on their tails instead of on their necks, the quadrupeds well clothed, their masters without covering; tailors sewing from them instead of to them; a carpenter reversing the action of his saw and plane.

"In less than an hour we reached the narrow strip of land which at low water connects the island or peninsula of Inoshima with the mainland. The isthmus was covered with natives gathering shells and seaweed, casting their nets, and pushing off or dragging up their boats; whilst an island rose fresh and green from the sea, with a background of snowy mountains, stretching across the bay, above which Fujiyama towered grandly. The name signifies 'not two, but one mountain,' the Japanese thinking it impossible that there can be another like it in the world. The lovely little island is called Inoshima, and is conical in shape and covered with evergreens and Buddhist temples, with a few small fishing villages scattered on its shores. We walked across it in about an hour; so you may imagine it is not very large. The sea teems with curiously shaped fish and shells."

The Chinese Holy of Holies.

"At last the city gates of Canton were reached. Here a halt was made, and several of the party got out of their chairs and walked, and we were able to chat, whilst we wended our way by a narrow path through nursery gardens and graveyards. In fact the whole of the White Cloud Mountain is one vast cemetery—it is the Chinese Holy of Holies, whither their bodies are sent, not only from all parts of China, but from all parts of the world. Frequently a shipload of 1,500 or 1,600 bodies arrive in one day. The steamboat company charges forty dollars for the passage of a really live Chinaman, as against 160 dollars for the carriage of a dead Celestial. The friends of the deceased often keep the bodies in coffins above ground for several years, until the priests announce that they have discovered a lucky day and a lucky spot for the interment. This does not generally happen until he—the priest—finds he can extract no more money by divination, and that no more funeral feasts will be given by the friends. We passed through what they call the City of the Dead, where thousands of coffins waiting for interment were lying above ground. The coffins are large and massive, but very plain, resembling the hollowed-out trunk of a tree. The greatest compliment a Chinese can pay his older relatives is to make them a present of four handsome longevity boards for their coffins. Outside the City of the Dead were the usual adjuncts of a large burying-place—coffin-makers and stone-carvers, surrounded by pigs, ducks, and young children."

It is pleasing to observe that the "Journal" of Lady Brassey records that Divine Service was held every Sunday morning and evening on board the "*Sunbeam*" during her prolonged voyages. Lord Brassey himself is President of the "British and Foreign Sailor's Society," and Commodore of the "Bethel Union Register," an association of avowed Christian captains. In a letter to the members of the "Register," written last year, he said: "I trust that the interest which I am sure you all feel in the welfare of your crews, will be always maintained. There is one point that I should especially like to mention, and that is the desirability of holding services afloat whenever practicable. On my yacht, the "*Sunbeam*," a service is held regularly every Sunday."

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

How God Called Willie.—At a Children's meeting Mr. Clyde related: "I was standing in the street the other day, when a man came across the road, and said, 'You called me, sir, what do you want with me? 'I did not call you,' I replied, 'But the Lord called you. What did the voice seem to say?' 'It said, "Willie? Willie!"' Then I continued, 'Do you listen to the rest of the message,' 'Turn ye, turn ye, from the evil ways, for why will ye die'? The man listened attentively to the Gospel message, and on realizing for the first time Christ's great love for him, was completely broken down. But Christ sent the Comforter to comfort him, and he went his way rejoicing in Christ."

"No One Like Jesus for a Friend."—The following confession of an aged woman is very touching: "There's no one like Jesus for a friend. I have no one to care for me but Him. He is with me in the lodging-house, and when I have no money to pay the rent and have at night to walk about the streets, He is with me then. When the police says, 'Move on there, old woman! there's two of us he move on, me and the Master. When I have gone into an empty dustbin for shelter, I have been comforted when I remembered His words: 'The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

An Infidel Suicide's Misleading Monument.—"I remember going into a cemetery, in a town in England, and while passing through it I was struck with the beauty of a marble monument raised at the top of a grave. Going forward I read the inscription, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' I asked a gentleman whose remains lay there, and he said, 'He was a man of considerable wealth, an infidel, and a drunkard.' And how did he die?' I inquired. 'He committed suicide,' was the reply. Yet his friends engraved these words on his tombstone, as if they had any relation to him. To one who knew the circumstances of his life and death the words had an awful import. He might have had eternal life on such easy terms, and he had despised it."

Search for a Lost Child.—Mr. Pugh said: "A gentleman in London noticed a lady running madly through one of the main streets without bonnet or shawl, or cloak of any kind. He thought her intellect must be touched, for as she ran she looked wildly about her as if in search of something. The gentleman stopped her, and placing his hand firmly upon her shoulder, he asked if he could be of any service to her. 'My child, my child," was all the woman could utter, as she gasped for breath. When she became calmer she explained that the child's nurse had taken him out, and while she was doing some shopping he had wandered from her side, and she knew nothing more of him. She was almost demented with anxiety, and her joy when she found the child was ecstatic. There is joy among the angels of God over every sinner that repents."

A Visit to an Infirmary Ward.—An evangelistic worker says: "A few Sundays ago I was visiting in the Glasgow infirmary, and at the side of the bed where I was standing there stood a man who had come to see his comrade. As he leaned over him, holding him by the hand and speaking kindly to him, I heard him say, 'Now I must go and let the other man up; you know he is waiting his turn to see you.' They took leave of each other, and the one went away and so allowed the opportunity for his friend to come up. The sick man was very feeble, and no sooner had his friend gone than he breathed his last. As I was leaving the building, I met the second man coming along the corridor. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'To such a ward,' he replied. 'Your friend is dead,' I continued; 'there is no need for you now!" The news seemed to make him very sad; he turned back with me, and I said, 'Where has his soul gone, for it can never die? Had it been you, where would you have been? As the tree falleth, so does it lie; if you live a life of sin, you must die the sinner's death and go to the sinner's eternity.' I pointed him to Christ, and told him what He had done that men 'might not perish, but have everlasting life.' The poor fellow appeared to receive the Saviour, and I believe is now on his way to heaven."

A Remarkable Fishing Incident.—About eighteen months ago there was a very bad fishing "season" in St. Ives: scarcely any fish had been caught; depression was the ruling spirit; money was scarce; and starvation stared many in the face. One of the officers of the Primitive Church, a godly fisherman, was in the habit of retiring to his chamber twice daily, and praying for fish. One week-night service, he said to the pastor before commencing, "*You must pray for fish!*" The pastor did, and the congregation said Amen. In faith upon God, the nets were cast that night, and on being drawn to shore next day, were found to contain fish that realized at market value the sum of $1000 sterling. Here was the answer to prayer. The recital of this story produced a wonderful impression upon the meeting, for most of those present were eye-witnesses of the fact when it occurred. We trust that the re-telling of this marvellous incident may lead many, weak in faith, to have confidence in God at all times.

Confessing Christ at the Pit's Mouth.—Richard Weaver says: "Many young converts immediately after their conversion to Christ are sore afraid of confessing Him. Well do I remember the first morning after I was converted. As I went up to work the men were seated around the pit mouth, and as soon as I came in sight they began to look at each other and laugh. I almost knew what I was going to get, but I said nothing. I had not been afraid of men before my conversion, and, God helping me, I was not going to be so after it. So simply praying, 'Oh, God, help me,' I was preparing to go about my work, when one of them said, 'Is it true, Richard?' 'What's true?' I asked. 'That you are converted?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it is true.' 'What are you going to make of it?' was the rejoinder, but next moment over half a dozen of the men cried, 'Would to God it was so with us!' We started an inquiry-meeting there and then, and six of them were soon rejoicing with me in the salvation of Christ."

Kicked for Christ's Sake.—An evangelist said: "A little girl of eight years was sent on an errand by her parents. While on her way she was attracted by the singing at a Gospel meeting in the open air, and drew near. The conductor of the meeting was so struck with the child's earnestness that he spoke to her and told her about Jesus. She, being the child of Roman Catholics, did not know much about Him, but the gentleman told her of His love to her. On returning home her father asked what had detained her. She told him, and he cruelly beat her, forbidding her to go to any such meeting again. About a fortnight afterward she was sent on another errand, but she was so taken up with what she had previously heard of Jesus that she forgot all about her message. She saw the same gentleman, who again told her more about the Saviour. On her return home she again told her father, as before, where she had been, and that she had not brought what she had been sent for, but that she had brought Jesus,' Her father was enraged, and kicked the poor little creature until the blood came. She never recovered from this brutal treatment. Just before she breathed her last she called her mother, and said, 'Mother, I have been praying to Jesus to save you and father.' Then, pointing to her little dress, she said, 'Mother, cut me a bit out of the blood-stained piece of my dress.' The mother, wondering, did so. 'Now,' said the dying child, 'Christ shed His blood for my sake, and I am going to take this to Jesus to show Him that I shed my blood for His sake.' Thus she died, holding firmly the piece of her dress stained with her own blood. The testimony of that dear child was the means of leading both father and mother to Christ."

PARENTAL BLUNDERS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, November 13, 1887.

"He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy."—1 Sam. 4 : 18.

The Blind Nonagenarian—The Future Conquerors of the United States—Cicero's Prefaces—Ruggiero's Shield—The Boy's Training—Prevalent Parental Blunders—I. Undue Severity or Laxity—John Howard's Mercilessness—John Milton's Harshness—The Family Gouge and Pile-Driver—A Scolding Mother Mimicked—II. Lack of Discrimination—Varieties of Temperament—III. One-Sided Development—A Sound Mind in a Sound Body—The Neglected Heart—IV. Suppression of Merriment—V. The Postponement of Moral Culture—Precocious Intellectual Culture—The Spectre of the Brocken—A Dying Mother's Request.

THIS is the end of a long story of parental neglect. Judge Eli was a good man, but he let his two boys, Hophni and Phinehas, do as they pleased; and, through over-indulgence, they went to ruin. The blind old judge, ninety-eight years of age, is seated at the gate, waiting for the news of an important battle, in which his two sons were at the front. An express is coming, with tidings from the battle.

This Blind Nonagenarian

puts his hand behind his ear, and listens, and cries: "What meaneth the noise of this tumult?" An excited messenger, all out of breath with the speed, said to him: "Our army is defeated; the sacred chest, called the ark, is captured; and your sons are dead on the field!" No wonder the father fainted and expired. The domestic tragedy in which these two sons were the tragedians, had finished its fifth and last act. "He fell from off the seat backward, by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died: for he was an old man, and heavy."

Eli had made an awful mistake in regard to his children. The Bible distinctly says: "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Oh, the ten thousand mistakes in rearing children—mistakes of parents, mistakes of teachers in day school and Sabbath classes, mistakes which we all make. Will it not be useful to consider them?

America's Future Conquerors.

This country is going to be conquered by a great army, compared with which that of Baldwin the First, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Grant, and Lee, all put together, were in numbers insignificant. They will capture all our pulpits, storehouses, factories, and halls of legislation; all our shipping, all our wealth and all our honors. They will take possession of all authority, from the United States Presidency down to the humblest constabulary—of everything between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. They are on the march now, and they halt neither day nor night. They will soon be here, and all the present active population of this country must surrender and give way. I refer to the great army of children. Whether they shall take possession of everything for good or for bad, depends upon the style of preparation through which they pass.

Cicero acknowledges he kept in his desk a collection of prefaces for books, which prefaces he could at any time attach to anything he wanted to publish for himself or others; and all parents and teachers have all prepared the preface of every young life under their charge, and not only the preface, but the appendix, whether the volume be a poem or a farce. Families and schools and legislatures are in our day busily engaged in discussing what is the best mode of educating children. Before this question almost every other dwindles into insignificance, while dependent upon the proper solution is the welfare of governments and ages eternal. Macaulay tells of the war which Frederick the Second made against Queen Maria Theresa. And one day she appeared before the august Diet, wearing mourning for her father, and held up in her arms before them her child, the Archduke. This so wrought upon the officers and deputies of the people that, with half-drawn swords, they broke forth in the war-cry: "Let us die for our Queen, Maria Theresa!" So, this morning, realizing that the boy of to-day is to be the ruler of the future, the popular sovereign, I hold him before the American people to arouse their enthusiasm in his behalf, and to evoke their oath for his defence, his education, and his destiny.

If a parent, you will remember when you were aroused to these great responsibilities, and when you found that you had not done all required, after you had admired the tiny hands, and the glossy hair, and the bright eyes that lay in the cradle, you suddenly remembered that that hand would yet be raised to bless the world with its benediction, or to smite it with a curse. In Ariosto's great poem there is a character called Ruggiero, who has a shield of insufferable splendor, but it is kept veiled, save on certain occasions; and when uncovered, it startled and overwhelmed its beholder, who before had no suspicion of its brightness. My hope to-day is to uncover the destiny of your child or student, about which you may have no especial appreciation, and flash upon you the splendors of its immortal nature. Behold, the shield and the sword of the coming conflict!

I propose in this discourse to set forth what I consider to be some of

The Errors Prevalent

in the training of children.

First, I remark that many err in *too great severity or too great leniency* of family government. Between parental tyranny and ruinous laxativeness of discipline there is a medium. Sometimes the father errs on the one side and the mother on the other side. Good family government is all-important. Anarchy and misrule in the domestic circle is the forerunner of anarchy and misrule in the state. In the attempt to avoid all this, and bring the children under proper laws and regulations, parents have sometimes carried themselves with great rigor. *John Howard*, who was merciful to the prisons and lazarettos, was merciless in the treatment of his children. *John Milton* knew everything but how to train his family. Severe and unreasonable was he in his carriage toward them. He made them read to him in four or five languages, but would not allow them to learn any of them; for, he said, that one tonge was enough for a woman. Their reading was mechanical drudgery, when, if they had understood the languages they read, the employment of reading might have been a luxury. No wonder his children despised him, and stealthily sold his books and hoped for his death. In all ages there is need of a society for prevention of

Cruelty to Children.

When Barbara was put to death by her father because she had countermanded his order, and had three windows put in a room instead of two, this cruel parent was a type of many who have acted the Nero and the Robespierre in the home circle. The heart sickens at what you sometimes see, even in families that pretend to be Christian—perpetual scolding, and hair-pulling, and ear-boxing, and thumping, and stamping, and fault-finding, and teasing, until the children are vexed beyond bounds and growl in the sleeve, and pout, and rebel, and vow within themselves that in after days they will retaliate. That child's nature is too delicate to be worked upon by sledge-hammer, and

Gouge and Pile-driver.

Such fierce lashing, instead of breaklng the high mettle to bit and trace, will make it dash off the more uncontrollable. Many seem to think that children are flax—not fit for use till they have been hetcheted and swingled. Some one talking to a child said: "I wonder what makes that tree out there so crooked." The child replied: "I suppose it was trod on while it was young." In some families all the discipline is concentrated upon one child's head. If anything is done wrong, the supposition is that George did it. He broke the latch. He left open the gate. He hacked the bannisters. He whittled sticks on the carpets. And George shall be the scapegoat for all misunderstandings and suspicions. In many a household there is such a one singled out for suspicion and castigation. All the sweet flowers of his soul blasted under this perpetual north-east storm, he curses the day in which he was born.

A mother was passing along the street one day, and came up to her little child, who did not see her approach, and her child was saying to her play-mate: "You good-for-nothing little scamp, you *come right into the house this minute or I will beat you till the skin comes off*." The mother broke in saying: "Why, Lizzie, I am surprised to hear you talk like that to any one!" "Oh," said the child, "I was only playing, and he is my little boy, and I am scolding him, as you did me this morning." Children are apt to be echoes of their parents. Safer in a Bethlehem manger among cattle and camels with gentle Mary to watch the little innocent than the most extravagant nursery over which God's star of peace never stood.

Yet we may rush to the other extreme and rule children by

Too Great Leniency.

The surgeon is not unkind because notwithstanding the resistance of his patient he goes straight on with firm hand and unfaltering heart to take off the gangrene. Nor is the parent less affectionate and faithful because, notwithstanding all violent remonstrances on the part of the child, he with the firmest discipline advances to the cutting off of its evil inclinations. The Bible says: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Childish rage unchecked will, after awhile, become a hurricane. Childish petulance will grow up into misanthropy. Childish rebellion will develop into the lawlessness of riot and sedition. If you would ruin the child, dance to his every caprice and stuff him with confectionery. Before you are aware of it that boy of six years will go down the street, a cigar in his mouth and ready on any corner with his comrades to compare pugilistic attainments. The parent who allows the child to grow up without ever having learned the great duty of obedience and submission has prepared a cup of burning gall for his own lips and appalling destruction for his descendant. Remember Eli and his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas.

A second error prevalent in the training of children is a laying out of a theory and following it without arranging it to varieties of disposition. In every family you will find striking

Differences of Temperament.

This child is too timid, and that too bold and this too miserly and that too wasteful; this too inactive and that too boisterous. Now, the farmer, who should plant corn and wheat and turnips in just the same way, then put them through one hopper and grind them in the same mill, would not be so much of a fool as the parents who should attempt to discipline and educate all their children in the same manner. It needs a skillful hand to adjust these checks and balances. The rigidity of government which is necessary to hold in this impetuous nature would utterly crush that flexile disposition while the gentle reproof that would suffice for the latter, would, when used on the former, be like attempting to hold a champing Bucephalus with reins of gossamer.

God gives us in the disposition of each child a hint as to how we ought to train him, and, as God in the mental structure of our children indicates what mode of training is the best, He also indicates in the disposition their future occupation. Do not write down that child as dull, because it may not now be as brilliant as your other children or as those of your neighbor. Some of the mightiest men and women of the centuries had a stupid childhood. Thomas Aquinas was called at school "the dumb ox," but afterward demonstrated his sanctified genius and was called "the angel of the schools" and "the eagle of Brittany." Kindness and patience with a child will conquer almost anything, and they are virtues so Christlike that

they are inspiring to look at. John Wesley's kiss of a child on the pulpit stairs turned Matthias Joyce from a profligate into an evangel.

The third error prevalent in the training of children is the

One-sided Development

of either the physical, intellectual or moral nature at the expense of the others. Those, for instance, greatly mistake who, while they are faithful in the intellectual and moral culture of children, forget the physical. The bright eyes half quenched by night study, the cramped chest that comes from too much bending over school desks, the weak side resulting from sedentariness of habit, pale cheeks and the gaunt bodies of multitudes of children attest that physical development does not always go along with intellectual and moral. How do you suppose all those treasures of knowledge the child gets will look in shattered casket? And how much will you give for the wealthiest cargo when it is put into a leaky ship?

From this infinite blunder of parents how many have come out in life with a genius that could have piled Ossa upon Pelion and mounted upon them to scale the heavens, and have laid down panting with physical exhaustion before a mole-hill. They who might have thrilled senates and marshalled armies and startled the world with the shock of their scientific batteries, have passed their lives in picking up prescriptions for indigestion. They owned all the thunderbolts of Jupiter, but could not get out of their rocking-chair to use them. George Washington in early life was a poor speller, and spelled hat h-a-double-t and a ream of paper he spelled "rheam," but he knew enough to spell out the independence of this country from foreign oppression. The knowledge of the schools is important, but there are other things quite as important.

Just as great is the wrong done when the mind is cultivated and

The Heart Neglected.

The youth of this day are seldom denied any scholarly attainments. Our schools and seminaries are ever growing in efficiency, and the students are conducted through all the realms of philosophy and art and language and mathematics. The most hereditary obtuseness gives way before the onslaught of adroit instructors. But there is a development of infinite importance which mathematics and the dead languages cannot effect. The more mental power, the more capacity for evil unless coupled with religious restraint.

Whether knowledge is a mighty good or an unmitigated evil, depends entirely upon which course it takes. The river rolling on between round banks makes all the valley laugh with golden wheat and rank grass, and catching hold the wheel of mill and factory, whirls it with great industries. But, breaking away from restraints and dashing over banks in red wrath, it washes away harvests from their moorings and makes the valleys shrink with the catastrophe. Fire in the furnace heats the house or drives the steamer; but, uncontrolled, warehouses go down in awful crash before it, and in a few hours half a city will lie in black ruin, walls and towers and churches and monuments. You must accompany the education of the intellect with the education of the heart, or you are rousing up within your child an energy which will be blasting and terrific. Better a wicked dunce than a wicked philosopher.

The fourth error often committed in the training of children, is the

Suppression of Childish Sportfulness.

Parents, having for a good many years been jostled about in the rough world, often lose their vivacity, and are astonished to see how their children can act so thoughtlessly of the earnest world all about them. That is a cruel parent who quenches any of the light in a child's soul. Instead of arresting its sportfulness, go forth and help him trundle the hoop, and fly the kite, and build the snow castle. Those shoulders are too little to carry a burden, that brow is too young to be wrinkled, those feet are too sprightly to go along at a funeral pace. God bless their young hearts! Now is the time for them to be sportful.

The fifth error in the training of childhood is the postponement of its moral culture until too late. Multitudes of children because of their precocity have been urged into depths of study where they ought not to go, and their intellects have been overburdened and overstrained and battered to pieces against Latin grammars and algebras, and coming forth into practical life they will hardly rise to mediocrity, and there is now a stuffing and cramming system of education in the schools of our country that is deathful to the teachers who have to enforce it, and destructive to the children who must submit to the process. You find children at nine and ten years of age with school lessons only appropriate for children of fifteen. If children are kept in school and studying from nine to three o'clock, no home study, except music, ought to be required of them. Six hours of study is enough for any child. The rest of the day ought to be devoted to recreation and pure fun. But you cannot begin too early the

Moral Culture

of a child or on too complete a scale. You can look back upon your own life and remember what mighty impressions were made upon you at five or six years of age. Oh, that child does not sit so silent during your conversation to be influenced by it. You say he does not understand. Although much of phraseology is beyond his grasp, he is gathering up from your talk influences which will affect his immortal destiny. From the question he asks you long afterward you find he understood all about what you were saying. The song with which you sing the child to sleep will echo through all its life, and ring back from the very arches of heaven.

I think that often the first seven years of a child's life decide whether it shall be irascible, waspish, rude, false, hypocritical, or gentle, truthful, frank, obedient, honest and Christian. The present generations of men will pass off very much as they are now. Although the gospel is offered them, the general rule is that drunkards die drunkards, thieves die thieves, libertines die libertines. Therefore to the youth we turn. Before they sow wild oats get them to sow wheat and barley. You fill the bushel measure with good corn, and there will be

No Room for Husks.

Glorious Alfred Cookman was converted at ten years of age. At Carlisle, Pennsylvania, during the progress of a religious meeting in the Methodist Church, while many were kneeling at the foot of the altar, this boy knelt in a corner of the church all by himself and said: "Precious Saviour, thou art saving others, O, wilt thou not save me?" A Presbyterian elder knelt beside him and led him into the light. Enthroned Alfred Cookman! Tell me from the skies, were you converted too early? But I cannot hear his answer. It is overpowered by the huzzas of the thousands who were brought to God through his ministry. Isaac Watts, the great Christian poet, was converted at nine years of age. Robert Hall, the great Baptist evangelist, was converted at twelve years of age. Jonathan Edwards, the greatest of American logicians, was converted at seven years of age.

Oh for one generation of holy men and women. Shall it be the next? Fathers and mothers, you, under God, are to decide whether from your families shall go forth cowards, inebriates, counterfeiters, blasphemers, and whether there shall be those bearing your image and carrying your name festering in the low haunts of vice, and floundering in dissipation, and making the midnight of their lives horrid with a long howl of ruin, or whether from your family altars shall come the Christians, the reformers, the teachers, the ministers of Christ, the comforters of the troubled, the healers of the sick, the enacters of good laws, the founders of charitable institutions, and a great many who shall in the humbler spheres of toil and usefulness serve God and the best interests of the human race.

You cannot as parents shirk the responsibility. God has charged you with a mission, and all the thrones of heaven are waiting to see whether you will do your duty. We must not forget that it is not so much what we teach our children as what we are in their presence. We wish them to be better than we are, but the probability is that they will only be reproductions of ourselves. German literature has much to say of

The "Spectre of Brocken."

Among those mountains travellers in certain conditions of the atmosphere see themselves copied on a gigantic scale in the clouds. At first the travellers do not realize that it is themselves on a larger scale. When they lift a hand or move the head this monster spectre does the same, and with such enlargement of proportions that the scene is most exciting, and thousands have gone to that place just to behold the spectre of Brocken. The probability is that some of our faults which we consider small and insignificant, if we do not put an end to them, will be copied on a large scale in the lives of our children, and perhaps dilated and exaggerated into spectral proportions. You need not go as far off as the Brocken to see that process.

The first thing in importance in the education of our children is to make ourselves, by the grace of God, fit examples for them to copy. From your side that son or daughter, bone of your bone, heart of your heart, the father's brow his brow, the mother's eye his eye, shall go forth to an eternal destiny. What will be your joy if at last you hear their feet in the same golden highway and hear their voices in the same rapturous song, illustrations, while the eternal ages last, of what a faithful parent could, under God accomplish. I was reading of

A Dying Mother

who had all her children about her, and took each one of them by the hand, and asked them to meet her in heaven, and with tears and sobs such as those only kuow who have stood by the deathbed of a good old mother. They all promised. But there was a young man of nineteen, who had been very wild and reckless, and hard and proud, and when she took his hand she said: "Now, my boy, I want you to promise me before I die, that you will become a Christian and meet me in heaven." The young man made no answer, for there was so much for him to give up if he made and kept such a promise.

But the aged mother persisted in saying: "You won't deny me that before I go, will you? This parting must not be forever. Tell me now you will serve God and meet me in the land where there is no parting." Quaking with emotion he stood, making up his mind and halting and hesitating, but at last his stubbornness yielded and he threw his arms around his mother's neck and said: "Yes, mother; I will, I will." And as he finished the last word of his promise her spirit ascended. I thank God the young man kept his promise. Yes, he kept it. May God give all mothers and fathers the gladness of their children's salvation.

For all who are trying to do their duty as parents, I quote the tremendous passage: "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." If through good discipline and prayer and godly example you are acting upon that child, you have the right to expect him to grow up virtuous. And how many tears of joy you will shed when you see your child honorable and just and truthful and Christian and successful—a holy man amid a world of dishonesty, a godly woman in a world of frivolous pretension. When you come to die they will gather to bless your last hours. They will push back the white locks on your cold forehead and say: "What a good father he always was to me!" They will fold your hands peacefully and say: "Dear mother! She is gone. Her troubles are all over. Don't she look beautiful?"

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

THE Rev. R. W. McAll, the devoted founder and manager of the Evangelical Missions in Paris, France, relates the following incident:

A tall, dignified man shook me warmly by the hand at our Montmartre station. "I know you well, Mr. McAll," he said, "though you cannot recognize me. It is seven years since we last met." In a moment I felt that his countenance was familiar, though the intervening years had whitened his hair. He reminded me of his attendance more than seven years before at our first little meeting in Belleville, at the very outset of our work. One time he was very much offended because a good German evangelist spoke, and seemed thenceforward to come as a spy, prepared to resent his return. But after that I had remarked his attentive hearing. One Sunday evening he came to me and said, "In three days I leave Paris for six or seven years, having an official appointment in New Caledonia. I wish heartily to thank you for these meetings before I go." At the door of the room I called him back for a moment, simply to say, "My friend, I shall pray for you." Tears started to his eyes and he was gone. After about seven years he came to me at another station, saying, "I am the man for whom you promised to pray when he was going to New Caledonia. I feel now that you did not forget your promise. Those words seemed to follow me throughout the years and comforted me when I was in trouble. I shall be forever grateful to you for having spoken them." As his stay in Paris was only temporary, he begged me to give him a Bible, inscribed with my name and his, as "a remembrance of the man who promised to pray for him." What a rich recompense for those few words!

A CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE HEALED.

THE following extract is from a letter written by Mrs. W. H. Springer, wife of the member of Congress to Rev. A. B. Simpson, and published in *Word, Work and World:* I have been an invalid all my life; but for the past *twenty-six years*, I knew scarcely anything but suffering, and that in its most sensitive regions—the spine and brain. The least over fatigue would produce such intense paroxysms of suffering, lasting often for days at a time, as to render me not only willing but anxious to die, simply to find relief from pain. The nerves on both sides the spine between my shoulders would often become so rigid as to make it impossible for me to move in any way. I could not stir a finger or relax a muscle without excruciating agony. I was taken to the best physicians both in this country and in Europe; but all their skill gave but a slight degree of temporary relief. In the early spring of '84, after a winter of great suffering, I found a few weeks of comparative relief by the use of electricity; but as soon as it was discontinued I became worse than before, and during the entire winter of '84—'85, I was constantly confined to my room, almost constantly to my bed. In the early spring of that year a friend from Philadelphia told me of the wonderful blessing of health that had come to two friends of her own, through prayer offered in their behalf, and urged me to go to you. I believed implicitly that God was able to heal all diseases—that He did answer prayer; but I had not the faith to believe the blessing of health was ever for *me*. After her return home, this same dear friend wrote me repeatedly, still urging me to go to you, and at last, early in May, I went to New York, she meeting me there. Several days had been set for my going, but I was too ill to start, and when at last I made the attempt, I did not hold my head up an instant the entire day, or take a morsel of nourishment of any kind. The following day we called upon you, and in a lengthy conversation you removed the veil from my eyes, and I saw as I never had seen before that God's promises are "yesterday, to-day and forever the same." I believe I was fully ready for the healing then, for a wonderful peace came upon me as you talked. But I was willing, at your request, to wait and carry the matter more fully to the dear Lord, and be sure that the promise was indeed for me. After a few days of waiting I went to you again, and as you prayed—anointing my head with oil—I felt that every word went direct to the Saviour's throne, and I *knew* He was there to bless, The power of prayer had prevailed, and I went forth healed in body and soul. I, who for years had scarcely been able to walk at all, spent my summer vacation *climbing mountains*. And I not only climbed them, but I went up with ease of perfect strength. I felt as though I was lifted on wings. And my heart kept repeating: "*So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's!*" We always sang the "*Doxology*" on the mountain top. It is now nearly a year and a half since that blessed day, and I grow daily in strength physically, and I trust, spiritually.

AMONG CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

THE hospital established at Kalgan, in Northern China, for Opium slaves by Dr. Murdock, is doing a good work. Mr. Sprague of the American Board visited it recently and says: "We met ten or more of the patients. Most of them gave unmistakable proof that they kept aloof from opium. Instead of the gaunt, wild feeble look they had when they entered the hospital, they are now hearty, robust, and ruddy. Indeed, many of them are so changed that their friends who have not seen them since their reform fail to recognize them. I am surprised to see that they pick up as quickly as from some fevers, and lose all traces of opium using. Two or three out of the ten had gone back to their pipes. One said he had been in great pain but would not take opium for relief—no, not if he died of pain. This man said when in pain he prayed God for relief, as Dr. Murdock had taught them to do, and the pain left him. "In the same court with this man we saw an old woman, the mother of our Christian gatekeeper, tear down her paper idols and burn them. We trust the Holy Spirit is working on these hearts.

NEW CONVERTS IN CHINA.

A TOUR of the Ling Ching district in China is described in the *Missionary Herald* by Dr. Porter who with two other Missionaries of the American Board recently went over that ground. Among the incidents of their journey are the following:

We found the little church at Ho Chia Tun in a very hopeful condition. The school teacher, as local preacher, has his time well occupied, aside from school hours, in discussion with many native scholars and young students as to the relative truth of Christianity and Confucianism; a discussion which tends rapidly to the enlarging of men's ideas of God, creation, spirit, eternity, and which we are always glad to court. The circle of interest is steadily widening. A young man sent to Tung-cho last autumn, and now returned for vacation, has carried these discussions into a large circle of his former associates and fellow-students. They recognize his simplicity, ability, and range of new thought, and rightly ascribe it to his connection with us.

My visitors were many. Among them a wealthy shopkeeper, who was very courteous to me, inviting me to his grounds and guest-room. The good name of the church is extended by such courtesies. The grandson of this man is a student in the local district examination court, under the direction of the *hsiao yuan* (the district examiner). He came over to have a talk about Confucianism. He laughed loudly at the idea of a Creator above and beyond the two primordial ethers, the *yiu* and *yang!* The philosophical crudity of the Chinese is balanced by their gross ignorance in other directions.

I visited another place seven miles south and found there a most intelligent inquirer. A teacher for ten years in Pekin, he had returned home to be a village doctor. He visited us last winter in hopes of getting a place. I gave him books and sent him home. He has used those books most studiously. An intelligent, affable man, of pleasing presence and good gifts of speech, he now interested me very much in the progress he had made in knowledge of the gospel. I shall have hope that he is a true disciple. From him I learned of several others interested through him. The village where we visited was engaged in praying for rain. Every man over seven and under seventy had gone to make a noise and stir up the god. This god had been carried out of his temple and placed in the sun to bake, in the hope that his heart might relent.

A DIFFICULT RESCUE.

A MAN imprisoned in the tank of a locomotive had a narrow escape from death at Paterson, N. J., on Oct. 25. An employee at the Grant Works in that city in examining a locomotive which had been sent there for repairs, found that there was a slight defect in the tank which supplies the boiler, and crawled into it through the hole in the top to remedy it, taking with him, besides his tools, an oil lamp and a piece of carpet to put under his knees when he knelt on the hard iron. The interior of the tank is braced with rods running in all directions, and it is like making one's way through the meshes of a series of nets to move about in it. A few moments afterward the other men heard smothered cries and groans issuing from the hole, and a little later a cloud of smoke came out. The man had upset his lamp, set fire to his clothing and the piece of carpet, and was unable to make his way out. One after another, other men entered the hole, but each immediately came out again, choking and half smothered with the smoke and gases given off by the oily flames inside. The shrieks of the imprisoned man made them redouble their efforts, but in vain. A stream of water was poured in to put out the fire, until it was found necessary to stop lest the water should drown him. Then a stream of air was pumped in to keep him from suffocating. Ultimately the top of the tank was torn off, and the man was rescued more dead than alive. It seems strange that the man could not have got out the same way that he entered, but that is sometimes difficult, and is generally so in the case of moral difficulties. The path into evil is smooth and easy, but return is impossible, except through faith in Christ (Prov. 2: 19).

A BRIBE REFUSED.

A NOTABLE case of steadfastness in a convert to Christianity in Syria is reported by Dr. Ira Harris, who writes from Abeih to *The Church*. He says: A few weeks prior to my visit to Maharadi the bishop of Hamath made his first visit to this place. He called on our helper, and said that he had heard very much good of him—of the influence his pure life had upon his neighbors, of what a good, consistent Greek he had been, always obedient to the commands of his spiritual fathers, etc., etc.; but his (the bishop's) heart was grieved to learn that he had left his religion and gone over to the children of Satan. Would he not consider a proposition to return to the Greek Church, and use his influence to bring with him all the Protestants of the place? If he would do so, he would give him *five thousand piastres* ($220).

Our helper replied that he had left the Greek Church because he felt that he could not consistently remain and obey all that it required of its members; that he was happy serving God in his present humble way, and he felt that to do as the bishop requested would be to sin against the Spirit. The bishop tried all that persuasion could do to convince him that he was wrong; but when he saw that all was useless, he changed his tone and began to threaten. He stormed and cursed. By this time the greater part of the villagers had gathered. The bishop called upon them to hear, and pronounced the excommunication and curses of the church upon this "imp of Satan." When this was completed, he gave our helper twenty-four hours to leave the village; and if he did not, he (the bishop) would "fix things with the governor of Hamath that he be put in prison as a bad man."

The bishop felt determined to exterminate Protestants from this village, root and branch. But God watches over His own. When the bishop returned to Hamath, he was made to accompany officers to the seat of government to answer for putting up a bell on the Greek church without having first obtained permission. He had presumed too much upon the friendship of the governor, and did without permission what his predecessors had asked for again and again. The governor was very angry, and ordered the bell taken down. It is said the majority of the Greek sect were provoked with the bishop to give the government a chance to persecute them, and telegraphed to the patriarch to have him removed. In the excitement of the time the Maharadi matter was forgotten.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TARES.

By Rev. J. Sabine Wright.

The Word for the Inner Circle—Tares Different from Wheat in Nature—Why Satan Plants Them—They Check the Growth of the Wheat—Bring it Into Disrepute—In the Churches, not Outside—Their Characteristics—Outward Resemblance to Wheat—Must Continue Till Christ Comes—The Separation Before the Millennium—The Post-Millennial Judgment—How to Treat the Tares.

THE subject is found in Matthew 13:24. The parable is divided into two parts. The former portion was spoken to "great multitudes," on the shore, and contains such an exhibition of the subject as was needed by those who had no (spiritual) eyes to see, like these which Christ could pronounce "blessed." The more enlightened disciples are called "into the house," where alone they hear the latter part of the parable. The kingdom of heaven means the heavenly reign which God was about to inaugurate by the Son of God, who came from heaven. All other governments are earthly; and even the kingdom of David was not heavenly. It had an earthly sovereign, and all its enactments were made to correspond. It had earthly promises and threatenings. Its subjects were an earthly people, and hence Jesus said of the Jews, (John 8:23,) "Ye are of this world." They were of a kingdom on the earth. His kingdom is not of this world. To its subjects, He said, "Ye are not of the world." Though now the Jews would reject them—would crucify their King—He was giving life to spiritual subjects, and spiritual doctrines, and will return to establish

The Heavenly Reign

over the earth, as soon as He has, mediatorially, prepared the place for His people—prepared the barn for the housing of the wheat in harvest.

In the parable of the sower, Satan did mischief in three out of the four parts of the hearers of the kingdom; but he does not *there* appear to act on those who brought forth good fruit. But in this second parable our Saviour teaches the multitudes about the enemy's designs of evil concerning those also. He warns the people against the error of supposing that the mere approval of His words would constitute them members of the kingdom of heaven, and secure their salvation. They must be living offspring—real wheat. Further, the Lord shows that while men slept, during the inexcusable unwatchfulness of the early children of His kingdom, Satan artfully constrains

Worldly Professors

to mix themselves with genuine disciples in the field—tares among the wheat. We are told that, having secretly done this, he went his way. No one at first suspected it; the act does not appear to the servants of the household at first to be the act of Satan. He put those who knew not God amongst those who do; and made it appear as if the same hand had sowed both wheat and tares. The devil is always seeking to dishonor Christ, by counterfeiting God's work. Thus there are some who "climb up some other way;" men that speak perverse things, to draw disciples after them; those who are seeking to sustain a religion which will please the flesh. Those, too, who creep in unawares; men like Cain, who seek to claim God's favor through the offering of mere human works or fruits; men like Balaam, who can be bought for money; or like Korah, who would usurp to themselves the priestly character which belongs only to those whom faith guides with Christ into the holy place to present spiritual sacrifices. There are

Many Kinds of Tares.

But these all profess to be in the kingdom of heaven, and hence such phrases as Christendom; *i. e.* Christ's kingdom. The state of the field as afterwards discovered by the servants of the householder, will continue to the end of the age. The wheat will always be wheat, and nothing but wheat. The enemy cannot change its nature, although he may damage its growth. The tares continue tares, and nothing but tares, although among the wheat. Their position does not alter their character or nature. They call Christ, Lord, Lord, but He knows them not. By name they would be acknowledged Christians, but in heart they are assimilated to the enemy. God has His wheat, and Satan has his. But in the day of burning, the separation will consign the false wheat to the fire.

Such characters soon appeared when the blade of good seed had sprung up and brought forth fruit of faith in the first season of the operation of the heavenly Man, as the "head of His body, the Church." Alas! are not tares now too numerous in the world? The outwardly wicked are not tares, if they make no profession of Christ. Life in a risen Saviour alone produces the real wheat; this only He approves of, to put into the field as His own. The bare assent to the truth—the mere intellectual understanding of the words of Christ—the profession only, of *any* form of sound words—the nominal membership of the Church on earth—the upright life of the unregenerate—the zealous advocacy and consistent support of religion—all, all this—if this *be all*—will leave men bound "in bundles," with no escape from coming judgment.

The purpose and object of the Saviour in the parable of the Tares evidently was not to call attention so much to the wheat, as to warn the Church against false professors. Tares are mostly understood to mean darnel, a kind of grass growing in the East, much

Like Wheat in Appearance,

but which is really a noxious weed. The darnel of the enemy externally resembles the members of the kingdom of heaven; some of them are in sheep's clothing, but inwardly to use Scripture language, they are ravening wolves, whose lips confess Christ, while their hearts are far from Him (Matt. 7:15).

The *tares* represent the ecclesiastical apostacy which is thus by Christ foretold, and afterwards by His apostles. They are the

Mock Professors

who are chiefly in the churches, but never in the Church of Jesus Christ. It is proved that Satan cannot constitute his children members of the reign of the heavens; and the utmost that he can do is to mix them, by profession, with the children of the kingdom. They are found in all portions of the professed body of Christ, as seen in the unfaithful state of separation from each other; leaning towards something external to the real bond of unity—the resurrection life of Jesus. This sad fact is recognized by every community of Christians. In some religious associations the system of being admitted on trial is practised in order to keep their communion as free as possible of those who are only *tares*. And in almost all churches this principle is more or less acted on with the same object. All the ministers of Christ are witnesses to the mournful truth that tares are growing abundantly amongst the wheat. This state of things will continue. There is not the least shadow of a hope held out in the Scriptures that it will be otherwise until the "end of the age" (*aion*). In the true Church of Christ the real wheat will also continue to grow and increase till the coming of the Son of man in the time of harvest; but side by side will "evil men wax worse and worse deceiving and being deceived."

But this subject has a *future* as well as a present fulfilment. There will be a class at

the End of the Age

who will remain for condemnation, after those who are alive and remain shall be "caught up (with the resurrection saints) to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4:17). These will join themselves to Antichrist, and must needs be "gathered out from Christ's kingdom" (Matt. 12:41), and be cast into a lake of fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. This judgment will be executed at this time only on those who are, and have up to this, continued alive upon earth, and are, or were, professedly in the kingdom or dominion, over which Christ is to reign. After the martyred saints have been raised (Rev. 10, 1–7), the rest of the dead will not be raised till the thousand years of Satan's temporary punishment expire. So the judgment at the end of the world (age) will be only on the living sinners. All who merely profess to be the people of God, whether Jew or Gentile, will then be destroyed from amongst the people except they meet the Lord in the air, or find mercy in the midst of judgment. At the end of the thousand years, the dead both small and great shall stand before God, before the great white throne, and receive the sentence of a second death, because their names were not written in the Book of Life. Their works cannot save them, and they had refused to be saved through faith. Thus, all who reject Christ will meet a certain doom, too fearful to contemplate!

This parable further teaches that the Church should not persecute. We

Must Let the Tares Alone.

We are forbidden to use harsh measures with anyone whose religion we may suspect to be not genuine. "Let them alone," are the words of Christ. We must not gather them up, nor seek to disturb them in the field, however false they are. By taking an opposite course we may be found to fight against God. But, if the children of the wicked one be amongst the children of the kingdom, in their assemblies, let it not be the result of persuasion or encouragement on the part of the Church. The enemy will do this.

Lastly, this parable teaches that God has not commissioned the Church to be a magistrate for the world. "Let both grow together." The evil is not to be rooted up by the servants of the householder—the angels—much less by the children of the kingdom. The seat of ruler and judge is not the place for the Church. Evil will be judged, "when the Lord comes," and we must patiently wait till then (1 Cor. 4:5; see also chap. 5, 10–13). The Church may judge its own children, but not "them also that are without." The wicked person, when found out, must be put away from the Christian assembly: but them that are without (outside) God judgeth.

Our character is to be that of the humble servant; our life a pilgrimage; our place one of subjection; our example one of holiness and obedience to Christ; our theme the Gospel of salvation; our pleasures, those which arise from things unseen; our hope, the coming of the Bridegroom. It will be time enough to "be *great* in the kingdom of heaven." It will be enough to hear the "well done" of the Lord, so that the absence of the praise of men need not trouble us. We must not seek our portion in this life; for whilst the tares are being cast into the furnace, the righteous will shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the father. "Who hath ears to hear let him hear."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller,

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A year's subscription sent now secures the paper to the end of 1888. The remainder of this year is included free.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Proclamation Issued by the President on Thursday last announced the ratification of a convention with the government of Hawaii. It provides for an extention for seven years of the present privileges enjoyed by the United States, and at the conclusion of that period a further extension from year to year, until one of the two governments gives a year's notice of its desire to terminate the treaty. One of the articles gives to the United States the exclusive right of entrance to Pearl River, sanctions the establishment of a coaling station there, and permission to improve the harbor. It is stated that the President does not intend to take advantage of this latter concession, though it would obviously be valuable to the country. Treaties for the extension of postal facilities similar to that arranged with Mexico, are under negotiation with the governments of Central and South America and the West Indies. The object of these treaties is to develop trade through the post office by affording opportunity for prepayment of duties and for the transmission of parcels of increased weight. The treaty with the Governor of Barbadoes was signed on November 10, and others are expected to be ready for ratification by the Senate early in the ensuing session.

The Lessons of the New York Elections will doubtless be carefully studied by the politicians, and they are worth studying. Though it was what is called "an off year," the abuse of candidates and their sponsors was more voluminous and acrimonious than usual, and, apparently, it had not the slightest influence on the result. Editors called each other Judas and Ananias, and used a variety of opprobrious epithets which may have relieved their own minds, but were certainly neither dignified nor edifying. Nor did Mayor Hewitt do credit to himself. He somewhat gushingly vouched for one of the candidates as a man of "*simple Christian life*," though the candidate himself did not deny that he had incurred gambling debts, a fact which reveals deplorable ignorance of Christianity on the Mayor's part; and other persons in prominent positions did not improve their reputation by their conduct. The success of the entire Democratic ticket was assured by the agreement between the County Democracy and Tammany Hall, and it fully equalled the expectation the Democratic managers formed of it. Col. Grant, to the general surprise, ran somewhat behind his ticket. The George vote showed a decided decrease, being only about 72,000 in the whole State, and 37,000 in the city; while last year it was 68,000 in the city only. This is remarkable, and a singular feature of it was, that it seems to have been drawn from the Republican ranks as much, or more, than from the Democrats. The Prohibition vote showed a marked increase throughout the State. It is estimated at from 40,000 to 45,000, while last year it was 36,437, and in 1883 only 18,816. The Republicans will still control the Legislature having a majority of ten in the Senate and sixteen in the Assembly—twenty-six on joint ballot. It will, therefore, rest with that party to decide the Temperance and Sabbath Observance questions, which are to come before the Legislature.

In Other States the Results of the Election, have a national importance, Ohio went Republican by an increased majority. It is noticed, however, that the sentiment in favor of Governor Foraker, who was re-elected, is operating to the disadvantage of Senator Sherman. Disinterested observers in that State now assert that the nomination of Foraker for President next year, would be more welcome in Ohio than the nomination of either Sherman or Blaine. In Maryland, in spite of the revolt in the Democratic ranks, the ticket of that party was successful, which is a surprise to those who predicted a Republican victory, as the result of the revolt. In Pennsylvania the Republican State ticket was elected, the plurality being over 32,000. In Virginia the result is likely to have a national importance, as the Democrats will now control the Legislature and choose a successor to Senator Riddleberger.

The Execution of the Chicago Anarchist on Friday last puts an end to the long struggle over their case which has covered eighteen months. Governor Oglesby was besieged with petitions for the commutation of their sentence and gave courteous and attentive hearing to the advocates of the condemned men. He would evidently have been glad to commute the sentence on all of them but could not do so conscientiously. There were some mitigating circumstances in the cases of Fielden and Schwab, and as they had asked for executive clemency the Governor commuted their sentence to imprisonment for life. Spies, the editor who had sent a similar petition, the Governor declined to admit to the same favor. As to Lingg, Parsons, Fischer and Engel, as they did not ask for mercy, but declared that they were innocent of crime, and would not accept anything but a free pardon, the Governor being personally convinced of their guilt had no alternative but to let the law take its course. Lingg, however, in whose cell four dynamite bombs were discovered on November 6, succeeded in procuring a dynamite cartridge which, on Thursday, he put in his mouth and exploded. It failed of his purpose in securing him instant and painless death. He died after suffering horribly for some hours, learning by personal experience what the agonies were of the victims of the Haymarket outrage. The other four met death at the hands of the executioner on the day appointed. They displayed considerable bravado, probably being aware that their words and acts would be fully reported in the newspapers and would, if defiant, insure the applause of their friends.

The Crown Prince of Germany is again Pronounced in a critical condition. Another growth has appeared in his throat, and this, it is believed by some of his physicians, is cancerous. It is certainly more malignant than those which Dr. Mackenzie has previously removed. A slight swelling in the throat prevented a thorough examination, but the fact of the growth reappearing at all is believed to be incontrovertible evidence that the disease is cancer. The German physicians are loud in their protests against Dr. Mackenzie's mode of treatment; they contend that an operation ought to have been performed months ago. That opinion was expressed at the time, but Dr. Mackenzie believed that an operation such as was recommended by the German doctors would certainly destroy the Prince's voice, and, probably, his life. In that respect the case is no worse now. A slight operation, similar to those already performed, will be made, and the particles removed will be submitted to Prof. Virchow for microscopic examination. The prevalent opinion among the physicians, however, is, that the growth is surely cancer, and that the Prince's recovery is hopeless. This, if it prove true, increases the gloom in the European outlook. The Prince's son, who will be the next heir to the throne, favors an aggressive policy, and is less peaceable.

The English Premier's Speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, on November 9, was of a reassuring character in its references to foreign affairs. Lord Salisbury admitted that political uneasiness existed in Europe, but said that he knew of nothing that would justify alarm. In view of the competition in forming great armaments it was idle to suppose that peace would be for ever maintained, but every present ruler —monarch, president or minister—earnestly desired peace. He said that the agreement with Russia regarding the Afghan frontier, which had been accepted by the Ameer, removed the danger to the world's peace in those quarters. It had also been the good fortune of the Government to make an arrangement with France concerning the New Hebrides difficulty and to come to an understanding with regard to some vexed questions affecting the Suez Canal. He announced that Ayoub Khan had surrendered to the Indian government. He had good hopes of adjusting the difficulty with America upon the ancient fishery dispute. The task had been undertaken with great patriotism by one of the most eminent statesmen of the day, a statesman who went to his work with the almost unanimous good-will of his countrymen, who trusted that the result might be to prevent differences from arising again.

The French Officials Implicated in the Sale of decorations were placed on trial before a civil tribunal last week. General Caffarel admitted his pecuniary embarrassments. He said they were caused by speculations on the Bourse, and had involved the dissipation of his large private fortunes. Being asked why he had recommended Gaillard, a brandy merchant, for the honor of decoration, and whether it was not arranged between them that if Gaillard received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor that he would pay Caffarel's debts, the General evaded the question. He simply said Gaillard was his good friend. The General maintained with energy, under a searching examination, that his object in obliging Mme. Limouzin in recommending the claims of her friends for decoration was to obtain her aid in discounting his bills, and that he never counted upon any direct money transaction. A thorough investigation of the relations to the scandal of M. Wilson, President Grévy's son-in-law, is to be made. Grave suspicions against him have been caused by his production of certain letters which purported to have been written in 1884. The defence contended that the letters were not the originals but altered copies. This M. Wilson denied, but he was confronted by the fact that the paper on which the letters were written was not made until 1885, as the date of manufacture was registered in the water-mark. As President Grévy is identified very closely with his son-in-law, his resignation is regarded as inevitable.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

Enthusiastic Meetings at Berachah Mission, New York, were held on November 5, 6, and 7, to celebrate the second anniversary of the mission. They were held in the new building, 463 West Thirty-second Street, New York, a picture of which appeared in this journal on August 4. On *Saturday* November 5, ministers and Christian workers were invited, and a large meeting was held. After addresses of congratulation and counsel, the friends were entertained in the basement at a generous repast provided by the hospitable founders of the mission, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Naylor. Early on *Sunday* morning a service was held on one of the Wilson line steamers in the North River. The Berachah Mission Services have been much blessed to officers and men of this line. Preaching and Communion Service at the mission followed, and there was an out-door service in the evening, preparatory to the usual gospel meeting. *Monday* was converts' day, and it was thoroughly appreciated. The hearts of the founders, managers, and workers were gladdened by the *thrilling testimonies* given by men and women whose lives had been transformed by God's blessing on the work of the mission. Last year's record shows a total of 1040 meetings, and an aggregate attendance of over 235,000. Eight hundred persons have presented themselves as seekers after God at the various meetings, and 380 have made a profession of faith. *A Free Dispensary* has been established in the building, conducted by the International Medical Missionary Society, and has done much good among the sick poor of the neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. Naylor are arranging to add to the mission other departments of Christian usefulness, the necessity for which, the work of the past two years has revealed.

The Resignation by Dr. McCosh of the Presidency of Princeton University, was presented at the meeting of the Board of Trustees on November 10. "For several years," he said, "I have been sensitive as to whether I may not be continuing in my office to the detriment of the college. I am so far relieved by finding that no such effect has yet followed. Our entrance this year—179—is much larger than ever it was before, as is also our total number of students—603. It was 264 when I came here, and this while we have been gradually raising our standard of entrance and of scholarship. Thanks to God, and, under Him, to the Trustees, the Faculty, the liberal friends of the college, the graduates who have been working for us, and the students who have stood by me to the last, I leave the college in a healthy state, intellectually, morally and religiously." The resignation, if accepted, will not take effect until February, and it is hoped that Dr. McCosh will be persuaded, if relieved of the duties of the Presidency, to continue his services in the chair of Philosophy. He is seventy-six years of age, has been at Princeton nearly twenty years, and the university is very reluctant to lose him. He is one of the most learned men we have, and probably the ablest logician in the country, if not in the world.

A Number of English Baptist Clergymen are reported by cable to be following Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's example, and withdrawing from the Baptist Union. The names reported are those of his personal friends, or ministers who were students in his college; but other ministers are said to sympathize with him and to be desirous of placing themselves on record as adherents of the Orthodox theology. Among the names reported by cable are the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, of Croydon, a son of the great preacher; the Rev. Archibald Brown of the East London Tabernacle; the Rev. Mr. Davies, of Brighton, and the Rev. Mr. Burton, of Dalston.

Lured to Death by Liberty's Light would be a suitable epitaph for the hundreds of beautiful birds which are found dead every morning in the gallery surrounding the torch of the statue in the bay of New York. Since the season of migration commenced the brilliant cluster of electric lights which the statue of Liberty holds in its uplifted hand has been the cause of death to many thousands of these winged travellers. On one morning recently thirteen hundred and seventy-five downy little dead bodies were picked up in the gallery all of which had perished in one night. Some of them were of exquisite plumage and they included every variety, from the brilliant little humming bird one inch long to the Canadian woodpecker measuring thirteen inches across the wings. It is supposed that the light, which is visible for forty miles, first attracted the birds in their flight southward, and as they drew nearer blinded them, so that they struck against the brazen hand and breasts of the statue and fell dead. One cannot but feel pity for the poor little creatures, but no one would advocate extinguishing the light on their account. It is not only a great ornament to the Bay, but it serves as a beacon to mariners far out at sea. Thus the statue of Liberty is at the same time a preserver and a destroyer of life, and liberty itself has been so too. Men who have sought spiritual liberty unwisely, and for evil ends have fallen victims while those who have sought the liberty with which Christ makes His people free have found life eternal. Even the gospel which brings life to some, brings condemnation to others. (2. Cor. 2 : 16),

Significant Floral Emblems were Displayed at a betrothal reception in Philadelphia a few days ago. The gentleman is a brigadier-general in the United States Army and his affianced bride is a member of the Red Cross Society. At the reception given in their honor the house was brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom, and the floral decorations which adorned the entrances to the rooms, the chandeliers and crimson drapings were rich and beautiful. Suspended from the damask curtains in the front of the parlor and surrounded by a floral wreath were the initials of the pair, the first being of red carnations, with the shoulder stap of a brigadier-general, made of flowers in blue and white for the centrepiece, while the second was made of blue violets, with the emblems of the Royal Order of the Red Cross in the centre of it, the degree having been conferred upon the lady by Queen Victoria, The union of the two emblems was appropriate to the respective missions of the betrothed persons, and it was also typical of the united functions of Christ's bride, the Church. The war on the evil and wickedness which she must wage is accompanied by the love and tenderness with which she must compassionate the sinner and lead him to Christ for healing (Gal. 6 : 1, 2).

Complaints About a Weather Vane on the top of the Post Office, New York, gave the custodian of the building some trouble last week. There are three other weather vanes in sight from that point and the custodian's attention was called to the fact that they were pointing in different directions while that on the Post Office was obviously wrong. An examination was made and it was found that the big dart which shows the way of the wind was moving easily and answering its purpose with accuracy, but the four arrows below which should be directed to the four points of the compass were a long way from being true. The aberration was due to the shifting of the pole on which the vane is fixed. It had partly turned around in its socket under the influence of the wind and the iron clamps which should have held it in place were twisted. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the huge pole in place. Upon the roof, the iron balcony and iron girders deflected the needle of the compass which the custodian took up to get the accurate bearings, and when that obstacle was overcome, it was some time before the pole could be twisted around in its socket and securely fixed. Now, the custodian claims that the vane is true in both its functions; it shows which way the wind is blowing and also the exact points of the compass. That is as it should be, and it is much to be wished that as much could be said for our public teachers of religion. In many cases they have veered with the wind of human error and their hearers are in doubt about the immutable truths of God's word (Eph. 4 : 14, 15).

A Daring Rescue at Sea Was Achieved by the officers and crew of the German ship *Camelia* on November 2. "On that morning," says the Captain, who arrived in New York with his ship last Thursday, "a hurricane struck us, and we laid to under main and fore topsails. The seas were very high. About noon we sighted a brig about a mile to windward, evidently in distress. We ran toward her as well as we could, and when within half a mile of her, as the vessels rose and sunk on the waves, I called for volunteers, and the second mate and four sailors came forward. After several hairbreadth escapes they succeeded in reaching the vessel, and took off five of the crew. The next trip they rescued the remaining four. The brig had weathered the hurricane for forty-eight hours, and had lost her mainmast, bowsprit, and jibboom. Seas had swept her from stem to stern, and had carried away both of her boats. She had started several seams, and had four feet of water in her hold. The crew reported that she would not have lasted four hours longer. What would have been thought of the men on the sinking vessel if they had refused to enter the boat which the brave rescuers had taken to them at the risk of their lives? Yet, that is precisely what sinners do who neglect the great salvation which Christ laid down His life that they might have (Heb. 2 : 3).

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. W. W. Scudder has accepted the Professorship of Theology in the new Theological Seminary in India.

The Methodists of Sioux City have erected a church in the suburbs, which is called the "Haddock Memorial," in memory of the martyr to Prohibition.

Rev. George Jacoby askes us to state that he is ready to accept calls for Evangelical work. His address is 1122 Savery Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bowery Village Methodist Episcopal Church, in Seventh Street, New York, between Second and Third Avenues, celebrated its one hundred and first anniversary last Sunday. Services are being held every evening this week, conducted by ministers of various denominations.

The National Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, announced in a previous number of this journal, is now in session at Nashville, Tenn. Among the speakers is a distinguished lady from India, Pundita Ramabai, a high caste Hindoo. The Bible readings are conducted by Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman has just returned from Chicago, where he has recently established a branch of his Hebrew-Christian work. While in that city he addressed large audiences in the various evangelical churches. A converted Hebrew, now a student in a theological seminary in Chicago, but who formerly attended Mr. Freshman's services in this city will conduct this new mission.

Mr. E. P. Telford's services at Dr. Hamilton's church, Somerville, Mass., close to-day. Much good has been done. At the services last Sunday, the number who asked the prayers of the church was remarkable. Among them were persons of all conditions of life and all ages, from the boy of twelve to the hoary man of seventy. Next Sunday Mr. Telford commences services at Fall River. On Wednesday of last week he attended the convention of Christian Workers in Philadelphia, and delivered an address on "Conditions of Soul-Winning."

The New York Missionary Training College, of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is President, is now open for the admission of students. This is its fifth session. It offers increased facilities for a thorough literary and theological training undenominational in character. Five Professors superintend the studies and give regular lectures. Tuition is free, and students can receive board at $4 per week. Students may be admitted at any time. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Rev. A. E. Funk, 254 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York.

Bishop Riley gratefully acknowledges the sum of $306, received during the month of October from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the work in Mexico. Also $20 from a friend in Canada. The monthly subscription list now amounts to over $60. Who will help to bring it up to $100?

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, women or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE WORK AND THE WORKER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord" Ps. 37 : 39.

A Blessing Peculiar to the Righteous—Mistakes About it—When it will be Full—I. The Essence of Sound Doctrine—The Lord's Work in Planning—In Providing—In Applying—An Awkward Kind of Salvation—II. A Necessary Fact—Because of Inward Conflict—Outward Temptation—III. A Sweet Consolation—IV. A Reason for Humility—V. A Ground of Hope.

SALVATION is a blessing peculiar to the righteous. The ungodly do not, as a rule, believe that they have any need of salvation; therefore they do not desire it, or seek after it. The righteous know that they are born in a fallen state; they acknowledge that they have destroyed themselves by personal sin; and they are conscious of a thousand dangers which surround them. Hence they need salvation, and seek it, and find it. It is to them that salvation has come to make them righteous, for until they are saved they are unrighteous, even as others; but now that salvation has come to their house, they bring forth the fruits of righteousness to the glory of God their Saviour. Beloved friends, we rejoice in

That Right Royal Word

"salvation." We would let its echo fly over the whole world. To us it is a word of great meaning. It does not signify alone salvation from the punishment of sin, though it comprehends that blessing, and we are glad that it does so; but it means complete and immediate salvation from the love of sin, conscious salvation from the power of sin, growing salvation from the propensity to sin, and ultimate salvation from all tendency to sin. When we have gained full salvation, we shall never, never sin again, but shall find ourselves before the throne of God as pure as that throne, made perfect by the work of the Holy Spirit, who will have sanctified us wholly, spirit, soul and body.

Men of the world think, when we talk of salvation, that we mean escaping from hell; this is all *they* would fear, and so it strikes them as *the* great matter; but we are not of their mind. Being delivered from the pains and penalties of evil is certainly a great boon, but it is by no means the greatest; it follows in the train of a grander blessing, even as the blaze of the comet follows the central light. The righteous dread sin more than hell, and wrong is more terrible to them than any punishment which awaits it. The joy of salvation to us is that we are delivered from this present evil world, delivered from the lusts of the flesh, delivered from the old death of natural corruption, delivered from the power of Satan, and from the dominion of evil. Our salvation will not be full till we are totally and finally delivered from every trace of sin, and are "without fault before the throne of God." Sanctification completed is our salvation perfected; purity without spot will be our Paradise Regained.

I am going to speak at this time upon our text as a statement by itself. It is complete and self-contained. It is a diamond of the first water. Its words are few, but its sense is precious. "The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." I. Our first head is:

This is the Essence

of sound doctrine. "The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." More or less I hope that all who preach Christ crucified would subscribe to this; but some are a little afraid of it in all its breadth and length. They must bring in man a little. They must have him *do* something, or *be* something. They are always afraid lest grace should be misunderstood, and should be turned into licentiousness; and, truly, I share in their fear, though I would not use their way of preventing the evil which I dread. There will be no hesitancy on my part when I say that "the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord"; neither will you find me guarding the statement as if I thought it *a lump of spiritual dynamite* which might do infinite damage.

"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord" *in the planning*. And as it is of the Lord in the planning, so it is of the Lord *in the providing*. It was He who gave his Son from His bosom, and truly our Lord Jesus Christ is the full purchase-price of our salvation. We do not add a penny to it.

The Mortgage Upon Humanity

was paid off by Christ Jesus to the last farthing, without any contribution on our part to eke out the matchless price. The Spirit of God, who is another great item in the provision of salvation, is of the Lord. God has given us the Spirit. The Holy Ghost comes, not according to our mind or will, but according to the gift and purpose of the Lord. Nothing is lacking for the salvation of men. God has provided all. The work is finished, and from top to bottom salvation is of the Lord.

So, dear friends, it is of the Lord *in the applying*. The first application of the blessings of the covenant to us is of God. Of course, that first application is in regeneration, when the soul first begins to live. The first sense of need of mercy springs, not from nature, but is a work of grace. The first desire we have to be right, the first prayer we breathe towards God—all this is the movement of eternal grace upon our souls, which else would have lain as dead as the corpses in their graves. The Lord first deals with us before we have any inclination whatsoever to deal with Him. We do not see this truth at first. Possibly we discover it months after our conversion, when we come to sit down, and look over our experience.

As salvation is of the Lord at the commencement, so it is *as to the carrying of it on*. Rest assured, beloved, there is no

True Growth in Grace

except that which is of the Lord. Nay, there is no sustaining the position to which you have reached except by the Lord. He has wrought all our works in us, and if we have produced any fruit to the honor of His name, from Him has our fruit come, for our Lord truly said, "Without Me ye can do nothing." We must give Him all the glory, for certainly He has given us all the grace: and as it has been, so will it be. We are dependent as much upon grace for spiritual life as we are upon the air we breathe for this natural life. Take the atmosphere from us; put us under an exhausted receiver, and we die; take Thy grace from us, O our God, and we perish at once! What else could happen to us?

Some one said to me the other day, "I do not quite know about that doctrine of final perseverance whether it is true or not." So I said to him, "What kind of life does Jesus Christ give His sheep?" He answered very correctly—"He has said, 'I give unto My sheep eternal life.'" Very well, does not that settle it?

Death is Out of the Question.

I must live if I am one of those of whom the Great Shepherd says, "I give unto My sheep eternal life." But what is next? If you cannot quite see the truth from that one expression, what follows? Will the sheep of Christ ever perish? Here is His answer: "They shall never perish." Does not that secure them? What language could better describe their security? But another question is raised—May it not mean that, if they get away from the Lord Jesus, they shall perish? Then comes the next sentence—"Neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." Does not that answer it? Oh, but perhaps the Saviour might fail! We think not so: but listen again: "My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all, and no man can pluck them out of My Father's hand."

That is the awkward point about a salvation which is of man; it is worth nothing when you get it. We want an eternal salvation. We want a salvation which does really save. We want something which is not made up of "ifs," and "buts," and "peradventures," and "may be," and "if you do this," and "if you do that." We need sure, immutable, abiding, unchanging salvation; and this is what we get, and what we are not ashamed to preach, while we thunder out this truth, "The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord."

II. Secondly, this is not only the essence of sound doctrine, but this is

A Necessary Fact.

"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." Assuredly it must be so, or else they will never be saved. Look for a moment, you that love the Lord, to your own *inward conflicts*. Beloved, we are not all alike, tossed to and fro with the uprising of inbred sin; but there are times with most of God's saints when they are hard put to it to withstand a certain raging temptation: they have to struggle hard to keep it down. And when they have mastered that evil, another form of sin comes on the sly, and attempts to stab them in the back. Thus you were beset behind and before; and had it not been the Lord that was on your side, you would have been quickly swallowed up. Some of us know the truth of this in our experience if the rest of you do not.

Salvation must be of the Lord with me, I know, or else my inward lusts, my proud spirit, my rebellious will, and my natural despondency will surely ruin me. Do you not feel it to be so with you? If God does not save you, you are a lost man. You must feel that. I know that those who have no conflicts sing another song, and praise themselves. Your

Carpet-Knights,

who wear the regimentals of Christianity, but know nothing of battle with inbred sin, may talk about salvation by self, but he that is hard put to it to wrestle against all wrong-doing will tell another tale. He who grieves if he even utters a rash word, or allows an impure thought to cross his mind, feels that if God does not save him, saved he never can be; and he sees it to be a necessary fact that the salvation of the righteous must be of the Lord.

When you have looked within a sufficient time to convince you, just look at your *outward temptations*. Ah! we little know what many of our brethren and sisters have to endure in the form of temptation in their own houses from their own friends. Many have a very hard fight of it. I know some now present who will I believe persevere and hold on to the end, but almost every day they endure a martyrdom. Cruel words are spoken, and unkind actions are done, and a bitter spirit is shown towards them because they are the people of God. Salvation must be of the Lord to these poor persecuted ones, or they will faint under their oppressions.

Outside in the world, what temptations abound! You cannot engage in any business without finding that it has its

Peculiar Sins.

Many things are done in the trade—many matters established by custom—which the scrupulously upright child of God cannot tolerate. He has to set his face against the general habit, and hence he has a battle. Need I go into particulars? Why, brethren, we are surrounded with snares! They are on table; you may readily sin there. They are in your secret chamber; you are tempted there. They are in the counting-house, and on the study-table. You cannot sit down to read a book without being in danger; you cannot go among the crowd without risk. If any believer remains steadfast in this day of philosophic doubt, verily, I say unto you, his salvation must be of the Lord. He cannot go through this Vanity Fair, he cannot pass through this horrible slough, this Stygian bog of modern society, and be pure in his heart, and lip, and life, unless God shall grant him his salvation.

We know, dear friends, that it must be so. It is a necessary fact, even if we only *look at the contrary view*. What professions some make, and how long they keep them up! We have said of such and such a man, "If he is not a child of God, who is?" We have even wished that our soul were in his soul's stead when we have heard him pray, and marked the impressive devotion of demeanor; and yet, we have lived to see the very person we admired rolling in filth, character gone, and hope gone. This hap-

pens in the church sadly often. Whenever we see it, we may truly feel that "the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." If ever you see a Christian man, professedly so, suddenly disappear and melt away, you will say to yourself, "Ah! had it not been for grace divine it would have happened just the same to me, and my fellow-professors also."

The older we grow in the divine life, and the more earnestly we seek to exibit the character of a Christian, the more we shall feel that, if we had to go to this warfare at our own charges, it would be better for us that we had never been born. The life of many modern professors might be lived without supernatural help, but the life of a genuine Christian is a perpetual miracle, which could be wrought by none but the Lord God. True Christian life is produced by God Himself working mightily, even as when He made the world, or raised His Only-begotten Son from the dead. I say that this is a necessary fact, for there can be no salvation but that which is of the Lord.

III. In the third place, our text being true, that "salvation is of the Lord," this is

A Sweet Consolation;

for if my salvation is of the Lord, then I shall be saved. If it had been of anybody else, I should be lost. If man began, he might leave off before he had finished, for want of stores to go on with it, or because he had made a mistake, and changed his fickle mind; but when God begins, as surely as ever He opens the war, He will push on till He has won the victory. As surely as He lays the first stone, He will not withdraw His right hand till He has brought forth the top-stone, with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

This grand fact comforts us partly by leading us to believe in prayer. If the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord, then, whenever we get into any great trouble, we go to Him, and cry, "O Lord, my salvation is of Thee! I have come to Thee for it." When strong temptation seems to catch us, like birds in a net, and we cannot break loose, then we cry, "O God, salvation is of Thee alone! Help me. Thou canst. I look to Thee for it!" When our soul lies dead, as it sometime does, like this heavy weather—when there is little sun to brighten us, or air to enliven us, we feel inactive, and cannot stir. Oh, then it is most blessed in prayer to feel "all my fresh springs are in Thee, my Lord! Thou canst quicken me.

When evidences are bright, you know where you are; but at such a time you could tell that without them. It is easy to tell the time of day by a sun-dial, but then the sun must be shining: and when I am at home, and can see the sun, I know whereabouts the sun is at twelve o'clock, and therefore I do not want the sun-dial to tell me the time. Evidences are exceedingly good things when you do not want them, and they are of very little use when you do. Evidences are clear

When Christ is Present:

but when Christ is present you do not want their help; and when Christ is not present, evidences fail to comfort you. It is better to live by a daily faith upon Christ than to live upon evidences. They most readily turn mouldy, and then they are most unwholesome food. Live upon Christ, who is the daily manna, and you will live well.

You will be driven to such a life by the force of this blessed truth, that the salvation of the righteous, just as much as the salvation of the wicked, is of the Lord. A sinner cannot be saved by himself; neither can a righteous man. A sinner must look to the Lord for salvation; so much the righteous man. We are on one footing here—the rich saint as well as the poor sinner. Christ must be everything to one as well as to the other: and what a blessed thing it is that He is everything to us! Let us hourly make Him so.

IV. Fourthly, and very briefly, this doctrine is

A Reason For Humility.

"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." Are you saved, my dear brother? And do you know it? Then all idea of pride must vanish, for it is clear that you did not save yourself. It is none of your doing. Above all, do not begin to censure others; and when you see a poor brother down—ay, when you see a child of God who has erred, and grossly sinned, do not begin censuring him in bitterness, and giving him over to despair. If you had been in his case, you might have done worse. Do I speak harshly? Any man who says, "If I had been in that brother's place I should have done better," is a fool. He does not know himself. The probabilities are that he would have done worse. Ah, Sir Pharisee! you—yes, oh yes, you are a wonder! Marvellous is your purity! Splendidly you act!

What a Paragon You Are!

If you were to see in God's light, you would see that you are a mass of corruption, smelling of pride. That is what you are. The man who begins to exult over his fallen brother is the likeliest man to fall himself. He who points at a rent in his brother's garment is in rags himself. If we have stood fast amid temptation, we may bless God that we have done so; but we must not find fault with others as though there was some good thing in ourselves.

So, dear friends, we shall have to sing to a grave, sweet melody as long as we are here, whenever we touch the matter that concerns ourselves. When we get to heaven, we shall see then much more than we do to-night that salvation is of the Lord. Mr. Bunyan represents his pilgrim as going through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and even while he was in the darkness and horror of that defile he knew that he needed the Lord to help him. He felt that he had a terrible walk of it that night, when there was a bog on this side, and a quagmire on that, and hobgoblins and all sorts of horrid creatures all around: he knew that he needed divine aid. He held on his way, with his sword in his hand, and grasping the weapon of All-prayer, till at last he quitted that horrible place; and then he knew better than before how great was his necessity. He looked back when the morning rose, and till then he had not fully known what a place he had been traversing, and how great was the power which upheld him in his night-march. When we get to heaven, and look back upon our life below, we shall then see the wonders of delivering grace which at this time we do not fully appreciate.

V. I close with one more remark, and it is this: This text gives us

A Ground of Hope.

"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." Then I believe He will save *me*. I trust myself with Him, and thus I become righteous by faith; and, therefore, He will save me from my trouble and care. Brother, draw the same conclusion. Sister, draw the same conclusion. You are in a terrible condition just now. Everything has been going wrong. You do not know what to do. But "the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." He will bring you through. You are in good hands. The Great Pilot knows the navigation of the river of life better than you do. You cannot see a channel for your boat; there are snags everywhere, or quicksands, or rocks, or shallows. He knows all about it. Rest. Trust. Wait. Commit your way unto the Lord. There is personal comfort in the fact that our salvation is of the Lord.

Next, this ought to give hope about seekers. I see some brethren and sisters before me whose lives are spent in trying to encourage poor erring souls to return unto the Lord. Sometimes you are balked and defeated. Well, "the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." Surely, if the salvation of the righteous is to come from the Lord, much more must the salvation of poor seekers. Have hope about the vilest and worst of men. If there are any such here to-night, let them have hope, for if the Lord bids the righteous, in whom there is a measure of His grace, to look to Him for salvation, assuredly He bids you to do the same, for you have nothing of your own. If those who are righteous before God yet find their salvation in Him alone, where are you to look? You must look to the Lord also. Look to Jesus on the cross, and find salvation in Him; for the Lord Jesus redeemed with His precious blood all who trust in Him. O my dear hearer, come and cast yourself upon Him! "In due time Christ died for the ungodly:" so runs the word. Look to that wondrous death of the Son of God which redeems such as you are, and in your case too it shall be found that your salvation is of the Lord. May God bless you, and cause you to rejoice in His salvation!

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE EXILE*

WHEN the armies of Ferninand and Isabella had overcome the heroic resistance of the Moors, and the fair city of Grenada had surrendered to its Christian conquerors, the long train of defeated warriors, with their wives and children, passed in silence from their lost home, and took their way through the mountain passes toward the land of banishment, they could not bear to look upon the triumph of their victors. They turned their backs upon the city, and marched with downcast eyes among the hills. But when they arrived at the eminence which commands the last view of Grenada, the historian tells us that they paused involuntarily to take a farewell gaze at their beloved capital, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah Achbar!" (God is great), he said; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears. Even to this day that range of hills which commands the first and last prospect of Grenada, is known as "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro" (the last sigh of the Moor).

The story is beautiful, but how much more pathetic and exquisite is the narrative which the forty-second psalm brings to mind; and how much better does the mountain side of Hermon deserve the name of "The Last Sigh!" For here, also, we see a band of exiles going forth, after a brave but vain resistance from their fallen city. Here, also, we trace their dejected wanderings along the steep and rocky road which led them away from all that they held dear into a strange and distant country. And here, at length, we see them pausing, perhaps at the close of a weary day's march, in the land beyond Jordan, on the first lofty ridge of the eastern mountains, and turning for a long, parting look at their beautiful and beloved Zion. Among these same hills their father, Jacob, had seen his great vision of the hosts of God. Here, also, from Pisgah's height, their deliverer, Moses, had first looked upon the bright and beckoning landscape of the promised land. But now that landscape, fair as ever, breathed a mute farewell. It was the last look at the home of their love, the citadel of their pride, the shrine of their devotion. Every eye was dim with unshed tears, and the well-remembered outlines of the scene trembled and wavered like the edges of a dream. There was mourning and wailing of young and

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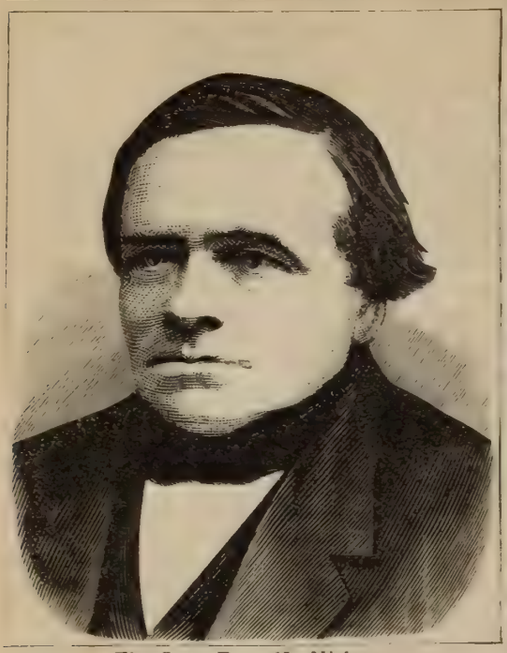
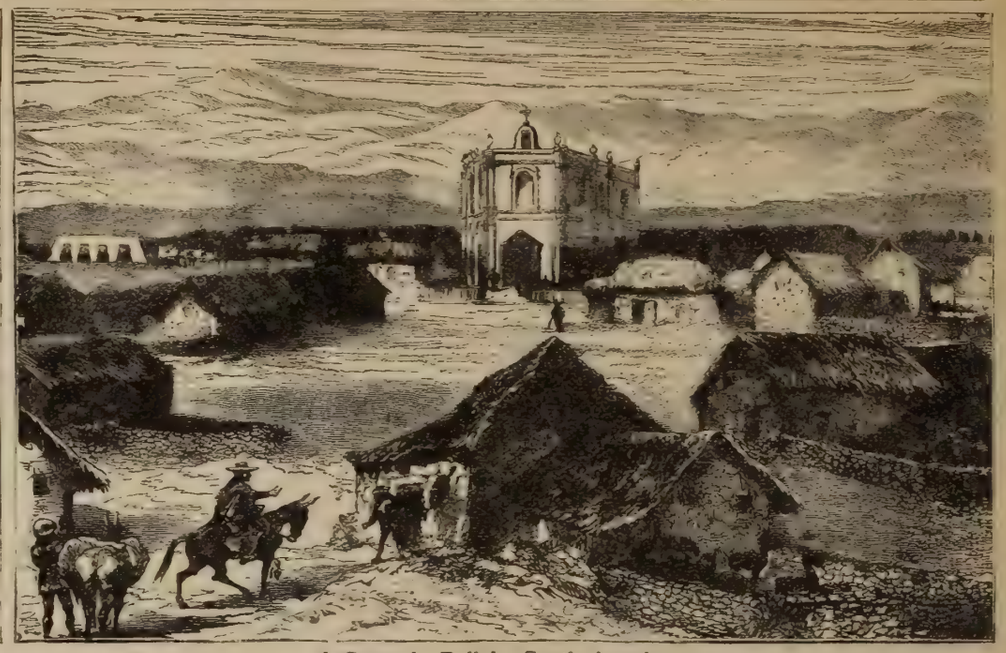
* From "The Story of the Psalms." By Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D., Jr. Pp. 259. Price, $1.50 Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway New York.



The Late Rev. N. Nielson.



A Scene in Bolivia, South America.

old, warriors and women, priests and princes—a cry went up like the confused lamentations of a household into which death has entered; and then, perhaps, when the wailing has died away a little, and the eyes of the people were feeding in silent hunger upon the vanishing scene, this sweet and plaintive song arose from the lips of some inspired minstrel, and floated out above the throng: "O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar, ... I will say unto God, my rock, why has thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?"

THE LATE REV. N. NIELSEN.

(See Portrait on this page).

THE eminently useful, devoted and courageous servant of Christ, whose portrait appears on this page, and whose long and beneficent life is now closed, was a man of so quiet and unassuming a character that the general public heard little of him; but he served One who knows all His servants, and is cognizant of all they do and suffer in His cause, His reward is certain. Niels Nielsen was a native of Denmark, where he was born at the little town of Galbjerg, on November 23, 1809, and died in his seventy-eighth year, at his homestead in Cloud county, Kansas, March 10, 1887. His father was a well-to-do farmer, whose seven children were trained in strict moral principles, and received a good secular education. His family belonged to the Lutheran Church and Niels received confirmation according to its rites in the year 1822, when he was thirteen years of age. Shortly afterward, through his father's death, the care of the farm and the support of his mother and five sisters devolved upon him and his brother, and right nobly did the two lads perform the duty.

As the years passed, an earnest desire to reach a higher and more practical realization of divine things took possession of young Nielsen and his brother. They attended some evangelistic services in their neighborhood, and at those meetings, when Niels was seventeen, he gave his heart to God. Persecution for conscience' sake began early in his Christian life, and in his experience was fulfilled Christ's saying, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." His mother strongly disliked any departure from the orthodox faith, and so extreme was her displeasure with her sons for attending the services that she turned them both out of doors. The same opposition to them was manifested in the village, and they failed to obtain shelter even for one night. They were restored, however, and by a strange way. Their mother retired to rest, strong in her conviction of the righteousness of her harsh conduct; but in the night she had *a remarkable dream*. She thought her dead husband came to her bedside and upbraided her for her severity. The dream impressed her so deeply that she rose and went forth in the night to seek her boys, found them and took them back to their home. They prayed earnestly for her conversion. and, ultimately, their prayers were answered.

The next ten years of Niels Nielsen's life were years of remarkable activity. Farm-work occupied much of the day, but in the evenings and on Sundays he was indefatigable in holding meetings in private houses, barns, or wherever he was able. In 1838 his services being no longer necessary on his mother's farm, he removed to Zealand, where he continued laboring for Christ and supporting himself by the labor of his hands. In that year he married an earnest. sincere Christian lady, who proved a true helpmeet to him, encouraging him in his Christian work, and frequently herself performing farm duties that he might have more time for teaching and preaching. They joined the Baptist Church and entered thoroughly into the ways of usefulness of that denomination. Eventually, as the way opened. an ever-increasing blessing attended Mr. Nielson's labors; he was received into the regular ministry, and, in 1842, was publicly ordained at Hamburg.

Under the auspices of the German missionary Association, Mr. Nielson commenced the most arduous and dangerous work of his life. He made regular missionary tours throughout the whole of Denmark, with occasional trips to Sweden and Norway, Some of his journeys into the country districts were made on foot, and in the winter he would use an ice-cutter and cross to the islands off the Danish coast. More than once he nearly lost his life by falling through thin ice, and arrived at his destination with his clothing frozen solid upon him.

These labors entailed not only fatigue and danger from the severe climate, but brought him into conflict with the government. The orthodox clergy were indignant at the Baptist doctrines being preached in their parishes, and rightly concluding that Mr. Nielsen was doing more than any one else to propagate them, they induced king Christian VIII. to authorize a prosecution of the Baptist missionary. He was arrested, tried and condemned to pay a heavy fine which he was unable to pay; his property was seized and sold. He was also required to give a pledge that he would refrain from baptizing. He gave the pledge and resumed his work, relegating the duty of baptizing converts to some local brother. This was deemed by the authorities an evasion of the pledge, and he was again arrested, and ordered to pay a fine of $275. Before this was collected the king died, and his successor, Frederic VII., issued an edict of toleration, under which the fine was remitted.

Mr. Neilsen's family by this time had grown to nine children, six of whom—five sons and a daughter—had emigrated, one after another, to America. They urged him to join them here, assuring him that he would have abundant opportunities here for Christian work. Accordingly, in 1865, he, with his wife and three children, crossed the Atlantic, and the whole family was reunited on this side. His departure was a sore grief to his church, who not only urged him to stay with them, but after he had been here some time, sent him a most liberal offer, begging him to return to them. This, however, he did not accept, as he had become pastor of the first Scandinavian Church of Chicago, and was also working among Danish immigrants in that city.

After four years' labor, he removed, in 1869, to Cloud county, Kansas, having a strong desire, now that he was sixty years of age, to spend the remainder of his life in the midst of his family. But he had no intention of passing his time in idleness. There were many Danes in the neighborhood, and he was soon able to gather a little church together, and erect a church building. He continued to preach there regularly, and occasionally at four other churches in the neighborhood, which were established by the Baptist Home Missionary Society, until 1878, when the sturdy health of the veteran began to fail, and he retired from regular ministerial duty. He still, however, preached occasionally, as his strength permitted, until last year, when he was completely prostrated. He died in March last, having faithfully served his Master in his day and generation, joyful, and strong in faith to the last.

A SCENE IN BOLIVIA.

(See Illustration.)

THE Republic of Bolivia in South America presents the unique and disadvantageous feature of having no seaboard, and as its topographical character renders the construction of railroads almost an impossibility, its vast wealth does not give it the prosperity which it would have if it had facilities of transportation.

The silver mines at Potosi are practically inexhaustible, and gold is found in considerable quantities in the mountain ranges. The population is estimated at about two millions exclu-

sive of a quarter of a million of wild Indians. Such religion as they have is Roman Catholic, but it exercises little influence over the people, and there is urgent need for systematic and earnest missionary work.

TOM'S GOOD NEWS.

(See Illustration.)

"Tom ain't at home, I see, Emma," said a short, stout, elderly woman, as she entered an extremely neat and clean room, where a younger woman sat sewing under the gaslight.

"No, mother," was the reply, "he went out just after supper to look after some of the men. His ship sails next Monday."

"Gone to the saloon, you mean. I know all about it. I always told you it was a bad lookout, you marrying a sailor. I guess you've found I was right."

"Tom's very good to me, mother. Nobody sha'n't say a word agin him. He's fond o' liquor and most sailors are that, but he ain't hard nor quarrelsome."

"Well, you made your own bed and you must lie on it. I don't blame you for stan'-ing up for your man. It's nateral. But don't you lie down and let him wipe his shoes on you. Let him see you've got some sperrit, and when he comes home full just you give it to him. You're a sight too easy."

Tom Welcomes Good Friends in a Time of Need.

Emma did not dispute the point; nothing was to be gained by arguing with her mother. She had no intention, however, of taking her advice. Whatever Tom might be, he was not likely to be improved by the treatment her mother recommended, and Emma knew it. Still, if Tom could be improved, what a blessing it would be! The gentle, patient, little woman who would not admit to any one else that Tom had his faults, cried over them in secret, and prayed day and night for the rough brute to whom she was so nobly loyal, hoping against hope for his reformation. She had been married only three years, and already her longing for Tom's ship to come in was tempered by the dread of his drinking bouts ashore. He was off on one now, she felt sure, and she cut her mother's visit short lest Tom should come in while she was there, and there should be a scene between him and "that spitfire," as he irreverently called his mother-in-law.

She sat sewing still, after her mother had gone, listening nervously for Tom's step. Oh! it is a sad and bitter thing that a wife should ever have reason for anything but joy in hearing the footfall of the man who has sworn to love and cherish her all his life. The tears that fell on Emma's work told a tale that was never told in words, though her mother was not the only one who suspected the truth. But Tom must not see she had been crying, and presently the brave little woman rose and washed her face, and was sitting down with a bright, cheery countenance when her husband opened the door. She stole a shy, timid glance at him as he entered, and he knew the meaning of it. Yes, he was sober to-night, but his conscience smote him. How many times he must have come home in a condition to cause fear, before his wife, who used to run to his arms, had got the habit of looking like that at him first!

"It's all right, to-night, my girl," he said, lovingly; "and, please God, it'll be all right from this on. Come and give me a kiss, Emma; I've brought you some news you'll like."

Emma needed no second invitation. She was coy once, and Tom used to have to beg for a kiss; but that was all past, and she was glad and thankful now if her caresses were not rejected. The invitation was doubly welcome.

"What is it, Tom? Have you been promoted?" she asked, seating herself on his knee, nestling in the embrace of his strong arm, and lovingly stroking his whiskered cheek.

"No, it ain't promotion; not in a sense," said Tom, thoughtfully. "Mebbe it'll lead to it, and I don't know but what you'll think it is promotion, too. Guess."

"Oh! don't tease. How can I guess?" said Emma, too glad of his affection to care much about his news.

"Well, I guess you'd hev to give it up, anyway; for it's about the onlikeliest thing under the sun. What 'dye think if y' heard I'd signed the pledge?"

"Oh, Tom! it ain't true. Don't fool me; it's too good to be true!"

"True it is," said Tom, stoutly; "and true it's goin' to continue, world without end, amen. What! crying? Well, I never! I thought you'd be glad."

"Glad ain't no name for it," said Emma; "Why, Tom, it's bliss, it's heaven! How did it happen?"

"Why, that's odd, too. We were all sitting in the old place to-night, when in walks a clergyman. Never saw a clergyman in that place before. Should not have been half so much surprised to see Satan himself come in. Well, we chaffed him a goodish bit, but he took it very well, and we left off when he said he'd come to invite us to supper. We went, you may be sure; and it was first-class, and plenty of it; but no drink. Well, after it was over, he began to talk quite friendly, though he was a real high-toned gentleman; but not a bit stand-offish. Well, the end was, he made us feel we were making fools of ourselves, and we, every one, signed the pledge. He was a smart man; he'd got the blanks ready in his pocket, as if he made sure he'd need 'em. That's all there is to it; only I'm a-going to hear him preach on Sunday."

"God bless him, Tom, whoever he is, and you, too; you've made me a happy woman to-night."

"That's right, my girl. Now, he made us promise we'd say a prayer when we got home, to ask God to help us hold on. I didn't object, though I ain't used to that sort o' thing, 'cause I knew you could do it, and we're one, ain't we? So now we'll do it, and I'll keep my promise."

Emma very gladly complied, for she knew that Tom would need God's help to resist the temptations of his life. She went with him, too, to church on Sunday, saw and heard Tom's friend, the clergyman, and silently invoked blessings on his head. Tom was to sail the next day, and she was a little anxious about how he would act when away from good influences. She went down to the slip and stood among the crowd looking at the ship, to see the last of him. It was a good thing she did so, for she got comfort from what she saw. Standing near the side was the very clergyman whom she heard yesterday. A lady, evidently his wife, was at his side, and they were going on the voyage, as she could see; and there, too, was Tom, with a group of sailors, cap in hand, bidding the young couple welcome. Ah! Tom would be all right now, with them on board. He would have help and encouragement at the beginning, when he most needed it. And Emma went home with joy and thankfulness in her heart, praising God.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 718.)

A Proposal Published—Prospectus of the Institution—Testimony to God's Faithfulness—The Basis of the Proposed Orphanage—Its Principles—A Review of the Year—A Statement.

November 28. I have been, every day, this week, very much in prayer concerning the Orphan House, chiefly entreating the Lord to take away every thought concerning it out of my mind, if the matter be not of Him; and have also repeatedly examined my heart concerning my motives in the matter.

December 2. I have again these last days prayed much about the Orphan House, and have frequently examined my heart, that if it were at all my desire to establish it for the sake of gratifying myself, I might find it out. The only reason which ever made me at all doubt as to its being of God, that *I* should engage in this work, is the multiplicity of engagements which I have already. But that which has overbalanced this objection in my mind has been: 1. That the matter is of such great importance. 2. That if the matter be of God, He will in due time send suitable individuals, so that comparatively little of my time will be taken up by it. Therefore, I have this day taken the first actual step in the matter, in having ordered bills to be printed, announcing a public meeting on December 9, at which I intend to lay before the brethren my thoughts concerning it.

December 5. This evening I was struck, in reading the Scriptures, with these words: "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it" (Ps. 81 : 10). Up to this day I had not prayed at all concerning the means or individuals needed for the Orphan House. I was now led to apply this Scripture to the Orphan House, and asked the Lord for premises, £1,000, and suitable individuals to take care of the children.

December 7. To-day I received *the first shilling* for the Orphan House. Afterwards I received another shilling from a German brother.

December 9. This afternoon the first piece of furniture was given—a large wardrobe. This afternoon and evening I was low in spirits as regards the Orphan House, but as soon as I began to speak at the meeting I received peculiar assistance from God, felt great peace and joy, and the assurance that the work is of God. After the meeting, 10s. was given to me. *There was purposely no collection*, nor did any one speak besides myself; for it was not in the least intended to work upon the feelings, for I sought to be quite sure concerning the mind of God. After the meeting a sister offered herself for the work. I went home happy in the Lord, and confident that the matter will come to pass though but 10s. has been given.

December 10. This morning I have sent to the press a statement which contains the substance of what I said at the meeting last evening. [For the sake of those who have not read it before, it is given here.]

Proposal for the Establishment of an Orphan House in connection with the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad.

Since the last report of the operations of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad was published, the Lord has sent us, in answer to prayer, brother John C——r, formerly a minister of the Establishment, as a city missionary, who goes from house to house, among the poor of this city, to converse with them about the things of God, to circulate the Scriptures among them, to get them to come to the adult school, if they cannot read, and to advise them to put their children to our schools, provided they go to no other. It was particularly gracious of the Lord to send this brother, nearly five months ago, as my brother and fellow-laborer, Henry Craik, has been for these eight months laid aside from the ministry of the Word on account of bodily infirmity, and has, therefore, been unable to take an active part in this institution. Thus I have not only found great help, but I have been greatly encouraged to enlarge the field. That to which my mind has been particularly directed is, to establish an Orphan House in which destitute fatherless and motherless children may be provided with food and raiment, and scriptural education. Concerning this intended Orphan House I would say:

1. It is intended to be in connection with the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, in so far as it respects the reports, accounts, superintendence, and the principles on which it is conducted, so that, in one sense, it may be considered as a new object of the Institution, yet with this difference, *that only those funds shall be applied to the Orphan House which are expressly given for it.* If, therefore, any believer should prefer to support either of those objects which have been hitherto assisted by the funds of this Institution, or the intended Orphan House, it need only be mentioned, in order that the money may be applied accordingly.

2. It will only be established if the Lord should provide both the means for it and suitable persons to conduct it. As to the means, I would make the following remarks. The reason for proposing to enlarge the field, is not because we have of late particularly abounded in means; for we have been rather straitened. The many gracious answers, however, which the Lord had given us concerning this Institution, led brother C——r and me to give ourselves to prayer, asking Him to supply us with the means to carry on the work, as we consider it *unscriptural to contract debts.* During five days we prayed several times, both unitedly and separately. After that time the Lord began to answer our prayers, so that within a few days about £50 was given to us.

I would also further say that the gracious and tender dealings of God with me, in having supplied, in answer to prayer, for the last five years, my own temporal wants without any certain income, so that money, provisions and clothes have been sent to me at times when I was greatly straitened, and that not only in small, but large quantities; and not merely from individuals living in the same place with me, but at a considerable distance; and that not merely from intimate friends, but from individuals whom I have never seen: all this, I say, has often led me to think, even as long as four years ago, that the Lord had not given me this simple reliance on Him merely for myself, but also for others.

Often, when I saw poor neglected children running about the streets at Teignmouth, I said to myself: "May it not be the will of God, that I should establish schools for these children, asking Him to give me the means?" However, it remained for two or three years. About two years and six months since, I was particularly stirred up afresh to do something for destitute children, by seeing so many of them begging in the streets of Bristol, and coming to our door. It was not, then, left undone on account of want of trust in the Lord, but through an abundance of other things calling for all the time and strength of my brother Craik and myself; for the Lord had both given faith, and had also shown by the following instance, in addition to very many others, both what He can and what He will do.

One morning, whilst sitting in my room, I thought about the distress of certain brethren, and said thus to myself:—"O that it might please the Lord to give me the means to help these poor brethren!" About an hour afterwards I had £60 sent as a present for myself, from a brother, whom up to this day I have never seen, and who was then, and is still residing several thousand miles from this. Should not such an experience, together with promises like that one in John 14: 13, 14, encourage us to ask with all boldness for ourselves and others for all that we need?

The Lord, for I cannot but think it was He, again and again brought the thought about these poor children to my mind, till at last it ended in the establishment of "The Scriptural Knowledge Institution, for Home and Abroad;" since the establishment of which, I have had in a similar way brought to my mind, first about fourteen months ago, and repeatedly since, but especially during these last weeks, to establish an Orphan House. My frequent prayer of late has been, that if it be of God, He would let it come to pass; if not, that He would take from me all thoughts about it. The latter has not been the case, but I have been led more and more to think that the matter may be of Him.

Now, if so, He can influence His people *in any part of the world* (for I do not look to Bristol, nor even to England, but to the living God, whose is the gold and the silver), to intrust me and brother C——r, whom the Lord has made willing to help me in this work, with the means. Till we have *them*, we can do nothing in the way of renting a house, furnishing it, etc. Yet, when once as much as is needed for this has been sent us, as also proper persons to engage in the work, we do not think it needful to wait till we have the Orphan House endowed, or a number of yearly subscribers for it; but we trust to be enabled by the Lord, who has taught us to ask for our *daily* bread, to look to Him for the supply of the *daily* wants of those children whom He may be pleased to put under our care. Any donations will be received at my house. Should any believers have tables, chairs, bedsteads, bedding, earthenware, or any kind of household furniture to spare, for the furnishing of the house; or remnants of calico, linen, flannel, cloth or any materials for wearing apparel, or clothes already worn, they will be thankfully received.

Respecting the persons who are needed for carrying on the work, a matter of no less importance than the procuring of funds, I would observe that we look for them to God Himself, as well as for the funds; and that all who may be engaged as masters, matrons and assistants, according to the smallness or largeness of the Institution, must be known to us as true believers; and moreover, as far as we may be able to judge, must likewise be qualified for the work.

3. At present nothing can be said as to the time when the operations are likely to commence; nor whether the Institution will embrace children of both sexes, or be restricted either to boys or girls exclusively; nor of what age they will be received, and how long they may continue in it; for though we have thought about these things, yet we would rather be guided in these particulars by the amount of the means which the Lord may put into our hands, and by the number of the individuals whom He may provide for conducting the Institution. Should the Lord condescend to use us as instruments, a short printed statement will be issued as soon as something more definite can be said, 4. It has appeared well to us to receive only such destitute children as have been bereaved of both parents.

5. The children are intended, if girls, to be brought up for service; if boys, for a trade; and therefore, they will be employed, according to their ability and bodily strength, in useful occupations, and thus help to maintain themselves; besides this, they are intended to receive a plain education; but the chief and especial end of the Institution will be to seek, with God's blessing, to bring them to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, by instructing them in the Scriptures.

Bristol, Dec. 10, 1835.

December 11. I have been enabled to pray all this week with increased confidence concerning the Orphan House, as it regards means, a house, suitable individuals to take care of the children, furniture, etc.

December 16. Brother C——r, whom the Lord has kindly allowed to stay above two months among us, to supply brother Craik's lack of service, left us to-day. How very gracious has the Lord been to us in this affliction! Many brethren have been sent to us as helpers for a little while—brother C——t for the greater part of the time, and brother C——r for more than two months. And, in addition to this, when brother Craik and I were both ill, the brethren were kept in peace, and there was a spirit of prayer among them.

December 31. This evening we had an especial meeting for prayer and praise. We continued together from seven till after twelve.

There have been received into the church at Gideon during the past year, 29; ditto Bethesda, 30—altogether 59. Of these 59, 30 have been brought to the knowledge of the Lord through the instrumentality of brother Craik and me. There are now, of those who have been begotten again through us, since we have been in Bristol, at Gideon 63, and at Bethesda 71—altogether 134. Besides this, several have fallen asleep in the faith, who never were in communion with us, and several of our spiritual children have joined other churches in and out of Bristol, and many are now standing as hopeful characters on the list of candidates for communion. There have been added to the church at Gideon, since we came, 125; to Bethesda, 163—altogether 288; so that the number of both churches would have been 356 (68 believers we found at Gideon), had there been no changes; but at present there are in communion with us 297—143 at Bethesda and 154 at Gideon.

As it regards the way in which the Lord in His faithful love, supplied my temporal wants, during the past year, I mention that I received —1. In free-will-offerings, given through the boxes, *as my part* £130 3s. 7d. 2. In free-will offerings given by believers in and out of Bristol, not through the boxes, £120 7s. 6d. 3. Towards the house rent I received from brother Craik, in consideration that he has no rent to pay, for nine months, £7 10s. 4. The presents sent to us in clothes and provisions, etc., were worth to us at least £27. Altogether, £285 1s. 1d.

January 3, 1836. This morning brother Craik spoke a little in public for the first time after about

nine months. January 6. To-day we had three especial prayer meetings, for the full restoration of brother Craik's voice. We had also, on January 7, 8, 9 and 10, especial prayer-meetings for brother Craik's full restoration.

January 16. To-day I put into the press another statement, containing a further account respecting the Orphan House.

(*To be Continued.*)

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for November 27. Matt. 12 : 1-14. Memory Text Matt, 12 : 12.

Ver. 1, 2. A Transgression of the Mosaic law—Luke Says there was Plucking and Rubbing in the Hands—The Pharisaic Slavish Bondage to the Letter of the Law—Characteristic of their Entire System—Ver. 3, 5. Christ's Larger Interpretation—The Law Broken Without Sin—No Sympathy with Formalism—Ver. 6, 8. The Keynote of the New Dispensation—Love of Christ the Higher Law—Ver. 9, 10. Would have Preferred the Man to Suffer Rather than the Law to be Broken—Modern Mission Work Hindered by Quibblers—Ver. 11, 12. Pharisaical Inconsistency Exposed—A Good Deed Permissible on the Sabbath-Ver. 13. The Lawgiver's Authority Proved by Miracle—Ver. 14. The Innovator Persecuted by the Orthodox—Liberal Teaching Always an offence to Formalists and Servile Dogmatists.

"THE Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath day." "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." Here is the keynote to God's thought of the Sabbath. After providing man with life, and placing within his reach food and shade, God's next provision, before the Fall had worked his ruin, was the Sabbath. One day in seven to be the Lord's day was

A Gift to Unfallen Man

in Paradise! God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it (Gen. 2 : 3). When, through the Fall, labor became a necessity to the unhinged, unstrung, restless being which sin had made of man, then the day of rest, the day of God, was an inestimable blessing to him, and served as God's witness that He had a claim upon His creatures, and, at the same time, as a standing witness of His mercy and love in suspending their labor for one day in seven. God has never withrawn His gift; it is a gift to the world, as well as to His own children, and even worldly politicians allow that it is good for a nation, good for man and beast to have rest one day in seven. But it is only the man who has the fear of God before his eyes who sees it good to consecrate one day in seven, specially to the service of God.

There is in the present day a great deal of controversy about the consecration of the Sabbath: Christians are getting more and more lax on this subject. The good old Puritan respect for God and holy things is dying out, and a kind of spiritual rationalism is taking its place. The question for the Christian is, "What does God will about the Sabbath?" The fourth commandment binds us to keep the Sabbath day holy, *i. e.*, God filled. Thus it expressly commands us to do all the work we have to do in six days. As regards the seventh day (with us Christians, the eighth day) "In it *thou shall not do any work*, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates." (Ex. 20 : 8–10). God gave the Sabbath "for perpetual covenant" to His people, and as a sign between Him and them, ordained, "Every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death." (Ex. 31 : 13–17). The people were forbidden to gather manna for their food on the Sabbath day, and God gave them to gather twice as much the day before. (Ex. 16 : 22–29). What then must God think of those who open their shops on Sunday, and of those who buy on Sunday? What must He think of those parents who give their children money to buy candies on Sunday, and so teach their little children to break the Sabbath? In the wilderness a man was found gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, Moses sought the Lord's counsel, and His terrible sentence was that the man must be put to death! God counted it doing presumptously, reproaching the Lord, despising His word, and breaking His commandment (Num. 15 : 30–36). "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath day." Who can say he opens his shop, and buys or sells on the Sunday in obedience

To the Lord of the Sabbath?

Who that does so can say, "In doing this, I am honoring the Lord's day? Nehemiah, in his day, found men "treading winepresses on the Sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and lading asses, as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day." He found also the cry of "Fish alive," and the costermongers busily plying their trade on the day which God had blest and sanctified to Himself. Nehemiah was a reformer, and he began with the great men, and boldly contended with the nobles of Judah, saying, "what evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?" God raise up Nehemiahs in our day! This man of God, whose very life was bound up with the cause of God, knew well the history of his people. He knew how God had declared, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shall honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shall thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, thy father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. 58 : 13, 14). But he saw men then, as now, adopting just as much religion as would serve their purposes, and minister to their own reputation among men, or their own self satisfaction. But when God's will crossed theirs, God's was to be sacrificed, and theirs was to stand! No doubt men were as clever then as they are now, in finding out reasons why they should disobey God, why they should call the Sabbath "a bore" instead of a "delight," why they should appropriate God's day to the doing their own ways, and finding their own pleasure, and speaking their own words. And, no doubt, in their day and generation, they were looked upon as large-hearted men who had escaped from narrow-mindedness and Puritan bondage!

But God has His own way of looking at things, and "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart" (1 Sam. 16: 7). And this is His testimony: "I gave them My Sabbaths

To Be A Sign

between Me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them. But . . . they despised My judgments . . . and My Sabbaths they greatly polluted (Ezek, 20: 12, 13, also ver. 16, 21; 22: 8). And His final charge against Jerusalem, at this point, was, "Her priests have violated My law, and have profaned My holy things; they have put no difference between the holy and profane, neither have they showed difference between the unclean and the clean, and have hid their eyes from My Sabbaths, and I am profaned among them . . , Therefore have I poured out Mine indignation upon them: I have consumed them with the fire of My wrath: their own way have I recompensed upon their heads, saith the Lord God (Ezek. 22: 20, 31). The terrible destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, when the "wrath of the Lord arose against His people

Till There Was no Remedy,

was connected with the desecration of the Sabbaths, both sabbath days and sabbath years. It was "to fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths; for as long as she lay desolate, she kept Sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years (2 Chron. 36 : 16, 21),

But many will object, "all that has been advanced is from the Old Testament, and treats of those who are under the law; *we* are under grace, and Jesus sets the example of greater laxity in the observance of the Sabbath. He healed on the Sabbath day." Blessed be His name, He did heal, and as often, or more often on the Sabbath day than on any other. But He did no *work* in His healing; there was no physician's knife used; no bandage applied, no plaster laid on, no drugs mixed and prepared: a word, a touch, and it was done.

In the days when our Lord was upon the earth, Judaism had become almost threadbare. There was the most scrupulous attention to external trifles: "the washing of pots and cups," the tithing of herbs, the breadth of phylacteries, and the *outward* observance of the Sabbath. But all this religiousness was but a shell; touch the conscience or the heart, and it all cracked up, and there was nothing left of it. The Pharisees were perpetually acting as

Self-Constituted Spies

upon Jesus and His disciples. The meals of the Saviour and His followers were not very regular, and, as they passed through the cornfields, the disciples "began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat." It was permitted by the law that one passing through standing corn might pluck it with his hand, but not put a sickle into it (Deut. 23 : 25). The Pharisees, who probably had made a very good dinner of food prepared on the previous day, immediately brought against Christ's disciples a charge of breaking the Sabbath. Christ meets them with two examples from Scripture. The one was that of David and his men eating the consecrated shew-bread, when they were hungry, and there was no other, and God did not reprove them; and the other was that of the priests themselves circumcising on the Sabbath day. And he said, "If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless. For the Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath day." But while disputing their hyper-scrupulosity, Jesus never set the example of buying or selling, of travelling, or of aught else, which would have robbed either Himself or another of the holy rest of the Sabbath. He did nothing which was not done for the glory of His Father. He did always those things which pleased Him.

Arrived at the synagogue, He found there a man whose hand was withered. The Pharisee spies knew the heart of Jesus for the sick and infirm and they were not slow to seize the opportunity for

A Point of Controversy.

It served their purpose, they thought, and warded off the soul-searching words of Jesus from them. Thus they asked Him: "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" Jesus put it to them, How they would treat a sheep which had met with an accident, whether it would be breaking the Sabbath to pull it out of a pit on the Sabbath day, especially if it was the owner's only property. And He argued, "How much then is a man better than a sheep? wherefore it *is* lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." Necessary food (perhaps a cold dinner, if possible), and kind help to those who are in need, are lawful on the Sabbath day. He said to the man, "Stretch forth thine hand." But it was withered; how could he? Just so does He say to the doubting one, "Believe," to the burdened one, "Give praise." He who gives the command, gives the power to obey. In the authority of that command over the disease which had maimed him, the man stretched forth his hand, "it was restored whole like as the other"—the Sabbath had not been broken, but a soul-Sabbath was entered into by the healed man. Glory to God!

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He cares for thee.

The thought great wonder with it brings,
My cares are all such little things,
But to the truth my glad faith clings,
He cares for me.

Yet, keep me ever in Thy love,
Dear Father, watch ng from above,
And let me still Thy mercy prove,
And care for me.

Cast me not off for all my sin,
But make me pure and true within
And teach me how Thy smile to win,
Who cares for me.

O still, in summer's golden glow,
Or wintry storms of wind and snow
Love me my Father: let me know
Thy care for me.

And I will learn to cast the care
Which like a heavy load I bear
Down at Thy feet in lowly prayer
And trust in thee.

For nought can hurt me, shade or shine,
Nor evil thing touch me, or mine,
Since thou with tenderness divine,
Dost care for me.

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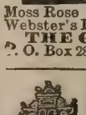

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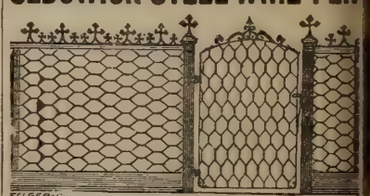

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THOMAS GUY AND HIS HOSPITAL.

A Recognized Duty—London Hospitals in the Seventeenth Century—Guy's Birth in 1644—Father's Death—Education at Tamworth—Return to London—Apprenticed to a Stationer—Goes into Business—Illicit Importation of Bibles—Contract with a University—Characteristic Incidents—His Penurious Habits—Hairbreadth Escape from Matrimony—Beneficence to a Would-be Suicide—His Speculation in Sailors' Tickets—The Hospital Built—Its Beneficent Work.

UNTIL sickness and suffering disappear from the world under the glorious millennial reign of Christ, the duty of the Christian to exert himself for the alleviation of the misery they bring is imperative. He who would tread in Christ's steps must move amongst the twin evils which in every age afflict humanity. He must, in loving every man as his brother, pay especial attention to those who are most in need of his help, ever remembering that the poor are Christ's specially appointed

Representatives on Earth,

whose wants the Saviour regards as His own, and whose benefactors will at the last day receive honorable recognition as men who have ministered to Christ Himself in ministering to the afflicted (Matt. 25 : 34–40). This duty is in our day recognized more generally than ever before, and our Red Cross societies, our Ambulance service, and our Hospital Collections prove the fact. The sketches therefore, which appear on the preceding page, with a brief sketch of the famous institution known as Guy's Hospital, in London England, with some account of its founder, will be of interest.

Prior to its foundation in 1724 now 163 years ago, with the exception of a few old houses which formed the germ of the future Westminster Hospital, the requirements of the sick and wounded of the British metropolis had been supplied by the two Royal hospitals of St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas, which were converted from religious—that is to say Roman Catholic—to secular institutions about the middle of the sixteenth century. They are situated respectively north and south of the river Thames.

Personal Details.

Thomas Guy was *born* in the Horselydown district of London, in 1644, near St. John's Churchyard, where his father carried on the trade of a lighterman and coal agent. His father's death, when he was only eight years old, induced his mother to remove from London with her family, of which Thomas was the eldest, to her native town of Tamworth, where he was educated. He must have formed friendly connections in the town during these student days, and have conceived an attachment for it, for when later in life prosperity came to him and he aspired to senatorial honors it was the little town of Tamworth that elected him its representative in Parliament. It thus secured to itself the honor of sending a distinguished man to the legislature, as a century later it was honored by being represented by the great statesman, Sir. Robert Peel. Thomas Guy appreciated the favor, and Tamworth afterward participated largely in his numerous benefactions. At the age of sixteen he returned to London, his mother, who had now married a second time, having apprenticed him for a term of eight years to a bookseller of the name of Clarke, whose place of business was situated in Cheapside, in the porch of the Mercers' Hall. It is generally understood that while engaged here the young philanthropist acquired those habits of business, and knowledge of men and affairs in general, which proved so serviceable to him in after life.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship Guy became a freeman of the Stationers' Company, and at once began

Business as a Stationer

on his own account, with a stock and fixtures valued at $1,000. He was specially fortunate in obtaining what must always have been considered an eligible site for business purposes, the corner house between Lombard Street and Cornhill, formerly known as "the lucky house," and which has long since been swept away in the march of city improvements. Guy, who remained *unmarried* all his life, lived over and behind his bookstall; and from the accounts of his contemporaries and neighbors, it would appear that he had always a keen eye to business, and used every honest effort to improve it. He furnishes an apt illustration of the truth of the wise king's words (Prov. 22 : 29), "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Guy's Eccentricities

were a source of amusement to his contemporaries. He appears to have been a man of extreme frugality, with habits that led people to set him down as a miser. Even after he grew wealthy, he abstained from the pleasures and luxuries which were common in his day, when Charles II. set the example of indulgence, which his people were prompt to follow. Under the stern rule of Cromwell, all public games and shows and amusements had been suppressed, but when "the merrie monarch" came to the throne, the rebound was all the greater for the vigor of the previous severity. Guy, however, took no delight in the common pleasure, and continued to live over his store in the most economical manner, his sole delight being to watch the growth of his hoarded wealth.

Contemporary gossip says that old newspapers served him for tablecloths, and that his furniture was of the poorest description. Persons calling upon him on business in the evening, found him sitting without a light, and when he had ascertained the nature of their business, if he found that it could be arranged in the dark he extinguished the candle he had lighted on their entrance, remarking that it was needless to burn a candle when no reading or writing was to be done.

His Escape From Matrimony

was a story that also amused his contemporaries. It seems that he employed but one female domestic, who faithfully served him from the days of his poverty to the time of his affluence, and she was as penurious as her employer. One day, it is said, Guy, in a rare fit of admiration and weakness, made this solitary servant an offer of marriage, which she promptly accepted. The wedding day was fixed, and probably if the event had occurred London would have never seen Guy's hospital. But a week before the day appointed for the ceremony, Guy went into the city on business, having previously given directions to some workmen who were repairing his dilapidated door-step. The servant went to the door to look at the progress of the work, and, thinking that a little more work might advantageously be done while the men were there, and that as she was so soon to become Mrs. Guy, she was entitled to a voice in the matter, gave the order, assuring the workmen that Mr. Guy would not be angry if they told him that she had instructed them to do it. But that order cost her a husband. Guy on his return was duly informed, and was moved to indignation and alarm. He perceived indications, in the act, of a disposition in his affianced wife to assume authority in matters of expenditure, and drew back while he had the opportunity. He refused to marry, and as actions for breach of promise were not at that time a weapon in the feminine armory, the relations of servant and employer were resumed, and Guy continued a bachelor to the end of his days. Yet though penurious he could be

Generous on Occasion.

One day, walking on London Bridge, he noticed a stranger, shabbily clad and with a most despondent manner, loitering about. Some resemblance in the man to himself impressed the bookseller, and he accosted the loafer. The man told his story, a pathetic history of misfortune, sorrow and misery, ending with the admission that he was waiting on the bridge for an opportunity to commit suicide. Guy remonstrated with him on his wickedness and folly, and finally being convinced that the miserable creature had the making of a man in him, he supplied him with capital and set him up in business. The result was eminently satisfactory, and Guy's benefaction ultimately proved a profitable investment even in a pecuniary sense.

About this time, the latter part of the seventeenth century, printing and paper were of such an inferior quality in England that London booksellers had to enter into partnership with printers in Holland for

The Supply of Bibles,

large consignments of which were periodically sent over from the Netherlands to the English market, Guy himself being one of the chief consignees in London. But the trade, however profitable it may have been to the venders, was not so to the King's printers, who with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had until about sixty years ago the exclusive privilege of printing and selling Bibles in England. Stringent measures were therefore taken to check the illicit traffic.

The Oxford authorities, however, being fully aware of the typographical deficiencies of the books they supplied, contracted with Guy to furnish them with a better article, and having supplied himself with the necessary materials from Holland, he produced a new edition, much superior to the old one in clearness of type and accuracy, and this he continued to supply to the University, to the advantage of the public and with profit to himself. But the income of a London bookseller at this period could never have raised sufficient money to build and endow a magnificent hospital, and it may therefore be inferred that Guy must have found other

Ways of Making Money

before he could have conferred his splendid benefaction upon his native city. One of these consisted in the purchase of "tickets" from the seamen of the Royal Navy, who had received them in lieu of money for their wages. At that time the wars with France and the extravagance of the Court had completely emptied the treasury. No money was there to pay the men who had fought for their country, and the Government paid them in notes to come due at a future date. The poor sailors could not afford to wait, and were glad to find such men as Guy to turn them into money at a discount. If the government had ever redeemed those notes, Guy had bought so many that he would have gained a large fortune by the operation, but, instead, the Government paid for them, with consent of the holders, in shares in a gigantic speculation known as the South Sea Company. The rage for these shares became so wild that the price rose to ten times their face value, and Guy sold his at that rate a short time before the bubble burst, and so escaped the ruin that fell on other holders. He thus became rich beyond his wildest dreams. Then

The Project of the Hospital

became practicable. Guy had set his heart on immortalizing himself in his native city by founding a hospital which should bear his name and carry his fame down to future generations. He had no child to live after him, and if he had, he might be unworthy; but this institution would live and speak of him to thousands whose wants and sufferings would be relieved there, and men would call down blessings in gratitude on his name. He was seventy-six years old, and, realizing that no time was to be lost, he set about the work. In 1720 he purchased two entire city blocks on which stood a number of wretched hovels, and securing the assistance of a competent architect, he cleared the land and erected a building capable of accommodating *four hundred patients*. The excellence of the design is praised by all modern architects. With the exception of the lowness of the ceilings, the arrangements are perfect. Ventilation without draught, readiness of access, conveniences of operating, protection from noise in a noisy city, everything that could make the hospital what it was intended to be—a blessing to the suffering poor of a great city—was foreseen and provided

for, and there it stands to this day, a model building.

Thomas Guy did not live to see it in actual use, but he did have the satisfaction of seeing the exterior completed. Shortly after the roof had been finished, and Guy saw the structure, now so familiar to Londoners (*See Illustration No.* 1), standing as his monument and declaring his beneficence to his fellow-citizens, the physical strength of the man failed, and on December 27, 1724 the philanthropic octogenarian lay down and died.

The Development of the Hospital

has gone steadily forward since Guy's death. About a century after that event another philanthropist bequeathed $900,000 to its endowment fund, and new wings were added, one of which contains the "Mary" ward so well known to a neglected class of patients (*See Illustration No.* 2). The Hospital has also done excellent work indirectly in training medical students, who after graduation go to various parts of the country to practice their profession. Relays of these "clinical students" are constantly in attendance, and going from one patient to another (*See Illustration No.* 5), efficiently supplementing the attentions of the regular staff while gaining knowledge and experience for themselves. This was an innovation when commenced at Guy's hospital, for before that time young men went to their duties with a theoretical knowledge only. It was soon found, however, that the student whose training consisted only in listening to the lectures of the professors in the universities, was far less capable of alleviating suffering and performing difficult operations in an emergency than he who had been trained in actual duty by attendance in the wards of Guy's hospital. Since that time the practice has become general.

Some idea of the usefulness of the institution may be gained from the statement that

Five Thousand Patients

annually are admitted to in-door treatment, forty thousand out-door patients are attended to, and about *one hundred accident cases every day* are received in the accident ward and their injuries treated by skilled surgeons. Many of these cases are children, and they go into the children's ward as they become convalescent, and their parents and friends visit them there and relieve the nurses of the duty of amusing them (*See Illustration No.* 3). An important feature of the hospital is its sisterhood of trained nurses. Each ward in Guy's is superintended by a lady, trained as a nurse in the building, who is called a Sister. Under the sisters are placed as many nurses as are required to conduct the ordinary business, who alternate night with day at stated intervals. Besides *probationers*, *ward-maids*, and *scrubbers*, there is in nearly every ward a lady-probationer, or pupil assisting the nurses, performing the same routine of duties, and who is rewarded with a certificate at the end of a year if she has performed her duties satisfactorily. They are especially useful in the women's ward, where their presence and kindly sympathy encourage the patients (*See Illustration No.* 4), who in the presence of the busy surgeon and his assistant would lose heart were it not for the comfort of having support from one of their own sex.

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Rabbi's Knowledge of the Bible.—The Rev. Mr. Bremrick, a converted Dutch Jew, remarks: "I heard of an aged Hebrew Rabbi, who was said to know his Bible so well that he could take an iron pin, and, piercing his Bible with it, tell exactly every word and letter through which it passed. But unusual as such knowledge is, and it is really marvellous, yet that was only knowing the Bible, and the Bible, though God's own book, is not the way to heaven; it is only that which tells of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Lord Jesus. The Apostle says: 'This is eternal life, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.'"

Annie's Prayer for Her Uncle.—A Christian worker says: "A little girl got converted, and she went to God to pray for an ungodly uncle. 'Oh, Lord,' she prayed, 'if my living and speaking for Christ in the house will not save him, then, Lord, let me die if my death will win him for Thee.' She fell ill. The doctor came, and soon announced that she was dying. As Annie was approaching her end, and her parents and uncle were standing near her bed, she looked up brightly, and sweetly said, 'I'll tell Jesus that father and mother are coming soon.' Then addressing her uncle, a hardened sinner for forty years, she inquired, 'What have I to tell Jesus from you?' He remained silent for a moment, then breaking down, said with much emotion, 'Tell Jesus your uncle is coming too.' So the death of that dear child *was* used by God for the conversion of her ungodly uncle; her prayer was answered, as all true, earnest, unselfish prayers are."

Cleaning a House for Christ's Sake.—The Rev. Mr. Ross relates: "I was visiting an aged Christian lady the other night, who told me she had had a visit from a young Christian girl in all the ardor of her first love to Jesus. The girl, when she awoke that morning, began to think that perhaps the dear old lady, whom she had seen the night before, might need some one to help her. So she rose at a very early hour, and went down to the house. She found the aged Christian in bed, but awake, and the smile with which she was greeted amply repaid her. After having given the lady some refreshment, she cheerfully set about cleaning the house, and when everything was in order she departed, but not without leaving a bright ray of sunshine behind, for she left her aged friend happy for the rest of the day. It was the religion of Jesus Christ that did that. The heart of the young girl was so full of love to Christ that it overflowed upon all around, and by the giving of a degree of happiness she secured a large measure of joy herself."

Salvation Instead of Suicide.—Mr. Brealey, whose work for Christ among the Blackdown Hills, Somerset, is well known, thus writes: "I was made to feel the impotency of a man's words the other day. I was endeavoring to make plain the way of salvation to a man, who listened to what I had to say, when he replied, 'I appreciate your good intentions, but I do not wish for the article you recommend; I am satisfied with what I have.' I replied, 'I did not recommend you an article, but a personal Saviour; not religion, as you are pleased to call it, but Christ.' He replied, 'I do not want a Saviour, I can save myself;' and so he fled from my presence. I could only pray that the Lord may deal with him, and show him his need. But the very next man I spoke to said, 'What a mercy it was for me that the Lord caused you to speak to me. I was all but damned, and was *just about to kill myself*, but was turned from my purpose by a little conversation with you. You were relating an incident of a man you knew, who was about to cut his throat, under the influence of drink, when a lady knocked at the door to invite the man to a meeting for workingmen. The knock at the door frightened the man, so he let the razor fall; and that was the means of his going to the meeting, which ended in his salvation. I felt very uncomfortable while you were speaking, and when you turned to me you said, 'And He can save you!' That saved my life, sir, and I shall have to bless God for those words, 'He can save you.' 'And has He saved you?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied, 'He has; and I find much joy in seeking to tell others of that same Saviour."

A Debt Paid in Answer to Prayer.—A man who recently sent a gift to Mr. George Muller for his orphanges gave the following account of it: "Dear Sir: I wish the cheque to be used as you think fit for the Lord's work. Perhaps I ought to mention the circumstances under which I send this little amount. It was a debt owed for many years, and I sent many bills and asked for the money, without effect. About a year ago I was informed by a friend that the man who owed the money to me never paid his debts without a county court summons, and that, if I used this means, I should be sure to get it, as several persons had proved. When I heard this, my prayer was, 'Lord, lead me not into temptation,' as I considered such a course would not become me as a child of God. Some months ago I felt stirred up to pray concerning this debt, and had faith to believe I should get the money; and I resolved that when the money was paid it should be sent on to you. On Saturday last the man called on me, saying he wished to pay me, which he did, and I now send the money, as I promised the Lord."

Confessing Christ in a Police Office.—Mr. Clyde, an evangelist, observes: "I was called in to visit a person in the police office a few days ago. He was a clever, cultured, intelligent man, but drink had mastered him, and had dragged him down to the lowest depths. His condition was so miserable that it had awakened the sympathy of the officer in charge. When I arrived he had been repeating poetry of his own composition, and they said to me, 'If that man were converted to God he would get on.' The poor man, on hearing this, moaned, 'Oh, if somebody would just take me in hand and give me a chance!' 'But,' I interposed, 'the first sixpence you got you would spend it on drink, and there would be an end of your good resolution!' Then I spoke to him of his duty toward God, and after a little further talk he professed to give himself to Christ. A suit of clothes was given him, and as he came out he said, 'I am clean once more outwardly and inwardly.' He has not tasted drink since, though it has often been put in his way as a temptation. He obtained a small book called, 'Learning to Float,' and he says that now, thank God, he has learned to float by doing nothing but just resting on the Lord, and exercising trust."

An Expelled Son Reconciled.—Rev. Mr. Allan narrates: "A worthy old couple had an only son, and, like too many similarly circumstanced, he was spoiled in his infancy. When he grew up he departed year by year further and further from the paths of righteousness, until at length his father was compelled to order his boy out of the house. He went away, saying he would never return until his father asked him to come back. The mother grieved much over her son's absence, which so preyed upon her mind as seriously to imperil her health. Then she pleaded with her husband to ask their son to return, but he was obdurate. 'No,' he replied, 'I cannot.' The husband held out long, but when he saw his wife was really dying, he yielded, and sent for his son, who came immediately. While the son was talking with his mother, the father entered the sick-room. His wife beckoned him to come, but hanging his head he sullenly walked to the window. The son walked to the other side to let his father approach the bed. His wife took his hand in hers, and calling her son over, took his hand in her other, and then placed that of her son in the father's, and thus father and son were reconciled over her deathbed. Similarly the wanderer from God is reconciled to his heavenly Father over the dead body of Christ, who has laid down His life that such a reconciliation might be made."

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning Nov. 20, 1887.

"Till a dart strike through his liver." Prov. 7 : 23.

The God-built Castle of the Body—The Siamese Twins of Body and Soul—Two Fortresses—The Liver the Fortress of the Furies—I. Responsible for Depression of Spirit—Consecrated Men Needing a Physician—The Devil's Favorite Point of Assault—Two Aspects of a March in Italy—The Melancholy of Good Men—The Opportunities of the Christian Physician—II. The Organ in Which Wild Oats are Sown—Religion Changes the Heart, Not the Liver—Mortgages to the Devil—Infernal Squatter Sovereignty—Too Late All Through—Suggestions for an Epitaph—Glorious Wounds—Frelinghuysen's Martyrdom—Enlistment too Late for Service.

SOLOMON'S anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly three thousand years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than one thousand years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered sixteen hundred and nineteen years after Christ, for when Solomon in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day doctors Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important function in

The God-Built Castle

of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which God conducts the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps. Solomon knew of it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post-mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until with the fiat of Almighty God it bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commends to the grave, and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till the dart strike through the liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you this morning the Gospel of Health. In taking diagnosis of the diseases of the soul you must also take the diagnosis of the diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a doctor, and he discourses much of the physical effects, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the Gospel, so that the five thousand were fed: and records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous postmortem resuscitation. And any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the door-keeper of Congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip the Fifth of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey expired as a result of Henry the Eighth's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We might as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart the fortress of the graces, the liver

The Fortress of the Furies.

You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generosities, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God, because they suffer from *depression of spirits*. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged and his hope of heaven blotted out and himself plunged chin deep in the slough of despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness, No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books and Cecil's books and Baxter's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart, it is a gastric disorder or

A Rebellion of the Liver.

You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeball, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. *The devil is after you.* He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he ruffles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. You are just as sure of heaven as though you were there already. But Satan finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand, and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crab-apple. You are just as good now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at five o'clock to pray and sing "Hallelujah, 'tis done!"

My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled: "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated followed by the victors, A description of the march of each army is given by

Two Correspondents

of the London *Times*, one of whom travelled with the successful host, the other with the defeated, The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events, is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day, and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions, and all sorts of rural dainties, There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the author. 'One condition only: The French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated.'"

So my dear brother, the road you are travelling is the same you have been travelling a long while, but the

Difference in Your Physical Conditions

makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London *Times*, from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the Mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Glorious William Cowper was as good as good could be, and will be loved in the Christian Church as long as it sings his hymn beginning: "There is a fountain filled with blood," and his hymn beginning: "Oh, for a closer walk with God," and his hymn beginning: "What various hindrances we meet," and his hymn beginning: "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet so was he overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab-driver who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to

The Christian Physician,

for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call on not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven. Ah, that is *the kind of doctor I want* at my bedside when I get sick, one that can not only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households. And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues.

Dear old Dr. Skillman! My father's doctor, my mother's doctor, in the village home. He carried all the confidences of all the families for ten miles around. We all felt better as soon as we saw him enter the house. His face pronounced a beatitude before he said a word. He welcomed all of us children into life, and he closed the old people's eyes when they entered the last slumber. I think I know what Christ said to him when the old doctor got through his work. I think he was greeted with the words: "Come in, doctor. I was sick and ye visited me!" I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying, and some of the students of the medical colleges are here to-day, and I hail you, and I ordain you to the tender,

Beautiful, Heaven-Descended Work

of a Christian physician, and when you take your diploma from the Long Island Medical College, to look after the perishable body, be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the gospel in persuading good people that it is *not because God is against them* that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, was no more pious when he called on everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, and from snow flake to hurricane, to praise God, than when he said: "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto Thee, O Lord," or that Jeremiah was any better when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lamentations," or that Job was any better when he said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than when covered over all with the

pustules of elephanti as he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off with a broken piece of pottery: or that Alexander Cruden, the concordist, was any better man when he compiled the book that has helped ten thousand students of the Bible, than when under the power of physical disorder he was handcuffed and straitwaistcoated in Bethnal Green Insane Asylum.

"Oh," says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul. He ought to live so near to God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice; but I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice, has a sound liver. Thank God for

Healthful Hepatic Condition,

for, just as certainly as you lose it, you will sometimes, like David, and like Jeremiah, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Cruden, and like ten thousand other invalids, be playing a Dead March on the same organ with which now you play a Toccata.

My object at this point is not only to emolliate the criticisms of the well against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilious what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path to heaven is not arbored with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed under with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong read. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians morbid about their experiences, and morbid about their business, and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Where Wild Oats Grow.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats, and afterwards Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at eighty, erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between eighteen years and thirty? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O, young man, that while in after life, and after years of dissipation you may perhaps have your heart changed, *religion does not change the liver*. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent, and decayed, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were thirty. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and

A Third Mortgage to the Devil;

and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfilment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. That has *a Sinai, but no Calvary*. Solomon in my text knew what he was talking about. He had in early life been a profligate, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries.

Stephen A Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out West and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your heart before you get to twenty-five years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an

Infernal Squatter Sovereignty.

"I promise to pay at the bank five hundred dollars six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life thirty years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

What? Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity; but get the liver thoroughly damaged and it will stay damaged. Physicians call it cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure, and says: "Till the dart strike through his liver."

Hesoid seemed to have some hint of this when he represented Prometheus, for his crimes, fastened to a pillar and an eagle feeding on his liver, which was renewed again each night, so that the devouring went on until finally Hercules slew the eagle and rescued Prometheus. And

A Dissipated Early Life

assures a ferocity pecking away and clawing away at the liver year in and year out, and Death is the only Hercules who can break the power of its beak or unclench its claw. So, also, Virgil and Homer wrote fables about vultures preying upon the liver; but there are those here with whom it is no fable, but a terrific reality.

That young man *smoking cigarettes and smoking cigars* has no idea that he is getting for himself smoked liver. That young man has no idea that he has by early dissipation so depleted his energies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Napoleon lost Waterloo days before it was fought. Had he attacked the English army before it was reinforced, and taken it division by division, he might have won the day, but he waited until he had only one hundred thousand men against two hundred thousand. And here is a young man who, if he put all his forces against the regiment of youthful temptations, in the strength of God, might drive them back, but he is allowing them to be reinforced by the whole army of mid-life temptations, and when all these combined forces are massed against him, and no Grouchy comes to help him, and Blucher has come to help his foes, what but immortal defeat can await him?

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands are making, in opening

The Battle Against Sin

too late, for this world, too late, and for the world to come, too late. What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost fifteen minutes early on the route, and that affected them all the way; and they had to be switched off here and switched off there, and detained here and detained there; and the man who loses time and strength in the earlier part of the journey of life, will suffer for it all the way through—the first twenty years of life damaging the following fifty years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvas different parts of the human body when healthy and the same parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country, showing to our young people on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe, and the dart strike through his liver.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the Gospel of Health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you, in the name of God, and Christ, and usefulness, and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone

A Truthful Epitaph,

it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers;" or it will be: "Behold what chicken salad at midnight will do for a man;" or it will be: "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence;" or it will be: "Thought I could do at seventy what I did at twenty, and I am here;" or it will be: "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet;" or it will be: "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats;" or, instead of words, the stone-cutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone, two figures, namely, a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from over-work for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen

Wounds That Were Glorious.

After the battle of Antietam, in the hospital, a soldier in reply to my question: "Where are you hurt?" uncovered his bosom and showed me a gash that looked like a badge of eternal nobility. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

Frederick T. Frelinghuysen,

the pride of New Jersey—aye, of the nation—and one of the pillars of the Christian church, and for nearly four years practically President of the United States, although in the office of Secretary of State, in his determination to make peace with all the governments on this American continent, wore himself out, and while his brain was as keen as it ever was, and his heart beat as regularly as it ever did, he was, according to the bulletin of his physicians at Washington and Newark, dying of hardening of the liver. Satan, who does not like good men, sent a dart through his liver. The last time, my dear friend—for he was my friend and my father's friend before me—the last he was seen in Washington was in the President's carriage, leaning his head against the shoulder of the President on his way to the depot to take the train to go home to die. Martyr of the public service, he died for his country, though he died in time of peace. In his earlier life he was called the nephew of his uncle Theodore Frelinghuysen, but he lived to render for God and his country a service that will make others proud to be his nephew, and which will keep his name on the scroll of history as the highest style of Christian statesman that this century has produced. If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No! No! One of the most

Pathetic Scenes

that I ever witness and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emanuel. When the high-mettled cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with champing bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ring-boned and spring-halt, he rides up to the great Captain of our Salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crashing the battle-axe through the helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of breaking up their indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes; for they will get to heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting-house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon:

"'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young."

THE MILLENNIAL WORLD EXHIBITION.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

A Unique Enterprise—The World Metropolis—The People—One Race from Many Lands—How They will Become Homogeneous—Their Centralizing Force—Contributions from all Lands—Their Immense Wealth—Palestine to be the Earth's Treasury—A Curious Architectural Spectacle—A Godly City—The Ark and the Stones of the Law may be Found—Certainly Still in Existence—The Return Commenced—The Magnetism of the City—Facilities of Travel Prepared.

WORLD exhibitions have been held in Berlin, London, Paris and New York, and as we all know are institutions of modern times, producing great national improvements, and a cosmical intercourse of nations.

The most unique world exhibition has yet to come, and is in store for the nations of the world, when Israel shall be gathered in their land of Canaan, and when Jerusalem shall be the metropolis of the whole earth. (Isa. 62: 7, 65: 18. Jer. 33: 9.) "And it shall be to Me a name of joy, a praise, and an honor before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them."

To take a ramble through this wondrous scene of the future, and to bring this interesting subject into the light of present day thought will be our endeavor.

The People.

The Holy land with Jerusalem as its Metropolis will once be the object, the attraction, and the desire of all nations. (Zech. 14.) It will be a curiosity to see a nation "*a diversity in unity*," a people gathered from all countries, and from all lands; to look at the Israelites arrived from the Flowery Kingdom, and Orient dwelling with the opulent refined Jews migrated from Spain, England, and America, mingling themselves with the colored Jews of Ceylon and Tangier, and living in peace with the Caraite and Polish Jew. It may be called, *a world exhibition of "one nation"* as never before was exhibited. It will indeed afford an interesting study to become acquainted with their singular customs, usages, and diversified manner of dress, and how easy it will be for the children of Abraham to become a homogeneous people, and adapt themselves to their circumstances.

Centralization.

Another fact will draw the attention of the nations, namely, that the returned Jews shall possess and be acquainted with the arts and sciences, and the curiosities of ages; and how they have accumulated stores of wisdom and experience. The Chinese, Japanese and Oriental Jews knowing the secrets of China and Hindoostan, associated with the Jews of the occident will profit of their experience in machinery, and great developments may be expected. In Agriculture, in Botany, in Horticulture and other arts, the returned Isralites will bring a wealth of knowledge and discoveries from the lands visited in their Diaspora. Especially, in Astronomy, Jurisprudence, Physics, and in many curious arts, in which the Jews are experts, will be subjects of the closest attention. The acute, penetrating eye, ear and cultivated mind, of *thousands of Jewish Savants*, having a cosmetic experience and sagacity, all drawn as it were into "a focus," must be an event worthy the attention of all civilized nations, and no doubt it will be. In Micah. 5: 7 is said "And the remnent of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord."

A Land of Wealth.

When Israel went out from Egypt, "They" asked "of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold and raiment." (Exod. 12: 35,) and went out loaded with gifts and wealth from the land in which they had been strangers and in bondage. We do know, as a certainty, that when Israel shall bid farewell to the nations, and depart to their own land, that they shall go loaded with "the wealth" of the nations, "gold, silver and precious stones." (Isa. 60: 16, 17: "Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings." And to accomplish this fact, the God of Israel has brought to light in this *nineteenth century the hidden treasures of the globe* the gold mines of America and Australia, the diamond-fields of Africa and the treasures of Asia, and Israel has reaped already a golden harvest, and this is only the beginning of "*the gathering*," spoken of in Zech. 14: 14; Israel must be paid and receive an equivalent for their labor of the ages past. And when returned, the "wealth" of the Gentiles and that of their kings shall be brought." (Isa. 60: 11. Ps. 72: 10.) Palestine will be *the treasury vault of the earth*, and consequently the nations will manifest an anxiety to see that country and come from afar.

Architecture.

It must be indeed a curious city and environs, where the lovers of the pagodas and Eastern minarets live together with persons who have an inclination and desire for Western architecture and Western improvements. No doubt the East will join hand with the West, and no doubt a unity and yet a diversity will be seen in tastes and enjoyments. The description of Jerusalem found in the Prophets and in the Revelation, directs our attention to order beauty and glory. Hygiene will be a prominent feature in the commonwealth of Israel; temperance and cleanliness will be applied in all things; natural and spiritual laws will be observed and architecture of course must and will occupy a prominent place among the people.

Spirituality.

That spiritual-mindedness shall be the portion of Israel above all the nations of the earth is a fact undeniable. In Rom. 11: 26 "And so all Israel shall be saved." In Heb. 8: 11 the Lord says: "For all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." In Ezek. 43: 4–5, "The glory of the Lord came into the house, and filled the house." In Isa. 30: 26, their light shall be "as the light of seven days." Isa. 25: 6–7, "the vail" shall be taken away. The prediction of Christ, which we find in Matt. 23: 39, will then have its fulfilment, "For I say unto you, ye shall not see Me henceforth, till ye shall say: Blessed is He, that cometh in the name of the Lord." It is not our design, at this time, to speak about the personal return of our Lord to His throne and people. Our aim is but to speak of the intellectual and spiritual-mindedness of Israel, and their great privileges, which will at that time stimulate the nations to visit Jerusalem and Canaan; and in that connection, we point out archæology, the great revealer of secrets and the witness of the truth of Jehovah. We fondly hope that *the stones* and the *parchments*, on which the Mosaic laws were written, will be found, and every problem will be solved; and that the Hebrew-Chaldean Aramean *characters* yet will be seen in their *originality*. In the hands of Israel, the greatest linguists of all nations, the wealth of the language will shine, and the plenary inspiration will be fully acknowledged and every dark sentence in the Bible fully explained.

No Dream.

The return of the Jews to Palestine, and the going of the nations is not a dream, neither is it "one of the Thousand and One Arabian Night stories;" it is an event already in accomplishment Jerusalem with her fourteen thousand Jews can already be called a Jewish city under Moslem rule, visited from year to year by a multitude of representatives of many nations; already that land of Canaan and the City of Jerusalem have an attraction, not experienced since the times of the Crusaders.

Not only the true followers of the Lord Jesus are looking to the East—the followers of Mohammed, according to their Koran, believe that Jesus will return to Jerusalem, and call that place the Holy City. There is an idiosyncracy among Jew, Greek, Catholic and Protestant to look upon Jerusalem as a magnetic city. There is a sentiment slumbering in the mind of nations about Jerusalem that cannot be explained but by the student of prophecy; and, indeed, it cannot be denied: that the way to its fulfilment is already pre-eminently prepared. It is only seventy years ago, since the first steamboat was launched, and now, as by magic "steam engines" have shortened the distance; the telegraph has annihilated, as it may be said, time and distance; and the telephone brings every place in speaking distance. Every thing is concentrating, and drawing *to one focus*. Already a cosmical spirit is observed, a spirit for travel is growing rapidly, and an unrest is found in the movement of nations and people.

Shall a kind Providence provide all those means for the use of commerce and for the pleasure of sinful men, and lose sight of the future? We answer: all those great improvements of the nineteenth century are made to accelerate the great and coming events in the kingdom of our Lord, and the return of Israel to Canaan.

The Caravan.

Finally, we hear in John 12: 20, that Greeks desired to see Jesus. We do know that Islam has Mecca, the Roman Catholics, Rome and Loretto; that Ireland has Knock. It seems that the love of "going up to some shrine is deeply buried in the hearts of the multitude"—and who, we ask, can reasonably doubt, that the prophecy found in Zech. 14: 16–17, shall remain unfulfilled? We emphatically declare: God shall bring to pass, that great event: "That nations shall even go up from year to year to Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, and to keep the feast of Tabernacles." What a joyous time that shall be, to do homage to Him, whom we love supremely; and when that glorious anthem will be sung in the most melodious voice:

O! sing in joyful strains
In songs His truth made known;
God over all the nation reigns,
High on His holy throne.

The heirs of Gentile thrones
With Abram's children meet,
The shields of earth Jehovah owns;
Exalted is His seat. (Psalm 47. S. M.)

EXCOMMUNICATION BRAVED.

MISSIONARY work in the United States of Colombia has of late been restricted almost entirely to the city of Bogota, owing to the difficulties of travel and the unsettled state of the country. The Gospel, however, has made its way into the country, through pupils in the mission schools at Bogota going to reside in other cities. Recently, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell have ventured on a tour, which they describe in a letter to the *Church*, and have been surprised to find what their former pupils have been enabled to do. They encountered opposition in every place from the Roman Catholic priests, but were not driven back, and in many places were welcomed in spite of them. Mrs. Caldwell says:

"The war the priests make against the Bible is something surprising. From Tunja they sent word to one place and another, and the priests of each place have preached against us and our 'prohibited books.' They are careful not to say that it is the Bible we desire to sell, but say that the books are bad ones, very bad ones, and thus make the people think that they are immoral, obscene books. Some have been very much surprised when they have found that it was the Bible we were selling. Where the priest comes out openly and attacks Mr. Caldwell in the streets, the sales as a rule have been increased, because he could be answered before the people, and the falsity of his statements shown; but where they only preach against the books in a church crowded with ignorant people, with no one to refute the misstatements, the effect is often very great. For example, the Sabbath before we arrived at Pie de Cuesta, the priest announced our coming, and spoke at length about the very bad books, saying over and over again that the people should not buy the dreadful books, or even look at them, and threatening anyone who should disobey his commands with instant excommunication. He also warned the people that they should not give us boarding,

and said that he would excommunicate any one receiving us. I asked our landlady if she was not afraid of losing her soul for having received us and treated us so kindly. 'No,' she replied, 'I am not afraid, and it makes but little difference to me what the priest says.'"

A TENT WORKER'S DIRECTION.

An evangelist who goes from place to place in the summer, hold meetings in a tent, relates a remarkable incident which occurred in his work. He and his assistant had determined to go to a certain town which was described as a very citadel of Satan. They would need a place on which to erect the tent, and some friendly assistance of other kinds. They therefore inquired of a gentleman who knew the town if he knew any Christian there who would give them hospitality. His replies were discouraging. A name was suggested to him, "No," he said, "from him you will get no help, but he mentioned the name of another whom he said, might *perhaps*, help, the perhaps being given with an emphasis. After thanking him for his advice and wishing him good morning, the evangelists started, but had scarcely gone twenty yards, when up came a boy about nine or ten years of age. "Who he was, and whence he came," says the evangelists, "we knew not." He said, "Are you the gentlemen with the tent?" We said, "Yes; why?" "Oh!" said he, "Auntie says that when you go to W—— (the town to which they were going), "you can put it on her ground." Well, we thought the Lord certainly intends us to go there and also to direct us by this child. Not a little surprised, we inquired of him her name, and after obtaining it with several particulars, on we went. We soon came to the village, and as we entered, noticed a certain field, and remarked, "that would be just the place for the tent, if we could only get it." However, our first inquiry was for this boy's aunt, and very soon we were directed to her house. We found that the little lad was perfectly correct. The aunt said it was all right, we could have the ground, and, to our astonishment it turned out to be the very field that had attracted our attention on entering the village. For a month the tent stood there on her ground, the Lord blessing the preaching of His Word, to the conversion of many souls, *amongst the number being this very woman and her husband.*

A HEATHEN GIRL'S DEATH.

A pathetic description of a Christian lady's effort to lead a dying girl in Africa to Christ, is contained in a letter from Miss Alice Lyle which Rev. A. B. Simpson publishes in his *Word, Work and World.* Miss Lyle, after describing her arrival at Monrovia, where there are several Christian churches, says, that she has been to a heathen village inhabited by the Kroo tribe. There she went into a hut where a poor girl lay dying. She was lying on a straw mat laid on the earth; not a garment on her body, only a strip of calico thrown over her limbs, her head on a board. "I spoke to her," says Miss Lyle, "and she looked anxiously at me, but could not understand a word I said. I spoke of Jesus. The poor mother came in; not a garment on her body, but a handkerchief around the hips. She lifted the girl in her arms and wept. She looked at me with anxious eye. I tried to get her to repeat after me the name of Jesus. They might have hope through the promise: "Whoever shall call on the name of Jesus shall be saved;" but they did not know anything I said. I kneeled down, and motioned to the mother to do as I did. She kneeled down, put her head on the ground, and remained in that position till I ceased praying. I pleaded for God to let that poor heathen know the name of Jesus, and call on Him before she died. A man (a Mohammedan), came to the door who seemed to understand something I said. I told him to tell the mother to say what I said. It seemed to avail nothing. I kept saying: "Jesus, Jesus." His name must prevail—even in the very camp of the enemy. Finally, the mother said, "Jesus." Then said I, "Save me." This she repeated after me three or four times. Then I turned to the girl and said: "Jesus, save me." She understood me and repeated the prayer. I raised my hands and again repeated the prayer of three words. She lifted her hands, but was so weak I held one for her, till she repeated it three or four times. But as soon as she could speak His name, before she said "Save me." His presence thrilled my being, and I believe He saved that soul at that moment, and lighted up the dark vale of death."

A RUSSIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

A Remarkable case of Divine Healing related at Bethshan, is reported in the current number of *Thy Healer.** The speaker was Mr. D. Ottmann, a Russian citizen who recently travelled in this country. He said: I went as far as Texas, and while there, I had chills and fever, and took different medicines, but they did not do me any good. I took quinine and other things, but the fever got worse, and at last I could do no work. Then I saw about Divine Healing in The Christian Herald, and I thought: "If I put away this medicine, the Lord will heal me." There is much sickness about that part, and people suffer very much. But after I saw I could not get any good from the medicine, and other people who took it were no better, I packed it all away. I did not throw it away, but merely packed it up and put it away, and took no more of it. "The Lord," I thought, "will save my soul and He will heal me." The Lord then took the case, and *the fever disappeared.* When I got back to Russia, I again had a little attack of fever, but took no medicine. I prayed and the fever stopped. It never came to much. Three days after, it came back again. That was the second temptation. My father said: "Take a little powder—a little quinine will do you good." "No; no medicine for me," I answered. I prayed to the Lord and the fever went off. I then got up and took my dinner, and have had no fever since. It was just the same way the Lord took my case when I was full of sin. I did my best to get out of it, but I only got deeper. I could not get rid of the trying to make money, but the Lord has turned the curse into a blessing and saved me.

A COLLEGE STUDENT'S TREASURE.

In an important examination of university students one of the examiners noticed a student furtively thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, draw out some paper or card, look at it earnestly, put it back, and resume his writing with increased energy. Now as the examination was to test the students' memory, and to find out how much of the lectures and text-books studied during their term they had digested and made their own, it was obvious that any consultation of memoranda would defeat the object of the examination. Long experience had made the professor aware that students who had been idle during term, and yet were anxious to pass, often smuggled into the examination room, lists of dates and names to help them in answering the questions, he, therefore, was glad to catch this culprit in the act. He slipped quietly behind the young man and the next time his hand came out of his breast-pocket he seized it and insisted on the paper being given up. The young man objected, but at last, finding he was misunderstood, he reluctantly handed to the professor *the portrait of a young lady.* He had been getting inspiration for his difficult task from the features of the girl he loved. The examiner restored the portrait with an apology for his suspicions and the candidate passed his examination. Doubtless, the portrait did help him, though even a metaphysician might have some difficulty in explaining the process. It was for her sake that he was trying to do the work, and it grew easier as he reminded himself of the fact by gazing on her picture. Many a tried and troubled Christian has passed triumphantly through an ordeal in a similar way. The thought that it was for Christ's sake has supported and energized him (1 Peter 1: 6–7).

* A monthly magazine edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, containing original articles on Holiness and Divine Healing, Annual subscription 75 cents. May be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York.

NO SMOKING IN CHURCH.

In the account of a church dedication at Wei Hien, in China, which Rev. J. H. Laughlin sends to *The Church*, he says: "The new church is a solid, substantial building, with capacity for seating as large an audience as we may hope for for a long time to come. It promises to be an exceedingly important adjunct to our work. Last Sabbath, it furnished us the opportunity of preaching the gospel to a considerable number of men, who might otherwise never have heard it. It was market day in the city, and the road was thronged, as usual, with people of all ages and both sexes. Our big gate was wide open, and just inside the court the open door of the chapel invited all to enter. Many accepted. They came with their broad sun-hats on their heads, *their pantaloons rolled up to their knees* or higher, to let the breezes play about their legs, and strings of onions, cash-bags and other burdens on their shoulders. Sitting down, out would come, first thing, the inevitable pipe—for this with John Chinaman is the common expression of both sociability and respect—and one brother was kept well employed in informing the auditors that this was *not a smoking room.* They were perfectly ready to observe the customs of the place, and invariably laid down the pipe without a word. In the afternoon at our Sunday-school the crowd of strangers was greater than in the morning. We formed them into one big class, and our school teacher, a graduate of Tungchow, told them of Christianity, while the rest of us taught the Christians present. I hope, but only God knows, that the poor, laboring and heavily-laden fellows received some benefit from that hour's rest in the new chapel. Let us hope, too, that from this day on to the day of its crumbling into ruins it will be to thousands of weary souls a door to the rest eternal.

A MYSTERIOUS MEAL ON THE PRAIRIE.

The following illustration of the way God provides for those who trust in Him is related by Rev. A. J. Gordon in his *Watchword:* A poor woman who has been washing for us said: "Seems as if the Lord took very direct ways of reaching people's feelings sometimes. Now, I was astonished once in my life. I lived away out West, on the prairie, with my four children, and couldn't get much work to do, and our little stock of provisions getting lower and lower. One night we sat hovering over our fire, and I was gloomy enough. There was about a pint of corn meal in the house, and that was all. I said, 'Well, children, may be the Lord will provide something.' 'I hope it will be a good mess of potatoes,' said cheery little Nell. After they were asleep I lay there tossing over my hard bed and wondering what I could do next. All at once the sweetest rest and peace came over me, and I sank into such a good sleep. Next morning as I opened the door to go down to the brook to wash, I saw something new. There on the bench, beside the door, stood two wooden pails and a sack. One pail was full of meat, the other full of potatoes, and the sack filled with flour. I brought my hands together in my joy, and just hurrahed for the children to come. Little dears! They didn't think of trousers and frocks then, but came out all of a flutter, like a flock of quails. Their joy was supreme. They knew the Lord had sent some of His angels with the sack and pails. Oh, it was such a precious gift! I washed the empty pails, and put the empty sack in one of them, and at night I stood them on the bench where I found them, and the next morning they were gone. I tried and tried to find out who had befriended us, but I never could. The Lord never seemed so far off after that time," said the poor woman, looking down with tearful eyes.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

In Observing Thanksgiving Day Our Citizens in all the States will give evidence of their personal character. It is not a day "for a man to afflict his soul," nor is the giving of thanks a duty to be performed mournfully, or with lugubrious countenance. It becomes Christians, however, to remember the purpose for which the day was set apart, and to consecrate it to that purpose. There is no nation on earth so blessed of God as this nation, and it is our duty as Christian men to show, by our method of observing this day, that we acknowledge that all our blessings, our prosperity, liberty and religious privileges, come from God. Feasting and thoughtless hilarity are consistent in those who do not recognize national and individual dependence upon God for daily mercies, but not for men who believe that every good and perfect gift descends from their Father in heaven. At this time, too, when many are in poverty and sadness, abundant opportunities are placed within our reach for practically proving our thankfulness by helping a poor family to enjoy the day.

The Canadian Fishery Difficulty will be Adjusted, if the spirit which pervaded Mr. Chamberlain's speech in New York on November 15 is carried into the discussion and manifested on both sides the council-table. Addressing the Chamber of Commerce, whose guest he was, he said: "I bring with me to the settlement of what is a difficult task, the universal sympathy of every Englishman whose opinion is worth consulting. The anxious concern of my countrymen is to remove every just cause of difference that exists between you and them, and that there shall not be anything left to imperil the good relations which have hitherto existed. I do not doubt, then, that we shall be able to settle amicably any difference, any trivial dispute, that may have arisen. And I will go farther and assure you that I do not look forward to any settlement of the questions which we have to discuss which will give undue advantage to either party. I do not think it is at all likely I could gain such an advantage in a discussion with the representatives of the shrewdest nation of the world. But if I could gain it I would not attempt to try it—because I am perfectly convinced it is not the interest of any great nation to make a settlement which is not permanent, and satisfactory to all parties concerned." Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Tupper and their colleagues have now gone to Washington, and it may be hoped that their mission will result in a mutually satisfactory settlement of the difficulty. Mr. Chamberlain's action on the Irish question should not operate to his prejudice, though it undoubtedly will do so in some influential quarters.

The Resignation of Land Commissioner Sparks involves a loss to the Department of the Interior. It was, however, inevitable, as a difference of opinion apparently irreconcilable had arisen between him and Mr. Lamar. As the Secretary is the responsible head of the Department, the Commissioner had no alternative to resignation in the circumstances. The question in dispute arose out of the vexed question of the indemnity lands. Mr. Lamar decided that the Chicago and St. Paul Railroad Company were entitled to indemnity on account of certain lands which had been seized under prior grants. Mr. Sparks contended that the Company never had any claim on the lands, and as they were never able to take possession of them they were not entitled to indemnity. The President accepted the Commissioner's resignation with unconcealed regret, and in this the public sympathize, for Mr. Sparks was a stout champion of the rights of the people against the monopolies.

The Proposal to Establish a Telegraph System in connection with the Post-office, and under Government control, is to be introduced in the Senate by Senator Edmunds. He told a reporter last week that he does not advocate the lease or purchase of existing lines, but believes that the Government should have its own telegraph as it has its own post-offices. Mr. Holman, on the other hand, is quoted as saying that a bill regulating the telegraph rates of the country would be much better than Government telegraphy. In regard to the reduction of the surplus, Mr. Holman expects, as do many Members of Congress on both sides of the House, the passage of a compromise bill, dealing with both taxes and the tariff, reducing the revenue to the extent of $90,000,000. This will include part at least of the tobacco tax, and a considerable slice of the duty on sugar. Salt, coal and lumber are spoken of as likely to be put on the free list, though neither Mr. Holman nor any other member speaks authoritatively as to details. The entire surplus for the fiscal year amounts to $103,471,597, nearly ten millions more than last year.

The Extent to which Mormon Colonization is carried may be estimated by the recently published "epistle" from Wilford Woodruff for the twelve "apostles." From this it appears that in Arizona the colonists are prospering, and that the act requiring voters to take the oath has been repealed by the Legislature. In Idaho, where there are many thousands of Mormons, hopes are entertained of a similar repeal. In Colorado and Wyoming, the Mormons receive fair treatment and kind consideration. In Mexico, they have 150,000 acres of grazing, timber and agricultural lands. Mormon books are translated into Spanish, and are being extensively circulated, and native converts are being made. At Alberta, in the Canadian Northwest the Mormon settlers are raising grain and pasturing stock. They have also found a vein of fine coal, and more men will be needed to work it. These men, scattered thus from Canada to Mexico, are zealously propagating their errors and immoral teachings, and are thus preparing a fruitful source of trouble for the various governments.

The Arrest of Herr Most, the Anarchist, on Thursday last was the logical outcome of his incendiary speeches. The law under which the Grand Jury of New York indicted him is an excellent preventive enactment, coinciding with the Illinois law under which the Anarchists were executed. It provides a penalty for making speeches tending to incite a breach of the peace, whether violence results from it or not. Most has already served a year's imprisonment for violating that law, and on November 12 he committed another offence. In a speech at an Anarchist meeting, he said that a day of reckoning for the capitalists was nigh, and that Anarchists need not fear the soldiers and the police, for Anarchism's weapon was more terrible than theirs. He then proceeded to name the victims in their order. First, Grinnell, the Chicago prosecutor; then Judge Gary, the United States Supreme Court Judges, and finally Gov. Oglesby. Most said he wanted to strangle the executioner who hung their brethren. "In conclusion," he said, "I tell you, brothers, to arm yourselves, and not be asleep at the present time—to resist and kill these scoundrels of capitalists and of the press." The speech, which was in German, was reported by two detectives, and Most was indicted.

The French Chambers have Decided to Prosecute M. Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grèvy, for corruption and being concerned in selling decorations. The vote was reached on November 17. The committee who were appointed to investigate the affair, were unanimous in recommending a prosecution, and the Legislature authorized it by a vote of 527 to 3. Evidence has been obtained that Wilson received $400,000 from a contractor when certain Government contracts were signed, and that $16,000 was paid to him by the recipient of the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Gragnon, the Prefect of Police, who had charge of the incriminating letters, which were abstracted and replaced by substitutes, has been dismissed from his office. President Grèvy's resignation is considered inevitable, and the leading legislators are discussing candidates for his office.

Unfavorable Reports of the Crown Prince of Germany continue to arrive. The most serious was a statement cabled on Thursday last after Dr. Mackenzie had left him for a short trip to London. It was to the effect that the fatal green discharge from the patient's throat had made its appearance. Physicians here and in Europe regard this as positive evidence that the Prince is suffering from a soft cancer of malignant type. Whether an operation could save his life is now doubtful. A despatch from Berlin says: "Dr. Hahn, at a meeting of the Medical Society, said that in cases of soft, quickly growing cancer he preferred to refrain from operating, because in such cases an operation was seldom successful. The Prince is also said to be opposed to an operation. Neither he nor his wife has lost faith in Dr. Mackenzie, who has not concealed his opinion that the disease might develop into a cancer, though the pieces of the growth which he removed bore no trace of the hair-fibre which distinguishes cancer. It is generally admitted that soft cancers, such as that the Prince is believed to have, are incurable.

The London Riots have Caused Excitement throughout Great Britain. They have added new strength to the Conservative Government. On being appealed to as to the action of the Government in suppressing the meeting in Trafalgar Square on November 13, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "Until a decision can be had, it is the duty of every citizen to refrain from all resistance to the decision of the executive Government, which is clearly entitled to administer the laws according to what it may be advised is their true construction." This advice is opposed to that of the Radical journals, which denounce the Government for applying coercion to London as they have applied it to Ireland, and urge the Radical clubs to resist. The property-holding classes reply, that if the suppression of such riots as that of November 13 is "coercion," they approve of coercion, and think the Government is justified in applying it either in England or Ireland. It is believed that the outbreak will cost the Gladstonian party the loss of a large number of votes, and further, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, set the classes against the masses.

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The Secession of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon from the Baptist Union continues to be a prominent subject of discussion in English religious circles. It is contended that Mr. Spurgeon is separating from his brethren because they no longer adhere as a body to the Calvinistic theology, but it is certain that many ministers who are not pronounced Calvinists approve his action, and are following his example. It appears to be in the matter of Biblical criticism that Mr. Spurgeon finds the chief obstacle to union, The tendency of modern thought is to doubt the verbal inspiration of the Bible, which the great preacher implicitly believes. Mr. Spurgeon sees no reason to regret the step he has taken; he says that when he entered the conflict he made up his mind that even if he were left alone he would be none the less decided as to the propriety of his course. It is pleasing to find, however, he says, that many valued friends approve of his action. He urges that continual prayers be offered that some good may come out of the inquiry which has been aroused.

An Instructive Comparison of American cities was made by Dr. L. W. Munhall, in the course of an address at one of the enormous meetings he is holding at Columbus, O. Referring to Sabbath desecration, he said that he had been in all the cities of over 25,000 inhabitants in the country, except two, and he had not found a place that was proportionately burdened with this evil to a greater extent than was Columbus. Cincinnati and Chicago have had in their riots the results of Sabbath desecration. He mentioned the city of Toronto, the wealthiest city for its population in America, where Sunday was strictly observed in all departments of business and manufacture. He said he was the friend of the workingmen, and he had some good advice to give them. Half the oppression of the laboring classes was not from poor pay, but because they *spent too much of their money for liquors and tobacco*. If there was less intemperance there would be less anarchy, The *Ohio State Journal* says that at the meeting for women only, on November 13, fully 3,500 attended, and over one thousand rose to ask for prayers. Columbus has never seen a movement so widespread and so remarkable in its results. The meetings were arranged by the Y. M. C. A., of which Mr. A. Paul is secretary.

A Novel Storage Warehouse is to be Erected in New York. Plans have been filed for the construction of an immense fire-proof edifice in which goods may be deposited for safety. The designers say that nothing will be used in it but iron and concrete, so that the building itself can never be burned. But it has been proved that even in a fire-proof building the contents may be burned, so a plan has been devised to meet that danger. The goods will be placed in separate cells, each of which is provided with a distinct flue, connecting with the open air, so that if one case of goods catches fire it will be consumed without setting fire to the others. The cause of fire in these cases is generally loose matches which have fallen in the process of packing, sometimes by the owners themselves, and being trodden on or by the gnawing of rodents, ignite and set fire to the valuables. The separate storage system, and the individual flues, will, it is expected, prevent such accidents leading to a general conflagration in the building. The carelessness of a depositor may still involve the destruction of his own property, but will not injure that of others. Unhappily, there is no such protection against moral carelessness, involving the loss of the soul. The influence and example of wicked men cause terrible mischief to others, and often precipitate their ruin (Rom. 14 : 17).

A Marriage in Fun has Exercised the Ingenuity of the most learned lawyers in Wisconsin. The daughter of a millionaire residing at Fairchild, recently went through the marriage service with a station agent at that place. The whole thing was done in jest at a party of merry young people, and none of them regarded it as serious, until a lawyer, hearing the details of the affair, declared that the marriage was valid under the laws of the State. The statement was an unpleasant surprise, and it was at first thought that a formal divorce would be necessary to free the young lady from the consequences of the joke. But a consultation of local lawyers with eminent council from Augusta and Eau Claire was held, and decided that a divorce might be avoided by a formal declaration, on the part of all the persons present at the mock-marriage, that it was performed without any serious intent and merely as a jest. Accordingly, bride, groom, witnesses and Justice of the Peace made solemn affidavit to that effect, and the bride and groom "exchanged receipts," as it were, and the marriage is pronounced void. The decision causes some surprise, coming from lawyers who are generally prone to attach more importance to the letter and form of a transaction than to its spirit. They are doubtless right in this matter, and it would be well if the same principles came into recognition more fully in spiritual concerns. Too many people think that the formal joining of a church constitutes union with Christ, forgetting that there can be no true union with Him without the surrender of the soul (Rom. 12, 1–2).

Ten Days and Nights in an Open Boat with little food and no water were passed by six shipwrecked seamen, who arrived in New York on November 14, on board a Norwegian ship, which had rescued them out at sea. They belonged to the bark *Augusta*, which foundered on October 14, while on its voyage from Swansea to Aspinwall. When the vessel was near sinking, these six men got into a small boat, but had no time to take provisions in the boat; one basket of biscuit was all the food they had. The men were put on an allowance of one-half a biscuit each per day. After being in the boat seven days, all the provisions were gone and no sail in sight. After enduring the pangs of hunger for two days longer, there was talk of drawing lots to see which one of the six should die, but the second mate would not consent, and the matter was put off until the next day. Another day passed and the men were growing desperate, when a ship hove in sight about six miles off, and, seeing the signal of distress, bore down directly toward the boat. In half an hour she was alongside, but the men were so weak they were unable to get aboard, and two sailors clambered down the side and lifted them up one by one. What they did for the poor debilitated, shipwrecked sailors, Christian workers are trying to do for castaways in the world. They succeed, in Christ's strength, when, as in this case, the men are willing and anxious to be rescued (1 Cor. 9 : 22).

The Son of a Heroine is a Student in a College in New Orleans. The *Picayune* of that city states that a boy recently came from the country to New Orleans, and was entered at a certain college there. With him he brought a letter from his mother in which she said: "At last I can give my boy the blessed privileges of education. The money has been hardly earned. I earned every penny of it by walking in the cotton fields picking cotton." The full significance of this avowal was not discovered for some time, although it was something of a surprise, that a woman who was engaged in picking cotton should care so much for a college education for her son as to devote the proceeds of her hard earnings to the purpose. Subsequent inquiries, however, explained the mystery, and at the same time revealed the heroism of the mother. Before the war she was a wealthy lady of high-breeding, but she is now in extreme poverty. She was so anxious that her son should be well educated that she determined to earn the necessary money in the only way open to her—that of picking cotton, for which she was paid so much a pound. She did the work on the very plantation that was once her own property. Whether the result will repay her for her noble labor and humiliation depends on the young man himself. If he does not, by study and earnest endeavor, avail himself of his opportunities, his mother's sacrifice will be wasted. Better things may be hoped of the son of such a mother, but we know that an opportunity far more precious and purchased by far greater humiliation is slighted, and that by men who know its value and its cost (Heb. 12 : 1, 2).

A Diver's Desperate Struggle Under Water is vividly described in a despatch from Portland, Me. It states that while a well-known diver of that city was at work in deep water at Mattawamkeag, on the foundation for a new bridge for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, he came near losing his life. He had put a chain around a big rock, ready for hoisting, when a large piece of the rock broke off. It fell upon the diver, knocked him down, and pinned one leg and foot to the bottom. His crowbar was just beyond his reach, and he feared every moment that his air supply would give out. The bottom was of mud and gravel, and rather soft, so the diver set to work to dig himself free with his hands. He dug away for dear life for just half an hour before he succeeded in getting his leg free; then he gave the signal to hoist. He was completely exhausted when he reached the surface, and his leg was badly bruised and swollen. The man knew that his life depended on his getting clear of the rock that was holding him down, so it is not surprising that he worked desperately to get free. There are many men whose salvation hangs on their getting free from evil habits that are holding them back from God. Some strive like the diver to deliver themselves, but he alone is sure of success who, while struggling, looks to Christ for deliverance (11 Tim. 2 : 26).

BRIEF NOTES.

The government census in China has been completed, and the population is found to exceed 317,000,000.

Messrs. Brown and Avis have been laboring at Staunton, Va., with much success. They are now commencing services at Charleston, Va. Two services each day, one service on Saturday and three on Sunday are held, and many conversions are reported.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has accepted the counsel of the Advisory Committee, and has formally invited Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England, to succeed the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as pastor of the church.

The centenary of the founding of the first Baptist Church for the colored race, in Georgia, will be celebrated in January next. There are now 1,400 colored Baptist churches in the South, with 500 ministers, 2,000 licentiates, and 160,000 members.

Mrs. Warnes Huntley, the English Evangelist, now visiting this country, has been holding meetings in Pittsburgh, Pa., and is now laboring in the adjacent towns. Meetings are being held at Braddock's, Dravosburg, Emsworth and Allegheny. Invitations may be sent to Mrs. Huntley, Lawn St. Soho, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, of New York, the railroad manager, has built a beautiful chapel, at an outlay of over $50,000, in memory of his mother, for the Congregational Church of Harwinton, Conn., his native place. It is built of granite, is finished in oak, and is furnished completely in the most substantial manner.

It is desired to secure the widest possible representation of American churches at the Conference on Foreign Missions, to be held in London next June. Rev. James Johnston, the Secretary of the committee that is arranging for the Conference, has come to America to confer with the Missionary Societies on the subject.

The Young People's Christian Association, of New York, will hold its Second Annual Convention, in Calvary Baptist Church, Fifty-Seventh Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, on Thursday, Dec. 8. The sessions commence at 2 and 7 p.m. Full particulars may be had from the Secretary, A. L. Whitelaw, Jun., 391 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Missionary Doane, of Ponape, whose case recently commanded general attention, since his liberation from prison by the Spanish Governor-General at Manilla, has received a letter from the latter, expressing entire confidence in him as a man and as a missionary, approving of his work, and of the work generally of the American missionaries in the Caroline Islands, and officially assuring him that in the future the missionaries would be protected from all interference and that work would suffer no interruption.

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A SERMON FOR THE TIME PRESENT.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not: and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing. I will gather them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly, who are of thee, to whom the reproach of it was a burden."—Zephaniah 3:16-18.

Threshing Golden Grain—An Inexhaustible Supply—Suitable to the Present Crisis—I. A Trying Time—The Church Assemblies Under Reproach—A Time of Laodicean Indifference—Worldly Conformity—Great Judgments May be Expected—II. A Source of Consolation—God in the Midst of His Church—Able to Save—Soap in a Child's Eyes—III. Brave Conduct Suggested—To be Happy—The Devil's Puzzle—Alexander's Courage—Athanasius Against the World—Fearlessness—Be Zealous.

HOLY Scripture is wonderfully full and abiding in its inner sense. It is a springing well, whereat you may draw, and draw again; for as you draw, it springs up forever new and fresh. It is a well of water springing up everlastingly. What would you say of a man who had wheat upon his barn floor, and threshed it until he had beaten out the last golden grain; but the next day he went and threshed again, and brought back as much as the day before; and on the day after, again taking his flail, he went to the same threshing, and again brought back his measure as full as at the first, and so on for all the days of the year? Would it not seem to you as a fairy tale? It would certainly be

A Surprising Miracle.

But what would you say if, throughout a long life, this miracle could be prolonged? Yet we have continued to thresh the promises ever since faith was given us, and we have carried away our full portion every day. I will not dwell upon the specific application of the text before us; I do not doubt that it was specially fulfilled as it was intended; and if there still remains some special piece of history to which this passage alludes, it will again be fulfilled in due time; but this I know, that those who have lived between whiles have found this promise true to them. Children of God have used these promises under all sorts of circumstances, and have derived the utmost comfort from them; and this morning I feel as if the text had been newly written for the present occasion, for it is in every syllable most suitable to the immediate crisis. If the Lord had fixed his eye upon the condition of His Church just now, and had written this passage only for this year of grace 1887, it could scarcely have been more adapted to the occasion. Our business shall be to show this; and I would aim at much more.

I. At the eighteenth verse, we notice

A Trying Day

for God's people. The solemn assembly had fallen under reproach. The solemn assemblies of Israel were her glory; her great days of festival and sacrifice were the gladness of the land. To the faithful their holy days were their holidays. But a reproach had fallen upon the solemn assembly, and I believe it is so now at this present moment. It is a sad affliction when in our solemn assemblies the brilliance of the gospel light is dimmed by error. The clearness of the testimony is spoiled when doubtful voices are scattered among the people, and those who ought to preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, are telling out for doctrines the imaginations of men, and the inventions of the age. Instead of revelation, we have philosophy, falsely so-called; instead of divine infallibility, we have surmises and larger hopes. The gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, is taught as the production of progress, a growth, a thing to be amended and corrected year by year.

If added to this we should see creeping over the solemn assembly of the church a lifelessness, an indifference, and a lack of spiritual power, it is painful to a high degree. When the vitality of religion is despised, and gatherings for prayer are neglected, what are we coming to? The present period of church history is well portrayed by the church of Laodicea, which was neither cold nor hot. That church gloried that she was rich and increased in goods, and had need of nothing, while all the while her Lord was outside, knocking at the door, a door closed against Him. That passage is constantly applied to the unconverted, with whom it has nothing to do; it has to do with a lukewarm church, with a church that thought itself to be in an eminently prosperous condition, while her living Lord, in the doctrine of His atoning sacrifice, was denied an entrance. Oh, if He had found admission—and He was eager to find it—she would soon have flung away her imaginary wealth, and He would have given her gold tried in the furnace, and white raiment with which she might be clothed. Alas! she is content without her Lord, for she has education, oratory, science, and a thousand other baubles. Zion's solemn assembly is under a cloud indeed, when the teaching of Jesus and His apostles is of small account with her.

If in addition to this, worldly conformity spreads in the church, so that the vain amusements of the world are shared in by the saints, then is there reason enough for lamentation, even as Jeremiah cried: "How is the gold become dim?" Her Nazarites, who were purer than snow and whiter than milk, have become blacker than a coal. "All our enemies have opened their mouths against us." If no longer there is a clear distinction between the church and the world, but professed followers of Jesus have joined hands with unbelievers, then may we mourn indeed! Woe worth the day! An ill time has happened to the church and to the world also.

We May Expect Great Judgments,

for the Lord will surely be avenged on such a people as this. Know ye not of old that when the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they were joined unto them, then the flood came and swept them all away? I need not pursue this subject further, lest our burdens take from us the time for consolation.

It appears from the text that there were some to whom the reproach was a burden. They could not make sport of sin. True, there were many who said that the evil did not exist at all, and others who declared that it was not present in any degree. Yes, and more hardened spirits declared that what was considered to be a reproach was really a thing to be boasted of, the very glory of the century. Thus they huffed the matter, and made the mourning of the conscientious to be a theme for jest. But there was a remnant to whom the reproach of it was a burden; these could not bear to see such a calamity.

The sins of the church of God are the sorrows of all living members of it. This also marks a healthy sensibility, a vital spirituality. Those who are unspiritual care nothing for truth or grace: they look to finances, and numbers, and respectability. Utterly carnal men care for none of these things; and so long as the political aims of Dissenters are progressing, and there is an advance in social position, it is enough for them. But men whose spirits are of God would sooner see the faithful persecuted than see them desert the truth, sooner see churches in the depths of poverty full of holy zeal than rich churches dead in worldliness.

Spiritual Men

care for the church even when she is in an evil case, and cast down by her adversaries: "Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof." The house of the Lord is to many of us our own house, His family is our family. Unless the Lord Jesus be extolled, and His gospel conquer, we feel that our own personal interests are blighted, and we ourselves are in disgrace. It is no small thing to us: it is our life.

When the pure gospel is not preached, God's people are robbed of the strength which they need in their life-journey. I know many of the people of God living in different parts of this country to whom the Sabbath is very little of a day of rest, for they hear no truth in which rest is to be found, but they are worried and

Wearied With Novelties

which neither glorify God nor benefit the souls of men. In many a place the sheep look up and are not fed. This causes much disquietude and breeds doubts and questionings, and thus strength is turned to weakness, and the work of faith, the labor of love, and the patience of hope are all kept in a halting state. This is a grievous evil, and it is all around us. Then, alas! many are "driven out," of whom the nineteenth verse says, "I will gather her that was driven out." By false doctrine many are made to wander from the fold. It is terrible to me that this dreadful blight should come upon our churches; for the hesitating are driven to destruction, the weak are staggered, and even the strong are perplexed. The false teachers of these days would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. This makes our hearts very sorrowful. How can we help it?

II. Secondly, let us think of something which shines like a star amid the darkness. The second verse of the text presents

A Ground of Consolation.

Here is a rich text indeed. This passage is like a great sea, while I am as a little child making pools in the sand which skirts its boundless flood. A series of discourses might be founded on this one verse: I mean the seventeenth.

Our great consolation in the worst times lies in our God. The very name of our covenant God—"the Lord thy God"—is full of good cheer. Children of God, whatever you have not got, you have a God in whom you may greatly glory. Having God you have more than all things, for all things come of Him: and if all things were blotted out, He could restore all things simply by His will. He speaketh, and it is done; He commandeth, and it stands fast. O believer, the Lord God is altogether and wholly your God! All His wisdom, all His foresight, all His power, all His immutability—all Himself is yours. As for the church of God, when she is in her lowest estate she is still established and endowed in the best possible sense—established by the divine decree, and endowed by the possession of God all-sufficient. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

To strengthen this consolation, we notice next, that this God is in the midst of us. He is not a long way off, to be sought with dufficulty, if haply we may find Him. The Lord is a God nigh at hand, and ready to deliver His people. Is it not delightful to think that we cry not to God across the ocean, for He is here? We look not up to Him from afar, as though he dwelt beyond the stars, neither do we think of Him as hidden in the fathomless abyss; but the Lord is very near. Our God is "Jehovah in the midst of thee." Let us think of this when we are going forth to Christian service: "The Lord of hosts is with us." When you call your class together in the Sabbath school, say to your Lord, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." Ah, friends! if we have God with us, we can bear to be deserted by men.

Let us go a step further, and note that our consolation is largely to be found in the fact that this God in the midst of us is full of power to save. "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save." Come, my brother, we see around us this and that to discourage us; let us, like David, encourage ourselves in the Lord our God. We may very well forget all difficulties, since the God who is in the midst of us is mighty to save. Let us pray, then, that He will save; that

He Will Save His Church

from lukewarmness and from deadly error; that He will save her from her worldiness and formalism; save her from unconverted ministers and ungodly members. Let us not seek power of rhetoric, much less of wealth; but let us look for the power which saves. This is the one thing I crave. Oh, that God would save souls! I say to myself, after being badgered

and worried through the week by the men of modern thought: "I will go my way and preach Christ's gospel, and win souls." One lifting up of Jesus Christ crucified is more to me than all the cavillings of the men who are wise above what is written. Converts are our unanswerable arguments. "Happy is the man," saith the Psalm, "that hath his quiver full of them: they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." Blessed is the man who has many spiritual children born to God under his ministry; for his converts are his defence. *Beholding the man who was healed standing with Peter and John, they could say nothing against them.* If souls are saved by the gospel, the gospel is proved in the surest manner. Let us care more about conversions than about organizations. If souls are brought into union with Christ,

We May Let Other Unions Go.

We go yet further, and we come to great deeps: behold God's joy in His people. "He will rejoice over thee with joy." Think of this! The prodigal son wept in his father's bosom, but the father rejoiced over his son. We are questioning, doubting, sorrowing, trembling; and all the while He who sees the end from the beginning knows what will come out of the present disquietude, and therefore rejoices. Let us rise in faith to share the joy of God. Let no man's heart fail him because of the taunts of the enemy. Rather let the chosen of God rouse themselves to courage, and participate in that joy of God which never ceaseth,

It is added, "He will rest in His love." I do not know any Scripture which is more full of wonderful meaning than this, "He shall rest in His love," as if our God had in His people found satisfaction. He comes to

An Anchorage:

He has reached His desire. As when a Jacob, full of love to Rachel, has at length ended the years of his service, and is married to his well-beloved, and his heart is at rest; so is it spoken in parable of the Lord our God, Jesus sees of the travail of His soul when His people are won to Him; He has been baptized with His baptism for His church, and He is no longer straitened, for His desire is fulfilled. It is right that we should be discontented with ourselves, yet this holy restlessness should not rob us of our perfect peace in Christ Jesus. If the Lord hath rest in us, shall we not have rest in Him? If He rests in His love, cannot we rest?

He sees no cause of alarm as to His redeemed, nor as to the cause of truth and the reign of righteousness. As to His true church, He knows that she is right, or that He will make her right. She is being transformed into the image of Jesus, and He rests in the full assurance that the image will ere long be complete. He can carry out His own purposes in His own way and time. He can see the harvest as well as the sowing; therefore He doth "rest in His love." You have seen a mother wash her child, and as she washes its face the child perhaps is crying, for it does not for the present enjoy the cleansing operation. Does the mother share the child's grief? Does she also cry? Oh, no! she rejoices over her babe, and rests in her love, knowing that the light affliction of the little one will work its real good. Often our griefs are no deeper than the cry of a child, because of the soap in its eyes, While the church is being washed with tribulations and persecutions, God is resting in His love. You and I are wearying, but God is resting.

Sometimes also the Lord does not speak to His people: we cannot get a cheering word from Him; and then we sigh for a promise, and long for a visit of His love; but if He be thus silent, let us know that He is only silent in His love. It is not the silence of wrath, but of love, His love is not changed, even though He does not comfort us.

> "His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
> His wounds a cure intend;
> And though He does not always smile,
> He loves unto the end."

III. I close with a brief word upon the

Brave Conduct Suggested Thereby.

There are three things for God's people to do. The first is, to *be happy*. Read verse fourteen—"Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all thy heart, O daughter of Jerusalem." Any man can sing when his cup is full of delights; the believer alone has songs when waters of a bitter cup are wrung out to him. Any sparrow can chirp in the daylight; it is only the nightingale that can sing in the dark. Children of God, whenever the enemies seem to prevail over you, whenever the serried ranks of the foe appear sure of victory, then begin to sing. Your victory will come with your song. It is *a very puzzling thing to the devil* to hear saints sing when he sets his foot on them. He cannot make it out: the more he oppresses them, the more they rejoice.

Let us resolve to be all the merrier when the enemy dreams that we are utterly routed. The more opposition, the more we will rejoice in the Lord: the more discouragement, the more confidence. Splendid was the courage of Alexander when they told him that there were hundreds of thousands of Persians. "Yet," he said, "one butcher fears not myriads of sheep." "Ah!" said another, "when the Persians draw their bows, their arrows are so numerous that they darken the sun." "It will be fine to fight in the shade," cried the hero. O friends, we know whom we have believed, and we are sure of triumph! Let us not think for a single second, if the odds against us are ten thousand to one, that this is a hardship; rather let us wish that they were a million to one, that the glory of the Lord might be all the greater in the conquest which is sure. When Athanasius was told that everybody was denying the Deity of Christ, then he said, "I, Athanasius, against the world;" *Athanasius contra mundum* became a proverbial expression. Brethren, it is splendid to be quite

Alone in the Warfare

of the Lord. Suppose we had half-a-dozen with us. Six men are not much increase to strength, and possibly they may be a cause of weakness, by needing to be looked after. If you are quite alone, so much the better: there is the more room for God. When desertions have cleaned the place out, and left you no friend, now every corner can be filled with Deity. As long as there is so much that is visible to rely upon, and so much to hope in, there is so much the less room for simple trust in God: but now our song is of the Lord alone; "for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

The next duty is *fearlessness:* "Fear thou not." What! not a little? No. "Fear thou not." But surely I may show some measure of trembling? No "Fear thou not."

Tie that Knot Tight

about the throat of all your unbelief. "Fear thou not:" neither this day, nor any day of thy life. When fear comes in, drive it away; give it no space. If God rests in His love, and if God sings, what canst thou have to do with fear? Have you never known passengers on board ship, when the weather was rough, comforted by the calm behavior of the captain? One simple-minded soul said to his friend, "I am sure there is no cause for fear, for *I heard the captain whistling.*" Surely, if the captain is at ease, and with him is all the responsibility, the passenger may be still more at peace. If the Lord Jesus at the helm is singing, let us not be fearing. Let us have done with every timorous accent. O rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. "Your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you."

Lastly, let us be zealous: "Let not thine hands be slack." Now is the time when every Christian should do more for God than ever. Let us plan great things for God, and let us expect great things from God. "Let not thine hands be slack." Now is the hour for redoubled prayers and labors. Since the adversaries are busy, let us be busy also. If they think they shall make a full end of us, let us resolve to make a full end of their falsehoods and delusions. I think every Christian man should answer the challenge of the adversaries of Christ by working double tides, by giving more of his substance to the cause of God, by living more for the glory of God, by being more exact in his obedience, more earnest in his efforts, and more importunate in his prayers. "Let not thine hands be slack" in any one part of holy service.

Would God that all were on Christ's side out of this great assembly! Oh, that you would come to Jesus, and trust Him, and then live for Him in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation! The Lord be with us. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A GIRL'S JOURNEY OVER A BATTLE-FIELD.*

If any of you doubt whether it is in you to be self-controlled and masters of yourselves, remember that unless you are very bad indeed, you must be so in the presence of a little child. Sir William Napier describes, in his history of the Peninsular War, how affecting it was to see, at the battle of Busaco in Portugal, a beautiful Portuguese orphan girl coming down the mountains, driving an ass loaded with all her property through the midst of the armies. She passes over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, scarcely understanding which were French and which were English, and no one on either side was so hard-hearted as to touch her.

Let me give you two stories which show how the strongest men are open to those tender, kindly feelings which little children are given by our heavenly Father to promote in all of us. That same Sir William Napier once, in one of his walks, met with a little girl of five years old sobbing over a pitcher she had broken. She, in her innocence, asked him to mend it. He told her that he could not mend it, but he would meet her trouble by giving her sixpence to buy a new one, if she would meet him there at the same hour the next evening, as he had no money in his purse that day. When he returned home he found that there was an invitation waiting for him, which he particularly wished to accept. But he could not then have met the little girl at the time stated, and he gave up the invitation, saying, "I could not disappoint her; she trusted me so implicitly." That was the true Christian gentleman and soldier.

Another example is that of Martin Luther, one of the fiercest and most courageous men that ever lived. But when he thought of his little children, especially of his little daughter, he was gentle and kind as any woman. His daughter, Magdalen, died when she was thirteen years of age, and it is most affecting to read of his grief and at the same time of his resignation. "Magdalen, my little daughter, thou wouldst gladly stay with thy father here, and thou wouldst also gladly go to thy Father yonder. Ah! thou dear little thing, thou shalt rise again and shine like a star; yea, like the sun. Her face, her words, cleave to our heart, remain fixed in its depths living and dying—the words and looks of that most dutiful child. Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, who called, chose and magnified her. I would for myself and all of us, that we might attain to such a death; yea, rather to such a life."

Dr. Marshman's Boyhood.

There was a boy who used to carry parcels from a bookseller to his customers. He went every day trudging through the streets with a parcel of books under his arm, and one day he was sent to the house of a great duke with three folio volumes of Clarendon's History of England. The parcel was so heavy, his shoulders were so tired, that as he passed through Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey, he laid down his load and sobbed at the thought that there was nothing higher in life for him to look

* From "Sermons for Children," by Dean Stanley. A beautiful little volume, containing among others, the last sermon the Dean ever preached. These sermons are full of excellent teaching in simple language, and so full of anecdotes and incidents that every intelligent child would derive benefit from their perusal. 157 pages; price $1; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

John Burns, the London Socialist.

The Socialist Riots in Trafalgar Square, London, on Nov. 13.

forward to than being a bookseller's porter. Suddenly he looked up at the great building which towered above him. He thought of the high thoughts and great men enshrined within it. He brushed away his tears, replaced the load on his shoulder, and walked on with a light heart, determined to bide his time. And his time came at last. He became one of the best and most learned of our Indian missionaries.

JOHN BURNS AND THE LONDON RIOT.

(*See Portrait and Illustration.*)

LONDON was again on Sunday, November 13, the scene of a fierce conflict between the police, assisted by soldiers on the one side, and a mob led by John Burns, the socialist engineer (*whose portrait appears on this page*), Mr. R. Cunningham Graham, a radical member of Parliament and other well-known men on the other side. A meeting had been called by the twenty-two Radical clubs in the various districts of the city, to be held in Trafalgar Square, on the Sunday afternoon. The reasons for selecting that place for the meeting were, that the stone pedestals supporting Landseer's bronze lions at the foot of Nelson's column make an excellent place for speakers to stand, and also that an imposing meeting held there in the immediate vicinity of the aristocratic clubs, might be expected to impress and overawe the Tory statesmen. The authorities, however, objected to the meeting being held there, because the Square is in the centre of a densely populated district in which there is much traffic, and is surrounded by stores containing property of enormous value, which the rougher and more unscrupulons persons who might be attracted to such a gathering might be tempted to loot. Sir Charles Warren the chief of police, therefore forbade the meeting, basing his action on the technical ground that the Square is the property of the Crown.

The conveners of the meeting, however, resolved to hold the meeting in spite of the authorities, and, accordingly, preparations for a struggle were made on both sides. Sir Charles Warren massed a strong force of police in the Square, and posted a regiment of cavalry and a detachment of infantry behind the National Gallery which forms one side of the Square. Mounted police were also stationed in the various streets which converge on the Square, with instructions to break up any procession which approached. This showed astute generalship on Warren's part, as it enabled him to deal separately with each contingent as it arrived from its local headquarters before it could combine with the general mass. As each procession from north, south and east wended its way, with red flags flying, to the rendezvous, it was broken up into detached groups, which, as right of way was not forbidden, filtered into the Square. There they were met by police patrols, who would not allow them to stand around, but ordered them to "move on."

Some rough scenes took place in the side streets, as the police not only broke up the procession, but seized and confiscated the red flags in spite of a stubborn resistance, in which the crowd used sticks and stones and the police their clubs. In one of these fights Graham, the member of Parliament, received a severe clubbing about the head, and he and Burns, who were marching at the head of four hundred men, were both arrested. The struggle reached a crisis when a procession of seven wagons loaded with men bearing red flags arrived from East London. The police tried to turn the horses' heads but failed. They would not, however, allow them to stand, but kept them moving around the four sides of the Square. By four o'clock the open space was so packed with people that movement became impossible, and a socialist orator climbed up beside one of the lions and commenced an inflammatory harangue. He was speedily dragged down by the police, who forced their way through the throng with their clubs. Red flags were still waving at various points, and one of them was confided to the care of one of the women, of whom there were many in the crowd. This flag was captured after a desperate struggle, and the woman who carried it was borne off the field in a faint.

The sun was setting, and the police, exhausted by their long struggle, were fearful of the consequences of having the Square crowded at night. They declared that every thief and pickpocket in London was in the crowd, longing for the opportunity to plunder. Two stores had their windows broken already, and there had been a rush for the contents. At this juncture the regiment of cavalry appeared on the scene, and at its head a magistrate holding in his hand a printed paper which every one knew to be the Riot act. The soldiers, eight abreast, trotted around the Square, while the police, ranging themselves at the edge of the sidewalks, hustled along the roughs as they ran from under the feet of the horses. Again there was rough fighting; several of the police received blows from sticks and stones, and a few were stabbed with knives, and many of the rioters were badly clubbed; but the neck of the riot was broken. The mob dispersed before the cavalry, and was unable to re-form, as squads of soldiers galloped up each side street as indications of trouble appeared. Quiet reigned at nightfall, but the day had been one of terror and excitement, such as London has not seen for more than twenty years. Public opinion is generally on the side of the police, who showed much patience and magnanimity, and it is, besides, clearly seen that while there are large parks accessible, there is no reason for holding so large a meeting in the city, where it is an inconvenience, and a menace to property.

DR. PHILLIPS AND HIS NEPHEW.

(*See Illustration on Page 749.*)

"YOU are late, dear" said Mrs. Phillips, a gentle, motherly lady, as her husband, a physician in extensive practice, entered the family dining-room and took his place at the table.

"Yes, papa," said his eldest daughter, "and you ought not to be late, for you promised to take us to the concert. You did not know but it might have been a bad disappointment for us. It would have been, if Harold had not offered to be our escort. What is it that you call such conduct when you sit in judgment on us—a grave dereliction of duty?" And the playful girl uttered the words in a tone of voice as near to her father's bass as her vocal organs would allow. "Have you anything to say in your defence, sir?"

"Patients, dear," said her father, with an air of mock humility.

"We have been exercising patience for nearly an hour, and it is exhausted. That is not a defence. A person on trial should not lecture the court."

"If the court were not so obtuse it would understand that the culprit referred to his patients, not to the feeble and attenuated quality which the court calls its patience. The defence is valid; the delay was caused by patients."

"You are forgiven, sir. Your nephew will supply his uncle's deficiencies to perfection."

"Then get you gone, and leave your father to eat his dinner in peace."

The girls were not slow to obey the injunc-

tion, and Dr. Phillips sat down to enjoy his dinner and a cosy evening with his wife.

"I am glad Harold is taking the girls," he said presently. "I shall be happier at home, and he will be a more lively companion for them than I. He is getting quite a bright, handsome young fellow, and prospering too. I hear an excellent account of his business capacity."

"Yes," said Mrs. Phillips; "he has developed wonderfully of late. But I am a little nervous about him, he seems to have so little moral principle. Several expressions I have heard him use imply a recklessness that is dangerous in a young man."

"Oh, I hope not; he speaks carelessly, and you may have misunderstood him. I cannot believe that the son of so good a woman as my sister could be lacking in morality. The thought of his dead mother must be sufficient to keep him from dishonor. I wish every young man who is inclined to immorality could stand at the bedside I have just left. It would teach him a lesson."

"A new patient, dear?"

"Yes; and one of the most interesting I have ever had. A simple, affectionate, gentle creature, quite refined and lady-like in manner, who would have made the most fastidious man a good wife; her presence in any home would brighten it. Some wicked, merciless cur has taken advantage of her simplicity and led her to ruin."

"Oh, that is terrible," said Mrs. Phillips. "Will she live?"

"Very doubtful, I should say. She has no heart now; her spirit seems completely crushed; as she said to-day, why should she wish to live, now that her good name is gone. Even her own sex would shun her. She seems so listless and despairing that medical treatment will have a difficulty in saving her. Yes, I think she will die. Yet the little creature is brave, and shows marvellous fidelity. She will not expose the man who has done the cowardly deed, Obstinately refused to tell me his name, though I pressed her. Oh! it is a mean outrage; the fellow deserves to be thrust out of society. But he will escape. Even if he were exposed he would find no door shut against him. That is the shame of it. The woman is an outcast, but the man suffers no punishment."

A few days later Dr. Phillips, coming home from a round of professional visits, found his family gathered around the luncheon-table. His favorite nephew, Harold, was seated among them and he rose as the Doctor entered, and greeted him with warm affection. "You are so busy a man, uncle," he said, "that one scarcely ever sees you except in your carriage. I thought you never came home. How are you?"

To the surprise of the assembled family, the Doctor, instead of grasping his nephew's extended hand, held up both his own with a horrified, indignant expression of face. "How dare you offer me your hand?" he said. "How can you have the effrontery to come into my house? I forbid you ever to enter it again. You are a disgrace to your family, sir!"

"What in the world do you mean?" asked the young man in astonishment at the fierce denunciation of a man whose good-will he was most anxious to retain, and who was his nearest relative in the world, and from whom he had hitherto received nothing but kindness.

"Come into my room and I will tell you," said the Doctor sternly. "Look at this portrait," he said when they were alone. "You will not deny that it is your own. The poor dead girl to whom you gave it, has asked to have it buried in the coffin with her. She loved you to the last, you see. How did you return her love? Betrayal and desertion are all the reward she had from you."

Dr. Phillips Surprises His Nephew.

The young man hung his head in shame. "I am very sorry," he said at last, "but I do not see why you should be so severe. Indiscretions of that kind are common enough."

"That is true," said the Doctor, "but if every man would show his abhorrence of them, and treat the perpetrators as I shall treat you, they would be far less common. Until you feel a proper repentance and prove it by your life you are a stranger to me. I will not acknowledge you, nor allow my family to associate with you. If your victim had lived she would have been an outcast, and if every man felt as I do about it you would be an outcast too. At any rate, I will do my duty."

And Harold went from his uncle's presence feeling that he would give his right hand if he could have undone the past by the sacrifice.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 735.*)

A Direct Prayer—Asked for Five Thousand Dollars—Some Small Gifts—Subscriptions Promised—A Seamstress Gives $500—Character of the Donor—Paying her Father's Debts—Other Charities—Sinks Into Poverty—Ministered to—An Interval of Suspense—An Offer of Premises.

WHEN, of late, the thoughts of establishing an Orphan House, in dependence upon the Lord, revived in my mind, during the first two weeks I only prayed, that, if it were of the Lord He would bring it about; but, if not, that He graciously would be pleased to take all thoughts about it out of my mind. My uncertainity about knowing the Lord's mind did not arise from questioning whether it would be pleasing in His sight that there should be an abode and Scriptural education provided for destitute fatherless and motherless children; but whether it were His will, that *I* should be the instrument of setting such an object on foot as my hands were already more than filled. My comfort, however, was, that if it were His will, He would provide not merely the means, but also suitable individuals, to take care of the children, so that my part of the work would take such a portion of my time, as, considering the importance of the matter, I might give, notwithstanding my many other engagements.

The whole of those two weeks I never asked the Lord for money, or for persons to engage in the work. On December 5, however, the subject of my prayer all at once became different. I was reading Psalm 81, and was particularly struck, more than at any time before, with verse 10: "*Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.*" I thought a few moments about these words, and then was led to apply them to the case of the Orphan House. It struck me that I had never asked the Lord for anything concerning it, except to know His will respecting its being established or not; and I then fell on my knees, and opened my mouth wide, asking Him for much.

I asked in submission to His will, and without fixing a time when He should answer my petition. I prayed that He would give me a house, *i. e.*, either as a loan, or that someone might be led to pay the rent for one, or that one might be given permanently for this object further, I asked Him for £1,000; and likewise for suitable individuals to take care of the children. Besides this, I have been since led to ask the Lord to put into the hearts of His people to send me articles of furniture for the house, and some clothes for the children.

When I was asking the petition, I was fully aware what I was doing, *i. e.*, that I was asking for something which I had no natural prospect of obtaining from the brethren whom I know, but which was not too much for the Lord to grant. As I have stated that I desire to see clearly the Lord's will concerning the Orphan House, by His providing both the means and suitable individuals for it, I will mention how He has been dealing with me in these respects.

December 7, 1835. Anonymously was given 2s. In the paper in which they were inclosed was written, "1s. for the Orphan House, and 1s. for the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. In the name of the Lord alone lift up your banners. so shall you prosper." 1s. besides was given.

December 9. I found 3s. in the box, which I had put up two days before in my room for the Orphan House, and a large wardrobe was given in just before the meeting in the evening, when I stated publicly my desire concerning this object before the brethren. After the meeting 10s. was given. Also a sister offered herself at the same time for the work.

December 10. This morning I received a letter, in which a brother and sister wrote thus: "We propose ourselves for the service of the intended Orphan House, if you think us qualified for it; also to give up all the furniture, etc., which the Lord has given us, for its use; and to do this without receiving any salary whatever; believing that if it be the will of the Lord to employ us, He will supply all our need, etc." In the evening a brother brought from several individuals three dishes, twenty-eight plates, three basins, one jug, four mugs, three salt stands, one grater, four knives, and five forks.

December 12. While I was praying this morning that that the Lord would give us a fresh

token of His favor concerning the Orphan House, a brother brought three dishes, 12 plates, one basin, and one blanket. After this had been given I thanked God, and asked Him to give even this day another encouragement. Shortly after £50 was given, and that by an individual from whom, for several reasons, I could not have expected this sum. Thus the hand of God appeared so much the more clearly. Even then I was led to pray, that this day the Lord would give still more. In the evening, accordingly, there were sent 29 yards of print. Also a sister offered herself for the work.

December 13. A brother was influenced this day to give 4s. per week, or £10 8s. yearly, as long as the Lord gives the means; 8s. was given by him as two weeks' subscriptions. To-day a brother and sister offered themselves, and all their furniture, and all the provisions which they have in the house, if they can be employed in the concerns of the Orphan House,

December 14. To-day a sister offered her services for the work. In the evening another sister offered herself for the Institution.

December 15. A sister brought from several friends ten basins, eight mugs, one plate, five dessert spoons, six tea spoons, one skimmer, one toasting fork, one flour dredge, three knives and forks, one sheet, one pillow case, one tablecloth; also £1. In the afternoon were sent 55 yards of sheeting, and 12 yards of calico.

December 16. I took out of the box of my room 1s.

December 17.—I was again rather cast down last evening and this morning about the Orphanage, questioning whether I ought to be engaged in this way, and was led to ask the Lord to give me some further encouragement. Soon after were sent by a brother two pieces of print, the one seven and the other twenty-three yards, six yards of calico, four pieces of lining (about four yards altogether), a sheet and a yard measure. This evening another brother brought a clothes-horse, three frocks, four pinafores, six handkerchiefs, three counterpanes, one blanket, two pewter salt-cellars, six tin cups and six metal teaspoons; he also brought 3s. 6d., given to him by three different individuals. At the same time he told me that it had been put into the heart of an individual to send £100.

December 18. This afternoon I received the £100 above referred to. [Since the publication of the second edition it has pleased the Lord to take to Himself the donor of this £100, and I therefore give in this present edition some further account of the donation and the donor, as the particulars respecting both, with God's blessing, may tend to edification. Indeed, I confess that I am delighted to be at liberty, in consequence of the death of the donor, to give the following short narrative, which, during her lifetime, I should not have considered it wise to publish.

A. L., the donor, was known to me almost from the beginning of my coming to Bristol in 1832. She earned her bread by needlework, by which she gained from 2s to 5s. per week; the average, I suppose, was not more than about 3s. 6d. (84 cents), as she was weak in body. But this dear, humble sister was content with her small earnings, and I do not remember ever to have heard her utter a word of complaint on account of earning so little. Some time before I had been led to establish an Orphan House, her father had died, through which event she had come into the possession of £480 ($2,400), which sum had been left to her (and the same amount to her brother and two sisters) by her grandmother, but of which her father had had the interest during his lifetime.

The father, who had been much given to drinking, died in debt, which debts the children wished to pay; but the rest, beside, A. L., did not like to pay the full amount, and offered to the creditors 5s. on the pound (25 cents on the dollar), which they gladly accepted, as they had not the least legal claim upon the children. After the debts had been paid according to this agreement, A. L. said to herself, "However sinful my father may have been, yet he was my father, and as I have the means of paying his debts to the full amount, I ought, as a believing child of God, to do so, seeing that my brothers and sisters will not do it."

She then went to all the creditors secretly, and paid the full amount of the debts, which took £40 more of her money, beside her share which she had given before. Her brother and two sisters now gave £50 each of their property to their mother; but A. L. said to herself, "I am a *child of God*, surely I ought to give my mother twice as much as my brother and sisters." She, therefore, gave her mother £100. Shortly after this she sent me the £100 toward the Orphan House.

I was not a little surprised when I received this money from her, for I had always known her as a poor girl, and I had never heard anything about her having come into the possession of this money, and her dress had never given me the least indication of an alteration in her circumstances. Before, however, accepting this money from her, I had a long conversation with her.

But I had not conversed long with this beloved sister before I found that she was, in this particular, a quiet, calm, considerate follower of the Lord Jesus, and one who desired, in spite of what human reason might say, to act according to the words of our Lord: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth" (Matthew 6:19.) Sell that ye have, and give alms" (Luke 12:33.) When I remonstrated with her, in order that I might see whether she had counted the cost, she said to me: "The Lord Jesus has given His *last* drop of blood for me, and should I not give Him this £100? Rather than that the Orphan House should not be established, I will give all the money I have."

When I saw that she had weighed the matter according to the Word of God, and that she had counted the cost, I could not but take the money, and admire the way which the Lord took to use this poor, sickly sister as an instrument in so considerable a measure, for helping, at its very commencement, this work, which I had set about solely in dependence upon the living God. At that time she would also have me take £5 for the poor saints in communion with us. I mention here particularly that this dear sister *kept all these things to herself, and did them as much as possible in secret;* and during her lifetime, I suppose, not six brethren and sisters among us knew that she ever possessed £480, or that she had given £100 toward the Orphan House.

Some time after this £100 had been given by her, brother C——r (who was then laboring as a city missionary in connection with the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and who about that very time happened to visit from house to house in that part of the city where A. L. lived). told me that he had met with many cases, in which A. L. had given to one poor woman a bedstead, to another some bedding, to another some clothes, to another food; and thus instance upon instance of acts of love, on the part of our dear sister A. L., had come before him. I relate one instance more.

August 4, 1836, seven months and a half after she had given the £100, she came one morning to me and said: "Last evening I felt myself particularly stirred up to pray about the funds of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution: but whilst praying I thought *what good is it for me to pray for means, if I do not give when I have the means?* and I have, therefore, brought you this £5" As I had reason to believe that by this time by far the greater part of her money was gone, I again had a good deal of conversation with her, to see whether she really did count the cost, and whether this donation also was given unto the Lord, or from momentary excitement, in which case it was better not to give the money. However, she was at this time also steadfast, grounded upon the Word of God, and evidently constrained by the love of Christ; and all the effect my conversation had upon her was, that she said: "You must take five shillings in addition to the £5, as a proof that I give the £5 cheerfully." And thus she made me take the £5 5s.

Four things are especially to be noticed about this beloved sister, with reference to all this period of her earthly pilgrimage: 1, She did all these things in secret, avoiding to the utmost all show about them, and thus proved that she did not desire the praise of man. 2, She remained, as before, of an humble and lowly mind, and she proved thus, that she had done what she did unto the Lord, and not unto man, 3, Her dress remained, during all the time that she had this comparative abundance, the same as before. It was clean, yet as simple and inexpensive as it was at the time when all her income had consisted of 3s. 6d., or at most 5s., per week. There was not the least difference as to her lodging, dress. manner of life, etc. 4. But that which is as lovely as the rest, she continued working at her needle all this time. She earned her 2s. 6d., or 3s., or a little more, a week, by her work, as before; whilst she gave away the money in sovereigns or five pound notes. At last all her money was gone, and that some years before she fell asleep; and as her bodily health had never been good as long as I had known her, and was now much worse, she found herself pecuniarily dependent upon the Lord, who never forsook her up to the last moment of her earthly course. The very commencement of her life of simple dependence upon the Lord was such as greatly to encourage her. She related the facts to me as I give them here.

When she was completely without money, and when her little stock of tea and butter was also gone, two sisters in the Lord called on her. After they had been a little while with her, they told her that they had come to take tea with her. She said to herself, "I should not at all mind to go without my tea, but this is a great trial, that I have nothing to set before these sisters;" and she gave them, therefore, to understand, that their staying to tea would not be convenient at that time. The sisters, however, I suppose, not understanding the hint, remained, and presently brought out of a basket, tea, sugar, butter and bread, and thus there was all that was requisite for the tea, and the remainder of the provisions was left with her. She told me that at that time she was not accustomed to trials of faith, as she afterwards was.

Her body became weaker and weaker, in consequence of which she was able to work very little for many months before she died; *but the Lord supplied her with all she needed: though she never asked for anything.* For instance, a sister in communion with us sent her for many months all the bread she used, Her mouth was full of thanksgiving, even in the midst of the greatest bodily sufferings. She fell asleep in Jesus in January, 1844. I have related these facts, because they tend to the praise of the Lord, and may be instrumental in stirring up other children of God to follow this dear departed sister in so far as she followed the Lord Jesus; but, in particular, that I may show in what remarkable ways the Lord proved, from the beginning, that the Orphan House was His, and not mine.

(*To be continued.*)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for November:

The Seven Seals Fully Explained in Their Double Fulfilment. Year-Day and Literal-Day. By Rev. M. Baxter.

Sin During the Millennium. By the Rev. E. J. Hytche, (*Part II.*)

Socialism and Christianity.

Russian Jews' Conversion to Christianity. By Prof. G. H. Schodde, Ph. D.

Our Lord's Prophecy. By G. H. Pember.

Russia's Future in Prophecy.

Italy's Alliance with Germany.

The Jewish Movement in South Russia.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

[Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had; price $1.]

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for December 4, Matt. 13 : 1-23.
Memory Text, Luke 8 : 11.

Christ's Picture Preaching—Suited to the Masses—Arrested Attention—Stimulated Thought—Led to Inquiry—The Sower Going About His Work—Carrying Good Seed—Productive Under the Right Conditions—He Does His Part in Scattering It—No Partiality, No Ground Neglected—Where the Seed Falls—The Wayside Trodden Hard—Seed Falls On It Not In It—Exposed to Birds—Sceptics, Scoffers, Trifler, Remove It—The Stony Places—An Advance for the Seed Springs Up—Superficial Persons Easily Moved—Volatile, Emotional, Impulsive Persons—Easily Discouraged—Ridicule or Trial Wither the Growth—The Thorny Ground Already Occupied—Thorns of Ambition, Averice, Vice—Life for a Time—A Conflict Inevitable—It is the Good that Dies—The Good Ground—Understanding is the First Process—Not Effected in the Other Soils—Degrees of Productiveness—What the Fruit is, See Galatians 5: 22-23.

JESUS by His teaching about the Sabbath, had greatly scandalized the ritualistic Pharisees. Knowing nothing themselves of personal contact with God, and being altogether devoid of spiritual life and spiritual power, they conceived that every mighty work which *they* could not do, must necessarily be the work of the devil. So "they held a council against" Jesus, "how they might destroy Him." Therefore, "He withdrew Himself from them;" Jesus never invited or provoked persecution. "And great multitudes followed Him." Though the Pharisees found in Him no form nor comeliness, and no beauty that they should desire Him, the poor and sick, the blind and infirm, the bereaved and the oppressed found all they needed. "Great

Multitudes Followed Him,

and He healed them all" (Matt. 12 : 13). Among these was a man possessed of a blind and dumb devil; no uncommon thing, even in our day. Jesus healed him, and "the blind and dumb both spake and saw." It was the devil's work to destroy sight and speech; Jesus came to "destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3 : 8), and the afflicted one recovered his faculties. Such a miracle was indisputable. The sceptics of the day could not say it was hysteria, or attempt to prove that the blindness and deafness had only been simulated. The facts were patent to all. But how was the healing to be accounted for? The multitude thought they recognized the Messiah and said, "Is not this the Son of David?" The Pharisees were mad at such an idea. The Son of David! and not even a Pharisee! Impossible! Such an idea was abhorrent to them. Yet the work was supernatural; none of their number could emulate such power. So in their blind rage against the holy Jesus, they said, "This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." The die was cast; they had gone one step too far, and sinned a sin for which there is no forgiveness. Then it was that Jesus spoke of

"The Blasphemy Against the Holy Ghost,"

which "shall not be forgiven unto men, because they said He hath an unclean spirit" (Mark 3 : 30). From this time Jesus began to speak unto the multitude in parables, and when His disciples asked Him, "Why speakest Thou unto them in parables?" He said, "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. "Therefore, speak I unto them in parables; because they, seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not; neither do they understand."

In His wondrous considerateness of love, Jesus would not add to the condemnation of those who rejected Him; He would not increase their responsiblity, and so would speak in mysteries, under a veil. If they asked for an interpretation He would gladly explain. His first parable was significant; He said of it to His disciples, "Know ye not this parable? and how then shall ye know all parables?" (Mark 4 : 13). It was this,

"Behold a Sower

went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up and choked them. But others fell into good grounds and brought forth fruit, some a hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold." Such is the story. In answer to the request of the disciples, Jesus explained the parable. "The seed is the Word of God" (Luke 8 : 11). "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man" (Matt. 13 : 37); and it is plain from what follows, that the soil on which the seed falls is the heart of man, not the intellect, which may form an opinion, or assent to a doctrine, but the heart, the affections, the will, which have power to receive the seed in such a way that it may germinate and bring forth fruit. "When anyone heareth the Word of the Kingdom and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart." The seed fell on the surface, and it was a hard, well-trodden surface, and there was no entrance for the Word. Hundreds of thousands in our churches, chapels and mission halls are like these

Wayside Hearers.

They hear and enjoy an interesting, lively service, they discuss points of doctrine and criticise, often with a certain amount of cleverness. the various defects of the preacher; but it does not strike them that the Word is a message from God to them; they look upon the service just as they would on a performance at the theatre or the circus, on the Word as they would on the last new novel, useful to while away their time for an hour, but nothing to take to heart as though it had anything to do with them. They, very likely, patronize the best preachers, and defend them against others, but they do not lay to heart the state of their own souls, nor God's claims upon them; and they ignore the fact, full of terrors for them, that the Word which Christ has spoken, and to which they have been so long indifferent, "shall judge" them "in the last day" (John 12 : 48). But there is another class of hearers: "He that received the seed into

Stony Places.

The same is he that heareth the Word, and anon with joy receiveth it; "yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the Word, bye-and-bye he is offended." O how many there are like this! They go readily forward to the enquiry room or the penitent form; they eagerly sing God's praises; they rejoice in forgiveness, and they are very happy; they have got what they want, a feeling of happiness in their hearts, and as long as this lasts, they are all right; they have gone in for joy; they sought salvation for their own sakes, they have not taken into consideration that a real conversion consists in yielding up ourselves to God and accepting Him on His own terms. They have never been converted from themselves to God; they have not been turned from their own will to the will of God, they live for themselves still. As long as the happy meetings bring them more joy than the performances in the theatre, or the dance in the ballroom, or the song in the saloon, they will remain with the people of God; but when any trial comes, when people begin to speak against them, when there is a little falling off in the meetings, when the speaker to whom they are attached leaves, then they fall away. They had no root, the Word had not gone deep into the soil and got possession of the heart; it was all surface work; they could not bear the light of the Sun of Righteousness which detected their unreality, they could not bear the heat of His refining fire, and so they fell away! the Word only fell *upon*, and not *into* their hearts, and the conversion was not a real one.

"He also that received seed

Among the Thorns.

Is he that heareth the Word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word, and He becometh unfruitful." O, how many there are of this class! really converted, the heart really given up to God, and yet shared with something else. These are the miserable believers who go about the world with long faces, and whining voices, and grumbling dispositions; and who lead many to think, "If *that* is religion, the farther I keep from it the better it will be for me and my family." These are the people who have no doubt about their title to heaven, who can leave the care of their soul's salvation with God; but when it comes to the market prices, the speculations, the newest inventions, the competition of the day, you see by all their words and actions that they think God is nowhere in such things, and so they bear the burden themselves; and these things absorb the heart which should be fertilizing the good seed of the Word. They have just enough religion to make them miserable in the world, and just enough of the world to make them powerless in the church. "Their heart is divided." (Hosea 10 : 2.) Poor powerless, fruitless, dead-alive Christians, for whom the Church of Christ is not a home, but a hospital, for they never come to meeting as though they were quite at home, but only to get some sore healed, or a little eye salve, or some other remedy, for their spiritual life is below par.

O, what a relief to turn to Him "that received seed *into* (not on to)

The Good Ground."

When a man offers all his being to the Word of God, and gives himself up to the God who created him, the Saviour who redeemed him, and the Spirit who sanctified him, then God can make something of him. God wants all His children to be fruitful. "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit" (John 15: 16). "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples" (John 15 : 8). There are some (surely they are those who are choked by the thorns) who only bear "thorns and briers" (Heb. 6 : 8), But what is the fruit which God seeks on the good ground?

The Fruit

of the Word, the fruit of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. 5 : 22) which is indeed the fruit of Christ in us. God calls us as soil in which He plants His own divine nature, that where sin hath abounded, and self hath abounded, the very virtues of Christ Himself may abound. To this purpose hath He saved us, "that we shall shew forth the virtues of Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Pet. 2 : 9). A Christian who is saved, and yet unloving, is a false witness of Christ, bearing "thorns and briers," which scratch and wound other people. A selfish, touchy, grumbling Christian, shows forth not Christ's virtues, but his own failings under the name of Christ, and he does incalculable injury to the cause of God, by making people think that he is a sample of the fruit which the Word of God produces. If the soil, the heart, the life, is fully yielded up to God, then *we* have not to look after the cultivation. "My Father is the Husbandman," says our blessed God; and He will not fail to do His work, when He is not hindered. It is true that the good ground brings forth in different measure—with some there is the hundred fold; with some, the sixty fold; with others, only the thirty fold. Where the will is fully yielded, the good Husbandman will press everything, every circumstance in life into His service for His wheat field; trial, persecution, temptation, sorrow, as well as victories and joys, all will be forced into His service to the end that we may "bring forth fruit with patience."

FORWARD.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—Ex. xiv. 15.

Forward—let this be our motto,
Henceforth we will win the day;
Upward—Christ has gone before us
Evermore to light our way.

Forward—though our path be dreary,
And beset with cares and fears;
Bye and bye our Saviour'll meet us:
Upward—there are no more tears.

Forward—though our way be lonely,
And no kind word greets our ears;
He who notes the sparrow's falling,
Will surely wipe away each tear.

Forward—lies the land celestial,
There the pure-in-heart abide;
Unseen angels round us hovering,
Beckon upward to His side.

Forward pilgrim—just before thee
Lies that shining land of light;
Soon, aye, soon the Bridegroom cometh:
Upward—there is no more night.

Forward ever—be our watchword,
Let it ring the wide world o'er,
'Till He comes, our glorious Leader,
Comes to reign forevermore.

—*Mary W. Batchelder.*

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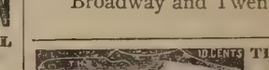

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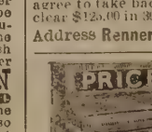

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MRS. FINN and MISS VON FINKELSTEIN, Friends of the Persecuted Jews—Scenes in Mrs. Finn's Work.

MRS. FINN.

THE FRIEND OF PERSECUTED JEWS.

The Reproach of Christendom—Mrs. Finn's Birth in Poland—Her Father's Labors—A Rabbi Teaches her Hebrew—Residence in Breslau—Her Father Declines a Bishopric—Marriage and Removal to Jerusalem—Her Husband's Consulship—A Clumsy Salute—Narrow Escape of a Jewess—An Indignant Priest—A Visit to the Site of the Holy of Holies—Plans for the Welfare of the Jews—Mr. Finn's Death—Providential Assistance to Russian Jews.

THE two ladies whose portraits appear on the preceding page have earned a title to the respect and gratitude of the Christian church. They have both labored in their respective spheres to remove a reproach which is justly brought against Christendom as a whole. They have loved the Jewish race, and have endeavored by every means in their power to alleviate the physical miseries of Jewish exiles,, and to open their eyes to the truth as it is in Jesus. It is a sad and disgraceful fact that while the whole world is indebted to the Jews for the preservation of spiritual truth, while their literature has been for centuries the delight and comfort of Christians in all lands, and, notwithstanding, that whatever of human there was in our Lord and Saviour was Jewish, yet the Jew has been received wherever he has gone with hostility. In past days he was

The Outcast of Europe,

and every European nation in its turn has persecuted him. In semi-barbarous countries, like Russia, he has even in our own day been stripped of his property and has only saved his life by flight, and even in Germany and America he has been subjected to a species of social ostracism more galling to a sensitive nature than physical maltreatment. All the more honor, therefore, is due to those who have shown kindness to the Jews, and among them these two ladies are conspicuous. They have not only served them personally and directly, but have done them indirect benefit by influencing the public mind in their favor and removing some of the prejudice which exists against them.

Mrs. Finn is a native of Warsaw in Poland, where she was born nearly sixty years ago. Her father was the late Dr. McCaul, the eminent Hebrew scholar and historian, who for many years made his home among the Jews of Russia and Poland, and found his most intimate friends among the Jewish Rabbis of those lands. She passed her early years in Warsaw, and saw much of these Jewish teachers, one of whom was so much interested in the child that he taught her Hebrew and guided her studies in Jewish literature (*See Illustration No.* 1). Subsequently her father removed to Breslau, where she became proficient in the German language and literature. Still later she accompanied her father to Ireland, and finally to his last place of

Residence at Palestine Place,

London, England. There he continued his labors on behalf of the Jews. At his house Jews from every nation under the sun might be found who, called to London on business, found there congenial society and ready sympathy, and since his death it has not lost its associations, for it has now become the centre of the missionary operations of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. (A picture of it forms *illustration No.* 2 *on first page.*)

In the year 1841 the King of Prussia, whose acquaintance Dr. McCaul had made in Germany, proposed the foundation of a Protestant Anglo-Prussian Bishopric in Jerusalem, and asked him to be the Bishop. This honor Dr. McCaul declined on the ground that it should be held by one of Jewish birth, and ventured to nominate his friend Dr. M. S. Alexander. The nomination was accepted, and at Dr. Alexander's consecration Dr. McCaul preached the sermon. There was present at that ceremony a friend who had taken an active interest in the Bishopric, and in the work going on in the Holy Land, and who himself was an excellent Hebrew scholar, and had published a valuable work on the Spanish Jews. This was Mr. Finn, whose friendship for Dr. McCaul was destined to develop into a closer connection. He became a frequent visitor at Palestine Place, drawn thither, at first, by a community of interest in the Jews, but later by a growing affection for Miss McCaul. His affection was reciprocated, and they were married in 1846. Shortly afterward Mr. Finn's profound Hebraic knowledge, and his well-known interest in the Jewish race attracted the attention of the British Government, who at that time needed a representative in Palestine. Mr. Finn was made Consul for Palestine with a

Residence in Jerusalem

itself, and there he and Mrs. Finn removed, and commenced a life of beneficent labor, congenial to them, beneficent to the country, and useful to the British Government. They held the position for seventeen years, and during that time endeared themselves to thousands of persons to whom Mr. Finn's official position enabled him to become a protector. Many remarkable incidents occurred during Mr. Finn's official term, which he has graphically described in his book entitled "*Stirring Times.*"

The English Consulate at this time occupied the house adjoining Christ Church on Mount Zion, and immediately faced the Castle of Hippicus, from which during Mohammedan feasts, it is customary to fire salutes with artillery. Mr. and Mrs. Finn having been away from home during one of these festivals, returned to make

An Unexpected Discovery.

The clumsy Turkish gunners had damaged their house. In firing one of the castle guns they had thrust into it, as an extra wadding, a soldier's old jacket with brass buttons, and this had been fired through the windows of the Consulate, the distance being very short. The bundle had crashed through the window, carrying glass and woodwork before it, and hit the wall opposite just above a bed in which a child would have been sleeping, if the Consul and Mrs. Finn had been at home.

Mr. Finn says: "The gunners were in the habit of ramming anything that came to hand into their cannon, to make the greater noise in the discharge. Some years before, a poor Jewess had a narrow escape of her life from this cause. She was passing down the narrow lane close to our house at the moment when a salute began. A troop of donkeys, just released from their loads, came scampering down the lane behind her, the donkey-boy lagging in the rear. The donkeys pushed past, one of them pinning the Jewess to the wall. At that instant the cannon was again fired; the wadding (an old soldier's jacket in this instance too) struck the donkey on the head, killing it on the spot. The woman was covered with dust and some of the blood of the slain beast, which had to be removed before she could be extricated, terribly shaken and frightened, but safe. The donkey had saved her life at the expense of its own." (*See Illustration No.* 3.)

The question of the employment of the poor Jewesses and of Jews, had from Mr. and Mrs. Finn's first arrival in Jerusalem engaged their attention. These poor people go to the Holy City from religious motives, and finding no employment there, sink into a condition of hopeless poverty. The first effort made was on behalf of the Jewesses, some of whom were given employment in sewing and knitting. After a couple of years this branch of the work was handed over to the late Miss Cooper, who founded a sewing and knitting school, which is still one of the Institutions of Jerusalem. Various occupations were tried for the men and boys, but none promised permanent success except *agriculture* and the various industries therewith connected. Efforts were made to encourage and promote agricultural industry during the whole time of Mrs. Finn's residence there, and

The Great Fertility of the Land

was abundantly proved in the work carried on at Urtas, near Solomon's Gardens, where waste land was turned into a very paradise of luxuriant verdure. The willingness of the Jews themselves to earn even scanty wages by hard work, was also shown at a place near Jerusalem called the Industrial Plantation. Here Jews of all ages, including men of learning, glad of any occupation which would maintain them near their beloved city, thankfully labored under the hot sun at building and clearing the ground, receiving in return bare peasants' wages and a bit of bread.

"After operations were fairly started on the plantation," observes Mr. Finn, "I one day, after a hard day's office work, rode out towards the land, to see the men return from their labor. They were met coming over the lanes and fields carrying their baskets and tools on their shoulders; a ragged troop, very ragged but very happy, singing a chorus in Hebrew, 'We are laborers in the field of Abraham, our father.' My eyes filled with tears as the words came to recollection, 'They shall return to Zion with singing, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads.'" (*See Illustration No.* 4.)

A Priest's Mishap

is another incident related by Mr. Finn. On one occasion, while Mr. and Mrs. Finn were exploring in the region of Khân Nakhôra, they had their table-cloth spread upon the ground by the roadside, when there came up a portly priest belonging to the Convent of the Saviour, beyond Sidon, riding a mule and escorted by a peasant on foot. In attempting to dismount alone, the mule's girth being loose, the saddle turned round, so that the priest tumbled on his head, and lay prostrate, his feet still in the stirrups, unable to move, and in imminent danger of being dragged down the road by the mule. He was rescued by Mr. Finn's cook, who ran up and cut the stirrups off with his sword. (*See Illustration No.* 5.) The priest felt deeply humiliated, and finding that he was indebted for his rescue to the servant of Protestants, he rode off without a word of thanks.

An interesting circumstance described by Mr. Finn was the first admission of Christians since the recapture of Jerusalem to

The Temple Sanctuary.

This was granted to Mr. and Mrs. Finn in 1853, and they were allowed to conduct to that hallowed spot the Duke and Duchess of Brabant (now the king and queen of the Belgians), and subsequently the eminent Jewish philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, who, as a British subject, was under the protection of the consul. Of this visit Mr. Finn thus wrote: "We were to approaeh the very interesting, if not awful spot, where the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite had been; the site of King David's altar; the site of Abraham's altar on Moriah; *the site of the Holy of Holies;* the earthly throne of Divine majesty and presence, the spot where the Veil had been rent in twain. There was a multitude of eager expectants. We passed through a narrow, dark passage, which forms the private entrance to the Sanctuary precincts from the Pasha's residence. On a sudden we emerged into daylight and bright sunshine; and we stood within the Sanctuary, on the smooth scarped rock, cut away about a thousand years before. Here the main body of the Turkish garrison awaited the company. The soldiers were fully armed, and closed around us as we followed the Pasha, who, with the officers in command, led the visitors forward (*See Illustration No.* 6). The innovation was astonishing, and as fanatical Turks regarded it as sacrilege, it was not without its dangers. Not many years before, the resident English mission physician had been attending one of the chief Moslem families in their house, which overlooks the Hharam precincts. Out of gratitude they led him a very little way within the gates of the open court, that he might behold, if even only in a glimpse, something of the beauty of the Sanctuary. But two of the watchmen espied the intruders, and fiercely rushing upon them with their clubs (*see illustration No.* 7), they knocked down, not only the English doctor, but the Moslem gentleman who was conducting him, and would have killed both had not help been at hand, and the gate so close by that they

could be dragged out of reach by the Hereditary Guardian himself, who was friendly, and who was just in time to save them, though with extreme difficulty."

Departure from Jerusalem

and the abandoning of their beneficent work to other hands, became unavoidable in 1863, by the chronic sickness of Mr. Finn. He and his devoted wife quitted the country with poignant regret, but continued residence there would have been fatal to the sufferer. He lived until 1872, and though retired from active life never ceased to take a deep interest in the welfare of "God's chosen people." Since his death Mrs. Finn has devoted her life to the same cause. She became Secretary of the movement for assisting Jews to settle in the Holy Land known as "The Syrian Colonization Fund." During the recent Russian persecution her house was besieged by Russian Jews pleading for help to go to the land of their fathers'. (*See Illustration No.* 8). Mrs. Finn seemed to be an instrument specially prepared for such a crisis, as during her childhood she had acquired familiar knowledge of both the Russian and Hebrew tongues, and could converse with all who came. The money she distributed from the public fund and her own private purse during that time was enormous.

MISS LYDIA VON FINKELSTEIN.

MANY of our readers have already made the acquaintance of Lydia Manreoff von Finkelstein, whose portrait accompanies that of Mrs. Finn on the first page. She resided, for several years in this country and lectured in most of our great cities. The father of Miss Finkelstein was a Russian noble, whose sympathies with the people and persistent advocacy of constitutional government brought him into collision with the Czar, and rendered his flight from Russia imperative. He eventually migrated to Syria, and settled in Jerusalem, where his daughter Lydia was born, and where she spent the first eighteen or twenty years of her life. There in "The City of the Great King" she herself lived the life she now so graphically describes in her lectures, in many of its modes.

A few years ago Miss Finkelstein left the Holy Land and settled in the United States, and here she was led to consecrate herself to the important work in which she is now engaged. Atheists of the lowest type, full of coarse conceit and noisy bluster, and trading, as is their wont, on the ignorance of the masses, were publicly attacking the Bible, and by distortion and misrepresentation were laboring to destroy all confidence in its accuracy. They openly asserted that its descriptions of places and persons, manners and customs of the East, were fallacious, and from this argued that no faith could be placed in its revelations of moral and spiritual truth. To counteract these falsehoods, Miss von Finkelstein felt moved to inform American audiences of such details of Eastern life, derived from her own personal experience and knowledge, as would place the Bible in its true light, and thus destroy the ground on which the infidel attack was made.

Her lectures were exceedingly vivid as commentaries on Biblical themes, for she had brought with her the wardrobe she and her brother used in the Holy Land, and at her lectures her brother wore the dress of the Bedouin, or the country shepherd, or the city man, as the case might be; while she herself personified representatives of each of the different classes. The lectures were delivered in many parts of the States to large audiences, and were highly appreciated.

In the summer of 1887 Miss von Finkelstein revisited the Holy Land and collected new facts respecting it and its Jewish settlers. She has now embodied these in new lectures showing how marvellously God is preparing the way for Jewish nationalization in Palestine, and is delivering them in the chief cities of Europe. Their influence is very beneficial in arousing public interest in the Jewish people and enlisting public sympathy in their exiled condition.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Aged Soldier's Testimony.—"It is now many years since I gave myself to Jesus, and, with the exception of a short time, I have continued to serve under His banner. When I first joined the army I became so discontented that I deserted, but surrendered myself and was imprisoned for a few months. It was during solitary confinement that I was, in answer to the oft-repeated prayer of godly parents, brought to Christ. I left prison a new man, trusting in Christ, and determined to perform my duty towards God and man. I have been all over the world, and in nothing could I find satisfaction but in the Lord Himself, and in Him I rest to-day, and Him I trust to keep me until that day when I shall answer to my name on the glorious muster-roll on high."

Trying to Drown the Cat.—Mr. Climie Remarked: "I knew a man who had in his house a vicious cat, which he determined to destroy, So one day he took the cat down to the river, and taking a rope from his pocket he tied a stone around the neck of the animal, and threw it into the water. He turned to go home with a feeling of satisfaction at having accomplished the task, But when he got home he found that the cat was there before him, and waiting at the door to welcome him. And it is much the same with the man who tries to fight his besetting sin in his own strength. He faces it, fights it, and struggles against it until he thinks it is dead, but unexpectedly it meets him again, and gets him in its power once more. Men are very foolish to fight sin in their own strength. It is only through the grace of Christ that any conquest may be achieved and evil overcome."

A Christian Railway Ticket-Collector.—Mr, D. J. Findlay observes: "I was travelling from Manchester to Bradford a short time ago, and when we stopped to have the tickets collected, I noticed that the collector was a fine, bright young fellow, and I took the opportunity of speaking to him of his soul. 'I suppose there is sometimes an accident on this line?' I remarked. He laughingly replied that there was. Then, pointing to my companion, who sat beside me, I said, 'If there be a collision this run, my friend and I are going straight to heaven, if the Lord sees fit to take this life from us. If anything should happen to you, would you go there also?' 'Yes, I would,' was the confident reply. 'Then you are a Methodist?' I continued. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'we do not need to be Methodists to be saved. All who believe in Christ are saved; Jesus does not save for the church's sake, but for His own sake.' I was much pleased with this young man's answer, for I saw that he had built on a sure foundation."

The Patient and the Medical Students.—A worker says. "Not long ago a young man in Alexandria was brought to Christ. He became ill and consulted a doctor, who told him that he was unable to form any opinion of the nature of his disease, and that he thought the best thing he could do was to consult a medical professor. The young man acted upon that advice, and the professor honestly told him that he had upon him a disease that certainly would end with his death. There was only one possibility of cure: if he would consent to undergo a painful operation he might be saved, but the result was not at all certain. The young man, after an earnest prayer to God to give the operator wisdom, prayed for the students, who had come in, that God would save such as were unconverted, and that He would bless them all. Then casting himself upon the Lord, he declared himself ready. Many of the students were completely broken down, and the professor himself was moved to tears, and turning to the students, he said, 'Young gentlemen, many of you have heard it said that there is nothing in religion, but I think that we must all see that there is something in a religion that enables a young man to look at death so bravely, and in the midst of his own overwhelming troubles to think of the salv tion of others. I had much fear regarding the success of this operation, but now I have none.' The operation was a success, and while lying in the infirmary the young man was visited by many of the students, who thanked him for showing them the way of salvation, for that earnest prayer offered in the operating-room had gone to their hearts."

A Lad's Avowal of Christ.—An Evangelist relates: "When I was addressing a Gospel meeting in London, not long ago, among those who waited at the close of the service to be spoken with was a young lad, who told the worker that he would like to be saved, but he was afraid of his companions laughing at him. The worker showed him the necessity of confessing Christ, and that he need not go forth in his own strength, that God would be always with him to strengthen and uphold, and that if he were ashamed to confess Christ, Christ would not confess him before His Father. The lad accepted Christ, resolving to openly avow Him. Next day, as the friend who had spoken to him was walking along the street, a bright-faced lad came up to him, and held out his hand. At first the gentleman did not remember the face, but a second look enabled him to recognize the anxious inquirer of the previous night. 'Well,' he asked, 'how did you get on?' 'Oh, I just told them the whole story, and after they had laughed and mocked a bit, that was all they could do.'"

An Ex-Saloon-Keeper's Story.—A Member of a Mizpah band remarked: "I owned a rum-shop once in one of the lowest parts of Glasgow. There I stood day by day and carried on that abominable traffic which is filling our poor-houses, our lunatic asylums, and, worse than all, is filling hell with the ruined souls of men and women. I began to grow weary of it, and longed to give it up. One day, three fine-looking young fellows came in, and when they went to the back shop they informed me that one of the three had fainted. We tried to revive him, but failing to do so we sent for a doctor, who came, and, having looked at him, told us that he was dead. That pale face haunted me night and day. I went to one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and there the late Mr. J. Scott asked me if I were a Christian. I said that I was not, and I feared I was too great a sinner. 'Are you a greater sinner than Christ is a Saviour?' he inquired. He lovingly pointed me to Jesus. I went home, gave up the liquor trade, and trusted God for the rest. My self-interest and my sin blinded my eyes for years, but now all is changed, and I bless the Lord that He has saved me through Christ."

Ministering to an Infidel Nobleman.—Mr. W. Clyde related: "A great French nobleman went about doing much harm by his infidel conversation. Soon he became tired of this work, and longed for something to satisfy his weary soul. He tried pleasure of all kinds, but it would not do. He went about from place to place, thinking that new scenes would divert and satisfy his mind, but he grew depressed in spirits and took pleasure in nothing. So morbid did he become that his great friend Napoleon III., fearing that his health would give way, sent him to London, and put him under the care of a skilful physician there. When the medical man saw him, he said, 'You have something on your mind. Have you done anything to spoil your character or reputation?' The man declared that he had not, but still the physician insisted that he had, and tnat he must be told. 'What is depressing and weighing me down,' replied the sceptic, 'is eternity, and where shall I spend my eternity?' 'You have come to the wrong physician,' replied the doctor. 'What, do you tell me that there is no hope?' he cried in dismay. 'Yes, if you will go to the right Physician; He has a certain cure.' 'Ah, if you could just assure me that Christ is the Son of God; but this suspense is more than I can bear,' the nobleman answered. The godly physician opened his Bible and proved from Scripture that it was so, and the French nobleman found relief in Christ."

THIRST IN A CAVERN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, Nov. 27, 1887.

"Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." II Sam. 23 : 15.

War in Harvest-time—David's Hiding Place—His Deep Thirst—A Desperate Enterprise—The Water from the Well—The Gospel Well—I. A Well of Bethlehem—Dug in the Night—For a Thirst-Smitten Race—The Hunted Deer of the Adirondacks—II. A Captured Well—The Philistines who Repel Thirsty Comers—Substitutes for the Water—The Old Well to be Recaptured—III. A Well at the Gate—For Purification—For Renovation—For Comfort—Caves Where Men Get Thirsty—Caves of Bereavement—Of Trouble—Cool, Fresh Promises—At the Gate of Heaven—Ablution from Earth's Dust—Three Lost Children in New Jersey.

War, always distressing, is especially ruinous in harvest-time. When the crops are all ready for the sickle, to have them trodden down by cavalry horses, and heavy supply-trains gullying the fields, is enough to make any man's heart sick. When the last great war broke out in Europe, and France and Germany were coming into horrid collision, I rode past their golden harvest-fields and saw tents pitched and the trenches dug in the very midst of the ripe fields, the long scythe of battle sharpening to mow down harvests of men in great winrows of the dead. It was at this season of harvest that the army of the Philistines came down upon Bethlehem. Hark to the clamor of their voices, the neighing of their chargers, the blare of their trumpets and the clash of their shields!

Let David and his men fall back! The Lord's host sometimes loses the day. But David knew where to hide. He had been brought up in that country. Boys are inquisitive, and they know all about the region where they were born and brought up. If you should go back to the old homestead, you could, with your eyes shut, find your way to the meadow, or the orchard, or the hill back of the house, with which you were familiar thirty or forty years ago. So David knew

The Cave of Adullam.

Perhaps, in his boyhood days, he had played "hide-and-seek" with his comrades all about the old cave; and though others might not have known it, David did. Travellers say there is only one way of getting into that cave, and that is by a very narrow path; but David was stout and steady-headed and steady-nerved; and so, with his three brave staff-officers, he goes along that path, finds his way into the cave, sits down, looks around at the roof and the dark passages of the mountain, feels very weary with the forced march, and water he must have, or die.

I do not know but there may have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern, or that there may have been some water in the goat-skin slung to his girdle; but that was not what he wanted. He wanted a deep, full, cold drink, such as a man gets only out of an old well with moss-covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adullam there was such a well as that, a well to which he used to go in boyhood—the well of Bethlehem; and he almost imagines that he can hear the liquid plash of that well, and his parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

It was no sooner said than done. The three brave staff-officers bound to their feet and start. Brave soldiers will take even

A Hint from the Commander.

But between them and the well lay the host of the Philistines; and what could three men do with a great army? Yet where there is a will there is a way, and, with their swords slashing this way and that, they make their path to the well. While the Philistines are amazed at the seeming fool-hardiness of these three men, and cannot make up their minds exactly what it means, the three men have come to the well. They drop the bucket. They bring up the water. They pour it in the pail, and then start for the cave. "Stop them!" cry the Philistines. "Clip them with your swords! Stab them with your spears! Stop those three men!" Too late! They have got around the hill. The hot rocks are splashed with the overflowing water from the vessel as it is carried up the cliffs. The three men go along

The Dangerous Path,

and with cheeks flushed with the excitement, and all out of breath in their haste, they fling their swords red with the skirmish, to the side of the cave, and cry out to David: "There, captain of the host, is what you wanted, a drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

A text is of no use to me unless I can find Christ in it; and unless I can bring a gospel out of these words that will arouse and comfort and bless, I shall wish I had never seen them; for your time would be wasted, and against my soul the dark record would be made that this day I stood before a great audience of sinning, suffering and dying men, and told them of no rescue. By the cross of the Son of God, by the throne of the eternal judgment, that shall not be! May the Lord Jesus help me to tell you the truth to-day!

You know that carrier pigeons have sometimes letters tied under the wing, and they fly hundreds of miles—one hundred miles in an hour—carrying a message. So I thought I would like to have it now. Oh, heavenly Dove! bring under thy wing to-day, to my soul and to the souls of this people, some message of light and love and peace!

It is not an unusual thing to see people gather

Around a Well

in summer-time. The husbandman puts down his cradle at the well curb. The builder puts down his trowel. The traveller puts down his pack. Then one draws the water for all the rest, himself taking the very last. The cup is passed around, and the fires of thirst are put out; the traveller starts on his journey, and the workman takes up his burden.

My friends, we come to-day around the Gospel well. We put down our pack of burdens, and our implements of toil. One man must draw the water for those who have gathered around the well. I will try and draw the water to-day; and if, after I have poured out from this living fountain for your soul, I just taste of it myself, you will not begrudge me a "drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

This Gospel well, like the well spoken of in the text, is

A Well of Bethlehem.

David had known hundreds of wells of water, but he wanted to drink from that particular one, and he thought nothing could slake his thirst like that. And unless your soul and mine can get access to the Fountain open for sin and uncleanness, we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethelem. It was dug in the night. It was dug by the light of a lantern—the star that hung down over the manger. It was dug not at the gate of Cæsar's palaces, not in the park of a Jerusalem bargain-maker. It was dug in a barn. The camels lifted their weary heads to listen as the work went on. The shepherds, unable to sleep, because the heavens were filled with bands of music, came down to see the opening of the well. The angels of God, at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices of joy into it, and drank to the health of earth and heaven, as they cried, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." Sometimes in our modern barns the water is brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the beasts that perish as for

Our Thirst-smitten Race,

desert-travelled and simoon-struck. Oh, my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink to-day out of that Bethlehem well!

David said: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so my soul panteth after thee, O God." You would get a better understanding of this amidst the Adirondacks in summer-time. Here comes a swift-footed deer. The hounds are close on the track; it has leaped chasms and scaled cliffs; it is fagged out; its eyes are rolling in death; its tongue is lolling from its foaming mouth. Faster the deer, faster the dogs, until it plunges into Schroon Lake, and the hounds can follow it no farther, and it puts down its head and mouth until the nostrils are clean submerged in the cool wave, and I understand it: "As the hart panteth for the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Oh, bring me water from that well! Little child, who has learned of Jesus in the Sabbath-school, bring me some of that living water, Old man, who fifty years ago didst find the well, bring me some of that water. Stranger in a strange land, who used to hear sung amidst the Highlands of Scotland, to the tune of "Bonnie Doon," "The Star, the Star of Bethlehem," bring me some of that water. Whosoever drinketh of that water shall never thirst. "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again, this Gospel well, like the one spoken of in the text, is

A Captured Well.

David remembered the time when that good water of Bethlehem was in the possession of his ancestors. His father drank there, his mother drank there. He remembered how the water tasted when he was a boy, and came there from play. We never forget the old well we used to drink out of when we were boys or girls. There was something in it that blessed the lips and refreshed the brow better than any thing we have found since. As we think of that dear old well, the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drops, sun-glinted, and all the more as we remember that the hands that used to lay hold the rope and the hearts that beat against the well-curb are still now. We never get over these reminiscences. George P. Morris, the great song-writer of this country, once said to me that his song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," was sung in a great concert-hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song that, after the singing was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said, "Sir, will you please to tell me whether the woodman really spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas for the man who has no early memories!

David thought of that well, that boyhood well, and he wanted a drink of it, but he remembered that the Philistines had captured it. When those three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaming around about it. And this is true of this Gospel well. The Philistines have at times captured it. When we come to take a full, old-fashioned drink of pardon and comfort, do not their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash? Why, the sceptics tell us that we cannot come to that fountain! They say the water is not fit to drink anyhow. "If you are really thirsty now, there is

The Well of Philosophy,

there is the well of art, there is the well of science." They try to substitute, instead of our boyhood faith, a modern mixture. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, and they try to feed our immortal hunger on rose-leaves, and mix a mint-julep of worldly stimulants, when nothing will satisfy us but a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate." They try to starve us on husks, when the Father's banquet is ready, and the best ring is taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp is struck for the music, and the swiftest foot is already lifted for the dance. They patronize heaven and abolish hell, and try to measure eternity with their hour-glass, and the throne of the great God with their yard-stick! I abhor it.

I tell you the old Gospel well is a captured well. I pray God that there may be somewhere in the

elect host three anointed men, with courage enough to go forth in the strength of the omnipotent God, with the glittering swords of truth, to hew the way back again to that old well. I think *the tide is turning*, and that the old Gospel is to take its place again in the family, and in the university, and in the legislative hall. Men have tried worldly philosophies, and have found out that they do not give any comfort, and that they drop an arctic midnight upon the death-pillow. They fail when there is a dead child in the house; and when the soul comes to leap into the fathomless ocean of eternity, they give not even a broken spar to cling to.

Depend upon it, that well will come into our possession again, though it has been captured. If there be not three anointed men in the Lord's host, with enough consecration to do the work, then the swords will leap from Jehovah's buckler, and the Eternal Three will descend—God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost—conquering for our dying race the way back again to "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again, the Gospel well, like the one spoken of in my text, is

A Well at the Gate.

The traveller stops the camel to-day, and gets down and dips out of the valley of the East, some very beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out of the very well that David longed for. Do you know that that well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without going right past it? And so it is with this Gospel well—it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at *the gate of purification*. We cannot wash away our sins unless with that water. I take the responsibility of saying that there is no man, woman or child in this house to-day, that has escaped sinful defilement. Do you say it is outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge? Do you say, "I have never stolen—I have never blasphemed—I have never committed unchastity—I have never been guilty of murder?" I reply, you have committed a sin worse than blasphemy, worse than unchastity, worse than theft, worse than murder. We have all committed it. We have by our sin re-crucified the Lord, and that is deicide. And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of heaven will give verdict against us: guilty one, guilty all. With what a slashing stroke that one passage cuts us away from all our pretensions: "There is none that doeth good—no, not one."

"Oh," says some one, "all we want, all the race wants, is development." Now I want to tell you that the race develops without the Gospel, into a Sodom, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops downward, and never upward, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What, then, is to become of our souls without Christ? Banishment. Disaster. But I bless my Lord Jesus Christ that there is a well at the gate of purification. For great sin, great pardon. For eighty years of transgression, an eternity of forgiveness. For crime deep as hell, an atonement high as heaven; that where sin abounded, so grace may much more abound: that as sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Angel of the Covenant, dip thy wing into this living fountain to-day, and wave it over this solemn assemblage, that our souls may be washed in "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate"!

Further, I remark that this well is at

The Gate of Comfort.

Do you know where David was when he uttered the words of the text? He was in the cave of Adullam. That is where some of you are now. Has the world always gone smoothly with you? Has it never pursued you with slander? Is your health always good? Have your fortunes never perished? Are your children all alive and well? Is there one dead lamb in the fold? Are you ignorant of the way to the cemetery? Have you ever heard the bell toll when it seemed as if every stroke of the iron clapper beat your heart? Are the skies as bright when you look into them as they used to be when other eyes, now closed, used to look into them? Is there some trunk or drawer in your house that you go to only on anniversary days, when there comes beating against your soul the surf of

A Great Ocean of Agony?

It is the cave of Adullam! The cave of Adullam! Is there some David here whose fatherly heart wayward Absalom has broken? Is there some Abraham here who is lonely because Sarah is dead in the family-plot of Machpelah? After thirty or forty years of companionship, how hard it was for them to part! Why not have two seats in the Lord's chariot, so that both the old folks might have gone up at once? My aged mother, in her last moment, said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it be nice if we could both go together?" No, no, no. We must part. And there are wounded hearts here to-day. The world cannot comfort you. What can it bring you? Nothing, nothing. The salve they try to put on your wounds will not stick. They cannot, with their bungling surgery, mend the broken bones.

Zophar the Naamathite and Bildad the Shuhite and Eliphaz the Temanite come in, and talk and talk and talk, but

Miserable Comforters

are they all. They cannot pour light into the cave of Adullam. They cannot bring a single draught of water from "the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." But, glory be to Jesus Christ, there is comfort at the gate! There is life in the well at the gate. If you give me time, I will draw up a promise for every man, woman and child in this house. Ay, I will do it in two minutes. I will lay hold the rope of the old well. What is *your* trouble? "Oh," you say, "I am so sick, so weary of life—ailments after ailments." I will draw up a promise: "The inhabitants shall never say 'I am sick.'" What is *your* trouble? "Oh, it is loss of friends—bereavement," you say. I will draw you up

A Promise, Fresh and Cool,

out of the well: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." What is your trouble? You say it is the infirmities of old age. I will draw you up a promise: "Down to old age I am with thee, to hoary hairs will I carry thee." What is *your* trouble? "Oh," you say, "I have a widowed soul, and my children cry for bread." I bring up this promise: "Leave thy fatherless children—I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me." I break through the armed ranks of your sorrows to-day, and bring to your parched lips "a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate."

Again, the Gospel well is

At the Gate of Heaven.

I have not heard yet one single intelligent account of the future world from anybody who does not believe in the Bible. They throw such a fog about the subject that I do not want to go to the sceptic's heaven, to the transcendentalist's heaven, to the worldly philosopher's heaven. I would not exchange the poorest room in your house for the finest heaven that Huxley or Stuart Mill or Darwin ever dreamed of. Their heaven has no Christ in it; and a heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be a hell! Oh, they tell us there are no songs there; there are no coronations in heaven—that is all imagination. They tell us we will do there about what we do here, only on a larger scale—geometrize with clearer intellect, and with alpenstock go clambering up over the icebergs in an eternal vacation. Rather than that, I turn to my Bible and I find John's picture of that good land—that heaven which was your lullaby in infancy—that heaven which our children in the Sabbath-school will sing about this afternoon—that heaven which has a "well at the gate."

After you have been on a long journey, and you come in, all bedusted and tired to your home, the first thing you want is

Refreshing Ablution,

and I am glad to know that after we get through the pilgrimage of this world—the hard, dusty pilgrimage—we will find a well at the gate. In that one wash, away will go our sins and sorrows. I do not care whether cherub or seraph, or my own departed friends in that blessed land place to my lips the cup, the touch of that cup will be life, will be heaven! I was reading of how the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought if they could only find and drink out of that well, the old would become young again, the sick would be cured and everybody would have eternal juvenescence. Of course they could not find it. Eureka! I have found it! "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

I think we had better make a bargain with those who leave us, going out of this world from time to time, as to where we will meet them. Travellers parting appoint a place of meeting. They say: "We will meet at Rome, or we will meet at Stockholm, or Vienna, or Jerusalem, or Bethlehem." Now, when we come to stand by the death-pillow of those who are leaving us for the far land, do not let us weep as though we would never see them again, but let us, there standing, appoint a place where we will meet. Where shall it be? Shall it be on the banks of the river? No; the banks are too long. Shall it be in the temple? No, no; there is such a host there—ten thousand times ten thousand. Where shall we meet our loved ones? Let us make an appointment to meet at the well by the gate. Oh, heaven! Sweet heaven! Dear heaven! Heaven, where our good friends are! Heaven, where Jesus is! Heaven! Heaven!

But while I stand here there comes a revulsion of feeling when I know there are

Souls Dying of Thirst.

notwithstanding the well at the gate. Between them and the well of heaven there is a great army of sin; and though Christ is ready to clear a way to that well for them, they will not have His love or intercession.

But I am glad to know that you may come yet. The well is here—the well of heaven. Come; I do not care how feeble you are. Let me take hold of your arm, and steady you up to the well-curb. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come." I would rather win one soul to Christ this morning, than wear the crown of the world's dominion. Do not let any man go away and say I did not invite him. Oh, if you could only just look at my Lord once; if you could just see him full in the face; ay, if you could only do as that woman did whom I read about at the beginning of the services—just come up behind Him and touch His feet—you would live.

Three Lost Children.

In northern New Jersey, one winter, three little children wandered off from home in a snow-storm. Night came on. Father and mother said, "*Where are the children?*" They could not be found. They started out in haste, and the news ran to the neighbors, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for those three children, but found them not.

After a while a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at, and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the older boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the younger one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put it around the other one; and there they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or vest. Oh, it was *a touching scene* when that was brought to light! I was on the ground a little while after, and it brought the whole scene to my mind; and I thought to myself of a more melting scene than that: it is that Jesus, our elder Brother, took off the robe of His royalty, and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that He might wrap our poor souls from the blast. Oh, the height, and the depth, and the length, and the breadth of the love of Christ!

A LITTLE GIRL'S SYLLABLES.

THE late Dean Stanley related the following in one of his sermons to children :

There was a little girl living with her old grandfather. She was a good child, but he was not a good man, and one day when the little child came back from school he put in writing over her bed, "God is nowhere." For he did not believe in the good God, and he was trying to make the child believe the same. What did the little girl do? She had no eyes to see nor ears to hear what her grandfather tried to teach her. She was very small; she could only read words of one syllable at a time; she rose above the bad meaning which he tried to put into her mind; she rose, as we ought all to rise, above the temptation of our time; she rose into a higher and better world; she rose because she could not do otherwise, and she read the words, not "God is nowhere," but "God is now here." That is what we all should strive to do. Out of words which have no sense or which have a bad sense, our eyes, our minds, ought to be able to read a good sense. The old grandfather was touched and made serious, and we ought all of us to be made serious in like manner by the innocent questions and answers of little children. God is now here, for God is everywhere—your help in ages past, your hope for years to come.

HOROLOGIC PRAYERS.

A GENTLEMAN who resided for some time in Naples, states that he was much annoyed by the way in which his eggs were cooked for breakfast. They were boiled quite hard. He remonstrated with the cook and was at last invited to go into the kitchen himself and superintend the boiling. He went, saw the eggs put into the boiling water and stood, watch in hand, beside the cook ready to give the signal for taking them out. At the end of three and a half minutes he gave the signal and the cook obeyed. "You shall have them done exactly after this," she said. "But how will you do it as you have no watch?" the gentleman asked. "Oh that is easy" was the reply, "the Signor likes the eggs to boil ten Paters and a half." The woman was a devout Roman Catholic and while the gentleman had been watching the eggs, she had been silently reciting Paternosters (the Lord's prayer) and she had said it over ten and a half times in the time. If familiarity had not bred contempt in her case it had produced irreverence. She evidently attached no meaning to the words she uttered though it is probable that she thought there was some merit in repeating them. There is reason to fear that many better instructed persons fall into her error. Mere mechanical repetition of set phrases too often does duty for prayer, and that too by persons who would not be guilty of the rudeness of addressing a human being in the same spiritless, thoughtless fashion. He who reads all hearts is not deceived by such counterfeit prayers (Isa. 29: 13.)

A SUBSTITUTED COMPOSITION.

A SCHOOL principal's unconscious criticism of a famous author has caused much amusement in Boston, Mass. The author's son, whose first name is the same as his father's, was required to write a composition, and, not possessing any of his father's literary ability, found himself utterly unable to perform the task. In his despair he appealed to his father, who not only explained it fully to him, but wrote a composition as a model for him. The boy, either misunderstanding his father, or failing to carry out his object, placed his father's work on the principal's desk with the compositions of the other boys. The schoolmaster, overhauling the lot at his leisure, misled by the identity of the name, mistook the popular author's work for the boy's composition. He returned the paper with his annotations, finding the chirography "execrable," the rhetoric "ill-considered," the spelling "abbreviated and uncertain," and ordered another trial. It is needless to say that the schoolmaster's chagrin at his mistake was equal to the father's indignation and the boy's merriment over the joke. Probably the boy will now despair of attaining to the principal's standard of literary excellence, as his famous father failed. As he grows older and learns what God requires of him in His law, he will have reason to despair of fulfilling that too. But then he may learn that what he cannot do has been done by Christ, whose perfect righteousness God has accepted in his behalf (Rom. 8: 3, 4).

HOW NIHILISTS WORK.

A PROMINENT author thus describes the mode of work adopted by the Russian Nihilists :

The Czar or his corrupt officials, can send any man to Siberia, and he has no appeal. This odious tyranny is too often forgotten when the crimes of the Nihilists are denounced. That it does not justify the crimes must be admitted, but it does extenuate them. Too frequently the Nihilists act in blind unreasoning madness, and are careless of everything but vengeance. It appears, however, that among them are many cases of patriotic self-sacrifice, and an enlightened effort to emancipate the people. There are among the Nihilists men of aristocratic birth, of wealth and position. Instead of spending their fortune in idleness and pleasure, they put the whole of it in the treasury of the order, go down into some country district where the people are poor and ignorant. There they get their living by working in some factory where many men are employed. They make friends, marry and become in all respects like the other workmen. Then they begin cautiously to disseminate their doctrines. They set an example of sobriety and industry, get their friends to become total abstainers, teach them to read and to think, tell them of nations that have liberty and free speech, explain to them what a constitution is, and the blessings it would bring to them; and after years of such toil the whole district is transformed. Then the aristocratic teacher moves off to a new district, or the government learns what has been done and swoops down upon him, and hangs him or sends him to Siberia. This work is going on all over Russia, and through it the Nihilistic order is growing in power and influence in spite of the discredit brought upon it by the dastardly crimes of some of its reckless members.

SABBATH KEEPING TOURISTS.

"BEFORE the days of steamships," says the late Mr. Dodge, in his diary just published, "I was on my way to Liverpool in one of the largest ships that ever sailed out of New York. We had a twenty-four days passage to the mouth of the channel, and there we rested; there was not wind enough to carry us farther. A pilot-boat came out from old Kinsale. There was just a breath of air sufficient to move the little boat with its large sails. I was anxious to stop at Cork, to see Father Mathew, and a number of us made an arrangement to get on the pilot-boat, and go on. Soon after we left the ship, we found there was not wind enough for the boat, even; just as we got under the head of Kinsale, the tide began to run out swiftly, for it rises there thirty feet, and we had to lie under the head of Kinsale all night—a terrible night, too. Next day was Sunday. The sun rose in all its beauty, and about seven we ran in with the tide to the little village of Kinsale. We were all tired, many of our friends had been sick during the night, and it so happened that each one of them had a most pressing reason for going on. Some of them had never travelled on the Sabbath, but now they were so situated that they must go on, particularly one lady, who had come out in charge of two girls ten or twelve years of age, and she was most anxious indeed to keep on travelling. A gentleman and his wife from New York, Mrs. Dodge and myself were all that remained. We had nice rooms in a little bit of a hotel, where we changed our clothes, washed ourselves and got breakfast. We went to a beautiful little church and had a most delightful service. After the service, the young preacher, seeing us there as strangers, made us welcome, and we attended church again in the afternoon. On Monday morning as the coach came up we found the young clergyman was to be our companion to Cork; and he said, "Now get up on the top of the stage; I know all the country and will show you everything."

"We had a charming ride of two days and two nights. Bu the second day about ten o'clock we stopped at one of the principal stage villages, and there on the platform stood every one of our fellow-passengers. There they stood, and that poor woman with her two children; they had travelled day and night and become tired, and waited for this coach to come along; but there was not a seat to be had, and we left them there utterly forlorn."

A LADY'S REQUEST.

A LADY travelling from Edinburgh to Glasgow, was much annoyed by a young officer's conversation in the carriage—being interspersed by oaths. She sat uneasy until she could no longer keep silence. "Sir," she said to the officer, "can you talk in the Gaelic tongue?" To this he replied in the affirmative, seemingly with great pleasure, expecting to have some conversation with the lady in that dialect. She then politely requested that if he wished to swear any more, it might be in that language, as the practice of swearing was very offensive to herself and the rest of the company. The officer was confounded at this reproof, and no more oaths were heard from him during the remainder of the journey.

THE MAGNETIC MESSIAH.

THE Rev. D. P. McPherson, the Canadian Baptist preacher who has succeeded the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, and whose portrait appeared in this journal on Nov. 10, in the course of a recent sermon thus spoke of the wonderful attractive power of the Saviour :

"Unto what shall I liken Christ? Before His advent the moral sense of the whole world expected some one in their midst to fill a vacant place? He came, the world looked at Him, and, despite His mean and lowly circumstance, assigned Him a supernatural place. The world never 'looked down' on Christ—it never can. It paid Him respect in its strongest hate, its strongest love, its universal pause and thought, its profoundest fear. Haughty Jerusalem and its heathen court were moved as never before over the birth of a poor child in a rock-cave by the wayside among the cattle!

"The 'publicans and sinners,' with feelings long buried, 'drew *near*' Him; and the women and the children and the 'multitudes.' He drew them and they followed, magnetized as they gazed on Him. And the penitent, believing man to-day, whether white or black, red or olive, finds in Jesus a bread for his hunger, a home for his sickness, a crown for ashes, and the 'portion' of His soul."

A SCULPTOR FROZEN TO DEATH.

IN the School of Fine Arts in Paris there is a statue that attracts general attention, not only on account of its beauty and grace, but on account of the story associated with it. The work is a bronze Mercury drawing a thorn out of his heel—the last work of the sculptor Briants. Although a man of genius, he was very poor, and a garret had to serve him for studio as well as home. During the severe winter he was working at the statue, and had to save his small allowance of fuel for the hours during which his model was sitting to him. One night the cold was so intense that he heaped upon his bed all the clothing he possessed. Suddenly he remembered his masterpiece; and, dreading lest the damp clay should be frozen, he stripped himself and put all his clothing and bed-covering around the figure. When his friend Cavalié entered next day, the sculptor lay on his bed frozen to death. In memory of him, his friends had the Mercury cast in bronze. This is the figure which is now exhibited for the study and inspiration of young French sculptors in the

Ecole des Beaux Arts. It cost a life, and there is much other work being done that is costing lives, though in a less tragic way. Those who leave home and friends to preach the gospel in Africa and other heathen lands know that their lives may be required of them, and they are willing that it should be so. The spirit of self-sacrifice which could prompt the sculptor to strip himself to shield his work, is more noble in the man that lays down his life that others may learn the way to life eternal. He rejoices to do it now, and when he enters into the joy of his Lord he proves the truth of the promise that he who loses his life for Christ's sake shall find it (Matt. 10:39).

THE THIRD SEAL.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Successive Developments Symbolized—The Seal of Spiritual Famine and Darkness—The Rider on the Black Horse—A Significant Equestrian Accoutrement—Papal Despotism Succeeding Anarchy—The Dearth of Spiritual Food—The Oil and Wine Preserved—Five Centuries of Demoralization—Testimony of Secular Historians—The Vision Fulfilled.

THE entire period of the Church's history from the year 39, when our Lord ascended into heaven, to the year 1901, when He may be expected to return to the earth is, as we have seen, * pictorially represented in this vision of The Seven Seals. Each seal represents a clearly defined epoch under a characteristic symbol. The first seal covering an epoch of 285 years from 39 to 324, an era of purity, holiness and self-denial, was symbolized by a White Horse. The second seal, covering a period of 242 years, from 324 to 566, a time of wealth and prestige, combined with heresies, schisms and dissensions, was symbolized by a red horse, the Rider of which was armed with a great sword. The third seal, which we have now to consider, relates to a period of 508 years, bringing the history down to the year 1073. It was a time of Papal domination, marked by priestly greed, avarice, spiritual famine, darkness and superstition. It is symbolized by a black horse, the Rider of which carries a pair of scales.

"And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo, a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine" (Rev. 6: 5, 6),

The visible Christian Church has now entered on a period in its history in which it answers no longer to the description of a red or fire-colored horse, but of a black horse. The fiery conflagration of sanguinary sectarianism and intestine strife between rival ecclesiastical leaders and various churches becomes comparatively extinguished, and is succeeded by the deathlike stillness of the night of

Popish Darkness and Despotism.

The establishment of the Pope's universal authority over Christendom substituted the deceptive peacefulness of despotism for the distraction of anarchy. Hence, the collective body of ecclesiastical leaders and rulers are no longer represented, like the rider of the fire-colored horse, wielding the great sword of sanguinary strife so as to kill one another, but are now depicted as a rider holding a pair of balances in his hand; that is to say, doling out the bread of life with scanty and parsimonious admeasurement to the common people. And the accompanying cry, "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny," implies a period of great dearth and scarcity of food, for ordinarily a penny, or *denarius*, would purchase ten or twenty measures of wheat. In this historical fulfilment the famine implied is not so much of literal food as of the spiritual bread of life, like that mentioned by Amos, "I will send a famine in the land: not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the Word of the Lord. They shall run to and fro to seek the Word of the Lord, and shall not find it." The uniform result of Popish dominion is the withholding of the Bible—the bread of life—from the common people, under the false pretext of danger arising from its contents being misinterpreted. Popery systematically locks up the Scriptures in the dead languages, recites its public services in the Latin tongue, and rigidly suppresses the circulation of God's Word, where it has power to do so. At the same time,

The Prohibitory Injunction,

"See that thou hurt not the oil and the wine," seems to imply that in the midst of all this darkness of superstition and famine of spiritual food, the Divine oil * of the Holy Spirit's sanctifying, purifying and enlightening influence, and the new wine † of Divine love, gladdening, comforting and cheering the soul of man, should not be withheld from those who, amidst prevailing superstition and apostasy, should still remain faithfully worshipping God, in spirit and in truth.

The death of the Emperor Justinian in 565 delivered the Church from a dangerous intermeddler, who, first as the zealous champion of orthodoxy, and afterwards as the fiery partisan of heresy, had powerfully stimulated controversy and discord. Gibbon says that "his death restored in some measure the peace of the Church, and the reigns of his four successors, the Emperors Justin, Tiberius, Maurice and Phocas, are distinguished by a fortunate vacancy in the ecclesiastical history of the East." Hitherto the Christian Church has been like the fire-colored horse, full of fiery dissension and the flames of discord, wielding "the great sword" of fratricidal strife, and "taking peace from the earth, and killing one another," but now it begins to resemble a black horse—passing into the midnight darkness of ignorance and superstition, and lulled into a deathlike slumber by the Delilah enchantments and composing draughts of Popery. The following extracts are specimens of the unanimous testimony of historians as to the spiritual famine and darkness of the visible Church from 565 to 1073.

Mosheim says of the sixth century, "The barriers of ancient simplicity and truth being once torn up, there was a

Constant Progress for the Worse,

nor can it easily be said how much of impurity and superstition religion gradually received. The controversialists of the East were continually *darkening* the great doctrines of revelation by the most subtle distinctions. Those who instructed the people were only intent upon imbuing them more and more with ignorance, superstition, reverence for the clergy, and admiration for empty ceremonies, so that they lost all sense and knowledge of true piety;" and speaking of the seventh century, Mosheim says: "During this century true religion lay *buried* under a senseless mass of superstitions, and was unable to raise her head. The early Christians had worshipped only God and His Son, but these so-called Christians, in this age, worshipped the wood of a cross, the images of holy bones, and bones of dubious origin; they depicted a certain fire (of purgatory) prepared to burn off the imperfections of the soul; they seemed to inculcate that the gates of heaven would be closed against none who should enrich the clergy with their donations; they practically placed the substance of religion exclusively in external rites and bodily exercises."

Milner, speaking of the ninth century, says: "We are penetrating into the regions of *darkness* and of the shadow of death, and we are carried by every step into scenes still more *gloomy* than the former. Here and there, indeed, a glimmering ray of the Sun of Righteousness appears; it is vain to look for any steady lustre of Evangelical truth and holiness." Of the tenth century Milner says, "Baronius, the famous annalist of the Roman Catholic Church, whose partiality to it was notorious, has, however, the candor to own that this was

An Iron Age,

barren of all goodness: a *leaden* age, abounding in all wickedness; and a *dark* age, remarkable above all others for the scarcity of writers and men of letters." Of the same period D'Aubigne writes, "What crimes in these *ages of darkness!* What might be feared when a small contribution to the building of a church was supposed to deliver from the punishment of the future world. What hope of revival, when the communication between God and man seemed at an end, and man, afar off from God, moved only in a circle of pitiful ceremonies and gross practices, in an *atmosphere of death.* The evil of the period we speak of bore a character of universality that it has not borne at any subsequent date."

Hallam, speaking of the Dark Ages from the sixth to the eleventh century, said: "A cloud of ignorance overspread the whole face of the church, hardly broken by a few glimmering lights, who owe much of their distinction to the *surrounding darkness.* France reached her lowest point about the beginning of the eighth century, but England did not fall into

Complete Degradation

till the middle of the ninth. The universal ignorance was rendered unavoidable, among other causes, by the scarcity of books, which could only be procured at an immense price." Haweis, in his Church History, describes this same period "as a descending into the regions of *darkness* and the shadow of death, where scarce a ray of truth casts its feeble glimmerings to light the benighted traveller on his way to the celestial city." Dr. Robertson also says of the ninth century: "Charlemagne in France, and Alfred the Great in England, endeavored to dispel this *darkness*, and gave their subjects a short glimpse of light and knowledge. But the ignorance of the age was too powerful for their efforts and institutions. *The darkness returned, and settled over Europe more thick and heavy than before.*"

According to "White's Christian Centuries:" "About the year A. D. 1000, misery and wickedness were the characteristics of the times. A breaking-up of all morals and all law, and a wide deluge of sin overspread all lands. And at Rome itself, the capital of intellect and religion, such iniquities were perpetrated on every side, that Protestant authors themselves consent to draw a veil over them for the sake of human nature."

It may be thought that the survey of this and the preceding periods concerns the student of history rather than the student of prophecy; but the importance of a close examination of them is perceived when we realize that by a comparison of history with prophecy we may find the key to correct interpretation. As in our school-days we were taught by the rules of proportion how to find a fourth term when three terms were given, so in the study of prophecy we have (1) certain prophecies already fulfilled; (2) their fulfilment in history; and (3) certain other prophecies not yet fulfilled—three terms from which we learn the fourth term—what the future fulfilment will be. By this method of study the course of future events is seen, not in guesses but with mathematical certainty.

* See Article on the Seven Seals in the issue of October 27, of this journal, page 679, and more fully in *The Prophetic News.* Price 6 cents; on sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

* 1 John 2: 20-27.

† Sol. Song, 1: 2; Eph. 5: 11; Isa. 55: 1.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a rséumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Fisheries Commission Commenced its sittings in Washington on November 22, and on the following day the American brief was presented. The difficulty to be removed relates chiefly to the right of American ships to trade at Canadian ports. The existing treaty, which dates from 1818, was negotiated at a time when the conditions of trade were far behind those of our days, and, therefore, the provisions of that treaty will require radical change. So far as the demands of our Government have been disclosed, they appear to be for the right of American ships to enter Canadian ports for purposes of trade, subject to Canadian customs regulations, while the present treaty restricts the right of entry to ships entering for repairs, shelter, or obtaining wood or water. Beside this, there is the difficult question of the bays. It is conceded that American vessels are not entitled to fish within three miles of the Canadian coast, but while our Government contend that the distance should be measured from actual land, the Dominion Government claim that in the case of a bay or indentation of the coast, the three miles should be measured from a straight line drawn from the projecting headlands. These two are the problems the Commissioners have to solve, though probably other incidental questions may be discussed.

Conferences of Democratic Leaders are Taking place, at the President's suggestion and with his assistance. It is understood that they concern not only the organization of the House, the first and immediate business in hand, but the crucial question of the surplus. In the face of a Presidential election, the President urges upon the leaders of the party the necessity of unity, which of course can only be attained by compromise. With so wide a divergence of opinion as exists between Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Randall it will be difficult to find a basis of agreement, but Mr. Randall is reported to have professed himself favorable to negotiation, and, as one step on his side, that he was ready to consider "a fair and just revision of the present tariff and internal revenue taxation. If the Democratic party fails in the next session to pass through the House a comprehensive financial measure, it will be discredited in the country. That fact is certain and the Democratic leaders appear to be recognizing it. Whether they harmonize or not it may be hoped that some relief will be given by the coming Congress to the people, who are now bearing heavier burdens than is necessary. If the statesmen of both parties that compose this Congress are incapable of solving the problem, they will have to give place to others who are able.

The Organization of a New Political Party is announced, and eighteen hundred persons are said to have enrolled themselves as members in a few days. Its principles are practically those of the American or "Know Nothing" party, which flourished about thirty years ago. The platform of the party, as stated by the *Evening Post*, consists of the five following planks: (1) Restriction or regulation of immigration, with rigid exclusion of paupers, criminals, Anarchists and Socialists. (2) That the time for naturalization be extended to fourteen years, with the possible addition of an educational qualification. (3) That our American free school system shall be protected and extended in every community in the land. (4) That American lands shall not be owned by foreign capitalists. (5) That no public funds shall be used for sectarian purposes. The fact that the greatest menace to the public welfare is the agitation of the Anarchists, who are nearly all foreigners, gives an impetus to this new "American Party," which it would not otherwise have.

An Attempt to Mislead the Public on the subject of the Anarchists was made by Most's counsel at his trial, and is being supported by certain influential journals. It is contended that the prosecution of Most is a violation of the right of free speech. Precious as that right is to every American citizen, he ought not to object to limits being assigned to its exercise. The utmost freedom ought to be, and is, given to men who criticise our laws, and urge their fellow-citizens to organize for their amendment or repeal; but free speech is abused and put to a pernicious use, when men urge others to set the law at defiance and to kill the officers appointed to execute the law. Their words may incite weak-minded and ignorant men to crime, and they ought to be punished for uttering them. The punishment of such men as Most will not endanger the right of free speech.

The Burning of Mr. P. T. Barnum's Famous menagerie caused some excitement at Bridgeport, Conn., on November 20. It was in winter quarters there, and was kept in an immense building, the upper portion of which was filled with hay and other fodder. The fire broke out in the night, and was not discovered by the attendants until the trumpeting of the scared elephants gave the alarm. The fire had by that time gained possession of the hay, and but few of the animals could then be rescued. Some of them escaped as the sides of their cages burned away, but in those cases most of the animals died of their burns. Among them was the huge hippopotamus. Four of the elephants perished, and one that escaped was drowned. A lion that escaped, caused considerable alarm in the city, and as it could not be secured, it was shot. Zebras, ibexes, tapirs, wolves, serpents, etc., were burned to death. Mr. Barnum estimates his loss, over and above insurance, at half a million dollars.

The Secretary of the Treasury has Decided that the duty levied on the idol imported by the Chinese of San Francisco must be paid. The entire import consists of the image of a dragon, a quantity of "sacred" cord, some metal incense pots, a number of wooden poles to be used for elevating the dragon, and bamboo hoops for extending its tail. The How Wong Mew, a society which is the consignee of these articles, claimed that they were entitled to free entry, as they were regalia for use in religious services. The Collector at San Francisco, however, insisted that they were theatrical properties, and assessed them accordingly. The society then appealed to Mr. Fairchild, who has now approved the decision of the Collector. There is no doubt about its justice. It would be absurd to treat dragon worship as religion.

The Wreck of the German Steamship W. A. *Scholten*, adds another catastrophe to the year's list. She left Rotterdam for New York on November 19, with 214 souls on board. The same night, when off the English coast near Dover, she struck a coal steamer which is said to have been riding at anchor, and sank in twenty minutes; a dense fog prevailed at the time. There appears to have been a lack of discipline among the crew, and several of the boats, when they were lowered, proved unseaworthy. Only two were of any use. They were lowered, but the struggle to secure places in them was frightful. They put off from the ship before they were full, and very few passengers managed to get into them. The people left on board put on life-belts, and some leaped into the icy water. Many, however, who waited on the ship, went down in the awful suction that accompanied her final plunge, and were seen no more. A rescuing vessel—the *Ebro*—succeeded in picking up some of the passengers who had jumped overboard. They were benumbed with the cold, and one died after being rescued. After the wreck 125 persons were reported missing. Of these, thirteen have since come to land, having been picked up at sea. Possibly more may have been saved by passing vessels, but there is reason to fear that 112 must have perished.

The French Presidential Crisis Resulting from the exposure of M. Wilson, President Grevy's son-in-law, keeps the whole country in suspense. The Rouvier Cabinet was defeated on November 19 by the decisive vote of 328 to 242. It was on a question raised by M. Clemenceau respecting the Domestic policy of the Government. Prime minister Rouvier asked the Chamber to postpone the debate. A division was taken, with the result stated, and M. Rouvier promptly announced the resignation of himself and his colleagues. The resignation of the President of the Republic was also called for, but M. Grevy declared that he could not, and would not, resign until he had been vindicated in the Wilson affair. The leaders of all parties, however, combined to force his resignation. They, one after the other, refused to take office under him. Clemenceau, Goblet, de Freycinet, Ferry and others were invited, but all refused. The Paris Municipal Council grew menacing on Wednesday, and the Senate, which in former difficulties had stood by the President, refused its help. Thereupon President Grevy reluctantly and ambiguously promised to resign. Prince Napoleon took advantage of the opportunity to issue a manifesto, avowing radical sentiments and urging an appeal to universal suffrage. His manifesto was an evident attempt to win popularity by flatteries (Daniel 11: 21).

The German Reichstag was Opened on Thursday last. The Emperor's speech, which was read by Minister Von Bœtticher, had evidently been written with the desire of reassuring the empire and European peoples. It strenuously disclaimed any aggressive purposes, and asserted that the military establishment was in no sense a menace to peace, but only to make Germany "strong in parrying surprises, and defending her independence." The venerable Emperor's allusion to his son's critical condition was pathetic but dignified. He said: "The grave complaint with which the Crown Prince has been visited fills the mind, not only of the Emperor, but also of his august allies and the whole of Germany, with anxious care. Nothing that human science and knowledge and careful tending can do will be left undone. Our eyes and prayers, however, are directed toward God, whose decrees rule the destinies of nations, as well as the life of the individual man." The speech also intimated an increase in the corn duties, announced the extension of the Austro-German treaty of alliance and promised relief from some financial burdens.

The London Riots were not Resumed on Sunday, November 20. The chief of police made extensive preparations for preventing a meeting in Trafalgar Square. Ten thousand special constables, principally clerks in stores and offices, were sworn in and armed with staves, but their services were not required. The officers patrolled the square all day, while mounted police held the converging streets. A large crowd assembled, but it was not of a political character. It was made up chiefly of spectators and roughs, who attended to make a profit out of a riot, rather than to take part in it. About five thousand persons held a meeting in Hyde Park, and passed resolutions denouncing the police and the Government, but as there was no breach of the peace the police did not interfere. The press correspondents, while admitting that the apprehensions of disturbance were falsified, predict that the end of the trouble has not been reached. Large numbers of unemployed workmen are on the verge of starvation, and are growing more discontented and inimical to the Government daily.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal, have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $16.50. They are from: Independence Ia., $1; Hudson, N. Y. $2; Cincinnati, O., $1; Lacota, Mich., $1; Philadelphia, Pa., $1; E. Des Moines, Ia., $2.50; Seaward, Me., $5; St. Paul, Minn., $3. We gladly welcome these sums on behalf of ministers to whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a necessity, as they have but little, if any other assistance in expounding the Word of God to their congregations. Many others are anxiously waiting and earnestly praying that God will put it into the hearts of some who love Him to aid them in their work for Christ by sending them the paper which has been blessed to them, for another year.

Mr. E. P. Telford's Services at Fall River, Mass., have been much blessed. The *Evening News* of that city says the interest grew from the first, and "has become intense." Mr. Telford's preaching, it goes on to say, "reaches many hearts, pricks many consciences, if the close attention and expression of the congregation may be taken as a sign. The Gospel is preached in a manly fashion, and without cant, a way that recommends it to the common sense of the people. Mr. Telford does not hesitate to state humorous incidents in his ministry, and has a quiet wit which incites his hearers to laughter, but they are quickly subdued by his powerful application of the truth. Mrs. Telford sang last night one of her touching solos, "Sunshine." How intently the audience listened to the sweet song, and evidently wished for *that* sunshine in their lives and homes! This lady is a very effective singer. She sings the Gospel, and is able to express the true meaning of the author. She is also a very efficient worker in the inquiry room."

A Dog's Share in the Rescue of a Ship's crew is described in a despatch from Chicago. A terrible storm raged all day on November 19, and a schooner named the *Stampede* was disabled and drifted off South Chicago, her crew half-frozen and nearly dead. The captain, fearing that the vessel would founder, and being unable to signal the life-saving station for help, persuaded one of his men, an athletic young fellow, to make the attempt to swim ashore, a distance of about 100 yards, through the heavy sea, with his arms around the neck of a huge Newfoundland dog which belonged to the vessel. The dog did his duty magnificently and swam ashore, but the poor man was helpless and unconscious when he gained the beach. He would have perished in the cold if a man who was passing had not heard the dog's cries. In this way word was sent to the life-saving station in Chicago, and the whole crew was taken from the vessel in safety. Of all on board the imperilled ship the dog must have seemed the most useless, yet it was through him that the men's lives were saved. So it is in spiritual matters; a despised man, or even a child, has often been the means used of God for the rescue of souls in danger of perishing (1 Cor. 1: 27).

An Extraordinary Surgical Operation Was performed at the New York Hospital on November 22 by the chief of the surgical staff. A child twelve years of age, the daughter of poor parents who live in a rear tenement house, was brought into the operating-room. Her legs were curved to such a degree that she could not walk. The surgeon said that her deformity had been caused by lack of proper nourishment, bad air and drainage, and the inattention of her overworked parents. The child had not walked since she was two years old. She was put under the influence of anæsthetics and the operation commenced. The operator bared the bones, and cut from each a small piece the shape of a wedge, and was then able to straighten the bones. The wounds were then dressed and the limbs encased in plaster-of-paris. The surgeon said that in a short time the child would be able to walk like other children, and her limbs would be strong and straight. If that result is achieved the parents of the child will doubtless be very thankful, though they cannot but grieve that so terrible an operation should have been necessary. How much of the *moral obliquity* we see among young people may be due to the atmosphere of the home and the inattention of parents, none can tell. Unhappily the moral surgery of prisons and reformatories, which the world has tried in these cases has not proved very successful. The only permanent cures are those that Christ has worked by His transforming grace (Ezekiel 11: 19, 20.)

The Success of a Bride's Appeal to the Post-master-General is reported by the Washington *Star*. Heretofore, when a lady employed as a clerk in the Post Office Department married, it was customary for her to hand in her resignation, and there have been cases in which ladies neglecting to do so have been discharged. But recently a young lady became a bride without losing her position. She had been engaged for some time to a young man who was also in the Post Office, but they had deferred marriage because of the loss it would entail. The young lady at last resolved to appeal to the Postmaster-General himself. She told him her story, and asked if it were not possible to marry and keep her position too. Mr. Vilas told her that he saw no reason why she could not do so, and said that he did not think that marriage would interfere with her official duties. At least, he was married, and he thought that he gave as good, and perhaps better, service to the Government than if he was unmarried; and so with the official benediction of the head of the Department upon their union, the two young clerks, after office hours, betook themselves to the minister's and were duly made man and wife. Whether the marriage would have taken place if Mr. Vilas had insisted on the bride's resignation, we need not ask. Perhaps the young lady's affection for her lover was strong enough to have made the sacrifice. It is certain that those who enter into true Union with Christ, must be ready to sacrifice anything they hold dear for His sake, even life itself (Luke 14: 26).

Ladies Despoiled of their Diamonds have of late made numerous applications to the police of New York for their recovery. A short time ago, a gentleman desiring to have some gems belonging to his wife set in more modern style, sent them to a well-known jeweller for the purpose. A day or two afterward the jeweller wrote him that they were not worth so expensive a setting as he had ordered, being only imitation stones. The gentleman and his wife were horror-stricken, as they had paid an enormous sum for the jewels, which were undoubtedly genuine when purchased. Similar cases came to light, and then the police, making inquiries, discovered that in each of the families where a loss had occurred, a certain man had been employed as butler or valet. The man was traced, and has been caught. He proves to have been a diamond-setter by trade and a very skilful workman. His plan appears to have been, when in the confidence of his employers, to take a cast of their jewels, procure imitation stones of the same size, and substitute those for the real ones. The chief of police, speaking of these cases, said: "Incessant vigilance seems to be the price of possession. Indeed, I sometimes think it is too high a price to pay for the pleasure of wearing costly jewels. But some people will have them at any cost." In these days of false teaching and prevalent scepticism, there is need of incessant vigilance, also, on the part of those who possess a treasure more precious than diamonds (Rev. 3: 11).

A Remarkable Invention was Tested at Ridgefield Park, N. J., on Nov. 22. It was a new air-brake for stopping trains, invented by Mr. Westinghouse. Until now, the air-brake has been used very successfully on freight trains of not more than twenty-five cars, but it was found that when this number was exceeded, a limit was set to the system's utility. This difficulty has now been overcome, and a party of gentlemen were taken to see the new system in operation. It was tried on a train of fifty cars, 1,900 feet long, and weighing two million pounds, drawn by a mighty engine of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. A post by the side of the track marked the point at which the brake was to be applied. An emergency stop with the freight train running twenty miles an hour, was the first test. The brake was applied at the instant the post was reached. Twelve and a quarter seconds later, at 200 feet from the post, the train was at a standstill. A high-pressure test, with the train running twenty-two miles an hour, resulted in its being pulled up in six seconds, 91 feet from the stopping post. A final comparison was made with two trains running abreast, at forty-five miles an hour, one with the old brake and one with the new. At a given signal the brakes were applied simultaneously on both trains, and while the new brake stopped the train in 495 feet, the old brake did not bring its train to a standstill until it was 1,204 feet beyond the post. Of the immense advantages of the invention there can be no question, and it will probably, when brought into use, save many lives. As "*the down grade*" in religion is being much travelled just now, there is reason for applying a powerful brake on *that line*. Mr. Spurgeon has recommended that of earnest prayer, and it cannot be surpassed (Jer. 23: 11, 12).

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost, D. D., is now engaged in evangelistic work in Augusta, Me., which will continue for several weeks.

The site for the proposed Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, in New York City, has been selected. It covers the three blocks between 110th and 113th Streets, between Tenth Avenue and Morningside Drive.

The ten cent fund for the Memorial Church, collected by Dr. Edward Judson in memory of his father, Adoniram Judson, the pioneer missionary in India, now amounts to nearly $25,000.

The receipts of the British Foreign and American Bible Societies from their origin to the present year are reported to be $160,578,463. The amount received by these Societies for the last year amounted to $5,479,948.

The Congregational ministers in England and Wales number somewhat over 3,000. It was stated at the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union, that the abstainers outnumbered the non-abstainers by 400. Of the 373 theological students, 315 are abstainers.

Some forty-five societies were represented in the meeting of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor of Western Massachusetts, held in the First Church of Springfield. The Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, of New York, delivered the principal address.

Large numbers of young men in Michigan have recently lost their reason and had to be sent to the insane asylum. Prominent physicians, who have examined them, positively assert that their affliction has resulted from the excessive smoking of cigarettes.

A New York journalist, who last week announced his retirement from work, states that he has been laboring on his journal for forty-eight years, often remaining at his desk for sixteen hours daily. This, which is not an uncommon experience, may be a useful fact for young men to know, who aspire to the editorial chair.

Smoking has been prohibited in the University of Pennsylvania. The prohibition is the result of the efforts of Dr. T. William White, Director of Physical Culture at the University. Prof. Jackson, Secretary of the Faculty, says: "We have done this in consideration of the health and welfare of the undergraduates."

Dr. Meredith, who succeeded Dr. George F. Pentecost as pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, holds a Bible Class every Tuesday night in the church, for Sunday-school teachers. The International Lesson for the following Sunday is the subject studied. A similar class, which Dr. Meredith conducted in Boston, had three thousand members.

A Seaside Institute has been built and furnished at Bridgeport, Conn., by the Warner Brothers, for the use of the eleven hundred women and girls whom they employ in their corset-making business. The Institute cost $100,000, and contains a library of 3,000 volumes, a music room, etc. Mrs. Cleveland attended the opening exercises, to which only working women were admitted. Three thousand attended, and the President's popular wife greeted each one with a shake of the hand

Clergymen and Evangelists who will Allow Copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD to be placed in the seats of churches, or will have them distributed at the doors, will be supplied with assorted parcels of back numbers if they will write to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

"SITTING BY."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And it came to pass on a certain day, as He was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by" Luke 5 : 17.

Four Kinds of Hearers—The Fourth, Spectators Rather than Hearers—I. What They Were Doing—Indulging their Curiosity—Criticising—Perhaps Admiring—No Practical Result—Carlyle's Remark About the Cricket—II. What was Happening—Responsibility Piling Up—Hearts Growing Harder—Obstructing Christ—Mail-Clad Hearers—III. Why They Sat By—Were Conceited—A Man Turned Inside Out—IV. An Estimate of Them—V. Persons who Should not Sit By—Why a Scotchman Left the Kirk.

A CONGREGATION is a strange aggregate: it is like the gatherings of a net, or the collections of a dredge. If it is a very large one, it is specially remarkable. If anybody could write the histories of all gathered here, the result would be a library of singular stories. In the present congregation we have a large company of people who have long known the Lord, and have for years rejoiced in His name. We have another company of persons who do not know the Lord savingly, but are not far from the kingdom of God. We have also among us some who are far removed from divine life; a people about whom we have little or no hope.

In every congregation we have a fourth class, who would decline to be classed at all: they may be said to be here and not here. They are

Spectators Rather Than Hearers.

Like the gentlemen mentioned in our text, they are "sitting by." They are too respectable to be numbered with the vulgar crowd. No, no; they are only callers, sitting by. They would not like to have it supposed that they are regular hearers, much less converts: they are "sitting by." They are not repenting; they are not believing; they are not entering into the truth at all; but they are "sitting by." They have come to look on, take notes, and make remarks. They are on the outskirts of the battle, but they are not combatants at all; they are "sitting by," where they hope they are out of gunshot.

Let me freely speak to you concerning certain of those who sat by. They were by no means to be despised, for some of them were eminent persons. They were Pharisees, members of the separate sect, who kept themselves to themselves, and were punctilious about the externals of religion. Very superior indeed were these Pharisees; and you could see by their faces that they felt themselves to be persons of importance. With these were doctors of the law, the learned men who had studied the Scriptures very carefully, counted the words of each holy book, and found out the middle letter of it. These doctors of the law

Had Come to Hear

the unlettered peasant of Nazareth, concerning whom they had a very strong, but by no means favorable, opinion. They had heard about Him, and they condescended to give Him a hearing, half blushing at their own modesty in doing so. Not, of course, that He could teach *them* anything; they were merely "sitting by," and nothing more. We do not see many of these great folk among our crowds, and perhaps there are none such here on this occasion, but we cannot be sure. I do not much care to know whether the learned and profound are here; but they do come among us at times, though it is only to sit by. I will say no more about these remarkable people just now, for many others come into congregations merely to sit by.

I. Let our first head answer the inquiry—what were these people doing? They were "sitting by." There is a good deal in this. First, they were

Indulging Their Curiosity.

They had come out of every town of Galilee and Judea and Jerusalem to know what this stir was all about. They had heard the great fame of Christ for working miracles, and this drew them into the throng which continually surrounded Him. Besides, the crowd itself drew them. Why was there such a large company? What could it be all about? They would like to know for the sake of curiosity. They would for once hear the man, that they might be able to say that they had heard Him; but they were not going to be influenced by what they heard; they would hear Him as outsiders, "sitting by." They were curious, but not anxious.

Many come into our assemblies and sit by in this respect—that they are

Altogether Indifferent.

I do not suppose that these scribes and Pharisees were quite good enough to be altogether indifferent; they leaned the wrong way, and were bitterly opposed. Too many act as if they said, "I come to hear a noted preacher; but what his doctrine may be I neither know nor care." They do not want to know too much. This atoning sacrifice—they hear so much about it; this shedding of the precious blood of Jesus, this putting away of sin by the sacrifice of Jesus—they will not lend an ear to this saving mystery, but treat it as a matter of little or no consequence. It is nothing to them that Jesus should die. O, dear sirs, it ought to be something to you! If there is anything worthy of a man's inquiry, it is the matter which concerns his own soul for eternity. Would God you would no longer be found "sitting by," but would in earnest feel: "There is something here for me. Perhaps for me there is a peace which I have never known, a joy which I have never imagined. I will see for myself." May that be your resolve, and may you no longer be among those who sit by in stolid indifference.

The scribes and Pharisees were sitting by in another and a worse sense; for

They Were There to Criticise

in an unfriendly spirit, and either find faults or invent them. I see them take out their notebooks to jot down a word the Saviour said which they thought could be twisted. How they nudged one another, as He said something which sounded unusual and bold! Oh, could they but catch Him! When, at last, He said to the sick man, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," I think I see their eyes flash with malignant fire. "Now we have got Him! Now we have got Him! This Man blasphemeth." My hearers, this was a wretched business, was it not? It is a very poor business to go to the house of God to criticise a fellow-mortal who is sincerely trying to do us good. It will not, in the present case, affect the preacher much; for his skin is hardened, and he feels not the tiny strokes of ordinary censure In no case can ungenerous criticisms do any good; but the pity of it is, that when we earnestly desire to show to you the way of salvation, some of you should hinder us by petty observations upon a faulty mannerism, a slight blunder, a mispronunciation of a word, or an inaccurate accent. Alas, what small things put eternal truth on one side! Was it Carlyle who spoke of the cricket as chirping amid the crack of doom? I am apt to think that many people are like that cricket; they go on with their idle chit-chat when Christ Himself is set before them.

This is Poor Work.

It is a waste of time for yourself, and a trial of temper to others. Yet there are many who are in this manner "sitting by."

Now, I do not care to go further into these different forms of "sitting by"; but no doubt some kindly admire, but do not profit. Hundreds of people are "sitting by" who are attentive hearers and warm friends, and yet have no part nor lot in the matter. They have been more or less regular attendants at this house of prayer for, say twelve, fourteen, fifteen, twenty years, and yet they are not one whit the better.

Why, some of you have been prayed for time out of mind, and you have been preached at as well, and still you are "sitting by." I cannot make out why you come so constantly, and yet profit so little. It would seem to all who know you a very odd thing if you were seen loafing about a certain shop for an hour and a half one day in the week for twenty years, and yet you never bought a pennyworth of goods. *Why do you hang about the gospel shop*, and yet purchase nothing? On your own showing you are a fool. I do not like using a hard word; still, it is used in Scripture for such as you are. He who believes a thing to be so important that he spends one day in the week in hearing about it, and yet does not think it important enough to accept it as a gift, stultifies himself by his own actions. How will you answer for it at the last great day when the Judge shall say, "You believed enough to go and hear about salvation; why did you not accept it? What answer will you give, you that are "sitting by"?

II. Secondly, let us inquire

What Was Happening

while these persons were "sitting by"? They had entered the room where Jesus was preaching, where crowds were listening, where miracles of mercy were being wrought. They were criticising, carping and cavilling; but what was happening to them all the while?

Well, first, they were incurring responsibility. Sirs, you cannot hear the gospel and refuse it, and yet remain as you are. You are either better or worse after hearing the gospel. Oh, you that have heard the gospel so long, and have been "sitting by" all the while, what a mountain of guilt rests upon you! How shall you escape? What must become of you after such base ingratitude? Besides that, they were gathering hardness of heart. Every hour that you listen to the gospel, and bar your heart against it, you are less and less likely to admit it. The bolt that is rusted is hard to move back from its place. The path that has long been trodden by daily traffic has become hard, as though it were paved with stone: hearts that have often been traversed by the gospel become like iron beneath its tread. I fear your consciences have grown hardened by the traffic of the gospel, I know that it is so with many. The Lord forgive them.

Once again, let me remind you that those who were "sitting by" were obstructing Christ all that they could. There is a something—every preacher has felt it—there is a something in a congregation itself which affects the preacher, even as he affects the congregation. When the doctors of the law and the Pharisees are "sitting by," they drag us down, and we cannot do many mighty works. If my eye catches the glance of *one of these ice-men;* if I perceive his wretched indifference, and detect his half-concealed sneer—I am weakened by it. I fancy I hear such folks saying, "We care nothing for what you say. We do not belong to those whom you can influence.

We are Clad in Mail

against your weapons." This chills one to the marrow. Now, this is the tendency of your conduct if you are "sitting by"—you chill the preacher, and in chilling the preacher you do boundless mischief to the congregation.

It is a terrible fact, that certain of you may be so acting as to hinder the salvation of others by your indifference to the sacred message. I believe that this is eminently the case with you that are very good people in all but the one thing needful. You do not fear God, and your very goodness works for evil. The example of a rank and rotten profligate will not influence certain minds; for they are disgusted by its grossness, and driven to seek something better. But when young men see an excellent person like you, so moral and amiable, without religion, they gather from your example that godliness is not absolutely needful, and take license to do without it. Thus, you who are "sitting by" may be a curse where you little suspect it: you may be encouraging others in the attempt to live without the Saviour.

III. Next, let us inquire what was the cause why these people were "sitting by."

Why Did They Come

to hear Jesus, and yet did not become a part of the really attentive congregation, but were hovering round the skirts of it, and "sitting by"?

I would not needlessly offend any of those who have come hither at this time, but let me quietly say a few things which may be applicable to them.

In the first place, in the case of the scribes it was *self-conceit* which made them sit by. They were divided from the common throng by a sense of superiority. That is the reason why so many sit by; in their own opinion they are quite as good as the best, and are not in need of any great change. They are most respectable people, and they believe that they are also upright and generous. There went a man out of this place one evening who was spoken to by one of our friends, who happened to know him in trade, and had him in good repute. "What! have you been to hear our minister to-night?" The good man answered, "Yes, I am sorry to say I have." "But," said our friend, "why are you sorry?" "Why," he said, "he has

Turned Me Inside Out,

and spoiled my idea of myself. When I went into the Tabernacle I thought I was the best man in Newington, but now I feel that my righteousness is worthless." "Oh," said the friend, "that is all right; you will come again, I am sure. The Word has come home to you, and shown you the truth: you will get comfort soon." That friend did come again, and he is here to-night: he takes pleasure in that very truth which turned him inside out; and he comes on purpose that the Word of the Lord may search him, and try him, and be to him as a refiner's fire. He that is most afraid to be turned inside out is the man who most needs to undergo that process.

Many are "sitting by" because of resolute unbelief and determined self-confidence. O friends, it is born in us by nature to believe in ourselves. What is that but clear idolatry? It is not till we are born again that we come to believe in Jesus Christ, and so to trust in the living God, and receive a living hope. May the Lord deliver us from that old, good-for-nothing confidence in self, confidence in works, confidence in outward ceremonies, confidence in the flesh! Prejudice is the ruin of thousands. They might be made to see, if they did not think that they saw already; they might be happy in the Lord, if their groundless conceit did not make them to be "sitting by."

IV. What shall we say of these sitters-by? Why, first they seem to me to be

Wonderfully Out of Place

when you think of the Lord who was preaching. How could they be indifferent in His presence? He was at a white heat, and they were blocks of ice. He was all energy, and they were "sitting by." He spending and being spent, and they "sitting by." He engaged all night in prayer with His divine Father, and now coming forth "clothed with divine power to heal; and they sitting by." Pretending to be doctors and teachers of the people, and therefore under great responsibility, they were yet content to be "sitting by" when Jesus was pouring out His soul. O, sirs, none of us ought to be indifferent in the presence of the Christ of God. Oh, it is sadly strange! Lord, teach this foolish generation wisdom! Let them not be "sitting by"!

It was equally incongruous also with the condition of the rest of the congregation. See, there is such a crowd around the Lord Jesus, that they are wanting to bring in a man who is sick of the palsy, and they cannot get him near. Nobody will make way, they are all so eager to hear and to get a blessing. At last they take the palsied man to the top of the roof; they actually break up the tiling; they let the man down with ropes over the heads of the people; yes, right in amongst the learned lawyers and the proud Pharisees. They are not moved, not they! A man is about to be healed who has long been paralyzed, and they treat it as if it were an interesting case in the hospital, around which a company of medical students gather, as to a show. How can they act in this way? It will be an awful thing for some of you to be cast away forever, and then to remember that you sat next to people that were saved; sat next them at the very time when they heard unto eternal life.

Who Should not Sit By.

V. I had much more to add upon this point, but time admonishes me. Let me in a few sentences speak to some who should not be among those who are "sitting by." You that feel your *soul-sickness* will not be of that number. You feel your guilt; you feel your need of Christ; you are broken down to-night; then do not for a moment sit by. Rise; He calleth thee! Press through the crowd to Jesus. Believe in Him and live. May His spirit lead you to do so at once! Before I found the Saviour, I visited nearly every place of worship in the town where I lived; but I did not find full salvation at any one of them. I believe that it was through my own ignorance. In the little Primitive Methodist chapel, when I heard Christ preached, and was bidden to look alone to Him, I found rest unto my soul; but the reason why I found Him was, because His grace had made me know that I wanted Him. I do not suppose that the sermon which was made useful to me had anything in it more remarkable than other gospel sermons. The special point was that the Lord had prepared me to receive the gospel message.

Why the Scotchman Left.

I have heard of a man who had long attended one of the kirks in Scotland, and as he did not get any good, he went off to listen to certain irregular preaching, and there he found peace with God. The old minister warned him of his wickedness in being away from the kirk, and said in Scotch what I must put into English, "Donald, you should not have gone to hear that man; he is not of the old kirk." "Well," said Donald, "but I wanted a blessing, and I felt I must go anywhere to get it." "Well," said the minister, "Donald, you should have waited at the pool, like the man in the gospels, till the water was stirred." "Well, sir," said the man, "but you see that man saw that the water was sometimes stirred, and though he did not get in himself, yet he knew that others stepped in and were healed, and that encouraged him to wait a little longer, in the hope that his turn might yet come. But I have lain at your pool these forty years, and I never saw the water stirred, neither did anybody get healed in it; and so I thought it was time for me to look somewhere else." Indeed it was. We cannot afford to be lost for the sake of kirks or chapels. O my hearer, do seek the Lord with all your heart; and seek Him on and on, till you find him.

You that are in *great sorrow* I do not think it possible that you can be altogether sitters-by! You have been disappointed in love; you have met with a world of trouble, or else you have been the round of amusements, and have seen no end of gaiety, but you are sick of it, and weary of the world and of yourself. You are one of those that cannot afford to be "sitting by," for sin curses you, death threatens you, and eternal wrath pursues you. I know how it will be with you unless grace prevents: you will go home, and the sermon will be over, and the many of you will still be sitters-by, for you will shake off conviction and be careless still. Remember, I have warned you.

Will You Despise the Warning?

A poor fallen woman is here at this time, worn out with her crimes. Does she desire to know the Saviour? Let her confess her sin and forsake it, then she will not be 'sitting by." "There is a broken-hearted youth here who begins to reap the wild oats he has sown. Will he sit by? Does he wish to know how his heart can be changed, his sin forgiven, his soul comforted? Let him arise and go to his Father, and no longer be 'sitting by.'"

And so I close with a full and free gospel call. Come and welcome, you that fain would come to Jesus. Come just now, with all your sins about you, and behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. If you want to know what it is to come to Him, know that it is to *trust Him*. Go to your chamber, and look up and say, "Jesus, I cannot see Thee; but Thou art wherever there is a broken heart. Behold, I seek Thee; reveal Thyself to me. I trust Thee to forgive me, and to renew me." Jesus will not refuse you, for He casts out none that come to Him. I said "Go home," but I will alter that word. Keep your seats, and seek Him where you are, and as you are. Before you leave this place, commit yourselves into that dear hand which was pierced for the guilty, and is always ready to grasp a sinner. O Lord, lead all these sinners to look to Jesus by Thy Holy Spirit for Thy mercy sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE LATE WILLIAM E. DODGE'S COURTSHIP.*

IN the circle of Mr. David Dodge's family friends, none were more respected and cherished than Mr. and Mrs. Anson G. Phelps. They also had removed from Hartford, Conn., and had come to reside in New York in the year 1813, living at first in a large brick house on Broadway, opposite St. Paul's church, but soon changing on account of the noise of the thoroughfare, to Beekman Street, near old St. George's church, where a spacious fruit garden was an attraction, and afterward moving to Cliff Street, near Fulton. The growth of the city led them, later on, to Fourth Street, between Second and Third Avenues; and they finally occupied a noble old mansion, with extensive grounds reaching to the banks of the East River, on Thirtieth Street.

The two households were intimate, and the younger members frequently saw each other. William Dodge's residence in Connecticut had separated the young people for five or six years, and at just the age when most marked changes in person and mind occur. Knowing each other as children, they had met again, on his return to the city, almost as strangers. He had now developed into the alert, vigorous, ambitious young man, with more than usual maturity from his early responsibilities. She had grown into the tall graceful, lovely woman, not so old as he by four years, but as an elder sister, and having a large share in the household and social duties of her father's hospitable home, she had seen much of society, and had also gained other and wider views of life, by her faithfulness as a Sabbath-school teacher, and as a visitor.

During the interval correspondence had been maintained between the families; and William recalled in after years the solemn impression he received, on hearing of the revival at New Haven, where she was attending school, and of her uniting with the church. In a momentous letter found after his death, he tells her that their renewed acquaintance had awakened a regard he never felt for any other person; that he had endeavored to repress these feelings, and concluded he must avoid going where she was; yet when an opportunity occurred even to attend a meeting where she might come, his resolutions wholly failed—he could not resist the pleasure of accompanying her home; and when she was sick during the past summer he determined as soon as she recovered to make his attachment known. All the more he had besought the Lord to be the guide of his youth, and not leave him to take any step inconsistent with His will and glory. He had then purposely called at her father's house as often as he could with propriety, anxious to become better acquainted with her general views on religious and other subjects. Each visit had given increased satisfaction; every day had strengthened his affection. He can never be happy with any one else. He prays that God will give her wisdom and grace in deciding this important matter, and closes with the hope that she will not keep him long in suspense, but as soon as consistent grant him a

* From "memorials of William E. Dodge" compiled and edited by D. Stuart Dodge; a worthy tribute to the eminent Christian merchant, citizen and statesman, whose memory will be ever fragrant in the United States. 407 pages with life-like portrait. Price $1, or by mail $1.15 Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.*, 38 Twenty-third Street, New York.

The Late Mrs. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt

Three Hearers of a Momentous Address.

frank reply, adding as postcript, that he has his own parents' entire approbation. The reply was frank enough to convince him that his suit was not in vain, and also that perfect accord could be found in reference to religious questions—a condition which he believed could alone insure a happy and lasting union. Two years later, June 24, 1828, they were married.

THE LATE JENNY LIND.

(*See Portrait.*)

The name of Jenny Lind has for many years been but a musical memory. Her absolute retirement in 1868, from the scenes of her triumphs, discounted the sorrow that her death would have produced among the lovers of sweet sounds. After nearly twenty years of seclusion, the news of her death, on November 2, came upon the world only as an echo from the past.

Jenny Lind was a native of Sweden. She was born at Stockholm, October 6, 1820. Her father was a teacher of languages in that city, and on discovering in her girlhood the gift his daughter possessed, he placed her under Professor Erasmus Berg, of the Swedish Royal School of Singing, for training. Her first public appearance was in 1838, when she was eighteen years old. The marvellous purity and scope of her voice at once attracted public attention and gave assurance of her future success. Three years later she went to Paris, where she made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer and Manuel Garcia, who took a deep interest in her and rendered her valuable aid. Thence she went to Berlin to study German and perfect her musical education. She sang at a reception given by the King of Prussia to Queen Victoria, and the English critics present went wild about her, and made her most liberal offers to sing in London. She went there in 1847, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. Her triumph eclipsed every living singer, and for three years she reigned a queen over delighted assemblies in the British metropolis.

Her American tour commenced in 1850, under the management of P. T. Barnum. Its pecuniary success was prodigious. It is stated that her share of the proceeds of the concerts of the twenty months she was here exceeded one million dollars. Before her return she married the pianist of her troupe, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, of Hamburg, a union which has been supremely happy. On her return to England magnificent offers were made to her to sing at the opera-houses, but she decisively rejected them. It is stated that her refusal was *dictated by religious principle*, and was due to impressions produced under the preaching of Bishop Stanley, the father of Dean Stanley. In spite of the large sums offered her she continued firm, and though she gave a series of concerts afterward, she could not be induced to appear on the stage.

THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

(*See Illustration on page 765.*)

The most southern point of the South American continent is unequalled for rugged grandeur. On the mainland, and on the other side of the Strait of Magellan, in Terra del Fuego, precipitous mountains, from six to nine thousand feet in height, raise their snow-capped summits to the clouds. In the passage known as Admiralty Strait may be seen the group depicted in the illustration on the next page. The natives on the mainland and on the islands across the strait have long borne the worst kind of reputation. Crafty, merciless and treacherous, they were the terror of mariners. Many attempts have been made to carry the Gospel to them. Among others was that of Captain Allen Gardiner, in 1850. The heroic missionary was met from the first with violent hostility, and after patient and persistent labor, he and his whole party perished there; not, however, at the hands of the people, but of starvation. But the effort to introduce Christianity was not abandoned. In 1855 another party of missionaries went there, and being driven away, settled on Keppel Island, one of the Falkland group. They succeeded in getting a few of the Fuegian Indians to visit them there, and they were instructed in civilized arts, farming, and in religion. When they went home they carried with them tools and seeds, and a good report of the friendliness of the missionaries. This led to an invitation to the missionaries to settle in Terra del Fuego, which they were glad to accept. A mission station was founded, with a branch station at Ooshooia, on the mainland, both of which are now doing good work.

THREE HEARERS.

(*See Illustration.*)

One beautiful day in midsummer, memorable ever afterward to at least two persons, Allan Cokefair, with his sister Laura and her friend Ella Coleman, were strolling through the woods on the outskirts of a small but populous city near New York. They evidently had no special object in view; for the listlessness which characterizes the person engaged in the laborious occupation of killing time sat on each of the trio. Yet the most indifferent mind might have been aroused and enraptured by the rare beauty of the scene spread before them. In the distance they could see the Palisades, while below rolled the glorious Hudson, calm and blue under the summer's sun, its surface broken by an occasional boat which, gliding along, left ripples that glistened and sparkled where the sunbeams gilded them. Across the river, embowered in the foliage that clothed the hills as with a garment, little villages, their white-walled cottages reflecting the light, seemed to smile on the spectator. The sky was a perfect blue, and, altogether, the scene was a picture to live in the memory as an ideal summer landscape. How little its beauty impressed the three saunterers might be inferred from their conversation. It ran on the smallest topics, and was chiefly made up of the current gossip of their circle; each contributing an item in desultory fashion.

"There is a church, I declare," said Laura, as a spire showed itself above the trees before them. "Now if the doors are open I propose we go in and rest awhile. It will be cool and shady at any rate."

"Resting is your idea of enjoyment I believe, Laura," said her brother Allan; "you never seem to have the slightest energy before midnight, and then, to see you on a ballroom floor, one would think you never tired. Well, *I* am not fatigued, but if you and Miss Coleman feel drawn to the church, and it is open, I will e'en join you in a siesta."

The church was open, and for service, too. Groups of worshippers were passing in, and it was evident that some special cause was drawing them together. "Let us go in," said Ella Coleman; "perhaps it is a wedding."

It was not a wedding, however, but a missionary service, and the preacher was a man who could speak practically on the subject; for, through long years, he had labored in a most unpromising field, in imminent danger of death at the hands of the people he went to teach, earnest, prayerful, trusting in God, whose promise that His word shall not return to him void, had at last been fulfilled. Now, the missionary, full of joy and gratitude, had returned to his native land to tell the good news, to ask for help in funds, and more especially in laborers to enter the field now white with harvest.

Our three friends, comfortably ensconced in a pew, looked around at the assembled crowd, and, last of all, at the preacher, who sat watching the seating of the congregation with a look of interest, doubtless contrasting the faces before him with the dusky complexions which were wont to meet his gaze under a tropical sun. He was a man worth looking at. The poor toil-worn, sunbrowned, weather-stained visage was not handsome, but it had the transparent beauty that comes from a soul consecrated, self-sacrificing, absorbed in a noble aim.

Mountain Peaks in the Strait of Magellan, South America.

It was an interesting study to watch the countenances of the three involuntary hearers, who had gone in to rest, as this service proceeded. Allan, conscious of good looks and correct attire, sat at his ease, satisfied with himself and incapable of rising above the small world of which his own ease and enjoyment were the centre. His low brow seemed never to have been ruffled by thought; as with bejewelled hand he twirled the end of his mustache, he must have seemed to the preacher a creature so vain and vacuous as to be very far down indeed in the scale of intelligence. His sister, Laura, on his right hand, looked still more impervious to the shafts of gospel truth. Pretty, and conscious of her prettiness, her brow hidden under carefully arranged bangs, eyes expressionless, busy on some fancy picture that her memory was painting for her, and thoughts far away from the scene around her. Ella Coleman, on Allan's left, was, however, a very different type of hearer. Her dark eyes, directed unswervingly on the preacher, told of sympathy and intelligent reception of his glowing words, while absolute self-forgetfulness and depth of feeling could be read in the intensity of her gaze—a girl whose heart, once enlisted in any cause, was capable of doing and suffering to the death.

A sigh escaped from her as the missionary closed his address, and the general movement that follows released attention passed through the assembly. Ella came back from the strange scenes, which had been so vividly portrayed, to time present, and her companions, but it was by an effort, and she came back a new creature. Her unsatisfied longings for something higher and nobler than the life she was leading, could, she now perceived be fulfilled. Here was a life worth living, if she were but fit for it. To drift on to middle age and gray hairs with no occupation but domestic duty, interspersed with frivolous amusement, need not be her fate. How she would delight in consecrating herself to labor such as that which the missionary had described. She was an orphan, on whose service no relatives had claims that others could not satisfy, and her small fortune would enable her to work without being a burden on any society. If she were only fit—that was the crucial question.

The next day she sought the missionary whose words had thrilled her, and poured out all her soul before him. Her eagerness, her unselfishness, pleased him, and he gently led her to the Saviour whose footsteps she longed to follow, but whom until now she had not accepted as her own personal Lord and Master. The revelation was as a new world to her. Jesus belonged not to the past, but was living now, a King to be served, a Friend to be loved, and this service to the heathen which she had desired to undertake for *their* sake took on a grander and nobler aspect, being done for Him.

In the presence of such an inspiration the protests of friends fell like waves on a rock. Laura thought her a fanatic, but admitted that she had never been able to understand her. Allan was amazed and indignant that a girl so charming should throw herself away. He even went so far as to offer himself as a husband, which, to him at least, seemed an offer that ought to satisfy any girl's ambition. Arguments, appeals, remonstrances, came from all quarters, but Ella was immovable, and she had her way. Not the way of ease and luxury, but the narrow way which is not free from trial and hardship, but in which there is joy unspeakable and at the end a crown of rejoicing.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(*Continued from page 750.*)

Gifts for the Orphan House—A Programme—Farewell to Missionaries—Funds in a Time of Need—The Opening of the Orphanage—The First Orphans—How God Answered Prayer—A Book Commenced—Sickness—Timely Relief.

Dec. 28, 1835. During the last four days I had received no offerings, and was rather cast down about it, not knowing why the Lord dealt thus. Yet, in the midst of it, I had a hope that He was in the meantime working for the Orphan House, though nothing had been given. I was again stirred up to pray that the Lord would appear to-day. A little after, I saw a brother, who told me that ever since he had received the printed proposal for the establishment of an Orphan House, he had considered the matter, and that he was willing *to give* for the use of it certain premises, which he built some years since, and which cost him £2,600, provided there could be raised about £500, to add to the buildings what may be needed, to fit them for the purpose. There is a piece of ground belonging to the premises, sufficiently large to build thereon what may be required. The buildings are very suitable for an Orphan House, containing some large rooms.

If, therefore, the Lord should put it into the hearts of His people, who have the means, to give money, *the premises will be given.*

December 29. A clergyman gave 10s. December 30. A brother at Sidmouth sent £5.

January 1, 1836. Through a sister was given 6s., being six different donations; also, fromherself, £1, as a donation, beside 1s. as a monthly subscription. Also, a lady sent through her £1 1s. as a yearly subscription. January 2. A sister sent £5. January 3. A gentleman sent 5s. January 4. Weekly subscription of 4s.

All this money and all these articles have been given, and all these above-mentioned offers have been made *without my asking any individual for anything;* moreover, almost all has been sent from individuals, concerning whom I had *naturally* no reason to expect anything, and some of whom I never saw. Upon the ground of these facts, therefore, I am clearly persuaded that it is the will of the Lord that I should *proceed* in the work, and I shall, therefore, now state something more definite than I could in the former paper.

1. If the Lord should not provide, previous to the middle of February, a house in the way of gift, which in a few weeks may be occupied for an Orphan House, or put it into the heart of some one who loves Him to pay the rent for one, or to lend us one for this purpose, I intend, God willing, to rent certain suitable premises, which are to be had for about £50 yearly.

2. It is intended, God willing, to open the Institution about April 1.

3. It is purposed to confine the Orphan House; for the present, to *female* children. My desire is to help both male and female orphans, and that from their earliest youth; but hitherto the Lord has pointed out only a small commencement. Should it, however, please Him to give me the means, and to increase my faith and light, I shall gladly serve Him more extensively in this way. It has appeared well to me to commence with female children, because they are the more helpless sex, and they need more particularly to be taken care of, that they may not fall a prey to vice.

4. It is intended to receive the children from the seventh to the twelfth year, and to let them stay till they are able to go to service.

5. As the children will be brought up for service, they will be employed in useful household work.

January 30. To-day I went to meet two sisters, who were expected from London. I sat down in the coach-office, took out my Bible, and began to read; and though in the midst of the noise of the city, the Lord most especially refreshed my soul, so much so, that I remember scarcely ever to have had more real communion with Him, which lasted for more than an hour. It was the love of Christ which led me there. I would gladly have remained at home, to have had time for prayer and reading the Word, especially as I had to leave the house early in the morning. Yet I went for the Lord's sake, and

He gave me a blessing: so that, though I had to wait more than two hours, and after all the sisters did not arrive, I was richly repaid. May I but leave myself more and more in His hands. He orders all things well!

February 3. I have been very weak for some days. This evening brother Craik was able to preach, instead of me, for the first time at the week meetings. How good is the Lord in restoring him thus far!

February 16. To-day was a day of thanksgiving, on account of brother Craik's restoration. We had three public meetings.

February 17. I have been repeatedly praying to-day for a text, but obtained none. About five minutes before the time of preaching, I was directed to Rev. 2:19, on which I preached with much assistance and dnjoyment to my own soul, without any previous preparation, and the Word was felt by many to be a word in season. February 26. This evening both churches met at tea together, with the brethren and sisters who intend to leave us in a few days for missionary work.

February 29. This evening we had a meeting on behalf of the missionary brethren and sisters. They were commended to the Lord in prayer.

March 1. This afternoon brother and sister Groves, and the brethren and sisters going with them for missionary purposes, twelve in number, left us for the East Indies. In consequence of the journey to the Continent, in the commencement of the last year, four brethren and two sisters have gone out—two brethren in October last, and two brethren and two sisters to-day. This evening we had again a prayer-meeting for the dear missionary party. May the Lord soon give us the privilege of seeing some one of our own number go forth.

April 21. This day was set apart for prayer and thanksgiving concerning the Orphan House, as it is now opened. In the morning several brethren prayed, and brother Craik spoke on the last verses of Psalm 20. In the afternoon I addressed our Day and Sunday-school children, the orphans and other children present. In the evening we had another prayer-meeting There are now seventeen children in the Orphan House.

May 3. I have now been for many days praying for the supply of our own temporal wants, and for the funds of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution; but, as yet, I have had not only no answers to my prayer, but our income has been less than usual, and we have had also but very little coming in for the funds of the Institution. We have not been able to put by our taxes, and expect them daily to be called for. My clothes also are now worse than any I ever wore, and I have also but one suit.

May 6. I have now been for some years, and especially these last few months, more or less thinking and praying respecting publishing a short account of the Lord's dealings with me. To-day I have at last settled to do so, and have begun to write.

May 16. For these several weeks our income has been little; and though I had prayed many times that the Lord would enable us to put by the taxes, yet the prayer remained unanswered, In the midst of it all, my comfort was that the Lord would send help by the time it would be needed. One thing particularly has been a trial to us of late, far more than our own temporal circumstances, which is, that we have scarcely in any measure been able to relieve the distress among the poor saints.

To-day the Lord at last, after I had many times prayed to Him for these weeks past, answered my prayers, there being £7 12*s.* given to me as my part of the free-will offerings through the boxes, two £5 notes having been put in yesterday, one for brother Craik, and one for me. Thus the Lord has again delivered us, and answered our prayers, and that *not one single hour too late;* for the taxes have not as yet been called for. May He fill my heart with gratitude for this fresh deliverance, and may He be pleased to enable me more and more to trust in Him, and to wait patiently for His help!

A third statement containing the announcement of *the opening* of the Orphan House for *destitute female children*, and a proposal for the establishment of an Infant Orphan House, was on May 18, 1836, sent to the press, from which the following is an extract: In a previous printed account, a statement has been given of the success with which the Lord has been pleased to crown the prayers of His servant, respecting the establishment of an Orphan House in this city. The subject of my prayer was, that He would graciously provide a house, either as a loan or as a gift, or that some one might be led to pay the rent for one; further, that He would give me £1,000 for the object, and likewise suitable individuals to take care of the children. A day or two after I was led to ask, in addition to the above, that He would put it into the hearts of His people to send me articles of furniture and some clothes for the children. In answer to these petitions more than £184 ($920), and many articles of furniture and clothing, were sent, a conditional offer of a house, as a gift, was made, and individuals proposed themselves to take care of the children.

1. It may be well to state that the above results have followed in answer to prayer, without any one having been asked by me for one single thing, from which I have refrained, not on account of want of confidence in the brethren, or because I doubted their love to the Lord, but that I might see the hand of God so much the more clearly. For, as the work has been begun without any visible support, in dependence only upon the living God, it was of the utmost importance to be sure of His approbation at the very commencement.

2. From this statement, and from that contained in the last printed account, it will be seen how the Lord, in a great measure, has already answered the petition of December 5, 1835; for a house has been given, suitable individuals have offered themselves to take care of the children, and much more furniture and many more articles of clothing have been sent than I ever had expected. The only part of the prayer which has not been as yet quite fulfilled, is that which respects the £1,000, which however, the Lord, I doubt not, will likewise send in His own time. In the meantime, let my brethren help me to praise Him, that He has sent already more than one half of that sum, and therefore more than has been needed.

3. So far as I remember, I brought even *the most minute circumstances* concerning the Orphan House before the Lord in my petitions, being conscious of my own weakness and ignorance. There was, however, one point I never had prayed about, namely, *that the Lord would send children;* for I naturally took it for granted that there would be plenty of applications. The nearer, however, the day came which had been appointed for receiving applications, the more I had a secret consciousness that the Lord might disappoint my natural expectations, and show me that I could not prosper in one single thing without Him, *The appointed time came, and not even one application was made.* I had before this been repeatedly tried, whether I might not, after all, against the Lord's mind, have engaged in the work.

This circumstance now led me to lie low before my God in prayer the whole of the evening, February 3, and to examine my heart once more as to all the motives concerning it; and being able, as formerly, to say, that His glory was my chief aim, i. e., that it might be seen that it is not a vain thing to trust in the living God—and that my second aim was the spiritual welfare of the orphan children—and the third their bodily welfare; and still continuing in prayer, I was at last brought to this state, that I could say *from my heart*, that I should rejoice in God being glorified in this matter, though it were *by bringing the whole to nothing*. But as still, after all, it seemed to me more tending to the glory of God to establish and prosper the Orphan House, I could then ask Him heartily to send applications. I enjoyed now a peaceful state of heart concerning the subject, and was also more assured than ever that God would establish it. *The very next day*, February 4, the first application was made, and since then forty-two more have been made.

4. The house mentioned in the last printed account, which we had intended to rent, having been let before any applications had been made, and nothing more having been done about the premises offered as a gift, on account of the want of money needed to complete the building, I rented, at least for one year, the house No. 6 Wilson Street, as being, on account of its cheapness and largeness, very suitable, and in which, up to March 25, I had been living myself. Having furnished it for thirty children, we began on April 11, 1836, to take them in, and on April 21 *the Institution was opened* by a day being set apart for prayer and thanksgiving. There are now twenty-six children in the house, and a few more are expected daily. They are under the care of a matron and governess.

5. In the last-printed account it was mentioned that we intended to take in the children from the seventh to the twelfth year. But after six applications had been made for children between four and six years of age, it became a subject for solemn and prayerful consideration, whether, as long as there were vacancies, such children should not be received, though so young. For it appeared to me, that if it becomes the saints to care in this way, according to their ability, for those whom God has bereaved of both parents, when they become seven years of age, that it becomes them equally so to take care of them whilst they are under seven years, and therefore completely unable to help themselves.

Further, orphan children are often left to themselves, and thus, at the age of eleven or twelve years, have already made much progress in wickedness Therefore, I came at last to the conclusion to take in the little girls under seven years of age, for whom application had been made. Further, there are exceedingly few Institutions in the kingdom in which infant orphans are received, and provided with Scriptural education. Further, it has been repeatedly brought before me, how desirable it would be to establish also in this city an Orphan House for *male* children.

Partly, then, on account of these reasons, and partly because the Institution already opened will be quite filled in a few days, and applications continue to be made; and partly, because the Lord has done hitherto far above what I could have expected: I have at last, after repeated prayer, come to the conclusion, in the name of the Lord, and in dependence upon Him alone for support, to propose the establishment of an Infant Orphan House. It is intended to open this institution as soon as suitable premises, and individuals to take care of the children, furniture and funds, have been obtained.

a. It is intended to receive into this Infant Orphan House, destitute *male* and *female* infants bereaved of both parents, from their earliest days up to the seventh year, and to provide them with food, clothing, needful attendance and Scriptural education. *b.* It is intended to let the female children stay up to the seventh year in the Infant Orphan House, and then to remove them to the Institution already opened, till they are able to go to service. *c.* It is also intended, as far as the Lord may help, to provide for the boys, when they are above seven years, though we cannot at present say in what manner.

In proposing the establishment of this second Orphan House, I do it in the same simple dependence upon God alone, as in the case of the former. And feeling my own weakness, and knowing that it is not in my power to give faith to myself, I ask the brethren to help me with their prayers, and that my faith may not fail.

(To be Continued.)

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for December 11, Matt. 13:24-30. Memory Text, Matt. 13:29.

Relates to the Good Ground of Verse 8—Ver. 24, 25. The Two Sowers—The Owner of the Field and His Enemy—What Each Sowed—The Good Seed in the Good Ground Safe—The Enemy could not Injure It—Tries to Discredit It—Tares Resemble Wheat in Appearance—When Grown, Bear no Fruit—Sown While the Servants are Off their Guard—Hypocritical Professors in the Church—Ver. 26. Reveal their True Character by their Barrenness—Not Recognized until Fruit-bearing Time—Ver. 27-29. The Concern of the Servants—Puzzled by the Existence of the Tares—The Lord Understands It—Will not Allow His Servants to Deal with the Interlopers—No Persecution Permitted—Mistakes Always made in Persecution—Good Men have Perished in It—Ver. 30.—The End of the Tares—Gathered, Bound and Destroyed by Angels—The Wheat Safely Housed—Christ will Care for His own.

THE first of Christ's series of parables in Matt. 13, the Sower and the seed, pictures the heart of man in its reception or rejection of the word of God; it treats of conversion. The parable of the tares pictures one aspect of the church of Christ. In order to belong to the church of Christ, men must be converted; that is, must accept Christ. "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber" (John 10:1). "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. 7:14). No doubt, in the first beginning of the Christian church, only converted people belonged to it. "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all" (Acts 4:32, 33). This was the fulfilment of the words, "The Kingdom of heaven is like unto a man which

Sowed Good Seed

in his field." "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom." All that God has done is good. "God hath made man upright" (Eccl. 7:29). When He had finished His work in the days of the creation, He saw that everything that He had made was "very good." And yet the world filled with sin until "the earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence;" and "it repented God that He had made man upon the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart" (Gen. 6:12, 6).

Just so did Jesus in His church sow only good seed, only the children of the kingdom; there was no mixture. Yet now, what do we see among professing Christians, even among members of Christian churches? Lying, cheating, drunkenness, hypocrisy, money-loving, hatred, strife, evil speaking, and, above all else, unconverted self-righteousness side by side with the Godly few! Jesus foretold it all. "While men slept, His enemy came and sowed

Tares Among the Wheat,

and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, *and brought forth fruit*, then appeared the tares also." It is not in the *words* of a man alone that the bent of his heart is to be seen. It is in the *fruit* which his life produces. God speaks of those who draw near Him with their mouth and with their lips do honor Him, but who remove their heart far from Him, and their fear toward Him is not divine, for it is "taught by the precept of men" (Isa. 29:13). These are the tares among the wheat, whom Jesus calls "the children of the wicked one." There are few congregations without one or more hypocrites, there are few without members, whose life is so near that of the world that the puzzle is where to place them, whether among the children of light, or the children of darkness. The aim of God is to keep His people distinct from the world, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (John. 17:14, 16). He declares that "that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (Luke 16:15). "The servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? From whence then hath it tares? He said unto them,

"An Enemy Hath Done This."

"The enemy that sowed them is the devil." All the mixture of the saved and the unsaved, the unworldly and the worldly, the self-denying and the self-indulgent, the earnest workers and the indolent do-nothings, is the work of God's enemy and ours. But the question arises on many sides, "What do you consider worldly?" Let the Master speak. He says, "They are not of the world, *even as* I am not of the world." Now let us test those things which have place in connection with many of our churches. "Is there any harm in a bazaar? Why, we got it up to pay off the debt upon our beautiful new church." If Jesus were now upon earth, can you imagine Him authorizing you to build a church so expensive that you need to go down to the world's resources in order to pay for it? Is the church itself, its architecture and its costliness, of the world, or is it of Christ? And then the bazaar—could you imagine the Lord Jesus taking part in a bazaar? When He wanted money He sent Peter to the sea, and told him that in the mouth of the first fish he should catch, there would be the money which was wanted to pay the tribute; there was no

Going Near the World

to get it. "You don't think a quiet dance is any harm?" says another. Dear friend, can you picture to yourself Jesus Christ dancing in a modern ballroom? "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord." If it is becoming for the disciple to dance, it would have been so for the Master. Judge, then, whether dancing is of the world or of Christ. Could you picture Jesus at the card-table, with the pipe or the novel? Are these things then of the world, or are they of Christ? "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John 2:15). The work of the enemy in this mixture is apparent everywhere. In the early days of the Church, in the early days of the Reformation, when Wyckliffe and his travelling priests went from place to place with the Word of God, enduring the greatest hardships, among the Waldenses, the Huguenots, the early Friends, Baptists, Methodists, etc., only the good seed appeared. But the enemy has been at work wherever he has prevailed upon the children of the Kingdom to fall asleep.

Satan Never Sleeps.

But he has any amount of sedatives which he administers to the children of the Kingdom, and just when a church gets sleepy, then the sowing of tares goes on apace, the tone of the church goes down, conversions become rare, and are of such a nature that those who are converted hardly know it, and nobody else can find it out. Then pride and self-importance, the greed of gain, political partizanship, and all which characterizes the world, slips in; the Spirit of God is grieved, and the church becomes a valley of "dry bones."

This state of things is the burden and trial of many Christian workers. Looking upon the field which should yield only fruit unto God, the church which should be only light in the midst of darkness, which should manifest only Christ to an ungodly world, they see these tares around them taking their place as though they were true and genuine children of God. A zeal for God takes hold upon them, and in holy indignation they cry to Him, "Wilt Thou then that we go and gather them up?" But He said, "Nay." This is the cross which the Christian has to bear. The tare is so like the wheat that only a practised eye can detect the difference, and Jesus trusts no one but Himself with this work. "His eyes (are) as a flame of fire" (Rev. 1:14). "Nay," He says; "lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them." Our sight is not always clear,

We Might Make Mistakes,

but God cannot. "Let both grow together until the harvest, and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into My barn." "The harvest is the end of the age; and the reapers are the angels. As, therefore, the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this age (or dispensation). The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that cause stumbling (R. V.), and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." It is more than probable that we are now near the end of this age; the harvest is at hand. Many of us desire intensely to have pure churches. Yet the Lord tells us to bear with that which He bears with. There are many things about which we must suspend our judgment until He comes. There may be wheat where we have thought we saw only tares; there may be tares which we have taken for wheat. We have all made mistakes sometimes, and our mistakes ought to have humbled us.

That which often makes us most desirous to have a pure church is, that we feel every inconsistent member is a reflection upon *us*, and we would like to retain only those who do us credit. We may say it is the Lord's glory which we seek, and to a certain extent this may be true, but O how much of self is mixed up with the motives of each one of us! If it is indeed the Lord's glory which we seek, it must be of more moment to Him than it is to us, and surely then we can leave it in His hands. Meanwhile, let us

Be Ready for the Harvest

time, ready to be called away when Jesus comes. Then the tares are burned, the poor, unhappy, doomed ones—and, O, how awful is their fate!—how then will be that "manifestation of the sons of God," which Paul says the creation is waiting for; then every face will shine like Moses' face, and Stephen's, for "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," "and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Deut. 12:3). All glory be to God!

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He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. 91:4.

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Covered with feathers of love,
Covered from all that might harm me,
Safe till God calls me above.

Under His wings am I trusting,
Under His wings do I hide,
Safe in this beautiful shadow
Let me forever abide.

Here is my refuge and cover,
Under the wings of my God;
Here am I perfectly resting,
Trusting His love and His rod.

Under the wings of His healing,
Under the wings of His might,
Keep me forever, dear Saviour,
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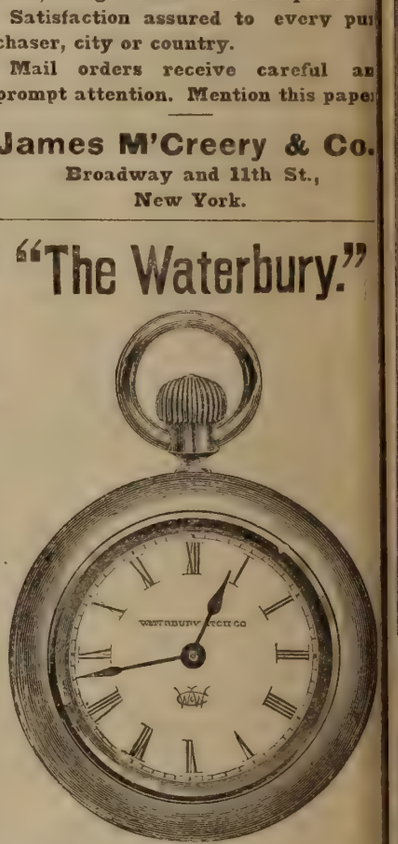

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Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico—Interior of the Cathedral of Mexico—The Plaza of Guadalajara.

HERNANDO CORTES.

MUCH has been written, and many are the disputes that have been waged, as to the character of the Spanish commander whose portrait appears on the first page and whose advent in Mexico marks the commencement of credible history for that country. That he was valiant, courteous, proud and sagacious, is admitted by his friends and enemies; but while the former represent him as generous and deeply religious, the latter insist that he was vindictive and unscrupulous. Probably he was neither better nor worse than the great generals of his time, and was raised above the host of Spanish adventurers who were attracted to the New World in the sixteenth century, by his heroism and mental gifts rather than by his character.

Cortes was born at Medellin, in Spain in 1485. He studied two years at the University of Salamanca, but at the end of that time, weary of study and seeing no prospect for distinguishing himself by learning, he quitted the university for a life of adventure. After a series of disappointments he arrived in Cuba, in 1504, and succeeded in ingratiating himself with Velasquez, the Spanish governor of the island. He subsequently offended the governor, who on one occasion was so exasperated with Cortes that he determined to hang him. Friends, however, interceded, and a reconciliation took place. Velasquez evidently had a high opinion of the young man's abilities; for, when fitting out the expedition to conquer Mexico, the newly discovered land, he gave the command to Cortes.

It was on the night of November 18, 1518, that Cortes sailed with eleven ships, 879 men, ten howitzers and four falconets, on the expedition which was to have results so momentous for Mexico. After a halt at the island of Cozumel, the expedition sailed along the coast of Yucatan, and made a landing March 20, 1819, at Grijalva. A battle ensued with the Indians, in which the Spaniards were victorious, and Cortes succeeded in obtaining valuable assistance to his force from among his defeated foes. His most important acquisition was a female slave, La Marina, who understood the coast language as well as that of the interior, and who, quickly learning Spanish, became the interpreter for the expedition. On April 21 the point was reached where now stands the city of Vera Cruz, and there, discontent breaking out among his men. Cortes took the heroic step of burning his ships, and so forcing his soldiers to identify themselves with his plans, or die. Troubles with the Indians delayed the march into the interior, but on Nov. 8, 1819, Cortes entered the capital. The Aztec monarch, Montezuma, received him graciously, and subsequently performed an act of vassalage to the invader as representative of the King of Spain. The insolence and domineering conduct of the Spaniards, however, and especially their capture and imprisonment of Montezuma, led to a rising, and Cortes and the Spaniards were driven out of the city with slaughter. He retreated to the coast, and, collecting his Indian allies, returned and laid siege to the city, Dec. 31, 1820, finally reducing it and entering in triumph Aug, 13, 1521. Mexico from that time, remained for three centuries under Spanish rule, governed by Viceroys of whom Cortes was the first. The close of this life strikingly resembles that of Columbus. Intrigues in Spain; jealousies, charges false and true, against the man who had excited the envy of the ambitious, embittered his life, and finally he returned to Spain in poverty to defend himself. He never returned to the country he had conquered. He died Dec. 2, 1547, at the age of sixty-two.

The Cathedral

of the City of Mexico, a picture of the interior of which appears on the first page, is a magnificent structure, the building of which was commenced in 1573. It cost over two million dollars. The second picture is that of the Plaza of Guadalajara, in the State of Jalisco, from which some idea may be gained of the grandeur and beauty of the buildings to be found in other parts of the country beside the capital.

It is in this great country with its magnificent possibilities, that an effort is now being made to arouse the interest of the Christian public of the United States. It waits for their help to deliver it from the darkness of spiritual error. How much may be done for it with small cost, may be inferred from one important fact. When Dr. Riley went there but a few years ago, he not only preached extensively and organized congregations, but he issued Christian tracts. some of them original and some translations from Protestant writers. One of these fell into the hands of Manuel Aguas, the popular preacher of the Cathedral. It is remarkable that at the very time that Aguas first studied this tract, Dr. Riley was in imminent danger of his life, for issuing that and others. He was notified that six men had taken a solemn oath to asassinate him. But he went on with his work, and in a short time was rewarded by the open avowal by Aguas of his conversion. Aguas proved a fearless and valiant leader in the cause, and to the day of his death never ceased to labor to extend the work that Bishop Riley had commenced. No better statement of the importance and the grandeur of that work could be made, than that which Aguas himself wrote with unexcelled eloquence and pathos, and which we here reprint.

THE CONVERSION OF MANUEL AGUAS.

Related by Himself.

[Not long before the death of Manuel Aguas, who is called the Luther of Mexico, he wrote a letter recording the circumstances under which he, while a Roman Catholic priest and for six years the most popular preacher in the cathedral (a picture of which appears on the first page), was brought to see the errors of Romanism and was converted to Christ. The following is a translation of his letter from the Spanish.]

I HAVE learned that you take a sincere and practical interest in the propagation of the Gospel in this Republic of Mexico—a nation until now sadly unfortunate—unfortunate because it has not enjoyed the blessings of true religion.

The Lord has, most clearly and signally, blessed the Christian efforts that you have made in our behalf. Let me tell you how: You contributed funds in behalf of Gospel work in this, my native land. Part of these funds were employed in the publication of Christian pamphlets, which were widely distributed here. These publications were the instrumentality that the Lord selected, in order that I might realize the spiritual blindness in which I found myself. I was

A Presbyter in the Roman Church,

and most anxiously longed for salvation. With all sincerity did I follow the errors of that idolatrous sect, and imagined Protestantism, or true Christianity, was coming to make us in Mexico more unfortunate than ever. I consequently opposed its doctrines with all my power. I sincerely thought that, in so doing, I did good service to my native land. How unfortunate was I! I knew that Jesus Christ had died for us; but that most precious belief was to me obscured, because from childhood I had been taught, that in order to obtain salvation, besides the merits of the Redeemer, the meritorious works of men were also needed; as if, forsooth, the sacrifice of Calvary was not enough to save the soul that truly trusts in it. Being imbued with these Romish errors, it is not strange that I should oppose and attack true Christianity; that I should frequently declaim against it in the pulpit; that I should go to the confessional in search of a remedy for my spiritual evils; and, as one precipice often leads to another, I prayed to the Virgin Mary and to the saints, and endeavoured to gain all the indulgences possible; all which practices offend and tend to dishonor Jesus, our Saviour. As a natural consequence,

I Had Not Obtained Peace

for my soul; and I was truly unfortunate, because I observed with sorrow that, after all I did, my heart remained unconverted and dragged me often into sin.

I was in this sad state when there reached me the pamphlet called "True Liberty." I read it most carefully; and, notwithstanding that I tried to find, in the arsenal of my Romish subleties, arguments with which to answer the clear reasoning that I found in this publication, a voice within—the voice of my conscience—told me that my answers were not satisfactory, and that perhaps I was in error.

I commenced to reject the errors of Romanism, and dedicated myself to the study of all the Protestant books and pamphlets that I could lay my hands on. I carefully read the History of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, by Merle D'Aubigné, and, above all, I commenced to study the Bible, without paying any attention to the Romish notes and interpretations. This study, accompanied by earnest prayer, led me to true happiness.

I Commenced to See the Light

The Lord had pity on me, and enabled me to clearly understand the great truths of the Gospel. I first realized that it is false—most false—that salvation is only found in the Roman Church, as the Romanists pretend. But what completely convinced me of the falseness of the Romish system, was, the finding that, after I distrusted my own natural strength and trusted in Jesus alone, abandoning all other intercessors, and believing that true safety, salvation, and the remedy for our guilt are alone to be found in the sacrifice of Calvary, I felt a great change in my heart; my feelings were different; what formerly pleased me, now was repugnant to me; I felt real and positive sentiments of love and charity towards my brethren—sentiments which before were fictitious and artificial in me; in a word, I found the long-desired peace of my soul. By the grace of the Lord, I was enabled to resist temptations, and passed a happy life. As I had dedicated several years to

The Study of Medicine,

I was able to maintain myself by this profession. In the evening I read the Holy Scriptures to my household, and prayed with them.

Although all this was very agreeable to me, it was not just that I should continue inactive in the Gospel cause. I soon commenced to think that I was in conscience bound to participate with my brethren the happiness I enjoyed, and especially so, as I had much facility in speaking to multitudes, from my long practice and experience in preaching that I had had while yet a Roman Catholic. I determined to manifest, publicly, that I had separated myself from the Roman Church, and that I had joined the true Church of Jesus. But in order to take this step I found myself laboring under great difficulties, which the Devil would fain have me believe to be insurmountable. The idea of poverty from want of a livelihood presented itself to me with all its deformity; as I was aware that the moment I made such a declaration, the Roman Bishop would excommunicate me, and as I lived among an essentially fanatic people, I felt sure that not only my patients would abandon me immediately, but that my friends would turn a cold shoulder upon me, and also abandon me, and that my life would be menaced, and attacks made against it.

Nevertheless, my resolution was unshaken, and I commenced to attend the Provisional Protestant Church, which had been established in a large hall situated in the street of San Juan de Letran. Being near-sighted, I there began to know my dear brother,

The Rev. Henry Chauncey Riley,

solely by his voice. It filled me with comfort to hear him speak of Jesus and His precious blood; the liturgy and hymns which the congregation used, enchanted me, as they were full of the pure faith of the primitive Christian; and I anxiously desired the arrival of Sundays, because, in our church services, I enjoyed delicious moments of peace and joy — Christian emotions that I had never felt in the Roman sect. I had for some time been thinking how to become personally acquainted with my brother Henry. One night, as I was at one of our churches, I heard my brother

preach with so much valor and faith, that I became quite ashamed of myself, and was filled with a holy envy of that Chilian who, in Mexico, in the midst of the most loathsome idolatry, and surrounded by enemies, presented himself as an intrepid soldier of Jesus, ready to lay down his life for his divine Captain. I then was determined to present myself to him alone, and to give him a fraternal greeting, exclaiming: "We are brothers; our cause is the same; let us unite our efforts, and strengthened by our adorable Saviour, let us contend for the faith of Jesus, even though we perish in the contest."

Various persons had spoken to my brother Riley about me. I was presented to him by an elderly gentleman, who is a Protestant. We had a long interview, in which we were convinced that we were brothers in the faith; we loved one another; and, since then,

We Work Together

unitedly. Our Lord God has deigned to bless our work; for, notwithstanding the intense and furious persecution that the Romanists have raised against me, the number of true Christians is increasing most marvellously in Mexico.

We have opened the church of the former Roman Catholic Convent of San José de Gracia to the public, and a large congregation now attends there. We have established a Christian Association, and also classes for young men who want to study for the ministry. In Central Mexico we have some fifty Christian congregations, and their numbers are increasing rapidly, even among the smaller towns, where our brethren often suffer the most terrible persecutions from the Roman Catholic curates and fanatics. The Romanists have burned the houses of some of our fellow-Christians, wounding men, women and children, in their efforts to check the progress of the Gospel in Mexico; but, in spite of all their efforts, we have the consolation of knowing that the sacred light of the Gospel, which is now so brightly shining in my native land, and increasing in splendor every day, will not be darkened, even with all the efforts that our persecutors are making against it.

By this brief account of the progress of the Gospel in Mexico, you can see that we have reason to hope that the Gospel seed already sown here, will soon give the best and choicest fruits of holiness.

Allow me to heartily thank you for

What You Have Done

in our behalf. Part of your contribution for Mexico was converted into Christian pamphlets, that were widely and effectively circulated here. One of these arrived at my sad dwelling, where I was despairingly suffering because I had not been able to find peace for my soul, finding myself, as I then did, in the darkness of Roman idolatry; but, from the time that I read that Christian pamphlet—little esteemed by the worldly, but most precious to me, as containing the Divine Truth—the Lord commenced to lead me, little by little, in a manner at once sweet and powerful, without coercing my free will, until He guided me into the glorious light of faith.

By what I have already said, you will clearly understand that these are solemn moments for my native land, as these may have much to do with her future happiness. The admirable religious movement that is now making such rapid progress in this republic, is likely soon to spread the Gospel in its purity far and wide throughout this nation, and lead to a great

Reformation in the Mexican Church.

This reformation is absolutely needed. Our society is divided between "Liberals" and "Conservative Romanists." The "Liberals" have plunged into the dark horrors of infidelity, and are the slaves of their evil inclinations; the Romanists are the slaves of the tyrant of Rome. In a word, true religion has not been the foundation of our society. The results of this want have been fratricidal wars, insecurity, avarice, poverty and misery. Scenes of wickedness have been the schools where our Mexican children have been educated.

Such a heart-rending picture ought to fill Christians with sorrow. They ought to ask themselves: "Why should Mexico find itself on the border of a precipice where deepest ruin threatens?"

The answer is a very simple one. Allow me to point it out with frankness, but without meaning to give the slightest offence, for I love you for Jesus Christ's sake. Having made this observation, I must say that all you who compose the true Church of Christ in that country neighboring to ours, are partly to blame for our misfortunes. I know that you are true Christians; I know that you send your missionaries to remote parts of the world, where you generously and disinterestedly aid the Gospel work. Why, then, have you for so many years forgotten your brethren, who, by your very side, have been without the bread of the divine word?

Why Do You Allow Them To Perish,

and to sink, day by day, into deeper ignorance and fanaticism? It is well and good that you should exercise your charity with those people to whom you send the light of the Gospel, however distant they may be; but this is no reason why you should leave the Mexicans by your very side in the darkness of idolatry. I am sure that you and your friends will agree with me, that it is necessary to do what is possible, in order that the true faith may be extended throughout this, my native land. If you think on this subject with earnest prayer to God, your consciences will call upon you to fulfil this duty as Christians. God has not in vain bestowed on your wealthy Church riches, nor in vain has He endowed you with generous hearts.

We are greatly in want of pecuniary aid to defend the Gospel cause in Mexico from our fanatical enemies, among whom are very rich and powerful persons, who spend their money lavishly in publishing newspapers and other publications, to try and crush us; who refit churches with splendor, and maintain "Paulinos," who declaim against us.

In the meanwhile, we who work in the harvest of the Lord are very much checked in our work, for want of the necessary resources. With sorrow do we constantly see most promising opportunities that are offered us for doing most precious and important Christian work, lost for lack of funds. MANUEL AGUAS.

Subscriptions in aid of the Church of Jesus, in Mexico, its pastors, evangelists, church and orphanages, will be thankfully received by the Rt. Rev. H. C. Riley, 43 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

How a Father's Prayer was Answered.—Mr. Thomson observed: "A Christian man, when speaking to me of how he first came to know the Lord, told me this strange experience. He said: 'Some years ago, before I was a Christian, my little child fell very ill. I began to be afraid that I was going to lose it, and the doctor confirmed my fears by telling me that the child would die in a few hours. Although it was young, I loved my baby dearly, and the thought of parting with it was a great sorrow to me. I went to my room, and prayed that the Lord would save my soul and take my child to Himself. Then I thought that I must have a very definite proof that Jesus would indeed take my darling, so I prayed again that, as a sign to me, before the child died He would make it raise its hand to heaven. I crept down-stairs and went quietly into the sick-room. The nurse sat there by the bed of the child, for the tired mother, worn with watching, had gone to seek a little rest. I sat down and watched the child, and bye-and-bye the coverlit began to move. There was a slight trembling of the tiny hand under it. Then the hand was pushed feebly out, and before I had power to stop her the nurse had lifted it, and put it under again. Once more the little hand came out, and I warned the woman not to touch it. I sat and watched with trembling breath, for the hand was raised slowly upwards, until it was pointing straight to heaven. I bent over my child, and found that its spirit was gone, that Jesus had indeed carried it in His arms. I fell down and worshipped Him in a way that I had never done before, and could say from a full heart, 'The Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

A Grand Testimony.—Mr. Campbell narrated: "A well-known Christian lay on his death-bed, and his family was gathered around him. After he had said good-bye to them all, one after the other, he turned to the wall, and was heard to say, 'Where is Jesus of Nazareth? He has never failed me, and, I am sure, will not fail me now.' That was a grand testimony. Jesus says, 'Lo, I am with you always,' and that dying Christian fully realized it. He was filled with joy to overflowing, he laughed and sang from excess of gladness; and, presently, with a shout of 'Victory through the blood of the Lamb!' he entered into the presence of his Lord. Thank God, we have not to pass through the shadow of death *alone*, for there Jesus will assuredly be with us."

Alarmed by a Dead Man's Boot.—"A Man who was a great drunkard, who habitually squandered his money and then returned to his wretched home to strike and kick his starving wife and children, on one occasion, after a prolonged drinking bout, was siezed by that terrible disease *delirium tremens*. He had spurned Christ again and again, and now his day of grace had gone for ever. He died blasphemous in his fearful frenzy. A short time after the father's death, his son, a little boy, was walking in the garden and came across one of his father's boots. At the sight of this boot, which when worn by his father had so often kicked the boy, he turned and ran terrified into the house, all the remembrances of his father's cruelty crowding upon his young mind. Should not the fearful curse of drink be exterminated, that has the power to turn parental affection into cruelty!"

Freeing a Captive Sparrow.—Mr. Harris, a well-known Christian worker, related: "A friend of mine was working one day, near Dublin, when he came upon a boy holding a sparrow. My friend went up to the lad and asked him to release the bird; but the boy refused, saying, 'No, it is mine; I caught it.' 'What are you going to do with it?' my friend asked. 'I am going to sell it,' was the prompt reply. All this time the tiny creature, imprisoned in his hand, had been struggling to get free, but in vain; the boy held it fast. 'What do you expect to get for the bird?' my friend then asked. 'A penny,' was the answer. 'I will buy it,' said the man, and with one hand he gave the boy the penny, while with the other he took the sparrow, which he at once set at liberty. Just as the struggles of that bird were ineffectual to free itself from the power of its captor, so the struggles of the sinner are ineffectual to free himself from the power of Satan. But Christ, the Friend of sinners, has purchased our liberty with a great price, and has ransomed us that we may go eternally free."

A Collier Who Became a Deacon.—Mr. Climie said: "One Saturday night I was preaching the Gospel to a crowd of colliers. I was standing on an old monument, and there were some hundreds around me. I happened to say that 'Christ is the end of the law, to all who come to Him.' Among the crowd there was an old man into whose heart the words, 'Christ the end of the law,' sunk deeply. As he afterwards told me, he struck his hands together and exclaimed, 'Man! if you can explain that text I will be on your side.' Unconscious of the feeling which had been stirred within him, I went on to explain that Christ in His life as man obeyed, and in His death satisfied for us the law's demands. The poor fellow listened most intently, while great tears rained down his begrimed face, and the Holy Spirit blessed the word to which he hearkened. That night, the first time for twenty years, he went home sober. He accepted Christ as his Saviour, and has since lived a consistent Christian life and is now a most useful and beloved deacon, in the church of which he is a member."

HEART DISEASE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, Dec. 4, 1887.

"Is thine heart right?" II Kings 10: 15.

A Momentous Inquiry—Touches the Centre of Things—Human Nature all Atwist—Poor, Blind and Naked—A Way to have it Remedied—What is Needed—I. A Repenting Heart—Beasts that have Befouled It—A Heathen's Treasured Idol—II. A Believing Heart—The Burdened Victim—Bore the World's Sins—The Ransom Paid—A Unique Criminal—The Earth Redeemed—Rare Old Wines in Heaven—III. A Forgiving Heart—Three Opportunities—One Unforgiven Enemy—A Rough Sailor Astonished—IV. An Expectant Heart—Castles in the Air—Josephine's Statue in Paris—A Vast Empire—Rough Water Outside the Harbor—A Business Question—A Domestic Question—The Inscription on a Window—A Scottish Chief's Fatal Delay.

WITH mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place.

Is Thine Heart Right?

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well, myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask, is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions. I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence; and I might ask, is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings, right? But what are these financial questions, compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are *insured for eternity;* as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long-credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own *a government bond of heaven* worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or your chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work, I cry out, Oh, man, oh, woman immortal, is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion, and the smoke-stack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that

Our Nature is all Atwist

and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. *The biggest trouble we have* in the world is with our souls. Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible! A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. *Poor:* the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. *Blind:* why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. *Naked:* why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. *Sick:* why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the feet; and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing

A Way to have it Remedied.

I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue, only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, moldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills, and baked in the fires of the Cross; and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

A Repenting Heart,

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty or forty years of life, we have been going on in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But *this foul dog of sin,* and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature!

Turn Out The Beasts

and let Christ come in! A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said, "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him, "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was *one idol of beaten gold* that he could not bear to give up. After a while, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

> "Repent! the voice celestial cries,
> Nor longer dare delay;
> The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,
> And meets a fiery day."

Again, we need

A Believing Heart.

A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on His back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spit on Him. They hounded Him as though He were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, His sight-giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast, silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration. Away with Him! Away with Him!

Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that He carried: it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder His back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding-sheets as He cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There He hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has

The Victim

been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling ricters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it. Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide, that when He brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak His praise!

But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine! What were all earthly music to Him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherubim and seraphim and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee!—the hosannah of

A Redeemed Earth,

the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let Him hear us. Stop! harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard. Oh, my Lord Jesus! it will not hurt Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let Thy Father's house ring with the music and the dance.

Celestial Wines.

They have some *old wine in heaven,* not used except in rare festivities. In this world, those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions, bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine-press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of heaven cries out to the servants, "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in heaven among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth; and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, to have a right heart it must be

A Forgiving Heart.

An old writer says, "To render good for evil is *God-like*; good for good is *man-like*; evil for good, *devil-like*." Which of these natures have we? Christ will have nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace, they would say, "Good for him! Didn't I tell you so?" They do not understand us. Unsanctified human nature says, "Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place, give it to him. Flay him alive. No quarter. Leave not a rag of reputation. Jump on him with both feet. Pay him in his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, abuse for abuse." But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. No man ever did so mean a thing toward us as we have done toward God. And if we cannot forgive others, how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of heaven by an unforgiving heart.

Here is some one who says, "I will forgive that man the wrong he did me about that house and lot; I will forgive that man who overreached me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy overcoat; I forgive them—all but one. That man

I Cannot Forgive.

The villain—I can hardly keep my hands off him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling! If a man lie to me once, I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once, I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever meannesses and outrage they have inflicted upon me. If you want to get your heart right, strike a match and burn up all your old grudges, and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

A Sailor Overcome.

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully, but she stooped down and picked up the apples, and said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black, he called her mother, and said, "Forgive me, mother, I will never do anything so mean again." Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness, There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.

Again, a right heart is

An Expectant Heart.

It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house, because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is three or four dollars per day, because you expect to have, after a while, ten dollars per day; or ten thousand a year, because you expect it to be twenty thousand a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. *Those castles are not in the air*, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of heaven. He talks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays heaven. He dreams heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had

The Good Place Open to Us.

We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which victors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter and whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of the earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart, you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands

A Statue

of the good but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the Empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where all woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that

Glorious Rest,

Oh, heaven, sweet heaven! at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth, and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were a very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely cushioned seats all by themselves, and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number, standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was twelve thousand furlongs"—that is, fifteen hundred miles in circumference. Ah! Heaven is not a little colony, at one corner of God's dominion, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back, and how much money he has in his purse; but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in

Our Last Moment.

The roughest time we had in crossing the ocean was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall, and were obliged to lie there till the morning, waiting for the rising of the tide, before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! So, sometimes, the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns, and the tides of joy rise in his soul, and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is

A Business Question.

Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store, that you will soon have to resign that partnership, that soon among all the millions of dollars worth of goods that are sold in New York, you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny-worth of anything; that soon, if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond, and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave, compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base, and so altitudinous, and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?" Or is it

A Domestic Question?

Is it something about father, or mother, or companion, or son, or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law, all these relations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone, and then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude, or sweep its vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? whether he lived at the Tuilleries or at Chiselhurst, whether he was Emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field-marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference, whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold of every moment of the great future, and burning in all the splendor or grief, and overarching and undergoing all time and all eternity, is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?" Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not, I must write upon your soul

What George Whitefield Wrote

upon the window-pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning, with his ring he wrote upon the window-pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone, the housewife came up and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children; and God, through that ministry of the window-glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet-ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest."

I pray you that, whatever else you may miss, you may not miss heaven. It is too bright a home to lose. Your soul has been bought at too dear a price. I preach to you of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Casting all your sins behind you, I beg of you to start this morning for the Kingdom. "Yes," you say, "I will start, but not now." William III. made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned, Mac Ian, a chieftain of a prominent clan, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term. A snow-storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne, the time was up and past. While the others were set free, Mac Ian was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner, some of you are in prospect of losing for ever the amnesty of the Gospel. Many of you are going to be for ever too late. Remember the mistake of Mac Ian!

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled. "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may be obtained for seventy-five cents from any bookseller.

THE DIABOLIZED ATMOSPHERE.

In the course of his Friday evening talk, Dr. Talmage, alluding to the recent outrages on private individuals, which have taken the form of sending deadly explosive packages to them, by express, advanced a striking theory in explanation. He said:

The loveliness of this autumn has been disturbed by the crash of several infernal machines, and, on all sides, I hear people cry: "What are we coming to?" They say this is one of the bad signs of the times. Do not, however, have any idea that this is a sign of the fact that our time is exceptionally degraded. In our boyhood days the infernal machine was frequently on the programme of stirring events, not a half-and-half contrivance, like some of those recently sent, but instruments that did their work with appalling accuracy and destructiveness. But while these attempts illustrate that the spirit of evil is still abroad, what is most amazing is, that when people go to work to maim or kill, they generally maim or kill the wrong persons. They either injure unsuspecting women and children, or some useful man whose earthly detention is of great importance. I hope there is to be no epidemic of such attempts. How to account for such coincidences of crime, or such concerts of injustice I know not, unless at such times there be something in the air that induces them. Satan is *the Prince of the power of the air.* The Bible says so. Being the Prince of the power of the air, he may at times surcharge the atmosphere with malicious tendencies.

RAW MATERIAL FOR JEWELS.

Surprise is often expressed that evangelists who are working among criminals, drunkards, and vicious people should have any hope of success in their work. They would not have any, did they not have unbounded faith in the transforming power of God's grace, and a firm conviction that in the vilest creature is material which, in His hands, can be made a stone fit for His living temple (1 Peter 2:5). An illustration of the process in nature which scientists describe as natural law, but which the Christian regards as God's own work, was recently mentioned in the course of an address in Chicago, by Dr. S. M. Campbell. He said, summarizing from a distinguished scientist's work:

Take an ounce of the blackest slime of a beaten footpath on a rainy day in a manufacturing town. That slime we shall find, in most cases, composed of clay (or of brick-dust, which is burnt clay) mixed with soot, a little sand and water. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left to perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that these atoms may get into the closest relations possible. Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substances, it gradually becomes white earth, already very beautiful, and with the help of congealing fire, to be made into *the finest porcelain*, and to be kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best; leave it still quiet to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes not only white, but clear; and not only clear, but hard; and not only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it *a sapphire.* Such being the consummation of the clay, we give similar permission to the sand. It also becomes first a white earth, then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power not only of reflecting the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatever. We call it *an opal.* In next order the soot sets to work. It cannot make itself white at first; but instead of being discouraged, it tries harder and harder, and comes out clear at last, and the hardest thing in the world; and for the blackness, it has obtained in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it *a diamond.* Last of all, the water purifies or unites itself, contented enough if it reach the form of a dewdrop. But if we insist upon its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallizes into the shape of a star. And for the ounce of black mud we had . . . we have a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond set in a star of snow.

A JUVENILE BRIDE.

In a letter from Miss Caddy, who is laboring among her own sex in Calcutta, to the *Missionary Link*, she thus refers to one of her pupils, a child *nine years old:* I was grieved on returning to my Eutally school to find that Mohamaya, my best pupil, had been married. Shortly before the holidays her father had expressed his pleasure at the progress she had made, and had assured me that she should continue with me two years longer. But "an exceedingly nice young man" had been found, and the father thought it a pity to lose the chance. The servant told me that the father was afraid to let me know anything about it until it was all over. The young bridegroom has given up idolatry and is a Brahmo. He wants to have his wife well educated. After a few months spent at his father's house, she is to return to Calcutta to finish her education. He wanted to see me before he left Calcutta, and I went to the house and had an interview with him. He seemed like a very intelligent, bright young man, good looking, with a frank, open manner. He told me plainly that the only objection he had to my school was, that we taught Christianity; that that was a strong point with him, and he had thought of the Bethune school, where no Christianity is taught. We talked for more than an hour. He tried to get me to compromise, and teach morality, without religion. This gave me a chance to talk plainly though kindly. When I rose to leave, he told me he felt less afraid to send his wife back to me, and he half promised that she should not go elsewhere. Now I want to tell you just what I desire about this, that you may help me with your prayers. My faith in prayer gets stronger every year. I would like "Mohamaya" to come back to us for for two years, and then go into Miss Gardner's higher school to finish. Mohamaya is only about nine years of age, and so much of her future happiness and usefulness depend upon the next few years of her life. "Moha," as they call her at home, was very reserved and shy, but as soon as her husband left she ran to me and asked, "I am to come back to your school, am I not?" Her people are very wealthy, but have not much education.

WORK AMONG JAPANESE STUDENTS.

A correspondent in Yokohama, Japan, sends encouraging news to the *Woman's Missionary Record.* She states that the educated young men of Japan, and notably the students in colleges, are earnestly seeking knowledge of Christianity. She says: "The superintendent of one of the public schools in Yokohama is the leading Japanese teacher in our school; he is quite a cultured Japanese gentleman, but not a Christian, and it seems that he was desirous of this position for one reason, that he might become acquainted with our Christianity. He is very much interested, and is having private Bible study with Mr. C. His wife also is much interested, and there is no doubt but that they will become Christians. Such a person converted to Christianity will be able to exert a wide influence for good in this town. Many have already been brought to the church and Sunday-school, by the working of the students throughout the community. In the Normal school, the students are not allowed to have the Bible, and last summer one of their students, who had been attending our Sunday-school, came and requested to spend his vacation with us for Bible study and English. The request was granted, and he has, as the result, developed not only in English, but in Christianity, and is one of our best workers; his influence in that Normal school is being felt; he has succeeded in bringing to Sunday-school and church twenty of those young men, and several of them have declared their determination to be Christians."

MORMON TYRANNY.

In spite of the efforts of the United States government, which has done much to free the people of Utah from the cruel despotism of the Mormon priesthood, the power of that tyrannical hierarchy is still exercised with crushing effect. A Scandinavian evangelist in Utah writing recently to *The Church* says:

A lady with whom I had a talk last week said that she and her husband would both attend our meetings, (they have several times promised to come), and would also leave the Mormon church, were it not that by so doing her husband would lose his place of employment, and they would be reduced to starvation. She said, "We do not believe in Mormonism, but we are bound to stick to it till better times come for Utah. We would sell our property and go East were it possible, where we could be free." There are many such families in Utah disgusted with Mormonism, yet bound to hold to it. They are poor people and timid, fearful of the "priesthood."

A man who began to show some interest in our work (as manifested by his regular attendance at our place of worship and questions that he asked) suddenly dropped off, and has altogether ceased to come. I met him, one day, on the street, and asked him why he did not come to church any more. He would give me no definite answer. But I had no trouble in seeing where the difficulty was. I said nothing, however, but cordially invited him to come to our next meeting. He said, "I will see," but did not come. I have called on him since, and also met him on the street and asked him to attend the services, but he does not come. The reason is obvious.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY UNDER ARREST.

The difficulties of mission work under Turkish rule, even when authorized by the Sultan, were illustrated in a recent journey which Dr. Ira Harris took in the mountainous region of Syria, a description of which he has sent for publication to *The Church.* He says:

All arrangements were made to visit Kudmoos, a large Ismailiyeh village five hours to the west. While our men were getting our baggage ready, two Turkish officers and a number of soldiers made their appearance. One of them took our men aside and told them that they might unload the animals, for the Kackeem (American missionary) was not going yet.

One of the officers told me that I must go to the Pasha and give an account of myself, what was my business among the Nusairiyeh, what were the books I was selling and the tracts I was giving away. I replied that I was a physician, plying my profession on a certificate granted by the Sultan, that I had a Turkish passport, properly signed, granting me permission to travel anywhere in the empire; that the books I was selling had the imperial sanction and the tracts I was distributing were selections from the Bible. I referred to the fact that I had spent several days in the governor's own village, and had treated many of the soldiers, and now when I was about to leave the district I was ordered to go eight miles back to give an account of myself. But for the intercession of our host they would have arrested me and taken me by force; as it was, we were told not to leave the village; soldiers were stationed to enforce this order until a messenger could bring instructions from the pasha. When he returned, the officers came to our room and said that the pasha was satisfied that I had a right to travel and practice my profession, but that we must submit to having our baggage examined lest our papers should contain anything against the Turkish Government, and he also ordered that a thorough examination of the books we were selling be made, for it was rumored that

we were political agents of some foreign power, inciting the Nusairiyeh to rebellion. Of course they found nothing in our baggage. They then turned their attention to our books.

The senior officer took a Bible, read a whole chapter, then asked the price, said he had heard of the book, but had never seen one; would like to purchase that he might compare it with the Koran. I offered to give him one, but he would not receive it as a present. He bought a Bible, a new Testament and a Gospel of Matthew. I told him that the Testament and Matthew were contained in the Bible; but he replied, "Never mind; I will give them to some of the soldiers to read." He asked for the tracts. I gave him fifty, telling him that if he found nothing objectionable in them he might distribute them among the garrison. He said he would do so. The officers then salaamed, and took their departure.

THE FOURTH SEAL.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

The Historic Fulfilment—Explanation of the Symbols—A Turning Point in Papal History—A Time of Persecution—War on Heretics—The Progressive Degradation of the Church—The Zenith of Papal Power—A New Variety of Holy War—A Typical Massacre—Joy at a Hideous Holocaust.

"AND when he opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature say, Come, And I looked and beheld a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth" (Rev. 6:7, 8).

Explanation of the Symbols.

The visible Christian Church, in its downward course of progressive decay and declension, is now depicted as a pale or livid horse—the last stage of corruption. Its rider, representing the professed clergy of Christendom, is portrayed as Death, the King of Terrors, for the ecclesiastical leaders and rulers were prominently occupied at this era, in dealing death on every side throughout the Roman-imperial world, by means of the Crusades and Inquisition, which the Pope and Romish priesthood originated. And while Death is thus personified as going forth to mow down with the scythe of mortality, and to reap with the sickle of destruction, Hell, or Hades, the place of departed spirits, follows to gather the slain into the garner of the world of the dead.

A Pontifical Era.

Previous to the popedom of Hildebrand, in 1073, or Gregory VII., as he was called, the Romish pontiffs are described by Hallam, the historian, as "having neither leisure nor capacity to perfect the great system of temporal supremacy, but looking rather to a vile profit for the sale of episcopal confirmations, or exemptions of monasteries; and all writers concur in vigorously stigmatizing the dissoluteness of the clergy."

But now Hildebrand, and his successor, Pope Urban, were no longer content, like their predecessors, with mere indulgence in covetousness and dissolute luxury, but they organized the vast expeditions of the Crusades, for the extermination of the Turks abroad; and this led, in another century, to the formation of crusades for the destruction of heresies at home; and again, out of this the establishment of the Inquisition arose. Thus the murderous spirit of the Crusades now took possession of the visible Church, and animated the mind of Papal Christendom with a fanatical zeal to exterminate by fire and sword all whom the Pope deemed to be heretics, whether they were Jews, Turks, Infidels or Protestants.

In the Fourth Seal, a mounted warrior again passes before the apostle: but the horse is of the most loathsome hue, the color of leprosy, and the rider is emphatically named Death. To add to the terrific nature of the scene, an attendant is given to him whose name is Hell. The rider and his companion are busy with the work of death in every most terrific form, and their domain extends over no less than a quarter of the globe. These hateful images represent the so-called ministers of Christ, who tried to quench the dawning light of Reformation in the blood of the Inquisition. The rulers of Christendom, ecclesiastical and civil, used every effort to stem the torrent of the Reformation. Pious men raised their voices against the corruption of the times, but their testimony brought them, in most cases, to the rack or to the stake. We see, then, in this fourth seal a symbol of the *persecuting clergy*, before and during the Reformation—a corrupt, established ministry, persecuting those who attempt to reform its errors. The rider still bears the outward form of Christ's minister, but his works are the works of Christ's enemy—a wolf devouring the sheep. Thus, in the first four seals we trace

The Downward Course

of the professed ministers of Christ—first, in the earlier centuries as a rider in white, trampling beneath his horse's hoofs the idols of pagan Rome, or nourishing with a martyr's blood the vine-roots of the infant church—next, in the ages following the era of Constantine, grasping the sword of temporal power, and plunging it into the bosom of those who, like themselves, bear the name of Christian: controversy, strife and lust of temporal power defiling the white robes of the clergy. After this, when the battles of controversy have been fought out, and differences of opinion have been crushed beneath the weight of an established hierarchy, supported by the sword of civil power, the love of money comes in, and we see them studying their own sordid interest, given over to the lust of filthy lucre, buying and selling the food of immortal souls. And lastly, the established priesthood of Christendom, when assailed by the remonstrances of faithful individuals, becomes the fierce persecutor and murderer of His faithful people; when men were tortured and burnt for attempting the reformation of the Church, and a return to apostolic doctrine and practice. Thus, most fearful warnings against three forms of clerical sin are here set forth; the lust of worldly power: the love of money: and the determination to uphold established systems, whether they be right or wrong.

History of the Period.

Llorente says Gregory VII. undertook in 1074 to form a crusade against the Turks, but as he died before he could put his plan in execution, his successor, Urban II., caused it to be proclaimed in the council of Clermont, in 1095. The efforts of the Pope had an incredible success; a numerous army left Europe soon after, which first took the city of Antioch, and afterwards Jerusalem, in 1099. The injustice of this war, and other expeditions of the same kind which succeeded it, would have disgusted all Europe, if the people had not been prepossessed with the absurd idea that it was meritorious to make war for the exaltation and glory of Christianity.

Hallam says Pope Gregory VII. (A. D. 1073) completed the destruction of the liberties of the national churches (i. e., the Catholic churches of the nations), which, long abridged of their liberties by gradual encroachments, now found themselves subject to an undisguised and irresistible despotism.

The Noonday of Papal Dominion

extends from the pontificate of Innocent III. (1198) to that of Boniface VIII. (1294); or, in other words, through the thirteenth century. Rome inspired, during this age, all the terror of her ancient name. She was once more the mistress of the world, and kings were her vassals. Of the thirteenth century White states: "The Crusades had hitherto (up to A. D. 1200) been directed against the Infidels. As yet some reluctance was felt, to put a professing Christian to death for errors in doctrine, though there had been some occasional instances of it. But the thirteenth century was marked by the turning of the edge of the Christian sword against Christian men for differences of opinion."

Five Papal bulls were launched between 1056 and 1290 against the Vaudois and their followers in France and Piedmont, demanding exterminating crusades to be undertaken against them. Dr. Keith says:

"**A New Order of Holy Wars**

was proclaimed. And by the authority of the Pope, the monks of Citeaux, with a zeal outrivalling that of Peter the Hermit, the great preacher of the Palestine war, proclaimed a crusade against the Albigenses. In the year 1208, 'in the name of the Pope and of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, they promised to all who should perish in this holy expedition, plenary absolution of all sins committed from the day of their birth to that of their death.' A campaign of forty days, in so holy a cause, was reckoned, by papal infallibility, merit enough to secure eternal salvation. 'Bull after bull was fulminated from the court of Rome. And never had the Cross been taken up with a more unanimous consent.' 'The immense preparation resounded throughout Europe, and filled Languedoc with terror.'

"'As the crusade approached, the Bishop of Beziers delivered to the legate of the Pope a list of those among his flock whom he suspected of heresy, and wished to see consigned to the flames. The citizens refused to surrender them to the avengers of the faith, notwithstanding that the assemblage of the tents and pavilions of the crusaders was so great that it appeared as if the world was collected there. All the inhabitants of the country had taken refuge in Beziers. The city was taken. The multitude were

Massacred in the Churches,

whither they had fled; 7,000 dead bodies were counted in that of the Magdalen alone. When the crusaders had massacred the last living creature in Beziers, and pillaged the houses of all that they had thought worth carrying off, they set fire to the city in every part at once, and reduced it to a vast funeral pile. Not a house remained standing—not one human being alive. Historians differ as to the number of victims. The abbot of Citeaux, feeling some shame for the butchery which he had ordered, in his letter to Innocent III. *reduces* it to 15,000, others make it amount to sixty.'

"'Our pilgrims,' wrote the monk of Vaux-Cernay, 'collected the innumerable heretics that the castle contained, and *burned them alive with the utmost joy*.' In Bernard's life of Innocent III., their number is stated at 400. The castle of Montjoyre was abandoned, but burned by the crusaders. The castle of Cassero afforded them more satisfaction, as it furnished human victims for their sacrifices. It was surrendered on capitulation; *and the pilgrims, seizing nearly sixty heretics, burned them with infinite joy*. This was always the phrase employed by the monk who was the witness and the panegyrist of the crusade.

Such was the style of the persecutions which, at small intervals, and in different degrees, mark the whole history of this suffering and faithful people during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In 1488 the Pope fulminated against the Vaudois a bull of extermination, and commanded a crusade against them. About 3,000 Vaudois were killed, most of them being suffocated in a large cave to which they retreated, by fires kindled by the crusaders at the cave's entrance.

* An extract from his article in the November number of the *Prophetic News*, for sale, price six cents at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Important Changes in the National Bank Laws, will be submitted to Congress early in the session by Mr. W. L. Trenholm, Controller of the Currency. He proposes to divide the banks into two classes, the first class to comprise banks having a capital of more than a quarter of a million, and the second class those with that amount of capital and under. The first class will deposit $25,000 with the Government instead of $50,000, and the second class one tenth of their capital. Officers of a bank are in no case to constitute a majority of the Board of Directors. A clause is to be inserted in the oath taken by directors, which will bind them to "inform themselves at all times as to the business and condition of the bank." Penalties are provided for making loans contrary to law. Hitherto that offence had but one punishment—the forfeiture of the charter and dissolution of the corporation, which in some cases is far too severe a penalty for technical violations, but that penalty is still retained for use when there is evident fraud. Many other suggestions are made, affecting minute details of management, which will tend to facilitate business, and the whole of the laws are codified and revised. Some of the provisions, which have been made to relieve Western banks, especially of onerous restrictions, are likely to give rise to vigorous opposition.

The National Conference of the Prohibition party was held last week in Chicago. Among the business transacted was the appointment of time and place for the Convention next year. It is to be held at Indianapolis on June 10, 1888. Miss Frances E. Willard pronounced a eulogy on the lamented John D. Finch, who was chairman of the National Committee. Mr. Samuel Dickey, of Albion, Mich., was elected to fill the place which had unhappily become vacant. Twenty-six States and Territories are represented on the national committee. A long discussion took place, as to the basis of representation in the National Convention. It was finally decided to suggest to the National Committee, that the basis be one representative from each Congressional District, and one for each five hundred voters. The exact return of the Prohibition vote in New York State at the recent election is now in. It was, for the head of the ticket, 41,249, and for the second place, 42,486. In 1885, the latest year when a full vote was polled, it was 30,867. As compared with that year the Democratic vote *decreased* six per cent., the Republican vote *decreased* nearly eight per cent., while the Prohibition vote *increased* more than thirty-five per cent.

The Expedition to Commence the Last Survey of the route for the Nicaragua canal, sailed from Brooklyn on November 30, on the *Hondo*. The vessel carried forty officers, two experienced physicians, and 130 men. It had also on board a complete equipment of tools and apparatus for the enterprise. The expedition will be joined at Kingston, Jamaica, by Mr. J. Ford, who went ahead to engage laborers. The survey is expected to occupy six months, and when it is complete the actual task of digging the canal will begin. This will take six years. The start is made under the most favorable auspices, with the best wishes of distinguished people all over the United States, and with the substantial backing of plenty of American capitalists. It is confidently predicted that the enterprise will be successful. Señor Don Horatio Guzman, the Nicaraguan Minister to the United States, whose portrait appeared in this journal on September 8, was present when the *Hondo* sailed, and was extremely cordial in wishing success to the expedition.

Jacob Sharp, the Briber of the New York aldermen, has reason to be thankful for the peculiar construction of the laws governing criminal trials. The Court of Appeals, on November 29, quashed his conviction, and granted him a new trial. The ground for this remarkable decision was, that, in the trial before Judge Barrett, the jury were allowed to take into consideration the fact that Sharp had practically admitted his guilt, when giving evidence at another inquiry. There is general disappointment in the community, and some murmuring, against the Court of Appeals. The latter, however, ought not to be uttered. There is no question about the honesty and ability of the Court, and its members have doubtless decided according to the letter of the law. It is, nevertheless, a matter for deep regret that this ruling was not foreseen at the first trial, as the delay in getting the wealthy and powerful criminal behind the bars has an injurious effect on the community. It produces the impression that wealth has more power than it ought to have, in shielding the wrongdoer from the just punishment of his crimes.

A Colossal Statue of the Pharaoh who Enslaved the Israelites, has been brought from Egypt and placed in the Museum of Fine Arts, at Boston, Mass. It has been acquired through the influence of Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, the American Vice-President of the Egyptian Exploration Fund Society. It was found at Nebesheh, a few miles from Tanis (the Zoan of the Bible), in a vast chamber, excavated in the ground, beneath the foundation of an ancient Egyptian Temple. It is a sitting figure, of dark gray granite, beautifully carved, and bearing the cartouch and name of Rameses the Great. The height is nine feet three inches, and its weight exceeds three tons. A fine profile, in limestone, of the same monarch, has also been presented to the museum. The skill of the sculptor has evidently produced a striking likeness of Rameses. The features show a proud, haughty, severe cast of mind, in which there is no pity, and, looking at them, one sees confirmation of the Bible statement, that he made the Children of Israel serve with rigor.

A Noble Tenement House Experiment is being made in New York, which it may be hoped will extend largely, both in this and other cities. A large building has been erected in Cherry Street, by philanthropic capitalists, containing one hundred and four suites of rooms, the majority having three each. The sanitary arrangements are perfect, and in the rear of the building is a wide airy court. In the centre of the building are three rooms—one large and two small—which are set apart for a free kindergarten school for the use of children living in the building, whose mothers work outside in the day. The rent of each suite varies from $10 to $15 a month, according to location. This amount will pay seven per cent. on the capital invested, but the owners will take not more than four per cent., the surplus being carried to a fund to be used in paying the rent of tenants out of employment, or incapacitated by sickness, and if there are no demands upon it for that purpose, it will be used to relieve families in distress through misfortune. Applications were received the first day the building was opened for more suites of rooms than it contained.

Enthusiastic Loyalist Meetings in Dublin were held on November 29 and 30. Lord Hartington, the leader of the Unionists, and Mr. Goschen attended, to explain the policy of the Government and the Unionists. Leinster Hall, which was engaged for the occasion, was crowded, and a second hall was secured for an overflow meeting. That too was filled, and a crowd numbering several thousands clamored for admission. It was estimated that fully eight thousand persons were present at the two meetings. Hundreds of leading citizens, several bishops and many members of the clergy were present on the platform. Upon the arrival of Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, they were accorded an enthusiastic greeting, the whole assembly rising and repeatedly cheering them. The chairman handed to Lord Hartington an address, approving his policy and signed by 1,300 members of the Chamber of Commerce.

Three Prominent Irish Leaders were Sent to prison last week. One of them was the Lord Mayor of Dublin. He is a newspaper proprietor and an ardent Nationalist. Since the proclamation of the League it has been a misdemeanor to publish reports of the proscribed meetings, but the Lord Mayor has systematically violated the law. On Friday, he was placed on trial and convicted. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. It was expected that he would appeal, but he preferred the rôle of a martyr, and declared that he would suffer his punishment proudly, if it had been ten times as much. Timothy Harrington, who has been conducting the plan of campaign since O'Brien was imprisoned, was arrested on Friday. His brother, Edward Harrington, member of Parliament for Tralee, had been arrested the day before. It is expected that Mr. Healy and other leaders will also be seized, the Government being evidently determined to crush the League.

The French Capital was the Scene of Continued excitement through the whole of last week. M. Grévy's reluctance to resign the Presidency, and his vacillation, produced general uneasiness and apprehension. The Legislature had evidently determined to force his resignation, and the Monarchists and Communists alike rejoiced in the spectacle of Republican institutions in peril. On Monday the President intimated to the chambers that his resignation might be expected on Thursday, and the Legislature adjourned until that day. In the meantime the rumor was circulated that M. Ferry would be elected to the Presidency, and an indignant protest was made by his numerous enemies. Better, they said, that Grévy should remain, than Ferry become President. Grévy, clinging to office, thought that a reaction had set in, and when the Legislature re-assembled on Thursday his resignation was not forthcoming. But there was no break in the deadlock. The Legislature suspended its sitting, and strong representations were made to the President that he must resign. Accordingly on Friday he yielded, and sent his resignation to the chambers. On Saturday, the Senate and Deputies in joint session elected M. Sadi-Carnot President of the Republic. M. Carnot is fifty years of age, is a son of M. Hippolyte Carnot who figured in the revolution of 1848, and a grandson of the celebrated war minister of the revolution of 1789.

The Work Among College Students is Bearing fruit in Harvard. A petition has been presented by about fifty of the undergraduates of the University, to the faculty, suggesting the propriety of holding special evangelistic services in Boston during the winter, and offering to assist in the meetings. The Rev. Francis G. Peabody replying for his colleagues said: We entirely agree with your suggestions, and are ready to undertake a series of five meetings in Boston. We do this with the full sense of the seriousness of such a movement, and we feel that success will be best obtained by committing all details to the students themselves.

Dr. Justin Fulton's Lectures on Romanism have excited the malignity of the Roman Catholics of Biddeford, Me. Large audiences attended the lecture, but they were outnumbered by an open-air assemblage of Romanists at the doors. The Hall was stoned, and Dr. Fulton was chased by an excited mob, from which he escaped with difficulty. It is alleged by one of the Protestant clergymen of the town, that the Mayor not only failed to afford proper protection for Dr. Fulton, but expressed personal ill-feeling toward him. Dr. Fulton is not to be driven out of a place, however, by opposition, and he has announced another course of lectures in Biddeford.

A Remarkable Statement was Made by Dr. F. F. Emerson at a meeting of Congregational Ministers in New York last week. He quoted statistics, showing that while wealth and church membership had greatly increased since 1850, the donation of members of the evangelical churches in this country to home and foreign missions had remained at an average of fifty cents *per capita*, or about one mill on every dollar of property during thirty years. The significance of this fact, he said, appeared when contrasted with the prominence given by Christ in His teaching as to the use of money. It appeared repeatedly in the Parables, and in describing the Last Judgment it was the testing question, for the Judge said nothing about devotion to creeds, but denounced the guilty for neglect of the hungry and the sick.

The Danger of Immigration was Portrayed in earnest words on November 23, by Prof. Richmond M. Smith in his address at Columbia College. There were, he said, about fifteen million persons in the United States who were of foreign or mixed parentage. This was about one-third of the entire population. In portions of New England the foreign element was very large. Over half of the population of Boston and the other large cities of Massachusetts was of foreign or mixed parentage. Formerly the difficulties of travel prevented any but the best people coming here; now there were so many facilities that any one could come. Illiteracy had been greatly increased by recent immigration. Would not the large foreign element have strong effect on the national character of America? The new immigrants were not enthusiastic about the superiority of American institutions, as earlier immigrants were, and they did not assimilate. The Professor favored restriction of immigration, but he did not explain how or by what tests he would have it reduced to only "the best people." It is well for the world that no such restriction is placed on Christ's kingdom. It was not the best people that He sought, but the outcasts, and those are assimilated by Divine power (Luke 5: 32).

A Telegraph Operator's Fatal Negligence is assigned as the cause of a terrible railroad accident in Pennsylvania. Two freight trains on the Wheeling division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad arrived, on November 26, at a point fifteen miles from Pittsburg, Pa. One of the trains should have been side-tracked for the other to pass, and the company assert that orders to that effect were telegraphed to an agent, but that the operator neglected to deliver the order. In consequence, the two trains, which were running at a high rate of speed as they rounded a curve, came into view too late to be checked. An instant later they came together with a terrible crash. Both locomotives were lifted from the rails and thrown to one side, completely wrecked. The cars were all derailed and reduced almost to kindling wood, and the débris piled up high around the locomotives. There was not a moment's warning, and both crews were caught in the wreck. Three of the trainmen were almost instantly killed. The others were held prisoners in the confused mass, and were extricated with difficulty, all more or less seriously injured. If the disaster did really result from the operator's negligence, his remorse must be terrible. Still more terrible, however, will be the remorse of parents or teachers or preachers who have failed to warn those committed to their charge, when they see them go into eternal disaster (Ezek 33: 8).

Eighty-Six Years Imprisonment is the Aggregate sentence imposed on a horse-thief in Texas. On November 23 he was released from the Rusk Penitentiary, where he had been confined for horse-stealing. He was promptly rearrested and taken to Gainesville, where he was placed on trial for a series of similar thefts, and a conviction was obtained in each case. When he was removed from court, after the trials, the sentences upon him, including those he had already served, covered a period of eighty-six years. The thought that death will prevent his serving so long a time in the penitentiary must be not unwelcome. It may be hoped that before that event occurs he may repent of his evil deeds, and look to Christ for salvation, or his soul will pass to a judgment where even death will be denied him. (Matt. 25: 46).

A Popular Actress was Maimed in the New York Hospital on December 1. Some three years ago she was troubled by a bunion on her heel, and applied to a chiropodist for relief. The man advised her to have it cut out, and she consented. The wound never completely healed, and at length caused her so much pain and inconvenience, that she consulted an eminent physician. He tried various remedies without success, and two weeks ago he informed her that he had discovered in the wound the well-known cells which indicate cancer. He said that it was the species known as Epithelioma or soft cancer, which spreads rapidly, and advised her to lose no time in having it operated upon. She inquired what would be done, and was told that she would have to lose her foot and ancle, but that unless they were cut off immediately her whole limb must go; while if there were a longer delay even the amputation of the limb would not save her life. Her decision was quickly taken, and the operation has been performed. She acted wisely, for though her decision involved the sacrifice of her position and prospects in her profession, they are not so dear to her as her life. Men do not realize the meaning and value of *eternal life*, or, when their way to that is barred by some sinful habit, though it were dear as a right hand, they would be similarly ready to give it up. (Matt. 5: 30.)

A Buffalo Lady's Revenge on her Rivals is described by the *Courier* of that city. It states that a well-known leader of fashionable society recently gave an entertainment of magnificent proportions. There were two or three ladies among the guests, whose presence she would have been glad to dispense with, if custom and courtesy had permitted, for they are her rivals, and deep-seated jealousy exists between them. The hostess decorated her rooms with marked skill for the occasion, and the guests were enchanted with the preparations. A peculiarity in the lighting of the dining-room, however, caused some surprise. The large chandeliers had long branches so arranged that a light was over the head of each guest at the table. The lights were enclosed in globes of colored glass which had a curious effect when the company was seated. It was observed that each of the rivals of the hostess was seated under a pale blue light, and, though they were really beautiful ladies, under that light they looked aged and ghastly, while comparatively unattractive ladies sitting under ruby lights looked charming. The result was all that the hostess desired. The time is coming when a still more trying ordeal will be witnessed. In the light of God's countenance mere natural beauty will fade, and only those who have put on Christ will appear lovely (Micah 7: 8, 9).

The Rescue of Passengers on a Ship in Distress, is the purpose of an invention submitted to the Secretary of the Navy by Rear Admiral Ammen last week. It is called a "balsa," and consists of an arrangement of casks supporting a platform. The casks are so placed that they may be filled with provisions, which can be taken out as they are needed, by persons on the platform. An oil-bag is attached to each balsa, to be used in calming the surrounding sea. The Admiral says that in the event of the abandonment of a vessel at sea, the balsas could be used in a sea so rough that ordinary boats could not be lowered safely. He states that balsas, of the model he has constructed, sufficient to hold a thousand persons, could be carried on an ordinary steamer without inconvenience. As no steamer carries sufficient boats to accommodate all on board, the Admiral's invention is a much needed provision for emergencies which frequently arise. If it fulfils all he claims for it, many lives may be saved by its means, for when a vessel is sinking the passengers are eager to avail themselves of any means of escape—even of a temporary character. They do not hesitate and delay, as men do in this shipwrecked world, when a sure salvation is offered them (Heb. 2: 3).

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. E. J. Parker, one of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's evangelists, is conducting successful evangelistic meetings at Marblehead, Mass. His sister, Miss Parker, is rendering him efficient assistance.

As an aid to the Convalescents' Home in New York, an office has been opened at 116 East 125th Street, where persons may send articles of clothing to be mended. The work will be neatly executed at low rates. Bachelors will find this a convenience, and they will at the same time enable a deserving charity to give employment to invalid ladies.

Mr. E. P. Telford's services at Fall River, Mass., are being much blessed. They are held in Rev. A. McCord's church, which is densely crowded at every meeting. Mrs. Telford's meetings for women only, attract large numbers, and great good is being done. The Fall River *Evening News* describes the interest manifested as being unprecedented in that town.

Mrs. Warnes Huntley's meetings at Pittsburgh, Pa., have been blessed to many. Among others, a saloon keeper has given up his business, signed the pledge and united with the church. Mrs. Huntley, in addition to her evangelistic work, has rendered valuable aid to the W. C. T. U. during her stay in the city. Her address is Lawn Street, Soho, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Messrs. H. W. Brown and E. C. Avis are holding meetings at Columbia, Boone Co., Mo. The Columbia *Herald* reports a very extensive awakening as the result. The services are held in University Chapel, and Christian workers of all denominations are taking part. The meetings are growing in interest, and the numbers attending fill the building to overflowing.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman and Rev. A. G. Jones are continuing their services at Lawrence, Mass. They still occupy the building formerly used as a liquor saloon, the proprietor of which, as previously mentioned in these columns, was converted at one of Mrs. Shipman's meetings. Mr. Jones will be disengaged after December 18, and will be glad to receive invitations to labor. His address is 30 Chelmsford Street, Lawrence, Mass.

The Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in New York has issued an appeal for funds. Many destitute young men who have drifted to the city in search of employment from all parts of the country have had to be relieved. Meals, and in many cases clothing, have been given to them, and the relief-fund is exhausted. During the past year the class of applicants have had no less than 26,227 meals, and in 6,532 cases a night's lodging has been furnished. The committee will be glad of assistance to continue the work through the winter. Cheques may be sent to Mr. C. N. Talbot, 111 Broadway, New York.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, women or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen" (Rev. 1:7).

John's Benediction and Adoration—His Expectation of Christ's Coming—I. The Lord is Surely Coming—An Event to be Realized—And Proclaimed—Already on the Way—Much had to be Done in the Interval—The Clouds the Hangings of the Heavenly Throne Room—II. His Coming to be Universally Seen—In His Material Body—A Blind Man's Expectation—Specially Seen by Those who Pierced Him—How He is Pierced Now—III. His Coming Will Cause Sorrow—A Proof that the World will not be Converted First.

IN reading the chapter, we observed how the beloved John saluted the seven churches in Asia with, "Grace and peace be unto you." Blessed men scatter blessings. When the *benediction* of God rests on us, we pour out benedictions upon others. From benediction John's gracious heart rose into *adoration* of the great King of Saints. As our hymn puts it, "The holy to the holiest leads." They that are good at blessing men will be quick at blessing God. It would seem from the chapter that the adoration of John was increased by his *expectation* of the Lord's second coming; for he cries, "Behold, He cometh with clouds." His adoration awoke his expectation, which all the while was lying in his soul as an element of that vehement heat of reverent love which he poured forth in his doxology. "Behold, He cometh," said he, and thus he revealed one source of his reverence. "Behold, He cometh," said he, and this exclamation was the result of his reverence. He adored until his faith realized his Lord, and became a second and nobler sight.

I think, too, that his reverence was deepened and his adoration was rendered more fervent by his conviction of

The Speediness of His Lord's Coming.

"Behold, He cometh," or is coming: he means to assert that He is even now on His way. As workmen are moved to be more diligent in service. when they hear their master's footfall, so, doubtless, saints are quickened in their devotion when they are conscious that He whom they worship is drawing near. He has gone away to the Father for a while, and so He has left us alone in this world; but He has said, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself," and we are confident that He will keep His word. Sweet is the remembrance of that promise.

I. May the Holy Spirit help us while we remember that our Lord Jesus Christ comes!

The Announcement

is thought worthy of a note of admiration. As the Latins would say, there is an "*Ecce*" placed here—"*Behold*, He cometh." As in the old books the printers put hands in the margin pointing to special passages, such is this "behold!" It is a *Nota Bene* calling upon us to note well what we are reading. Here is something which we are to *hold* and *behold*. We now hear a voice crying, "Come and see!" That same Jesus who went up from Olivet into heaven is coming again to earth in like manner as His disciples saw Him go up into heaven. Come and behold this great sight. If ever there was a thing in the world worth looking at, it is this. Hearken to the midnight cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" It has practically to do with you. "Go ye forth to meet Him." This voice is to you, O sons of men. If we read the words of our text carefully, this "Behold" shows us, first, that this coming is to be vividly realized. Have you and I ever realized the coming of Christ? Perhaps we believe that He will come. I should hope that we all do *that*. If we believe that the Lord Jesus has come the first time, we believe also that He will come the second time; but are these equally assured truths to us? Do we now say to each other, as we meet in happy fellowship. "Yes, our Lord cometh?" It should be to us not only a prophecy assuredly believed among us, but a scene pictured in our souls, and anticipated in our hearts. My imagination has often set forth that dread scene: but better still, my faith has realized it. I have heard the chariot-wheels of the Lord's approach, and I have endeavored to set my house in order for His reception. I have felt the shadow of that great cloud which shall attend Him, damping the ardor of my worldliness. I hear even now in spirit the sound of the last trumpet, whose tremendous blast startles my soul to serious action, and puts force into my life. Would God that I lived more completely under the influence of that august event!

This coming is to be zealously proclaimed, for John does not merely say, "He cometh," but he vigorously cries, "Behold, He cometh." Just as

The Herald of a King

prefaces his message by a trumpet blast that calls attention, so John cries, "Behold!" As the old town-crier was wont to say, "O yes! O yes! O yes!" or to use some other striking formula by which he called upon men to note his announcement, so John stands in the midst of us, and cries, "Behold, He cometh!" He calls attention by that emphatic word "Behold!" It is no ordinary message that he brings, and he would not have us treat his word as a commonplace saying. He throws his heart into the announcement. He proclaims it loudly, he proclaims it solemnly, and he proclaims it with authority: "Behold, He cometh."

And next, it is to be unquestionably asserted. "Behold: He cometh." It is not, "Perhaps He will come"; nor, "Peradventure He may yet appear." "Behold, He cometh" should be dogmatically asserted as an absolute certainty, which has been realized by the heart of the man who proclaims it. "Behold He cometh." All the prophets say that He will come. From Enoch down to the last that spoke by inspiration, they declare, "The Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints." You shall not find one who has spoken by the authority of God, who does not, either directly or by implication, assert the coming of the Son of man, when the multitudes born of woman shall be summoned to His bar, to receive the recompense of their deeds. All the promises are travailing with this prognostication, "Behold He cometh." We have His own word for it, and this makes assurance doubly sure. He has told us that He will come again. He often assured His disciples that if He went away from them, He would come again to them; and He left us the Lord's Supper as a parting token to be observed until He comes. As often as we break bread we are reminded of the fact that, though it is a most blessed ordinance, yet it is a temporary one, and will cease to be celebrated when our absent Lord is once again present with us.

There is this sense in the background—that

He is Already On The Way.

All that He is doing in providence and grace is a preparation for His coming. All the events of human history, all the great decisions of His august majesty whereby He ruleth all things—all these are tending towards the day of His appearing. Do not think that He delays His coming, and then upon a sudden He will rush hither in a hot haste. He has arranged for it to take place as soon as wisdom allows. We know not what may make the present delay imperative; but the Lord knows, and that suffices. You grow uneasy, because near two thousand years have passed since His ascension, and Jesus has not yet come; but you do not know what had to be arranged for, and how far the lapse of time was absolutely necessary for the Lord's designs. Those are no little matters which have filled up the great pause: the intervening centuries have teemed with wonders. A thousand things may have been necessary in heaven itself ere the consummation of all things could be arrived at. When our Lord comes it shall be seen that He came as quickly as He could, speaking after the manner of His infinite wisdom; for He cannot behave Himself otherwise than wisely, perfectly, divinely. He cannot be moved by fear or passion so as to act hastily, as you and I often do. He dwells in

The Leisure of Eternity,

and in the serenity of omnipotence. He has not to measure out days, and months, and years, and to accomplish so much in such a space or else leave His life-work undone; but according to the power of an endless life He proceeds steadily on, and to Him a thousand years are but as one day. Therefore be assured that the Lord is even now coming. He is making everything tend that way. All things are working towards that grand climax. At this moment, and every moment since He went away, the Lord Jesus has been coming back again, "Behold, He cometh!" He is on the way!

And we are told that *His coming will be attended by a peculiar sign.* "Behold He cometh with clouds." We shall have no need to question whether it is the Son of man who has come, or whether He is indeed come. I cannot quote at this time all those many passages of Scripture in which it is indicated that our Lord will come either sitting upon a cloud, or "with the clouds," or "with the clouds of heaven"; but such expressions are abundant. The clouds are the dust of His feet in that dread day of battle when He shall ease Him of

His Adversaries,

shaking them out of the earth with His thunder, and consuming them with the devouring flame of His lightning. Not as the Man of sorrows, despised and rejected of men, shall Jesus come; but as Jehovah came upon Sinai in the midst of thick clouds and a terrible darkness, so shall He come.

The clouds, also, denote the terror of His coming to the ungodly. His saints shall be caught up together with Him in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; but to those that shall remain on earth the clouds shall turn their blackness and horror of darkness. Then shall the impenitent behold this dread vision—the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven. The clouds shall fill them with dread, and the dread shall be abundantly justified, for those clouds are big with vengeance, and shall burst in judgment on their heads. His great white throne, though it be bright and lustrous with hope to His people, will, with its very brightness and whiteness of immaculate justice, strike dead the hopes of all those who trusted that they might live in sin, and yet go unpunished. "Behold, he cometh. He cometh with clouds."

II. Our second head is: Our Lord's coming

Will Be Seen of All.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him." I gather from this expression, first, that it will be a literal appearing, and an actual sight. If the second advent was to be a spiritual manifestation, to be perceived by the minds of men, the phraseology would be "Every mind shall perceive Him." But it is not so; we read, "Every eye shall see Him." Now, the mind can behold the spiritual. but the eye can only see that which is distinctly material and visible. The Lord Jesus Christ will not come spiritually, for in that sense He is always here; but He will come really and substantially, for every eye shall see Him, even those unspiritual eyes which gazed on Him with hate, and pierced Him. Go not away and dream, and say to yourself, "Oh, there is some spiritual meaning about all this." The Lord Jesus shall come to earth a second time as literally as He has come a first time. The same Christ who ate a piece of broiled fish, and of a honeycomb, after He had risen from the dead; the same who said, "Handle me, and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have"—this same Jesus,

With a Material Body,

is to come in the clouds of heaven. In the same manner as He went up He shall come down. He shall be literally seen. The words cannot be honestly read in any other way. Note well that He is to be seen of all kinds of living men: every eye shall see Him: the king and the peasant, the most learned and the most ignorant. Those that were blind before shall see when He

appears. I remember a man, born blind, who loved our Lord most intensely, and he was wont to glory in this, that

His Eyes Had Been Reserved

for his Lord. Said he, "The first whom I shall ever see will be the Lord Jesus Christ. The first sight that greets my newly-opened eyes will be the Son of man in his glory." There is great comfort in this to all who are now unable to behold the sun. Since "every eye shall see Him," you also shall see the King in His beauty.

He will be seen of those who have been long since dead. What a sight that will be for Judas, and for Pilate, and for Caiaphas, and for Herod! What a sight it will be for those who, in their lifetime, said that there was no Saviour, and no need of one; or that Jesus was a mere man, and that His blood was not a propitiation for sin! Those that scoffed and reviled Him have long since died, but they shall all rise again, and rise to this heritage among the rest—that they shall see Him whom they blasphemed sitting in the clouds of heaven.

It is mentioned here that He will especially be seen by those that pierced Him. In this is included all the company that nailed Him to the tree, with those that took the spear and made the gash in His side; indeed, all that had a hand in His cruel crucifixion. It includes all of these, but it comprehends many more. "They also who pierced Him" are by no means a few.

Who Have Pierced Him?

Why, those that once professed to love Him, and have gone back to the world. Those that once ran well, "What did hinder them?" And now they use their tongues to speak against the Christ whom once they professed to love. They also have pierced Him whose inconsistent lives have brought dishonor upon the sacred name of Jesus. They also have pierced Him who refused His love, stifled their consciences, and refused His rebukes. Alas, that so many of you should be piercing Him now by your base neglect of His salvation! If you will look at Jesus now, and mourn for your sin, He will put your sin away; and then you will not be ashamed to see Him in that day. Even though you did pierce Him, you will be able to sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." But, remember, if you persevere in piercing Him, and fighting against Him, you will still have to see Him in that day, to your terror and despair.

Will you kindly think of all this as I close this second head? Silently repeat to yourself the words, "Every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him."

III. And now I must close with the third head, which is a painful one: His coming

Will Cause Great Sorrow.

What does the text say about His coming? "All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." "All kindreds of the earth." Then this sorrow will be very general. You thought, perhaps, that when Christ came, He would come to a glad world, welcoming Him with song and music. You thought that there might be a few ungodly persons who would be destroyed with the breath of His mouth, but that the bulk of mankind would receive Him with delight. See how different—"All kindreds of the earth" that is, all sorts of men that belong to the earth; all earth-born men, men out of all nations and kindreds and tongues shall weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth at His coming. O sirs, this is a sad outlook! We have no smooth things to prophesy. What think you of this?

And, next, this sorrow will be very great. They shall "*wail.*" I cannot put into English the full meaning of that most expressive word. Sound it at length, and it conveys its own meaning. It is as when men wring their hands and burst out into a loud cry; or as when Eastern women, in their anguish, rend their garments, and lift up their voices with the most mournful notes. All the kindreds of the earth shall wail: wail as a mother laments over her dead child; wail as a man might wail who found himself hopelessly imprisoned and doomed to die. Such will be the hopeless grief of all the kindreds of the earth at the sight of Christ in the clouds: if they remain impenitent, they shall not be able to be silent; they shall not be able to repress or conceal their anguish, but they shall wail or openly give vent to their horror. What a sound that will be which will go up before high heaven when Jesus sits upon the cloud, and in the fullness of His power, summons them to judgment! Then "they shall wail because of Him."

Will your voice be heard in that wailing? Will your heart be breaking in that general dismay? How will you escape? If you are one of the kindreds of the earth, and remain impenitent, you will wail with the rest of them. Unless you now fly to Christ and hide yourself in Him, and so become one of the kindred of heaven who shall praise His name for washing them from their sins—unless you do this there will be wailing at the judgment-seat of Christ, and you will be in it.

Then it is quite clear that men will not be universally converted when Christ comes; because if they were so they would not wail. Then they would lift up the cry, "Welcome, welcome, Son of God!" These acclamations come from His people. But according to the text

The Multitude Will Weep

and wail, and therefore they will not be among His people. Do not, therefore, look for salvation to some coming day, but believe in Jesus now, and find in Him your Saviour at once. If you joy in Him now, you shall much more rejoice in Him in that day; but if you will have cause to wail at His coming, it will be well to wail at once. It is quite certain that when Jesus comes in those latter days men will not be expecting great things of Him. You know the talk they have nowadays about "a larger hope." To-day they deceive the people with the idle dream of repentance and restoration after death, a fiction unsupported by the least tittle of Scripture. If these kindreds of the earth expected that when Christ would come they would all die out and cease to be, they would rejoice that thereby they escaped the wrath of God. Would not each unbeliever say, "It were a consummation devoutly to be wished?" If they thought that at His coming there would be a universal restoration and a general jail delivery of souls long shut up in prison, would they wail? If Jesus could be supposed to come to proclaim a general restoration they would not wail, but shout for joy. Ah, no! It is because His coming to the impenitent is black with blank despair that they will wail because of Him.

Why do They Wail

because of Him? Will it not be because they will see Him in His glory, and they will recollect that they slighted and despised Him? They will see Him come to judge them, and they will remember that once He stood at their door with mercy in His hands and said, "Open to me," but they would not admit Him. They refused His blood: they refused His righteousness: they trifled with His sacred name; and now they must give an account for this wickedness. They put Him away in scorn, and now, when He comes, they find that they can trifle with Him no longer. The days of child's play and of foolish delay are over; and now they have solemnly to give in their life's account.

See, the Books

are opened! They are covered with dismay as they remember their sins, and know that they are written down by a faithful pen. They must give an account; and unwashed and unforgiven they cannot render that account without knowing that the sentence will be, "Depart, ye cursed." This is why they weep and wail because of Him.

O souls, my natural love of ease makes me wish that I could preach pleasant things to you; but they are not in my commission. I need scarce wish, however, to preach a soft gospel, for so many are already doing it to your cost. As I love your immortal souls, I dare not flatter you. As I shall have to answer for it in the last great day, I must tell you the truth. I have come here in pain to implore you to be reconciled to God. "Kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." But if you will not have my Lord Jesus, He comes all the same for that. He is on the road now, and when He comes you will wail because of Him. Oh that you would make Him your friend, and then meet Him with joy! Why will ye die? He gives life to all those who trust Him. Believe, and live. God save your souls, and He shall have the glory. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

IN FLORENCE WITH ROMOLA.*

THERE are in the world few grander buildings than that citadel of Florentine liberty, the Palazzo Vecchio; it is an embodiment of militant beauty in stone. In earlier times the scene of so much that was noble and base, it became in the fifteenth century the place of Savonarola's triumph and agony. For there, in the vast hall of that great council he so labored to secure, he set a whole people to work at a fever-heat of enthusiasm, with Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci among the workers, that an asylum might be created, a refuge and an appeal to the many against the injustice of the few. The Medici changed the place; the arch-patrons of art destroyed the designs of Angelo and Leonardo, setting up the clumsy statues of Leo and the dukes, and the ceilings of Vasari, celebrating Cosimo; they wanted no unpleasant souvenir of the great council. But the centuries have seen "the Medicean stamp outworn," and have placed the statue of the mighty monk in the middle of his hall. . . .

Savonarola died mute and unjustified; his friends and disciples robbed, murdered and driven into exile; his life's work undone; and the kingdom, he had labored to found, shaken to its foundations. But only a few years after, under a Medicean pope, he is solemnly rehabilitated by the Church—the historians estimate him at his true value, devotees make pilgrimages to his cell, Fra Bartolommeo paints him as the patron of his Order, and Raphael places him in a frescoed Paradise among a glorious company of prophets and sages. To-day, in an Italy that does not love monks, Ferrara raises his statue before the castle of the Estensi; and in Florence, in the vastness of the great council-hall, is his colossal image. Many changes have come to his beloved city; but she is faithful to his memory, and those who do not reverence the priest, honor the patriot who withstood tyrants and loved liberty. Ghirlandajo will show us in art many of the characters in the book—he who, if he did not paint the walls of Florence as he wished, portrayed the world that moved within those walls. In the choir of Santa Maria Novella, the artist painted the stories of the Virgin and St. John the Baptist; but he has taken his pictures from contemporary life; he has painted his friends and neighbors, not idealized into cold abstractions, but real men and women, with keen, subtle faces, acute and critical, but not unkindly, sharpened by shop-keeping and the *tramontana*, but ennobled by wide culture, and capable of kindling into enthusiasm. Many of them are ugly in line and modelling, with an occasional quite abnormal development of cheeks and

* From Scribner's Magazine for December which contains besides this article contributions from Bret Harte, Edwin P. Whipple, Robert Louis Stevenson, Louise I. Guiney, H. C. Bunner, Elizabeth Gunner, Austin Dobson, Elizabeth Akers, Sarah Orne Jewett, and many other eminent writers. Also numerous superb Illustrations; 126 pages; Price 25c. *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

A Startling Communication.

The Palm-Trees of Peru.

chin, bony and flaccid at once. But intellect can do much to beautify the most ill-favored. Each of these figures is a definite personality, clearly and distinctly marked, invaluable to the student of history, with no softening of lines or angles—a portrait straight from life. Here we are face to face with the old Florentines.

PERUVIAN MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS.

(See Illustrations).

The lover of the grand and imposing in nature, finds in Peru abundant gratification for his taste. "In no part of the world," says a recent traveller, "does nature appear in more varied forms than here. Deserts as bare and repulsive as those of the Sahara alternate with valleys as luxuriant as those of Italy. Lofty mountains, crowned with eternal snow, lift high their rugged sides over broad bleak *punas*, or table-lands, themselves more elevated than the summits of the Alleghanies. Rivers taking their rise among melting snow, precipitate themselves through deep and rocky gorges into the Pacific, or meander with gentler current among the majestic Andes to swell the current of the Amazons. There are lakes ranking in size with those that feed the St. Lawrence, whose surfaces lie almost level with the summit of Mont Blanc." The greater part of the coast-line presents a bare and forbidding aspect. It is bare and lifeless, except for the narrow green strips along the streams. In the distance rises the gigantic range of the Cordilleras, with steep, precipitous, rocky walls varied here and there by deep, jagged gorges. Beyond these are extensive barren steppes, three broad, well inhabited and fertile valleys, and then again over the Andes the fine slopes leading to the Amazon and its tributaries, where the real tropical vegetation is seen in all its luxuriance.

The Montaña is the most tropically beautiful portion of Peru. There gigantic palms (*See Illustration*) rear their heads to an almost incredible height, and the forests supply an almost endless variety of woods, gums and resins. Flowers of rare beauty grow there in wild luxuriance, while lovely birds flutter through the foliage. A large Indian population lives in the woods, gathering india-rubber, gum copal, indigo, vanilla, cinnamon, sarsaparilla and other products. The most famous product, however, is the "Jesuit's bark," from which quinine is produced. It is derived from various growths of cinchona, and has been used by physicians ever since the end of the seventeenth century. The Peruvian Government showed stupid carelessness about the cultivation and preservation of this source of wealth, and as the Indians were allowed to cut down the trees, there was a strong probability of the supply of quinine being utterly exhausted in process of time. This calamity, however, was averted by the exertions of the English Government. They determined to attempt the cultivation of the plant in India, and sent Mr. Clements Markham and a party of naturalists to Peru, to obtain seeds and roots and young plants. The difficult and dangerous mission was successfully accomplished, and now a plantation. already producing a considerable quantity of quinine, is flourishing.

The population of Peru is estimated at three millions. A census was taken in 1876, which gave the figures at 2,670,075, but the lower class of people were afraid that some new system of taxation was contemplated, and absented themselves from their homes. The Indians largely outnumber any of the other races; though there are negroes and Chinese in large numbers, the latter imported directly from China, to work on the sugar plantations and the guano lands. They are practically living in slavery, as the planters, to whom they are consigned for eight years, can transfer them to other planters.

There is urgent need for missionary labor among the people of Peru, for though there is a large foreign population, chiefly English, French and Germans, comparatively little effort has been made by them to extend the knowledge of Christianity among the natives. It is Bishop Riley's hope, in laboring for the evangelization of Mexico, to make it a centre of Christian work for the whole of South America, and he has already sent large quantities of evangelical tracts and books in the Spanish language to trustworthy agents in the various countries, which have been widely distributed. He asks the prayers of God's people that these silent messengers of truth may be blessed to the readers of them, and so the way may be prepared for missionaries of the Cross who, when the Church is aroused to its duty, will be sent out to make a systematic and organized effort to win South America for Christ.

A STARTLING COMMUNICATION.

(See Illustration.)

In a dimly lighted room an aged Christian woman lay dying. By her side stood a handsome girl of sixteen years. The old woman looked lovingly at her, and the girl's eyes were suffused with tears as she read the meaning of that lingering gaze.

"Miss Marie," said the sufferer, "I am dying. Fifteen years ago, when your dear mother was in her last illness and I was your nurse, she put you in my arms and made me promise, as I loved Christ, to train you up for Him. All these years I have tried to do so, and now I am going to heaven, and I shall see your mother. I want to tell her that you have given your heart to God. May I?"

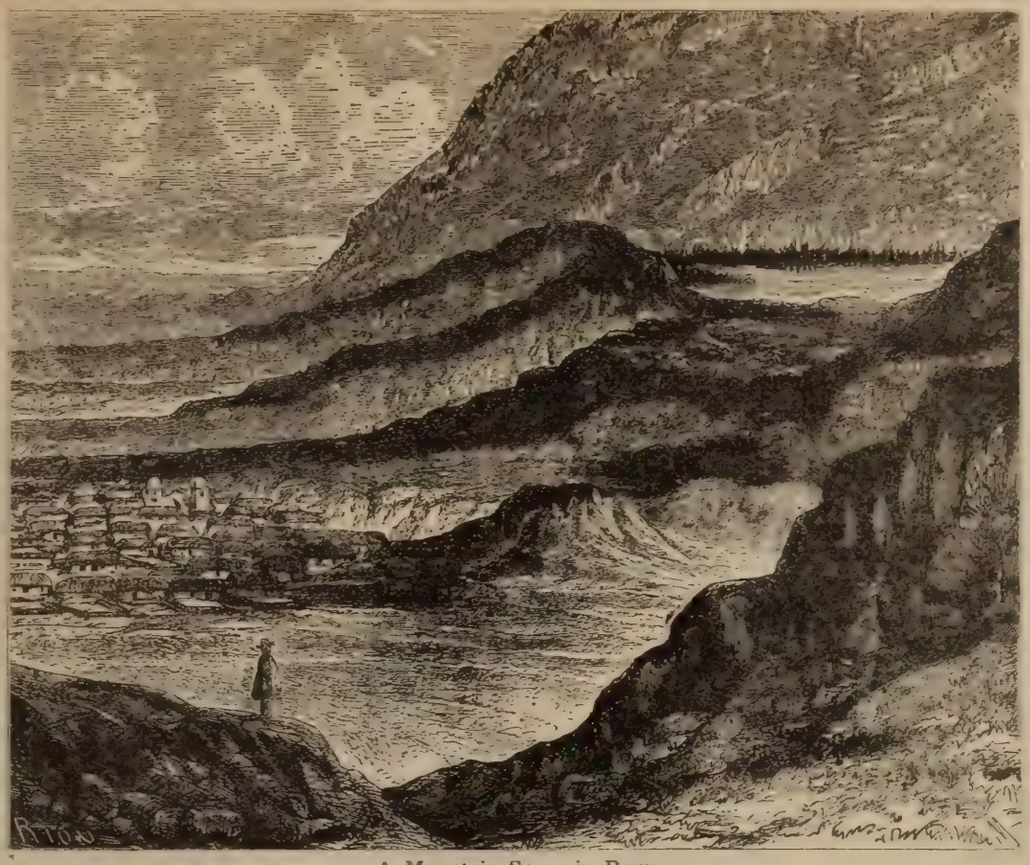
"Dear nurse," said the girl, her voice broken by tears, "tell her I will try."

"If you seek Him, He will be found of you; that's sure," said the dying woman and closing her eyes exhausted by the effort she had made, she seemed to sleep. But she never woke again in this world; her departure was so calm and peaceful that the watchers did not know when she passed the portal.

The girl fell on her knees and wept bitterly. Her life now, as she believed, would have a vacant place in it that never would be filled. Her father, a busy merchant, was cold and undemonstrative, and she was sadly conscious that she had never enjoyed his confidence nor the love that a son would have had from him. He had always been generous, almost lavish, in supplying her with money, but he had ignored her in his home. As her tears flowed less copiously she, remembering her nurse's last words, prayed earnestly for God's blessing. She rose with a solemn resolve to seek God with all her heart and to live her future life in this strength.

Weeks passed, during which Marie earnestly sought light, and, as all who seek it prayerfully do, she found it, and began a new and better

life. The difference in her was observed by all with whom she came in contact. Even her father perceived, worldly man as he was, that there was a change, and he began to observe her more closely. He talked with her more than he had ever done before, and seemed interested in finding out her views of the events of the day. Her religious principles surprised him more than all. He had never given any attention to religion himself and Marie's firm, open confession of her faith and its influence over her was a revelation to him. He sought her society more and more frequently, and seemed to find increasing pleasure in it. How welcome this change was to Marie may be imagined, and she on her part strove with all her might to prove herself worthy of the place in his heart, to which he seemed at last inclined to give her after so many years.



A Mountain Scene in Peru.

Their talks usually took place in the evening, immediately after the evening meal, but one night Marie supped alone, her father being detained by business in the city. She supposed that he would not return until late, as his habit was when he did not return at his usual hour. She was therefore much surprised when going into the library before retiring to rest, she found him sitting there. One look at him showed that something momentous had occurred. His face was pale and haggard. He looked an older man by twenty years than when Marie had bade him good-by in the morning. Going to his side, and kissing him affectionately, Marie asked him if he felt sick.

"No, Marie," he said. "I am in trouble; it is worse than sickness."

"May I know what it is, papa?" she inquired.

"You will have to know some time, he said, and there is nothing to be gained by delaying it I suppose. The fact is, my child, I am ruined. A few years ago I was a millionaire, but I have been wickedly, basely deceived, and that by a man who owed his all to me. I trusted him implicitly, and he has ruined me. I do not think I can even escape bankruptcy." The man covered his face with his hands, and groaned heavily. "I would rather have died," he said. "Even now I would rather commit suicide than have my name disgraced."

"Dear papa," said Marie, drawing close to him, and pleading earnestly with voice and eyes, "do not speak so. It is hard for you to bear, but do not let it tempt you to so awful a crime. Let us face poverty together. I am not afraid of it, and I will try to be a comfort to you."

For more than an hour Marie sat by his side pleading with him, speaking words of affection and encouragement.

"I do not know how it is, Marie," he said at last, "but you give me courage. I feel now that I have never appreciated you at your true worth. Is it your religion that gives you this power?"

"I believe that if I have been able to do you any good it is as God has helped me," said Marie, "and I thank Him for it."

"Well, my child, you must teach it to me. I shall have need of any consolation it can give."

Matters did not turn out so badly as the merchant feared, but he was no longer a wealthy man. He, however, confessed in after years that he was really richer than ever he had been; for, by the blessing of God on Marie's efforts he had become a child of God, and had a treasure in heaven, which neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through to steal.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY DOWN,

Where Two Thousand Orphans are fed, clothed and educated at an annual cost of $250,000.

By George Muller,

who, without funds of his own, and without making any appeal to the public for help, has received Five Million Dollars in answer to Prayer.

(Continued from page 767.)

Sickness—The Narrative Commenced—A New Day School—Excellent Premises for the Infant Orphans—Opening Exercises—Interesting Gifts—Employment for the Orphans—The Completion of the Thousand Pounds—Assurance in Prayer—The Record of Fifty Years.

JUNE 3. From May 16 up to this day I have been confined to the house, and a part of the time to my bed, on account of a local inflammation, which keeps me from walking. Almost every day during this time I have been able to continue writing a narrative of the Lord's dealings with me, which had been again laid aside after May 7, on account of a number of pressing engagements. It is very remarkable, that the greatest objection against writing it for the press was want of time. Now, through this affliction, which leaves my mind free, and gives me time, on account of confinement to the house, I have been able to write about 100 quarto pages. May the Lord in mercy teach me about this matter!

June 8. I am still getting better. The abscess is now open. This affliction has been, by the mercy of the Lord, an exceedingly light one. Not one day have I had severe pain, and not one day have I been kept altogether from working. June 9. I was able to go again to-day to the Orphan House and to read the Scriptures with the children. This day came three more children, who have made up our number, so that there are now thirty in the house.

June 11. I am, by the mercy of God, still getting better, but, as yet, unable to walk about. All this week I have been again enabled to go on writing for the press. June 12. To-day the Lord allowed me to preach again, and much sooner than I could have expected.

October 1. To-day, in dependence upon the Lord alone for means, we engaged a brother as a master for a *sixth day school*. Last Saturday, for the first time, we were so low in funds that we needed £1 more than we had, to pay the salaries a week in advance; but one sister, on account of the death of her father, as we afterwards learned, was kept from calling for her money, and on the next day we received more than was needed to pay her. On account therefore, of the many deliverances which we have had of late, we have not hesitated to enlarge the field, as another boys' school was greatly needed, there having been many applications for admission standing these several months past.

October 19. To-day, after having many times prayed respecting this matter, I have at last engaged a sister as matron for the Infant Orphan House, never having been able, up to this day, to meet with an individual who seemed suitable; though there has been money enough in hand for some time past for commencing this work, and there have been also applications made for several infant orphans.

October 25. To-day we obtained, without any trouble, through the kind hand of God, very suitable premises for the Infant Orphan House. If we had laid out many hundred pounds in building a house, we could scarcely have built one more suitable for the purpose. How evident is the hand of God in all these matters! How important to leave our concerns, great and small, with Him, for He arranges all things well, if *our* work be *His* work!

December 15. This day was set apart for prayer and thanksgiving respecting the Infant Orphan House, which was opened on November 28. In the morning we had a prayer-meeting. In the afternoon, besides prayer and thanksgiving, I addressed the children of our day-schools and the orphans, about 350, on Ecclesiastes 12: 1. In the evening I gave a further account of the Orphan Houses, commencing from the time when the last printed account had been issued, dated May 18, 1836.

Of the £1,000 which I had asked of God on December 5, 1835, I had actually received on May 18, 1836, £450 13s.; and besides this, £70 had been promised by two brethren. As it regards premises, articles of clothing, furniture, etc., I had received even beyond my petition.

From May to November, a miscellaneous assortment of goods was sent in. There was also given by a brother £100—£50 of which was previously promised. It is a remarkable fact concerning this donation, that I had, in December of last year, repeatedly asked the Lord to incline the heart of this brother to give one hundred pounds, and I made a memorandum of this prayer in my journal of December 12, 1835. On January 25, 1836, fifty pounds was promised by him, and on November 5, fifty pounds besides that sum was given; but it was not till some

days after that I remembered that the very sum for which I had asked the Lord had been given. Thus we often may receive an answer to prayer, and scarcely remember that it is an answer. When it came to my mind that this prayer had been noted down in my journal, and I showed it to the donor, we rejoiced together; *he* to have been the instrument, and *I* to have had the request granted.

It has been more than once observed to me, that I could not expect to continue to receive large sums; for that persons, when first such an institution is established, might be stirred up to give liberally, but that afterwards one had to look to a number of regular subscribers, and that, if those were lacking, it was not likely that such a work could go on. On such occasions I have said but little, but I have had the fullest assurance that it is a small matter for the Lord to incline donors to give liberally, a second or third time, if it were for our real welfare. And accordingly the donor above referred to, added to the first £50 another £50, and another benefactor, to the £50 given on a former occasion, added £40, with the promise to give another £40 at Christmas.

I would only add, on this subject, that *there are* some subscribers, and even some who give considerably; yet I would state, for the Lord's glory, that if they were twenty times as many I should desire that my eyes might be directed, not to them, but to the Lord alone, and that I might be enabled to take the payment of every subscription as a donation from Him. On the other hand, if there were no subscribers at all, yet the Lord, who heareth prayer, is rich to give according to our need. There was given also to-day "A widow's mite," 10s.; also 4d. Continuing the list until December 9, Mr. Muller observes:—

After frequent prayer that, if it were the will of God, He would be pleased to send us a Matron and a Governess for the Infant Orphan House, *this petition has also been answered.* In addition to this we obtained a convenient house for the purpose, No. 1 Wilson Street, together with a piece of ground for a play-ground; and we therefore began to furnish it on November 21, and on November 28 we took in the first children.

Of late it has appeared well to us to employ some of the strongest and eldest girls of the Orphan House in the work of the Infant Orphan House, under the direction of the Matron and Governess. From this plan it appeared the following advantages would result. 1st. Thus the wages which we should have to pay to assistants would be saved. 2d. Without any further expense to the Institution, we should in this way be able to support five or six orphans more. 3d. If thus the bigger girls of the Orphan House pass through the Infant Orphan House before they are sent into service, they will be accustomed to nursery work, which is so important for young servants. 4th. This plan would allow us to have the bigger girls longer under our care, as we should have *full employment* for them.

December 31, 1836. We had this evening a prayer-meeting to praise the Lord for His goodness during the past year, and to ask Him for a continuance of His favors during the coming year. We continued together till half-past eleven. There have now been admitted into Gideon Church seventy-nine brethren and sisters, who have been converted through our instrumentality, and eighty-six into the Church of Bethesda: 165 seals to our ministry in Bristol. Besides this, several have fallen asleep in the faith who never were in communion with us; several of our spiritual children are connected with other churches, in and out of Bristol; and many are now standing as hopeful characters on the list of candidates for fellowship.

The Lord has been pleased to give me during the past year, as it regards my temporal supplies:—1. In offerings through the boxes, £133 8s. 9d.; 2. In presents of money, from brethren in and out of Bristol, £56 13s.; 3. Through family connection, £5; 4s. Besides this have been sent to us clothes, provisions, etc., which were worth to us at least £30; 5s. We have been living half free of rent during the last nine months, whereby we have saved at least £7 10s.; total £232 11s. 9d.

January 5, 1837. To-day a sister told me about the conversion of her father, who, after having for many years lived openly in sin, is at last brought to the knowledge of the Lord. May this encourage the children of God to continue to pray for their *aged* parents and other persons; for this sister had long prayed for the conversion of her father, and at last, though only after twenty years, the Lord gave her the desire of her heart. It was an especial refreshment to my spirit to hear the particulars of this case, as I had known so much of the sinful life of this aged sinner.

April 8. There are now 60 children in the two Orphan Houses, 30 in each.

April 24. This evening we had a comfortable meeting with thirty brethren and sisters over the Word. Of late, brother Craik and I have frequently set apart an evening, generally once a week, to meet with ten, twenty, or thirty brethren and sisters, to take tea with them, and to spend the rest of the evening in prayer and meditation over the Scriptures. We began these meetings chiefly on account of having thus an opportunity of seeing more of the saints, as the greatness of the number of those in communion with us makes it impossible to see them as often in their houses as it might be profitable, or as often as we desire. We commenced these meetings in our own houses, choosing those in particular of whom we had seen little. After we had had several meetings in our own houses, we were invited by the brethren and sisters, and they have asked others to meet us. Sometimes, also, we have proposed those for invitation whom we see but seldom. These meetings we have found, both for ourselves and others, very useful, and they will, no doubt continue to be a blessing, as long as the Lord shall enable us to precede and follow them with prayer. They are also particularly important as a means of the brethren becoming acquainted with each other, and of uniting their hearts.

May 28. The narrative of some of the Lord's dealings with me is now near being published, which has led me again most earnestly, and repeatedly since, to ask the Lord that He would be pleased to give me what is wanting of the £1,000, for which sum I have asked Him on behalf of the orphans; for though, in my own mind, the thing is as good as done, so much so that I have repeatedly been able to thank God that He will give me every shilling of that sum, yet to others this would not be enough.

As the whole matter, then, about the Orphan House had been commenced for the glory of God, that in this way before the world and the Church there might be another visible proof that the Lord delights in answering prayer, and as there was yet a part of the £1,000 wanting, and *as I earnestly desired the book might not leave the press* before every shilling of that sum had been given, in answer to prayer, *without one single individual having been asked by me for anything*, that thus I might have the sweet privilege of bearing my testimony for God in this book—for these reasons, I say, I have given myself earnestly to prayer about this matter since May 21.

On May 22, came in £7 10s., and on May 23, £3. On May 24, a lady, whom I never saw before, called on me and gave me £40. This circumstance has greatly encouraged me, for the Lord showed me thereby afresh His willingness to continue to send us *large sums*, and that they can even come from individuals whom we have never seen before. On May 25 £3 6s. was sent, from two unexpected quarters. On May 27, was sent anonymously a parcel of worn clothes from London and a sovereign. To-day (May 28), I received again £4 3s. 6d., and also a parcel was sent from a considerable distance, containing seven pairs of socks, and the following trinkets to be sold for the support of the orphans: One pin with an Irish pearl, fifteen Irish pearls, two pins, two brooches, two lockets, one seal, two studs, eleven rings, one chain and one bracelet, all of gold.

June 15. To-day I gave myself once more earnestly to prayer respecting the remainder of the £1,000. This evening £5 was given, so that now the whole £1,000 is made up. To the glory of the Lord, whose I am, and whom I serve, I would state again, that every shilling of this money, and all the articles of clothing and furniture which have been mentioned in the forgoing pages, have been given to me *without one single individual having been asked by me for anything*. The reason why I have refrained altogether from soliciting any one for help is, that the hand of God evidently might be seen in the matter, that thus my fellow-believers might be encouraged more and more to trust in Him, and that also those who do not know the Lord, may have a fresh proof that it is not a vain thing to pray to God.

As the Lord, then, has condescended most fully, and even above my expectations, to answer my prayers and to *fill my mouth* (Psalm 81: 10), will you help me, brethren and sisters beloved in the Lord, to praise Him for His condescension. It is a wonderful thing that such a worthless, faithless servant as I am should have power with God. Take courage from this for yourselves, brethren, Surely, if such an one as I am, so little conformed to the mind of Jesus, has his prayers answered, may not you also, *at last*, have your requests granted to you. During *eighteen months and ten days* this petition for £1,000 has been brought before God almost daily. From the moment I asked it, till the Lord granted it fully, I have never been allowed to doubt that He would give every shilling of that sum. Often have I praised Him beforehand in the assurance that He would grant my request. The thing after which we have especially to seek in prayer is, that we believe that we receive, according to Mark 11: 24, "*What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.*" But this I often find lacking in my prayers. Whenever, however, I have been enabled to believe that I receive, the Lord has dealt with me according to my faith.

[Fifty years have passed since the above words were written, but in this year of grace, 1887, Mr. Muller has the same testimony to give. He has continued faithful to his work, and has not departed from his resolve never to ask any man for money or help. Every year he has published a record of the sums received and his expenditures, and thus the whole world has heard of the work, and doubtless that has led to numerous gifts; but he has made no appeal. His object has been to convince the world that God does hear and answer prayer, and that those who trust in Him will surely be kept and fed. The account is made up to May of this year and shows that since the Orphan work was commenced, he has received $5,601,839. He has sixty-seven schools in operation, in which 104,079 children have been educated. There are now five orphan houses which cost in building and furnishing $575,000 and the number of orphans who have been reared, fed, clothed and educated in them, including those now there, is *seven thousand five hundred and five.* Mr. Muller is now eighty-two years of age, yet he has made long missionary journeys during the past three years, going all over the world, encouraging the missionaries in heathen lands and preaching and teaching everywhere with energy and vigor. Nor have his mental powers deteriorated. When he was last in New York, he wrote in a short space of time and apparently without effort, an article of six columns for this journal, which displayed remarkable ability. The man himself and the work he has done and is doing, are an object lesson—a practical proof of God's love and faithfulness, such as no previous generation of modern days has seen].

THE FIVE PARABLES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for December 18, Matthew 13 : 31–33; 44–52. Memory Text, Daniel 7 : 27.

Ver. 31, 32. The Contrast Between the End and the Beginning—The Mustard Seed a Common Type of the Insignificant—The Small Beginning of the Church—A Few Illiterate Disciples—The End Universal Dominion—Ver. 33. The Leaven From Without—Its Silent, Unobserved Progress—How the Kingdom has Spread—Ver. 44–46. A Couplet of Parables—The Treasure Found by Two Men—One who was not Seeking it and One who was—Converts From Among Sinners and Philosophers—Both Understand its Value and Secure it—Ver. 47–50. The Parable of the Drag-Net a Sequel to that of the Tares—To Prepare the Disciples for Disappointment—Ver. 50–52. An Inexhaustible Treasury in the Gospel.

"AND the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him" (Dan. 7 : 27). Such is the consummation towards which we are pressing! And such, no doubt, was the ideal of the first apostles when they asked, "Wilt Thou at *this* time restore the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts 1 :6.) But the prophecy is not yet fulfilled, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever" (Rev. 11 : 15). Again and again our blessed Master reminded His disciples that His mission and theirs was to announce and establish "the kingdom of *heaven*," a spiritual kingdom which is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14 : 17), which "cometh not with observation, but which is "within" us (Luke 18 : 20, 21). A state is not a

Kingdom Without a King.

Wherever a king reigns, there is his kingdom. The kingdom of heaven exists wherever Christ reigns, whether in our hearts, or in the church, or in heaven. Wherever He reigns, He brings heaven with Him; His kingdom, whether great or small, is always the kingdom of heaven.

"The kingdom of heaven," in this chapter, means the Church of Christ on earth. We have seen it under the figure of the wheat and the tares, and a very similar description is given in the parable of the net which was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the age: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." In the parable of the wheat and the tares, the bad are taken away first; in the parable of the net, the good are first gathered; but the bad in both cases are cast into "a furnace of fire where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth." It is fashionable in these days to

Tone Down and Explain Away

such expressions as this, as though men could improve upon the Word of God, and as though they were more really loving that the Saviour who has died 1or them! Let the Word of God stand; He is responsible for all He says, and God forbid that we should either take from or add to His Holy Word. In our day, we see Christianity including something of all sorts. In the Romish Church, Christianity includes idolatry, superstition, priestcraft, hatred of Protestants, vows to overthrow all Protestant governments, etc. Only a short time since a Roman Catholic gentleman who had lived near a child of God on terms of close friendship, said to him "I am looking forward to the day when I shall walk up to my neck in the blood of Protestants." And all this is in the name of Christ. The Greek church is full of idolatry and superstition, but all in the name of Christ! The Protestant Churches contain rationalism, which denies the inspiration of the Scriptures and the atonement of Christ; spiritualism, which maintains intercourse with evil spirits; worldliness and hypocrisy, as well as some of the little flock whose is the kingdom of heaven. And all this mixture is in the name of Christ! Truly, the net has gathered of every kind! It is only when Christ comes again that the complete and final separation shall be made.

O how often the question arises in the minds of God's children, "Why cannot we have a pure Church? Why does God permit evil to abound?" We might ask in the same breath, "Why did not God make people believe on Jesus when He was upon earth, so that evil might then have been abolished, and righteousness brought in?" We

Cannot Sound the Counsels of God,

but we do see that in giving every man a free will to choose the good, and reject the evil, God has put man upon his own responsibility, to act with God or not. And in the daily walk through a world full of sin, full of the powers of darkness, God has given such opportunities for making acquaintance with Him in His power to deliver, as could not have been if all evil had been banished. We are called to be "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, *if so be* that we suffer with Him." If we choose Christ's portion here, we have His portion for ever. It is a life of perpetually choosing Christ, and trusting Christ in everything. There is more to admire in Ittai, the Gittite, who followed David when he fled from Absalom, and said, "As the Lord liveth, and as my Lord, the King liveth, surely in what place my lord, the king, shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be" (II Sam. 15. 21)—than in Haman, who was simply a parasite, hanging on King Ahasuerus' favor.

The Lord likens the kingdom of heaven to "a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which, indeed, is the least of all seeds (i. e. the Syrian mustard seed); but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air lodge in the branches thereof." In the first days of the church, quality was the great thing, "great grace" was upon all the disciples. When it became national, quantity prevailed over quality, and the greatness of the spread of Christianity made it a wise move of Satan's, to send his evil ones to lodge in it, so that he might spread his evil odor, and that men might say, when Christians ceased to love one another, "What difference is there between this religion and idolatry?"

Christianity To-Day is but Babylon

(confusion), and it is, indeed, "the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird" (Rev. 18: 2). Again, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened." Neither the mustard-seed nor the leaven are like the good seed. Both symbolize the outward Christianity of the day. Christ is universally King, yet the birds of the air, the emissaries of the Evil One, are quite at home, in the religion of the day, and though the Kingdom is Christ's, the woman leavens it with the world. the flesh and the devil!

Is this all, then, that we are to expect from the Kingdom of Heaven? Is the King to be set at nought and to be overcome by the world and the devil? God forbid! Jesus told us very plainly, "My Kingdom is not of this world" (John 18 : 36). There is another and glorious aspect of the Kingdom of Heaven, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he hath found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Those who want to make of the kingdom of heaven a something which the world can look at and admire, something which will do *them* credit, and which they can bring to a state of perfection, are only sowing for a harvest of disappointment. But there is a treasure hid in the field. If in the field Christ is discovered, and the heart's deepest affections go out to Him, then all the world, its esteem, its pleasures, its honors, are of no account. If Jesus is not worth to us the giving up all that we have, we have not yet found the treasure in the field. "Whosoever he be of you, that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (Luke 14: 33). And this is not by constraint. When Jesus becomes our treasure, it is

"For Joy Thereof,"

and not with compunction, that we give up all that we have. It is so exquisitely blessed to have it all His, not ours; to let the care of it, and the disposal of it, be His. It hurts us no more to be misunderstood when Jesus is our treasure; for we live before Him, and not before man. The old pain of a wounded spirit ceases to be known, when Jesus is our treasure, for it becomes so easy, so natural, to take all from Him. It is so impossible to want the enjoyments of the world, when He is our treasure, for Jesus more than satisfies every longing of our hearts. We cannot be disappointed about our Christian work when it is given over to Him, for He is more to us than all the work, and if He wills to have us more occupied with prayer than with work, we are just as happy to see others instead of ourselves bringing home the sheaves. But we cannot have Jesus as our treasure and our Pearl of great price while we have any earthly thing which is our heart's treasure, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me" (Matt. 10; 37, 38). There are very many who are longing for more joy in the Lord, who seek their own joy, not Jesus as their treasure.

No Self-Seeking

is compatible with having Him as our heart's one treasure. "He that prizeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it." Unless we can trust Him sufficiently to run the apparent risk of sacrificing our own interests, we have not the true spirit of the bride. "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house: so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him" (Ps. 45: 10, 11). Paul was so enamored with Jesus that he says, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him . . . That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death; if, by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead '(Phil. 3: 7, 11). Peter says of Him, "Whom, not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Such was their estimate of the treasure hid in the field!

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Thou could'st not satisfy
Demands divine.
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Thou would'st but sink the deeper
In miry clay; but let *Him* save;
He, then, will be thy keeper.
And say: "thou'rt mine."

But dost thou say: "My sin is great,
"So great, I dare not tell
"It all to Thee. I know that it
"Deserves eternal hell."
"For *all* that thou hast done,"
"No sin excepted, *none*,
"I'm pacified." You say:
"But why?" Christ's blood one day
Was shed, our debt to pay,
And it is paid.
That's why. Trust in his work,
He cannot prove untrue.
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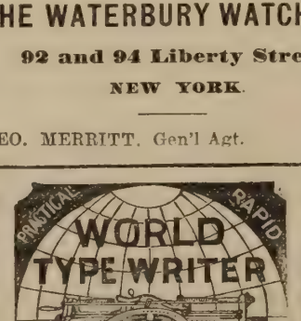

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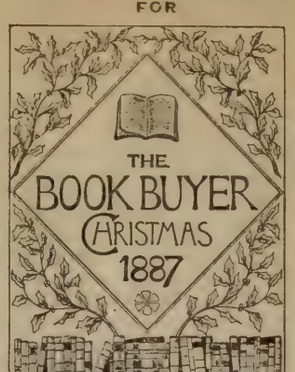

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF M. CARNOT, the Newly Elected President of the French Republic.

MUCH ADO ABOUT LITTLE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon last Sunday Morning.

A Singular Rescue from a Mine—A Persian Girl's Testimony—A Change of Title—An Effectual Mirage—An Indian Prince on Missions—A Child Bitten by a Snake.

THE FIFTH SEAL. By Rev. M. Baxter.

CURRENT EVENTS: The President's Message—The Parting of the Ways—Cabinet Changes—The Reports of the Departments—Meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in Washington—The Austro-Russian Complication—The French Cabinet—The Crown Prince's Malady—A Midnight Search for Shelter—Citizenship Restored by Gov. Hill, etc.

IRENE MORLEY'S VACATION. (With Illustration.)

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THE FAMILY OF TRIPE COURT. (A Serial Story.)

A WOUNDED SPIRIT. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

M. Carnot, Elected President of France, Dec. 3—The Vendome Column in Paris—Entrance to the Louvre.

M. SADI-CARNOT.

The New President of France.

The Ominous Incidents of the Election—Their Tendency—M. Carnot's Early Life—His Engineering Triumphs—Election to the National Assembly—Member of the Chamber of Deputies—Becomes Minister of Public Works—Secretary of the Treasury—His Sterling Integrity—A Remarkable Incident—How they Elect a President in France—M. Carnot's Advice to the Shouters—His Famous Ancestors.

CONGRATULATIONS from all quarters of the world are extended to the French Republic on the safe and peaceful transfer of the Executive power from M. Grévy to M. Sadi-Carnot, which was accomplished on Saturday, December 3. There were, however, some ominous features of that transfer, which awaken apprehension, and render the friends of the Republic on this side of the Atlantic doubtful whether warnings should not be mingled with the congratulations. Both the resignation of M. Grévy and the selection of M. Sadi-Carnot indicate a modification, if not a disregard, of the principles of the Constitution.

M. Grévy followed the example of his predecessor MacMahon in resigning at the behest of the Legislature, but we can conceive of circumstances—and illustrations might be found in our own history—in which it would be a national calamity for the Legislature to have the power of compelling the President to resign before the expiration of the term for which he was elected. The principle of fair-play demands that, if the President is at issue with the Legislature, or if he is charged with maladministration, the case should be submitted, not to one of the parties to the dispute, but, by impeachment, to properly constituted judges. But M. Grévy was driven to resignation by the Chamber of Deputies.

A Concession to the Reds.

Again, in the selection of his successor there was an obvious homage to a power still lower in the scale. The Legislature, in whom the election is vested in France, was swayed by the conviction that the election of M. Ferry would be followed by a rising of the communists, which would not be quelled without bloodshed. While it is generally admitted that M. Carnot will make a better President than M. Ferry would have done, it is evident that in selecting him the Legislature was actuated not so much by that fact as by the will of the lowest classes of the people. Thus, while obeying the letter of the Constitution, the spirit of it, which provides a system of mutual checks and safeguards, was disregarded. Both the resignation of M. Grévy and the triumph of M. Carnot over M. Ferry are doubtless blessings for France, but it would have been more hopeful if they had been achieved by other processes. The power which the radical masses of Paris have exerted, in this case, for good, may, now that it has been recognized and obeyed, be used again with less beneficent results. It will surely become stronger and more audacious, tending to develop that crisis which prophecy indicates in the near future, when a Napoleonic genius shall arise, and, being representative of the masses, "be mighty, but not by his own power," and "shall come in peaceably and obtain the kingdom by flatteries" (Dan. 8 : 24 and 11 : 21).

"Who is M. Carnot?"

was the question asked by thousands of persons, when the cable despatch announcing his election was published. M. Sadi-Carnot is a civil engineer by profession. He is fifty years of age, having been born at Linoges on August 11, 1837. He studied at the Ecole Polytechnique, where he graduated fifth in his class in 1857, and in the School of Bridges and Railroads he reached the head of his class at his graduation in 1863. He was appointed Government engineer in various provincial districts in the Annecy district, and continued to act in that capacity until 1870. During that time, he superintended the construction of many important public works, including the great Collonge bridge over the Rhone, near the Swiss frontier, where he adopted a new system of tubular foundation. On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he was placed in charge of the construction of the forts, etc., for the defence of Normandy, being made a Commissary Extraordinary of the Lower Seine, Eure, and Calvados, and Prefect of the Lower Seine. He held this position until the conclusion of peace.

His first appearance in the Legislative Chamber was in 1872, when he was elected to the National Assembly by the District of Côte d'Or. He took his seat with the Republican Left, and was appointed Secretary of that section. In 1876 the District of Beaume elected him to the Legislature. He continued to sit with the same group, and his practical experience enabled him to render efficient service on committees of public works and industrial matters. He was also placed on the Finance Committee, in which he unexpectedly developed remarkable financial abilities. He became

Minister of Public Works

on the advent of M. Ferry to the Premiership in 1880, having previously served as Under Secretary under De Freycinet. In this office his duties were more arduous than those which usually attach to the office in other countries, as in France the Government controls the chief lines of railroad. The construction of ports, canals, bridges, etc., involved labor to which M. Carnot brought natural ability, long and careful training, and years of experience. He had in his Department seventy-two chief engineers, 240 ordinary engineers, and 1,500 assistant engineers. He thoroughly reorganized the Department, and made it a model of energy and efficiency. In 1885, on the resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury, M. Carnot was invited to succeed him, and he carried into his new Department the energy which had distinguished him in that of Public Works. When the Cabinet resigned and M. De Freycinet succeeded to the Premiership in 1886, M. Carnot was requested to retain his portfolio. On the downfall of that ministry he quitted office. His record up to that point is one of

Unimpeachable Integrity,

and a conspicuous illustration of it, was recently mentioned in Parliament. When M. Rouvier, the late Premier, was trying to defend M. Grévy and his son-in-law, M. Wilson, from the charge of misapplying public funds, the question was raised, whether certain sums which had been paid into the National Treasury for stamps and registering duties by the Dreyfus firm, in which M. Wilson is interested, had not been returned to them, M. Rouvier said that an application had been made for the return of the money while M. Carnot was in office, but that he had refused it. It also appeared that this refusal was the cause of M. Carnot leaving office, as it brought upon him the hostility of the President and his wretched son-in-law. When these facts were disclosed, the whole chamber rose, and turning to the ex-Secretary, cheered him vociferously. He sat pale and with bowed head, evidently touched by this recognition of his integrity.

His Election to the Presidency

on December 3 is another of those significant facts from which young men may learn a valuable lesson. In the race of life *it is character that tells.* When men are needed for responsible positions, when a great trust is to be confided to some one man, the man who commands public confidence is usually less remarkable for brilliant talents than for unstained character. M. Grévy sent in his resignation on Friday, December 2, and on the following day, at 2 o'clock; the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, according to the French Constitution, went to Versailles to elect a President. There are no stated periods for the termination of the Presidential terms, so the new incumbent was to be elected, not to finish M. Grévy's term, but for the full term of seven years. The prize was one of great magnificence. To be ruler of all France for seven years, with a salary of $120,000 a year, a free residence in the Palace of the Elysée, and an allowance of $60,000 a year for household expenses, render it one to satisfy the most ambitious citizen of France. The election lay with the eight hundred and fifty members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and the votes were taken by ballot. M. Leroyer, the President of the Senate, was *ex-officio* chairman of the session. He took the roll and called over the names. As each name was called, the owner stepped up to the tribune, where a little marble ball was handed him from a basket. The voter put the ball into one urn, and into another urn a card with the name written on it of the person for whom he voted. The marbles being counted afterwards, were a check on any person who might in excess of zeal drop two cards instead of one into the urn.

The Balloting.

The first ballot resulted in no election, only 303 votes being cast for M. Carnot, who had the largest number. The Constitution requires an absolute majority for the successful candidate. After the result was announced M. De Freycinet, who had received 76 votes, and M. Ferry, who had received 212, withdrew their names, and requested their friends to vote for M. Carnot. This turned the tide, and on the second ballot M. Carnot received 616 votes. His chief competitor was General Saussier, for whom the monarchists cast 186 votes.

After receiving the congratulations of the Assembly, M. Carnot returned to Paris, where he was greeted with enthusiasm. His reply to the ovation was brief but sensible. He said: "Thank you, my fellow citizens, for this demonstration, and for your acclamation. Like yourselves, I am warmly devoted to the Republic. Now show that you are good citizens, and go home quietly." The Frenchman on election-day is a little too much given to shouting, and quarreling with any one who does not display the degree of enthusiasm which appears to be due to the occasion. The new President's advice appears to have been taken, and the day, which had been so much dreaded, passed without bloodshed. Extensive preparations had been made to quell a disturbance, and Gen. Saussier, the Governor of Paris, had fifty thousand troops, and batteries of Gatling guns, mitrailleuses and field artillery in readiness for the emergency. The people, however, were satisfied with the result, and the danger of street barricades and anarchical risings was avoided for the time.

The Family of Carnot

is not unknown in French History. The father of the new President, M. Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, took a prominent part in the Revolution of 1848. He was born in 1801, and in early life identified himself with the Simonians, and became their advocate in the press. He devoted himself to the study of Oriental Literature, and seemed at one time to be destined to a life of philosophical research. His strong Republicanism, however in later years, and his sturdy principles of virtue, led him to separate from the group of socialistic theorists with whom he consorted in his youth, and to denounce especially the hateful marriage doctrine which M. Enfantin had promulgated. He then entered the political field, and in 1839 was elected deputy to the Legislature. He connected himself with the Republican section, and acted, and voted with them until the Revolution. He was rewarded with the office of minister of Public Instruction. After the overthrow of the Republic, by Louis Napoleon in December 1851 Mr. Carnot was among the proscribed deputies. He was elected by the city of Paris to the Legislature, his colleague being General Cavaignac. Both men, however, refused to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III, and retired into private life. M. Carnot devoted himself to literary pursuits. He produced several historical works which were widely read, and translated into all the European Languages. In 1863, he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his fellow citizens, and believing that he might be able to do something toward extending the liberties of the nation, he consented to return

to political life. He was promptly elected to the Legislature where he became one of the leaders of the Republican Party. After the fall of the Empire in 1870, he was honored by being made Senator for life.

The Grandfather of the President

was still more famous in his day. He was the Captain Hippolyte Carnot, of whom Carlyle says, in describing the leaders of the Revolution of 1789, he was "the highest faculty of them all. Sent to Paris from Calais, with his cold mathematical head and silent stubbornness of will. *Iron Carnot*, far planning, imperturbable, unconquerable; who in the hour of need shall not be found wanting. His hair was black; but it grew gray under many kinds of fortune, bright and troublous: and with iron aspect this man faced them all." He was War Minister in the famous Committee of Public Safety—a position of terrific responsibility in the days when France, torn and distracted within, stood at bay before united Europe. It was he that organized the army, and made the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte a possibility. It was he too, a little later, that was prominent among the daring men who hurled Robespierre from his dreaded dictatorship. He was the man who at a bachelor dinner one hot night at Barrere's, during the Reign of Terror, when the guests had laid aside their coats, made the discovery that precipitated the fall of the tryant. Carnot needing a blank sheet of paper, and going to the pile of garments felt in this pocket, and that for what he wanted. He came upon a slip in the course of his search—not blank, but bearing in Robespierre's writing the names of forty prominent men—Robespierre's associates—his own among them, who were to be sent to the guillotine. That detected treachery sealed Robespierre's doom, and Carnot organized the attack which delivered France from the hated tyrant. When Napoleon established the Empire, Carnot disappeared from public view, and when the Bourbons were restored, Carnot was honored by being formally proscribed by name, and hedied in seclusion. It is from such a stock that we now have a new President of France.

A CONVERT'S SACRIFICE.

A REMARKABLE example of self-denial for the sake of Christian principle, is reported to the *Missionary Herald* by Mr. W. N. Chambers, a missionary in Eastern Turkey. He says: "Two years ago a boy from Khasdoor, came to the city to enter school, if he could pursuade us to accept him. He was penniless, and *walked all the way, about seventy miles.* He was told he could not be received, but fortunately work was obtained for him for a year. He showed himself as made of good stuff, and he was able to pay his school expenses for last year. At the close of the school he returned to his village for vacation, and although his father had turned him out of his house for his Protestant proclivities, he returned directly to his father's house. During the summer he was called to work three days on the road, and his lot fell on Friday, his companions being only Catholics and Turks. In the evening, when all were gathered in the tent, Arslan would propose to read the Testament and pray. Thus he would spend fifteen or twenty minutes in expounding the gospel to his companions, before retiring for the night. They, on their part, listened with attention and respect. Bread had been provided for three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

"When Sunday morning came, Arslan announced his intention of not working that day, and in order that he might have something to eat when putting in his time on the Monday, he ate but a small portion of his bread on Sunday. All the persuasion of his Catholic fellow-villagers to work on Sunday, and be free to return with them to the village, was of no avail. He worked on half-rations on Monday, filling up his quota of time, and returned to his village alone and hungry, on Monday night. The influence of the young convert's action was very great both on Turks and Christians.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Lord in the Counting-House. "As a boy I was serving an apprenticeship under a Christian book-keeper. That good old man had one of the best of habits; he prayed about everything. He took the Lord Jesus into the counting-house with him. Whenever anything went wrong in the big ledger he got down on his knees beside the stool and prayed God to help him out of the difficulty, and it was not long before God answered his prayer and sent the solution to the problem, no matter how intricate. What we want is every-day religion"

Making a Third Fortune.—Mr. D. M'Lauchlan remarked at a recent meeting: "I have a friend who, at one time, was possessed of a considerable fortune, but he lost it, through no fault of his own; a second time he accumulated wealth, and a second time lost it, and now, for the third time, he is building up a competence, and is a considerable distance on the way. That man has twice held a fortune, and each time it slipped from his grasp. But when we have secured the riches of heaven, through accepting Christ, we shall find that, unlike earthly riches, which elude our grasp, and which, at the most, we can only retain in this life, they shall abide with us for ever."

A Boatman Saved from Folly.—Mr. Montgomery observes: "I spoke to an old boatman some time ago, and tried to get him to come to Christ. He said to me in reply, 'Well, look here; if I'm going to be saved I shall be saved, and if I'm going to be condemned, I shall be condemned.' 'Look at this text,' I replied; "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Now, *strive* does not mean you have to fold your arms and do nothing. It means you have to make an effort.' By the grace of God, I was enabled to show that misguided boatman that, while he had in one sense to do nothing, he had in another sense to do something. He had to do nothing in *the procuring* of his salvation, but he had to put out his hand and *accept* it—to step into the life-boat that God has graciously provided; to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thus be saved."

Looking Over a Lady's Album.—Mr. Gardiner says: "A lady was one day showing me her album, and among other photographs was that of her mother. 'That is a fine-looking old lady,' I remarked. 'Yes; a true Christian and a good mother to me,' was the quiet reply. 'Then you are the child of many prayers! May I ask if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?' 'No,' she frankly replied, 'and I can never believe until I feel it.' 'If you wait for the feeling before believing, you will never believe; you believe in Christ, and that He is the only Saviour?' I said. 'Yes,' she responded. 'Then give Him your heart's confidence, for if you believe in Him you will have eternal life. Now, just confide in Him, and take Him at His word.' 'I will,' she said. She begged of me to see her husband. I willingly agreed, and I told him of his wife's conversion, and offered the same Saviour to him. Ere twenty minutes had passed I had the joy of seeing him also rejoice in Christ."

A Drowning Laundress Saved.—Mr. Dunn, observed: "Three old women went to Glasgow Green one day, to do some washing in the Clyde. Unfortunately, at the place where they washed, the bank had been undermined by the river, and as soon as one of the three put her foot upon it, it crumbled away, and she fell into the water. Her companions were unable to help her; they could only call for assistance. At once a crowd collected, but no one went to the help of the drowning woman, until a strong young fellow rushed up, crying, 'Where did she fall?' One of the lookers-on threw a piece of earth near the spot where she had been last seen, to indicate the place. The young man waited for no more, but bravely plunged in. There was a minute of suspense, then a cheer arose as he was seen to rise to the surface bearing the inanimate body of the woman. Soon they were both on dry land, where every means was taken to revive her. A tender-hearted man in the crowd, seeing that the woman was but poorly clad, thought that now, when men's hearts were moved to pity, was a good time to make a collection for the poor creature, so he handed round his hat to receive it. By the time he was done the patient was partially recovered, and going up to her, he emptied the money into her lap. She thanked him for his kindness, but cried, 'Let me see the man who has saved me!' The young man stepped forward. She neglected the money, forgot the crowd, and only saw him who had saved her; she embraced, thanked, and almost worshipped him. In a similar manner the sinner who has been saved by trusting in Christ, saved from a sea of sin and wrath which threatened to engulf him, forgets everything but His Saviour, and leaving the riches and pleasures of this world behind, he clings only to Christ."

A Wife Changed into a Maniac.—The Rev. Canon B. Wilberforce said in a recent address: "I would take you to where, a few months back, there lived, worked, and prayed, a Christian wife and mother; and I would ask you to bear with me while I tell you of her story, which is known now to the angels of heaven. The hard hand of want sometimes dulled the fire on her hearth, for the father of the family was away beyond the seas; but by the master-secret of all spirituality, she loved her God, and she had learned to say. 'Not my will, but Thine, be done.' She hoped on in patience for her husband's return, when his earnings would wipe off the debts which she had incurred for food and clothing, and the sad times of pinching would have passed away from her. Brighter and brighter I saw the weary face become, as the time approached for his return, and at last the flag proclaimed the welcome news of the safe arrival of the vessel in which he served; upon the following day a hasty summons took me to the house, and there I saw the wife and mother, her reason fled, her eyes rolling in frenzy—a hopeless maniac. The human brute who was her husband had returned upon the previous day, and had staggered drunk and penniless into his home. Such a termination to weary months of watching extinguished in a moment the feeble light of that overtasked brain. They bore her to the County Lunatic Asylum, and in three days she had passed away to that home 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

How Financial Ruin was Averted.—The Pastor of a church in Scotland says: "In the commercial crisis of 1857 a merchant wrote to a friend saying, 'I am ruined, irretrievably ruined.' His friend wrote asking how it had occurred, and received a reply from the distressed merchant, stating that a report had been circulated that he was about to fail, and that he anticipated that before noon the next day he would be requested by his creditors to close his accounts with them forthwith. He was unable to meet them all at such short notice, and would therefore be obliged to stop payment, though if he had a little time granted him he was well able to pay twenty shillings, aye, twenty-five shillings in the pound. The gentleman visited the merchant, and asked him to accompany him to the office of one of the richest men in England, and the gentleman said to him, 'Will you please, as a favor to me, walk arm in arm with my friend past the Bank of England?' The rich man complied, and together they walked through Threadneedle Street, Lothbury, and around the Royal Exchange. The merchant's creditors soon heard of it, and the next day no exceptional accounts came in, and the firm stands to this day. As those two men were seen walking together, the riches of the one were in a manner imputed to the other, though in reality the merchant did not receive a fraction. But we sinners were totally bankrupt, and could not pay a farthing in the pound, but Christ stepped in and said, 'Trust in me; take My arm, and I will pay your debt.'"

MUCH ADO ABOUT LITTLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning, December 11, 1887.

"Ye blind guides which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." Matt. 23 : 24.

The Prince of Inconsistencies—The Pharisees Dissected—Their Hypocrisy Exposed—The Pharisees of To-day—I. In the Pulpit—Denouncing Humor in the Sermon—Their Somnolent Sermons—A Smiling Audience Better than a Sleepy One—The Consecrated Wit of the Bible—The Hump of Sanctimonious Gloom—II. In the Market—Watering Stocks—Punishing Thieving Paupers—Going to Perdition in A Carriage—Fattening Camels for the Table—Defrauding the Assessors—Smuggling Watches—III. In Conversation—Grammatical Profanity—IV. In the Church—The Watch-Dog in the Pew—The Gnats of Time—The Camel of Eternity.

A PROVERB is compact wisdom, *knowledge in chunks*, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, He means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great

Bluster About Small Sins,

and have no appreciation of great ones. In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel; an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then, after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and it yet inhabits the water—for my text is a mistranslation and ought to read "strain out a gnat."

My text shows you

The Prince of Inconsistencies.

A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink, there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says, "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inquisition. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back and gives one swallow, and the dromedary disappears. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel. While

Christ's Audience

were yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of His illustration—for smile they did in church, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, "That is you." Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject ever withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than did the Pharisees under Christ's scalpel of truth. As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces, and put them under a microscope for examination, so Christ finds His way to the heart of the dead Pharisee, and cuts it out, and puts it under the glass of inspection for all generations to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have writhed under the red-hot words as He said, "Ye fools, ye whited sepulchres, ye blind guides, which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

The Clerical Pharisee.

First, I remark that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text, who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations, and there are hyperboles like that of Christ, in the text, that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditory. There are men like those blind guides of the text, who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up; and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home, every Sunday, there are fifty people sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled-out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off, unconscious of persons approximate. Now, I say it is

Worse to Sleep than to Smile

in church, for the latter implies, at least, attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker. In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one; but when a minister of the Gospel looks off upon an audience and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness, it is time for him to give out the Doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great sprawling and sleepy-eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath-schools, in all our Bible classes, in all our pulpits, we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they

Consecrated Wit

and humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites, as they could not make their god respond: telling them to call louder, as their god might be sound asleep, or gone a hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-conceited comforters, "Wisdom will die with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when He ironically complimented the putrefied Pharisees, saying, "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word He described the cunning of Herod, saying, "Go ye, and tell that fox." Matthew Henry's commentaries, from the first page to the last, are coruscated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John Bunyan's writings are full of humor as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man here, who has ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, George G. Finney, and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdon of God, consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ. So it has been in all the ages, and I say to these young theological students, who cinster in these services, Sabbath by Sabbath, sharpen your wits as keen as scimitars, and then take them into this holy war.

It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and, I think, a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless midnight. Religious work, without any humor or wit in it, is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments, and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity, and all bathos and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian Church to-day, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of ecclesiasticism, having on its back a bump of

Sanctimonious Gloom,

and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel. Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals, while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did He not excoriate the people in His time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal, but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time, who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their feet toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction, so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just, whichever way they are buried. How many there are, chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

Commercial Pharisees.

Again: My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins, while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter, without paying for it, and who, if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much, would despatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which, after a while, he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes one hundred thousand dollars appear like two hundred thousand dollars. He only stole one hundred thousand dollars by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way.

One of those men engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening—the evening of the very day when he watered the stock—will find a wharf-rat stealing a newspaper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying, "I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? you miserable wretch." And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out, "Police! police!" That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayers, and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good-night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father." Prisons for sins insectile in size, but

Palaces for Crimes Dromedarian.

No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity. A poor boy slyly takes from the basket of a market woman a choke-pear—saving some one else from the cholera—and you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond Street Jail, or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skilful enough to steal fifty thousand dollars from the city, you will make him a candidate for the New York Legislature!

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nerv-

ousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes; a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than dynamite—the earthquake of His omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is

Riding to Perdition,

postilion ahead and lackey behind. To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit-dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember, we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in, the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket, steals fifty thousand peach baskets.

Go down in the summer-time into the Mercantile Library, in the reading-rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year, and for a score of years. After a while there will be a "corner" in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft, will burglarize the wheat-bin of a nation, and commit larceny upon the American corn-crib. And some of the men will sit in churches, and in reformatory institutions, trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism, while in their grain elevators and their store-houses they are

Fattening Huge Camels,

which they expect, after a while, to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great. I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day!" and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath-school, turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great primer type. Five line pica. "Another Saint Absconded!" "Clerical Scoundrelism;" "Religion at a discount!" "Shame on the Churches!" While there are a thousand scoundrels outside the Church to where there is one inside the Church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels!

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their likeness. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and

The Treasure of the Public.

A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth twenty thousand dollars. Next day the assessor comes around, the owner says it is worth fifteen thousand dollars. The Government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris, and a half dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the Custom House officer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a five-dollar gold-piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo, and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth Ward on Election Day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about

The Small Faults of Others,

and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watch-dogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if that man is not dishonest, if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies, and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for musk-rats and mud-turtles instead of hunting for Rocky Mountain eagles; always for something mean, instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats, and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels, and they swallow them.

But lest some might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come, now, let us all

Go Into The Confessional.

Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunar existence? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post-terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here! What poor preparation for a great eternity! As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatros, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader, than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. O eternity! eternity! eternity!

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A NOBLE INDIAN.

BRIGHT EYES, who is now Mrs. Tibbles, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on October 20, relates the following affecting incident: "The chief of my tribe once told me of a remarkable case of self-sacrifice, which had occurred within his own personal knowledge. While he was on the reservation, a small tribe of Indians came into the neighborhood. They were Christians, and among the number was a remarkably fine youth, but, unfortunately, with a quick temper. This young man came up to the well to drink, and the soldier who was stationed there, in sport, threw some water upon him. If there be anything an Indian cannot stand, it is ridicule. Stung with the thought that he was being laughed at, the young man in his anger drew an arrow from his quiver, and stabbed the soldier. As soon as the deed was done, he realized the consequences and fled. General O. made a demand on the tribe to give up the culprit. But the man, knowing the demand would be made, had fled from the tribe, so the chief could only say that they were unable to find him, but if the General would give them fourteen days they would scour the hills, and, if possible, take him and give him up. Their search was unsuccessful, and when it was heard at Governmental headquarters that the culprit was not forthcoming, word was sent to General O. to make war upon the tribe. When this was known the Indians called a council, and one young man stood up and said, 'It is plain that we cannot get the man who killed the soldier, and because of that the white man will make war on us. It is better that one should die, than that all should perish. Take me and give me up for the man that killed the soldier.' They reluctantly accepted his generous offer, and, killing him, brought his dead body to the feet of General O. He died a martyr for his tribe. The real culprit was never found; if he had been the Government would not have punished him, as they supposed that the dead man was the guilty one." It is so that Christ laid down His life that a whole world might be saved (John 18: 14).

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A SINGULAR RESCUE FROM A MINE.

An incident reported in a German journal, and translated by Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, for his *Watchword*, is very suggestive. It serves to remind us of that pit into which the whole human race had sunk, and of Him who descended, and died to bring salvation.

One day, in harvest time, my mother sent me into the cellar to fetch a pitcher of beer for the reapers. I was about ten years old, and of a lively temper, always going with a hop and a bound rather than walking. On coming into the dark cellar, I felt a little timid, and, to keep up my courage, sprang and danced about at a greater rate than usual.

Now it happened that Harrach, my native town, was built over old mines, which had fallen in a long time before. All around the place lie great fragments of stone from the abandoned works, and in many of the houses are found half-opened passages, which are sometimes used as cellars. Our house, likewise, was built over a shaft, but this was either not known or not thought of. But while I was capering about, and had just seized the pitcher which stood in the corner, suddenly the earth opened under me, and I was gone, I knew not where.

I went down to a great depth, and should have plunged to the very bottom of the abyss, had not a hook, which probably had been used for fastening the mining ladder, caught me by the coat. At the instant of falling I had uttered a fearful shriek, which reached the ears of my mother, who was busy in the kitchen. She came running down with a light, and when she saw the opening in the ground, and could neither find me nor hear my answer to her call, she could not doubt that I had perished.

My mother has often told me that she was beside herself with terror, and was near plunging down after me. It became so dark before her eyes that she could hardly sustain herself upon her trembling knees. But the thought that possibly I might yet be rescued brought her to herself.

She hastened up-stairs and called for help; but no one heard her, for all the household were at work in the harvest field. It was not until she had run down the street that some women heard her, and hastened to the spot. They stood around wringing their hands and looking down into the aperture, but knew not what to do.

In falling I had lost my consciousness, and it would have been a happy thing to have remained thus till the moment of my deliverance. But after a time I came to myself. I knew not where I was, but I felt that I was hanging between heaven and earth, and that the next moment might plunge me into the bottomless abyss. I hardly ventured to make a sound, so great was my terror; but when I heard voices and piteous lamentations above me, I begged in God's name for help. At this the lamentations ceased for a moment, and then burst out more violently than before; for to know that I was alive, and yet no way to help me, only added to their misery.

There was no lack of counsel. Each one had something to propose. But it was soon seen that nothing was to be effected in this way. They tried to let down cords, but they did not reach me. Poles were still more useless. Indeed, how could it have been possible for me to hold on to a cord or a pole long enough to draw me to that height?

At length they called in the aid of an old miner, who at once saw what was to be done. His first business was carefully to enlarge the aperture. He then set up a windlass beside it, with a long rope coiled upon it, and to this fastened a bucket. The compassionate neighbors watched every movement with agonizing impatience. Many prayed aloud. And in those terrible moments of consciousness which now and then broke in upon my swoon, for I had swooned after my fall, my ear caught single words of hymns and prayers for the dying, which I understood too well.

When all was ready, the brave old miner stepped into the bucket, and trusting to the women above to keep a firm hold of the windlass, without which he would surely be killed, he was lowered to where I hung. He took me in his arms, and giving a joyful shout, we were both drawn up out of the pit.

A PERSIAN GIRL'S TESTIMONY.

An affecting incident occurs in the course of the report of the Oroomiah Mission, published in the *Church*. Rev. J. H. Shedd D. D., says: "The examinations of the high schools, female seminary and college occupied the last week. Certificates were given to thirteen young women for completing their course of study. This is one of the largest classes the school has ever sent out. There would have been fourteen, but a few weeks before their graduation, one of them was taken to her Saviour. She died in the triumph of faith, and sent to her classmates a very touching letter of dying testimony. At the last hour, as the thirteen were standing to receive their certificates, Banosha's place was vacant. A girl stepped into her place, and read the letter she wrote from her dying bed. At this reading the tears flowed freely, and without doubt these dear girls will remember to their dying day that hour and that letter. May it be to them, in all changes of life, an inspiring memory and a stimulus to be faithful and to meet the sister who has gone before!"

A CHANGE OF TITLE.

In a letter to the *Missionary Herald* Mr. Sprague, who is laboring at Kalgan, in Northern China, says: "Though we have not accomplished as much as we hoped, still, we think, the result has been worth all it has cost. The best visible result has been the establishing of friendly relations with the families of the boys in our school. And as the school has had three locations in different parts of the upper city, a large part of the people have been reached by this influence. And we are usually accosted on the streets as *teacher*, while in some parts of the lower city, as in other new cities, we are often styled *foreign devil*.

"In this school two teachers have come into a loving trust in Christ, and after a few years' helping have died. A good many boys, first and last, have expressed their intelligent belief in Jesus, and their earnest desire to follow this and no other way; but most of these have been prevented by their parents or friends from joining the church. I hope some of these have truly sought and found forgiveness, and so will be kept, though at present hidden disciples. Several church members' sons have come through the school into the church. One boy's parents joined the church after he did. Two or three from the school have fallen out by the way after starting.

"No one can know without experiencing, what a trial of faith it is, to work on and on, and see so little fruit come to maturity for the Master's harvest."

AN EFFECTUAL MIRAGE.

In a letter recently received by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, the writer says: "One Sunday morning during the Russian war (1854), when the war-ship *Vesuvius* was anchored off the mouths of the Danube, the signalman on the watch reported a remarkable appearance of a cloud in the sky, over the southern horizon, resembling an inverted canoe, and a man on his knees in the attitude of prayer. It did not at first occur to us that it was anything but a cloud, peculiarly shaped and sharply defined, and many times larger than a canoe. Presently, however, the figure of the man moved to and fro, still in the attitude of prayer, and it was at once recognized as a mirage. The cutter, an eight-oared boat, was sent away immediately in search of the canoe, and as it pulled towards the cloud, and when about three or four miles from the ship, it disappeared on the horizon, and reappeared soon after, inverted and enlarged in the sky, pulling towards the canoe, on reaching which the man, who had risen from his knees on the approach of the boat, was seen to step into it; the canoe to be taken in tow, and the cutter to steer for the ship again, their reflection soon disappearing from the sky; and in a minute or two after, both the canoe and cutter appearing on the horizon. On arriving on board, the man, who was a dark-skinned and half-naked native, having almost the appearance of a slave, was questioned, when it was ascertained that he had drifted out of the Danube with the loss of his paddles. Drifting he knew not whither, yet knowing that there was no possibility of regaining the river, and no probability of his finding the land again, he realized his helplessness, and prayed to God for help, and God sent relief to him in the way indicated."

AN INDIAN PRINCE ON MISSIONS.

No more valuable testimony to the value of Foreign Missions was ever given, than that of a speech made in London recently by the Prince of Kapurthala, who with his wife paid a visit to England. In the course of an address before the committee of the Church Missionary Society, he expressed his deep sense of indebtedness to Christian missionaries and gave emphatic testimony to the value of their labors. He affirmed that notwithstanding all that has been done for India by the great statesmen, such as Lords Dalhousie, Canning, Lawrence, Ripon and others, it is to such men as Marshman, Carey and Duff that India owes most. "There are many," he said, "who ask, What good are missionaries doing in India? I say, without any hesitation, that had it not been for the knowledge that has been imparted by these humble, unpretending men, not English laws and English science, no! nor British arms, would have effected such changes in the social condition of India as is evident to all observing men in these days!" The Prince referred to his own struggles in forsaking the religion of his ancestors, and of the fact that the missionaries must always wound the feelings of the people, in the very act of showing them that their ancestral faith "is a great imposture, and must almost be blotted out and forgotten, to admit the simple doctrine of faith in Christ." Though he admits that the opposition to Christianity is now greater than ever, he believes that the various societies, like the Brahmo-Somaj, the Arya-Somaj, and others, will help to break the chains of caste and superstition, and that Christianity will in the end prevail.

A CHILD BITTEN BY A SNAKE.

A remarkable test of faith was applied recently among the Santhals in India. It is the invariable custom among the heathen, when any one is bitten by a deadly snake, for the friends of the sufferer to offer a sacrifice to Mahadeo, the monkey-God. Rev. A. E. Halgert, the well-known missionary of Santhalistan, states that Thekra, a bright little girl ten years old, the daughter of Christian parents, was lately bitten by a Karait snake, the bite of which is generally fatal. He says, "She was bitten at 6:30 A. M. and was brought to me at once. I washed the bite, and then lanced it freely, and placed the hand in warm water to induce bleeding, and otherwise treated it medically. By-and-bye swelling of the arm set in and coma; so I appointed two men to keep her walking. The clammy perspiration, weak pulse, and the great swelling at 10 A. M. made me very anxious. Her father and mother were both present, anxiously watching their child. Would she die? would she live? who could tell?

After Thekra was bitten, the heathens surrounded the father, and said: "Now then, quick, sacrifice to Mahadeo, and save your child. If the sacrifice will do no good, it will do no harm. Your Saheb (missionary) will not be able to do anything." The father replied, "We worship Jesus and not Mahadeo. He saves His people." And all the heathens' urg-

ing was in vain. In consequence of this the heathens from two villages had a meeting, in which it was agreed that the Christians were a stupid lot, that would not even sacrifice to Mahadeo when bitten by a snake; that Miss Thekra would die; that it served them right; and that the missionary Saheb would not be able to cure her.

Our Christians hearing all this became rather anxious, and prayed privately that God would help their Saheb to save Miss Thekra. At 5 P. M. the swelling subsided, and at 6 P. M. the child was out of all danger, for which we fervently thanked God at the evening service.

THE FIFTH SEAL.

A. A. 1517-72 to 1793.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

The Change of Scene from Earth to Heaven—The Little Chronos Explained—The Cry of the Martyrs—The Response—The Time when Vengeance Would be Taken—The History of the Period—Persecution in Many Lands—The Climax of St. Bartholomew—The Slaughter in France—The Death of Charles.

"AND when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled" (Rev. 6: 9-11).

Explanation of the Symbols.

The prophetic scene is here shifted from earth to heaven, and the climax of the visible Church's degeneracy and desolation is indicated to be now reached. In answer to the Martyr's cry for retributive judgment, it is declared that an interval of *a little season*, or *chronos*, is yet to elapse before the final Day of Vengeance. But a prophetic *chronos* signifies 360 years,† as Bickersteth and others have long since pointed out: therefore the expression *a little chronos* denotes a period rather shorter and less than 360 years. Hence this cry of the martyrs is indicated to be uttered somewhere between 300 and 360 years before 1901, which from all the chronological dates appears to be the approximate year of the consummation.

In accordance with this conclusion, we find that precisely from the commencement of Luther's Reformation in 1517 until the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572—a period from 300 to 360 years antecedent to 1901—there was on the whole

The Severest Half-Century

of persecutions ever known, and which naturally arose from papal bigotry and intolerance striving to their utmost to crush the Reformation.

D. N. Lord, who in common with Cuninghame, M. Habershon, J. Hooper, E. Huntingford and others, commences this fifth seal about the period of the Reformation, makes the following excellent remarks regarding the cry of the Martyrs:

"The cry of the martyrs is an appeal to the faithfulness of Christ to fulfil the promises of a speedy advent to take possession of the earth, redeem His people from the power of His usurping enemies, and crown them with the full redemption which is to mark

His Millennial Reign.

Their cry sprang not therefore from impatience under sufferings, nor resentment against their persecutors, but from a regard to the word and glory of the Redeemer, whose victory cannot be completed till Antichrist is overthrown, and the earth restored to the dominion of righteousness.

"With these feelings were intermixed, not improbably, pity and love for those whom they had left exposed to the sufferings and dangers of persecution, and desire that their families and friends might by the speedy advent of Christ be freed from those trials, and admitted to share in the infinite gifts of His Millennial reign. The form in which they uttered their surprise at his delay is eminently beautiful, becoming beings approaching for the first time His visible presence, meeting His smile and beholding His majesty.

"The gift of a white robe to each of them denotes that they were formally accepted, and adjudged to the inheritance of life; a white robe being the symbol of justification. The response to their appeal, that they should rest yet for a short time till their fellow servants and their brethren who were to be killed also as they, were completed, indicates that they were in expectation of a great and blissful change in Christ's administration over the world, when He should descend to vindicate their blood; that that change was to take place as soon as the number of the martyrs was completed, and that the period to intervene was but short. It is an indubitable announcement therefore that

The Last Period of Antichrist

is to be one of persecution. That great change, it is subsequently shown, is the extinction of the idolatrous and persecuting powers, the banishment of Satan to the abyss, the resurrection of the saints and reign with Christ on earth, the sanctification universally of the nations, and conversion of the world into a paradise of righteousness and peace. The answer thus clearly shows that it was in reference to these events that they uttered their wonder at his delay."

History of the Fifth Seal Period.

The persecutions carried on by the Inquisition, which was first constituted in A. D. 1208, were intensified in fierceness on account of the opposition of the Reformers to the Church of Rome: and the Papal onslaught against Protestants reached its meridian at the Bartholomew Massacre, in 1572, after which the annual victims of the Inquisition gradually diminished in number, until they nearly ceased by the time of the French Revolution in 1793.

In Spain the Inquisition seems to have raged with more cruel violence than elsewhere, and the history of its dominion there has been fully written by Llorente, who was its official secretary in 1789-91. It was first fully established there in 1481, and from thence until 1572—a period of 91 years—22,725 persons were publicly burnt to death. From the year 1572, which was the zenith of Papal persecutions, to the year 1781, not more than 10,787 persons were publicly burnt; but there were altogether more than 300,000 condemned to exile, which often involved entire ruin. Moreover, many others perished in dungeons of confinement and broken-heartness, bringing desolation upon their families and relatives. Such were its victims in Spain alone, apart from its ravages in Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland and Flanders.

In Britain the only time of general persecution was the five years of Queen Mary's reign, from 1553, to 1558, during which period several hundred persons were put to death by burning or otherwise, including Ridley and Latimer and Cranmer.

In the Netherlands, during six years from 1567 to 1573, eighteen thousand persons were publicly executed by the sword, the gibbet, the rack and the flames; in the persecution by the Duke of Alva's Spanish troops; and many others were killed in fighting against the Duke. According to Gibbon, Grotius and Mede, 100,000 were all killed altogether. The Netherlands had been ceded by Charles V. of Austria to the crown of Spain in 1556, and, as many of the Dutch had adopted Luther's Protestant faith, Philip II. of Spain, sent the Duke of Alva to exterminate the Dutch Protestants.

In Italy, during the period from A. D. 1500 and 1600, the historian McCrie states that the prisons of the Inquisition, particularly in Rome, were filled with victims, including prisoners of noble birth, male and female, men of letters and mechanics. Multitudes were condemned to penance, to the galleys, and other arbitrary punishments, and others were put to death.

In France, in 1545, Baron d'Oppeda, military commander of Provence, proceeded, in obedience to the Pope's mandate, to extirpate the Vaudois in that provinces; he led his troops against them and slew 4,000 persons, including 500 women who had taken refuge in a church, but who, as the Abbe Guerin, an eye-witness, relates, were there outraged and killed. The Roman Catholics celebrated this event by singing Te Deums in their churches.

During 1559 and 1560, a colony of Protestant Vaudois in Calabria was extirpated by the Pope's crusaders, and 1,600 victims were killed.

In 1568, the populace in many towns in France were incited by the Jesuits to raise tumults against the Huguenots, so that several thousand Protestants were assassinated in consequence.

The St. Bartholomew Massacre.

On August 23, 1572, the unparalleled massacre of Protestants (styled in France, Huguenots) took place on the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day. Charles IX., the King of France, had been earnestly exhorted by Pope Pius V. "to destroy the remnant of the enemy, and utterly to extirpate all the roots of so great an evil: for if they be not altogether eradicated, they will spring up again in quarters the least expected." These slaughter-breathing letters of the Pope to Charles IX., dated March 28 and April 13, 1562, urged the example of the Israelites in slaying the Amalekites and other heathen nations, and also said, "It is your duty to be deaf to every prayer, to reject every claim of consanguinity and kindred, to manifest yourself inexorable to every voice which may dare to petition for the most impious of men; and to that holy task, as it becomes our pastoral office and our paternal affection, well knowing that you are inclined to undertake it; we nevertheless think it fitting to stimulate you by this fatherly admonition." In obedience to these injunctions, Charles IX., on the evening of August 23, 1572, issued orders for the massacre of the Huguenots. The unprecedented slaughter continued for some days in Paris, until 10,000 Protestants were killed, and it was carried on throughout the French provinces and principal towns, such as Orleans, Lyons, Rouen, with more or less violence during two months, until, according to the historian Sully, 70,000 persons were killed; Perefixe, Archbishop of Paris, estimated the slain to amounted to 100,000!*

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*An extract from his article in the November number of the *Prophetic News* for sale, price six cents, at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

†All year-day expositors understand *a time, times and a half time*, i. e., 3½ times, to be equal to 1260 years, and the word *a time* to mean *a year*, i. e., 360 days literally, but 360 years mystically. In Greek either *kairos or chronos* is used to express *a time; chronos*, which here in Rev. 6: 11 is translated *season*, is translated *time* in Rev. 10: 6; Matt. 2: 7, 25: 19; Luke 1: 57; Acts 1: 7; *kairos* is translated *time* in Rev. 12: 14, and *season*, in Acts 1: 7, 24: 25. Thus *kairos* and *chronos* are equivalent and interchangeable terms, each being sometimes translated *time* and sometimes *season*.

Bickersteth, in his "Guide to the Prophesies" (chap. 14, page 183), speaking on Rev. 10: 6, "There shall be *a time* no longer," i. e. 360 years no longer (from the Reformation), says, "O chronos is elsewhere used in Rev. 6: 11, apparently in the same sense of 360 years; the Greek word used in *time, times, and half a time* (Rev. 12: 14), *is kairos;* there is a manifest analogy between the two words *kairos* and *chronos; chronos* is used when an interval of delay has to occur (*chronidzei, delayeth*, Matt. 24: 48, *polun chronon, a long time*, Matt. 25: 19). Either of them may be equally significant of a precise period.

* The King Charles IX., who was persuaded to order the Bartholomew massacre, never had a day's health afterwards, and died in two years' time. His malady was affirmed to be unknown to medical science. Sully records that blood was said to have exuded for many days from every pore (the same is recorded of Voltaire's death), and his whole frame to have been torn by agonizing convulsions, which no sedative could mitigate. De Thou represents him as indulging sparingly in sleep, but even those short slumbers were interrupted by nightly terrors of remorse after the massacre; and he was compelled to have recourse to music as a soother and an opiate. A few days before he breathed his last, he summoned his physicians to his bedside, and complained that he was "most horribly and cruelly tortured," but received their distressing assurance that their art had been exhausted in fruitless efforts to affect his relief. Then as his favorite nurse stood by his bedside, he addressed her in a violent burst of despair, "What blood! what murder! how evil are the counsels I followed! Oh, my God, pardon and pity me. What will be the end of it? What will become of me? I am lost for ever."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Cabinet Changes Predicted During the summer were formally announced on December 6. The President sent three nominations to the Senate, Mr. Lamar, the Secretary of the Interior, was nominated for Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Mr. Vilas, the Postmaster-General, was nominated Mr. Lamar's successor as Secretary of the Interior; and Mr. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, to succeed Mr. Vilas as Postmaster-General. None of these changes meet with general approval. Mr. Lamar is universally respected, but as he is sixty-two years old, and does not enjoy robust health, it is believed that the arduous labors of the Supreme Court will be a strain upon his powers that he will not be able to bear. The removal of Mr. Vilas from the Post Office is welcomed, but if he carries into the Interior Department the passion for small savings, which has characterized his management of the Post Office, there will probably be trouble with the Indians, for which the money saved will be small compensation. Mr. Dickinson, the new Postmaster-General, is highly respected in his own State, though not much known to the country at large. He has now, however, an excellent opportunity for distinguishing himself, which it may be hoped he will use by making the Postal Service still more efficient than it now is.

The President's Message, Sent to Congress on December 6, is a unique document in two senses of the word. There is no precedent for it, and it deals with only one subject. Instead of following the usual course of presenting to Congress a general survey of the condition of the country, and its foreign relations, Mr. Cleveland devoted his entire message to the subject of *the surplus*, and the means which, in his opinion, should be adopted to dispose of it, That subject, he said, was of paramount importance, and he, therefore, believed it to be his duty to urge upon Congress its immediate and undivided consideration. He estimated that at the close of the fiscal year on June 30, 1888, the surplus, added to former accumulations, would amount to *one hundred and forty million dollars*. This condition of affairs the President regards as a wrong done to the whole people, and a source of financial danger. He said: "This wrong inflicted upon those who bear the burden of national taxation, like other wrongs, multiplies a brood of evil consequences. The public treasury, which should only exist as a conduit conveying the people's tribute to its legitimate objects of expenditure, becomes a hoarding place for money needlessly withdrawn from trade and the people's use, thus crippling our national energies, suspending our country's development, preventing investment in productive enterprise, threatening financial disturbance, and inviting schemes of public plunder." He explained the measures taken by the Treasury to give temporary relief, and then proceeded to discuss the *various schemes* for preventing the accumulation. He avowed his disapproval of the application of the surplus to the purchase of bonds, or to the direct or indirect return of it to the people. Nor was he favorable to a reduction of the Internal Revenue. He said, that as the largest part of it was derived from tobacco and intoxicating liquor, which were not necessaries, it fell upon a class which could afford to pay it, and who could not present any just reason for its removal. It is to *the tariff* that he urged Congress to give its attention in devising means of relief. He denounced the tariff laws as "vicious, inequitable and illogical sources of unnecessary taxation," and insisted that they ought to be revised and amended. This he believed could be done "without imperiling the existence of our national interests." Especially he urged that all raw materials should be placed on the free list. Taking wool as a specimen, he contended that the farmer to whom the wool belongs, spent in the enhanced price of clothing a larger sum than he gained by the enhanced price of the wool, and he said it was the same with other commodities. Finally the President said: "The simple and plain duty which we owe the people, is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the Government, and to restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the Treasury through the perversion of governmental powers. These things can and should be done with safety to all our industries, without danger to the opportunity for remunerative labor which our workingmen need, and with benefit to them and all our people, by cheapening the means of subsistence and increasing the measure of their comforts."

In Deciding to write the Message, President Cleveland must have been aware that he was taking his stand at the place familiarly known as "the parting of the ways." Though in theory he submits to Congress the facts of the situation, and points out their significance and probable tendency, leaving to that body the duty which belongs to it, of providing a remedy, he makes no attempt to conceal his own opinion, of the course it is proper to pursue. He takes his stand with that section of his party which advocates a revision and reduction of the tariff. As we have seen in previous sessions, Mr. Randall and other protectionist Democrats are firmly opposed to that course, and, by voting with the Republicans, have hitherto succeeded in preventing a reduction. There is, as yet, no reason to suppose that they have changed their views; if they have not, the step Mr. Cleveland has taken will prevent his being the leader of a united party.

In the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury several important changes are recommended. One is the amalgamation of the customs and Internal Revenue systems, with a view to the abolition of several offices. A second relates to the silver problem. Mr. Fairchild proposes to stop coining silver dollars, and to melt all silver purchased into large bars, and not to coin it until there is need, but issuing certificates against its coining value. There are now two hundred and fourteen million silver dollars in the Treasury, and the Secretary suggests that Congress fix the amount of reserve to be held, and whenever that amount is exceeded by five millions, the purchase of silver shall cease. *The Secretary of the Navy* asks for further appropriations for new ships. He disapproves of the suggestion of Engineer Melville and others, to spend half a million in repair of the single-turret monitors. He considers that the money would be thrown away, as they would be useless in conflict with ironclads. The Secretary is naturally somewhat elated by his success in the manufacture of armor, which he says, will now cost only one-fourth more than in Europe.

The Anxiety of Prohibitionists Throughout the country as to the decision of the United States Supreme Court, in the Kansas cases, was relieved last week. On December 5, Mr. Justice Harlan pronounced the decision of the Court in favor of the State. The question raised was a new one, and the enemies of prohibition claimed, not without reason, that it would be fatal to the movement. It was contended that any State adopting prohibition, and failing to compensate the owners of breweries and distilleries for the depreciation of their property, violated the Constitution. The U. S. Circuit Court of Kansas held that view, but the Supreme Court has reversed its decision. If the people of a State, the Court says, deem any business detrimental to the welfare of the community, they have the power to suppress it just as they have the power to abate a nuisance, without being required to make compensation for whatever damage to property may thereby be caused. This is called the "police power" of a State. The decision is one of immense value, and in making it, the court has rendered a great service to the country.

The Massing of Russian Troops on the Austrian frontier caused serious apprehension in Vienna last week, and disturbed the money markets of Europe. It was supposed that Russia, having decided to settle the Bulgarian difficulty by a seizure of that principality, was preparing to meet any opposition on the part of Austria with a prompt invasion. The Austrian press and people were profoundly moved by the display of force. A prominent journal, the *Pesther Lloyd* said: "The situation is undeniably most serious. Russia's attitude is so threatening that we cannot but think that *war is inevitable*." Four Russian army corps have been placed on a war footing, and are now within a short distance of the Austrian frontier The Russian press, which is inspired by the Government, has endeavored to allay apprehension, by explaining that the troops have been sent to the district only for the purpose of quelling disturbances which were expected, and at the close of the week a more hopeful feeling was manifested.

The French President Intrusted to M. Goblet the task of forming a Cabinet, and a slate was prepared which received the President's approval. It was broken, however, by the refusal of two of its chief members to become colleagues of two other members. M. Goblet sought to make the Cabinet representative; he therefore gave two places in the Cabinet to the Radicals. Thereupon M. Ribot, who was selected for the Portfolio of Justice, and M. Richard, who was chosen for the Department of Education, declined their appointments. M. Goblet tried to remove their objections, and President Carnot used his influence to the same purpose, but without avail. The two statesmen positively, refused to sit in the same Cabinet with the Radicals. M. Goblet therefore abandoned the attempt to form a ministry, and M. Fallières was requested by the President to undertake it. Should he succeed, the Cabinet will probably be one of the same character as that of which M. Rouvier was the head.

The Crown Prince of Germany has Improved in health so much during the past two weeks that rumors have been circulated that his malady is not cancer, after all. The physicians, however, do not confirm this hope, though they appear to be surprised at the improvement. The Crown Prince himself has written a letter to a personal friend, which has been published. It shows a disposition very remarkable in a man of his station. He says: "I am able to inform you that the treatment, which the physicians prescribed after consulting together, has entirely removed the inflammation and caused the dangerous symptoms to subside. Meanwhile my bodily health has been excellent. I have never lost strength, my appetite is good, and my general appearance is that of perfect health. I purposely communicate these details to you, because it appears to me beyond a doubt that exaggerated accounts have been circulated, of the appearance of a fresh growth of unfavorable character. God will determine the course which the disease shall take. The treatment is intrusted to most eminent experts, who, in spite of all attacks levelled against them, possess my full confidence. I am in no way disheartened, and I hope one day to be able, though, perhaps, only after a long period of careful treatment, once more to devote my powers to the service of the Fatherland."

The Evangelical Alliance Commenced its Conference in Washington, D. C., on December 7. The meetings were held in the Congregational Church, on the corner of Tenth and G streets, which is one of the largest in the city. The building was densely crowded at the opening session. Mr. William E. Dodge, the President of the Alliance, called the meeting to order, and made the opening address. He briefly explained the object of the Conference and the results hoped for. The Alliance, he said, had thoughtfully studied the social and economic changes in the country, and sought to know whether existing Christian organizations were sufficient to meet growing needs. He referred to the organized power of the saloons and secular unions, the dangerous growth of cities, the loosening of family ties, the luxury of the times, the increasing passion for money, and the dying out of religious influences in many sparsely settled portions of old States, the increase and massing of immigrants, who retain their habits, language and prejudices, and who do not understand the old American ideas founded on love to God, respect for law, and a live moral sentiment. These ideas must be preserved. The Church, he said, had lost its hold on workingmen. Everywhere among them is unrest and a looking for a higher good. This meant a grand opportunity, and a time for an applied Christianity. On Friday a number of the delegates called on President Cleveland by special invitation, and were very cordially received.

An Astonishing Trick has been Played on the Civil Service examiners. They recently held an examination for positions in one of the Departments, and one hundred and twenty applicants presented themselves. One of the candidates presented an application in which his steadiness, industry and sobriety were vouched for by several influential citizens. He was a driver for a lumber firm, but his papers in the examination showed a high degree of intelligence and education, and resulted in his securing the first position on the list, with a rating of ninety-seven and a half per cent. Now the discovery is made that the man can neither read nor write. Investigation was made, and it was found that he had employed some one else to pass the examination for him, which, owing to the large number of applicants, was done without being detected by the examiners. It is expected that a prosecution will be commenced against both men. As the applicant is evidently a fraud, and must have committed perjury, he is guilty not only of breaking human laws, but of a heinous sin against God. It may be hoped that he will be led to repentance, and then he will learn that through the very principle of substitution, which he fraudulently used for a wicked purpose, he may hope for pardon. Then he can rejoice that God provided in Christ a Substitute, whose perfect life and vicarious death are accepted in his behalf (1 Cor. 1 : 30).

A Midnight Search For Shelter by a Crowd of homeless people was made in New York, on December 2. A large tenement house in Forty-third Street caught fire, and was in a short time completely gutted. It was a five-story house, and was let out in single rooms. The next morning the building presented a deplorable sight, with blackened walls, and empty window-frames from which long icicles hung. The pile of burned furniture, kitchen utensils and broken crockery in the basement, showed how much the poor tenants had suffered. A newspaper reporter was curious to learn what becomes of such persons, when fire drives them out of a great hive like that, and made inquiries. He traced a considerable number and learned their stories. One or two of them walked along the fire-escapes in their night-clothes to the next house, and begged admission, but were refused. On other floors the tenants of the next house were hospitable, and admitted the refugees. One woman who walked barefoot six blocks to the house of some friends, was asked if she had no friends nearer. She said: "No. An' I've lived here years. Ye can live years in a tinement an' niver know the people in the house, let alone the nixt door. It's not like the country. I lived in the country, and it's neighborlike there. We were freezin' in the streets." The managers of a large religious institution opposite the burned building were blamed for not receiving the barefoot crowd, who stood on the freezing pavement in their night-clothes, but they stated that no one appealed to them for admission. The man who lived next door to the institution opened his doors, built a large fire in his stove, made hot coffee for free distribution, and his wife gave away all her spare clothing, and shoes to the women. That man was a saloon-keeper. This story sounds very much like that told more than eighteen centuries ago, as an answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" The command, the Divine narrator appended to it, "Go thou and do likewise" is too much forgotten, even by Christians, in our great cities still. (Luke 10 : 33-37).

A Schoolboy's Comment on the Golden Rule is reported by the *Bulletin*, of Norwich, Conn. The school trustees of that city insist on the teachers giving prominence to instruction in morals, and they are generally obeyed. In one school, however, the result is not quite satisfactory. At a recent examination the children were asked who could recite the Golden Rule. Several hands went up, and the boys were given precedence. They had it, "Do unto others as others do unto you." The girls were then tried, and answered, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." The boys who had missed were evidently chagrined, and one of them was heard saying, with considerable asperity, "I guess not; that wouldn't work." Many grown-up boys seem to be of the same opinion, but those who, by the grace of God, have received new hearts, and have made the rule the law of their lives know that, like all God's laws, it works to perfection (Prov. 16 : 7).

The Timely Arrival of a Document during a trial in New York, on December 6, saved the defendant from serious detriment. He is an engineer of some skill in his trade, but some rival had informed the Inspectors that he was not entitled to hold a license, as he was not a citizen. The law is very clear that no person who is not a citizen shall have a license. The case, therefore, turned on the question whether the man was or was not a citizen. It was alleged that ten years ago he had been convicted of manslaughter in the fourth degree, and had lost his citizenship by being sent to State's prison for the offenee. The man delayed the trial as long as he could, and during its progress interposed frivolous objections, and by ingenious devices tried to protract it. He was warned that he was only injuring his case, but he persisted in order to gain time. When the Inspectors' patience was exhausted, and they were about to decide against him, a messenger entered the court and handed a paper to the defendant. He passed it over to the Inspectors in triumph. It was a document signed by Governor Hill, restoring him to citizenship, and therefore removing the obstacle to his retaining his license. He might have had it long before if he had taken the trouble to apply for it, but he did not do so until his right to hold a license was challenged, and then it was almost too late to save him from ruin. How many persons there are, acting similarly about a still more vital matter! Though Christ has died to restore to men their forfeited sonship, and God is willing for His sake to receive them, they neglect the opportunity (Rom. 5 : 18).

The Apparent Transparency of Ladies Who were photographed in Philadelphia recently is puzzling the photographer, and several scientific men whom he has consulted. The *Inquirer* states that one of the most experienced photographers in the city has taken a photograph of a group of eighteen young ladies in a sitting-room. When the proof was taken from the negative it presented a peculiar appearance. The ladies appeared to be transparent. In one case the panelling of the wall is clearly seen through the shoulder of a figure; in another, the edge of a half-open door, which was behind one of the ladies, cuts clear through face and bust, and also through the picture of a lady sitting in front of her, both being between the door and the camera. If this were all, it might be supposed that the ladies moved during the moments of exposure, but, in another case, a lady who was sitting in an arm-chair with a plaited willow back could not have moved, her figure being quite clear. Yet the pattern of the willow back can be seen through her neck and body to the waist, almost as clearly as if her body had not been between the chair and the camera. There is no known law of optics that explains the phenomenon, and the problem will be submitted to scientific societies for solution. However it may be explained, the singular circumstance may serve to remind us of the fact that every one stands so transparently in the sight of God. His eye reads all hearts and penetrates the flesh, which is often but the beautiful covering of a spirit hideous with sin's deformity (1 Sam. 16 : 7).

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. D. L. Moody expects to commence work at Louisville, Ky., on January 1, 1888.

Rev E. P. Hammond started for the Pacific Coast, but halted at Denver, Col., and began meetings there, several churches uniting in the movement. He expects to spend the winter in California.

Major D. W. Whittle's meetings at Dubuque, Iowa, have closed with an earnest and organized movement for a winter's hard work. The inspiration given to the churches is not likely to decline. It has gone deep down into all hearts, and Christians of all denominations are looking for the best results.

Major J. H. Cole's meetings at Sedalia, Mo., will never be forgotten in that city. The movement has not been confined to any one class. Business men and persons prominent in social circles, have made profession of faith as well as tramps and loafers. Many drunkards and vicious persons have been reclaimed.

The Bible and Fruit Mission, of New York, has had a very satisfactory return on its year's work. The restaurant and lodging-house yielded a return of $25,000, which is only $625 less than its expenditure. An important branch of the mission's work is the protective work, which is intended to care for young girls who are strangers in the city until they obtain employment.

The work in Cleveland, Ohio, conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall, is extending through the whole city. It has been blessed especially to young men. On Sunday, December 4, an audience was gathered such as is rarely seen in a church. Dr. Munhall asked every one who had not been in a church for six months, to hold up a hand, and several hundred went up. The inquiry room is crowded every night, and some very wonderful conversions have taken place.

Mr. E. P. Telford's meetings at Fall River, Mass., are arousing a deep interest in that city, and are being much blessed to the conversion of souls. Dr. A. McCord, the pastor of the Church in which the meetings are being held, writes: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD made no mistake, when it announced the coming of this consecrated worker and recommended him to the churches of America. He has been enabled to do great good in this city, and his visit is being blessed to the conversion of many souls." The church, which holds fourteen hundred persons, is crowded at every service.

An association for the promotion of Sabbath observance in Illinois has been organized, which will have the hearty good wishes of all Christians. We may hope that it will be only the first of many such in other States. Its methods of work are indicated in the first steps which have been taken. These are 1. To petition Congress to enact laws dispensing with the running of the mails; and with all military and naval parades; and to close the post offices on Sunday. 2. To request railroad officials to discontinue running passenger, excursion and freight trains on that day. 3. To request those who have control of our telegraphs not to receive or transmit over their lines, messages of a secular or business character on the Sabbath. 4. To request those who have control of the public press not to publish newspapers on Sunday.

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DRIVING AWAY VULTURES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when the fowls came down upon the carcases, Abram drove them away." Gen. 15 : 11.

A Sacrifice Prescribed in Detail—A Solemn Service Disturbed by Foul Birds—Their Attack on the Sacrifice—I. The Great Sacrifice of Jesus—An Object of Attack—Divinely Ordained—The Black Prince's Order of Battle—How the Birds are Driven Away—II. On the Sacrifice of the Christian Life—Vultures of Doubt—Of Ambition—Of Care—Of Temptation—III. On the Sacrifices of Devotion—A Boy's Prayer in a Hay Loft—An Impudent Visitor on a Saturday Night—When Satan Flies—A Lord Mayor's Engagement—A Staff to be Borrowed.

ABRAHAM, when he was childless, received the amazing promise that his seed should be as the stars of heaven for number. This he believed, and his faith in Jehovah "was counted unto him for righteousness." Surely there is more righteousness in trusting the Lord, than in all the works of the flesh! Those who speak lightly of faith are of a different mind from the Lord, whose judgment is according to truth.

For the confirmation of the patriarch's faith the Lord resolved to give to His servant a gracious visitation, which should be regarded as the solemn making of a covenant, and also as a prophecy of the future history of the promised seed. Abraham was bidden to bring victims: a heifer, a she-goat, a ram, a turtle-dove and a pigeon. The man of God obeyed the command of God with great exactness and deliberation, laying the pieces of the sacrifice in due order, and then waiting upon God until He should be pleased to reveal Himself. But what is this?

The Solemn Service is Disturbed

by foul birds. The most intense devotion is liable to interruptions of the worst sort. In the East, if a camel falls dead in the lone desert, the air is almost immediately full of winged things. Vultures that had not been visible before, not so much as one of them, will suddenly appear, as if by magic, coming from every quarter and circling over the carcase. "Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered."

These and smaller carnivorous birds are the scavengers of warm countries, and do not long allow any flesh to remain undevoured. So, doubtless, when the victims presented by the patriarch Abram were laid upon the altar, they spied the bodies from afar, and hastened to the prey. It was nothing to the vultures whether they were victims slaughtered for God, or creatures that had fallen dead on the plain, for, true to their instinct, they discovered the carcases and flew to them, even as Job said of the eagle, "Where the slain are, there is she." Flights of buzzards and kites and carrion-crows began to make their appearance in the sky, and they would have swooped down upon the sacrifices and defiled them, or borne them away piece-meal, if the patriarch, who had presented the sacrifices, had not kept watch at the altar. This he did right earnestly and vigorously, so that we read in the text, "When the fowls came down upon the carcases, Abram drove them away." When we meet with God, we must be serious and resolute in His worship; and if difficulties arise, we must encounter them with all our might, resolving that we will offer to God a sacrifice which shall not be torn by

Distracting Influences.

I think that this staying of Abram to defend the sacrifice, when the ravenous birds came down upon it, may be used as a lesson to us in three respects. First, *let us zealously guard the great Sacrifice of Christ.* When the foul birds, which are so numerous, especially just now, come down upon the sacrifice, let us drive them away. Secondly, let us guard that minor sacrifice, *the grateful sacrifice of ourselves.* When the birds of temptation come down upon it, let us drive them away. Thirdly, let us anxiously guard *those separate sacrifices of devotion* which come out of our dedicated lives. When anything comes down to disturb us in prayer or praise, let us resolve that we will drive it away.

I. First, with regard to the great Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. This has been, and always will be

The Great Object of Attack

by the enemies of God. One would have said, if one had not known human nature, that the doctrine of the substitutionary Sacrifice, Christ dying in our stead, would, at all events, have commanded the loving confidence of every human heart. It would seem too grave a charge to bring against our apostate race that they would set to work to cavil at the divine expedient, and so pick holes in their own salvation, and try to contradict the kindest hope that God Himself could set before them. But so it has been. The preaching of the Cross is, to them that perish, foolishness. Therefore, dear friends, all of you who by faith approach the Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus, and who base your hopes of heaven thereon, watch lest the vultures come down, and be ready to drive them away.

Note well that the sacrifice which Abram guarded was of divine ordination. Because this sacrifice was divinely appointed, he could not bear that kites and crows should peck at it, and tear it at their pleasure. It is even so with the Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ: my blood boils, that so many men should dare to assail that which the Lord

Jehovah Has Appointed.

They dare to say that it is immoral to suppose that our sin could be transferred to Christ, or His righteousness to us. Thus to charge the essential act of grace with immorality, is to profane the Sacrifice of God, and count the blood of Jesus an unholy thing. We are anxious to drive off those who peck at our Lord's substitutionary Sacrifice, because that Sacrifice is of divine appointment.

Next, we see a further reason for guarding the Sacrifice in the fact, that it is of most solemn import. That sacrifice was so to Abram. It meant, you know, a covenant. The sacrifice, as Abram had presented it at God's appointing, was the token of his being brought into covenant relationship with God. Now, to my mind it is one of the most delightful truths of Scripture, though so much neglected, that God's people are in covenant with God, by a covenant of grace. An old Scotch theologian was wont to say that he who understood the two covenants, understood the whole science of theology, and I believe it is so. The very pith of the whole business lies in that broken covenant of works, by which we are ruined, and in that everlasting covenant of grace, ordered in all things and sure, by which we are saved. Therefore will we drive away the ravenous birds as long as we have a hand to move. As we love the souls of men, we will spend our last breath in the defense of our Lord's substitution.

We will do this all the more because, as I have said to you before, this is the chief point of attack. Every doctrine of revelation has been assailed. but

The Order of Battle

passed by the black prince at this hour runs as follows: "Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the crucified King of Israel." If they can carry the bastion of substitution, if they can throw down the great truth of atonement, then all the rest will go, as a matter of course. Therefore let us gather up our strength, that we may vigorously chase the vultures from the altar of the living God. "How are we to do it?" says one. Well, we can all of us help in this struggle. First, by a constant, immovable faith in Jesus Christ our crucified Saviour for ourselves. Oh, rest in Him, my beloved! Rest in His great Sacrifice every day more; rest more intelligently, more happily, more implicitly, in that finished work of His, which He has wrought out for all His people. Let your own confidence be strong, and then very frequently make an open declaration of your faith in the atoning Sacrifice. I say "very frequently," for I think the oblation of our confession of Christ should be presented continually in these days. The more frequently we bring forward the truth of the atonement the better, when so many are covering it, caviling at it, or contradicting it. Let your conversation be full of Christ crucified; and if there be any question anywhere about this matter, take your stand, and let all know that you have seen that Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Take care that there be no hesitancy about this truth. When the birds come down upon the Sacrifice, let your childlike faith, and your clear statement of the truth, help to drive them away.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Stand ye fast, each man in his place, in the defence of this central truth of our most blessed faith, and be prepared, for the sake of this, to endure all things from the adversary. Abram was an old man; and a vulture, and especially a dozen vultures, eager for their prey, are not easy to deal with; they are

Very Ugly Customers,

show no respect for the sacrifice, and certainly not for those who would prevent them from dishonoring the sacrifice. Angry, and resolute, and free from every principle of reverence, nothing is finer play to them than to tear the great Sacrifice of God. Be you ready to endure anything for the sake of the doctrine of a crucified Saviour, made sin for us though he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. "When the fowls came down upon the carcases, Abram drove them away." To this work let us give ourselves till the sun goes down, and we fall asleep to behold the vision of God.

II. But now, coming, perhaps, closer home to some of you dear friends, let us apply this example of Abram to ourselves in the matter of

The Sacrifice of Our Lives.

It is our reasonable service, that we present ourselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God by our Lord Jesus Christ, and we must guard our consecration against the temptations which will assail it. We have been "bought with a price," and henceforth we put in no claim to ourselves, for we belong absolutely to the Lord that bought us. Now, now the vultures will come! The carrion-crows and kites will from afar behold this sacrifice, and they will hasten to the prey. You do not see them now, perhaps. No, but the traveller does not see these evil fowls, till all of a sudden the sky seems darkened with them. The horrid, hideous creatures come like lightning for rapidity, and they are hungry as death when they arrive on the scene. You that are consecrated to God may expect that, though you do not see them, there are vultures looking upon the sacrifice, and you must be prepared to drive them away.

"What Sort of Vultures

will there be?" says one. Well, there will come doubts as to eternal things. There will be questions about your own wisdom in giving yourself up to God. I hope you have been strangers to such birds of prey, but some of us have not been: doubts as to whether there be a God to serve; doubts as to whether there be a heaven, an eternal future, a blessed reward; doubts as to whether it is well to give up this world for the next, or not. Drive them away, brethren! Drive them away!

Possibly there will come to some of you younger folks fond dreams of ambition. Now you are content to be a Christian; satisfied to mix with poor people in holy service; quite pleased at an opportunity of teaching in a ragged-school. Ah! but there may come a moment when Satan will shew you the kingdoms of this world, and he will say, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me;" and you may feel as if the service of Christ was not, after all, very respectable; that you could do better in the world; find choicer company, enter more select society. But drive, drive these carrion-crows away, my brothers and sisters; there cannot be anything comparable in the world to the service of God; there cannot be anything so worthy of your no-

blest manhood, as to be truly the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. When these fowls come down upon the sacrifice, drive them away.

Another wretched sort of

Black Crows,

however, assails men more frequently; they come in the form of the cares of life—the care of getting bread, the hardness of labor. Many a man has said "Well now, I have many children, and I work hard, and I am poor; surely I must not seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" and straightway he begins to neglect the assembling of himself together with God's people, and he thinks that he must spend a part of the Sabbath in labor, and times that he used to spend in prayer are given up to meaner employment. But oh! if ever a man ought to cling to Christ more than at any other time, it is when he is poor. You that are burdened with cares, you are the people who want Christ most of all. The heavier your difficulties, the more grace you need. Cling you all the more closely to your Lord when troubles come. When the birds come down upon the sacrifice—those carking cares, and wearinesses, and troubles of life—drive them away.

Perhaps I may be speaking to certain consecrated men and women, who have met with other horridly filthy fowls. Of course, you never saw vultures in their native state; if you did see them once, you would never want to see them again, they are such loathsome creatures. But there will come to godly men, sometimes, *temptations to sin*. The purest have been tempted to impurity; the most devout have been tempted to blaspheme; men full of integrity have been tempted to dishonesty, and the most truthful to falsehood. We cannot tell what we may be tempted to do. But here is our one business with vultures: let us drive them away.

But there is a nasty sleepy kind of vulture, called *idleness;* one of the vultures that sit and sleep by the hour together—and I think I have seen them about here sometimes. This vulture comes to some good men, who say they belong to Christ, but that question we must leave to their own consciences. It is

A Sleepy Vulture,

and they say that "they think they have labored long enough." They used to be in the Sunday-school when they were younger, but they are now weary of such constant toil. I have been slenderly cheered lately by a large number of brethren who have greatly sympathized with me, and helped me to fight the Lord's battles, by bravely looking on. They remind me of *Mr. Gough's story of Betty and the Bear*. She beat the bear with her broom with all her might, and her brave husband, who had climbed a ladder into the loft, helped her grandly by bidding her hit the bear harder and harder, while he looked on. I hope I may yet receive worthier help than this. Let us all be up and doing, and take our full share of the warfare. I exhort you, if the vulture of indolence comes your way, to drive it away.

One vulture, too, that wants to be driven away, is that of measuring yourselves with other people. Let no one make another man his measure and standard. I pray you not to do so, for if you do, it will be a vulture that will defile your sacrifice. Therefore, when any of the ravenous fowls of evil come down upon your life's sacrifice, drive them away.

III. And so I must close with only a few sentences upon this last point: Guard all

The Sacrifices of Your Devotion.

When the fowls come down upon your sacrifices of prayer and praise and meditation, drive them away. Have you noticed that if all day long there is not a knock at the door, there will be one if you retire to pray? It is wise to do as the Saviour says, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut to the door, pray to thy Father that seeth in secret." That shutting of the door means, that we are to seek secrecy, and to prevent interruption. A little boy, who was accustomed to spend a time every day in prayer, went up into a hayloft, and when he climbed into the hayloft he always pulled the ladder up after him. Someone asked him why he did so. He answered, "As there is no door, I pull up the ladder." Oh, that we could always in some way cut the connection between our soul and the intruding things which lurk below!

There is a story told of me and of some person, I never knew who it was, who desired to see me on a Saturday night, when I had shut myself up to make ready for the Sabbath. He was very great and important, and so the maid came to say that some one desired to see me. I bade her say that it was my rule to see no one at that time. Then he was more important and impressive still, and said, "*Tell Mr. Spurgeon that a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ desires to see him immediately.*" The frightened servant brought the message; but the sender gained little by it, for my answer was, "Tell him I am *busy with his Master*, and cannot see servants now." Sometimes you must

Use Strong Measures.

Did not our Lord tell His messengers, on one occasion, to salute no man by the way? Courtesy must give way to devotion. It is incumbent on you that you should be alone with your Lord, and if intruders force an entrance, they must be sent about their business.

Alas! if you send men and women away, still evil birds will not be so dismissed. Wandering thoughts and inward troubles—how shall these be chased away? *That door must be well listed which keeps the devil out.* He comes in at the smallest opening, for he is a serpent, and serpents get in where other creatures cannot; they have a wriggling way with them. Satan will twist himself into us when we hope we are beyond his reach. Drive him away, brother! He will go if you resist him. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." He will not stand fire if you are determined to have a shot at him. As to vain thoughts which harass and distract you, seriously determine that you will drive them away. All your thoughts of sorrow, dismiss them at the mercy-seat. As for all business thoughts, do not entertain them. Say what Abraham said to the servants, "Abide here whilst I go and worship God yonder." Tell the world, "So far may you come, but no farther—I must, I will, keep my sacrifice of praise and prayer before the Lord."

A Lord Mayor's Engagement.

Sir Thomas Abney had been accustomed to have family prayer at a certain time. He was made Lord Mayor of London. His hour of family prayer being some time about the time of the banquet, he begged to be excused for a little, for he had an urgent engagement with a special friend. He then went and called his family together, to meet with God in prayer. Do the same; if even a banquet should come down upon you, quit the table for the altar, and your guests for your God. When our time for prayer draws near, if all the twelve apostles were to preach in our street, we ought not to give up our private prayer for the sake of hearing them all. When the birds come down upon the sacrifice, drive them away, however fine they may be: drive off the golden eagles as well as the crows.

Now, my dear hearers, I will keep you no longer, except to say this: those of you who came here to hear the Word, I pray you do not go away without a blessing. Something or other has happened, perhaps, to distract you; drive it away. The Sacrifice of Christ is the thing you have to look to. Look unto the Lord Jesus, and be saved; and if anything comes between you and His atoning death, drive it away. You that have believed in Jesus unto eternal life, and have just begun the divine life, you will not be long before you are beset with various temptations.

Be Prepared For Those Fowls

whose chief is the prince of the power of the air, and labor to drive them away. You think that, since you are converted, it will be all plain sailing now. You make a mistake: it is now that the battle begins. Be prepared for conflict. I have no doubt Abram, being a sheik, carried a good staff with him. Be ready with a staff, borrowed from the Good Shepherd, to drive away the temptations that are sure to assail young believers

As for you, dear old saints, you have offered your sacrifice, and it is towards evening, and the sun is going down, do not be surprised if you should feel a horror of great darkness, even at the last; but rest assured that the Lord will come, and cheer your darkness with the vision of His covenant love. Drive those doubts away, and those fears of death. You are going home; do not be afraid. Jesus is coming to meet you; therefore dismiss every fear. Stand by the sacrifice all the day; stand by the sacrifice when night comes on, birds or no birds. Stand by the sacrifice whether you see a vision of glory or not. Stand by the sacrifice till you behold the Lamb on His throne. One thing I have made up my mind to: whether I find present joy or present sorrow, present commendation or present censure, I will be faithful to my Lord, and stand by the sacrifice until I die, with one hand upon this Book and another upon the horns of the altar. I will be a sacrifice for Jesus because He is a Sacrifice for me. I count it all joy to preach Him and His Cross if I may but win souls and be found in Him at the last. The Lord bless you, and be with you, my brethren, for Christ's sake!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S DOMINANT THOUGHT.*

AT a dinner at the Astor House, when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State under President Fillmore, after a period of silence which fell upon the company of some twenty gentlemen who were present, one of the guests said:

"Mr. Webster, will you tell me what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?"

Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone inquired of one near him:

"Is there any one here who does not know me?"

"No; all are your friends."

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said Mr. Webster, "was that of *my individual responsibility to God.*" And after speaking on this subject in the most solemn strain for some twenty minutes, he silently rose from the table and retired to his room.

This incident, related by Harvey in his Reminiscences, serves to illustrate the attitude of great minds towards eternal things. Great men are not scoffers. The men of flippant sneers and godless jests are men of small calibre and shallow intellect. It is *not* the wise man who has "said in his heart there is no God." It is not the great man who casts off fear and restrains prayer before Him.

An Indian Chief's Reasoning.

One evening, the Indian Chief Teedyuscung, King of the Delawares, was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, "I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the author of the Christian religion, which, from its excellence, we call the Golden Rule."

"Stop," said Teedyuscung, "don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence; tell me what it is."

"It is for one man to do to another, as he would have the other do to him."

"That's impossible; it can't be done," Teedyuscung immediately replied. Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend with a smiling countenance, and taking the pipe from his

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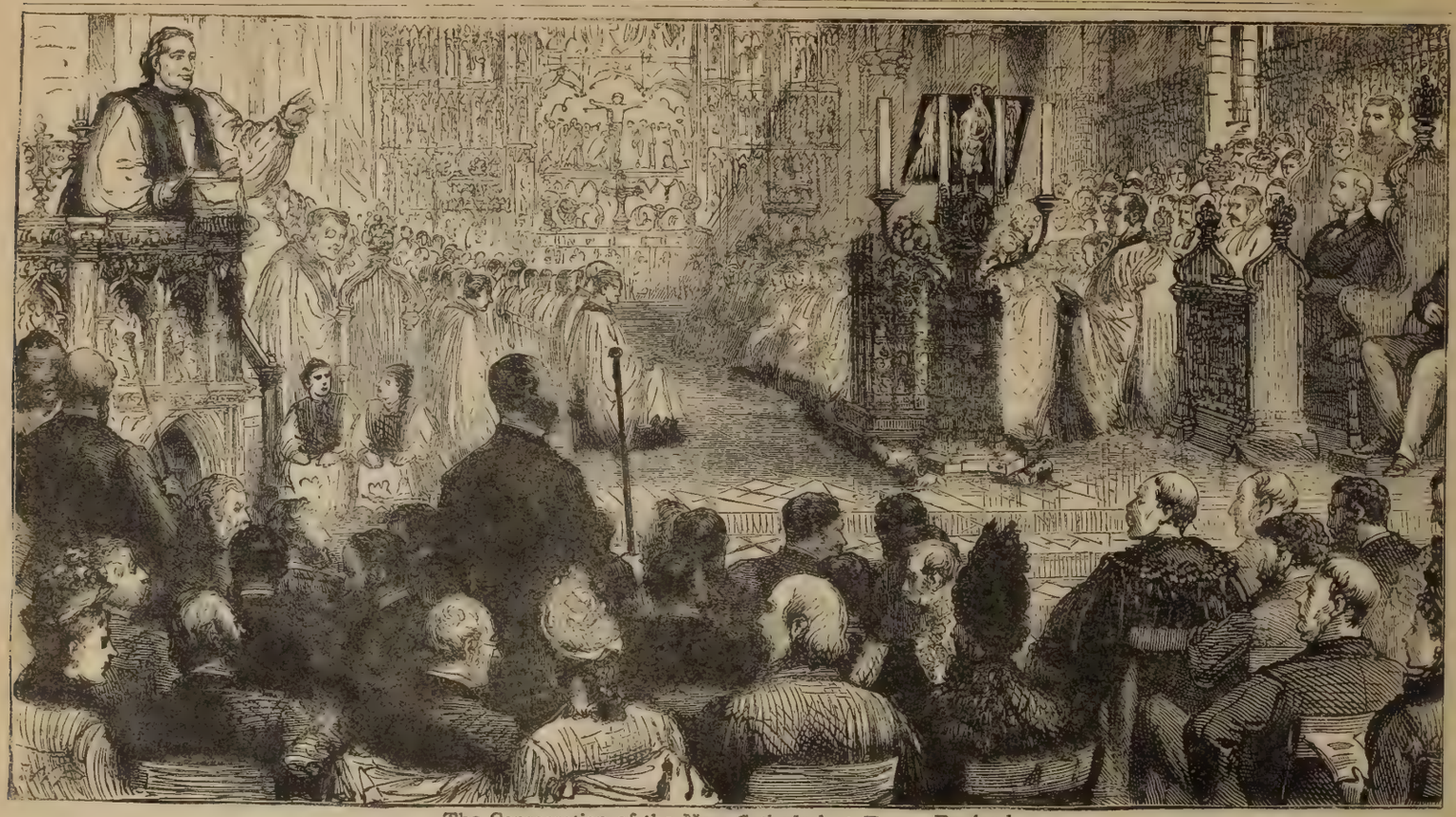

The Consecration of the New Cathedral at Truro, England.

mouth, said, "Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you have told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else." Thus the Indian found the only means by which man can fulfil his social duties.

Voltaire Proved a Dotard.

It is a remarkable fact that Sir Isaac Newton, in his work on the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation, said that, "if they were true, it would be necessary that a new mode of travelling should be invented." He said that "the knowledge of mankind would be so increased before a certain date or time terminated—namely, *one thousand two hundred and sixty years*—that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour." Voltaire got hold of this, and, true to the spirit of scepticism of all ages, said: "Now, look at the mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravitation! When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study the Book called the Bible; and, it seems, in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased, that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!" The self-complacency of the philosophic infidel made his friends laugh. But if he should get into a railway train, even a sceptic to-day would have to say, "Newton was the philosopher, Voltaire the dotard."

CONSECRATION OF TRURO CATHEDRAL.

(*See Illustration.*)

A CEREMONY of a deeply interesting and significant character was performed in England on November 3. It was the dedication and consecration of a new cathedral. *It is six centuries since such an event occurred before.* After the great fire in London St. Paul's Cathedral was rebuilt, but the cathedral at Truro is the first absolutely new cathedral that has been built in the country since the Reformation. The interesting event attracted a large and distinguished company, among which was the Prince of Wales, who eight years ago laid the corner-stone, with appropriate ceremonies.

The cathedral is a massive structure, costing more than half a million dollars. Its style is Early English, and its chief external features are a central and two western towers. It is situated in the centre of the city of Truro, in Cornwall, and when fully built will be 300 feet long; the height of the central spire, 250 feet; the width of the nave and choir, 29 feet; and the height of the vaulting, 70 feet.

The city of Truro was gaily decorated for the occasion with flags and evergreens, while the principal streets were thronged with people. The weather was showery, which somewhat marred the public enjoyment.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the choristers, clergy, and bishops proceeded round the church, singing, "Blessed City, Heavenly Salem," and afterwards stood in two lines along the covered entrance. The prelate present was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and *twenty-one bishops* took part in the ceremony. On the arrival of the Prince a procession was formed, and after a sentence from the Litany and a collect the choir sang, "Lift Up Your Heads, Oh Ye Gates." After the ceremony of consecration, the Archbishop offered a prayer of thanksgiving, and the Bishop of Truro, and the Prince of Wales, as Earl of Cornwall, signed the sentence of consecration. The consecration sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

His Grace took for his text Gal. 6:9: "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." He spoke of life as the season of sowing, and said that now is the seed time, and "autumn lies beyond," so that the work just concluded must be part and parcel of some vast spiritual preparation, which is being widely made for the future, and makes it greater far than its own greatness."

IRENE MORLEY'S VACATION.

(*See Illustration on Page 797.*)

A KNOTTY question was being debated one summer night in July, in a small bedroom in New York. A number of illustrated pamphlets and large sheets of paper were lying around, forming the material for discussion, and over these were bending two young ladies clad in dressing-gowns, over which fell their luxuriant flowing locks. Brushes and combs were on the table, too, and in the pauses of the discussion the girls would bring a handful of the bright silky hair over a shoulder and comb and brush it vigorously.

The question to be decided was one that had been reached by a long and toilsome road. Jennie and Irene Morley were employed in one of the large dressmaking establishments of the city, and away back before Christmas they had resolved that they would commence a little fund, which was to grow by careful economy until the fall, when it should pay the cost of a holiday of a week or two in the country. Every cent was valiantly guarded, walking instead of riding in the cars was rigidly practiced whenever the weather would permit, chocolate-creams and caramels were abjured, and so the fund grew from nickels into quarters, and from quarters into dollar-bills. On this July evening it was sufficient for the purpose, and business now being dull and vacations in order, the question came up of the place to which they would go. The advantages of various country retreats were set forth in the pamphlets which Irene had collected, and were being critically compared.

It was refreshing on this sultry night, even to think of fresh breezes, shady trees and cool rippling streams. Not a breath was stirring, and the mingled aroma of the gutter below the window, and the hide and leather warehouse opposite, floated into the room. But the girls did not care for that to-night while their thoughts were busy with the prospect before them. At last the various attractions were winnowed down, and a little village named Gloverdale selected. The railroad fare to that point was larger than to some others, but it would cost less for board there, and so the account was balanced.

"I do hope Minnie will take my class for me," said Irene, when that question had been settled. "It will spoil half my pleasure if I cannot arrange for those girls before I go."

"I have no patience with you, Irene," said her sister. "You think as much of that wretched Sunday-school class as if you were the mother of the children. Surely you are entitled to a holiday, after going Sunday after Sunday all the year, in all weathers, and sitting there teaching them when you ought to have been resting and enjoying yourself. No girl that has to earn her own living ought to teach in Sunday-school, and I verily believe if you had not me to look

after you, you would not go to the country at all if you failed to find a substitute for the class."

"Ah! Jennie, you do not understand my feelings about those poor girls. They are so poor and have such wretched homes, and God has enabled me to do so much for them. Nearly every one of them was so miserable at home, and was so beset with temptations to vice, that ruin seemed inevitable. I have won their confidence and have convinced them that lives of purity are worth living. Some of them are genuine Christian girls now, and all of them are virtuous. They have done much, too, to raise the character of their homes. And the influence is spreading. When they see a girl in danger, they get hold of her and bring her to the class. Oh! it is a delightful work."

"Well, you always did like to slave for other people, and I suppose you always will," said Jennie, "but we should never agree about it. I believe in getting some enjoyment when one can. We work hard enough!"

A few days later, the two girls realized the long expected pleasure, and began a two weeks' sojourn in Gloverdale. It was all that they expected of it, and their enjoyment was all the greater for their vivid recollection of the miseries they had left behind. It seemed to them perfect bliss to rise, and instead of going to the hot work-room, with its sultry atmosphere, to wander off into the woods to gather wild-flowers, to sketch, or only to sit still on some mossy bank and listen to the birds and inhale the invigorating air.

Irene's Country Acquaintance.

"Look," said Jennie, one evening as they were thus seated, "there is an aboriginal native; poverty and wretchedness are not confined to the cities, it seems."

Irene's eyes followed the direction indicated, and lighted on a young girl about her own age, whose unkempt hair and general slovenliness contrasted strongly with the neatness of the city girls.

"I should like to speak to her," said Irene.

"Oh, let her alone," said Jennie; "she is not worth any trouble. Those country girls are so stupid!"

"They have souls," was Irene's quiet answer. And she rose and went over to where the girl was. The "native," as Jennie had dubbed her, noticed Irene's approach and turned around to confront her like an animal at bay. Resting her back against a rustic fence, and extending both her arms, she stood gazing at the approaching girl. There was a rough grace about her posture, and her face had a beauty of its own. Her dress was gathered up to hold the firewood she had been collecting, revealing feet and ankles innocent of stockings. That one of the city boarders should speak to her evidently surprised her, and she was still more surprised at the gentleness of Irene's salutation, so different from the supercilious airs that city folks generally put on.

A very few words put her at her ease, and Irene soon learned where she lived and all about her. Jennie, who watched the interview languidly from her seat, was astonished to see her sister actually kiss the girl as they parted, and she thought she could see tears in her eyes.

"Oh! you do not know what a nice girl that is," said Irene, as she rejoined her sister. "She is really intelligent, but so poor. Her father is too old to work, and she and her mother work to keep him and themselves. They live quite on the other side of the wood, and I have promised we will go and see their home to-morrow."

"How ridiculous you are, Irene! I shall not go, I am sure. The next thing, you will be making dresses for that girl and her mother, and soups for the wretched old man. I have no patience with you. You carry philanthropy to an extreme."

Jennie's prediction was fulfilled. Her sister became, during their stay, a ministering angel to the poor family, not only making dresses, but reading the Bible to them and explaining it. She lost something of the delights of the country, but when she went back to her city home, she was able to thank God that the light of the glorious Gospel had entered one dark soul through her labors.

THE FAMILY OF TRIPE COURT.

By Brenda.

THE MOTHER'S CROSS.

EIGHTEEN months ago, in mid-winter, at about twelve o'clock one morning, two wretched children, girls of about seven and nine, might have been seen rushing down Tripe Court at full speed, looking back every now and then with affrighted faces, as if all the tigers and wolves in the world were after them. A fog, thick and yellow, like a bad-colored blanket, hung over London, especially about the Thames, hiding everything on its murky waters in impenetrable gloom. One end of the narrow street called Tripe Court opened on to the river, and the mud and slime of its banks seemed not only to cover the uneven footway, but to have crept up with damp and set their unsavory hue on the fronts of the houses. The houses were tumbled-down, rickety dwellings of three stories high, crammed with rickety children and rickety folk of all ages. One hardly knew which to pity most, the poor little boneless, big-headed children who swarmed there, or the poor *old* people with their lumbago and rheumatism and worn-out bodies, and hearts that had long ceased to hope for any warmth or comfort on earth.

Well, it was for those aged ones—and the Vicar and the district visitors could have happily pointed you to some here and there—who in their dark and draughty corners, and in their pain, where able to contemplate with quiet rapture their entrance, that soon must be, into that—

"Happy land,
Far, far away,"

whose music sometimes seemed to reach them in faint, sweet echoes, borne through endless vistas of gone years, when through an open door or window they heard their children's children singing the dear familiar hymn on Sunday afternoons in the Mission Church of St. Peter close by.

Up from the river a keen, icy wind was blowing to-day, making the rags that hung on them in the name of clothes to flutter about the two children as, clinging to each other, they ran headlong down the court. Their terror was evidently from behind. Something was at their heels, or they fancied it was, and pressing them very closely, for they kept glancing back, and ran all the madder when they saw it was gaining upon them. What could their eyes see in the yellow mists—a bull, broken loose, and wild from the shambles, tearing after them; or, a runaway horse, with flyaway mane and snorting nostrils? Yet neither of these could it have been, for neither bull nor horse could have wedged itself in at the doorway, or walked up the stairs of the house in Tripe Court, into which the children at last bolted, and they seemed not a whit calmer for gaining this shelter than when they were outside. Whatever was pursuing them could pursue them into their very home—it was clear the children felt that. Helter-skelter they scrambled up the stairs: they were met half-way by *a big rat* calmly descending from the upper regions, but that was nothing—rats in Tripe Court were thought little of, unless they got into the larders or gnawed the babies. Reaching the first-floor front room, the children burst in with the distracted cry, "Mother! Mother! he's coming! he's coming down the court *now*, as fierce as he can be!"

The room was clearly a place where "washing was taken in." A clothes-line hung along the blackened ceiling, on which a few tattered and coarse under-garments were hanging out to dry in a sorry sort of way, with arms and legs extended, showing the great gaps and rents in them. The air was full of steam, and a strong smell of soapsuds pervaded it. The wooden floor was bare, and there were great holes in the skirting boards, suggestive of mice and rats, and black beetles and other crawling things, which

made one wonder how anyone could settle himself down to sleep at night in Tripe Court. Perhaps no one ever did, at least not in this particular room, for where were the beds? They were not evident on first entering, and the family inhabiting this room had no other apartment, They ate, drank and must have slept—if they ever wanted to sleep—here.

In the general muddle and dirt of the place, for it was very dirty, notwithstanding the presence of soap and water, one could see a broken chair or two and a table, and a few other articles of miserable furniture. A safe, hung up by a cord like a birdcage in mid air, was discernible through the steam and fog in one corner. It had once on a time been a *wire* safe, but the wire had long ago been torn off it by the pests of these poor dwellings, the rats; and now there remained only the wooden framework, exhibiting to view on every side the broken scraps of cheese and bread and dried fish and what-not, that made up the household larder. It was a "safe" still in its exalted position, so far as the rats and mice were concerned, but not as regarded anything else. The smoke and smuts and blacks of the foul river-side got in and covered the food, and a thieving hand had only to be outstretched to get from it anything it wanted.

In front of the fire, which was the one bright spot in the room, a crazy old wicker cradle was set. A tattered shawl had been thrown over the head, to keep the draughts out from the little bundle that lay inside. At the window, before a large wash-tub, enveloped in steam, a woman was busy wringing sheets. She turned as the children entered, and the impression that one first got of her was that she was a stout, bonny sort of person, with a very broad chest and back, and strong arms and a healthy red face. Looking closer, however, the impression faded. In every line of her face, rendered hot and red from her exertions over her tub, there was suffering written. Her forehead was crumpled with it, her large, dark eyes expressed it, her lips were drawn tightly together by it; she wore, in short, the anxious, harassed look of a person goaded by some intolerable pain, from which there was not an instant's respite or relief.

Bridget Mite, for this was the woman's name, the mother of the two fugitive children, had been a sufferer for years from a bad leg, such a leg as poor laundresses and others get, from standing continually over their employment. She had been treated for it from time to time at the poorhouse Dispensary, but as *rest* was what was always prescribed for her there, and as rest in her miserable circumstances she could not have, being, though not a widow, the chief bread-winner of the family, her visits to the parish doctor were of little use, and her leg now was worse than it had ever been before. At her children's cry—"Mother, mother, he's coming, he's coming down the court *now*, as fierce as he can be!"—Bridget dropped the sheet she was wringing, shook her hands free of water, and caught up in her red, smoking arms the little bundle out of the cradle. Then she said, pushing back the hair from her heated forehead with a gesture of great weariness, mingled with a slight touch of impatience, "Get the bed ready, children."

As if it were a matter of routine they were quite accustomed to, the two little girls had already flown to a corner of the room, in which there was a thing popped upright against the wall, and were hauling it down with all their might. It turned out to be a folding-up bedstead. They prepared it with an old mattress and pillow with quickest despatch, then, leaving it ready for whoever was coming to lie on it, the poor little creatures, after their struggles, came over and stood beside "mother," holding a little bit of her gown, and their eyes fixed intently toward the door. In perfect silence they waited a few moments, then their faces grew more apprehensive, and they took a firmer grip of mother's gown. A footstep was heard underneath the window, next a loud thud against the house-door, as if an elbow had forced it open, then a voice muttering and growling at something, and a sounding blow against the stair.

"That's the rat," said Polly, the elder child, to her little sister Sue, under her breath; "he's having a whack at that there rat we met a-comin' in."

There was another blow, and another, and yet another, and the two little sisters, as they listened, could not help bursting out into an hysterical sort of giggle, for they knew the rat was being missed each time.

They did not giggle for long though; their faces quickly re-assumed their terrified expression as the game of trying conclusions with the rat below was soon given up, and the tumbling and bumping and creaking of uncertain footsteps began ascending the stairs. They came nearer and nearer, those footsteps; there was a grand tumble and shuffle, finally on the landing outside, a fumbling at the door handle, and then the door burst open and the dreaded figure, before whom the children had fled dismayed, appeared on the threshold—the figure that of all others should have brought joy to that home, at whose coming there should have been little arms outstretched to welcome, little lips put up to be kissed, little happy voices shouting "Father!" and a woman's heart, whatever her bodily suffering, made infinitely lighter and gladder. For the figure that entered only to bring consternation and trouble was none other than that of Tom Mite, the father of the children and the husband of Bridget.

Father and *husband!*—he was a disgrace to the sacred names. He stumbled in—a fearful-looking object in his drunkenness, his clothes covered with mud where he had had a tumble, his eyes fearfully bloodshot and rolling; his hat crushed in, his hair anyhow, and his great fists clenched and held in front of him, as if he were parrying or preparing to deal a blow. No bear ever looked more morose, no bear ever more dangerous. He advanced a few steps, pointing at the wall straight in front of him, and "hallooing" and shouting to an imaginary object, then something brought him up short—a wooden stool, lying back downwards on the floor, with its one leg in the air. He looked down at it, began swearing at it, and trying to smite it with his fists, as he had tried to smite the rat on the stair; he found he could not hit it any more than the rat; he did not stoop low enough, but the stool could not do what the rat could—run away; it remained, and with a fearful oath the wretched man at last kicked it violently with his boot and sent it spinning and whirling across the boards in the direction of the window. Seeing the stool making straight for them with its one little dangerous spike, the children fled in different directions from their mother's side to avoid it. The next moment they heard a cry and a moan, and they saw their mother leaning backwards, with her face whiter than anything else in the room, and her eyes closed. They saw what had happened: the stool had hit mother, hit her on her bad leg. They ran forward to her assistance—she clutched at them just as she was fainting, and they all fell to the ground together, and the man, who should have been the first to raise and succor them, strode to the bed and lay down to sleep.

If it had been on any other occasion, the little sisters, Poll and Sue, would probably have laughed at their all rolling over together, but oh! it was impossible to laugh. There was poor baby screaming on the floor, where it had rolled when the mother's arms slackened their grasp and let it go; and there was mother lying so perfectly still and white on the bare, hard boards, making no effort to rise, that a fear stole over them that she might be dead.

They quickly regained their feet, Sue picked up the baby, and Poll stooped low down over her mother, and called anxiously once or twice, "Mother, dear!" There was no answer.

"One of us must go for Mrs. Treeby, or else Mrs. Job," said Sue decisively, rocking the baby to and fro.

"Not Mrs. Treeby—Mrs. Job," replied Poll as decisively. "Mother likes her the best."

The women spoken of were near neighbors, and both equally kind, but with this difference: that the one came in and helped quietly in emergencies, without comment, and the other came in and helped, but passed her remarks, and gave her advice freely upon everything. Mrs. Treeby would remark on the dirty floor, and insist on scrubbing it there and then, whether convenient or otherwise. She would wonder that Bridget did not set to work and mend the children's clothes, and tidy her room oftener. "Did she like such rags and dirt and disorder? She really thought she must, or she would manage differently." Then Mrs. Treeby would rate away at Tom Mite for his drunkenness, and make him angrier than before, and call him a brute and other names behind his back to Bridget, who of course did not like it. Wives never do like to hear their husbands abused by others, however bad they may be; at least the *good* wives do not, for there is always the remembrance of that solemn vow they made once "to obey, serve, love, and honor" him, and in their own undaunted fidelity they cling to the hope that if not possible *now*, they will be able to do it all again one day when Tom, Jack or Bill shall have been won back to the paths of holiness and sobriety from which he has for a time strayed.

The other neighbor, Mrs. Job, loved cleanliness and order, and sober husbands, quite as well as did Mrs. Treeby. She saw the dirt and disorder of poor Bridget's home, the rags of the children, their grimy faces which had earned for them at St. Peter's Schools the nicknames of "Sooty" and "Smuts." She had quite as critical an eye for these things as had Mrs. Treeby, but, when she was called in to help, Mary Job remarked on none of them. She made proper allowances for Bridget; she knew what a sufferer she was and how she toiled at that tub for bare bread, and how, with that aching, throbbing leg of hers, she must have felt after her washing was done, in the days that she must let everything else go just for a few minutes' rest; that she was beyond scrubbing floors, or mending clothes, or tidying up her "place," and if people thought her careless and blind to it all—"well, they must." It never occurred to Mary Job to think such a thing, and she would have been ready to give her poor friend, Bridget Mite, credit at any moment for having the same longing and aspirations after better things that she herself felt in her own home in Tripe Court, though it was cleaner than the Mites's—those longings that found expression in the hymn they sometimes sang at the little riverside Mission Church, and which brought tears to the eyes of so many:

"O for the pearly gates of heaven;
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more!"

And Mary Job never abused Bridget's husband, or took him to task for his drunkenness. She knew that the kind, true way of helping Bridget, was to take things as she found them, without passing any remarks or offering advice. So little Poll guessed quite rightly when she said mother liked Mrs. Job the best.

"Which of us shall go?" asked Sue.

"*You* go, and leave me baby, and I'll stand by mother," said Poll, with her little black face looking very pinched and miserable.

Sue gave up the baby, and ran off. In less than three minutes she came running back, followed by Mary Job, a thin, spare woman with arms bare to the elbow, and steaming as if she, too, had been washing. Without a word she knelt down beside Bridget, loosened her gown, raised her in her arms, and held something under her nose that she had brought with her in a bottle. The little girls stood by, intently watching everything that Mrs. Job did.

(To be Continued.)

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 25, John 1: 1-16. Memory Text, John 6: 63.

The Centurion a Model of Great Faith—The Tempests Which Christ is Able to Control—Christ a Complete Healer of Body, Soul and Spirit—His Power Thrice Manifested—His Proclamation of the Theocracy—Conditions of Naturalization in His Kingdom—His Explanation of John's Relation to the Kingdom—The Two Alternatives Presented—The Spirit of Christ's Legislation—How the Kingdom was to be Founded—The Tactics its Enemy Would Pursue—Its Progress and Consummation.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

"The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit, who can bear? Prov. 18; 14

The Wounds of Friends—Unkindness Leading to Backsliding—The Cure for a Wounded Spirit—In Jesus Only—Forgiveness of Wrong—Argument Seldom Remedies—An Apology not to be Waited for—Wounds Caused by Self-Love.

WHO does not know the bitterness of a wounded spirit? Who is there that has never felt the keen pangs, which a sense of injustice and wrong done to him have caused? Who is there that has not at some time or other tossed from side to side through the livelong night, stung with the remembrance of uncalled for words and deeds which

Ruptured Friendship

and trod upon love? Who has not felt the ingratitude of the deceiver, and felt as though his very heart would burst when he cried, with David: "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then, I would have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the House of God in company." When the sorrow comes from one who has been all in all to us, as a Christian brother or a Christian sister, the sorrow is intensely poignant, and God's question comes with tremendous force, "A wounded spirit, who can bear?" Jesus knows this sorrow, for in all our afflictions He was afflicted (Isa. 63: 9); and surely it is of Him that it is prophesied, "One shall say unto Him, 'What are those wounds in thine hands?' then He shall answer, 'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends'" (Zech. 13: 6).

Is God aware of it, when anything thus wounds us to the quick? Is it a matter of any moment to Him? If not, why did He permit David to write such words as we have quoted? Why let us know that He understands it all? Now we have met with very many children of God who have gone into direct backsliding through a wounded spirit. Only a week or two since

A Deeply Convicted Woman

said, "I have known the Lord, I used to be full of joy in Him; I walked in the light, and my life was one song of joy, because for Christ's sake God had pardoned all my sins, and I lived for Him alone. But the leader of the mission did a very unkind thing, and it hurt me! I could not stand it, so I left off coming to the meetings and I left off prayers, and Bible reading, and now I do just as the world does, and I don't care for anything better." "Are you happy?" "Happy, why, no; of course I'm not happy, but then, I can't go back amongst those that have hurt me, and I don't care to go anywhere else." "Then you will punish Jesus who died for you, and lose your own soul, because some one, you think, has done you wrong." And this is the case with thousands. Man wounds them, and instead of carrying their cause to God, and trusting Him to set the wrong things right, they turn their backs on Jesus, and revenge themselves on Him who died for them. Is this like Jesus? When He was reviled, He reviled not again, when He suffered (for He did suffer exquisitely). He threatened not, but committed Himself unto Him that judgeth righteously (1 Pet. 2: 23).

Is there no cure for a wounded spirit? Yes;

But Only in Jesus.

The great Physician alone can bind a broken heart, and He knows how. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" (Ps. 147: 3); He was anointed "to bind up the broken-hearted" (Isa. 61: 1) and it needs divine anointing to do it. The sympathy of man only makes the wound deeper, and reminds us the more of all we have had to suffer, but Jesus attracts the eye to Himself, and shews why such a God of love has permitted such a wound, and His healing rests that heart upon His own strong heart, so that, instead of continuing to nurse up its own wrongs, the wounded one is taught to love, pity, pray for and do good, to the one who has injured him. There is no such cure for a wounded spirit as the divine power to love his enemies. Dear friend and reader, have you a wounded spirit? Do you carry in your heart a bitter, stinging sense of wrong done to you? If you are a Christian, let me ask you, Did you never do as much wrong to Jesus when you despised His offers of salvation? Are you not now treading "under foot the Son of God, and counting the blood of the covenant wherewith you were sanctified, an unholy thing, and doing despite unto the Spirit of grace? (Heb 10: 29.) Does He feel toward you, as you feel toward those who have injured you? Or does He love one who is acting as His enemy, does He offer an instant reconciliation, and say, "Turn ye, backsliding children (Jer. 3; 14), "I will heal their backsliding" (Hos. 14: 4)?

There are many who attempt to heal their wounded spirit by asserting their rights, and arguing the matter out, and seeking explanations. But, however right and just their cause may be, there are always two sides to a dispute, and one person *cannot* see the other's side, and will always feel that he is the aggrieved party. But when the matter is put into God's hands, He "makes the crooked places straight, and the rough places plain." He begins by showing that He makes no mistakes, that He was not asleep when the thing happened—He permitted it, and had a purpose of love in it. "The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all them that are oppressed" (Ps. 103: 6). If we were never oppressed, we should

Never Know

how He would execute righteousness and judgment. How blessedly He did it for Joseph, who was so bitterly wronged by his brethren, and then, again, by Potiphar's wife! God permitted it all, that He might bring out this despised brother, this unjustly accused prisoner, and set him next to the throne of Egypt. If Joseph had not passed through this oppression, he would never have passed his examination with God, for the great post of deliverer in the time of the famine. If we had no enemies, we could never exercise the divine prerogative of loving our enemies, blessing them that curse us, doing good to them that hate us, and praying for them that despitefully use us and persecute us. It is a heavenly, a noble, vocation to love our enemies, since Christ loved us when we were enemies. Jesus teaches this in the parable of the unmerciful servant. His lord forgave him the enormous debt he owed, but, instead of acting towards his fellow-servant as his lord had acted towards him, he took him by the throat, and commanded payment, and, when the poor debtor could not pay he who had been forgiven threw his fellow-servant into prison until he should pay all that was due unto him; and then, he who had forgiven him reversed his sentence, and dealt with him as he had dealt with his fellow. God wills that we should do unto others as He does unto us. "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful" (Luke 6: 36). "But," says one, "it is *he* who has wronged me! Let him humble himself, and I will be merciful." Dear friend, is that the way God has done with you, or do you remember the Shepherd going after you until He found you? O, if He could afford to love you when you were yet an enemy—"God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us"—surely, you can afford to love the one who wounds you and wrongs you. "But," you say, "I cannot; all my sense of justice revolts against it." Dear friend, with Jesus, "mercy rejoiceth against judgment" (Jas. 2: 13).

Are You Willing

that God should make your heart full of love? Are you willing to give up the little pleasure which your indignation against your enemy affords you, and which makes you tell your story to so many sympathisers? Are you willing to give up self-pity, and to let Jesus come into your heart, to live His own life of love there? If so, He will show you how you have grieved Him, by losing Him the opportunity of showing how a Christian can love his enemies; but He will not reproach you. He will undertake the whole thing, and make it a hundred times sweeter to pray for the one who has injured you, than it ever has been to tell the story of your wrongs. O, it brings us so near to Jesus, to forgive and to love our enemies, and bury the past where He has buried it, in the depth of the sea. And it is wonderful how He uses a Christ-like soul to bless his enemies, and to bring them nearer to God. After all, that which causes a wounded spirit is self-love; we are not wounded so much because wrong has been done to Christ, as because wrong has been done to us. The healing of Jesus lifts us out of ourselves into a purer atmosphere, a diviner life, in which self has no voice, no vote, in which not we live, but Christ liveth in us. The old sensitiveness to how we were treated is gone, when Christ takes possession; we no longer feel as we did, because self-love is no longer on the throne. Perhaps nothing has done so much

To Injure God's Work

all over the world, as the indulgence of a wounded spirit. Nothing so grieves the Holy Spirit, nothing so shuts up our hearts from large sympathy with the interests of Christ's kingdom, as this wounded spirit. The Lord lead us, each one, to come quickly to the Great Healer, that this stumbling block in the way of His people may be removed, and that instead of, for our own wrongs, we may say, with Jeremiah, "For the hurt of the daughter of my people I am hurt." (Jer. 8. 21).

*In some schools the teachers are not required to devote the time to-day to a Review of the quarter's lessons, but may select a subject for themselves. Mrs. Baxter has sent this article as a suggestion to such teachers.

MRS. M. BAXTER'S WORKS

THE following works by Mrs. M. Baxter, and others, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York:

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PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear—
We kneel, how weak! we rise how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others,—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

To the Reader.

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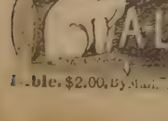

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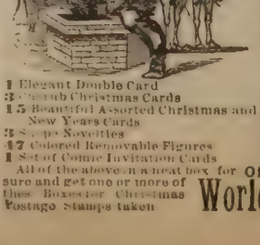

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THE LATE REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL. D.

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WHEN the news of Dr. Punshon's death was cabled to this country in April, 1881, a portrait and brief biography of him was published in this journal (April 28). After the lapse of more than six years, a voluminous "Life," by the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, has appeared, in which many more facts than were accessible in 1881 are recorded. As Dr. Punshon made many thousands of friends in this country during his five years' sojourn here, the following sketch collated from the "Life" will be appreciated:

William Morley Punshon was born at Doncaster, England, on May 29, 1824, and died on April 14, 1881, within a few weeks of the completion of his 57th year. His school life was over before he was fourteen, and during that brief period he had been to at least four different schools. Considering the career that lay before him, one cannot but regret that in

His Youth

the means of culture and discipline were not more abundantly forthcoming. His love of poetry showed itself very early, and he would commit it to memory almost without effort. An old friend, still living in Doncaster, writes: "My earliest recollection of Dr. Punshon is that of hearing him, when eight years old, standing on a chair, repeat Byron's lines beginning, 'The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.' This he did in a vigorous style, which I have remembered ever since." (*See Illustration on first page, No.* 1.) At the end of the year 1837, when he was only thirteen years old, his school life terminated. and almost immediately afterwards he entered the office of his grandfather, Morley, who was in business as a timber merchant, at Hull. To such routine work of the counting-house as fell to his share, he was fully equal, but it would have been impossible to mistake him for "a successful merchant" in embryo. He read poetry more eagerly than ever, and tried his hand at writing it, and devoted much of his time to the study of political oratory—his ambition at this time being that one day he would obtain a seat in Parliament.

He had been with his grandfather but little more than six months when a crushing blow fell upon him in the death of his mother. The lad loved her dearly, and her loss blotted out the light of his young life. It was, however, the means of leading him to the true Light. It sobered and solemnized him, and led him to seek Christ. The Rev. S. Romilly Hall, his pastor, took a deep interest in his welfare, and under his preaching and conversation the lad found peace. He joined the Methodist Church on May 23, 1839, when he was under fifteen years of age. It was a working church, as most of the Methodist churches of Yorkshire are, and young Punshon was encouraged to labor. He was but two months over sixteen when he preached

His First Sermon.

It was delivered at the little village of Ellerby, near Hull, and to a congregation which doubtless had no conception of the extent to which the work would grow, the commencement of which they were witnessing. Exactly three years later Mr. Punshon bade farewell to commercial life, and at the age of nineteen commenced his theological studies. He continued preaching while studying earnestly, availing himself of every opportunity that came within his reach. Sometimes his services were held in a barn, sometimes in a farmer's kitchen, and once he went to a village where the only available meeting place was the one room which a pious woman called "home." There the audience became so large, that several persons clambered on the poor woman's bed, doubtless much to its detriment, and from that point of vantage listened to the young preacher (*See Illustration No.* 2). This was his first introduction to an experience with which he afterwards became very familiar—that of speaking to an audience pressed for room.

An Appointment by the Conference

was received by Mr. Punshon, in 1845, when he was twenty-one years of age. It came from the Whitehaven circuit, and after the four years of probation customary in the Methodist community, he was designated to the Newcastle circuit. It was at Carlisle that his real power and value were first clearly recognized. His church was crowded at every service, members of other denominations coming to the Wesleyan chapel to hear the young preacher. It was during his residence there that *he married Miss Vickers*, a lady to whom he was devotedly attached, and who became a true helpmeet to him in his work. In 1852 he was removed to Sheffield, where he met with success similar to that in Carlisle.

Denominational Recognition

came to Mr. Punshon earlier than to the majority of Methodist ministers. The truest test of the man's capacity was given in this. The young man of twenty-nine who is singled out from among his two thousand ministerial brethren for honorable service, must have proved his worthiness in a very signal manner. This honor was bestowed on Mr. Punshon in 1853, when he was requested to take a prominent part in the annual missionary demonstration in London. The manner in which he performed it introduced him to another sphere, in which he won some of his most remarkable triumphs and became known outside the borders of his denomination. The Young Men's Christian Association invited him to lecture, and as it was the custom of that body to publish at the end of the course, a volume containing verbatim reports of all the lectures of the series, Mr. Punshon's production appeared side by side with those of the most famous men of

The Religious Platform

of that day, and it did not suffer by comparison. His subject was "The Prophet of Horeb" and the lecture was delivered January 17, 1854. It occupied two hours in delivery, and the vast audience sat spell-bound to the close. From that time forward Mr. Punshon's fame as a lecturer rivalled his fame as a preacher, and his services in that capacity were in continual request. His lectures made him known to other denominations of Christians, and many heard him who would never have set foot inside a Methodist Church though an angel had been preaching there. His eloquence conquered all prejudice, and the young Wesleyan preacher became a power in the community. Throughout England, Scotland and Ireland the Y. M. C Associations in all the great towns invited him to lecture, and in all he met with the same success. His lectures on "John Bunyan," "The Huguenots," "Daniel in Babylon" "Wesley and his Times," and "Science and Literature in Relation to Religion" were all marvels of oratory which captivated the audiences.

In 1855, the Conference appointed Mr. Punshon to take charge of the church at Leeds where he remained for the usual three years. During his residence there he had a painful duty to perform which made a deep impression on his mind. A condemned murderer sought his services in the brief interval of two weeks which in England is all that elapses between sentence and execution. Mr. Punshon had none of that sickening sentimentality which makes some ministers and laymen run over with sympathy for a criminal under sentence of death, and forget that the victim of his crime was not allowed the time for spiritual preparation that the murderer gets. However no minister, least of all a man so kindly as Mr. Punshon, would reject such an appeal, and he visited the villain in his cell (*See Illustration No.* 3). He says in the diary which forms part of the biography: "I felt an awful responsibility, apart from the mere natural shrinking, which was sufficiently painful, but I cast myself on the Lord. In the far-off future, if I am spared to see it, this man's case will be a study (the pathology of the heart); at present all minor questions are absorbed in the gain or loss of his soul."

His next sphere of labor was in the Bayswater district of London, and it was while laboring there that he was bereaved of his beloved wife, a loss which for a time completely prostrated him. This loss ultimately led to his

Coming to America.

After his wife's death, the care of his motherless children was undertaken, with great devotion, by her sister. One could feel no surprise, and it would have occasioned no remark, that he should have resolved to make the lady his second wife, but for the peculiar state of the English law on this vexed question. Like many others, Mr. Punshon was convinced that in taking such a step, while he was obeying a law of nature, he was contravening no law of God; though he could not take it in Great Britain without infringing the existing law of the realm. An invitation to visit Canada, by the Methodist body of the Dominion, gave the opportunity he wished for. Such marriages, strangely enough, are of legal force in the colonies, though not in the mother country. He was married in Toronto. His brethren in the ministry in England thereupon struck his name off the roll of "*the legal Hundred*," or managing committee of the Wesleyan denomination. As Mr. Punshon's conscience was at ease, and he was happy in his choice of a wife, he bore the obloquy with equanimity, knowing that it disgraced the men who inflicted it, and not him. He went on with his work unmoved, but, after two brief years of wedded happiness, he had again the unspeakable sorrow of seeing her who was the light of his eyes and the companion of his life suddenly fade away from his view, and enter the mysterious spirit world. Later on in life, he married again, and his third wife has survived him.

He sailed from Liverpool April 14, 1868, accompanied by his eldest son and on the 14th of May he was introduced to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, assembled at Chicago. as the representative of the English Wesleyan Church. He was greeted with enthusiastic and long-continued applause. In a communication made at this time to the *Methodist Recorder*, Mr. Punshon graphically refers to his

Visit to a Camp-Meeting.

"I have twice had the opportunity of seeing the true American camp-meeting. One day I drove to the famous Sing Sing camp-ground, and was hardly prepared for anything so systematic or so vast. For several days before, the weather had been unusually showery, which had somewhat diminished the attendance, but when I preached in the afternoon there could not have been fewer than 4,000 people present, and on the following Sabbath I understand there were twice that number.

"I afterwards attended a meeting on the Ebenezer camp-ground, near Wilton, in Ontario, Canada, which, on the whole, pleased me better. Some 200 conveyances of all kinds and sizes were hitched to the trees, the horses taking it as quietly as if they knew the wherefore of the gathering. The circle was a clearing in a forest over-arched by a leafy shadow of elm, maple and pine. As I gazed upon the upturned faces. three thousand of them at least. with the silvery moonlight glancing through the bright leaves overhead, and the ruddy camp-fires throwing radiance upon strong features, I thought I had rarely seen a spectacle so sublime, and it was to me an opportunity awful and yet inspiring, to preach in that cathedral of God's own architecture, 'all the words of this life.'" (*See Illustration No.* 4).

The Presidency of the Conference

was conferred upon him during his residence in Canada, five successive years (1868–1872), a remarkable and unqualified endorsement of the estimate formed of Mr. Punshon in the Old World. The Victoria University of Montreal added to this tribute of esteem by conferring

upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. During his stay on this side the Atlantic, Dr. Punshon travelled extensively. One of the scenes that appears to have impressed him most was that of Chinatown' San Francisco. He visited the mission there (*see Illustration No.* 5), and afterward paid a visit to the Chinese Temple. He thus describes it in his diary: "We went into a Chinese joss-house—not an imitation one, but a veritable heathen temple—where these idolaters are in the habit of worshipping. It was altogether a novel and admonitory spectacle. A heathen temple in full blast in a professedly Christian city. But God sends the heathen to the Gospel, when His Church is too penurious to send the Gospel to the heathen."

A Shipwreck on Lake Superior

was a thrilling experience of one of his journeys. He says: "We left Toronto on July 8, and travelled to Sarnia by rail. Embarked on board the steamer *Manitoba*, and on the 11th went through the canal at Sault Ste. Marie, which separates Lake Huron from Lake Superior. About 1 P. M. on Thursday, the 12th, the fog was coming down heavily, so I retired into the saloon. Not two minutes after I saw the captain rush frantically to the alarm bell and reverse the engines. At that moment the fog lifted, and there was a desolate coast close upon us, towards which we were drifting at the rate of six miles an hour. Two seconds only, as it seemed, of agonizing suspense, and the ship struck with a tremendous concussion, smashing crockery, glasses, doors, etc., flinging ladies down upon the floor, and causing, as you may suppose, immense consternation. For a moment the scene was terrible; happily there was no rebound, and the vessel remained hard and fast upon the rock. We found by-and-by we were on an island which was uninhabited, save at one end of it, some fifteen miles distant from the scene of our shipwreck. We all (150) landed, made fires on the beach, or rather on the rocks (*see Illustration No.* 6), and spent the day here, the captain trying all manner of ways to get the boat off.

At 11 A. M. next morning a sail was descried, which turned out to be the steamer *Cumberland* bound for the same port as ourselves. She bore down to our rescue, and stayed with us for thirty hours in vain efforts to dislodge us. At length on Saturday at about 6 P. M., the '*Manitoba*' was pulled off the rocks, but alas! only to fill with water; so she was beached, and all the passengers transferred to the *Cumberland*, in which we made the rest of our voyage."

After the death of his wife, Dr. Punshon's thoughts turned longingly to his native country and in 1873 he concluded to return. He found his popularity had increased rather than diminished by his absence. He was elected

President of the English Conference

and was appointed a Secretary of the Missionary Society, an office held in high honor by Wesleyan Methodists. He continued preaching and lecturing with unwearied energy until the spring of 1881, when he was prostrated by a severe attack of sickness. He was ordered rest and change of air, and accordingly went to Mentone in the south of France. The change was not beneficial and after a brief stay he returned home. His days were evidently numbered. On Wednesday April 3, 1881, the physicians saw that the end was near at hand. The Rev. Hugh Johnston, an old and valued Canadian friend, shared with Mrs. Punshon the watches of that night with him. About one o'clock the difficulty of breathing increased and great restlessness developed. He insisted on being dressed and sitting in his easy chair. His desire was gratified and Mr. Johnston and Mrs. Punshon made him as comfortable as possible (*See Illustration No*, 7,) soon afterward a change came over him." "Am I going, Doctor?" he asked. "Yes" was the answer, The successful preacher looked upward with a beaming countenance and said with a firm voice and in a deeply reverent tone, "Christ is to me a bright reality. Jesus! Jesus!" There was a smile as of rapture, then his head drooped, and so he died.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Speaking Well of the Devil.—"A Spaniard who had lived a wild, wicked life, was upon his death bed. A priest came to visit him, and he tried to comfort the poor unhappy fellow and prepare him for death. He noticed that whenever the man had occasion to speak of Satan, he referred to him as 'My Lord the Devil.' The priest reprimanded him for speaking in such a respectful manner of the enemy of mankind, but the man replied, 'I am dying, and I do not know into whose hands I shall fall; so I do not wish to offend anyone, not even the devil.' Very few of Satan's servants are as thoughtful. They hate him while they serve him, and many are longing to quit his service if some one would show them how.

A Great Shock For Willie.—"I Know a man" said Mr. Climie, the evangelist "who had been with a friend reading one of those trashy and baneful infidel papers. Leaving his friend he went home, and was just sitting down when a sharp knock was heard at the door, and some one cried 'Willie! Willie! Are you there?' Quickly he opened the door, and found there an acquaintance who told him, much to his surprise, that the friend whom he had only just left was dead. This was a solemn warning to him. His first thought was, 'If that had been me, where should I now have been?' and the answer in his mind came quickly and fearfully, 'In hell.' But that was the beginning of his salvation, and now he is going on his way safe in Jesus.

Safe From the Demon at Last.—A Railroad conductor, speaking at the mission for railroad employees, said: "Five weeks ago last Sunday, I was running my train as usual. I was the worse for drink when we started; indeed, so helpless was I, that I lay down in the van and fell fast asleep, nor did I awake until a man came and shook me, asking me if I intended to do any work that night. Staggering to my feet, and rubbing my eyes, I found much to my surprise that we were at a junction, and I had been sleeping all the time. I prepared to do my usual work, but found it had been done for me. But this showed me that I could not trust myself, that I was powerless against the demon of strong drink. I knew that there was but one refuge, and to it I went, even to Jesus, and He has since kept me safe from drink."

John Ashworth, of Rochdale, took a great interest in the poor and the outcast. He possessed a mill of his own at Rochdale, and into it he gathered the poorest, that they might hear the Gospel. One day he was called to visit a young woman who was dying. He found her in a house of ill-fame, surrounded by her companions in misery, many of them shedding tears and trying, in every way, to comfort her; but she pushed them aside, saying, 'You can do me no good.' Mr. Ashworth spoke to her, and showed her Christ as ready to forgive and accept her, urging her to receive and confess Him as her Saviour, and she would be saved. But she seemed unable to understand. But she knew how good a man Mr. Ashworth was, and she clung to him as if his merit could help her. She took his hand in hers, and, clutching it convulsively, said, 'While I hold the hand of such a good man as you are, I am safe.' And she died while holding his hand. Ah, if she could but have carried her faith and confidence further she might have been saved. Her Christian visitor's merits could not benefit her, but Christ's righteousness would have availed.

The Only Way of Escape.—A Railroad Employee in Scotland recently related the following: "Last New Year's Day I was very much intoxicated, and as I was running along the platform to catch my train, which had just started, I was so incapable that I missed it, and fell between the rails, and the low wall of an embankment; and there I continued to lie, sleeping the drunkard's sleep, for six hours, so near to the rails that the foot-boards of the trains passed over me, When I awoke I went home, feeling very cold and stiff, but my truly providential escape from death had no effect on me, and next morning I was so intoxicated that I had to be sent home. On the following Sunday, I was very much troubled about my dreadful conduct, and the power that strong drink had over me. Could I ever get free from it? I thought, for I had tried many times, but it was of no use. There was only one way of escape open, and I knew it well. That way I determined to take; so I just went to Christ, and told Him all the sad story of my weakness and my sin. This I did, and put myself completely under His management, and asked Him, not only to save me, but to keep me from sinning against Him. And now I can thank Him that He has done both."

How the Lawyer was Convinced.—Rev. Mr. Ross relates: "Three years ago a gentleman, a lawyer of celebrity, powerful in mind and clear in intellect, began to read some infidel writings. When asked by his minister to become a Christian, he replied, 'No, I cannot; I cannot make up my mind upon this point, and I am not at all sure about the doctrine of regeneration.' His pastor, wise in the Lord, did not attempt to argue with him, but asked Him to go to a Gospel meeting that night. 'What like is it to be?' the gentleman inquired. 'Oh, nothing very much; a few poor working men testifying what the Lord has done for them. Nothing very intellectual or scientific; in all probability it will not affect you much,' the minister said. He accompanied the minister, and that night eighteen men testified to the Lord's saving power. At the close of the meeting the lawyer reached over, and, taking the minister's hand, shook it warmly, saying, 'Now I know that there is in reality a living and true God, a loving Saviour, and from this time I will serve Him!'"

How The Locomotive Fireman Conquered.—A fireman employed on a locomotive, speaking at a Railroad Men's Mission, said: "The day after I was converted to Christ I was speaking to one of my mates, and told him what the Lord had done for me, and invited him to attend the meeting where I had found Christ, and where he also might find Him. Being overheard by a number of others, one of them cried, 'Why, man, you are surely not going to speak at the meeting already?' Holding out my Bible, I said, 'There is my stay; that would enable me to speak at a meeting, or to you at a street corner, and on its precious promises I trust.' As I turned to go home, one of them asked me, 'Are you not coming for a drink to night?' 'No, thanks,' I replied, 'when I took Christ I gave up drinking.' 'Ah, man, you were not like that two weeks ago, and it is a question if you will hold out as long again,' they said jeeringly. They would have been right if I had been left to myself; but I had strength they did not know of—the strength of the Holy Spirit who has kept me."

The Conductor's Pipe Put Out.—A Railroad conductor related: "Only about eight weeks ago I was going down the street, making straight for a saloon that I was only too familiar with, when I met a friend. We stopped, and, as usual, shook hands. He asked me where I was going. I frankly told him. 'I am going to a Gospel meeting,' he said. 'Will you come with me, like a good fellow?' I refused point-blank. Then he spoke to me of Christ, and pleaded so tenderly and earnestly with me, that at last I could stand out no longer, and gave myself to Christ. I went to the meeting and much enjoyed it. As we were coming out I began to smoke. My friend looked at the pipe, then at me, and remarked, 'When one gives oneself to Christ, and Christ dwells in him, it is not becoming to pollute God's dwelling-place with tobacco smoke, is it?' I did not answer a word, but, taking the pipe from my lips, I put it beneath my heel, and ground it to atoms. Then I threw away my tobacco, determined to offer incense to none but the living and true God. Nor have I at all regretted it. I find that Christ can satisfy all my wants, and He fills me with joy."

RECREATIONS GOOD AND BAD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, December 18, 1887.

"They that use this world as not abusing it." 1 Cor. 7: 31."

"And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport." Judges 16: 25.

The Approaching Festive Season—Need for Discrimination—The Fatal Amusement of the Philistines—A Lawful Use of the World—Children in the Father's Mansion—Healthful Amusements—Music—Its Power to Soothe and Stimulate—The Effect of Music at Waterloo—Benefits of the Gymnasium—The Soul Influenced by the Body—Luther's Muscular Development—Parlor Games—How to Prevent Dissipation—Lectures and Picture-Galleries—Outdoor Recreations—The Pleasure of Doing Good—Colonel Gardiner's Discontent—Moravians in a Lazaretto—Missionaries Becoming Slaves—A Sinful Woman's Presentiment.

We are entering the gayest season of the year. The winter opens before us the gates of a thousand amusements, some of them good and some bad. One of my texts will show you that amusements may be destructive; my other text will show you that amusements may be under the Divine blessing and direction.

There were three thousand people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out, fetch him out!" Yonder I see

The Blind Old Giant

coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house; so he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are!" The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine-press. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport."

In other words, there are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand who perished that day in Gaza, are as nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But the other text implies that there is

A Lawful Use of the World,

as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is, that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all the splendors of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of broken storm-cloud? For whom did He gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men; but more especially for His own dear children.

The Heirs of the World.

If you build a large mansion, and spread a great feast after it, to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place, while you thrust your own children in the kitchen, or the barn, or the fields? Oh, no! You say, "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there." Now, God has built this grand mansion of a world, and He has spread a glorious feast in it, and while those who are stangers to His grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to His own children—those who are the sons and the daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, "Abba, Father." You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantages to the world than He gives to the Church bought by His own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion, and have said, "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did they not tarry a little longer in the world, and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?"—I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken;" and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self-denials, while those who come in have the joys and satisfactions.

This morning, in the name of the King of heaven and earth, I serve

A Writ of Ejectment

upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim, in behalf of the good and the pure and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them. Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations; but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me this morning, and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

Music.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amidst the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start, there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amidst the sound of cultured voices, and amidst the melody of musical instruments.

There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flute, or harp, or piano, or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all

Our Young Men

try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters, will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over musical keys, or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo. Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said, "What is the matter there?" He was told that the band of music had ceased playing, and he called up the pipers and ordered them to strike up an inspiriting air: and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied, and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try by the force of music to

Rally Your Scattered Battalions.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are afforded you. Buy season tickets, if you can, for the "Philharmonic" and the "Handel and Haydn" societies. Feel that the dollar and a half or two dollars that you spend for the purpose of hearing an artist play or sing is a profitable investment. Let your Steinway Halls and your Academies of Music roar with the acclamation of appreciative audiences assembled at the concert or the Oratorio.

Still further: I commend, as worthy of their support,

The Gymnasium.

This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellences. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides and despondent spirits who through the gymnasium might be roused up to exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year, who might, through such an institution, be benefited in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids, they think that by the same sickliness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or the tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change, and become fierce and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

There are good people whose ideas of heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco-smoke. There are people who dare to shatter

The Physical Vase

in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects, in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery, capable of propelling a *Great Eastern* across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God, first, because he had a noble soul, and secondly, because he had a muscular development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors, if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope-walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt; but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair—a ship which ought, with all sail set and every man at his post, to be carrying

A Rich Cargo for Eternity,

employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may, through the gymnasium, work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament.

Still further: I commend to you a large class of *parlor games* and recreations. There is a way of making our homes a hundred-fold more attractive than they are now. Those parents

can not expect to keep their children away from outside dissipations unless they

Make the Domestic Circle Brighter

than anything they can find outside of it. Do not, then, sit in your home surly and unsympathetic, and with a half-condemnatory look because of the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself: let your children be young. Because your eyes are dim and your ankles are stiff, do not denounce sportfulness in those upon whose eyes there is the first lustre, and in whose foot there is the bounding joy of robust health. I thank God that in our drawing-rooms and in our parlors there are innumerable games and sports which have not upon them the least taint of iniquity.

Light up all your homes with innocent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children can go on so. Rather thank God that their hearts are so light, and their laughter is so free, and that their cheeks are so ruddy, and that their expectations are so radiant. The night will come soon enough, and the heart-break, and the pang, and the desolation—it will come soon enough for the dear children. But when the storm actually clouds the sky, it will be time enough for you to haul out your reef-tackles. Carry, then, into your homes not only the

Innocent Sports and Games

which are the inventions of our own day, but the games which come down with the sportfulness of all the past ages—chess and charades and tableaux and battledore and calisthenics and lawn-tennis, and all those amusements which the young people of our homes know so well how to contrive. Then there will be the parlor socialities—groups of people assembled in your homes, with wit and mimicry and joviality, filling the room with joy from the door to the mantel, and from the carpet to the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a score of genial souls in one room, each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity?

Suppose you want to go abroad in the city, then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the Metropolitan Museum and the Historical Society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plainly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and ingenuity through that particular channel upon the hearts and consciences and imaginations of men, setting this country fifty years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

I rejoice in the popularization of

Outdoor Sports.

I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our cities, life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census-taker represents a city as having four hundred thousand inhabitants, there are only two hundred thousand, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerving and exhausting is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field-sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the Church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that this winter our ponds and our rivers and our Capitoline Grounds might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes, the graceful oar might dip the stream, and the eveningtide be resonant with boatman's song, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the ball-player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations, with strength in your arm and color in your cheek and a flash in your eye and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness, we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity; recreations in which we may engage for the strengthening of the body, for the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

Philanthropy.

There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house to-day, "I should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock this morning. You have a large estate, if you only realize it. Two hands. Two feet. You will have, perhaps, during the next year at least ten dollars for charitable contribution. You will have twenty-five hundred cheerful looks, if you want to employ them. You will have five thousand pleasant words, if you want to speak them. Now what an amount that is to start with!

You go out to-morrow morning and you see a case of real destitution by the way-side. You give him two cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says, "Thank you, sir; God bless you!" You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent; but you feel from the very depth of your soul

A Profound Satisfaction

that you made that man happy. You go on still farther, and find a poor boy with a wheelbarrow, trying to get it up on the curbstone. He fails in the attempt. You say, "Stand back, my lad; let me try." You push it up on the curbstone for him and pass on. He wonders who that well-dressed man was that helped him. You did a kindness to the boy, but you did a great joy to your own soul. You will not get over it all the week.

On the street, to-morrow morning, you will see a sick man passing along. "Ah," you say, "what can I do to make this man happy? He certainly does not want money; he is not poor, but he is sick." Give him one of those twenty-five hundred cheerful looks that you have garnered up for the whole year. Look joy and hopefulness into his soul. It will thrill him through and there will be a reaction upon your own soul. Going a little farther on, you will come to the store of a friend who is embarrassed in business matters. You will go in and say, "What a fine store you have! I think business will brighten up, and you will have more custom after a while. I think there is coming a great prosperity to all the country. Good morning." You pass out. You have helped that young man, and you have helped yourself.

Which was the Happier?

Colonel Gardiner, who sat with his elbow on a table, spread with all extravagant viands, looking off at a dog on the rug, saying, "How I would like to change places with him; I be the dog and he be Colonel Gardiner;" or, those two Moravian missionaries who wanted to go into the lazaretto for the sake of attending the sick, and they were told, "If you go in there, you will never come out. We never allow any one to come out, for he would bring the contagion." Then they made their wills and went in, first to help the sick, and then to die. Which was the happier—Colonel Gardiner, or the Moravian missionaries dying for others? Was it all sacrifice when the missionaries wanted to bring the Gospel to the negroes at the Barbadoes, and, being denied the privilege, sold themselves into slavery, standing side by side, and lying side by side, down in the very ditch of suffering, in order that they might bring those men up to life and God and heaven? Oh, there is a thrill in the joy of doing good! It is the most magnificent recreation to which a man ever puts his hand, or his head, or his heart.

But, before closing, I want to impress upon you that mere secular entertainments are

Not a Fit Foundation

for your soul to build on. I was reading of a woman who had gone all the rounds of sinful amusement, and she came to die. She said "I will die to-night at six o'clock." "Oh," they said, "I guess not; you don't seem to be sick." "I shall die at six o'clock, and my soul will be lost. I know it will be lost. I have sinned away my day of grace." The noon came. They desired to seek religious counsel. "Oh," she said, "it is of no use. My day is gone. I have been all the rounds of worldly pleasure, and it is too late. I shall die to-night at six o'clock." The day wore away, and it came to four o'clock, and to five o'clock, and she cried out at five o'clock, "Destroyed spirits, ye shall not have me yet; it is not six, it is not six!" The moments went by, and the shadows began to gather, and the clock struck six; and while it was striking her soul went. What hour God will call for us I do not know—whether six o'clock to-night or three o'clock this afternoon, or at one o'clock, or at this moment. Sitting where you are, falling forward, or dropping down,

Where Would You Go To?

But our hour for adjourning has already come, and the last hour of our life will soon be here, and from that hour we will review this day's proceedings. It will be a solemn hour. If from our death-pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul, sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrillies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand and take, the remaining pound of flesh and the remaining drop of blood: and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for heaven, the curtain will forever drop.

THE INCAS OF PERU.

(*See Illustration on Page 812.*)

AN irresistible fascination attaches to the very name of the Incas. Who they were, where they came from, and how they succeeded in establishing their ascendancy over the inhabitants of Peru, are questions which have furnished a field for study of the most fascinating kind. The Indian traditions, which form the basis of the only historical knowledge accessible, are unreliable, but they furnish a key to the remains of sculpture, architecture and relics which is of great value. The traditions confirmed by these discoveries lead to the belief that it was about the year A. D. 1020 that the first Inca, Manco Capac, with his wife, Mama Ocllo, appeared in Peru, and, announcing themselves children of the sun, declared that their father the sun, whom the aborigines worshipped, had sent them to instruct the people.

It would appear that the aborigines peaceably accepted the supremacy of the Incas, and obyed and reverenced them as demigods. Manco became not only the king, but the lawgiver and high-priest of the nation. He ruled the people by a mild despotism, and they appear to have been happy and contented under his sway and that of his successors. They appear, however, to have been utterly ignorant of the art of writing. The only records of the reigns of the dynasty were in a twisted woollen cord, in which threads of various colors were woven or tied. This was called a *quipu*, and every cross-thread, according to its length, color and position with the knots in it, told a story or recorded an event. But the art of reading the *quipu* was never revealed to the Spaniards, and the key to this very peculiar writing is, therefore, utterly lost. All we know is that they retained their power until 1532, when Pizarro overthrew them.

THE SIXTH SEAL.

Revelation 6: 12–16. A. D. 1793—1873.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Two Contrasted Periods—Convulsion and Quiescence—The Terrific Convulsion of the French Revolution—A Secular Historian's Vivid Description of It—The Quiescent Period of Sealing—Our Present Position—The Saints being Sealed—On the Verge of Conflict and Trial.

Historical Fulfillment.—Retributive convulsions of the French Revolution, premonitory of the day of vengeance: and then from 1815, an interval of general peace and withholding of the winds of desolation, until the sealing of the 144,000 watchful Christians is finished, and they are translated to heaven just before the Final Great Tribulation.

"And I beheld when he had opened the Sixth Seal, and lo! there was a great earthquake," etc. (Rev. 6: 12–16, and all Rev. 7, describes this Sixth Seal). The terrible commotions of the French Revolution of 1793 to 1815, are clearly symbolized by *the great earthquake* and convulsions figuratively depicted in Rev. 6: 12–17.

The Sixth seal comprises two strongly contrasted scenes. The first is of violent natural convulsion, typifying national and governmental overthrow; and, secondly, a period of unnatural calm like that sultry, oppressive stillness which precedes a thunder-storm, during which the one hundred and forty and four thousand are sealed."

The terrible commotions of the French Revolution, extending from 1793 to 1815, are clearly symbolized by this great earthquake and convulsions figuratively depicted in Rev. 6: 12–17. It was the stupendous explosion, the elements of which had been gathering all through the century. Carlyle thus describes the process and the development. "The eighteenth century has nothing grand in it, except that

Grand Universal Suicide,

named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence by setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and *volcanic explosions* in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination for such a century! Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt, gone at length utterly insolvent, without real money of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any farther: What could the poor century do, but at length admit, 'Well, it is so. I am a swindler century, and have long been, having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler. What remains but that I blow my brains out?' Which the poor century accordingly did. And in that whirlwind of the universe—lights obliterated and the torn wrecks of earth and hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean; black whirlwind enough to make even apes serious and drive most of them mad—there was to men a voice, audible, as if to say, 'Lying is not permitted in this universe, and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is not God.'" Truly a time for which an earthquake was a most appropriate symbol.

The Remarkable Period of Quiescence

which followed, is described and explained at the beginning of chapter 7, where we read:

"And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree. And I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God: and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."

Our Present Position

is in this parenthetical interval of the holding back of the four winds of desolation, between 1815 and the years following, while the sealing of God's servants is being finished. The eminent Rev. Edward Bickersteth, in his "Divine Warning," in 1846, fully expresses this view; he says: "I view these Seals as describing the whole Christian dispensation till our Lord's return; and I consider that we are now in the pause of judgment connected with the Sixth Seal from the withholding of the winds, Rev. 7: 1. It appears to me, we have seen the events pointed out at the beginning of the Sixth Seal, where is set before us the figurative description of the French Revolution of 1793. and we are now at the period of withholding of the four winds.

"The present state of the world may seem to some to be such as to make it unreasonable and unsuitable to give warning of danger. It is a time of universal peace: wars are hushed throughout the earth. But we have no reason to expect that the present state of peace and prosperity will continue many years. It will rather, we have reason to think from God's Word, soon cease, and times will succeed of

Peculiar Trial and Conflict.

"The withholding of the tempests of Divine wrath appears in the course of the prophecies of Revelation to be predicted at this very season (Rev. 7: 1–3). The ceasing of this restraint at the appointed time brings on the Great Tribulation, which is more fully described in the seventh vial (Rev 7: 14, 16: 17–21). The description of Europe's political state in Mr. Canning's celebrated speech in 1826, gives us, from an able statesman, that view of the world which is the very counterpart of what God has foretold it should be at this time; that statesman compares the restraint in which 'the nations of Europe are at present kept,' amidst the struggle of political opinions, to Æolus restraining the fury of the winds. The certainty and nearness of the last great tribulation is a most seasonable truth in this day, when we have not only the prophetic word announcing it, but many signs of the times showing its near approach."

It is perfectly clear that Daniel has foretold when the Jewish people shall be delivered, *there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time* (Dan. 12: 1); and that our Lord has repeated the warning (Matt. 24: 21); and that St. John has told us in the seventh of Revelation, after the sealing of the 144,000, about *the tribulation even the great one:* and has also made it a part of the seventh vial, after the completion of *the sixth vial under which we are now living*, saying, 'There was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great.' (Rev. 7: 14. 16: 18.) It is true that Europe is still kept in peace, but the tempest lowers in the distance, and

The First Mutterings of the Storm

are heard from afar—so slightly are the four destroying winds withheld. (Rev. 7: 1–3). The more the outward peace abounds, the more is the faithful watchman called upon to sound the trumpet of alarm: and to show distinctly on what false foundations the hope of continued peace and tranquillity rests. We are assured that this will be the state of the world, before the last and greatest of all its troubles—the unequalled great tribulation yet to come—'The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; for when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape.' (1 Thess. 5: 1–11; Luke 17: 26–30.)

"The worldly selfishness of those who have been amassing riches in trades, manufactures and commerce, or by other means, without any regard to the spiritual or even temporal welfare of those who have toiled for them, thinking dependents only to be employed and retained for their own convenience, and casting them off with careless indifference when they can no longer serve their worldly interest, has alienated the working class from the wealthy class. Both classes seem greatly unconscious of their own danger, in consequence of this state of things."

W. Cuninghame writing in 1832, said, "The Sixth Seal commenced at the period of the French Revolution, in 1792; and, after more than twenty years of unceasing convulsions and bloodshed, unequalled in the past history of the world, peace was at length obtained in 1815, by the gigantic efforts of a mighty confederacy of the nations of Europe. It seems to me we now witness the holding of the four winds, which are held or restrained, in order that the servants of God may be sealed. But as soon as

The Allotted Interval of Calm

is past, the calamities shall be renewed with an overwhelming impetus. From these final judgments, however, the sealed servants of God are to be delivered—being the watchful living saints, who, at the advent of our Lord in the air, are to be caught up to meet Him (1 Thess. 4: 17; Luke 21: 36).

There is a double gathering of His saints unto our Lord during His abode in the air; first, of the 144,000 sealed ones, at the first moment of advent in the air, and secondly, at a later period, of those who are left to the Great Tribulation and who are gathered to the Lord just before the concluding act of wrath. Though the winds are not yet loosed, still all things testify to the approach of that awful hour, when the hurricane of wrath shall again go forth, and sweep into one common gulf of ruin the institutions of former ages, as well as the most recent forms of administration and government."*

MODERN PHYLACTERIES.

One of the charges which Christ brought against the hypocritical teachers of his day was that "they make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders [or fringes] of their garments" (Matt. 23: 5). The significance of this offence, which to modern eyes does not seem very heinous, becomes apparent when it is perceived that it was a kind of advertisement or public claim to superlative piety. It is not generally known that these phylacteries are still used by orthodox Jews. A clergyman interested in the study of Jewish manners and customs recently explored a Jewish colony and found the phylacteries on sale. He says.

One store particularly interested me. It was kept by an intelligent old Jew, who sold the various articles used by his nation in their religious observances, such as phylacteries, fringes, door-post plates, etc., several of which I purchased for a few shillings. The phylacteries go in pairs, one for the forehead, and one for the arm, and consist of *a tiny black box*, less than an inch square, attached to a long strip of leather. Each box contains a piece of parchment on which are inscribed four passages from the Pentateuch, namely, Deut. 4: 4-10; 11: 13-21; Exod. 13: 1-10; and 13: 11-16. These phylacteries, are worn in literal obedience to the command in Deut. 6: 8. The one used for the head is marked with the Hebrew letter "shin," and is worn on the brow; the other, which is plain, is attached to the left arm, and is so placed that it can be pressed against the heart, and thus serve to recall the words of David in Ps. 119: 11. Another curious article I purchased was a small garment known as "*Arba Confoth*," or "Four Corners." There is a command in Num. 15: 37 to the effect that *fringes are to be worn on the borders of the garments.* As, however, it would be inconvenient literally to carry out this precept, the Jewish conscience finds relief in inventing an undergarment, consisting of a wide strip of linen, with a hole in the middle large enough for the head to pass through, which is worn over the shoulders, falling down before and behind, and having the corners adorned with fringes. A third article I met with, worthy of notice, was a small plate, called "*Mezuzo*," or "door-post," a fold of tin an inch broad and about six inches long, containing two extracts from the Pentateuch on parchment, viz., Deut. 6: 4-9, and 11: 13-21. A small hole

*In addition to Bickersteth, Habershon, Hooper and Cuninghame, the following writers also similarly understand the Sixth Seal to commence with the French Revolution of 1793, namely, Rev. E. Cooper, Robert Baxter, D. N. Lord, Shimeall, Frere, Irving, Miller and others. Cuninghame, like many others, held that the 75 years (the excess of the 1335 beyond the 1260—Dan. 12: 7, 12) was the final interval between the earthquake of the French Revolution, in 1792-3, and the final great earthquake in the Time of the End.

had been made in the tin, which revealed the word "*Shaddai*," i. e., the Almighty, inscribed beneath. These little plates are nailed by pious Jews on the right hand post of every door in their houses, in literal obedience to the injunction in Deut. 6 : 9.

THE MEDICAL MISSION AT SHANGHAI.

BEFORE finishing his vacation, Dr. Henry W. Boone has returned to his successful work in China. A record of his labors, which he wrote prior to leaving New York, is published in the *Spirit of Missions*, from which the following is an extract:

"I began work at Shanghai somewhat more than seven years ago. The hospital was small, and soon became insufficient for our work. The Rev. H. N. Woo, now the chaplain of the hospital, interested his fellow-countrymen. They came to me, and asked how they could help our work. I said, 'We own one corner of this city block; buy the whole block for this work.' They hesitated at this rather large proposal; but Mr. Li Chu Bing, the leader, said, 'Don't tell any one, or the price of the land will rise.' They meant it, and in a few months they bought the land and pulled down the houses which were standing upon it. Then they came and asked for plans to build new wards. I gave them plans for one-story pavilions. They said, 'Land is dear; make them two-storied.' I did so, stipulating for first-class work and materials. They built the wards, re-modelled the old building, and have helped to support the work ever since. We have four good buildings, furnished with the best of everything and supplied with good instruments and the best of drugs. We earn a part of our support, as we have paying as well as charity wards. The officials, the Chinese and the foreign residents contribute every year, and for years our St. Luke's Hospital has been self-supporting."

FIFTY YEARS AMONG INDIANS.

A ROMANTIC incident is related by Elizabeth P. Allan in the *Independent*, which is strictly true, yet rivals in thrilling interest the most sensational fiction. It illustrates the fact that many of Satan's captives remain away from their Heavenly Father because they are deceived by their captor, who desires to keep them, and persuades them it is useless to return (Ezek. 13 : 22).

In the early days of the settlement of Virginia, a young man and his wife and their two sons, Daniel and Samuel, aged eleven and nine years respectively, lived in Bath County, then a wilderness, cleared only in patches. They and their neighbors erected a stockade fort as a refuge from the Indians, and it was not an unnecessary precaution. One day the two boys, returning home from an excursion, caught sight of an Indian stealthily crawling through the underbrush. They knew only too well what that meant. Dan sent his brother to the stockade to give the signal of alarm, while he ran around to the clearing where his father and mother were, to warn them. But the Indians were too quick for the boys. Dan was seized and kept for torture, while Sam arrived at the fort only to find it in flames. The Indians became alarmed at the approach of Captain Paul and his band and made their escape, carrying Dan with them.

They did not carry out their threat of putting him to the torture, but disposed of him to a Frenchman, who had married a squaw and lived with the tribe. They told him that his home was burned and his father and mother and brother were all killed, and showed him the pile of bloody scalps in proof. The boy was kept in the tribe and made useful in various ways at their settlement at Lake Huron. He fully believed the Indians, and feeling now that he had no home, made no attempt to run away. Eventually he became valuable to the Indians as an interpreter and, marrying one of the Frenchman's dusky daughters, settled down among them.

Fifty years after the attack on the home of Dan's parents, he, with a grown-up son and daughter and a few warriors, passed through Virginia. They went to a handsome house standing on the site of Dan's home, where with the hospitality of that day they were invited to remain. Supper was served in the large kitchen, and when it was on the table the host went into an inner room and returned with a venerable lady on his arm. Instantly Dan, clad in his Indian costume, sprang to his feet, and with his son and daughter ran to meet her. In Indian fashion they knelt before the white-haired octogenarian and remained silent. The old lady looked at them in astonishment, and then more closely. At last, throwing her arms around her son's neck, she cried, "O Dan, my boy, my boy!" After half a century she knew him, though he was but a boy when she lost him, and he was now an elderly man.

During all those years the boy had never doubted the Indian story of the massacre, but, a month before his return, a Virginian had visited the tribe, and Dan, learning his origin, had questioned him. The Virginian told him that his mother and brother were still alive. Instantly with his children and warriors he set out to see them. As long as his mother lived he remained with her, but after her death he bade good-by to his brother and returned to the tribe; the habits of a lifetime being too strong to uproot.

A ROBBER ROBBED.

A PRESS despatch from Omaha, Neb., gives a curious history of some stolen money. God does not always punish sin in this life. Sometimes He allows the wrongdoer to prosper and fill up the measure of his iniquity, but in this case the criminal doubtless bitterly regrets his crime already. He has discovered, what all wrongdoers discover sooner or later, that he that sins against God "wrongs his own soul" (Prov. 8 : 36.)

Last spring a highwayman named Parker robbed Paymaster Bash at Antelope Springs, Wyoming Ter., of a large sum of money. The haul was all in new bills, and Parker could not use them without causing suspicion. He made an attempt to pass them in Logan County, Neb., but information was given to the police and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Parker defended himself with a revolver, and after several shots had been fired he was allowed to escape. But the news that he was guilty got abroad, and three robbers, knowing that he must have the money somewhere in his possession, resolved to get it. They went to his house, surprised him, overpowered him, and secured the bulk of his plunder. Parker recognized the men and had them arrested. The case was so clear against them that they knew they would be convicted unless they secured the best lawyers. They did so, and escaped conviction, but the bulk of their plunder was absorbed in fees. Now Parker has been arrested for the original crime, and is likely to have a long term of imprisonment. Meanwhile very little of the stolen money seems to have remained with any of the criminals, but is in the possession of the lawyers.

A SHOEBLACK'S RESCUE.

AMONG the crowd of waifs whom Dr. T. J. Barnardo has picked up from the streets of London, and fitted by a religious education to become valuable emigrants for Canada, one of the most hopeful is "Joe the shoeblack." The philanthropic doctor says: "Joe was a good humored steady, clever lad; the box he slung across his shoulder was of his own manufacture. But he was as poor as could be. He seldom or never wore a coat, or had a coat to wear; his ragged shirt and an old pair of pantaloons were all the raiment he possessed; yet the boy never whined, but always seemed as if he had no fault to find with his condition or surroundings. He was bright, merry and very respectful to those customers who patronized his box. He managed to evade school, not because he had no desire to learn, but because school necessarily took up much time that for him had to be spent in more practical ways; and so it is not to be wondered at, that Joe grew up to his fifteenth year a veritable street heathen. Come down some day to Stepney Causeway, when about twenty lads are called out from the greater body to clean the boots of their companions before they assemble on parade. Among the boot-cleaners are two who are conspicuous by the ability with which they do their work, and one of these is Joe. He has had a new life and a new experience since he has been in the Stepney Home, and if he goes on as he has begun, I trust that next year he will accompany a party of boys to the Canadian shores. There is no work on God's earth to be compared with that of saving of poor boys and girls from the perils of the streets, and the dangers of orphanhood; and if Christian men and women throughout England and the world will continue to hold up my hands, I will press on unfalteringly with the work while God gives me breath."

A PETITION IN A LOCKET.

IN explaining the origin of the Medical Association for Women, inaugurated by Lady Dufferin, the *Indian Witness* refers to the sickness and recovery of a prominent native lady. It says: "Out of this suffering lady's heart this great Association has burst into life. Doomed to confinement, although in a royal palace, tortured by a painful disease which nothing but skill and tender nursing could alleviate, and that skill not available, on account of the seclusion to which custom has doomed all native ladies, there arose in the heart of this native queen a great desire not only to be helped and relieved of her own suffering, but that all her Indian sisters might also share with her the great boon.

This lady was the Maharani of Punna. During the year 1881, while Miss Beilby was carrying on her medical work in the city of Lucknow, she was summoned by the Maharajah of Punna to the chamber of his suffering wife. Miss Beilby, whose heart had often been touched by the woes and pain of the women who crowded her hospital and dispensary, saw in this invitation a possible opportunity for enlisting the interest of the higher classes of India in medical aid for women, and did not refuse to undertake this new-found duty: she at once started on her journey of near a hundred miles. For weeks she remained in that city, the only European there. She devoted herself to the sick lady with her skill, and was repaid in her complete recovery. About this time Miss Beilby was arranging to return home, to take a degree in a regular medical college. The *Rani* was aware of this fact, and could no longer refrain from making her great desire known to the physician who had so greatly relieved her."

She begged "Doctor Miss Sahiba" to write a message to the Queen of England, which she dictated, and to "write it small." This was done, and the native princess enclosed it in a costly locket, and sent it to the Queen. It was a description of the suffering of the women of India, and their neglected condition. The Queen sent a message of sympathy; but Lady Dufferin, who is the wife of the Viceroy, has organized an Association which has already five branches, and has done inestimable service.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Suspension of the Fishery Negotiations until after the holidays has caused some disappointment. It was hoped that if an agreement had not been reached by this time, that such progress would have been made as to justify hopes of a speedy settlement. The rumors that have leaked out, however, do not encourage such hopes. It is stated that Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian representative, has hitherto been the chief spokesman, Mr. Chamberlain and the British Minister acting on the principle that the British Government is not directly concerned in a matter exclusively affecting Canada, and that any settlement satisfactory to the United States and Canada will be acceptable to Great Britain. Sir Charles Tupper appears on his side to be mainly directing his efforts to securing the free admission of Canadian fish at American ports, and if that is granted he is prepared to concede every other point in dispute, even to that of admitting American ships to inshore fishery. The New England fishermen, however, are so firmly opposed to that concession that it is believed Mr. Bayard will not grant it. Possibly at Ottawa, where Mr. Chamberlain has gone on a visit to the Governor-General, he may get light on the question which will enable him to devise some plan mutually acceptable.

The Restriction of Immigration Has Been already brought under consideration in Congress, in response to the general public demand expressed throughout the Union. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, has introduced a bill for the purpose in the Senate, and Senator Reagan, of Texas, proposes to introduce another. The main idea of the Morrill bill is, to establish an inspection by our Consuls at foreign ports and to shut off undesirable emigrants before they cross the ocean. That of the Reagan bill is to establish a more rigid inspection, under Federal authority, at our own ports, and to require the steamship companies to give bonds that they will not bring over certain specified classes of persons, including paupers, lunatics, convicts, and inhabitants of places at which contagious diseases prevail. While the former is probably the one that will be most effective, the latter is also a necessity, and needs to be better organized and systematized than at present. There is also urgent need for a check for which neither bill makes provision—that of naturalization. Some better test of fitness for citizenship than five years' residence is required, and Congress will do well to provide it, either by a clause in one of the bills or by separate legislation.

An Effort to Deal with Anarchists is being made in Congress by Mr. Adams, of Illinois. He has introduced a bill giving the President power to expel anarchists from the country. His motive is entitled to all commendation ; for anarchists are out of place in this free country, where the people make the laws and can amend them when they choose. Nevertheless his bill is a mistake. Congress has no constitutional power to enact any such measure. It can exclude immigrants whom it deeems undesirable, as has been proved in the case of the Chinese, but it cannot send any person living here into exile, in time of peace. Any person, whether citizen or alien, committing crime or inciting to violence, which is the offence of the Anarchists, is entitled to be tried by jury. Mr. Adams would clothe the President with the functions of a despotic monarch, and would thus introduce into our Government the very element which extenuates the plots of Anarchists. Besides which his bill would infringe State rights, which in these times cannot be too jealously guarded. Every State must retain the power to maintain order within its borders, and to punish its own criminals.

The Abolition of Secret Sessions in the Senate, which was hotly debated last year, is proposed again. On December 13 Senator Platt, of Connecticut, offered an amendment to the Senate rules, providing for public consideration of both nominations and treaties. The proposition, so far as it relates to treaties, is of less importance than as to nominations. Every treaty that is of any considerable interest finds its way into the newspapers, which also publish the utterances of Senators in "secret" session. As to nominations, the executive sessions are retained only to protect the Senators from responsibility and from exposure. The President would be glad to have them done away with, as it would then give the public an opportunity of judging between him and the Senate in all disputes. The secrecy is of but little protection to Senators, and it produces the impression in the country that in secret sessions Senators do and say things which they would not like to see in print. It is understood that more Democratic votes will be cast for the bill this year than were cast last year, owing to Mr. Cleveland's attitude.

An Important Convention of Republican clubs was held last week in New York. Over a thousand delegates from all parts of the country assembled in Chickering Hall on December 15. The convention was not called to nominate any candidate for the presidency, nor to endorse the claims of any leader, but there could be no mistake as to its opinion. With the exception of the delegation from Ohio, which cheered lustily when the name of Sherman was mentioned, the whole convention seemed entirely unanimous for Mr. Blaine. Whenever his name was uttered, the greeting it received was wildly enthusiastic, and left no doubt on the mind of any one that the nomination will be his if he cares to have it. The convention adopted plans organizing State leagues of clubs and a National League, which was the purpose for which the convention was called, and erected a tariff platform of a strong protectionist type.

The President of the Fidelity Bank in Cincinnati has received a sharp lesson for his share in the wrecking of the bank. On December 12, Judge Sage sentenced him to ten years in the Penitentiary, and overruled his application for an appeal. He would not even allow him a few days to arrange his business affairs, but ordered him to be taken to Columbus without delay. It is impossible to withhold sympathy from a man of position and education in such a predicament, but there is no doubt that the sentence is a righteous one. The number of persons whose lives were wrecked by his financial operations and who have now no provision left for sickness or old age is enormous. We can but hope that this swift and crushing retribution may have the effect it is intended to have—that of warning persons in similarly responsible positions that negligence or maladministration of their trust will be punished without fail. On December 13, the cashier of the same bank was placed on trial, charged with misapplication of the funds and making false entries in the books.

An Overwhelming Disaster in China was reported only last week, though it occurred at the end of September. The news is contained in Chinese papers, which state that the Yellow River overflowed its banks in the province of Honau, and describe it as one of the most appalling occurrences in loss of life and property recorded in recent times. The river broke its banks on the evening of September 28, southwest of the city of Chingehow, and not only completely inundated that city, but also *ten other populous cities*. The whole area is now a raging sea ten to thirty feet deep where it was once a densely populated and rich plain. The former bed of the Yellow River is now dry, and the present lake was the bed of the river centuries ago. The loss of life is incalculable, and the statement is made by missionaries that *millions of Chinese are homeless and starving*. The Governor in Honau in his official reports to the Throne says: "Nearly all the people have been drowned in the district reached by the water, the survivors being those who escaped to the high ground or took refuge in trees, where they remained till they were rescued." The district under water is over seven thousand square miles in extent, and was formerly one of the richest and most populous in China. Money will be sorely needed to save the lives of those who escaped the flood, as they are without food.

A French Cabinet was Formed last week after many efforts. M. Fallieres failed, as M. Goblet had done. And President Carnot then sent for M. Tirard and again urged him to undertake the task. He has succeeded in getting a cabinet together, but not one that commands the confidence of the Chamber of Deputies. It may be driven out of office at any moment by a combination of any two of the many parties in the Legislature. The difficulties of the new President are enormous. He cannot govern without a Cabinet acceptable to the Legislature, yet no party is strong enough alone to support a cabinet of its own representatives. In trying to form a coalition cabinet of members of two or more parties, the President is met by other difficulties. The men will not work together and they lose standing with their party by associating with their opponents. The result is a state of political chaos which demands the genius of a Bismarck for its successful manipulation. The attitude of the parties was further embittered on December 10, by the *attempted assassination of M. Ferry* by a half-crazy politician, who fired three shots at him, wounding him slightly. It is expected that in the event of his cabinet being defeated, M. Carnot will lay the case before the people and dissolve the chamber, trusting that in electing a new House the people will show more patriotism than the politicians.

The Uneasiness in Europe, Caused by the concentration of troops on the Austro-Russian frontier, increased rather than diminished last week. A prominent Russian journal, in undertaking to explain away the significance of the movement, fomented the apprehensions of Austria and Germany. It made a comparison between the effective strength of Russia and that of her neighbors, and said that Russia had not made relative progress of late years. The alliance of Austria, Germany and Italy was a menace to Russia, which could not be ignored, and while the military chiefs of Russia do not fear the result of a conflict with the three Powers combined, they must make fit preparations for defence. This explanation, while ostensibly pacific, clearly implied an expectation of war, and, as Russian journals are inspired by the Government, it aroused general alarm.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with this journal, have been received to the amount of $22.50. They are from Parsons, Kan., $2.50; Syracuse, N. Y., $1; Hillsdale, Mich., $1; Omaha, Neb., $3; Burlington Junction, Iowa, $1; Philadelphia, Pa., $1.50; Platteville, Ont., Can., $2.50; Baltimore, Md., $2; Menno, Pa., $1; Newark, N. J., $1; Denbigh, Ont., Can., $4; Marlboro, N. J., $2. There are still a large number of applicants earnestly desiring that the paper may be sent to them next year, some of whom say that during the past year their labors were blessed to a very remarkable extent, and ascribe the result to the blessing of God on the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which have thrown light on passages of Scripture previously dark to them, and have helped and guided them in other ways.

The Death of Mrs. John Jacob Astor on December 12 removed not only the acknowledged leader of New York society, but the most liberal and philantrhopic lady of the State. She was about sixty years of age, and since her marriage, forty-one years ago, she has devoted nearly the whole of her own personal income to the benefit of the poor and the afflicted. Every hospital and every instiution designed to help the poor was sure of a regular subscription from her, and she had several enterprises of her own which she entirely supported. Especially the children Mrs. Astor delighted to help. Thousands of poor, friendless waifs of the street were clothed, educated and settled on Western farms at her expense. The last party went out last Thanksgiving Day. More than once a single party has involved an expenditure to her of $40,000. Besides the money she gave away personally in her visits among the poor, she spent annually in charity over $100,000. It has been often said by agitators, not prone to speak well of the rich, that, if all millionaires lived like Mrs. Astor, they would quit their enterprise.

The Sight of Coffins and Caskets is Making the life of a citizen of Camden, N. J., a burden to him. Last week the Court of Chancery was called upon to decide a case which he brought. He stated that he is seventy years of age and has had from his youth a strong dislike of the sight of funerals, coffins and the whole paraphernalia of death, and as he grows older his horror increases. Eleven years ago an undertaker opened an establishment next door to his house. He displays an assortment of coffins, ice-boxes, etc., in front of his place, and those articles are being frequently carried across the sidewalk to his wagon in full view of his next door neighbor, much to the latter's annoyance. The power of the Court of Chancery was in consequence invoked to close the undertaker's business. The Vice-Chancellor, however, declined to interfere, unless the establishment could be proved a nuisance—which it is not, except to the old gentleman who brought the suit. One must hope that the objection to the coffins proceeds merely from morbid feeling and is not due to a dread of death. In the latter case the inference would be serious, and the old gentleman should not lose a moment in making preparation for the inevitable. Any Christian can tell him how he may not only overcome his dread, but welcome death as the door to fuller life (1 Cor. 15 : 54).

A Pillar of a Church Fell in New York, on December 11. Extensive alterations and a complete renovation of a church in East Fourteenth Street have recently been effected, and the place was again opened for worship on Sunday a week. A very large congregation attended the opening service. At the close, just as the people were leaving the building, a large hollow iron pillar, which was one of a number placed in the aisle to support the ceiling, was seen to lurch over. Those who saw the danger called to those in front to get out of the way, and there was a general rush. Three persons, however, were hurt; two of them were right under the pillar, and were hurt badly, while the third received a glancing blow on the shoulder, causing an injury which was painful, but not serious. An examination of the building the next day showed that the columns did not rest on brick piers, as had been supposed, but on wooden piles in the cellar, and the one under the column which fell had become rotten, allowing the base of the column to sink, and when the weight of the dispersing congregation passed down the aisle, the vibration brought the pillar down. The fall of that kind of pillar does not do so much harm as does the moral fall of prominent professors who are often called pillars of the Church. When that occurs the explanation is very similar. They have been standing on their experience, or their doctrine, and not on the only sure foundation, Jesus Himself (1 Cor. 3: 11).

A Curious Method, of Controlling Refractory horses has been devised by a professor at Harvard. He has been some weeks in bringing it to perfection, but having at length become convinced of its success, he announced it, and declared himself ready to experiment on bad specimens of the equine species. A horse was sent to him whose record was remarkably bad. It had the trick of getting the bit between its teeth and then bolting. Its jaw was like iron, and when once it had the bit securely in its grip, it would not let go. One of its owners had put a curb on it so powerful that in his effort to stop the runaway beast he had actually fractured its jaw. On December 15 the professor exhibited the animal in the Harvard Veterinary School, in a state of perfect docility. The professor had won the victory by *the power of electricity*. Two light wires were connected with the bit, and ran along the reins to a small battery in the buggy, and the professor, by a turn of the hand, could administer a shock of light or strong intensity without injuring the horse. Whenever he gave a shock he accompanied it by the word "Whoa," or "Steady." After a few shocks, the driver's voice was sufficient to bring the horse to a standstill, and it was so docile that a child might drive it. In spite of the Psalmist's injunction (Ps. 32: 9), there are many men who resemble such horses. It is well for such men if the discipline of God's providence, though it may be painful at the time, brings them into such sensitive docility that the voice of God, in His Word, is promptly heeded and obeyed (Ps. 119 : 67).

Bridal Robes in a Coffin Adorn the Dead body of a Californian belle. The Oakland *Tribune* records the death of a young lady, who a year ago was one of the gayest and brightest members of society on the Pacific slope. She was engaged to be married, but before the ceremony took place she wished to pay a series of visits among her friends in the South and East. During her journeys she contracted a severe cold, which culminated in consumption. She returned to San Francisco, and subsequently was sent to the dry, mild climate of southern California, but nothing could stay the progress of the fatal disease. Giving up all hope, she returned home to die. She had one desire that she was anxious to have gratified before death. She wished to be married to her lover. She was dressed in the wedding gown which had been ordered over a year before, and, her lover's hand in hers, was solemnly wedded. Then, with a contented heart, the loving bride sank slowly to her death, which occurred three days afterward. Two days later her body, again attired in her bridal dress, was borne from St. Stephen's Church to the cemetery. A more striking type of her blighted life could not have been found than in that corpse clad in bridal array, but if she had given her heart to the Saviour, it was also typical of the joy awaiting her when, as a member of the bride of Christ, she will sit at the marriage supper of the Lamb (Rev. 19 : 7–9)

Two Fatal Mistakes are Reported from Wyandotte, Kan. On December 9, two parties of hunters camped near each other in the Ozark hunting grounds. The parties were strangers to each other, one of them hailing from Nevada, Mo., and the other being Wyandotte men. All the men were astir early in the morning and went in different directions. One of the Kansas men wore a suit of ducking, which strongly resembles the skin of a deer and while he was passing through some underbrush, one of the Missouri men caught a glimpse of him and in the dim light thought he was a deer. Instantly he fired and the man fell. The hunter ran to secure his prize, and, to his horror, saw that he had shot a man, who lay bleeding on the ground. The wounded man seeing a man running toward him with a smoking gun in his hand, rightly concluded that this was the man who had shot him, but, wrongly supposing that he was an enemy coming to finish him, collected his fast ebbing strength sufficiently to bring his own gun to his shoulder and to fire in self-defence. The ball went through the man's heart, killing him instantly. Soon afterward the other hunters came up just in time to hear the survivor's story before he, too, died. The pitiful aspect of the event, is that each man was mistaken as to the other or neither shot would have been fired. There are many wounded hearts in the church of Christ to-day, through a similar mistake. The arrows of denunciation from their brethren which have pierced them, would never have been sped, had their relationship in Christ been realized. The apostolic warning was forgotten (II Cor. 2 : 7, 8).

BRIEF NOTES.

It has been finally decided that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church shall be held in New York City, beginning on the 1st of next May.

A gift of real estate, valued at $40,000, has been made by Ex-Mayor Thomas B. Peddie, of Newark, N. J. to the First Baptist Church, for the site of a new church, which Mr. Peddie offers to erect at his own expense, at a cost of $75,000

An Armenian class, with thirty members, for the study of the Bible in English, has been organized at Dr. MacArthur's Church, in New York. At the same Church, fifty Chinamen are instructed in English and Christianity by volunteer lady teachers.

Rev. C. W. Kilbon, of the Zulu Mission, has been in this country some two years, preparing a hymn and tune book in the native language, which is now ready for shipment. It includes about 250 hymns, and, owing to the peculiarity of the language, both hymns and tunes have had to be largely reconstructed.

Mr. E. P. Telford's services at Fall River, Mass., closed on December 15, amid many tokens of blessing. The mission has been one of marvellous results. Last Sunday Mr. Telford opened at Beverley, Mass. Thence he goes to Dr. Knowles' church, at Lynn, Mass, where the services will commence January 1.

Meetings have been held during the past two weeks at Baltimore, Md., by Miss Sisson, of Bethshan, England. Her Bible readings have attracted large numbers. They were given first in the parlors of a Christian lady, but had afterward to be held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and are now being held in the Lafayette M. P. Church. Much good is being done.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Collections in New York, will be taken up next Saturday and Sunday. Last year they amounted to $32,784.66, and other contributions from professions, trades and other sources, brought the total up to $53,051.98. It is earnestly hoped that as the needs of the hospitals continue to increase with the increasing population, the donations will also increase.

The Children's Aid Society, of New York, has issued an earnest appeal for assistance in feeding, clothing and providing for destitute children. During the past year the Society has given 260,304 meals to hungry children, and has had nearly 36,000 homeless children under its care, and has found homes for 2,974. Donations of money or clothing may be sent to the Secretary, Mr. C. L. Brace, 24 St. Mark's Place, New York.

The good news comes from the Baptist Ministers' Home, at West Farms, N. Y., that Dr. N. W. Miner has succeeded in clearing off the heavy load of indebtedness which weighed on the Institution, and has been enabled to place it on a sound financial basis. During the two years he has had charge of it, he has collected no less than ten thousand dollars. Mrs. and Miss Miner have rendered him valuable assistance in his labors. He deserves the most hearty support and encouragement.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, women or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD 63 Bible House, New York.

THE THREE CONDITIONS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16: 33.

Christ's Last Sermon—The Three States Revealed—I. Peace—Christ a Master of the Art of Peace—Undisturbed by Friends or Foes—Wished His People to Have Peace—Shouting a Sign of Weakness in Christians—Christ's Mode of Producing Peace—Foretold Trial—Explained its Purpose—Promised the Comforter—Declared the Power of Prayer—Assurance of the Father s Love—His Own Victory—II. Tribulation—The Cross Growing Sweet—The Devil Fawning—To be Hit on the Head—The Weaning Process—III. Victory—Christ's Brave Words.

THIS most delightful passage occurs at the close of the last of our Saviour's sermons before He went unto the Father. Let us treasure it as we lay up a man's last words. Wonderfully full that sermon is: it is of a piece with His last prayer, and that rises above all other pleadings of men. We shall never see all the richness of the grace of this sermon, till we have risen beyond these mists and clouds into the clearer atmosphere of the unclouded skies. In that happy country, being ourselves raised to a nobler condition, we shall be better able to comprehend the deep things of God, concerning which our Saviour spake in His supreme discourse. Meanwhile, let us apply our heart and mind to the consideration of these last words of the greatest of all preachers, the dearest of all teachers; and may the Spirit of our God open them up to us!

In trying to handle this text, aiming at the same practical end as my divine Lord and Master, I shall notice, first of all, *the believer in Christ*, and in Christ he is at peace; secondly, *the believer in the world*, and in the world he has tribulation; and, thirdly, *the believer in the world and in Christ*, and in that condition he has victory. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." May the Holy Spirit, the Lord and giver of peace, bless the word which I may now speak unto you!

I. First, you have the believer in Christ spoken of in reference to

His Peace.

Jesus saith—"That in Me ye might have peace." It is worthy of careful consideration that in Jesus Himself there was ever present an abiding peace. He had peace. If He had not Himself possessed peace, we could not have had peace in Him. But what a holy calm there was upon the spirit of our divine Master! Read His life through, and dwell upon any one delightful characteristic, and you will find Him perfect; but if you study it carefully, in order to remark upon His manliness, His self-possession, His calm and peaceful bearing in the midst of turmoil and provocation, you will find Him to be *a master of the art of peace.* Truly in patience He possessed His soul. Never man had more to disturb him, but never man was less disturbed. When His eager and foolish disciples would push Him forward or would hold Him back, He was moved neither in the one direction nor in the other by any of them; but he steadfastly held to the even tenor of his way. O friends, Christ has peace enough and to spare. He is Himself, personally, the deep well-spring of an endless peace, and therefore we can understand why we always find peace in Him. One calm and quiet man has sometimes spread peace through what else would have been terrified company. One Paul standing in the sinking ship saves all from ruin by the majesty of his immovable courage; and one Christ—such a Christ as ours—in the midst of a church, turns a horde of cowards into an army of heroes. His infinite peace breathes peace into our vacillating spirits. We rest because we see how He rests.

Now, as the Master had peace in Himself, He had a strong desire that all His disciples should have peace. Quietly He said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace." Our Lord Jesus Christ delights to see His people firm, calm, happy. I do not think that He is so pleased to see them excited, although we have those around us, who seem to think that great grace can only display itself by raving and raging. The religion of the quiet Jesus was never intended to drive us to the verge of insanity. "He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall his voice be heard in the streets."

Weakness Hurries, Rages, Shouts,

for it has need to do so. Strength moves with its own deliberate serenity, and effects its purpose. To those who think that saints should be maniacs, Jesus says, "Peace! Peace!"

We have a great end to serve; we have a grand life to live: we have a grand Helper ready to help us if we will but believe in Him; therefore, we need not blow a trumpet before we begin, and we need not make a fuss when we are in the midst of our service, nor need we lie down on the ground as if we were the most wretched of men because of our heavenly calling. No, but we may just feel, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge," and walk with God through life in that holy quiet which springs of conscious strength. Let us enjoy the calm of heart which comes of knowing that the reserves of God are infinite, and that at any moment they can come and deliver us should an emergency occur. Oh, that we could learn from Christ the art of peace!

But now notice again, that in order to their having peace, He spoke to them certain words—"These things have I spoken to you, that in Me ye might have peace." Now, what did He say to them that they might have peace? One thing was, that He foretold their trials. He said to them, "They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." Learn then, that one way for you to gain peace is to reflect upon it that trial is promised you, that trial is in the covenant, that persecution and the ill-will of an ungodly world are evils which you are bound to endure. They are guaranteed to you by the very fact of your being of the seed of the woman whose heel must be bruised; and they will come to you in your measure. Do, then, make yourself familiar with trial. Wonder when it does *not* come; and when it does come, say. "Ah!

You are an Old Acquaintance

of mine." There is such a thing as carrying the Cross till you are so accustomed to it that you would be almost uneasy without it. You may bear a burden so long on your back that, if that burden were taken away, you would feel the miss of it. The Lord has made some of His children fond of the Cross. It was so with Rutherford. He said at last that he was half afraid lest the Cross, which had become so sweet to him, might rival Christ Himself. *I never feel any fear of that myself*, for pain is very much dreaded by my coward flesh; but I suppose that there are saints who have come to feel that the bitter is so beneficial that they would prefer its tonic to the sweetest cup that was ever mingled. It is *an acquired taste, no doubt*, but he that hath it will be at peace about trouble.

The next thing He did to comfort them was, that He told them why He was going away. It is often a choice blessing, when you have a great trial, to know what it is sent for. If it is expedient that the dear child should be taken from your arms—expedient that the business should not prosper—expedient that you yourself should be struck with a sickness which no faith will remove, then you bow to the divine wisdom. The God who is better to you than all your fears, yea, better than your hopes, perhaps intends the affliction to remain with you until *it lifts the latch of heaven for you*, and lets you into your eternal rest. Now, when the Saviour told them why He was going, the condescending information was meant to produce peace in their hearts. He has also told you why your trials are sent to you: they work your lasting good: wherefore, rest concerning them.

Further, to give them peace, the Saviour went on to speak to them of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and what the Comforter would do. He enlarged upon that theme, since it was so cheering. Beloved, if you want peace, think much of the divine Comforter. Then He told them about the power of prayer. He said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name. he will give it you;" and again, "If ye abide in me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." What a breath of peace cools the forehead of the man who remembers that he may pray, and that prayer is heard in heaven! There is a noise in the streets, there is a disturbance within doors, even your own heart is perturbed; what then? Let us pray. The known

Remedy for Unknown Evils

is prayer. Oh, the peace that comes from the mercy-seat! You that are familiar with it will bear me witness that it is wonderful what storms it will quell, what cyclones it will quiet. All this must have greatly tended to produce peace; but as if this might not be enough, our tender Lord let slip a precious word that ought to give peace to all our minds: "*The Father Himself loveth you.*" The love of God the Father is a treasure-house of peace. The Father Himself—not moved by the importunities of His pleading Son, but Himself, of His own accord, loveth you. O Father God, how hast Thou sometimes been slandered, as though Thou wert backward to love us, and Thy Son must needs persuade Thee! Nay, it is not so. God loved His people, and, therefore, He sent His Son to redeem them. "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Christ is not the cause of divine love, but the sweetest and best fruit of it. "The Father Himself loveth you." Wherefore, be of good cheer, and let your peace be like a river.

And then, dear friends, He confirmed their faith in Himself. He so spoke to them that at last they said, "Now are we sure. By this we believe," and so on. This is the way to get peace. Peace comes by the way of faith. Those of you who are very fond of doubts, can, perhaps, tell me whether you ever derived any peace from them. Time is but ill used when we pore over books which are calculated to shake our faith: as well eat food which is sure to make us ill. The Lord knows there is sorrow enough in this world without laboring to make more; and I should like to ask all such critics and great discoverers whether they believe that their discoveries tend at all to the creation of peace in their own minds, or in the minds of others? Luther tells us how he found peace when one said to him, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Oh, if one did but believe what he professes to believe! I mean, believed it fully! That way lies peace—in

Believing up to the Hilt.

The childlike way of sitting at Jesus' feet, and receiving His words—this is the path of peace. Believing, and not questioning, is the King's highway.

I must notice that our Master's wish that we might have peace, was qualified by those two words, "in Me"—"That *in Me* ye might have peace." Remember, then, you may not expect to derive peace from yourselves. Our Lord did not even intend that we should find peace in outward ordinances, or religious exercises. No doubt it is very quieting to read a chapter, or to attend a service, or to come to communion; but it is not the Lord's intent that these should of themselves yield us peace. These are to be means to peace, but the peace must always be *in Himself*, in His own Blessed Person. We must get to Him, for this is His wish, "That *in Me* ye might have peace"—peace only in Him, but peace always in Him. Outside of Him it is all tossing to and fro, and question, and fog, and haze, and fear; but in Him we dwell as in a sheepfold, where the sheep lie down and rest. In Him we are in a home where all is love and comfort. His wish is that His joy may be in us, and, therefore, he says, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace."

II. I have been a long while on that head, and I want to be all the shorter on the second—

The Believer in The World

finds himself like wheat under the flail, for so the text puts it, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." That is, first, you are not screened from any kind of trouble. You are in Christ, and the Saviour saves you from your sins, but He has not promised that you shall have no sorrow. He has not promised to screen you from either poverty, or toil, or sickness, or slander, or any of the common ills of mankind. Some of the very best of His beloved have been enriched and indulged by being permitted to undergo much secret discipline of pain, and sorrow, and want. Your Lord, among the treasures that He gives you, grants a cross. You start back, and say, "Not *that*, Lord;" but He answers, "Yes, *this*, my child. This and no other." *The cross is the best piece of furniture in your house*, though you have sometimes wished it was not there. It shall always work your good: it does work it now. Some of the comforts allotted to you in providence will be questionable in their effect upon you, by reason of your sinfulness and weakness; but the cross which the Lord appoints you has no result but your good. We are not guarded from tribulation, but we are promised it, and we are benefited by it.

We are not favored by being promised the admiration of the ungodly. "In the world"—not merely in this present state, but in this ungodly world—we shall have tribulation. Worldlings may like a Christian for certain externals; they may admire Him for certain advantages they get from Him; but as a Christian they cannot love Him. That is impossible.

The Serpent Has Not Changed

his nature, but is a vile deceiver and destroyer still. He still exhibits his glittering scales, and speaks as craftily and flatteringly to us as he did to mother Eve; and, perhaps, to you he says that he loves you more than he can tell, only you are so unfriendly and suspicious that he has never been able to show his affection. Yes, he sees in you so much to admire that he wishes you were not quite so strait-laced, and then he could introduce you to his dear friends and children, for you would do them no end of good. *Hit him across the head if you get an opportunity*, for he means no good to you. Of all the devils in the world I hate a roaring devil least; but a fawning devil is the worst devil that ever a man meets. When the world pretends to love, understand that it now hates you more cordially than ever, and is carefully baiting its trap to catch you and ruin you. In the world and from the world ye shall have tribulation.

The text puts this in such a broad way that it gives a hint that in the world you will have tribulation *often*. Affliction is not with us always, but it is well to be always prepared for it. There are times in which we enjoy prosperity: some Christians enjoy much of it; and do not let them be much alarmed because they do so, for what the Lord's providence sends us is not harmful in itself, and is to be accepted without suspicion I remember that a person came to me once, and told me that she had prayed for affliction. I replied, "Dear soul, dear soul, do not be so foolish. You will have quite enough trouble without asking for it." If a child were to ask his father to let him be birched, he would be a strange sort of child, and I should think he would not be likely to repeat the experiment if he had a practical man for a father. No, no, no! That is not our path of duty. If God spares us tribulation let us be thankful to Him; but if He does not spare us let us be equally thankful. This last is a hard lesson to learn; but we ought to learn it. He sang a true song who gave us this verse—

> "'Poor and afflicted,' 'tis their lot,
> They know it, and they murmur not;
> 'Twould ill become them to refuse
> The state their Master deign'd to choose."

Brethren, I was thinking, as I turned over this subject, that though there is tribulation in the world, we still get far too fond of the world. We are always trying to pluck handsful of its flowers; and if its roses had no thorns we should bury ourselves in heaps of them! We should want to tarry here for ever, and say, "Lo, this is my home," if it were not that an unkind world gives us aliens' treatment, and forces us to feel that here we are in exile. One said to a great man, as he looked over his gardens, "These are the things that make it hard to die." As we are not to live here, but must soon be up and away to the better land, where our life can far better develop, it is meet that in the world we should have tribulation, that we may turn our thoughts and our desires towards that dear city of our God where alone is our dwelling place. Thanks be unto God for the tribulation which weans our thoughts from earth, and wins them for heaven; and let all the people say, "Amen."

III. But now, lastly, let us view the believer in the world and in Christ; and

This Means Victory.

I will occupy but a moment or two to say, that if we dwell in Christ, though we have also to dwell in the world, yet we shall overcome the world. I call your special attention to the words of our Lord Jesus in the text—"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Our Lord was as that time still in the world. Do you know where Christ was when He said *that?* Why, He was on the edge of Gethsemane. He was at the foot, so to speak, of Golgotha, where He was to die. He had not then borne the scourge and the Cross. Oh, but it was bravely spoken! The faith which abode in Him made Him say: "I have overcome." On the verge of the fight He said, "I have overcome." But up to that point it was assuredly true, as it was even to the end, that He had really overcome the world. Its blandishments He had overcome. Its temptations He had overcome. Its terrors He had overcome. Its errors He had overcome. Everything in the world that had assailed Him, He had put to the rout. He was tempted in all points like as we are; but He remained without sin. He had overcome everything that had come to attack His holiness, His patience, His self-sacrifice; He had been victor at every point.

Now, here is a matter of joyful consideration: our Lord says, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." But what cheer is there in that? Well, the cheer lies in the fact, which He does not here state, but which He had stated before, namely, that *He is one with us, and we are one with Him.* He does as good as say, "I have led the way in this dread fight, and conquered the adversaries which you have now to fight with, and thus I have virtually won the battle before you begin it." "I have Myself," says Jesus, "overcome for you that you may overcome in Me. Now, go you to the fight, to rout the already worsted enemy, and triumph over a serpent whose head I have already broken."

I have this last word to add. There may be some here who will say, "Look, look; these Christian people have plenty of trouble." That is quite true, but they are

Not the Only Ones to be Pitied:

The wicked shall find that there are special sorrows for them—whips of scorpions for them, especially when they get farther on in life, and their youthful fires burn down to a black ash. Woe unto sinners when they have to reap the fruits of their evil deeds! O sirs, I would not have to go through life without a Saviour, as you do, no, not if I might be made an emperor. To have to fight this life-battle without Christ is sure defeat. What a discovery it will be when having struggled through one life of sorrow, you shall find yourself beginning another life of greater sorrow, which will never come to an end.

It is an awful thing for a man to go from hell to hell; to make this world a hell, and then find another hell in the next world! But it were a blessed thing to go through fifty hells to heaven, if such a thing could be. It is glorious to struggle on through poverty and sickness and persecution, and to hear at last the words, "Well done!" That will be glorious. Who aspires to it? God help each one of us to labor after it, and given strength to carry on the holy war, and fight it through even to the end!

But if you are wrapping yourselves up in wretched rags of earth, and are living to make money, or to get drink, or to enjoy yourselves in the hurtful luxuries of lust, God have mercy upon you, and save you! Hear you the Gospel, each one of you! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The Lord lead you to do so, for His name's sake! Amen.

A POSTSCRIPT FROM MR. SPURGEON.

AT this time I am compelled by fervent gratitude to acknowledge, in the mass, a vast amount of loving encouragement, for which it is impossible for me to tender individual thanks. The "Down-Grade" controversy has cost me dear in several ways, and the pain of heart I have endured I would not wish any other man to bear. But the floods of enthusiastic sympathy have washed out the footprints of sorrow, and left many precious things upon the shores of my memory. I had cast myself upon the Lord alone, willing to be forsaken of all for the truth's sake; and hence it is an extra joy to find so many unlooked-for friends and helpers in every part of the Christian church. Human sympathy is in this case the basket of silver to bear to me the golden apples of divine consolation. I now know of a surety that there are tens of thousands that have not bowed the knee to "modern thought."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

An Actor's Renunciation.*

THERE was a young man of whom this story is told: he was walking in Central Park, New York, when he was accosted by an elderly gentleman, who, in a very polite way, begged of him to accept a tract. The suddenness of the offer, and the very courteous manner of the gentleman, led him to take the tract. He looked, and it was headed "Where are you going—after death?" An arrow pierced him. He tore the little paper into shreds; he would not leave a piece of it that any other person might read. Still the words were there, rankling in his soul—"Where are you going—after death?" He was a prominent play-actor. He had an engagement for that evening in one of the theatres of New York, but he was sick at heart; he could not play. He was told that he must, but he stoutly refused. Then he was ridiculed, threatened and persecuted. He fled to Chicago, taking with him a letter to Mr. Moody. Here he tarried, trying to acknowledge Christ, having left a lucrative profession, because he deemed it sinful, and beset by enemies who threatened his life. Like Paul, he had experience of what it costs to stand up for Jesus. His talent was acknowledged; he could have earned two hundred dollars a week; he was importuned, urged and threatened; but still he stood firm. The Young Men's Christian Association found him employment, at which he earned but two dollars and a half a day; and yet with the other door open to him, friends entreating, and enemies swearing that they would stab him to the heart, he did not go back. As for the courteous gentleman, who was in some respects like Paul's sister's son (Acts 23: 12–22), It was a little thing he did. He simply handed a tract, and probably did not know what became of it or what it did; but it waked up a slumbering soul, and brought spiritual life to a lost sinner.

A Servant's Reproof.

An anecdote is told of Whitelock, who was sent as Oliver Cromwell's envoy to Sweden in 1653. The night before he embarked he rested

* From "Living for the Master." By Lewis H. Reid. A volume of sermons for private reading; or for lay reading in congregations temporarily without a pastor. It is full of beautiful and original thought, wholly evangelical, yet free from sectarianism, breathing a spirit of gentleness and spirituality, untainted by acrimony or bigotry. 355 pages. Price, $1.25. Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph & Company*, 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

An Inca of Peru. (*See page 805.*)

Miss Bartlett Consults Her Lawyer.

at Harwich. It was storming without, and he was much disturbed in mind, as he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray, sir, don't you think He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust Him to govern it as long as you live?" To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

The Poor Student's Motto.

A few years ago, there was a poor boy in the city of New York who supported himself and widowed mother by selling petty wares from door to door. He was thin and pale, and suffered much from a disease affecting one of his limbs, but his heart was strong and his spirit light. In his round of sales he came to the theological seminary. The students became interested in him, gave him instruction, and fired him with the hope of obtaining a classical education. Suffering still from his malady, he submitted to an operation, but died from the effect of it at the age of seventeen, having previously prepared a sketch of his life, which was published. His funeral was largely attended; distinguished men were there; the great and the good wept at his grave. The secret of the impression he made was his high aims and unselfish spirit. In his writing desk, among his papers, were found these lines which he had copied and adopted as the motto of his life:

"To live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the good that I can do."

Dear young man—that is it! To live for others, to live for God, to live to be useful, is the only end worth living for.

A Recipe for Happiness.

Happiness is a fruit; happiness is an effect; happiness comes from doing, it is something you are to invest for. You cannot have it except as the interest on your deeds. The man who invests nothing should expect no dividends. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "He that watereth shall be watered." How strange it is that we do not better understand this! The more we give and do for Christ, the more shall come back to us. Is it not so? Have you not tried it? I say, to be a happier Christian, you must be a wide-awake Christian, full of alms and good deeds. A gentleman complained to his pastor that he did not feel as much interest in some object of benevolence—it may have been foreign missions—as he wished that he felt. His pastor replied, "Give to it; give more; keep giving till the interest comes." If you ever feel unhappy, go out and seek some one whom you can bless. If you want more joy, make others glad, and happiness shall come to you.

MISS BARTLETT'S BENEFACTION.

(*See Illustration.*)

"Here is a novel experience for you, Cousin Clara," said Miss Bentley, the cousin, secretary and almoner-in-chief of the wealthy Miss Clara Bartlett, as the latter entered their breakfast room one morning. "You are being dunned for money. Now I suppose there are many persons who would not be able to enjoy their breakfast after receiving such a letter as this. But you have that comfort; you can pay the man and take your custom somewhere else."

"What is it, Janet?"

"Oh! Ballard has sent a polite note, asking you if it would be convenient for you to pay his account. A heavy payment is coming due, etc., etc.; the usual excuse. I considered it very impertinent, and if you will write a cheque for it, I will take it to him and tell him my opinion."

"Let me read what he says, dear?"

Miss Janet passed the letter to her cousin, who read it carefully. She was a prim little body, excessively neat, and a little stiff and formal in manner, but a host of poor people loved her and called down blessings on her head. She was very rich, and she held her wealth as a stewardship to be administered in the sight of God. By far the larger part of her income went in relieving the necessities of the destitute, and this very bill, the payment of which was requested, was for groceries and coals sent by her direction to homes where they were needed. It was a somewhat large amount; but there had been a spell of severe weather and Miss Bartlett had been more active than usual.

"Do you know, this seems to me a genuine case," she said as she laid the letter down. I think the man must have been hard pressed when he wrote it. I do not think it impertinent. I will go myself and pay it this morning. I sometimes fancy that there is more distress, and perhaps more need of help, among business men than among the very poor.

Miss Bartlett looked at the letter again, and was confirmed in her first opinion and in her resolution to investigate. If she could have peeped into the home of the writer of the letter she would have had no doubt. At that very moment the young grocer was on his knees at family prayer. His three little children were trained to join in the Lord's Prayer, with which he always closed his morning worship, and as their infantile voices uttered the petition "Give us this day our daily bread," the thought was very heavy on their father's mind, that the time might be very near when there would not be bread for them, and that prayer would take on a very urgent meaning for the loved children.

The world thought him prosperous, and in a sense he was so. He had worked very hard to build up a large business, and had succeeded only too well. His capital was not large enough to run it, and just now he had a large stock and a large amount of money owing him, but no money to pay his own debts.

He went into his store with a heavy heart, fully expecting that it would be his last day there. To-morrow it would be in the hands of his creditors. It was very hard after all his toil. Miss Bartlett was almost the first person who came in. He fully expected that she would resent the letter he had written, though he had tried to make it as respectful as he could. He was therefore agreeably surprised by her manner.

"Here is a cheque for the account, Mr. Ballard," she said; "I am glad you wrote to remind me. These bills should be paid more quickly, and I will do so in future. I hope this will set your anxiety at rest about your own payment."

The poor fellow devoutly wished it had been enough to do that, but it would go but a very small way toward the sum he needed. It would not do, however, to let it be known to his customers that he was in difficulties, so he merely thanked her and said he hoped to retain her custom.

"Oh, certainly," was the reply. "I hope you are prospering. Business, I know, has many difficulties."

The grocer assented, but he would not respond to the implied invitation for his confidence, and Miss Bartlett went her way. Still, she felt sure there was trouble in that man's breast, and she was strongly impelled to help him. She hesitated at the end of the street, and finally, as if her resolution was taken, she turned in the opposite direction and walked rapidly. She entered a lawyer's office, and asked for Mr. Oldham. He was not in, but the clerks offered to send for him, as he was at his

home only two blocks away. But Miss Bartlett preferred to seek him herself, and presently the young lawyer was closeted with her in his snug bachelor room.

"I want you to make a very quiet inquiry about Mr. Ballard's affairs," she said in her usual direct way. "I want to know if he is in trouble."

"There is no need to inquire," Mr. Oldham said. "I happen to know that he is in trouble, and if he does not have about two thousand dollars in the bank to-day, he will be in worse trouble still."

"Is he an honest man?"

"Oh, yes, and a Christian man, too, but that does not count in a case of notes due. Money is the only thing that tells."

"Is he industrious and sensible?"

"Yes, I believe so, in fact he is a model man; but he will have to go just like the others if he does not pay."

"Will you please take my instructions, Mr. Oldham?"

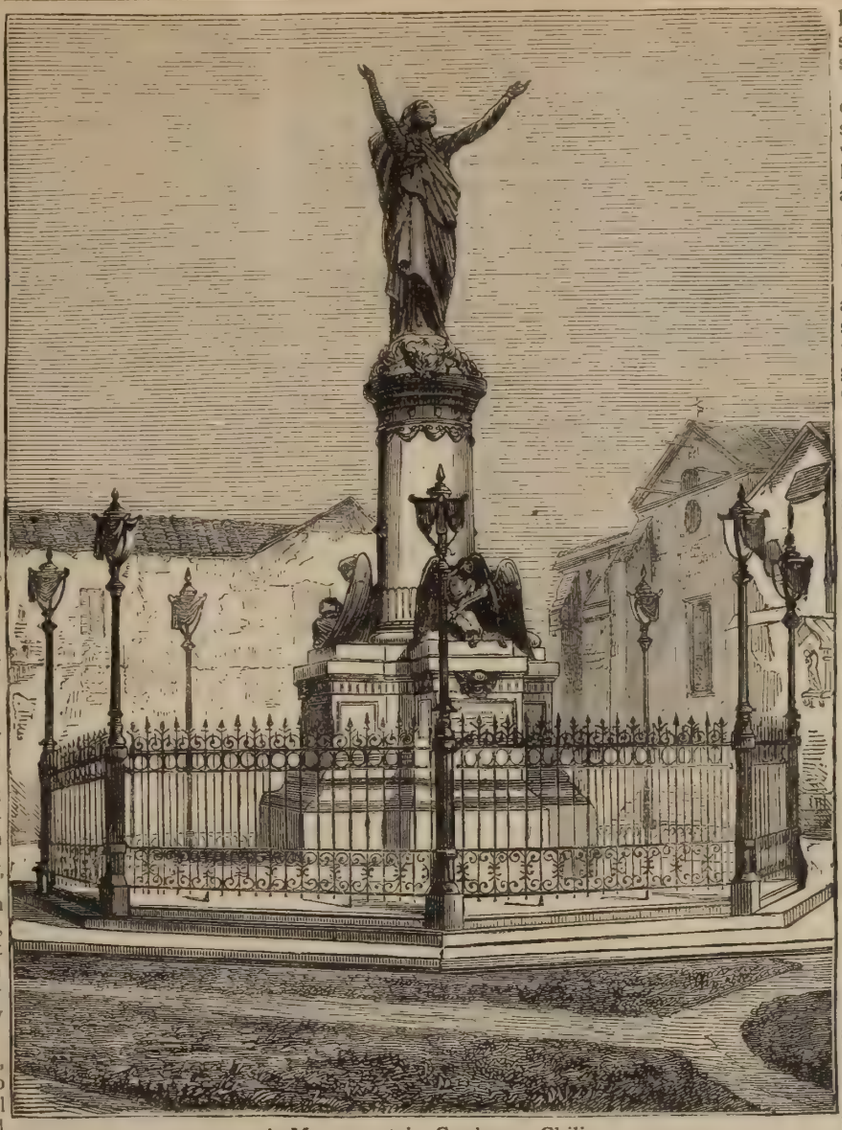
The lawyer produced his pocket-book and intimated his readiness.

"I want you to go to Mr. Ballard and find out how much he needs, not to meet this note only, but to give him permanent relief, and if five thousand dollars will do it, to advance him that sum on my account, not mentioning me in the matter."

The lawyer looked at her with a smile. He said, "As your agent, Miss Bartlett, I will do so; but as your lawyer, I must tell you that you are doing a very risky thing. You may, and probably will, lose your money."

"Thank you for the advice, Mr. Oldham, but I have made up my mind, and I need not tell *you* that I am obstinate. Good morning."

If any man has known what it is to be honest at heart, and yet to be, through adverse circumstances, so placed as that he may lose his character and see his family come to want, he can understand the ecstatic delight of Ballard when he received the money that delivered him. In a few years it was all paid back with interest, and he is able to help needy men himself now, and he takes delight in doing it. The timely help which saved his name and his home was, he firmly believes, sent from God, and when he knew in after years who his benefactress was, and talked of the matter to her, she agreed with him.



A Monument in Ganhago, Chili.

A REMARKABLE MONUMENT.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE visitor to Chili cannot fail, in passing through the streets of Santiago, its capital, to be impressed with the beauty and grace of one of its monuments, a picture of which appears on this page. It represents a woman, standing with outstretched arms, on the summit of a pillar, as if pleading to heaven in her desolation. The attitude is as graceful as it is expressive, and the beholder is irresistibly impelled to ask what are its origin and design. The event which it was erected to commemorate, was inexpressably sad. It involved the terrible death of two thousand persons, nearly all of them ladies. On December 8, 1863, the inhabitants of the city went in large numbers to the beautiful church of La Campania. At least three thousand persons were in the building during the hours of worship. Suddenly the cry was raised that the church was on fire. The scene of horror that ensued was appalling; not more than one thousand of the worshippers escaped. The others all lost their lives. Some were burned, others were killed by the falling of burned beams, and others again—and these, it may be hoped, formed the largest proportion—were suffocated by the smoke. All Santiago was in mourning; scarcely a family escaped without the loss of at least one of its members. It was not likely that such a disaster would be forgotten by that generation; but the Chilians desired to make the memory of it perpetual, and this monument was erected.

THE FAMILY OF TRIPE COURT.

By Brenda.

(*Continued from page 798.*)

TOM'S RETRIBUTION.

By and by one of the mother's hands moved, a slight color came back into her cheeks and lips, and she opened her eyes and looked piteously into those of her friend.

"My leg!" she whispered, with a sharp stab of pain convulsing her features; "the leg of that stool caught against it."

She did not say whose foot had hurled it towards her. But Mrs. Job knew, for little Sue had told her.

"It's broke the skin, from the feel of it. How ever shall I get up?"

She made an attempt to rise to get into the chair Mrs. Job set for her, but the pain and the effort were too much, she would have fainted again if she had persevered.

"Stay where you are, then, till you feel a bit stronger," said her neighbor. "Polly—oh, no, *you've* got the baby—Sue, I mean, just bring the chair round to mother's back, and she can lean against it—*so*; and now I'll look at the leg; perhaps a wet bandage may soothe it, my dear, and draw some o' the sting out."

Mrs. Job then proceeded to examine the poor limb, and was shocked to find what a state it was in. The spike of the stool had broken the tight purple skin, and inflicted a terrible wound.

"You must see the doctor for this, that's sure," said Mrs. Job gravely.

"It won't be any good. I was at the Dispensary last week," said poor Bridget faintly. "and they told me then it was no good my coming any more—they couldn't do anything more for me as an *out*-patient."

"They wanted you to go into the Infirmary?" suggested Mrs. Job very gently. She was almost afraid of mentioning the Infirmary to Bridget, for she knew how, for the past six months or more, friends had been advising her to go in, and how Bridget had seemed to resent the bare notion of leaving home as almost an insult to her, and certainly an impossible thing. Only the very last time when Mrs. Treeby had urged it upon her, saying it would "serve that lout of a husband of hers richly right to be left alone and to have to shift for himself for a little, and she only hoped she'd do it," Poll and Sue heard their mother say, "No, I never shall, Mrs. Treeby. I'd rather die than go." And when kind "Miss Mary," the Vicar's daughter, had begged Bridget to think of it as really the best thing she could do, for all their sakes, she had made the same quiet, determined answer, "I never shall. Miss Mary. I could never leave them all. I'd rather die first." So the answer Bridget gave now to Mrs. Job's half-timid question, "They wanted you to go into the Infirmary?" surprised the children out of their seven senses.

"Yes," she said. "They wanted me, and I shall go now."

Poll and Sue stared at their mother aghast. Had they heard rightly? Was mother dreaming? She had closed her eyes—yes, she must be dreaming. Such a dreadful thing as mother leaving them and going away could not be true. But their poor little hearts misgave them the next moment, for mother opened her eyes and said quite calmly:

"They will let me have baby in with me; she's not weaned yet; and you'll look after the others a bit as far as you can?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Job, taken aback too at Bridget's sudden resolution; "I'll have a h'eye to them while you're in You're downright sensible, Bridget, to make up your mind, Let's see, what is baby's age?"

A thought had struck Mrs. Job which made her anxious on the subject. Babies, she knew, were not allowed in the Infirmary with their mothers after a certain age.

"A twelvemonth old; but I haven't weaned her yet," said the mother, knowing what was in her neighbor's mind. "And Mrs. Blea told me they allowed them in if they were not weaned."

She spoke as if she were growing faint again, and Mrs. Job bade her not to talk any more for the present.

"I'll just run back home now, and give my children their dinner," said Mrs. Job to little Poll and Sue, who were still looking most amazed and frightened at what mother had said, "and then I'll come back again with some

of our stew for mother and you—it'll do her good. There doesn't seem anything preparing."

No, there was no saucepan on the fire, no signs of dinner coming in the poor room, and when Mrs. Job, after a very short absence, came running back with a bowl full of hot stew, enough for them all, Poll and Sue forgot their trouble a little, in satisfying the sharp cravings of hunger. But their minds were not easier for long. Mother could not be persuaded to eat her share; she seemed to be busy worrying and thinking over something, and suffering acute pain, which made her close her eyes and moan now and then. Presently she said to Mrs. Job:

"Could you go this afternoon, Mary, to the House, and see about the order for getting me in? I'll go as soon as they can take me"—which terrified them afresh.

Mother, then, really did mean to go into the Infirmary.

"Yes, I'll go off *now*," said Mrs. Job, delighted to see that she was still in the same mind. She had fully expected Bridget to change it. "They'll want to know your age, dear, and where you was born, and how long you've been in the parish, and when you was married, and how many children you've got, and what your husband is, and what his father and mother was, and what *their* father and mother was before *them*, and a whole heap o' things one doesn't see the reason for."

Bridget, from her hard couch on the floor, supplied such information as she could to her friend to carry to the poorhouse authorities, and then Mrs. Job left, saying she would be back as soon as she could. After this, Bridget shut her eyes and was very quiet, and with the baby clasped in her arms she seemed to sleep a little. Then the miserable children began to whisper to each other, huddling over the fire.

"Whatever shall us do if mother goes and leaves us?" said Sue.

"Run away," said Poll. "*I* shall! Fancy being left without mother to be thumped and bumped about by *him!*" jerking her little black thumb backwards towards the bed where Tom Mite was sleeping his heavy sleep.

"Yes, we'll run away," assented Sue, as if it were quite the best thing to have thought of.

Tom Mite slept on for many hours longer, during which much important business was done, and plans were settled, in the home he had made so miserable. At ten o'clock, when at last he got off the bed and stretched himself, having slept off his drunken fit, he became dimly conscious that there was something unusual going on in the room. Looking about him, it seemed gradually to dawn upon his stupid brain that things were different from what they were generally.

There was Mrs. Job—he gave his eyes a rub—yes, it *was* Mrs. Job. Oh, dear, he was glad it wasn't *Mrs. Treeby!* washing away at his wife's wash-tub as hard as she could; there was Poll helping her, and Sue, all shrumped up and miserable-looking on a chair, trying to nurse baby, and to keep her eyes open at the same time. They were so heavy with sleep, Sue was afraid to let them drop for an instant lest she should fall off her seat, baby, and all. And Bridget—Tom gave another rub to his eyes—where on earth was Bridget? Lying on the floor! What funny "start" was this? he wondered, as in silence he sat himself down opposite little Sue and the baby by the fire, and looking again he saw that Bridget was overhauling the family wardrobe—a rough deal box that had once been a seaman's chest, and which the Mites had bought for a few pence from a pawnshop down by the wharves, to do duty for a chest of drawers. Bridget had it open at her side on the floor, and she was taking out from it certain articles of shabby clothing, and placing them in a neat pile in a speckled handkerchief outspread on the boards. She seemed to be preparing a bundle for a journey. "*Another* funny start!" thought Tom. "What in the world did it all mean?"

Tom began to feel very uncomfortable. Everybody went on with her work, apparently too busy to take any notice of him. There was an awkward silence—nobody was speaking. "Why were they all mum like this? *another* funny start!" growled Tom inwardly, but he did not speak. He was quite glad when, after a few moments, the baby began squirming its puny arms about, and lifted its voice to cry. It gave him an excuse for speaking himself.

"What makes 'er so fretty this evenin'?" he asked of sleepy little Sue, who roused herself with a start to hush it.

"Everthink's in a h'upset," replied Sue, looking across at him with blinking eyes as she rocked the baby to and fro; "and the pretty dear knows it."

"What do you mean by a upset?" inquired the man, but in so low a tone that his voice was drowned in the noise of the baby's crying.

Sue rocked it quiet again, and was soon nodding over it as before, every minute on the verge of falling off her perch, but just saving herself in time,

"Will you have some supper, Tom?" said, at length, Bridget's voice from the floor. "There's a hunk of bacon in the safe."

Here was another "start!"—his wife offering him supper, and not stirring herself to get it. He turned his stupid, blood-shot eyes toward her, intending to give a sharp answer, but he hesitated: there was Mrs. Job there to hear him, and he was ashamed to do so before Mrs. Job. He always felt, if truth were told, a certain amount of shame after his drunken bouts, and especially so, if this good friend of his wife's was present. And yet another thing caused him to check himself: he thought Bridget's face turned toward him "looked a bit queer," yes, *very* queer indeed, when he took another glance. So, instead of answering her question about supper, he said:

"Why, you look as if you had seen a ghost, Bridge! Aren't you well, lying there?"

"No; my leg's bad," replied Bridget.

"Humph!" growled Tom, pausing a minute; then, "Is it worse than it was—than it's always been?"

"Yes, a great deal worse," now spoke up little Poll from the tub, where she was helping Mrs. Job. "Mother's so bad she can't stand up."

"You kicked the stool across the room, father, when you was in drink this morning," said little Sue, opening wide her eyes, and rousing herself to speak boldly—Mrs. Job being present, she dared to come out with the plain truth—"and it caught mother on her bad leg, and laid it open, and she fainted, and now she can't stand."

This ugly statement was listened to by Tom Mite with great uneasiness. He would have liked to have knocked little Sue off her chair, for making it in that bold tone before Mrs. Job, but Mrs. Job would only have thought still worse of him if he had, so he didn't. He felt a sort of angry sorrow and alarm creeping over him. Was it true what Sue said? Had he really injured his wife so that she couldn't stand? Why should he blame himself, though? Was a man ever answerable for what he did when he was "in liquor?" He hadn't the slightest recollection of kicking the stool, or of anything else that he had done that morning. Wasn't it hard that he should be blamed for doing things he knew nothing about? All this ran through his mind while he paused to think over the state of things; then he said:

"Aren't you going to try to get up, Bridget? What's the good of your lying there on the floor? It'll do you no good; you can't lie there all day to-morrow, can you?"

"No," said Bridget quietly; "I am going to the Infirmary to-morrow."

Her husband looked as if the skies had fallen upon him.

"*What!*" he cried. "Going into the Infirmary—*you*, Bridget?"

"Yes, Tom," said Mrs. Job, speaking for the first time; "there's nothing else for Bridget to do. She's badly hurt, and the doctors can't do nothing for her here. Iv'e got the h'order for admission, and she's made up her mind to go in at ten o'clock to-morrow."

Tom gazed about him, rueful and aghast. He saw it all now: the reason why Mrs. Job was there so late, the reason for the chest being out and the bundle being prepared, the reason for Sue saying "everything was in an upset."

"But, Bridget," stuttered Tom in an angry, upbraiding tone, "you used to say you'd never go into the Infirmary and leave us."

"And I wouln't go *now*, Tom, if I could do you any good by keeping out," was his wife's touching answer, "but I can't stand, so I can't work. I shouldn't be able to earn anything, or to do anything for you and the children, if I kept at home."

"But what—what—what is to become of—" *us* he was just going to say, but he changed it for very shame to "the *children*." "What is to become of the children," he asked, "if you go?"

"Mrs. Job 'll do what she can," said Bridget with a faint sigh.

She knew well enough how miserable it would all be in the home when she was gone. She could not trust herself to dwell upon what it would be like for a moment this evening. If she did dwell, the Infirmary order she knew would go to the winds; only the goading pain under which she was suffering, causing her to change color every moment, first to burning red and then to ashy white, kept Bridget Mite firm to her purpose to enter the parish Infirmary.

Tom was at his wits' ends to know what to say next. Bridget seemed really resolved. An idea suddenly struck him: he would see what pleading the cause of the baby would do. "She has always been weak over that ugly little brat," he said to himself. "If anything under the sun will turn her, it will be that brat."

Yes, true; their youngest born was Bridget's tenderest point. The Mites' baby was a poor little specimen of humanity—angular where it should have been round, very thin and white, and given to wailing, and never placid; "Always on the work," Mrs. Treeby remarked to Bridget, "because, Bridget, you are always on the fret yourself; never sparing yourself time to take even your meals in peace."

And because it was so sickly and so puny, and so unlikely to get any of the world's caresses, Bridget, like a true mother, had pressed it all the closer to her tired and troubled heart, and been from the first what her husband called "weak over it." It was this knowledge that made him resolve to mention "the baby" now as the surest way to shake Bridget in her plan, if indeed she could be shaken.

"What about *baby*, Bridget," he asked, bending forward, "not weaned? Have you thought what'll become of *her* if you go?"

"She'll go in along with me," said Bridget, and her answer crushed out Tom's last hope. His countenance fell like his spirits, and he leant his face in his hands, and gazed wofully into the expiring embers in the grate.

"Poll and Sue 'll be here to light the fire and cook the food time I'm away," said Bridget, trying to say something cheering. She felt so sorry for her unworthy husband.

Poll and Sue gave each other a knowing little glance across the room, which meant to say, "No, we sha'n't. We know better than that! We know what we've settled to do, don't we?"

"And there's some money to go on upon, Tom," continued his wife; her poor anxious mind had been busy counting up all she could leave them. "Three shillings in the mug there on the shelf, and Pat Tod, down at the wharf, owes me tenpence for three weeks' wash, and Bill Sling, at Simmons's Dock, sixpence, and several others owes me money. They're behindhand, but they'll pay up all right if you'll call for it and tell 'em I'm gone and the money's wanted! Mrs. Job 'll tell you their names and all about it; *she* knows."

(*To be Continued.*)

HEROD AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 1, 1888. Matt. 14: 1-12 Memory Text Matt. 14: 12.

Ver. 1. Herod Antipas, Son of Herod the Murderer of the Children, Matt. 2: 16—The same Herod to whom Christ was Sent by Pilate, Luke 23: 6-12—A Tetrarch the Governor of a Fourth Section of a Roman Province—Ver. 2, Herod's Conscience at Work—A Suggestion Reluctantly Accepted; See Luke 9: 9—Superstition and Cruelty Combined—Ver. 3-5: Double Adultery, Herod's Wife and Herodias's Husband being Alive—John's Faithfulness and Courage—Ver. 6-7: Salome, the Daughter of Former Husband of Herodias—Those Dances Among Romans were Immodest—An Exhibition Leading to Sin and Folly, as Theatres Do Now—Ver. 8-11: A Horrible Choice—Instigated by her Mother—Ver. 9: The False Pride of an Entrapped Man—Ver. 12: An Example to the Bereaved.

WHEN our blessed Lord had finished His parables of the Kingdom, He came into His own country (Nazareth). There He taught in the synagogue. It was a wondrous teaching, unlike any of the eloquent oratory of our day. He opened the Word, which was then only the Old Testament, and, finding the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, He simply read the first two verses in the power of the Holy Ghost, "and the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him" (Luke 4: 20). There was not an inattentive eye or ear in the whole of that audience. It was neither graphic description, vivid illustration, telling stories, or eloquent declamation which held the people spell-bound; it was the pure, unclothed word of the living God, read by its Author with all the force of One who knew and felt and weighed its every word. A dear man of God, in America, was known as a man of great spiritual power; thousands of souls were blest through him, and yet, perhaps, he never preached a sermon. In his meetings he simply read the word of God, conveying in his reading all the force and meaning which it had brought to his own soul. Oh, that there were more of this among evangelists! How many there are, who preach, not God's words, but their own! Jesus read the word, and then applied it with the utmost directness and the utmost simplicity. "*This day* is the scripture fulfilled in your ears."

A Short Sermon,

much shorter than the text; but it did its work, it showed the assembled people that *they* had to do with the words read, and that the words had to do with *them*. But Satan, whose ingenuity in providing distractions in religious meetings is an experience of to-day, was at the same work then. He led the people from the truth, by the simple expedient of suggesting criticisms about the Preacher. O, how often the cast of features, the tone of voice, the kind of gestures, used by a preacher, have been enough, in the hands of the enemy, to turn aside one of the arrows of God's flying, and a soul, which was really moved, has been led off from listening to God by a trifle like this! The thought aroused, it soon found expression, "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works?" Is not this the carpenter's son? They could not deny His wisdom; they could not ignore the mighty works which their eyes could see, but, instead of seeking God's solution as to their origin, and reading further in the Scripture, which He had opened to them, they reasoned together, and the result was that, instead of being saved by Him, "they were offended in Him."

A Young Man,

the other day, was talking about why God permitted evil, etc., etc., The Christian to whom he was speaking, said it was not by reasoning about God that one could understand Him, but that He revealed Himself to all who went direct to Him to be instructed. The young man, refused to ask God to teach him, and yet blamed God for not taking him by storm, and making him understand in spite of himself. How foolish, how petulant, how childish, how unreasonable, is man by nature! When a man wants to know a fact of history, he goes to an historian, when he wants to know something about chemistry, he consults the writings of one versed in that science. If he wants to know anything about railway traffic, he will go to the station master; if anything about the postal arrangements, to the postmaster; but if anything about God, he refuses to go to God, who alone can reveal Himself! He goes to his own created reason, to find out the uncreated Creator!! Jesus made one remark, a sad one, but, O how true, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house. And he did not many mighty works there,

Because of Their Unbelief."

Where unbelief reigns, there Christ does not work. He will co-operate *with* man, but He will not force Himself upon man. There are many congregations which do not believe in God's work of converting souls, and there Christ does not many mighty works of conversion. There is many a church where minister and people alike do not believe it possible that God can keep them from besetting sins, and cleanse them from the very desire to sin; there He does not do any mighty works in sanctifying believers. There are congregations all over the land which sympathize with the Scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' time and the times of the Apostles, in their anger that God heals the bodies of those who trust in Him. They are just the people who also would have said that Jesus cast out devils through Beelzebub; just the people who would have cast out the once blind man from the synagogue, because he had been healed by Jesus. They would have taken counsel to put Lazarus to death; they would have put Peter and John in prison, just because God was doing by His own Son, and in His name, what He had pledged Himself to do, when He said, "I am the Lord that healeth thee!" These people do not believe the words of God, because they know too little of Him to experience it themselves—and truly, amongst such Jesus does not do many mighty works, because of their unbelief!

It was at this time that King Herod heard of the fame of Jesus, and a kind of supernatural horror came upon him, that John the Baptist, whom he had beheaded, was risen from the dead. In imagination, he could see that severed head united by miraculous power to the body again, and perhaps even the very clear, truthful, transparent eyes of the Baptist might seem to be looking into his, and the unforgotten tones of the preacher's voice came back, "It is not lawful for thee to have her."

Herod had been Awakened

by John the Baptist from his life of sin. The power of God, which made it the fashion on the banks of the Jordan at Bethabara, for men and women to make a clean breast of it, and confess their sins, had had its power on this hitherto unabashed and royal sinner. His sin was patent, the whole land knew that he was living in sin with his own sister-in-law. Jealousy for God made John the Baptist feel this sin of the king's as though it were his own. In some way, either by John being brought to the court, or by a pilgrimage of Herod to the desert, the king heard this messenger of God. He made a profound impression on the king, "Herod feared John;" he felt the great difference between himself, the sinner, and this holy man of God; he knew that he was a just man, and one holy, and honored him, and when he heard him, he did many things (Rev. Ver, "was much perplexed"), and heard him gladly. Yes, he did many things, but not the right thing.

One Glaring Sin

was separating him from God. John laid the axe to the root of the tree, and said to his royal master concerning Herodias, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." Herod had ceased to be his own master, he had played with sin until he could not get free; he was too deeply involved to sever himself without a sacrifice; either John or Herodias must go. Herodias came to the rescue, she knew that either John the Baptist or she must the win day, and her first step was to silence John the Baptist, and influence Herod to cast him into prison. Then the unholy and murderous woman conceived the idea of bringing the prophet of God to the block. Herod's birthday came, and there was a grand birthday feast. Herodias so arranged that her daughter should come in and amuse the assembly of lords and dignitaries who were gathered to celebrate the occasion. Herod was excited; there was everything to flatter his pride; he was in a mood to be pleased. John the Baptist was not at hand to reprove him, his conscience was distracted for the time being, and the dancing of the girl pleased him. Everyone applauded and appreciated the amusement. It seemed only becoming that the royal spectator should act in a kingly manner, so Herod said to the damsel, "Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee." And in the excitement of the moment he threw aside all caution, and added, with an oath, "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom." It was

A Deep-Laid Scheme,

and the king fell into the trap. The girl's mother instructed her what to ask. All the aristocracy of Galilee were witnesses to the king's offer, and that she could not be refused. Without hesitation, she said, "Give me here John Baptist's head on a charger." The king was sorry. O, how gladly would he have recalled his words! But for very shame he could not. And yet, would not the shame of breaking his word in the presence of this august assembly have been less than the shame of living in adultery? Would not this shame before men of the world have been less than that which must yet come upon him, when he stands before the great white throne and is judged out of those things which are written in the books, according to his works? No doubt Herod excused himself, and tried to justify himself in his own mind, but the guilty conscience was there, and when Jesus began his ministry the terror-stricken being imagined that the murdered John had arisen from the dead to torment him!

And John? He lost his life, it is true; his ministry was shortened, but he had done his work, and would render in his account with joy. Was he to be pitied? A man filled with the Holy Spirit from his very birth? A man whose every day and hour had been spent in preparing the way of the Lord? Surely his entrance into the presence of God was enviable. But Herod went from bad to worse, lost his crown, but not Herodias; lost his liberty, but not Herodias, for she shared his prison with him; lost his soul, but not Herodias, the two lost souls share the same fate! O, how one is reminded of the words of Ezekiel, "Go ye, serve ye every one his idols

And Hereafter, Also,

if ye will not hearken unto Me" (Ezek. 20: 39). John was murdered. The wicked Herodias had her way for a little time; and the disciples of John "came, and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus." This is our one blessed, unfailing resource in every trouble—to go and tell Jesus, to go and trust it to Him.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others, are contained in the number for November:

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How sweet was the song of the angels of light,
As bending o'er Bethlehem's plain,
They struck their bright harps, and the silence of night
Awoke at the heavenly strain;
While mildly around shone the glory divine,
And bathed in effulgence so bright,
The mountain, the valley, the sea and the plain,
Once robed in the mantle of night.

They sang of the break of redemption's glad morn
The holy had longed to behold;
They sang of a Saviour in Bethlehem born,
So long by the prophets foretold:
They sang of good-will from our God unto men,
Of peace to a valley of tears:
They sang of salvation from death and from sin,
A balm for our sorrows and fears.

Then, "Glory to God in the highest!" I'll sing,
For I am a sinner on earth;
I'll welcome the tidings of mercy that bring
The news of Emmanuel's birth;
I'll go to His Cross, though a sinner defiled,
And wash in the fountain of blood;
I'll pray for the grace that can strengthen a child,
And bring him at last to his God.

—*Selected.*

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EDITH M. THOMAS,
T. R. SULLIVAN,
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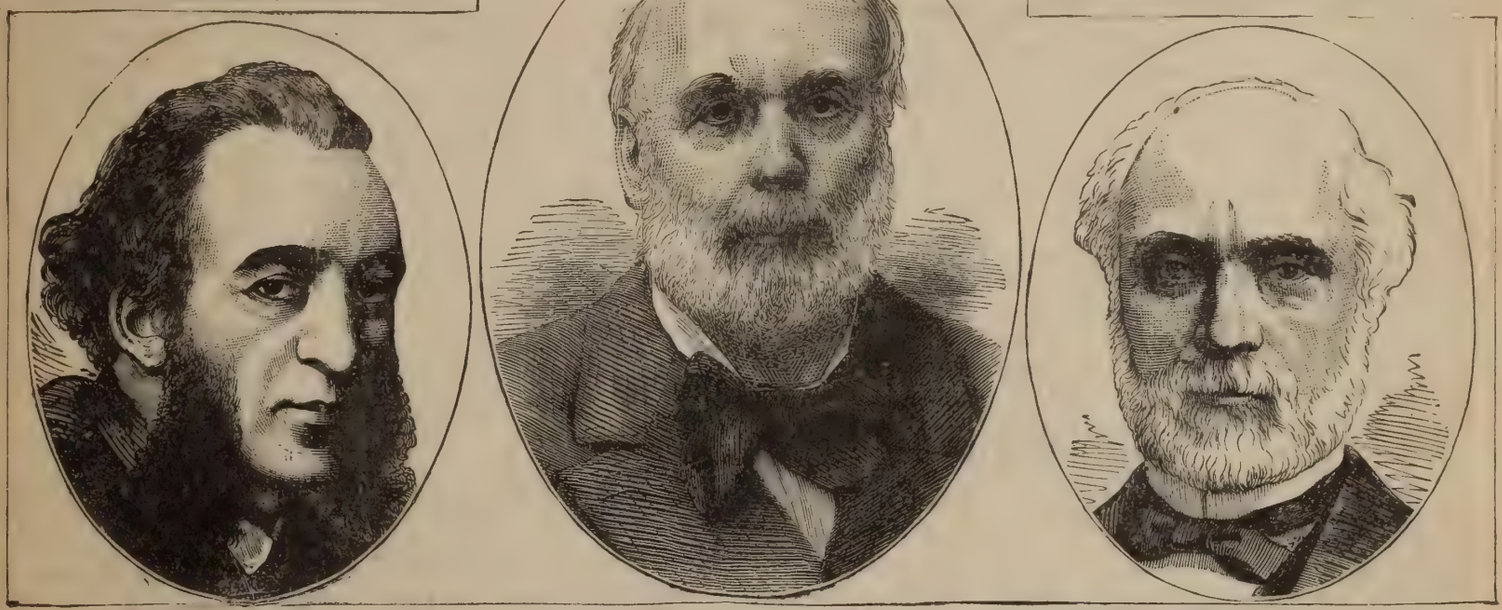
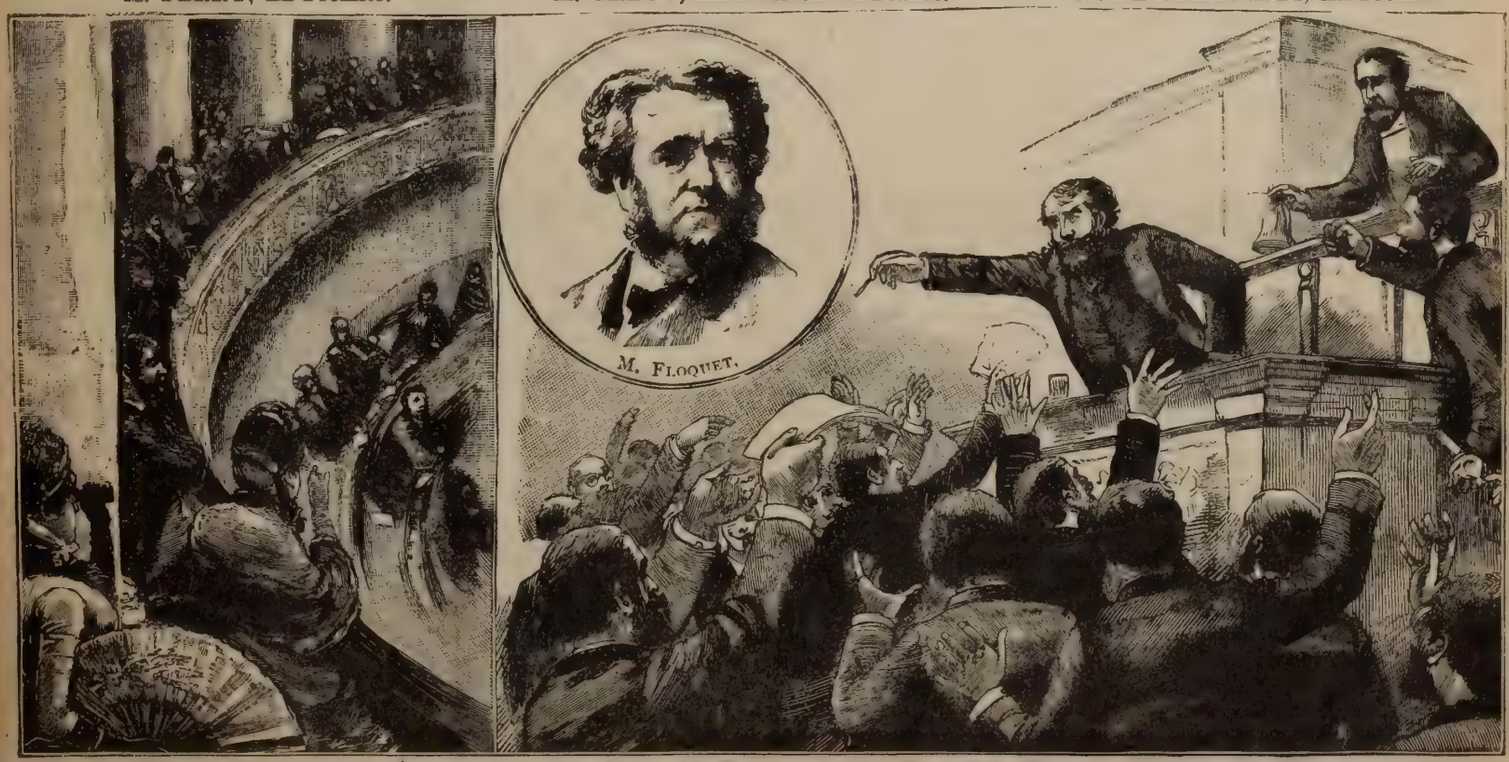


M. FERRY, Ex-Premier. M. GREVY, Ex-President of France. M. DE FREYCINET, Ex-Premier.



The Gallery and Tribune of the French Chamber of Deputies, During a Recent Session.

M. GREVY.

Ex-President of the French Republic.

THE Presidential crisis in France which involved the resignation of M. Grévy and the election of M. Carnot as his successor, has been fully described in these columns, but the subject being of supreme importance in Europe, and being likely to have very important results, it may be of service to our readers to give sketches of some of the most prominent statesmen in France, whose portraits appear on the first page.

François Jules Pole Grévy, *whose portrait* is from a photograph by Nadar, of Paris, has for the past nine years been the foremost figure in France. He was born at Montsous-Vaudrey, in the Jura, on August 15, 1807, so that he is now *in his eighty-first year*. He was educated in the College of Poligny, afterwards studied law in Paris and in due course was admitted an advocate, or barrister. He took an active part in the Revolution of July, 1830, and was subsequently much employed at the bar, as a defender of members of the Radical party who were charged with political offences.

In 1848, a year of commotion and apprehension throughout Europe, M. Grévy was appointed Commissary of the Provisional Government in his Department, and was elected to the Constituent Assembly, or Constitutional Convention, as we should call it, heading the list of successful candidates for the Jura. As a member of the Committee of Justice and Vice-President of the Assembly, M. Grévy took a prominent part in the proceedings, and proved himself to be one of the most able speakers

Among the Democratic Party.

Above all, his name is connected with a Radical amendment, which was not carried, on the question of the Presidency, and which was as follows: "The President is elected for an unlimited period. The appointment is always revocable." The motion showed his knowledge of his countrymen for though they would not formally adopt it, they have practically acted upon it throughout the existence of the Republic. At the sitting of October 7, 1848, the Assembly decided that the President of the Republic should be elected by universal suffrage and hold office for four years. Louis Napoleon was elected in this way and when the time came for him to go out of office, he, aided by venal generals and statesmen, overthrew the Republic and proclaimed himself Emperor. After the election of the 10th of December in the same year, M. Grévy opposed the Government of Louis Napoleon, and protested against his threatened expedition to Rome. After the *coup d'etat*, in December, 1851, by which Louis Napoleon became Emperor of France, M. Grévy retired from politics, and confined himself to the practice of his profession. But, though living a comparatively private life, his ability was not forgotten. Consequently, on February 17, 1871, just after the subjugation of France by Germany and the discarding of the Bonapartists, he was elected

President of the National Assembly,

then sitting at Bordeaux, and afterwards removed to Versailles, and in discharging the duties of this important office at a most critical time, he displayed remarkable tact, judgment and moderation. He resigned his office in 1873, when he was succeeded by M. Buffet.

At the general election in February, 1876, M. Grévy, on the meeting of the Chamber, was elected its President. He was re-elected by the new Chamber of Deputies, on November 10, 1877, and again in January, 1879. After the resignation of Marshal MacMahon, M. Grévy was elected

President of the Republic

for seven years, on January 30, 1879. On the expiration of this period, he was elected for a second term, and would probably have held the office until his death, but for the evil deeds of his son-in-law, M. Wilson. This man disgraced him by accepting bribes; and Grévy, who appears to have been unsuspicious of evil, was guided by him in social and political affairs. Wilson had access to important papers, as he lived in the executive mansion with his father-in-law, and this information he sold to stock speculators. He also used the influence he possessed over the President, when paid to do so, in the interest of the payer. When he was exposed, M. Grévy, instead of discarding him, refused to believe in his guilt, and shielded him with all his power. It was clear that Wilson would continue to be "the power behind the throne," and therefore M. Grévy had to resign.

M. FERRY:

Ex-Premier of the French Ministry.

JULES FRANÇOIS CAMILLE FERRY, *whose portrait is given on the left-hand side of the front page*, has attained additional notoriety by the attempt made on December 10, to assassinate him. He was born at Saint Dié, in the Vosges, on April 5, 1832, and is now fifty-five years old. He, like M. Grévy, studied law at Paris, where he was admitted to the bar in 1854. He joined the famous group of young lawyers who aided the Deputies in maintaining constant opposition to the Emperor Napoleon III. His chief prominence, however, came to him not as a lawyer or statesman, but as

An Editor.

In 1865 he was on the editorial staff of the *Temps*, and published in his paper a series of articles on current politics, which attracted general attention, especially those which contained a terrible analysis of the financial accounts of Baron Haussmann, prefect of the Seine, who was then occupied in rebuilding Paris, and who consequently handled very large sums of money. Foreseeing that the war with Prussia in 1870 would be disastrous, he, with his colleagues of the Left, voted against that fatal declaration of war. At the Revolution of September 4, 1870, after the defeat of France at Sedan on September 2, 1870, he and the other Paris Deputies were proclaimed members of the Government of the National Defence, located at the Hôtel de Ville. On the 5th he was appointed

Secretary of State,

and next day he was entrusted with the administration of the Department of the Seine. When the Communal Insurrection of October 31, 1870, occurred, he fought to suppress it.

At the election of February 8, 1871, he was elected one of the representatives of the Department of the Vosges. He was sent as Ambassador to Athens in May, 1872. After holding that appointment for a year he resigned it, and resumed his place in the ranks of the Radical Left, of which he became the leader. After the resignation of Marshal McMahon of the Presidency on January 30, 1879, M. Ferry was appointed to a seat in M. Grévy's first Cabinet as

Minister of Public Instruction

and Fine Arts. Differences arose when M. Ferry brought forward his Education Bill, one clause (the 7th) of which prohibited members of "unauthorized religious communities" (meaning especially the Jesuits) from teaching or managing schools. In the following year, M. de Freycinet, who had become Prime Minister, authorized the insertion in M. Ferry's Government Education Bill, of the clause levelled at the "unauthorized" religious Orders. The expulsion of the Jesuits was carried out but three Cabinet Ministers resigned through the odium it brought on the Government. On September 19, 1880, M. Ferry became

Premier

and the decrees against the Order were then carried out with the most stringent impartiality. M. Ferry's ministry resigned on November 10, 1881, on account of the attacks made upon their policy in regard to the expedition to Tunis. In February, 1883, however, after the fall of the Fallières Administration, M. Ferry was sent for by M. Grévy to form a new Ministry. This he did, himself becoming Premier and Minister of Public Instruction. As such, leaving the "religious question" to settle itself, he started upon a policy of "colonial expansion," and undertook the invasion of Tonquin. The vast cost, and the unsatisfactory issue of this invasion, were fatal to him; he was charged with having fallen into the Tonquin project, as a trap laid by Bismarck for weakening France, and with belonging to a syndicate which made money out of his adventures. He was suddenly overthrown by a decisive vote of the Chamber, in 1884, and has not been able to recover his popularity.

M. DE FREYCINET:

Ex-Premier of France.

CHARLES LOUIS DE SAULCES DE FREYCINET, *whose portrait also appears on the first page*, was born in 1828, at Foix, and is now nearly sixty years old. He received a thorough education as an engineer at the Polytechnic School, in Paris, and so widely recognized was his professional ability that at a very early age he was entrusted with several important mining enterprises in different parts of France and other countries. From 1855 to 1860 he was engineer-in-chief to the Chemin de Fer du Midi, or Midland Railway of France, during which period he initiated many important reforms in the working of the Company. From 1864 to 1870 he was a member of the Council of Tarn-et-Garonne, and after the fall of the empire at Sedan, he became Prefect of the same Department. In 1870–71 he was the coadjutor of M. Gambetta in the Ministry of War. In 1876 he was appointed Senator for the Department of the Seine, a position which he retained until 1882. He was Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1877 to 1879; President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1879 to 1880, and acted again in the same dual capacity from January to July, 1882, and returned to the same offices in 1885, after the resignation of M. Jules Ferry. On the fall of the Brisson Cabinet, on December 29, 1885, he once more resumed office, but retired a year afterwards. He is the author of several works on Engineering of acknowledged merit, and is a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences. He is a Protestant.

M. FLOQUET:

President of the Chamber.

CHARLES THOMAS FLOQUET, *whose vignette portrait appears below the other three*, was born at Saint Jean-de-Luz, on October 5, 1828, and is now, therefore, 59 years of age. After a period of successful study at the College St. Louis, he was called to the bar in 1851, and was soon engaged in a great number of political cases, and usually in opposition to the Government of the Emperor. When Prince Pierre Bonaparte was tried at Tours for the murder of Victor Noire, M. Floquet pleaded successfully for damages on behalf of the family of the victim; and he was also successful in obtaining the acquittal of Cournet, who was tried at Blois, in 1870, for plotting against the Government.

In February, 1871, after the overthrow of Napoleon III., M. Floquet was elected Representative of the Seine in the National Assembly, but soon resigned his seat, the reactionary press accusing him of having relations with the Commune, and of being its agent in the provinces during the second siege of Paris by the Prussians, a charge which was formally contradicted by him. The Government, however, arrested him at Biarritz, and he was confined at Pau until the end of June, 1871. In April of the following year he was elected to the Municipal Council, and again in 1874. In the senatorial election of January, 1876, he was an unsuccessful candidate, but obtained a seat in the inferior chamber in February. M. Floquet has the reputation of being a most effective orator, and as a Deputy has taken a prominent part in many important debates. At a public meeting held in Havre in 1880, he made an energetic speech in favor of the separation of the Church and State, as also for the suppression of the Senate. In 1881 he was elected Vice-President of the Chamber, which corresponds with our House of Representatives. He was the principal instigator of the movement, which resulted last

year in the expulsion from the country of all the members belonging to the royal families which have reigned in France, and for depriving them of all political rights. In January, 1883, urgency for this proposition was carried in the Chamber by a large majority, but the matter went no further at the time, though it was carried out in 1886 by the expulsion of Prince Jerome Napoleon and the Comte de Paris and others. M. Floquet was chosen as President of the Chamber of Deputies in 1884, a post which he still retains. He was one of the unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency of the Republic.

EXCITEMENT IN THE CHAMBER.

(*See Illustration on first page.*)

SCENES like that depicted in the illustration are far too common in the Chamber of Deputies. The excitement of the statesmen of our sister Republic is proverbial. They are easily aroused, and then they forget, for the time, their dignity and the decorum which should characterize legislative assemblies. From the gallery (seen on the left of the picture), visitors of both sexes and all ranks survey the scene with the enjoyment they have at the theatre. Many Deputies look positively maniacal, when listening to an unpopular speaker. They begin vociferating, and leaving their seats, rush to the foot of the Tribune, and even into the Tribune, where they threaten the orator. The noise is then so terrible that the President cannot overcome it, though desperately ringing the bell with which he is provided for that purpose. When he cannot overcome the "obstruction," he puts on his hat, which means that the sitting is "suspended'" until the next day.

The mode of voting is usually by ballot. The ballot boxes are very simple, being made of tin, round in shape, and colored green, with yellow margin. But occasionally the vote is taken by simply rising, or by printed slips of "yes" or "no," which are collected by the attendants from the deputies, as they sit in their places.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Prayer in the Hayloft.—Mr. Ralston Related: "There was a little fellow, a farm-servant, but also a Christian, who served both his Heavenly Master and his earthly employer faithfully. He knew that the happiest days he had, and those in which he enjoyed most blessing, were when he got alone with God and spoke out to Him the feelings and longings of his heart. He had much difficulty in finding a place into which he could retire, as he did not himself possess a private room, but having discovered that at a certain hour in the morning the hayloft was always empty, he daily betook himself there to enjoy communion with his Father. One day, while engaged in his devotions, a fellow-servant came up the ladder and disturbed him, so ever afterwards he took the precaution to draw the ladder up after him, so determined was he to be alone with God. If more Christians were like that young farm-servant there would be more spiritual life among them. Christ's advice is, 'When ye pray enter into your closet and shut to the door.'"

Jeannie's Prize of £50.—"About two years ago," said Mr. McLachlan, "I was in Ireland, preaching the Gospel in the town of Coleraine. Near that place there lived two sisters, who supported themselves by needlework, at which they were very clever. It was the custom for one of the sisters to go into town every Saturday with the work they had done, and return with another web. The younger sister, on arriving in town one day with her work, found that there was a prize of $250 offered for the best sewn web, the webs to be given out that day and returned that day two weeks. She procured a web, and came home determined to compete for the prize. But on her arrival home she fell ill, and was obliged to go to bed, where she remained for two weeks. The elder sister, whom she had told about the prize, seeing her sister would not be able to do the work, determined to do it for her. At the end of the fortnight she said to her sister, who was now able to rise, 'Jeannie, don't you think you had better take your web into town?' 'Ah, now, you are making fun of me; it is just the same as when I brought it home,' she replied, rather sadly, for she had set her heart on winning the prize. But she soon found, to her joyful surprise that the work was finished. Next Monday she saw in the papers that she was the winner of the prize. But it was not she who had earned the prize. Her sister did all the work, and she, taking her sister's work, presented it, and received the reward. Similarly, the sinner receives the great gift of salvation which Christ has won for him."

A Tremendous Struggle Ended.—A Working man said: "'I had a mate who was a sincere Christian, and he often used to speak kindly to me about Christ, and ask me to accept Him as my Saviour. One day he said to me, 'He that believeth hath eternal life.' 'Do *you* believe?' 'Yes,' I said, flippantly, 'I do.' 'Then you have eternal life,' he replied, brightly. 'I am not so sure of that," was my gloomy response, wishing he would drop what to me was a very disagreeable subject; but he persisted: 'Then you cannot believe.' 'But I do,' I retorted, angrily, 'do you take me for a heathen?' That was all that was said at that time, but it roused my slumbering conscience, and I felt that, no matter how I might argue, I was not right with God. I went to that friend's house, and had a long talk with him. I felt Satan was a hard master, and I wanted to be done with him. I professed to give myself to Christ then, and called myself a Christian. For some time I had no doubt about my salvation, but I had a very bad temper, and in giving myself to Christ, I had kept back that temper. One day I so gave way, that when I realized how I had fallen, I resolved never again to enter a church-door. I kept to my resolution for some time, but one night I felt the Holy Spirit striving greatly within me. It seemed as if this were the last opportunity I should ever have of yielding to Christ. Satan tried to discourage me, saying it was no use my trying, as I would never make a Christian, but in the midst of the struggle this word came to me, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man open unto Me, I will come in.' I saw I must open the door of my heart, and joyfully did it, and the wanderer found peace with God."

THE LONDON PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

AN important Conference on Prophecy was held in Exeter Hall, London, December 5-7. We are glad to be able to lay before our readers a brief *résumé* of the interesting addresses delivered on the first day.

Rev. M. Baxter gave an exhaustive statement of his reasons for believing that Thursday, April 11, 1901, will be the last day of this Age. He pointed out that that day will be the last day of the Passover Week of that year, which is exactly forty-five years distant from the Crimean War Treaty of Peace on the last day of Passover Week in 1856, and also it is 2345 years from Passover Week B. C. 445. His researches and the results of them were fully described by him in an article published in these columns on June 9 (page 364) last. A number of events expected during the next few years were described by him.

The *Rev. H. M. Barnett*, speaking upon Ezekiel's 38th chapter, remarked that Russia was there as the chief Prince of Rosh, Meshech and Tubal, predicted to invade Palestine, and five-sixths of his armies to perish. This, he said, will be at the time of the future Infidel Antichrist, who is to become leader of revolutionary democrats, and Emperor of the Ten Kingdoms that are to be formed out of the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire, during the next few years. Lawlessness is to be the chief feature of the Coming Antichrist, for he is called in II Thessalonians, 2:8 (Revised Version), *the Lawless One*. We are living on the brink of the most terrible times the world has ever known, when this earth will be steeped in bloodshed. There will be a future *literal-day* fulfilment of the prophetic dates and profigurations, as well as the past *year-day* fulfilment.

The *Rev. W. Frith* gave two able addresses, in the course of which he showed that while *all* living Christians will be caught up to meet Christ in the air at His Second Advent, according to I Thess. 4:16, 17, yet a *Firstfruits* company—the 144,000—will be translated *before* the Antichrist's 3½ years' tyranny, and the *Harvest* company of *all* surviving Christians will be translated to Heaven *after* the 3½ years, as shown in Rev. 14:4-15. The looming of a great European war, the seething of restless nationalities, the spread of Satanic power in Spiritualism, etc., indicate the rise of the Great Antichrist, who will probably be a Napoleon, to be close at hand. The great majority of Christians will be left behind to the 3½ years of Great Tribulation, but only a few—the 144,000—will have a happy exit by the anti-tribulation translation from this doomed earth, and thus evade and avoid Antichrist's persecution. Antichrist's literal Image will be set up generally in all the churches and chapels of England (as also the Rev. Mr. Graham has ably described) as well as in the Catholic churches of Europe, as literally as the *Madonna* is set up in those Romish churches as an object of worship. How solemn to think that the manifestation of that Dark Personage, Antichrist, is during the next few years. The Nihilists, Socialists, Communists, are all elements that are preparing the way, and will fuse into the great organization of Antichrist.

Rev. J. Wilkinson mentioned that Zechariah's description of a past tribulation is a good picture of Antichrist's future tyranny. "There was no hire for man, nor any hire for beast, neither was there any peace for him that went out, nor for him that came in, because of the affliction, for I set all men, everyone against his neighbor" (Zech. 8:10). Antichrist will, however, never succeed in producing blank atheism on the face of the earth as long as the Jews exist. He will try to "cut them off from being a nation," but just then the clouds part asunder over Mount Olivet, eyes are directed upward, and behold, the same One re-appears who ascended eighteen centuries ago from Mount Olivet. When the Jews have wept it out, and Joseph is reconciled to his brethren, they will tell it out to the nations. God has taken us into His confidence as respects the future. The Jews are the firstborn, the head and not the tail, through whom the younger brothers and sisters are to be blessed. We ought to talk with a strong foreign accent, as foreigners in this world. A beautiful picture of the future Millennium is given in Zech. 8:18-23.

Mr. Bodell said he believed that the Time of unparalleled Trouble foretold in Daniel 12:1 was rapidly coming upon the earth, and that even true Christians, who are Laodicean and lukewarm in reference to the Second Advent, are to be left behind on the earth during its progress, and will not be caught up among the Philadelphian Wise Virgins (Matt. 26:10; Rev. 3:10; Luke 21:36). It will be a trying time for those who are now "living at ease in Zion." He believed that the last 45 years of the 1335 years extend from Passover Week, 1856, to Passover Week, 1901, as the final Time of blessedness at the Personal descent of Christ. Those who *go up* at Christ's Coming will have to *go up clean*, wholly sanctified by the blood of Christ. The devil is now putting forth unusual power in Spiritualism, making ready for the Antichrist, who is first to make a seven years' Covenant with the Jews, seven years before the End. "If another shall come in My name, him ye will receive." This man, who will be Arbitrator, a Leader, a Military Dictator, will arise as a king near the Balkan states, and will make the seven years' Covenant; and during its latter half, persecute Christians everywhere, until his destruction at Christ's descent at the battle of Armageddon.

THE BARN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, Dec. 25, 1887.

"The shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass." Luke 2: 15.

The World Waiting for Christ—The Madonna in the Barn—A Subject for Painters—The Beasts Looking On—Their Interest in the Saviour—Their Claim on Human Kindness—God Honoring Childhood—Responsibilities of Parents—Masterpieces of Jehovah—Services Children have Rendered—The Destinies of the World in the Hands of Children—God Honoring Science—God Honoring the Fields—The Shepherds Apprised by Angels—God Honoring Motherhood—Good Mothers of Great Men—The Type of Mary.

ONE thousand years of the world's existence rolled painfully and wearily along, and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no Christ. Three thousand years, and no Christ. Four thousand years, and no Christ.

"Give us a Christ,"

had cried Assyrian and Persian and Chaldean and Egyptian civilizations, but the lips of the earth and the lips of the sky made no answer. The world had already been affluent of genius. Among poets had appeared Homer and Thespis and Aristophanes and Sophocles and Euripides and Alexis Æschylus; yet no Christ to be the most poetic figure of the centuries. Among historians had appeared Herodotus and Xenophon and Thucydides; but no Christ from whom all history was to date backward and forward—B. C. and A. D. Among conquerors Camillus and Manlius and Regulus and Xantippus and Scipio and Pompey and Cæsar; yet no Christ who was to be conqueror of earth and heaven.

But the slow century and the slow year and the slow month and the slow hour at last arrived. The world had had matins or concerts in the morning and vespers or concerts in in the evening, but now it is to have a concert at midnight. The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing, stood there, and, putting back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah Chorus.

At last the world has a Christ, and just the Christ it needs. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is

A Madonna Worth Looking at.

I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tintoret and Guirlandjo surpassed themselves in the Adoration of the Magi. Correggio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten, when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen.

The Brutes of That Stable

heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on tow-path, not a herd freezing in the poorly-built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog, in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable, surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer He heard in

Their Pitiful Moan

He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watch dogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse, and camel, and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its Creator, and you insult the Christ who, though He might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken His first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the alleviation of animal suffering as well as the Redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the

Speechless Creatures of God

on the other, I cry, Look out, how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four prime donne of the sky in training.

In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvellous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world, when He said, "Consider the lilies," than He showed sympathy for the ornithological when He said, "Behold, the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when He allowed Himself to be called in one place a lion, and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle-pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards, that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold, also, in this Bible scene, how, on that Christmas night,

God Honored Childhood.

Christ might have made His first visit to our world in a cloud, as He will descend on His next visit in a cloud. In what a chariot of illumined vapor He might have rolled down the sky, escorted by mounted cavalry, with lightning of drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up; why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch Him down? Or, over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had His mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair; and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces.

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a sceptre, a kingdom, under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only

A Masterpiece of Jehovah.

It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and He can give presents of great value, but when He wants to give the richest possible gift to a household, He looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world, He gave about 1887 years ago, and He gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap, gazing into the face of the mother.

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves, in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples, to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation, in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg; and this, reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day

The Child is to Decide

all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies, and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as the child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair?

Notice also that in this Bible night scene

God Honored Science.

Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Belthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology studied everything. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the

Universities Shall Bow to Jesus.

It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living, lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Huchinson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospels and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks, let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers, of Brooklyn and New York and of all this land and of all lands, revere the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to say so before juries and legislatures and senates.

All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astromony will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say, "We must, by the help of God, get the human race up to the perfect nerve, and perfect muscle, and perfect brain, and perfect form of that perfect child, before whom, nigh twenty hundred years ago, the wise men bent their tired knees in worship.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that

God Honored the Fields.

Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say; "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of Government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the sheperds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor; "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were honored.

The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—our United States pasture fields and prairie about forty-five million sheep—and all their keepers ought to

Follow the Shepherds

of my text and all those who toil in fields, all winedressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God had been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence, have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The Presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields.

Before this world is right, the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem kahn, it was a prophecy of the time when thresher's flail and farmer's plough and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheaf binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, also, that on that Christmas night

God Honored Motherhood.

Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by divine arrangement, and in some unexplained way, the Child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words, "mother."

In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St Bernard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as

The Type of Mary,

the mother of Christ. When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man, in his dying dream, calls, "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately, with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fireplace, with great back-log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and re-crossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face.

What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still.

Come Back, Mother,

this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to; read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have travelled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet.

"Slow-footed years! More swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun.
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea."

A SOLDIER'S UNAVAILING REGRET.

IN the course of his Friday evening "talk," last week, Dr. Talmage referred to the deputation which has come from England to advocate arbitration as a preventive of war, and expressed the hope that the interview of the deputation with President Cleveland might not be without good results. He went on to speak of the miseries of war and said:

Statistics of the numbers slain in battle do not impress the mind with the horrors of war so much as some plain account like this, which was given by an English soldier in a letter written to his wife during England's war with Russia: "We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim and fired at my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time under a broadside the opposing regiment disappeared. I felt as if I must go up to him, and *see whether he was dead* or alive.

"He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It is a strange feeling coming over you all at once, that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright, as he turned them and stared at me, I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five and twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full, as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I can never tell, but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I could not help it. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, when his face rolled over, and with a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head tenderly down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time—I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and Russians and the rest, for all that seemed so far off and the dead man so near."

Oh, does not some such little scene as that, more than great statistics, impress us with the ravages of war? And will it not put into our every prayer for the remaining years of our life, an earnest petition that the nations may cease bloody combat; and that peaceful adjustment and international brotherhood may spike all the guns and dismantle all the fortresses, and make useless all the armories?

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RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1887.

THE year 1887 will have its place on the level of ordinary history; it is not one of those crag-like years, which tower up above their fellows, conspicuous and memorable for its strange and startling events. In our own country especially, its course has been a continuation of the even current of our national life, the surface of which has been broken only by mere ripples of disquietude and change, and has not been tossed and agitated by storms of internal or external trouble. To many persons, doubtless, the year will be very memorable, on account of vicissitudes in their individual lives; but in surveying the history of the nation for the year, the patriotic citizen can thank God and take courage. Our country is still pre-eminently the most prosperous, contented and happy nation on earth, and we have abundant reason, as we bow before the God of nations, to thank Him for the blessings He has showered upon us.

As is usually the case, in what are termed "off years," there has been but little change in

The Political World.

The interstate commerce bill, which was under discussion when the year opened, became a law early in January, and was put in operation. Neither the great benefits nor the disastrous losses which were predicted to result from it have as yet made themselves apparent, and the character of the Commissioners, to whom the President intrusted its execution, encourages the hope that the discretion vested in them will be wisely and carefully exercised. One important feature of progress which marks this year is that of apportioning the *Indian lands in severalty*. This has long been desired by the friends of the Indians, who have been convinced that the only hope of civilizing them and bringing them into our national life was to break up tribal relations as far as possible, and, giving the Indian the best of all reasons to stay quietly and peaceably at home, in securing a home and land to him individually. This has now been done in several tribes, and the system is being extended to others. The problem of *the Surplus* in the National Treasury, which was left unsolved by the Forty-ninth Congress, is likely to be the chief battle-ground of the Fiftieth, The President's message brought the question to the front, with a prominence unusual in such documents, and, though our legislators are not in the habit of attaching much weight to Presidential utterances, men of both parties recognize the necessity of dealing with the matter, though they differ widely as to the wisdom of dealing with it in the way Mr. Cleveland suggests. That issue, however it may be decided by Congress, has now been made the supreme issue between the parties, and will probably decide the election of next year. *The Canadian Fishery dispute*, which unhappily disturbed the pleasant relations between our northern neighbors and ourselves, led Congress to invest the President with the power to suspend commercial transactions with Canada almost entirely, but he did not use it. Now, six commissioners, three on each side, are endeavoring to find some more enlightened and dignified solution than retaliation. In the interests of peace and good-will all Christian citizens wish them success.

Personal changes in the political world have been few and unimportant. In the Cabinet the services of Mr. Manning, which were highly valued by the President and the people, were unhappily lost by the failure of his health, but the loss was minimized by the appointment of Mr. Fairchild as his successor; and as that gentleman had served under Mr. Manning, and was familiar with and endorsed his policy, the change in the Treasury caused neither anxiety nor disturbance in business circles. The changes in the other offices have been too recently made to be tested as yet. The removal of Mr. Lamar to the Supreme Court, of Mr. Vilas to the Department of the Interior, and the introduction of Mr. Dickinson to the Post-office, are not changes of a radical character, and there is no reason to apprehend that they will be disadvantageous to the public service.

Social Events,

like those in the political world, have been of an ordinary character. The celebration of *the Centennial of the Constitution* was the most conspicuous of these. Philadelphia, where the celebration took place, spared neither trouble nor expense in doing honor to the occasion, and the quiet, sober city for a few days took on a gaiety and splendor that transformed it beyond recognition. *Two royal visitors* have done our Republic the honor to visit us during the year. Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii, and the Crown Prince of Siam, made a tour of the country. They are not very conspicuous members of royalty, but, as they probably share the prejudices of more exalted regal persons, the spectacle of a great nation living in peace and order without any crowned person to speak of the land as "My realm," and to leave children to succeed by "divine right," must have had its significance to them. That a self-governing nation knows how to protect itself and maintain order, was seen in *the execution of the anarchists* in November. In spite of protests at home and in Europe, in spite of threats, processions and incendiary harangues, the sentence of the law was duly executed, and the brood of miscreants, whom Europe sends to us in shoals, were taught that while we glory in our liberty, we do not mean to extend it into socialism and anarchy. *Labor troubles*, as usual, have been developed, notably in the Lehigh coal region, and the problem of the relations of capital and labor is still unsolved. The establishment of boards of arbitration is one step toward its solution, but as yet the disputants have not availed themselves of the services of these boards to any considerable extent.

Temperance

has made great progress during the year. To the superficial observer it might seem that the year has been most disastrous to the cause. The defeat of Prohibition in Michigan, Texas, Tennessee and Oregon causes jubilation among its enemies, but its friends are not cast down. The very fact that a fight should have been made at all in those States is an evidence of strength, and that so sturdy and valiant a fight was made, proves the mighty power of the cause. Besides this, in New York and other States, the official returns showed an extraordinary increase in the Prohibition vote, out of all proportion to that of the old political parties. The really sad characteristic of the year for the temperance man is the loss of his standard-bearer. *The death of John B. Finch* was an event that gives the only sombre cast to the year's temperance record.

The Religious Life

of the country has been vigorous and energetic. The work of gathering out of the world a people for the Master has been conducted with more than ordinary fervor. That the greatly extended study of prophecy, which received an impetus from the lecture tour of the Rev. M. Baxter, and that the conviction thereby produced, that the whole world will not be converted before Christ comes, does not paralyze, but rather stimulates evangelistic effort, has been obvious. Our most prominent evangelists, notably Mr. Moody and Dr. Pentecost, have frequently expressed their belief that optimistic hopes of the evangelization of the world are doomed to disappointment, but no less—rather the more as the day of the Lord's coming approaches, are they laboring with heart and soul for the rescue of souls. Never were there so many evangelists in the field, and never were the results of the divine blessing on their labors more conspicuous.

Foreign missions also are receiving unprecedented support. The million dollars raised by the Methodists, and the large sums raised for the same purpose by other denominations, are remarkable and welcomed evidence of the quickened conscience of the Church of Christ in this matter. It is also very gratifying to the publishers of this journal, that the efforts it has made during the past year to direct the attention of the public to Christian work in Mexico and South America, have been blessed beyond their expectation. *Bishop Riley*, whose devotion and consecration, personal and financial, to this cause is beyond all praise, has been much encouraged by the gifts of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and still more by their hearty sympathy and their prayers.

In Foreign Lands,

the year is remarkable for the the absence of war. Though rumors and apprehensions and threatenings have been abundant, there has been no outbreak of hostilities in any quarter. *England* has been devoting itself with effusive loyalty to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession, and the heartiness of the demonstration must have deeply gratified her Majesty. The troubles in Ireland have not diminished, but have rather taken on an acute form by the experiment which the Government has adopted of tying down the safety-valve of free speech, and imprisoning the recognized leaders of the people. England's labor troubles have reached a stage lower and more desperate than our own; for while our workmen are complaining that their wages are not high enough, those of England complain that they have no wages at all. The unemployed masses are becoming a serious element in the national life, and are causing general apprehension. The riot of November 13, when the assistance of the army was required to restore order, was a sign of the growing desperation of starving men, and, though professional agitators, roughs and thieves doubtless were the moving cause of the disturbance, the fact cannot be ignored that the prevalent distress supplied the material with which they worked. *France* has happily passed through a presidential crisis during the year. The ease with which the reins of power were transferred, encourages the hope that the stability of republican institutions may be maintained; but the dearth of really able statesmen and the boldness and increasing power of the anarchists are ominous features of the situation. *In Germany* all other facts sink into insignificance beside the melancholy condition of the heir to the throne. Our own experience, when the whole nation watched General Grant sink to the grave under his dread malady, leads us to sympathize with a nation similarly situated. Hopes and fears have alternated during the past months, and these have been accentuated by the knowledge that the nonagenarian Emperor would, if his son died before him, be succeeded by a man whose ways are not set in the direction of peace. *The triple alliance* of Germany, Austria and Italy, to which England has given a modified adhesion, is an encouraging development of the year. It offers a barrier to the designs of Russia, which is now the only powerful disturbing element in Europe. On the other hand, it will render a struggle, when it does come, a more gigantic one, and it is clearly an element in the development of that supreme conflict which, as prophecy shows, must occur within a comparatively short period.

The Disasters of the Year

on both sides of the Atlantic have been above the common average. *The Earthquake in the Riviera*, on February 23, was a deplorable calamity, occasioning many fatalities and much distress. Another earthquake occurred in Mexico on May 3, and a third was reported from Turkestan. The inundation in China, only just reported, was a catastrophe the dimensions of which are at present unknown, but cannot fail to have been appalling. Two fires in theatres, one in Paris, France, and one at Exeter, England, contributed to swell the fatalities of the year with horrible accompaniments. Many lives were also lost at sea. In the wreck of the *Kapunda*, 298 persons perished, and in the wreck of a Chinese vessel, on March 1, over 600 lives were sacrificed. The British gunboat *Wasp*, carrying about a hundred men, is also believed to have been lost with all on board.

The wreck of the emigrant steamer *W. A. Scholten*, on November 19, with the loss of 130 lives, was another terrible calamity. On our side, too, twenty lives were lost by the burning of the *W. H. Gardiner*, on March 1, twenty-two by the burning of the *Champlain*, on June 17, and twenty-four by the capsizing of the *Mystery*, on July 10. *Fatalities on the railroads* have also contributed to the shocking list. At Republic, O., on January 4, at White River, Vt., on February 5, at Dedham, Mass., on March 14, at Chatsworth, Ill., on August 10, catastrophes occurred which were most disastrous to life.

The Obituary Record

of the year is a long one, and one fraught with sad reflections. Among the most prominent of those whose loss the church mourns, are: Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Potter, of New York; Bishop Green, of Mississippi; Rev. Ray Palmer, Bishop Alfred Lee, Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, Dr. Mark Hopkins, Dr. Daniel Curry, Bishop William Harris, and Missionary Bishop R. W. B. Elliott. Other prominent names in the list of the year's dead are, Gen. Hazen, Gen. Stone, James B. Eads, Ben. Perley Poore, Ex-Vice-President Wheeler, Ex-Governor Luke Blackburn, Ex-Governor Wm. B. Washburn, Admiral Nicholson, Elihu B. Washburne and John B. Finch.

THE MULTITUDE FED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 8, 1888. Matt. 14: 13-21. Memory Text, John 6: 35.

Ver. 13. The Saviour Bereaved by John Baptist's Death, Seeking Solitude—Crossed the Lake—The People Seeking Christ—Skirted the Lake and Found Him on the North East Side—Ver. 14. Jesus Not Angry When Deprived of Rest—Compassion His Usual Emotion—Ready to Heal Them—Ver. 15. Natural Solicitude—The Crowd Seemed Oblivious of Their Own Necessities—Ver. 16. Christ's Words Apply Now—No Man's Physical Needs Require Him to Leave Christ—Ver. 17-19. A Fuller Account of the Conversation in John 6: 5-7, and Mark 6: 37—The Means Used in the Miracle, as When Water Was Used for the Wine. John 2: 7—Ver. 20-21. A Fact Well and Personally Attested—Christ Fully Satisfies those Whom He Feeds—The Remains Larger than Original Supply—The Divine Store Inexhaustible—The Five Thousand a Type of Many Thousand Still Being Fed by Christ.

WHEN the disciples of John heard of the murder of their master, they "went and told Jesus." When Jesus heard of it from the lips of man, He went and told His Father. "When Jesus heard of it, He departed thence by ship into a desert place apart." Some Christians are not fond of desert places—places apart from the multitude. A child of God once said to me, "I can always pray better in a prayer-meeting where there is the faith of others around to help me, than when I am alone." This is a bad sign. To one whose whole being is centred in God, nothing is so precious as to get

Alone With God.

In a desert place, with nothing to distract the eye or ear, God seems so near, and communion seems so easy to those who are in the habit of living in His presence. But sometimes we plan to have a time apart, and the needy ones find us out. It was so with Jesus. Men and women with great expectations for soul and body, all of them centred in Jesus, "followed Him on foot out of the cities." They must have inquired of one and another, "Did He pass this way? Have you seen anything of Him?" and following up the traces which they found, they tracked Him to His retreat.

How many evangelists have met with this experience! They have determined to give a certain day to prayer. They have fixed the time, and fixed the place, and made all their plans accordingly. Again and again, the Spirit of God has led them to see their need of more prolonged communion with Him, and, at last, the very favorable time seems to have arrived. But a sudden, unexpected interruption occurs; something which is most imperative. Shall they in such a case give up the time for communion, or neglect the work which seems so necessary? It appears as though duties clashed, and as though they were in

An Impossible Position.

It is just in such a case that we cannot decide for ourselves. It may be that the very reason for which God has laid upon us the desire to be alone with Him, was in order that He might bring us to a more complete surrender of our will: and the very call to have our plans overturned, if submitted to, may be worth all the hours of communion with God. On the other hand, the interruption may be of the enemy, who would make us think that anything is of more importance than face to face intercourse with God. How know what is His will? Surely, by asking Him, and not moving until we know His mind. Jesus did always those things which pleased God, and so He must have known what *did* please God, without any hesitation, quite sure of His Father's will, "Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was

Moved With Compassion.

toward them, and He healed their sick." When we are not at rest in our own souls, uncertain about the will of God, we are not enough at leisure from ourselves to sympathize with others. The secret of want of love to souls is preoccupation of heart. A man who thinks much of his own comfort only loves God and souls by fits and starts. True, love to God and love to souls is simply Christ in us living out His own life of love to God and man. Self, in any form, fills His place, and hinders love. A compassionate heart is not a heart which can be easily touched by emotion, for a few moments, and can just as easily relapse into indifference. It is a heart which goes down to the poor, the lost and the sick ones, to rescue and help them out of their troubles. Jesus began with the most helpless ones: "He healed their sick." One after another, these afflicted found deliverance: the blind were in ecstasies of joy that they could see, and they drank in the scenes which met their opened eyes; men women, children, especially their own children, the landscape all around, but, above all, Jesus who had healed them. The deaf were rejoicing in the blessed luxury of hearing what was said to them, hearing their own voices, but above all,

The Voice of Jesus.

The lame who had been carried, or had walked on crutches, were like prisoners unchained, and the sense of freedom in the use of their limbs must have been delicious to them; they were free to follow Jesus. The dropsical, the cancerous, the sufferers from nerve pains, were hardly able to believe they were the same who had been, so short a time before, racked with agonies of pain. No wonder the evening drew near before anyone remembered that the time for the evening meal was past, and they had no provision.

There are four accounts in the New Testament of this first feeding of the multitude. In one chapter the disciples came to Jesus saying: "This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals." St. Mark gives the very same account. St. Luke, also (Mark 6: 35, 36; Luke 9: 12). St. John says, "When Jesus then lifted up His eyes and saw a great company come unto Him, He saith unto Philip, 'Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?'" It is probable that the disciples made their suggestion first, and then Jesus asked Philip this question.

O how little did the disciples understand Jesus! How little does the natural heart understand God! He revealed Himself to Abraham as "Jehovah Jireh,"

The Lord will Provide,

and yet the best suggestion which the disciples could make was that the multitude, in the very presence of Jehovah Jireh, should provide for themselves! O how little they took in that the very God who had fed His people with manna in the wilderness, was there in human form before them! They saw only a simple, humble-looking man; but, surely His divinity leaked out from behind the tabernacle of flesh! Were there not present dozens of witnesses that He healed "all manner of sickness and all manner of disease; and that without any appliance or remedy? How should He who, by His own unaided power, healed the body, be unable to feed that body?

In all the quiet dignity which characterized Him, Jesus said, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." And the disciples began doing what, in our conceit we so often do: they reckoned up all their resources but one—they did not reckon *Jesus* in! "We have here but five loaves and two fishes," and Andrew said, "What are they among so many?" (John 6: 9). By-and-by, when they were filled with the Holy Ghost, the disciples bore another testimony, "Silver and gold have I none," said Peter, "but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." In the desert Jesus was not so much as mentioned among their resources; at the temple gate Jesus of Nazareth was everything, and nothing else was counted. "Whom do you depend on to carry on this work?" was asked one day of an evangelist. The ready answer was, "God."

Jesus was patient with His disciples, who so little understood, so little appreciated Him. He did not reprove them for mentioning their little resources, but showed them on their own ground, meeting them where they were, how, in the hand of God, the little can increase. Strange that they had forgotten the feeding of a hundred men in Elisha's time (II Kings 4: 42-44); strange that in our lives there should be such forgetfulness of God's deliverances! Jesus said;

"Bring Them Hither to Me."

The little loaves were nothing in themselves to feed thousands, but in the hand of Jesus, who created the world, and without whom nothing was made that was made, they were sufficient to do all He willed. Dear child of God, are you sometimes crushed by the consciousness of your inefficiency, weakness and ignorance? Truly, you are nothing in yourself. But in the hand of Jesus, what can you not be? The rod in the hand of Moses was but a wooden stick, but in his hand, and he himself held in the hand of God, that rod meant the destruction of Egypt! The loaves were in the Maker's hands, but before the people could be fed they must be at rest. "He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass." Hunger once awakened, one might reach before the other, but if they sat down they implied that they believed in Him who had undertaken to provide. We seldom receive anything from God until we sit down. When we are at rest He works. Then He took the loaves and fishes into the hands which made the worlds, and, "looking up to heaven, He blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude." This is God's order. He could bless sinners and sick ones independently of His children, but He honors them in making them channels of blessing to others. Yet no one of the five thousand men, or of the women and children, who were present, was under the delusion that the disciples multiplied the bread. As it left the hand of Jesus, so it came to them; no less and no more. It was in His hand that it was prepared for the multitude. And thus it is in our ministry, if we are workers for the Master. We can only give what we receive. Anything that we may add is not food which will nourish souls.

"They did all eat, and were filled." The Great Provider adapted the supply to the need: but, like Himself, it overflowed; there was enough, and to spare; and of the broken meat, beyond that which the multitude could use, there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up. Lavish as He is, God is no Patron of waste. Often, the fragments of His Word, which are unpopular, are the richest feasts to those who take the trouble to gather them. O that the multitude of the unemployed knew God as their Provider!

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Several Friends have Written to this Office requesting that certain renewals be made and new names placed upon the list, but omitting to send the necessary funds. It is in no invidious spirit, and with no indisposition to oblige our kind friends, that we must decline to do as they ask. The hard and fast rule was laid down in the office some years ago, the management being compelled to do so by sad and painful experience, that money in every case must accompany the order for renewal or for putting a new name on the list. That rule has been found advantageous for all parties, and, though cases frequently arise in which it would be pleasant to make an exception, it cannot be done without breaking down the rule.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Amicable Settlement of the Fishery Dispute with Canada is a result which Mr. Chamberlain confidently expects. In an interview with representatives of the press on December 22, he assured them of his belief in its being achieved. In reply to questions, he said, also, that his recent visit to the United States had convinced him that no feeling existed there in favor of commercial union, unless confined to a limited few. All those with whom he had spoken admitted that *commercial union meant nothing less than annexation*, and he believed this step was inevitable if the proposed arrangement was carried out. Speaking of the relations between Great Britain and Canada, he said that the union between them was valued as much on the east side of the Atlantic as on the west, although if Canada desired separation, England would offer no remonstrance.

The Control of Telegraph Business by Government is practically proposed in each of the two bills now before the Senate. There is considerable difference in the details of the plans advocated by Senators Edmunds and Cullom, who are respectively the authors of the two measures, the former advocating four trunk lines, to be constructed and kept in repair by the Engineer Corps of the Army, under the direction of the Secretary of War; the management of the lines to be in the hands of a board, consisting of the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General. Senator Cullom, on the other hand, proposes to construct ten trunk lines, and makes the telegraph system a part of the Post Office Department, but provides for a Director-General of Telegraphs, to have immediate charge of the service. Neither of the bills contemplates the acquisition of any existing lines, and both declare that they are not intended to prevent the operation of telegraph lines by individuals or corporations. It would, however, be unfair to the existing lines for the Government to compete with them without first giving them an opportunity to sell their lines at a fair price, and Congress is likely to insist upon that before passing either bill. The telegraph companies have not acted in a manner to entitle them to magnanimity, but misconduct on their part does not justify spoliation by Congress.

A Stringent Law Against Fraud in the Custom houses was reported to the Senate last week. It provides that any person who shall give, or offer to give, or promise to give, any money or thing of value, directly or indirectly, to any customs officer in consideration of any act or omission contrary to law in connection with the importation or examination of goods, wares or baggage, shall on conviction be fined not exceeding $2,000 or be imprisoned at hard labor not more than one year, or both, in the discretion of the Court; and any official receiving such bribe shall be fined not more than $5,000, or imprisoned for two years, or both at the discretion of the court. Another provision, equally stringent, applies to merchant importers. It provides that if the value of any import as declared by the merchant is less by one fifth than its actual value as decided by the appraiser, the entry shall be held to be fraudulent, and the Collector of Customs shall seize such merchandise and proceed as in cases of forfeiture, and the fact of such undervaluation shall be presumptive evidence of fraud. The importance of this law, if it should be enacted and enforced, will be readily perceived by every one who has had dealings with the Custom House, and has witnessed the mode in which business there is conducted.

Ex-Secretary Manning, whose Sickness Last year necessitated his retirement from the Treasury Department, suffered a relapse on December 21. A brief telegram from Albany, N. Y., said that he had sunk into unconsciousness, and was believed to be dying. On the next day there was a slight improvement in his condition, and he was conscious at intervals, but his physicians forbade all hope of his recovery. The malady is now stated to be Bright's disease, and is attributed by his physicians to the bad sanitary condition of the Treasury Department building. Mr. Manning won the general respect of the country by his conduct of the Treasury Department, and it therefore adds to the poignancy of regret to learn that his loss came through his assiduity and devotion to the interests of the nation.

Distressing Reports of a Coal Famine in Kansas were published on Thursday last. A telegram from Topeka stated that throughout western Kansas there was an alarming scarcity of fuel. So dire was the famine that reports had been received in that city of persons being frozen to death. Fifteen, it was stated, had died, in the ten counties heard from, since the blizzard set in. The railroad companies are charged with having produced the coal famine by making a corner in fuel; but they contend that they have done their utmost to supply the demand. Col. M. Quigg, General Manager of the Atchison's coal business, when appealed to on the subject, said: "In the last three years there have been constructed about 3,000 miles of railroad track in the State of Kansas. Every mile of this track requires a certain amount of coal for its operation, and I believe scarcely a mile of this new construction passed a coal field, or has in any degree contributed by production or otherwise to the coal supply. On the line of these newly constructed roads hundreds of towns have been built. These towns are occupied by thousands upon thousands of people from abroad, and mills and factories have been established, every one of which requires the consumption of a certain amount of fuel, but not one contributes in any way to its production." The result is that the stations of the lines are besieged by settlers from frontier towns, some of whom have travelled nearly a hundred miles with their teams to get fuel, and have to wait several days before the railroad brings a supply. The coal cars have to be guarded by armed men, or the railroads would not have sufficient coal to keep running.

Anxiety About Mr. Henry M. Stanley, from whom no direct news has been received for many weeks, was partially allayed last week by advices from Zanzibar, which state that a messenger has arrived from Central Africa, who says it is reported in the country, on the eastern side of Lake Nyanza, that Mr. Stanley, after many privations, reached Wadelai in the early part of September. The principal difficulty he encountered was between the Mabodi country and Wadelai. This news is too vague to be accepted without confirmation, but it is quite as well authenticated as the rumors of disaster which produced the disquietude.

Great Britain Sending an Envoy to the Pope is an acknowledgment of his sovereignty, which Protestants regret. The Government selected the Duke of Norfolk, a Roman Catholic nobleman, for the business, and he was charged to present the congratulations of Queen Victoria on the Papal Jubilee, and her thanks for the mission of Mgr. Scilla on the occasion of her own Jubilee. The Pope received the Envoy with delight, and replied, that he was deeply moved by these proofs of friendship on the part of the Queen, and hoped that the exchange of sentiments of affection would not be limited to the present exceptional circumstances, but would also make its influence felt on other occasions. He was animated, he said, by feelings of the greatest affection for the English people. The real motive of the mission was disclosed subsequently, when the Duke expressed the hope that the Pope's influence over the Irish people would be used to stimulate their loyalty to the English crown. In reply, the Pope's secretary informed the Duke that the Pope had already used his influence with the clergy, but could not ask the priests to cease to be patriots without running the risk of causing a rebellion of a section of the clergy and the loss of the hold of the Church on the people.

The Relations of Austria and Russia Continue to excite apprehension. No official explanation of the concentration of Russian troops on the Austrian border has been asked or given, and possibly in the strained relations existing neither Power considers it safe to move in the matter. Austria, however, clearly regards the movement as a menace, and is making preparations for defence. The New York *Herald's* correspondent, "A Member of Parliament," states that the prevalent impression in England is, that if war should break out, England is pledged to take part on the Austrian side. He says: "What one hears is that the English Government has been induced by Bismarck to give considerable countenance, if not absolute pledges of support, to the triple alliance, and that Austria is confident that she may depend on English interposition in case she is attacked. The *Times*, which has access to official information, hints that England might possibly extend maritime aid to Italy, or Austria, in certain eventualities. If anything of this sort has been done a tremendous significance is imparted to Salisbury's words at Derby last week, warning the country that if a thunderclap of war should break *it would give no warning*, and if by untoward chance we should be involved in it, our fate would depend upon the preparations we had made in time of peace." If the Czar is not insane it is inconceivable that, even with the aid of France, which by the way is not assured, he would dare to attack such a mighty combination as Germany, Austria and Italy, with the probability of England also. Nevertheless European opinion appears to be fully settled that a gigantic struggle is in preparation which cannot at the furthest be postponed beyond the spring of next year.

The Topics for the Week of Prayer Suggested by the Evangelical Alliance have been issued. They are: *Sunday* January 1, Sermons; "Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."—*Luke*, 21:28. "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer"—*I Peter* 4:7; Compare *Rom.* 1312; 1 *Cor.* 7:29; *Eph.* 5:16. *Monday*, January 2, Thanksgiving Ps. 23, 30. 66, 98. 100, 103, 133, 146. *Tuesday*, Confession. Of vices prevalent throughout Christendom, such as drunkenness, impurity, profane language, and Sabbath-breaking; of great public wrongs, such as oppressive laws, or demoralizing trades, like the opium and liquor traffics; of luxury and the wasteful use of God's gifts by some classes of society, and, among others, lawless discontent and covetousness; of hindrances to the acceptance of the Gospel, by the inconsistent lives of nominal Christians; of jealousies and rivalries among brethren; of personal unfaithfulness, imperfect consecration to God, faults of pride or temper, and the worldliness and inaction which render so many believers unfruitful. *Wednesday*, January 3, Prayer for Families and schools. For the hallowing of the home in all its relationships; for Sunday-schools; for Associations of young men and women; for every effort to protect the immature against temptations, and to equalize the standard of morality for both sexes—etc. *Thursday*, January 4, Prayer for the Church for a testimony against false teaching; and for the speedy coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Friday*, January 6. Prayer for missions. For the quickening of a missionary spirit and for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; for all agents in Gospel work; for native churches and converts, especially such as endure persecution for the Gospel's sake; for Mission Colleges, Bible and Tract Societies, and the spread of vernacular Christian literature. *Saturday*, January 7. Prayer for Nations. For Kings and for all that are in authority; for Legislatures and Judges; for the abolition of the traffic in opium and intoxicating drinks; for just dealing and a Christian spirit between employers and employed; for the amelioration of the condition of the poor; for the elevation of public morals, in respect of temperance and chastity; for the spread among the people of a pure literature; for all philanthropic work among the suffering or degraded.

An Empty Drug Bottle Labeled "Deadly poison" caused terrible excitement in a Connecticut home on December 19. The favorite daughter of a family at Bridgeport has been for some weeks in a state of severe mental depression, owing to the miscarriage of a love affair. On the morning in question, her mother, going to call her, found her lying apparently unconscious on the bed, with the poison bottle by her side. On her table lay letters of farewell to her recreant lover and her parents, which she had evidently spent the night in writing. The mother alarmed the household and sent for a physician, while the father, seizing the bottle, rushed off to the drug store from which, as the label showed, it was obtained, to learn the nature of the poison his child had taken. His distress was speedily relieved by the information the drug clerk gave him. The clerk said that the previous evening a young lady came in and, in an agitated voice, asked him for a potent poison. He demurred, but finding it was useless to reason with her, and fearing that if he did not satisfy her she might obtain the poison somewhere else, he had mixed a mild opiate, putting in a drug that would give it a bitter taste. It would do her no harm, and when she awoke she would be more composed. The father was overjoyed, and made the discreet young man a handsome present, and, later in the day, the young lady herself called and thanked him heartily for not granting her request. The day will come when a similarly changed mind will be manifested toward God by His children. Many of them will, when their eyes are opened, perceive that His love toward them was never so fully exercised as when He refused to give them what would have been harmful to them (II Cor. 12: 8, 9).

The Search for the Giant Derelict Raft, commenced on December 22, is, at the time of writing, arousing much interest on the Eastern seaboard. The three powerful steam-tugs which have set out are directed to scour the Atlantic in different directions, in search of the monster, and are supplied with the International code signals, by which they can ask incoming steamers if it has been seen on the voyage. The raft is worth $132,000, and is composed of 25,000 logs of spruce and pine timber, some of which are ninety-five feet long. Altogether there are more than four million feet of timber in it, and it weighs nine thousand tons. It was constructed in Nova Scotia, and was the outcome of an effort to solve the problem of sending timber to New York at a lower rate than by rail or ship. The huge logs, some of which are three feet in diameter, were packed together, in the shape of a cigar, by a patent process, and secured with strong chains. On November 30 the steam-tug *Miranda* took it in tow at Port Joggins, N. S., to bring it to New York, but had to abandon it in a gale, and it floated out to sea. There is a double necessity for finding it: first, on account of its value; and second, because it may wreck vessels coming in contact with it. The search, in some respects, resembles that in which Christian workers are engaged. They are stimulated by the value of the souls they are seeking and trying to bring to the heavenly harbor, and by the knowledge that every impenitent wanderer is a source of danger to others (Luke 14: 2–3).

Some Moments of Helpless Terror were passed by nine men in the shaft of a mine on December 20. They were being lowered in the cage to their work in the mine, and all were in good spirits, laughing and joking merrily. Suddenly the cage stopped in its downward progress. It was caught in the guiders and refused to drop any further. The engineer, not being aware that the carriage had stopped, continued to run the engine, and the long winding rope unwound itself at the feet of the men in the cage. A scene of terror now ensued. The men were two hundred feet from the surface, and three hundred from the bottom of the slope. If the carriage would only remain stationary where it had caught until they could attract the engineer's attention, all would be well, as he could wind the rope back. The men howled with all their might, but nobody heard the cries of distress. The big wire rope continued to unwind itself on the floor of the cage. Suddenly they felt it tremble slightly, and the next moment the cage was loosened, and went down the great shaft like a ball fired from a cannon. Men who were working on the second lift heard the noise as the cage passed down. It was a sharp buzzing, and all was over. Two men were killed instantly, and three others badly injured. Four men, who clung to the sides of the cage with all their might, escaped with a severe shaking. Such terror as those men endured while the cage hung, would be felt by every unconverted man if he realized his danger as they did. Though he stands on the brink of a more awful abyss, into which death may precipitate him in any moment, and rescue is offered him, he neglects it (Luke 17: 26, 27).

A Matrimonial Disappointment has Befallen some Californian ladies. Early in this month, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, there was a flutter of excitement in the higher ranks of society, over the expected return to the city of a young man who had been absent for two years on a European tour. He was coming back to settle down on his ancestral estate and live there. Being young, handsome, and the heir of a noble property, the mammas of marriageable daughters looked eagerly forward to his arrival. There was, therefore, considerable disappointment when he came, two weeks ago, bringing a wife with him. The astonishment reached its height at the appearance of the lady in society. She was immediately recognized as the poor despised governess and companion of her husband's deceased sister. It appears that three years ago the young man was overwhelmed with grief by the almost simultaneous death of his father, mother and sister. In his loneliness and sorrow the gentle, delicate sympathy of the governess supported him, and he discovered in her a lady at once refined, intelligent and amiable. He grew to love her dearly, and resolved to make her his wife. Taking her to the East, he placed her for two years in a college where she could acquire the social polish she would need in her exalted position, while he went on his travels. On his return he married her. Though the society ladies are disposed to be critical, they admit that the bride is charming, and that she has excellences which they did not see in her when she was poor and unknown. So it will be in the day Christ appears in glory with His bride, the sanctified church. The poor and despised members of it will be transformed into His likeness (Eph. 5: 26–27).

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D., has commenced a series of lectures in Portland, Me., and will probably visit other cities of that State during next month.

Mrs. Mark Elkins, a prominent Hebrew lady of Philadelphia, and her niece, Miss Lena Simon, have renounced, Judaism, and joined the Baptist Church.

The Sixth Annual Believers' Meeting for Bible Study and Christian Conference will be held at Boone, Ia., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30 to January 1.

A novel difficulty is exercising the Presbytery at Bloomington, Ill. A church has been erected, and is almost free of debt, but all the members are ladies, and the Presbytery does not know what to do about the elders.

A new home for aged and disabled Congregational ministers has been opened in South Framingham, Mass., by Robert L. Day of that place. The occupants are for the present charged $2.50 a week, when able to pay that amount.

The Rev. J. D. Brown, of Illinois, a soldier who lost an arm in the War of the Rebellion, was granted, about a year ago, a pension, and received about $7,000, which he at once devoted to the Lord, and is using it to build and maintain churches in the district where he resides.

The Edinburgh Auxiliary of the M'All Mission in France has raised during the past year over $4,885, being an increase of $640 over the income of the previous year. The total sent to Paris by this auxiliary since its formation in 1877 amounts to $42,750.

A Burial Reform Association was organized in Grace Chapel, New York, last week. Bishop Potter was elected President. Among the reforms advocated are: economy and simplicity, plain hearses, disuse of crape and funeral trappings, and disuse of elaborate floral decorations.

A contemporary states that, on the night of the election in Georgia, a young man named Hightower was met on the streets of Atlanta by a band of men, and required to say whether he had voted "wet" or "dry." He answered "dry," and they killed him there. No arrest was made.

Complaint of a pastor in Indianapolis, as reported in a local journal, was made by an official. The pastor worked during the week among drunkards, gamblers and vicious women, and they came to hear him on Sunday. The official, in response to congratulations, said "But think of the kind of people who come!"

The Brooklyn Lay Preachers' Association was organized to preach the Gospel of Christ (without reference to denomination) in places where a regular preacher cannot be sustained. The members are willing to go outside the city, providing railroad accommodations are such that they may be able to return to their homes early enough for business the next morning. Further information may be had by addressing the president, Rev. J. Sinclair, 83 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Bible Work Institute will hold a three months' *term for ladies* in the Bible Workroom, Y. M. C. A. Building, 150 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., beginning January 8. It will include Bible exposition, inquiry-room work, Sunday-school work, etc., etc. Among the instructors are Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D.; Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D.; and Mr. E. W. Bliss, the evangelist. Applications for admission may be sent to Miss E. Dryer, Bible Work room, 150 Madison Street, Chicago.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, women or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. One man has sold one hundred copies on a Saturday. For terms address Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD 63 Bible House, New York.

WISDOM'S REQUEST.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"My son, give me thine heart." Prov. 23 : 26.

The Highest Wisdom—I. Love Prompts It—A Strange Change of Position—God Asking—Infinite Love Coming a-wooing—Sermons Like an Ice Palace—The Gain of a Son—II. Wisdom Prompts It—The Heart Safe in Christ's Charge—From Vice—From Temptation—When the Devil is too Late—Making a Present to God—What He Values—The Poor Betweenites—III. A Prompt Response Wise—The Fool's Calendar—A Heart in a Safe—In a Wardrobe—Divine Alchemy.

THESE are the words of Solomon speaking in the name of wisdom, which wisdom is but another name for the Lord Jesus Christ, who is made of God unto us wisdom. If you ask, "What is the highest wisdom upon the earth?" it is to believe in Jesus Christ whom God has sent—to become His follower and disciple, to trust Him and imitate Him. It is God, in the person of His dear Son, who says to each one of us, "My son, give me thine heart." Can we answer, "Lord, I have given thee my heart?" Then we are His sons. Let us cry, "Abba, Father," and bless the Lord for the high privilege of being His children. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

I. Let us look at this precept, "My son, give me thine heart;" and notice, first, that

Love Prompts It.

Only love seeks after love. If I desire the love of another, it can surely only be because I myself have love toward him. We care not to be loved by those whom we do not love. It were an embarrassment rather than an advantage to receive love from those to whom we would not return it. When God asks human love, it is because God is love. As the sparks mount toward the sun, the central fire, so ought our love to rise toward God, the central source of all pure and holy love. It is an instance of infinite condescension that God should say, "My son, give me thine heart." Notice the strange position in which it puts God and man. The usual position is for the creature to say to God, "Give me;" but here the Creator cries to feeble man, "Give me." The Great Benefactor Himself becomes the Petitioner—stands at the door of His own creatures, and asks, not for offerings, nor for words of praise, but for their hearts. Oh, it must be because of the great love of God that He condescends to put Himself into such a position; and if we were right-minded, our response would be, "Dost *thou* seek my heart? Here it is, my Lord."

Again, it can only be supreme love which leads wisdom to seek after the heart of such poor things as we are. The best saints are poor things; and as for some of us who are not the best, what poor, poor things we are! How foolish! How slow to learn! Does wisdom seek us for scholars? Then wisdom must be of a most condescending kind. We are so guilty, too. We shall rather disgrace than honor the courts of wisdom if she admits us to her school. Yet she says to each of us, "Give me thy heart. Come and learn of me." Only love can invite such scholars as we are. I am afraid we shall never do much to glorify God; we have but small parts to begin with, and our position is obscure. Yet, commonplace people though we are, God says to each one of us, "My son, give me thine heart." Only

Infinite Love Would Come A-Wooing

to such wretched hearts as ours. For what has God to gain? Brothers and sisters, if we did all give our hearts to Him, in what respect would He be the greater? If we gave Him all we have, would He be the richer? "The silver and the gold are mine," says He, "and the cattle on a thousand hills. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee." He is too great for us to make Him greater, too good for us to make Him better, too glorious for us to make Him more illustrious. When He comes a-wooing, and cries, "Give me thine heart," it must be for our benefit, and not for His own.

Yet He does gain a son: that is a sweet thought. Everyone that

Gives God His Heart

becomes God's son, and a father esteems his children to be treasures; and I reckon that God sets a higher value upon His children than upon all the works of His hand besides. We see the Great Father's likeness in the story of the returning prodigal. The father thought more of his returning son than of all that he possessed besides. "It was meet," said he, "that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." Oh, I tell you, you that do not know the Lord, that if you give your hearts to Him you will make Him glad! The Eternal Father will be glad to get back His lost son, to press to His bosom a heart, warm with affection to Him, which heart aforetime had been cold and stony towards Him. "My son, give me thine heart," says He, as if He longed for our love, and could not bear to have children that had forgotten Him. Do you not hear Him speak? "My son, give me thine heart!"

You who are sons of God already may take my text as a call to give God your heart anew, for—I do not know how it is—men are wonderfully scarce now; and

Men With Hearts Are Rare.

If preachers had larger hearts, they would move more people to hear them. A sermon preached without love falls flat and dead. We have heard sermons, admirable in composition, and excellent in doctrine, but like that palace which the Empress of Russia built upon the Neva of blocks of ice. Nothing more lustrous, nothing more sharply cut, nothing more charming; but oh, so cold, so very cold! Its very beauty a frost to the soul! "My son," says God to every preacher, "give me thine heart." O minister, if thou canst not speak with eloquent tongue, at least let thy heart run over like burning lava from thy lips! Let thy heart be like a Geyser, scalding all that come near thee, permitting none to remain indifferent. You that teach in the school, you that work for God anyhow, do it thoroughly well. "Give me thine heart, my son," says God. It is one of the first and last qualifications of a good workman for God, that he should put his heart into his work. Hard work will do almost everything; but in God's service it must not only be hard work, but hot work. The heart must be on fire. The heart must be set upon its design. See how a child cries! Though I am not fond of hearing it, yet I note that *some children cry all over:* when they want a thing, they cry from the tips of their toes to the last hair of their heads. That is the way to preach, and that is the way to pray, and that is the way to live: the whole man must be heartily engaged in holy work.

II. Now, I turn my text another way. Wisdom persuades us to obey this loving request. To take our hearts and give them up to God is the wisest thing that we can do.

Wisdom Prompts It;

for, first, many others crave our hearts, and our hearts will surely go one way or other. Let us see to it that they do not go where they will be ruined. I will not read you the next verse, but many a man has lost his heart and soul eternally, by the lusts of flesh. He has perished through "her that lieth in wait as for a prey, and increaseth the transgressors among men." Happy is that young man whose heart is never defiled with vice! There is no way of being kept from impurity except by giving up the heart to the holy Lord. In a city like this, the most pure-minded are surrounded with innumerable temptations; and many there are that slip with their feet before they are aware of it, being carried away because they have not time to think, before the temptation has cast them to the ground. "Therefore, my son," says Wisdom, "give me thine heart. Everybody will try to steal thy heart, therefore leave it in my charge. Then thou needest not fear the fascinations of the strange woman, for I have thy heart, and I will keep it safe unto the day of my appearing." It is most wise to give Jesus our heart, for seducers will seek it.

There is another destroyer of souls. I will not say much about it, but I will just read you what the context saith of it—"Who hath woe? Who had babbling? Who hath wounds without cause?" Read carefully the rest of the chapter, and then hear the voice of Wisdom say, "My son, if thou wouldst be kept from drunkenness and gluttony, from wantonness and chambering, and everything that the heart inclineth to, give me thy heart." It is well to guard your heart with all the apparatus that wisdom can provide. It is well totally to abstain from that which becomes a snare to you: but, I charge you, do not rely upon abstinence, but give your heart to Jesus; for nothing short of true godliness will preserve you from sin, so that you shall be presented faultless before His presence with exceeding great joy.

Wisdom urges to immediate decision, because it is well to have a heart at once occupied and taken up by Christ. It is an empty heart that the devil enters. You know how the boys always break the windows of empty houses; and

The Devil Throws Stones

wherever the heart is empty. If you can say to the devil when you are tempted, "You are too late; I have given my heart to Christ, I cannot listen to your overtures, I am affianced to the Saviour by bonds of love that never can be broken," what a blessed safeguard you have! I know of nothing that can so protect the young man in these perilous days as to be able to sing "O, God, my heart is fixed; my heart is fixed!"

Give Jesus your hearts, beloved friends, for wisdom bids you do it at once, because it will please God. Have you a friend to whom you wish to make a present? I know what you do: you try to find out what that friend would value, for you say, "I should like to give him what would please him." Do you want to give God something that is sure to please Him? You need not build a church of matchless architecture—I do not know that God cares much about stones and wood. You need not wait till you shall have amassed money to endow a row of almshouses. It is well to bless the poor, but Jesus said that one who gave two mites, which made a farthing, gave more than all the rich men who cast in of their wealth into the treasury. What would God my Father like me to give? He answers, "My son, give Me thine heart." He will be pleased with that, for He Himself seeks the gift.

If there are any here to whom this day is an anniversary of birth, or of marriage, or of some other joyful occasion, let them

Make A Present to God

and give Him their hearts. Then shall your hand and purse give what they will, and your tongue and brain shall give what they can; but first your heart — first your heart—your inmost self—your love—your affection. You must give Him your heart, or you give Him nothing.

And does He not deserve it? I am not going to use that argument, because, somehow, if you press a man to give a thing, at last it comes not to be a gift, but a tax.

Our Consecration

to God must be unquestionable in its freeness. Religion is voluntary or else false. If I shall prove that your heart is God's due, why, then, you will not give, but rather pay as though it were a debt; so I will touch that string very gently, lest, in seeking to bring forth music, I snap the chord. I will put it thus: surely it were well to give a heart for a heart. There was One who came and took human nature on Him, and wore a human heart within His bosom, and that human heart was pressed full sore with sorrow till, it is written, that He wept. It was pressed still more with anguish till, it is written, "He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground." He was still further overwhelmed with grief, till at last He

said. "Reproach hath broken My heart, and I am full of heaviness;" and then it is written, "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." A heart was given for you; will you not give your heart? I say no more.

Believe me, beloved friends, there is no getting wisdom except you give your heart to it. There is no understanding the science of Christ crucified, which is

The Most Excellent of all Sciences,

without giving your heart to it. Some of you have been trying to be religious. You have been trying to be saved, but you have done it in an off-handed sort of style. "My son, give Me thine *heart.*" Wisdom suggests to you that you should do it, for unless your whole heart is thrown into it you will never prosper in it. Certain men never get on in business; they do not like their trade, and so they never prosper. And certainly, in the matter of religion, no man can ever prosper if he does not love it, if his whole heart is not in it. Some people have just enough religion to make them miserable. If they had none, they would be able to enjoy the world; but they have too much religion to be able to enjoy the world, and yet not enough to enjoy the world to come. Oh. you

Poor Betweenities,

you that hang, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven — you that are like bats, neither birds nor beasts—you that are like a flying-fish, that tries to live in the air and water too, and finds enemies in both elements—you that are neither this nor that nor the other; strangers in God's country, and yet not able to make yourselves at home with the devil—I do pity you! Oh, that I could give you a tug to get you to this side of the border-land! My Master bids me compel you to come in; but what can I do except repeat the message of the text? "My son, give Me thine heart."

III. And now I close with the third observation. Let us be wise enough at once to attend to this admonition of Wisdom. Let us now give God our heart. "My son, give Me thine heart." *When?* At once. There is no intimation that God would have us wait a little. I wish that those persons who only mean to wait a little would fix a time when they will leave off waiting. They are always going to be right to-morrow. Which day of the month is that? I have searched the calendar, and cannot find it. I have heard that there is such a thing as

The Fool's Calendar,

and that to-morrow is there; but then you are not fools, and do not keep such a calendar. To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow! it is a raven's croak of evil omen. To-day, to-day, to-day, to-day, to-day! that is the silver trumpet of salvation, and he that hears it shall live.

How? If we attend to this precept, we shall notice that it calls upon us to act *freely.* "My son, *give* Me thine heart." Do not need to have it led in fetters. It might, as I have already said, prevent a thing from being a gift if you too pressingly proved that it was due. It is due, but God puts it, as it were, upon free-will for once, and leaves it to free agency. He says, "My son, *give* Me thine heart. All that thou hast from Me comes as a gift of free grace; now give Me back thy heart freely." Remember, wherever we speak about the power of grace, we do not mean a physical force, but only such force as may be applied to free agents, and to responsible beings. The Lord begs you not to want to be crushed and pounded into repentance, nor whipped and spurred to holy living. But "My son, give Me thine heart."

It seems a pity that a man should have to live a long life of sin to learn that

Sin Does Not Pay.

It is a sad case when he comes to God with all his bones broken, and enlists in the divine army after he has spent all his youth in the service of the devil, and has worn himself out. Christ will have him whenever he comes; but how much better it is, while yet you are in the days of your youth, to say, "Here, Lord, I give Thee my heart. Constrained by Thy sweet love, I yield to Thee in the dawn of my being!"

Do it thoroughly. "My son, give Me thine heart." You cannot give Christ a piece of a heart, for a heart that is halved is killed. A heart that has even a little bit taken off is a dead heart. The devil does not mind having half your heart. He is quite satisfied with that, because he is like the woman to whom the child did not belong: he does not mind if it be cut in halves. The true mother of the child said, "Oh, spare the child! Do not divide it;" and so Christ, who is the true Lover of hearts, will not have the heart divided. If it must go one way, and the wrong way, let it go that way: but if it will go the right way, he is ready to accept it, cleanse it, and perfect it, only it must go all together, not divided. "Give Me thine heart."

Did I hear somebody say, "I am willing to give God my heart?" Very well, then, let us look at it practically. *Where is it now?* You cannot give your heart up till you find out where it is. I knew

A Man Who Lost His Heart.

His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself. "That is odd!" say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were round him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money that he had lent him. The debtor's little children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children. He would have his money. He had lost his heart. I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day, and I saw an iron safe: it stood behind the door of an inner room; and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot, and the inside was opened, there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry and dead as the kernel of a walnut seven years old. It was his heart. If you have locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can.

I knew a young lady—I think I know several of that sort now—whose heart I could never see. I could not make out why she was so flighty, giddy, frothy, till I discovered that she had kept her heart in a wardrobe. A poor prison for an immortal soul; is it not? You had better fetch it out, before the moth eats it as wool. When our garments become the idols of our hearts, we are such foolish things that we can hardly be said to have hearts at all. Even such foolish hearts as these, it were well to get out of the wardrobe, and give to Christ.

Where is Your Heart?

I have known some leave it at the public-house, and some in places that I shall not mention, lest the cheek of modesty should crimson. But wherever your heart is, it is in the wrong place if it is not with Christ. Go, fetch it, sir. Bring it here, and give it into the hand of Him that bought it.

But in what state is it? "Ay, there's the rub!" For men's hearts begin to smell of the places wherein they keep them. Some men's hearts are cankered through keeping them among their gold; and some are rotten, through and through, through keeping them steeped in vice. Where is the drunkard's heart? In what state must it be? Foul and filthy. Still God says, "Give Me thine heart." What! such a thing as that? Yes; did I not tell you that when He asked for your heart it was all for love of you, and not for what He should get out of you: for what is such a heart as yours, my friend, that has been in such a place, and fallen into such a state? Yet, still give it to Him, for I will tell you

What He Will Do With It:

He will work wonders for your heart. You have heard of alchemists who took base metal, so they say, and transmuted it into gold: the Lord will do more than this. "Give Me thine heart." Poor, filthy, defiled, polluted, depraved heart!—give it to Him. It is stony now, corrupted now. He will take it, and in those sacred hands of Christ, that heart shall lie, till, in its place you shall see a heart of flesh, pure, clean, heavenly. "Oh," say you, "I never could make out what to do with my hard heart!" Give it now to Christ, and He will change it. Yield it up to the sweet power of His infinite grace, and He will renew a right spirit within you. God help you to give Jesus your heart, and to do it now! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE DIRT ON A FAMOUS PICTURE.*

THE late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, speaking on one occasion at the funeral of a little child, said: "The background of the Sistine Madonna at Dresden (in some respects the most wonderful picture of maternal love which exists in the world) for a long time was merely dark; and an artist, in making some repairs, discovered a cherub's face in that dark background; and being led to suspect that the picture had been overlaid by time and neglect, commenced cleansing it; and as he went on, cherub after cherub appeared, until it was found that the Madonna was on a background made up wholly of little heavenly cherubs. Now, by nature, motherhood stands against a dark background; but that background being cleansed by the touch of God, and by the cleansing hand of faith, we see that the whole heaven is full of little cherub faces. And to-day it is not this little child alone that we look at, which we see only in the outward guise; we look upon a background of children innumerable, each one as sweet to its mother's heart as this one was sweet to its mother's heart, each one as dear to the clasping arms of its father as this child has been to the clasping arms of its father; and it is in good company, it is in a spring land. It is in a summer world. It is with God. You have given it back to Him who lent it to you.

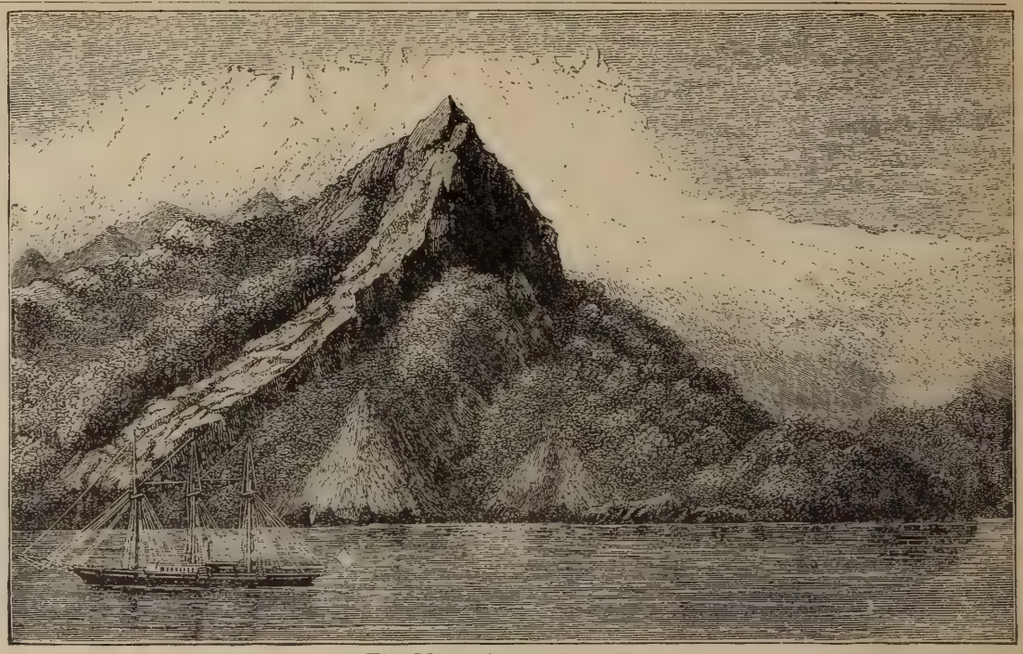
"Now the giving back is very hard, but you cannot give back to God all that you receive with your child. You cannot give back to God those springs of new and deeper affection which were awakened by the coming of the little one. You cannot give back to God the experiences which you have had in dwelling with your darling. You cannot give back to God the hours which when you look back upon them now, seem like one golden chain of linked happiness. You are better, you are riper, you are richer, even in this hour of bereavement than you were. God gave, and He has not taken away except in outward form. He holds, He keeps, He reserves, He watches, He loves. You shall have again that which you have given back to Him only outwardly."

An Unattractive Home.

"I heard the other day," says Mr. D. L. Moody, "of a child whose mother was very sick; and while she lay very low, one of the neighbors took the child away to stay with her, until the mother should be well again. But instead of getting better the mother died; and they thought they would not take the child home till the funeral was all over; and would never tell her about her mother being dead. So a while afterward they brought the little girl home. First she went into the sitting-room to find her mother; then she went into the parlor to find her mother there; and she went from one end of the house to the other, and could not find her. At last she said: 'Where is my mamma?' And when they told her her mamma was gone, the little thing wanted to go back to the neighbor's house again. Home had lost its attraction to her, since her mother was

*From "The Bow in the Cloud; or, Words of Comfort," a volume of extracts from the Bible and from two hundred famous authors and preachers, in prose and poetry, for the comfort of those in sickness and sorrow. Edited by J. Sanderson, D. D. A perfect treasure to put into the hands of a bereaved parent, or any Christian bowed down by suffering in any form. It cannot fail to impart comfort and encouragement. 452 pages; Price $1.75; Published by *E. B. Treat*, 771 Broadway, New York.

M. Wilson, Son-in-law of Ex-President Grevy.



The Mountains on Cape Horn.

not there any longer. No, it is not the jasper walls and pearly gates that are going to make heaven attractive. It is the being with God. We shall be in the presence of the Redeemer; we shall be forever with the Lord."

A Gardener's Favorite Flower.

A gentleman's gardener had a darling child, in whom his affections seemed to be centred. The Lord laid His hand upon the babe; it sickened and died. The father was disconsolate, and murmured at the dealings of Providence.

The gardener had in one of his flower-beds a favorite rose. It was the fairest flower he had ever seen on the tree, and he daily marked its growing beauty, intending when it was full blown, to send it to his employer's mansion. One morning it was gone; some one had plucked it. Mortified at what he thought the improper conduct of one of the servants, he endeavored to find the culprit. He was, however, much surprised to find that it was his employer who, in walking through the garden, had been attracted by the beauty of the rose, and, plucking it, had carried it to adorn one of the beautiful rooms in the Hall. The gardener's anger was changed into pleasure. He felt reconciled when he heard that his employer had thought the flower worthy of such notice. "Ah, Richard!" said the gentleman, "you can gladly give up the rose, because I thought it worthy of a place in my house; and will you repine, because your heavenly father has thought wise to remove your child from a world of sin to be with Himself in heaven?"

M. DANIEL WILSON.

Son-in-law of Ex-President Grevy.

As his name implies, M. Wilson, whose portrait appears on this page, is of Scotch descent, but a Frenchman by birth. He is forty-seven years of age, having been born in 1840. He was already a rich man with considerable influence in his neighborhood in 1869, when Napoleon III. seemed to be securely seated on his throne. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies under the Empire, and was known as a shrewd politician. In the troubles of 1870, M. Wilson entered the regiment of Gardes Mobiles, and was in some of the skirmishes, when he conducted himself with some bravery. His financial skill won for him considerable renown in the French Parliament, to which he was elected under the Republic, and he became assistant secretary of the Treasury in 1879. His marriage to the daughter of M. Grévy also gave him social distinction. When M. Grévy was elected to the Presidency of the Republic, Wilson was made his private secretary, and went to reside with him in the executive mansion.

Like many smart politicians, M. Wilson's fault seems to have been over-smartness. He saw many ways in which his position in the President's family could be turned to the advancement of his own fortunes; and there were ugly rumors about him for some time before the final exposure. It seemed impossible to get any social favor or distinction from the President without conciliating Wilson, who had the old man completely under his influence. The exposure came when General Cafarel was charged with selling decorations of the Legion of Honor. Madame Limousin, who turned state's evidence, handed into court the whole of her correspondence, among which were letters from many prominent men, proving their complicity in the scandal. There were two letters from Wilson, which Madame Limousin said were proof of his guilt. But when these letters were read in court they were quite innocent. Madame Limousin said those were not the letters she had received from Wilson and had handed in. Wilson said they were, but when they were examined by the judge it was found that the paper on which they were written had a water-mark showing the date on which the paper was made, and that date was two years later than the date of the letters. This was clear proof that the letters had been written at a later date than they bore, and had been dated back. When it was disclosed that the whole correspondence had been at the executive mansion, where Wilson had access to it, it was perceived that he had taken the two letters which he had written to Madame Limousin out of the package, and had written two others of an innocent character and put in their place to make the number correct. The discovery, and the effort of M. Grévy to shield the culprit, involved the fall of the President. Solomon said that "*a foolish son is the calamity of his father*" (Prov. 19 : 13), and it now appears that the remark applies also to a son-in-law.

CAPE HORN.

(See Illustration)

THIS point, the dread of mariners, is the southernmost point of the South American continent. It is one of several islands, bleak and rocky, of which Desolation Island and King Charles Southland are the largest. The bare, black crags which rise from the island of Cape Horn, form the extreme southern end of the Cordilleras, one of the groups of the Andes, which stretch from Cape Horn to the Isthmus of Panama. They are thrown into strong relief by the gigantic mountain, Sarmiento, which rears its head in the back-ground, capped with eternal snow, to a height of 6,910 feet. On its sides are many glaciers, the gorgeous blue tints of which enhance the grandeur of its appearance.

The whole archipelago, including Cape Horn, is desolate, no attempt having been made to cultivate even such soil as is found among the rocks. On the northern faces of the hills brushwood grows, and in some cases there are patches of primeval growths of wild brier, laurel and fuschias. It is remarkable, however, that in the valleys the pasture-land is most luxurious; and travellers in that region assert that in spite of its climate and general barrenness, cattle-breeding might be successfully carried on there. The natives are half-naked savages, who spend much of their time in their canoes, their diet being chiefly fish and the wild geese, which they bring down with their arrows.

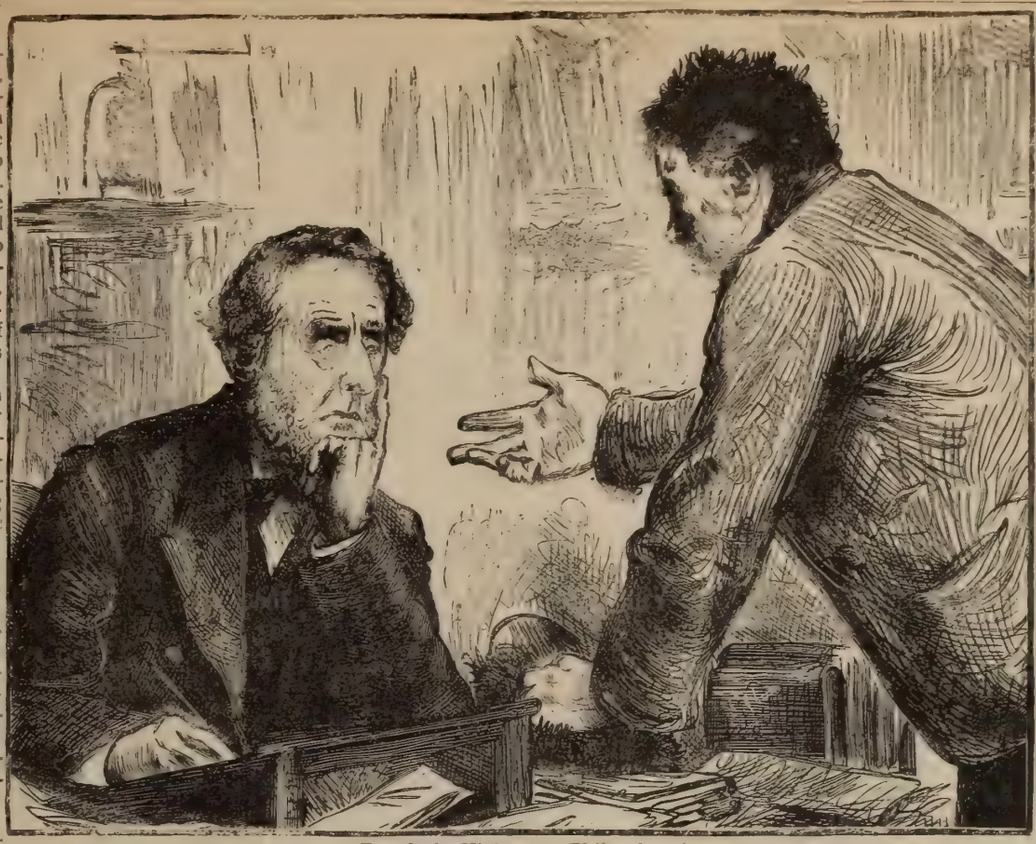
A VISIT FROM A BURGLAR.

(See Illustration on page 829.)

THAT the good that men do lives after them, was never more forcibly illustrated than in the life of the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, who died October 1, 1885. During the two years which have elapsed since his death, incidents have been continually coming to light which show how wide was the sphere of his usefulness. His legislative and public work was well known, and furnished the ground on which his fellow-citizens formed their high estimate of his character. But the exalted opinion of his great and good achievements has been enhanced by the knowledge now gained of much which during his lifetime was not known. In the efforts being made by philanthropists and city missionaries to reclaim the outcasts of society, traces of his influence are found in the most unexpected quarters. Among them is that depicted in the illustration.

One day a rough fellow, with all the marks of a degraded criminal upon him, presented himself at the Earl's London residence. The philanthropic nobleman was accessible to any one, but this man was so obviously a miscreant that he was refused admittance by the servant. But the man was persistent, and eventually succeeded in inducing the footman to appeal to Lord Shaftesbury. The Earl was willing to receive him, and accordingly he was ushered into the private room. It appeared that he had only that day been released from prison, where he had been serving a sentence for burglary. During his confinement (and perhaps before) he heard something of what Lord Shaftesbury was trying to do for the poor and degraded

classes of his country The burglar sympathized with the effort, as even the most degraded will, when an attempt is being made in the right spirit to benefit their class. But he seems to have had a philosophical turn of mind and to have thoroughly considered the matter. He arrived at the conclusion that some of the philanthropist's labors were useless, and that the end in view would be better attained by concentrating energy on another and more hopeful field. Reflecting that on this day he could walk the street in broad daylight without fear, whereas in a day or two some new exploit in his business might render his appearance in respectable quarters dangerous to him, he determined to lose no time in imparting his special and peculiar knowledge to the kind Earl.



Burglar's Visit to a Philanthropist.

He opened the interview by speaking of the schools the Earl was establishing in various parts of London for ragged children, and comparing the work done there with the work for reclaiming criminals. The latter he deemed useless—time and money thrown away, while the ragged school effort should be pushed for all it was worth. That was his object in seeing the Earl, and he was deeply in earnest about it. Here was a good man and a kind, "one of the nobs," trying to help us and going the wrong way about it. Rising from his chair and leaning over the desk at which the Earl sat, he said in gruff tones, but with all emphasis: "*Keep hold of the little uns, sir—my Lord, I mean. You can't help us; we're too far gone, but save the little uns. If I'd had the luck to be took onto one o' them ragged schools when I were a little chap, I'd ha' done right and never ha' seen the inside of a jug* [prison]. *But it's too late now for me, and lots more like me. You keep hold o' the little uns, and you'll do what you want.*" And having delivered his soul the burglar took his leave.

The significance of such a visit is of great importance. It was a testimony to the value of the philanthropist's work, and proved that its motive and spirit were understood and appreciated by the people for whose good it was designed. No amount of preaching and teaching could have manifested the spirit of Christ like the work itself. A proof of that assertion was given, also in connection with the same peer, during the recent disturbances in London. One of the socialist demagogues, in the course of an inflammatory speech, in which he denounced the existing condition of society, and especially selfish, hard hearted plutocrats, said: "There's one exception I'd like to make—Shaftesbury, he was good grit, and no mistake. If I don't hold with all he *said*, I hold with what he *did*. He did a power of good for workingmen."

The essential truth of Christianity—the one cardinal principle which Christ insisted on throughout His ministry, the essence of the revelation which He came from heaven to make, and which He lived and died to prove—is *the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.* Theologians have overlaid the principle with dogma, have buried it under theories and doctrines and rubbish of all kinds, and the world has misunderstood Christianity in consequence. When Christianity, as Christ taught and lived it, is taught and practiced, when every man who calls himself a Christian looks to God as his father with all that that relationship implies, and looks on every other man as his brother, Christianity will be doing the work God intended it to do, and not until then.

THE FAMILY OF TRIPE COURT.

By Brenda.

(*Continued from page 814.*)

BRIDGET LEAVES HOME.

THE fire had quite gone out and the candle was flaring low in its socket by the time Mrs. Job—having washed the few things that the mother and child were required to take in with them to the Infirmary, and closed up the bundle and made all ready for the start in the morning—put her shawl over her head to go home; she did so with a heavy heart. She was leaving everything so miserable: Bridget going to pass the night on the floor, with her pain and her sorrowful thoughts; the baby fretting, and the little sisters too sleepy and wearied out to nurse it properly; and the miserable man—the cause of it all—with his teeth chattering with cold, and the drunkard's racking headache. She kissed Bridget the last thing, telling her she and Mrs. Treeby would be in early to-morrow to carry her downstairs and "see her off comfortable;" and then she said, "Good-night, Tom!"

"Good-night, Mrs, Job," said Tom, thankful to her for speaking to him; and then—he felt unworthy that he should be noticed—in a helpless way, with the tears in his eyes as she shook hands with him, "Aren't you sorry for us? I know it was me, but I didn't go for to do it!"

"Yes, Tom, I am—I am sorry for *everybody*," answered Mrs. Job.

If it had been Mrs. Treeby, she would have said, "Sorry for you? not a bit. You hadn't no business to get drunk, and then it wouldn't have happened; it just serves you right to be miserable!" But Mrs. Job felt, what I think we have to feel so often in this life, looking on at the sins, and wrongs, and hopeless misunderstandings and quarrels of those about us, sorrow for everybody all round; for sinners as well as the sinned against.

Mrs. Job's reply did not make a worse man of Tom this evening. "Kind words," somebody has written, "are the music of the world. . . It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, soften the hard and angry hearts of men!" Mrs. Job's duty was to go home, otherwise she would not have left the Mites; she would have stayed by them to help them through the night

"I can go home and pray for 'em," said Mrs. Job to herself, as she wiped her eyes with her shawl.

Bridget's pain was not a whit less the next morning than it had been overnight; on the contrary, her sufferings were greater, for inflammation had set in, and her neighbors found her with her temperature high, and her cheeks hot and flushed, and not having had a wink of sleep the night through. Mrs. Job and Mrs. Treeby, in talking of it afterwards, said perhaps this was a good thing, for it had "kept her up to going."

The women came in, in the grey of the morning, almost before it was light, bringing with them all they could think of and could afford, to start Bridget off, as they termed it, "comfortable and respectable." They provided her with hot cocoa and a piece of fried bacon for breakfast. Mrs. Treeby brought her best shawl for Bridget to wear going, and a bag of peppermints "to keep her inside cheerful and warm on the way." Mrs Job lent her a tidy bonnet, and a woollen wrap for the baby, and many another thing, which kept them running backwards and forwards to their homes so continually that the other people in Tripe Court soon perceived that "there was something up at the Mites'." They were sure it was nothing pleasant, the women looked so hot and flurried each time they appeared, with their shawls up to their mouths to keep the icy air out. It couldn't be a wedding, or a christening, or anything of that sort, or yet a funeral, or they should have heard; "more likely that one of them was bad from something there that Tom did, when he was so drunk yesterday!"—which brought them to the actual truth.

Up to the very moment of Bridget's departure there was nothing but hurry, and bustle, and commotion in the Mites' room—yes, just one other thing, the sound of Mrs. Treeby's tongue.

Mary Job attended principally to Bridget, Mrs. Treeby to the baby; she thought no one understood babies as *she* did, or could dress and wash them as handily as *she* could. But in the intervals of "kitsy-kitsying" to the fretful baby, and running to and fro to her home to get things, Mrs. Treeby found opportunity to give Tom Mite a "good talking to." It was not a season to be lost, for she saw that he was thoroughly "down," and would allow her to say what she liked to him, and though she didn't hold with hitting a man that was down generally, she did so in this case.

And she didn't spare him; she gave it him "hot," as she told her husband afterwards, and

if, after her "talking to," Tom Mite did not feel morally black and blue all over, it was not, I can tell you, the fault of Mrs. Treeby's tongue. It hit out straight, and most of its blows went home. All the time Tom said nothing; he hung his head and replied never a word; he did not feel even angry with Mrs. Treeby this morning, he felt crushed at the thought of his wife's leaving him, and of the injury he had done her, for though he had never loved her enough to give up the *drink*, he yet did love his wife, and he felt that every hit Mrs. Treeby gave him he deserved, and more.

The mode of Bridget's departure had been arranged by Mrs. Job and Mrs. Treeby the day before, in this wise—that they should carry her between them downstairs, and to the end of the court, where there was to be a cab waiting, which cab was to convey the party, consisting of Bridget, the baby, and one of the women—it was not quite decided which of them would go—to a certain point where they could pick up the horse car, and ride in that to the end of the route, and there take another car, which they were told would put them down at the corner within a few yards of the Infirmary gates.

It had been a matter of considerable thought arranging this journey, how to ride all the way, and to do it as cheaply as possible. The Infirmary lay a long distance away, and many miles had to be got over. A cab the whole distance would have been the best for Bridget, but who was to pay for it? No, there was no other means—"cab a little way, and then the cars." The changes would be hard for Bridget, very hard in her state—ah, how hard always are the journeys of the very poor!—in winter bearing the brunt of the biting cold and piercing blast, in summer the scorching heat and feverish thirst, and the blinding dust of the road—verily they know what *pilgrimage* means.

But in arranging for these changes, the women arranged for something else too, on which they knew they could certainly count—the kindness of people on the road. They were *sure* of the good-natured car conductor to give Bridget a hoist up into "the car," or to hold the bundle and the baby while *they* helped her; they were *sure* of the nice old person seated just inside, who would move up to let Bridget drop into the first seat by the door, so that she should be handy to get out again; they were *sure* of the friendly arm of somebody meeting them at the corner where their last car stopped, to help Bridget over the few yards she would have to walk at the end of this harassing journey.

Yes, they reckoned on these things, as certainly as they did upon the sun to light them. For, thank God, there are rays of man's diviner nature still lingering on this earth of ours, to be met with in its lowly places perhaps more often than in its high ones. These rays are seen in those disinterested little attentions, the kind words, the quick perception for what is weak and suffering, the readiness to help, and the willingness to sacrifice little personal comforts and preferences, for the greater ease and assistance of others, which so often gladden the ride in the dirty old horse-car, which lighten the gloom in the railway, which take away the sense of loneliness in the street amid the hurry and jostle of crowds, and in a hundred other places. *Without* these rays, these little lamps shining at different stages on the dark highways of life, how much darker would it be for the poor—the pedestrians of the long and difficult journey!

It will be seen that the Job and Treeby programme for Bridget's removal to the Infirmary did not include her husband in any way; the women had to make their plans without him, as if he did not exist. For how could he be counted upon to do anything? Experience had taught them that, just at the critical moment when he would be wanted, his throat would be seized with dryness, and he would give them the slip—get out by the chimney, if other exits were blocked; drunkards get the cunning of mad people—and slink round the corner to the saloon and get "a drop," and not be seen for the rest of the day. Tom could not complain; he knew very well how he had failed his family and acquaintances at times of need, over and over again in the manner I have described. Yet he wished he had been given something to do about Bridget this morning.

As the time drew near for her departure, he heard the women asking each other "however they should get her downstairs to the cab." And certainly it was a matter of anxiety how to carry Bridget. She was a bonny-sized woman, and no light weight at any time, but her helplessness would make her seem ten times heavier than usual; indeed, when the women found her so much worse this morning, they were seized with dismay at the thought of the changes on the journey, they had serious misgivings as to Bridget's ability to make them; yet a cab all that distance, who was to pay for it? The moment arrived at last for the attempt to be made.

Bridget, hot and flushed with pain, and faint with the effort of being moved from the floor, wearing Mrs. Treeby's shawl and Mrs. Job's bonnet, sat on a chair with her bare hands crossed in front of her, all ready for the start. She seemed too full of suffering to be taking much account of anything that was passing around her this morning, or she might have been seriously apprehensive of what was about to happen. She was to sit still on that chair and be carried down the stairs on it, by the two weakly women, her neighbors. With desperate intent in their faces, like people who knew their work was before them, Mrs. Job and Mrs. Treeby, one on each side, stooped and grasped the chair firmly with both hands.

"*Now*," said Mary Job, holding on to *her* side of the chair like grim death, "have you got a firm hold, Mrs. Treeby? Are you ready?"

"No, just a moment. I haven't got a good grip of the back," said Mrs. Treeby, tightening her grasp. "That's better."

"Well, are you ready?" again asked Mrs. Job.

"Yes, *now*," cried the other, as if she were giving the signal for her own execution. "Goodness, gracious—my, what a weight—*oh!*" and the chair, lifted a few inches from the boards, came down again with a bump. The two women, taking their hands off, straightened themselves and stood up and looked at each other over the top of Bridget's bonnet.

"D'ye think we'll do it?" asked Mrs. Job anxiously.

"No, I don't think we shall," replied the other. "We shall never get her down them stairs. I wonder if Dick Riley would give us a hand if he's not gone?"

The proposition of another man being called in, roused whatever of manly feeling and self-respect there was yet remaining in Tom, and he asked with alacrity, but in a very humble tone, like a person craving a great favor:

"Mayn't *I*, Mrs. Treeby? I'm sure I could get her down quite easy."

"*You!*" exclaimed Mrs. Treeby, turning round upon him with scornful astonishment, at his daring to propose such a thing. "*You*, that was drinking all day yesterday, and what gave 'er the blow? A pretty sort o' carryin' *yours* would be!"

"It wants a steady hand," put in Mrs. Job.

"I'm quite sober to-day," pleaded Tom, and his contrite voice and air made the women think again. After all, he was a tall man and had a strong arm of his own, and had been a powerful dock-laborer in his time—yes, and might be so again if he left off the drink.

The morning was getting on. Dick Riley might have started to his work at the wharf. What if they tried Tom? They looked at each other and nodded, and Mrs. Treeby said in a pacified tone:

"Well, come along, then, and see what you can make of the job."

Tom set to, and, though weakened by continual drinking and insufficient food, he accomplished the task of carrying his wife down the stairs to the door, followed by the women carrying the bundle and the baby, and the two little miserable girls, Poll and Sue, who were determined to see the last of mother. Arrived at the door safely, Mrs. Treeby told Tom he might as well carry her as far as the hack which a neighbor—there were a good many neighbors looking out at doors and windows—volunteered to run for and have ready at the end of the court. The question next arose, which of them—Mrs. Treeby and Mrs. Job—should go with Bridget. Mrs. Treeby said *she* couldn't; her youngest child, little Billy, had been taken with croup in the night, and she must run back to him as soon as she could. Mrs. Job replied, "Well, then it must be her;" but it was evident from her tone that she too had calls at home which made it difficult for her to leave.

"Why don't you *both* stop at home and let *me* go with her?" suggested Tom in the same imploring sort of way as before.

He was put down immediately by Mrs. Treeby.

"It's not to be thought of," she exclaimed. "You'd never pass the *corners*, Tom. You know you wouldn't."

"I'd take my oath I would," protested Tom; but, alas! he had often taken his oath to keep steady, and had not kept it.

"Ah, but we know you better," said Mrs. Treeby. "Besides you'd never get the changes of cars into that fuddled head of yours; you'd be a pushin' of 'er into a red car when she ought to be gettin' into a green, or be makin' a step for her of the baby, and at the end of it all mistakin' a swing door for the infirmary. How can a man keep his brain clear and hold a baby, putting all that drink in it you did yesterday?"

"I don't believe myself she'll be able to make the changes, Mrs. Treeby. I don't indeed," said Mrs. Job, looking troubled as she began fanning vigorously with the end of her apron Bridget's suddenly ashened face. "Look, she's just on the faint now."

At this moment the neighbor, who had gone to fetch the hack, ran up with the announcement, "She had got Jemmy Wiggles!" which brightened all their faces except Bridget's.

Now, Jemmy Wiggles, though he had not a pretty name, was a very worthy hack-driver, held in great respect by the inhabitants of Tripe Court, who employed him always when there was a "burying," to carry them out to the distant cemetery. Jemmy Wiggles didn't mind how many grandfathers and grandmothers and aunts and cousins and kinsfolk they crammed inside his vehicle on such gloomy occasions, and was accommodating also about the outside. He would let an uncle or aunt sit there on the top, rather than he or she should not follow, and made nothing of having two or three children beside him on the box as well. Above all this, there was the grand fact that Jemmy Wiggles never overcharged them; he always did it "reasonable," and would wait a little for his money, which was valuable at a time when the crape and the undertaker were ravaging their slender resources. The news that it was this worthy man's cab now stopping the way at the end of Tripe Court, coupled with Bridget's increasing weakness, decided Mrs. Job on changing the plan of Bridget's journey altogether.

"If it's Jemmy Wiggles," she said, "Tom shall go with her. I'll stop at home and do a bit of mangling that shall pay for the extra expense, and Bridget shall ride all the way."

This was approved of by Mrs. Treeby. Jemmy Wiggles was bargained with and paid beforehand, and given express injunctions, with many a wink and nod towards Tom, "not to stop at no corners." Then Bridget was lifted in, quite a crowd of neighbors surrounding the hack to assist and see her off, and Tom followed, carrying the baby and the bundle. A score of rough but kindly hands were thrust in at the window to give her a hand-shaking the last thing, and hearty voices bade her "God-speed."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE DYING YEAR.

The Old Year is dying—is dying slow—
And why should we bid him stay?
His mission is ended and let him go,
For the New leadeth on to the May.

The Old Year is dying—is dying slow—
And 't is time for the toll of the bell;
He treated us kindly—but let him go—
For the New Year will bless us as well.

The Old Year is dying—but let us not weep—
He stole some of our joys, 't is true,
But he gave us some gifts of gladness to keep,
And buried our sorrows, too

The Old Year is dying—and let him go—
For we mount one starry step more
In the stairway that leads from the halls below
To the shining vestibule door,

Opening into the mansions so many and fair
In the house of our Father on high;
The New Year will carry us nearer there,
And so let the Old Year die.

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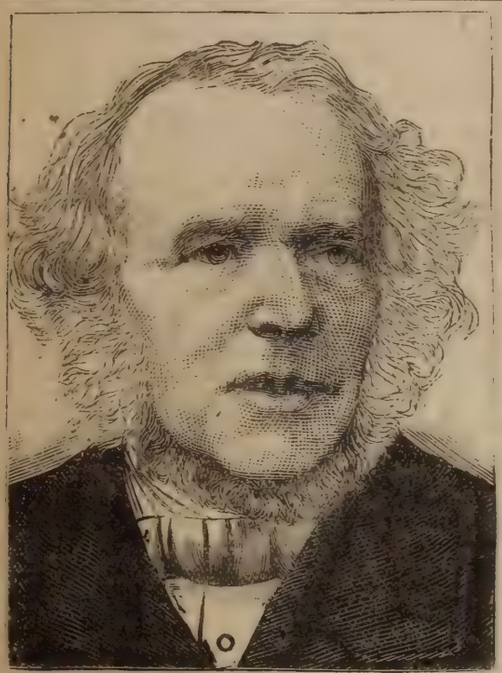

REV. DR. ANDREW A. BONAR.

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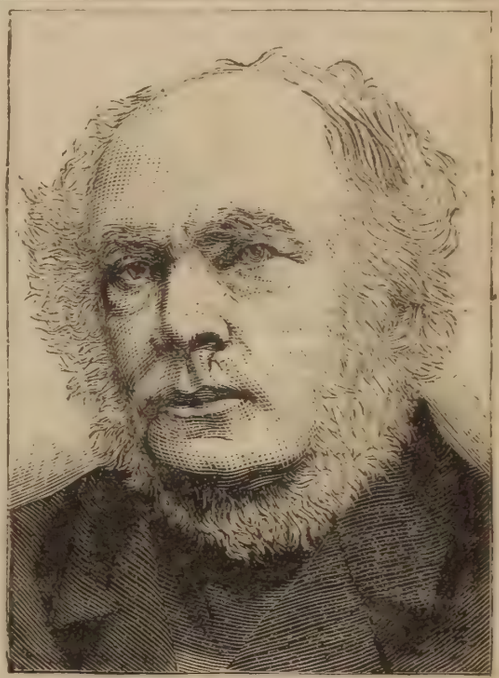

REV. DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

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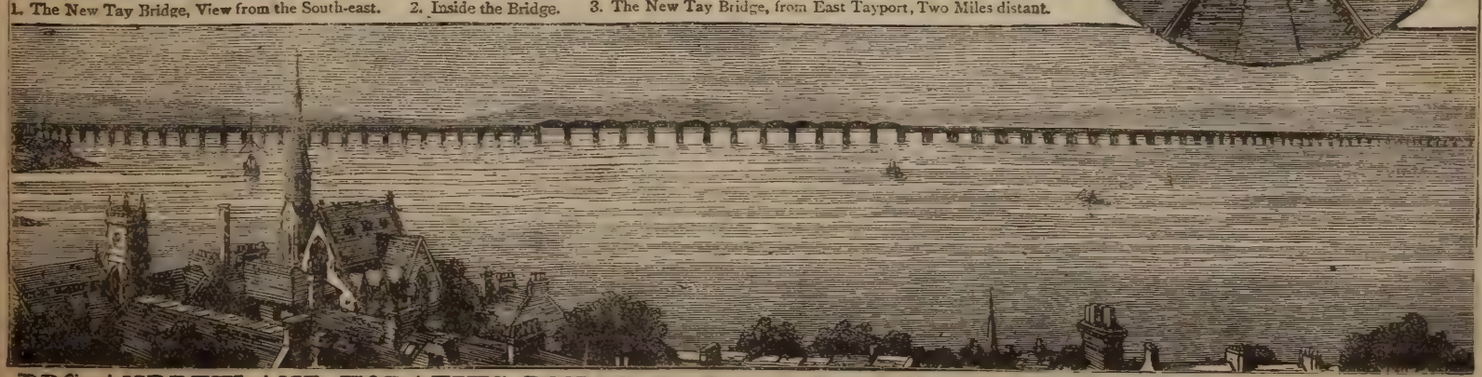

DRS. ANDREW AND HORATIUS BONAR, the famous Scotch Preachers and Authors—New Tay Bridge.

REV. DR. ANDREW A. BONAR.

His Early Years from 1810 to 1839—Journey to Palestine—Revival in Dundee—Secedes with the Free Church—Writes M'Cheyne's Memoirs—Elected Moderator of the Assembly in 1878.

One of the best-known and most highly esteemed pastors in the Free Church of Scotland is the Rev. Andrew Bonar, whose portrait appears on the preceding page in company with his distinguished brother, Dr. Horatius Bonar. He was born in Edinburgh in 1810, so that he is now seventy-eight years of age. His father was a man of high Christian character and extensive knowledge. Andrew was favored in his youth with the best educational advantages, and he availed himself of them to good purpose. The fruit of his application soon became apparent; he won the proud position of Dux of Edinburgh High School. The same success attended his academic career at the University, where he received the approbation of his professors, and the esteem of his class-mates.

He had already, when quite a boy, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and as a consequence he resolved, with his brother, Horatius, to consecrate his life to the ministry of the gospel. This resolution once made, he subordinated all his reading and thinking, and all that he did, to qualifying himself for this work. He was

Licensed to Preach

by the Presbytery of Jedburgh, in 1835, when he was twenty-five years old. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, then in the zenith of his fame, having had his attention directed to the promising licentiate, invited him to assist him as parish missionary. Mr. Bonar consented, and consequently was brought under an influence which must have helped to mould his methods of pulpit preparation, as well as to implant in him a lofty conception of the work he had undertaken. In 1838, he was ordained as colleague in the pastoral charge of Collace, in Perthshire.

In 1839 he was one of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, chosen partly on account of his familiarity with the Hebrew Scriptures, and partly also on account of his affectionate intimacy with M'Cheyne. On his return home he was joyfully welcomed by his flock, and at once assisted with unreserved enthusiam in

The Revival

which had originated in Dundee, and was spreading like a wave of blessing in all the district round about. The revival was destined to effect great changes in the religious life of Scotland. Ministers were stirred up to a sense of their responsibilities, and the influence they could wield as ambassadors for Christ. The people, feeling the need of gospel preaching, saw that they could not be sure of having it so long as the choice of their ministers was vested in the hands of men often indifferent to the best interests of the congregations. They thought they had the right to choose their own teachers in spiritual things, and demanded it; for they believed that the appointment of pastors by careless patrons was the source of the deadness and blight of the Scottish Church. So the conflict began which ended in

The Disruption

of 1843. Mr. Bonar, on the day of final decision, threw in his lot with the Free Church party, and left the church in which he had hitherto ministered. The majority of his parishioners followed him. A new place of worship was erected, and the work of grace went on; sinners were pricked to the heart, and believers were instructed in the things of God.

In 1856 Mr. Bonar felt it to be his duty to accept a call to Finnieston, Glasgow. It was simply a mission station. Ten persons constituted his first congregation; but Finnieston Free Church grew under his preaching and influence, until now the members number more than 1,000. In 1874 Edinburgh University conferred upon him the degree of D. D., in recognition of his scholarship and his many valuable contributions to theological literature. In 1878 he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church. When Messrs. Moody and Sankey visited Scotland he gave them his warmest sympathy and co-operation. In 1881 he was a welcome and honored guest and speaker at Mr. Moody's Conference at Northfield, and he returned home with all the glow and fervor of "youth renewed"; and even now, though advancing in life, his activity and enthusiam are unimpaired, and as in the days of his youth, he is able to do the duties of a strong man.

The Memoirs of M'Cheyne

is the book by which Dr. A. Bonar will be best remembered. It is a model biography, and has had a circulation of nearly 140,000 in Great Britain, besides being widely read in the United States. His work entitled "Christ and His Church in the Psalms" proves how profound is his Hebrew scholarship, and is marked throughout by rare spiritual insight which no linguistic acquisitions can supply; while his "Commentary on Leviticus," brings to light in a very wonderful manner the New Testament verities which lie enshrined in Old Testament rites. He has also written a large number of tracts and little gospel books, which have done excellent service and been blessed to many in both hemispheres. Like his brother Horatius, he believes in the pre-millennial advent of the Saviour, and looks for it as an event likely soon to occur.

REV. DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

Born in 1808—Becomes Presbyterian Minister at Kelso in 1839—The Dundee Revival—Publishes His Kelso Tracts and Popular Hymns and Other Books—Joins the Free Church—Becomes Minister of the Grange Church, Edinburgh—Moderator in 1882—Pre-millennial Doctrines.

The noble octogenarian preacher, whose portrait appears on the first page, in company with that of his younger brother, has recently received a substantial mark of the esteem of his fellow-countrymen, who have presented him with a purse containing five thousand dollars. At the presentation, attention was called to the fact that the family has long held an honored place among the churches of Scotland. Two centuries ago, one of its representatives was a distinguished minister, preaching the truth at the risk of martyrdom.

Horatius Bonar was born at Edinburgh, in 1808, so that he has attained the ripe age of eighty years. His father was Solicitor to the Government in all business relating to Excise, an office which is now abolished. The lad received his early education at the Edinburgh High School and the Edinburgh University, and while he was pursuing his studies he formed

A Memorable Friendship

with the saintly Robert Murray M'Cheyne, whose "Life and Remains" have been given to the world by his brother the Rev. A. Bonar. In early life he resolved to enter the Christian ministry. Among his instructors was the famous Dr. Chalmers, whose influence upon him was of the most beneficial and abiding character, and to this day he speaks of him in terms of enthusiastic and grateful admiration. Before he had finished his academical course he had published a little volume entitled "Christian Essays" which obtained a fair measure of publicity, and gave promise of the literary distinction which the author has since attained.

In 1839, at the age of thirty-one, the student became a minister, and the interesting old town of Kelso was

His First Field of Labor.

It is picturesquely situated on the banks of the silvery Tweed, and surrounded by a country justly famous, both in song and story. Nearly every stone and tree in the locality was associated in the minds of the residents with some memorable personage or deed which still lives in history. Here, in the full vigor of his early manhood, he gave himself to his work of winning souls with prayerful and unflagging assiduity. His sermons were full of fire and unction; and his pastoral visitation, especially in the homes of poverty or the abodes of suffering, was highly prized for his marked tenderness and sagacity in giving comfort or guidance.

Dr. Bonar has from the very outset of his career been an ardent believer in the power of the Press in the world-wide distribution of the truths of salvation. In spite of the many and varied calls upon his time, he managed while he was at Kelso to devote some portion of the week to edit the *Presbyterian*, a magazine which did magnificent service in contending for "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints." About the year 1839, when the revival occurred in Dundee, under the preaching of his friend M'Cheyne, none rejoiced more intensely or thanked God more than he did. He entered into the movement with heart and soul and did his best to spread it, and wherever he went many conversions were effected. But even then "What more can be done?" was his earnest inquiry by day and night. He thought that his pen might possibly reach those who were beyond his voice, so he wrote

"The Kelso Tracts."

His threefold object was to arouse the careless, to make plain the way of salvation, and to strengthen and instruct and gladden the children of God everywhere. These messengers of life were scattered far and wide, they gained entrance into thousands of Scottish homes, and everywhere they were cordially welcomed and eagerly read. In Scotland and England the number circulated was said to be very large, while in America they became popular and highly appreciated. And their work of mercy is not ended yet, for to this day they continue to receive the blessing of God.

Dr. Bonar had, in the earlier days of his ministry, and still in his eightieth year retains, a most benignant influence over children and young people. His winning manner and gentle tones arrested and enchained their attention, and his weighty words savingly impressed their hearts. His Sabbath-school services in Kelso are still remembered by many of the old scholars with undiminished delight.

His Hymns,

one of which he wrote for each service, were sung by the boys and girls. These hymns are now to be heard in many Sunday-schools with which Christian zeal and consecration have girdled the globe. Among some of the special favorites may be mentioned: "I Lay my Sins on Jesus," "A Few More Years shall Roll," "I was a Wandering Sheep," and "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say." After the singing, the pastor would give an address, in which "the story of Jesus and His love" was told, and which even the youngest child present could understand.

When the "disruption" of 1843 occurred, there were many stirring changes. Many of the families of the Presbyterian Church were sorely perplexed by the difficulties which surrounded them, but the pastor of Kelso was not. For conscience sake, and to show his practical sympathy with his brethren in distress, he at once cast in his lot with the Free Church. He had not, like most of those who left the Established Kirk, to leave his church on leaving the denomination, It was secured to him and his congregation by some special clauses in the title deeds, and so, as the years rolled on, it became increasingly a centre of light and usefulness.

As an Author,

Dr. Bonar has attained world-wide fame. He has written much and well. He had read much, and had a retentive memory; his heart was on fire with love to Christ and souls; and, as a natural consequence, his were winged words, and his books have enjoyed merited popularity. His "Night of Weeping" has been as balm to many bereaved and lonely hearts, comforting them in the presence of the newly opened grave; while his "Morning of Joy" has in many instances lifted the thoughts of the sorrowful to that radiant land where suffering and death are unknown. "God's Way of Peace" has still a friendly hand for those who are seeking increased light. "The Land of Promise," "The Desert of Sinai," "Light of Truth," are among the best known of his other books, which go on teaching lessons in Christian experience, and

unfolding the truths of the kingdom of the Redeemer. In all he wrote, as in all he said, Dr. Bonar was swayed by his life purpose—God's glory and the profit of souls. He did not seek earthly honor, but it came to him. His name has become a household word, and his writings have won a high place in the devotional literature of our century.

In 1856, the strain of long labors having so impaired his energy that rest was imperatively needed, he went on a tour through the Desert of Sinai and the Holy Land. He returned with health and energy renewed, and continued his labors of voice and pen. The year 1865 brought a change in his life though not in his work. It was the year of his

Removal to Edinburgh.

As the reputation of Dr. Bonar grew, many efforts had been made to induce him to leave his beloved Kelso for a larger sphere of ministry, and at length, after twenty-seven years of earnest and successful labor, he yielded. A new church was built in the suburb of Edinburgh, called The Grange, and he was asked to fill its pulpit. He consented. Like-minded men and women flocked around him, and he became as dear to them as he had been to his church at Kelso; while to many visitors from different parts of the world who wished to see and listen to the sweet singer, a Sabbath spent at The Grange remains a treasured and inspiring memory. In 1882 he was honored in being elected Moderator of the Assembly.

In 1886, through age and feebleness, Dr. Bonar having become unequal to the heavy duties of the pastorate, was furnished with a colleague. He is now quietly awaiting his Master's call to the mansions and rest of which he has so often and so melodiously sung; but while the natural force of the venerable servant of God may be abated, his mental vigor and power to discern the signs of the times are still in fullest exercise. A striking proof of that fact is furnished in a letter which he wrote to Mr. J. E. Mathieson on the occasion of the Mildmay Conference on the Second Advent, in March, 1886. He said:

"The Poison of the Last Days

has penetrated everywhere: unbelief, error, strong delusion, self-will, ambition, pride, hatred of God and of His Christ—these are the deadly forces that are operating all over earth and disintegrating society, making all human rule impossible, and demonstrating the necessity for the arrival of Him who is to end all these overturnings, and to introduce the reign of peace, the kingdom of everlasting order.

"Antichrist is rising rapidly and gaining strength. Multitudes are enlisting unconsciously under his banner, and adopting his watchword—*Liberality*, reckoning it illiberal to believe in judgment to come, or in hell, or in the wrath of God, or in the sinner's eternal doom. To meet all this we look for the arrival of the Christ of God; and as the confusion increases, and the rebellion waxes stronger and stronger, we raise more and more loudly the Church's cry, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'"

Dr. Bonar has been a well-known advocate of pre-millennarian views for many years. He embodied his opinions in "Prophetic Landmarks," a very valuable hand-book for those who are beginning the study of prophecy. He holds that the Personal Advent of Christ is not far distant, and that although Popery and Mohammedanism are Antichrists for 1,260 *years*, yet the Great Personal Antichrist of the last days will persecute the Christian Church finally for 1,260 *days*. His advocacy of these beliefs has also been eloquently promoted in the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*, which he conducted with singular skill for some years. His "Hymns of Faith and Hope" are the fruit of thirty years' thought and feeling. Their title is very appropriate, for they sing of faith triumphant in difficulties, and of hope that never grows old. In them will be found a music to silence earth's discords, and a loving trust to throw a rainbow of hope over the sorrows of life.

THE NEW TAY BRIDGE.

THE new bridge, a picture of which appears on the first page, is the structure erected to supply the place of the one which is identified with sorrow and bereavement in many a home. The terrible disaster on the night of Sunday, December 28, 1879, when the iron railway bridge over the Tay estuary, at Dundee, suddenly collapsed while a passenger train was crossing, amidst a violent hurricane of wind, falling into the raging waters below, with its burden of upwards of ninety lives, cannot yet have been forgotten. The old bridge, which had taken six years to construct, cost $1,750,000, and was opened for traffic in May, 1878. The new bridge, which was opened in July, 1887, was constructed by Messrs. W. Arrol & Co., of Glasgow. The length of it is 10,780 feet, or 3,593 yards—rather more than two miles; the width of the river Tay just where it crosses being 9,580 feet. The quantity of wrought iron used is 19,000 tons, of steel 3,500 tons, and of cast-iron 2,500 tons; with 3,000,000 rivets, averaging five inches in length; 10,000,000 bricks, weighing 37,500 tons; and 70,000 tons of concrete, used in the foundations. It has cost somewhat more than five million. The new structure was first used for ordinary passenger traffic on the Queen's Jubilee Day, in 1887. The public advantage gained by the railway for which the bridge is built is that of shortening the journey from Dundee to Edinburgh by one hour, and from Aberdeen to Edinburgh by two hours. Its advantages are well appreciated, for since its opening the traffic between Dundee and the East of Fifeshire is doubled. It is the property of the North British Railway.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Ex-Policeman's Trophy for Christ.—Mr. William Clyde, a Scotch evangelist, said: "We had among the members of our Mizpah Band a Highland-man who had formerly been a policeman, and now that he was converted, his heart was warm towards those who used to be his companions, and he took every opportunity to set before them the Gospel of Christ. Coming home from his work, daily, he crossed Glasgow Green, and made it a point to speak to the policeman on duty there. He resolved to win that man for Christ. Repeatedly he invited him to come to the gospel meeting in the evening, when he was off duty, and at last he did come, and was brought to Christ. In testifying afterwards, the new convert said, 'Before I came to this meeting I was half converted by the quiet and gentle, yet zealous bearing, of my friend, who induced me to come here, and I was quite prepared to go the other half.' Personal dealing is much honored by God. It is one of the Christian's highest privileges to lead men and women to the Saviour."

Forty Faithful Soldiers Frozen. — "There was a Roman emperor who had among his soldiers forty Christian men. Being informed of the fact, he flew into a passion, and said, 'I will have no Christians among my men! Go, tell them that if they will not turn from serving their God they will be stripped and sent forth upon a frozen lake to perish there.' But the forty soldiers were faithful to Christ, and nothing would induce them to forsake Him. So they were taken down to the side of a frozen lake and there stripped of their garments. Not far from the lake was a hut, in which was a large blazing fire, robes, large sums of money, and also a sumptuous feast spread, all placed there by order of the emperor to tempt the men to forsake Christ. They were told that even yet if they would but forsake their God they would be taken to this hut, and all that was in it would at once belong to them. All stood firm, and they were sent forth upon the lake. They gathered together, and the whole forty raised their hands to heaven and prayed: Dear Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to Thee.' But one of the number proved unfaithful, he forsook the lake, fled to the hut, where he obtained all that was promised. The centurion of the band was so struck with the noble action of these nine and thirty men that he resolved to join them. He, too, was stripped by his own men, and went forth to join the brave soldiers in the middle of the lake. Again forty hands were raised to heaven, while they prayed, 'Oh, Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to Thee.' Their prayer was answered, for forty frozen bodies were found next morning."

Found Dead in Bed.—**Mr. Robert Service** observes: "I arrived at a gospel meeting one evening rather late. As I entered, a woman who had been taken slightly ill was coming out. Another lady accompanied her to a side room, and there spoke to her about her soul, urging her to accept Christ at once. She resented being spoken to in so direct and personal a manner. Ill as she was, she scowled angrily upon her kind friend. Presently, however, she listened respectfully, and as well as she was able, to the message of Christ's love to her. I do not know if she did close with the offer of salvation, but I trust she did, for on the second night after her illness she was found dead in bed." A similar sudden end overtook two wealthy gentlemen lately, who were both found dead in their bedrooms, without any previous illness, namely, Mr. Charles Hengler, the owner of some circuses, and Lord Wolverton, who died worth fifteen million dollars, and whose previous day had been spent at races and a theatre."

The Elder and the Blacksmith.—**A Scotch** evangelist related: "There was in one of our churches an elder who was very anxious about the salvation of a certain blacksmith in the neighborhood. One day, while visiting his minister, he felt that man's salvation laid more heavily on his heart than ever. The minister and he both prayed about the man, and as the good elder left the manse it was snowing heavily, just one of those nights in which everyone who has a home would wish to be there; but disregarding the fury of the elements, he mounted his horse and rode to the blacksmith. As he came up he could hear him working. Tying his horse to a ring at the door, he entered, and walking straight up to the smith, said, as he grasped his horny hand, 'Oh, my friend, I am very anxious about your salvation, about your soul.' That was all he said, and going out he rode home. Half-an-hour later the smith came to him and said, 'Sir, I am very anxious about my own soul.' And soon, by the Holy Spirit, he was led to accept Christ, and found salvation."

A Young Lady Paralyzed after Dancing.—Mr. Thompson said: "I heard of a young lady in London, who was engaged to be married to an officer in the British army. By the grace of God he became converted, and immediately wrote to the young lady telling her of the great change that had taken place, and offering to her the cup of salvation from which he himself had drunk, that they might together travel Zionwards. She wrote back saying, 'The winter season is just beginning, and I have many engagements; besides, we have a dance on Thursday to which I must go, but if you call on Friday, I will tell you.' She had a whole winter's engagements, and she could not make up her mind to give them up even to secure eternal life. She was at the ball on the Thursday, and returning home tired and worn out she seated herself by the open window, for she was very warm. Next morning her maid went to wake her as usual, but as she got no response to her repeated knocks at the door, she entered, and there the young lady lay over the side of her bed, paralyzed. A doctor, who was summoned, pronounced her to be dying, and with only one or two hours to live. Word was at once sent to the officer to whom she was engaged. He hastened to her home, thinking there might still be time for her to be saved through a penitent faith in Christ. There *was* time, but whether she was able to make her peace with God or not must remain unknown. The tongue that would have spoken, or the hand that might have written the answer, were both stricken with paralysis."

BRILLIANT BITTERNESS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, April 22, 1888.

"There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood." Rev. 8: 10, 11.

An Extraordinary King of the Fifth Century—Legend of a Heaven-sent Sword — The Three Divisions of his Captives—His Three Coffins—Embittered Lives—Their Baleful Influence—Morning and Evening Stars in Society—Wormwood in Parental Thrones—Stars of Wit—The Humorist a Public Benefactor—Stars of Worldly Prosperity — Often Overbearing — The Bitter Water Sweetened—The Only Means—Star Nations of the Past—The Star of the Free Nation—Magnificent Possibilities and Awful Perils.

PATRICK and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my subject this hour calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man,

Attila, the King of the Huns.

One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him,

The Scourge of God.

At the head of seven hundred thousand troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes: The first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod.

His Armies

reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, and, a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God; and all the people took up the cry: "It is the aid of God;" As the cloud of dust was blown aside, the banners of reinforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the Scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, and when his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city; and his army, inspired with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him, not with tears but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into

His Grave

were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave-diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge but instead of being the Scourge of God, he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliancy and bitterness, the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many

Embittered Lives

there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, *Artemisia Absinthium*, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the State, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question:

Is Your Life a Benediction

to others, or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience with you when you were young, and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood?

Do You Scold and Growl

from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill-dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet. Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits, and whacked and cuffed and ear-pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharp and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town, or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are

A Star of Wit.

What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough, and have enough to cry about. God bless all skilful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach.

They have for examples Elijah, who made fun of the Baalites when they called down fire and it did not come, suggesting that their heathen god had gone hunting, or was off on a journey, or was asleep, and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying: "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking or pursuing, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Christ, who with healthful sarcasm showed up the lying, hypocritical Pharisees by suggesting that such perfect people like themselves needed no improvements, saying: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at others' misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia Absinthium into a draught already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quick it can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this, and suppose you are

A Star of Worldly Prosperity.

Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful iconoclasm of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stocking a thousand bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell

me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town, or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and

Overbearing and Arrogant.

Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood, and you have embittered one-third, if not three-thirds, of the waters that roll past your employees and operatives and dependents and associates; and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral, in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them.

There is an erroneous idea abroad that there are only a few geniuses. There are millions of them; that is, men and women who have especial adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great, it may be small. The circle may be like the circumference of the earth or no larger than a thimble. There are thousands of geniuses here this morning, and in some one thing you are a star.

What Kind of a Star are You?

You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic or social or political fountains, or are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the Wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch?

Dear Lord, send us all out on Thy mission. All around us embittered lives—embittered by persecution, embittered by hypercriticism, embittered by poverty, embittered by pain, embittered by injustice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smile, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by gospelized behavior! Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitterer. The gospel of Jesus Christ is

The Only Sweetening Power

that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens life. It sweetens mysterious Providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death. It sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company: "If you could have three wishes gratified, what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met this morning I tell you what they would be. First: More of the grace of God. Second: More of the grace of God. Third: More of the grace of God. In the door-yard of my brother John, missionary in Amoy, China, there is a tree called

The Emperor-Tree,

the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor-tree be planted by a rose-bush it grows a little higher than the bush, and spreads out above it a crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree, it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor-tree, might overshadow all your lives! are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over you its crown; are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown. Oh, for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the wormwood!

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood.

Star Nations.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs: all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen: her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emeralds and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barreness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the question. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Carnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride. Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with her sports, and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines, and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples

Great Skeletons of Granite?

What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchres, and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi and leaning against the columns and stooping under the arches and weeping in the waters, which go mournfully by as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon—with her two hundred and fifty towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride Amyittis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon—these hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of four hundred feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory, looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tip-top a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold, or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying: "Is not this

Great Babylon

which I have built?" What battering-ram smote the walls? What ploughshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illumined the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove, and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer, and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon, and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves saying: "Babylon was proud. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

The Star of the West.

From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots in other lands, God set upon these shores a nation. The council-fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war-whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies charmed from other lands a race of hardy men, who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's axe forests fell, and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the bank of lakes begin to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail-car, and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of Western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of Eastern coal. Furs from the North pass on the rivers fruits from the South. And trading in the same market is Maine lumberman, and South Carolina rice merchant, and Ohio farmer, and Alaska fur-dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon sixty millions of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood, and, like them, we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall put on millennial era, and that when Christ comes again He will set His throne somewhere between the Alleghanies and the Sierra Nevadas. But be not deceived!

Our Only Safety

is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break His Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drouth, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue, and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of

Our Nation's Ruin;

the pillars of our National and State capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record, upon the page bedewed with generous tears, the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despotisms of earth, from the top of bloody thrones, began to shout, "Aha, so would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans, and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation, "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

Volume X. of the Christian Herald, Containing the numbers for 1887, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, $2.50, including postage. A few volumes, of 1883, 1884, and 1885 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

THE STORM CLOUDS GATHERING.

Two Momentous Cablegrams—The Struggle Predicted by the Inspired Writers — Its Result Outlined—The Map of Europe Rearranged—The Materials of the Conflagration—The Pacific Situation Suddenly Disturbed—Boulanger Come to the Front—Journalistic Portraits of Him—His Rumored Napoleonic Descent—The Fighting Kaiser—A Woman's Description of Him—The Rising Waiting his Call.

THE cable last week, brought almost simultaneously two startling communications, the significance of which every student of prophecy cannot fail to appreciate. They were (1) the sudden crisis unexpectedly developed in the physical condition of the Emperor of Germany, which was of so serious a nature, that a decree was hastily issued, making the Crown Prince regent or virtually Emperor, and (2) the triumphant election of General Boulanger in France, as a deputy of the Legislature, by the Department of the North. The momentous meaning of these two events, which in one week have come upon Europe like a thunder clap, is realized when we remember the warnings which prophetic expositors have uttered in this and past times, which were based upon the conclusions derived from their study of the prophecies.

The Warnings

were to the effect that a gigantic upheaval of European nationalities was imminent, and that it would probably be opened by a fierce struggle between Germany and France. The Rev. M. Baxter explained fully in these columns last year, and with greater detail in his pamphlets,* the reason which had led him and many eminent expositors, notably "the prince of commentators," Matthew Henry, to believe that this struggle could not be delayed much, if at all, beyond next year. The chief of these reasons was, that the twenty-three kingdoms which now occupy the area of Cæsar's Roman Empire are, by annexation, conquest, or diplomatic re-arrangement, to be transformed into ten kingdoms in fulfilment of the type which Nebuchadnezzar saw in the image with ten toes (Daniel 2: 41, 42) and which Daniel, by Divine illumination, explained as a kingdom divided into ten. In a later vision granted to Daniel himself, the same type was seen (Daniel 7: 23, 24) in the fourth beast with ten horns, which, as the angel informed him, represented a kingdom out of which ten kings should arise. As this fourth kingdom is clearly

The Roman Empire,

which in the zenith of its greatness girdled the Mediterranean Sea, and included England, too, it is evident that when the prophecy is fulfilled it will become a decem-regal power, cohering by iron-bound treaties, and eventually controlled and directed by one diabolically possessed monster, the Napoleonic Antichrist, who, either in his own person or dynastically, would present to the world the unique spectacle of a being miraculously raised to life after being slain by the sword. The result of this impending gigantic international struggle is thus revealed, but not the process. It is not, however, difficult for any reader of history to arrive at the conclusion that it will be by war; and the precision with which Daniel fixes the dates as revealed to him, renders it clear that the time for the commencement of those wars is now at hand.

The student of prophecy, therefore, being sure that God saw all things from the beginning, and revealed the future to His servant for the enlightenment and preparation of His people, looks around for signs of its fulfilment. A few weeks ago few of those signs were recognizable. France had just peaceably elected a President of pacific disposition, who took pains to assure the nations in general, and Germany in particular, of his amity and cordiality. His assurances were accepted in good faith, and the statesmen of Germany congratulated themselves on his elevation to the Presidential chair. Boulanger, the firebrand, the one centre about which the warlike elements of France clung, was in disgrace in a remote province, the subject of the gibes and sneers of the party in power.

A similar peaceful aspect was seen in Germany. The warlike Emperor, the man who, guided by Bismarck, had with the sword in hand won glory and increased territory for the Empire, was dead, and in his place stood his son, a man of peace, notoriously disinclined to be guided by Bismarck, and opposed to the policy known as that of blood and iron. To-day both aspects are changed, and the change has come with astounding suddenness. The Emperor is reported to be dying—may even be dead before these lines are read—his son and successor, a young hot-headed aspirant to the fame of his ancestor, Frederick II., who deluged Europe with blood, is appointed regent; and in France the whilom despised Boulanger has returned to Paris with the confidence of an enormous section of the French people, publicly and emphatically declared in him. The gravity of the situation is realized when we examine the respective characters and aims of

The Champions

of the rival nations. Boulanger who was dismissed from his military command by the Government, and was then triumphantly elected to the French Parliament by the Department of the North, in a contest in which he received 172,272 votes, being nearly 100,000 more than those polled for his chief antagonist, is now the most prominent figure in France. Of his elevation a French journal, the *Evenement* says: "The success of Boulanger is very great. What will the member-elect of the Nord do now? He has declared that he would go on to the end. *The end is the dictatorship* of a soldier raised up by a coalition of the enemies of the Republic.

M. Blowitz, the French correspondent of the London *Times*, who has achieved a world-wide reputation as a sagacious observer of current events, says, in reference to the address by which General Boulanger endeavored to allay the suspicions prevalent respecting him: "Louis Napoleon talked exactly in this strain from 1848 to 1851. He, too, wished only to be President of the Republic; but when President, he made himself Emperor; and, as President, Boulanger might become Emperor. The causes of this success defy analysis. It cannot be explained nor combated. Universal suffrage has its freaks, and to try to stem it is hopeless. General Boulanger and his satellites have invented nothing—they simply imitate precedents, and universal suffrage asks nothing else. They demand, like Louis Napoleon, revision and dissolution; they are ready, like him and his abettors, to risk everything. There is still an alliance of anarchists and absolutists, and just as Louis Napoleon said that the Empire was peace, so General Boulanger says he desires the peaceful regeneration of the country."

According to M. Joffrin, the socialist municipal Councillor, who went down to oppose General Boulanger, "the peasants are led to believe that he is a natural son of Napoleon, by a Russian princess, *Prophetical almanacs are distributed which fix the 7th of May, 1890, for his defeat of the Germans.*" When we add to all this the rumor that he is *a close friend of Prince Jerome Napoleon*, though, for prudential reasons, the friendship is a secret one, and that one of Prince Jerome's sons disbursed money and canvassed for him in his election, General Boulanger's popularity and probable return to power become increasingly significant.

The German Champion,

the son of the Emperor, is a young man of twenty-nine, who has openly espoused the cause of Prince Bismarck in antagonism to his father. He has had no training as a statesman, but has become familiar with all military details, and has already displayed a remarkable genius in the manœuvering of large bodies of troops. The Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times*, in describing him, says: "Prince William is, in truth, as purely North German by heredity, as wholly a product of Wend and Saxon and Goth and Borussian intermixture, as can be found. One may call him, indeed, a culmination of the Hohenzollern type of soldier-statesman, reached, curiously enough, by the same crossing of blood which produced Frederick the Great. The mother of that wonderful warrior was also a Guelph—Sophie Dorothea—the sister of George I. It is passing strange that when, a century and a half later, a Hohenzollern Crown Prince next again takes a wife from the Brunswick House, the eldest son should again be marked by nature for a world fighter. Why this result should follow is not clear. Whatever else the Guelphs may be, they distinctly are not a military family. Yet when a Sophie Dorothea or a Victoria Adelaide is wedded by a Frederick William of Hohenzollern, lo! the issue is

A Born Captain of Men.

I think I have related before in these columns a remark which I heard made here in Berlin two years ago, during the Congo Conference. It was at a state function, and I stood beside an elderly lady who had been in Berlin for many years, and who had been in a position to know the younger members of the imperial family as well and closely as she could have known her own nephews and nieces. In the course of talk I asked her: "What kind of a man is the young Prince William?" "*I don't call him a man at all,*" she replied quickly and with emphasis. "*He is a brute.*" I can fancy an elderly woman of a couple of generations back, who was attached to the suite of the Empress Josephine, speaking in precisely the same words of the first Napoleon.

Apparently all the women who have had to do with the bringing up of Prince William hold him in horror and detestation. I have had numerous proofs of this, although I have never been able to fasten upon any specifice reasons for it. Their dislike for him is based on a general conception of his character. This view is that he is *utterly cold, entirely selfish, wantonly cruel, a young man without conscience or compassion, or any softening virtues whatever.* That he has great abilities they all admit; but they stop there. Heart he has none, upon their reckoning. And I am bound to say that if you look into his face with this preconceived notion of the young man's character, you can find plenty of signs which seem to substantiate it.

Nobody with eyes in his head could have passed the week just ended in Berlin without recognizing that if a firebrand comes to the throne, the materials are close-crowded for

A Terrible Conflagration.

The army here in Germany will utterly swamp what organized pacific instincts there are in the empire the moment a young fighting Kaiser draws his sword and cries out: "Who will follow me?" The fact of the existence of Bismarck's colossal army will magnify itself in the popular mind; the spirit in which he built it up, the peaceful intent, the patriotic aim—will all vanish like steam on a lamp chimney.

"The military class is all-powerful in the upper, middle, and higher grades of German society. Very little of provocation, or popular appeals to national feeling, would make it master of nine-tenths of the German people. Kaiser William II. in the glamor of his youthful distinction of face and figure, of his deep Teutonic prejudices, of his all-controlling belief in himself and his race and his destiny—could hurl a practically united Germany in warfare east, west, or south a month after he had ascended the Hohenzollern throne. The whole German nation from Basil to Königsberg would rise to his enthusiastic support. This is not a pleasant or humane conclusion, but it is a necessary one."

The materials of confederation are thus vividly portrayed as existing in the rival nations,

* The three pamphlets—1. Coming Wars from 1888 to 1891, and Translation of 144,000 living Christians on March 5, 1896, before the 3½ years' persecution by Napoleon, etc. 2. Twenty Predictions about Coming Wars, by Twenty Learned Expositors. 3. End of this Age by the Descent of Christ in Passover Week, April, 1901, being 45 years from the Crimean War Treaty of Peace in Passover Week, April, 1856, and 2,345 years from Passover Week, April, B. C. 444—, as shown by Daniel's Dates; sold altogether, in one colored cover at 20 cents, 144 pages, at *Christian Herald* Office, 63 Bible House, New York.

and it is not only students of prophecy, but secular journalists, who foresee the impending storm. The New York *Herald* asks: "Is history to repeat itself with Boulanger as

Napoleon the Fourth?

Is France to pass under a new military despotism? As a general proposition, the political adventures of Boulanger, or of any French commander, would concern us little. But the relations of Continental Europe are so unfortunate, that imminent war hangs over the nations like one of those impending avalanches which the cry of a chamois hunter might dislodge and send raging down the mountain. A breath, a murmur, may bring war—and with war misfortune to mankind. Since Sedan, eighteen years ago, public opinion has been dreading lest that word came from France. General Boulanger may say what he will—his election in this Department of the Nord can only mean a moral declaration of war. We may see the Napoleon experiment repeated."

IN PERIL AMONG INDIANS.

Among the thrilling incidents related in the *Minnesota Missionary*, by that devoted laborer for Christ among the Indians, Bishop Whipple, is the following, which occurred during the awful Sioux outbreak of 1862:"The Sioux attacked the trading-posts and killed the employees. When they came to Major Forbes's place, the clerk in charge, Mr. George Spencer, was wounded and fled up-stairs. The store was filled with goods, so they would not burn it. Wakeautawa, 'His Thunder,' a friend of Spencer's, passed through the Indians, and went up-stairs, and taking Spencer in his arms carried him to his lodge. He then sat by his side with a double-barrelled gun, and as the Indians came to kill him said, 'Kill him, if you dare; two of you shall die for one! He is my *codah* (friend). I said I would save his life, and I will.' For days and weeks that faithful man guarded his friend until rescued. Wakeautawa was afterward a scout under General Sibley, and was killed; and to the credit of Mr. Spencer, he showed his gratitude by caring for the wife and children of his Indian friend.

A Bible in a Blanket.

"Lorenzo Lawrence rescued Mrs. Sweet and her children. Other Day saved good Dr. Williamson, the missionary families and employees of Yellow Medicine. Wakashaw, Good Thunder, Taopi, and others planned the deliverance of all the captives. Simon Angmani and others performed deeds of heroism in defence of prisoners. Wahchaucamaza, at the risk of life, carried a message through the hostile camp, creeping through the grass until he could deliver it to Robertson, who carried it to Fort Ripley. Good Thunder's present wife, Sarah Farnum, took the Bible from the mission chapel, and wrapped it in a blanket, and when she could, sent me word, 'The words of the Great Spirit are safe. I send you the good news to make your heart glad.'

An Execution Prevented.

"Time would fail me to recall all the incidents which showed the fidelity of our friends. They were surrounded by savage foes, mad with hate, and drunk with blood. In some cases these Christian Indians were threatened with death. It did not move them. 'Kill me, if you wish; but you cannot keep me from doing what is right. I am not afraid to die.' Taopi and about 100 friendly Indians came to Faribault. The people were indignant, and some foolish threats were made to kill Taopi. He came one day to see me with Alexander Faribault. He handed me a paper and said, 'Read this.' It was a certificate of General Sibley's. 'The bearer, Taopi, or "Wounded Man," is a civilized chief of the Sioux, who is entitled to the gratitude of the nation for having, with others, rescued over 200 white women and children during the Sioux war. H. H. Sibley, Colonel commanding.' Said Taopi, 'I saved your people from death. If you Christians have the same law as the Sioux, that when one man dies another shall die in his place, and for this your people would kill me, tell them not to shoot me like a dog, but to send for me to come down into the square, and I will show them how a man can die.' This interview was printed in the village paper, and we heard no more of killing Taopi.

Called by the Great Spirit.

"Brave, noble Taopi; he would have suffered had I not been able, through the kindness of friends, to care for him. One day I received a letter. 'Come quick, I can't see plain; the Great Spirit has called me for the last journey. I am not afraid to go, for His Son, Jesus, is going with me, and I shall not be lonesome on the road. Come, for I want to see you, and hear you once more.' I cannot forget that death-bed, where the very peace of God rested on the dying Christian. He sleeps in Maplelawn Cemetery, with his faithful wife Nancy, and I have placed a white tombstone over the grave of one of the truest men I ever knew.

"A few of these Indians still live at Faribault. Most of these women were removed to the mission a few years later. We bade them good-by at the Lord's Table. After the service these women came one by one and took my wife's hand, and with tears kissed it, and said, 'In Heaven to meet you I hope.' Blessed words for us all, that after a little more work, a little more sickness, a little more sorrow, there will come 'the rest for the weary' in the home where all partings are over."

IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

A merciful preservation, in a time of peril, is reported in a letter received last week from Rev. W. F. Re Qua, who, as our readers are aware, is laboring among the Choctaws, in the Indian Territory, relying solely on God for his support. On Sunday, April 1, he held a meeting at a considerable distance from his home, having travelled thither in a lumber-wagon which the "head-man" kindly drove over to convey Mr. and Mrs. Re Qua, their little daughter and their niece. After the night service they were returning by the same conveyance, when, the night being very dark, the "head-man" mistook the way, drove up on the side of a bad crossing and came in contact with a huge branch, which threw the whole party out of the wagon. The terrified team started off at a mad gallop, but providentially missing the prostrate missionary and his family. They were all severely shaken, though all escaped without serious injury, except Mr. Re Qua, who was badly lamed. This is the second accident of the kind which the missionary has met with in the course of his perilous work, but, as he thankfully acknowledges, he has been wonderfully kept from many other dangers.

Mr. Re Qua desires us to thank the friends who are contributing toward the purchase of the tent and organ for the summer work. Thirty-eight dollars toward the hundred and fifty have already been sent to him, and he is full of faith and confidence that the balance will come in time for the campaign which he has planned. It has been suggested to him that if another edition of Mrs. Re Qua's poems, "Stones for the Temple," were issued and sold at one dollar, and seven cents for postage, the profit on it might help them considerably in their work. The book is heartily commended by Mr. Ira D. Sankey, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Ella Wilcox, and other well-known authors.

A THANKFUL CONGREGATION.

In a communication to the *Spirit of Missions* from Bishop Ferguson of Cape Palmas, Africa, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on March 18, 1886, he thus describes his visit to a village of Congoes near the settlement of Gardnerville: "After a rather tedious journey on foot of two and a quarter hours, we reached the village, and proceeded at once to an unfinished thatched building, intended for a place of worship. From that spot not a house was to be seen; but a messenger was despatched to announce our arrival, and very soon several men and women made their appearance from among the bushes in different directions. The assembly was composed of Methodists, Baptists, and members of our Church. [Protestant Episcopal.] On introducing ourselves, stating that we had come to see the religious state of things, three of the men stood up and addressed us by turns; one of whom, a Baptist brother, spoke in a most pathetic strain. He said they were glad that we had come to see their sad condition; they were living like heathen: no church, no school, no training for their children, who were growing up in wild ignorance; that some of them had undertaken to build the house under whose roof we were assembled; that it was not intended for any particular denomination, only that they might have a place to meet in on Sundays.

A Bargain.

"Our hearts were deeply moved by this address. Appeal for help was never more urgent anywhere. It was no fancied picture; for there the facts stood before our eyes in all their startling realities. I could not avoid promising that if they would complete the house and have the land on which it stood deeded to the mission, I would give them a school-teacher and arrange for regular services. Could our Church people in America have witnessed the scene which immediately followed this announcement, the women raising their hands to heaven and exclaiming, 'Thank God, our prayers are heard! Our poor children will go to school now instead of spending all day fishing in the mangrove swamp! Praise the Lord!' I am sure they would make it possible for me to fulfill this promise!"

Contributions to the funds of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church should be sent to the Mission Rooms, 22 Bible House, New York. Cheques being made payable to R. Fulton Cutting.

HIGH CASTE LEARNERS.

An unprecedented work in India is described in a letter from Miss Lyman, of Bombay, to the *Missionary Herald*. She says: "Nearly a year ago a high-caste Hindu woman living in Parell, three miles from here, came to request Mrs. Hume to open a Sabbath-school in her house. This Mrs. Hume did, having as many as fifty-four scholars, with an average attendance of thirty women and girls each Sabbath. The boys also were so eager to hear the gospel stories that Mr. Abbott and a native helper opened a class for them on the veranda, where as many as seventy-five men and boys gather to listen to them. After a while this woman came again to beg Mrs. Hume to open a day-school in her house, and the week after our arrival it was started. Yesterday the school was closed for a week's vacation. I wish that some of our friends in America could have been there to hear those girls, after six weeks' instruction, read so well, and repeat Scripture verses and tell Bible stories which Mrs. Hume had taught them in the Sabbath-school. Some of the native Christians were present, and one of them said afterwards that hitherto he *had not had sufficient confidence in the work to pray for it; but when he saw it he had to pray to God then and there*, for it was so wonderful. Now, the women in Parell beg for a teacher for themselves, and thus two teachers and an assistant are needed for the work there.

"This is a wonderful opening—an unheard-of thing in the past, for a Hindu house of a very high caste to be opened to Christians.

"The work going on here has been a constant source of surprise to me. I came from a Christian church in a Christian country, but I have been forced to own to myself that it is not doing more than half the work for the Master that this little church of one hundred and ten members is doing, and here they are all poor, many of them living in only one room."

The Seeking Saviour and Other Themes, by the late Dr. Mackay, of Hull. This work has been published since Dr. Mackay's death, but the greater part was ready for publication when he died and to that has been added the striking discourse which he delivered the last time he entered the pulpit, and a few manuscripts found among his papers. 247 pages, cloth cover; Price 75 cents. For sale at this office 63 Bible House, New York.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Adverse Report on the Fisheries Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, the features of which were explained in our issues of February 23 and March 1, has been decided on by the Republican majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. This action did not cause any great surprise, as it was evident, even before the provisions of the treaty were published, that opposition to its ratification would be organized. Concern for the Irish vote in the Presidential election, party jealousy, and the natural inferences to be drawn from Mr. Chamberlain's silly boasting on his return, all operate against the treaty. The committee's decision was reached on a strict party vote. Messrs. Sherman, Edmunds, Frye, Evarts, and Dolph, Republicans, voting against a favorable report, and Messrs. Morgan, Brown, Saulsbury, and Payne, Democrats, supporting the treaty. The committee has also reported adversely the resolution providing for the discussion of the treaty in open session. This action as to secret sessions was also supported by the Democratic Senators, though only by a small majority. In connection with this matter, Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, a Republican Senator, introduced a resolution on the 19th inst., providing that one of the official reporters of debates should be present when the treaty was taken up, and make a full report of the proceedings, and that such portions should be made public as a majority of the Senate should order.

The Bond Purchasing Bill which, as stated in these columns on April 12, the Senate returned to the House, with a scheme to substitute silver for surrendered national bank circulation tacked to it, will, in all probability, remain undisturbed in the pigeon-holes of the Ways and Means Committee room. There is no longer any necessity of acting upon it, the House having disposed of the question in another and more simple way last week. It passed a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the House that the Secretary of the Treasury has the authority, under the act of 1881, to purchase bonds with the surplus. Immediately following this Congressional action the Secretary of the Treasury issued a circular inviting proposals for the sale of United States bonds to the Government. Being asked in regard to it, he said he had not made up his mind as to the amount of bonds he would purchase, though the fact that proposals will be received daily, without limit as to time, might imply that he wanted to buy a large amount. The amount to be purchased, however, he said, depended almost entirely upon the amount offered and the prices asked. The surplus, as estimated at the Treasury Department, is now $105,000,000.

The Great Tariff Debate, Which Has Been awaited with so much interest, and which will engage the attention of Congress and of the country for at least several weeks, was begun in the House of Representatives on April 17. The special measure under consideration is the Mills Tariff Reduction Bill, a synopsis of which was given in these columns on March 8. Mr. Mills, of Texas, who, in his capacity as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, led the debate, as he had reported this bill, and also the bill for the reduction of Internal Revenue taxes, consolidated with it. The burden of his speech was the declaration that it was the cheaper cost of raw materials in England that enabled that country to compete with the United States. It was, he contended, the high tariff on the raw materials that made the cost of our manufactures high, and kept us from being the best manufacturing people in the world, as we were the best agricultural people. It was a suicidal policy that closed to us the markets of the world. Venerable Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the champion of the protectionists, replied to Mr. Mills's argument. He spoke strongly in support of the policy of protection, and asserted that the enactment of the pending bill would paralyze the industry and enterprise of the American people and overthrow their manufacturing supremacy.

The Bill to Divide the Territory of Dakota, and to admit the southern portion as a State, passed the Senate on April 19, by the votes of 26 Republicans, who were opposed by 23 Democrats. The latter were in favor of admitting Dakota as one State, but all were opposed to dividing the Territory. The bill as passed declares the State of South Dakota a State of the United States of America, and ratifies the constitution which the people of South Dakota have formed by themselves. It fixes the boundaries of the State, and give the State concurrent jurisdiction of the Missouri River, and every other river bordering on the State. It provides that until the next census and apportionment South Dakota is to have two representatives in the House of Representatives, and, as a matter of course, like any other full-fledged State, two representatives in the United States Senate. That portion of the former Territory not within the State of South Dakota is to continue as a Territory under the name of North Dakota, with Bismarck as its capital.

The Death of Ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling, which occurred on April 18, has elicited expressions of profound regret—from his adversaries as well as from his friends. Since his resignation of the Senatorship in 1881, he has devoted himself exclusively to his legal practice, and declared himself out of politics, but to the last he exercised a power which was felt in the councils of his party, and at the polls. His masterly abilities, his polished eloquence, and above all, his unimpeachable integrity, won for him the ardent admiration of the masses. Though wielding immense power during the two terms of President Grant, and controlling the patronage of the Empire State until his resignation, he was known to have kept his hands clean; and that fact, standing out in marked contrast to the character of the men who antagonized him, was not overlooked by the people, even when his course did not have their approval. The deceased statesman was under sixty years of age, having been born in Albany, N. Y., October 30, 1828. He was in splendid physical health, and his mental powers were in full vigor, until within a month of his death. The collapse was caused by his being caught in the fatal blizzard of March 12, when he walked from Wall Street to Union Square. He caught a severe cold in the head, which developed an abscess at the base of the brain, causing him acute suffering. After a critical operation, he appeared to rally, but after a brave struggle finally succumbed.

Anarchy in Cuba, with Horrible Atrocities, is reported in despatches, which were preceded by sinister rumors last week. It is stated that the administration of Captain-General Marin is equivalent to a reign of terror; murders, kidnapping, robberies, and plunder by high Government officials, are said to be the fruits of General Marin's despotic reign. A Havana correspondent of the New York *Sun* indignantly writes: "Death stalks, grim and unopposed, through a once flourishing island, and, handcuffed and outraged by her cruel masters, Cuba is fast sinking into a condition of utter lawlessness, despair, and ruin." The Madrid Government has declared the provinces of Pinar, Del Rio, Villa Clara, and Havana under martial law. It is reported that in consequence of this action an emeute has broken out. Great disturbances are supposed to exist, but as the cable is under the censor's control, no reliable news can be obtained. It is stated that three Havana newspapers have been suppressed, and also that the Madrid Government would remove General Marin at once.

Lord Hartington Was Honored last Week by being presented with the freedom of the city of London. After the presentation a banquet was given at the Mansion House. Lord Hartington, recounting the arguments against the Gladstone policy, said he was unable to predict the result of the Irish struggle, but he was confident that the problem would not be solved by the compromise of 1886. Ireland could not be dealt with as a colony. The decision rested with the democracy. If they were weak and weary of the struggle, Ireland might obtain independence. If they were strong and had the spirit of their kinsmen across the Atlantic, they would not permit Ireland to be separated. In order that the struggle might be carried to a successful issue the Unionists must not flinch, as there was still much work to do. The Government had wisely shown that they did not fear the widest extension of local government.

Emperor Frederick of Germany is Rapidly sinking, and his death may be momentarily expected. A very alarming crisis has set in, and the gravest fears are entertained of a speedy fatal ending of the unhappy monarch's disease. He said to Court Chaplain Koegel: "*You pray for my preservation; rather pray for my release.*" The anxiety and display of personal interest on the part of the population of Berlin, and in fact of the whole of Germany, are much greater than they were in the case of old Emperor William. An eminent Berlin throat physican has expressed the opinion that the Emperor is suffering from soft cancer, and the development has arrived at a point where no operation can avail to postpone death beyond a few days.

A Peasant Revolt has broken out in Roumania. The houses of land-owners and farmers have been sacked and wrecked, granaries pillaged, and the local officials barbarously treated, a number of them having been killed. The territorial troops joined in the pillage and fired upon the troops of the line. Since instructions were sent to the troops to adopt severe measures for the suppresion of the revolt, a host of the insurgents have been killed and wounded or taken prisoners. The prisons are crowded. Fugitives continue to pour into Bucharest. It is believed that stringent measures adopted by the Government will speedily suppress the uprising. One of the Bucharest papers says that if the Government desires to effectually quell the revolt it should demand the immediate recall of M. Hitrovo, the Russian Minister, whom it accuses of originating the rising.

The Sudden Death of Matthew Arnold, the accomplished English critic, poet, and essayist, occurred on Sunday, April 15, in Liverpool. Mr. Arnold was a son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and was sixty-six years of age. Probably no Englishman of his day exercised so strong an influence as he on the literary life and work of the country. Scholarly and refined in manner, his society was eagerly sought, and highly appreciated. His works were extensively read, but it was chiefly by the upper classes and university men that their excellences were most valued. His aim was to convince men of position, and especially young men, that gross pleasures and sensual delights were degrading, and that in purity, truth, and benevolence there were greater joy and happiness than the gratification of the senses could ever afford. Such teaching was sorely needed, and was productive of good, though it is greatly to be regretted that it did not reach a still higher plane. Mr. Arnold twice visited America, and on the second occasion came to attend the marriage of his daughter to a citizen of New York.

A Question of Great Interest to the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has been satisfactorily settled by Mr. Oscar Straus, the United States Minister at Constantinople. The Board has fifteen schools in Syria, which the Turkish authorities summarily closed in 1886. Of these Mr. Straus secured the reopening of ten during his stay at Beyrout a fortnight ago, and secured a pledge that the remaining five would be opened as soon as the new Governor-General of Syria arrives. Mr. Straus was last week at Jaffa, on his way to Jerusalem. His energy and zeal in the cause of Christian missions are all the more noteworthy from the fact that he is a Jew.

A Prayer-Meeting in a Broadway Hotel was described by Rev. Thomas Harrison at the recent jubilee at the Jane Street Church, New York. He said: "Last night the proprietor of a prominent hotel in Broadway broke an engagement to a card party to come to this meeting. He had been here before. He was converted. His wife had been here before. She was converted. They found God here last night. They went home, and there at midnight they two began a prayer-meeting in one of the rooms of the hotel alone by themselves. Two guests dropped in to see what they were about, and were converted. Then an actress came in to find out what they were shouting for, and she was converted. Here are the cards of all, here in my hand. They sent them round to me to-day. And they—they are probably in this house praising God."

A Fatal Pride has been Displayed by a Family of sisters in New Jersey. For some years past a house at Mount Holy, N. J., has been occupied by three ladies, daughters of a Baptist clergyman, who, at his death, left that and another small property to them. They lived a secluded life, and their neighbors knew nothing of their circumstances or their means of support. It was surmised, however, from the rigid economy they evidently practiced, that they were poor. A discovery made recently proved that their poverty was far more abject than was imagined. It was learned that one of the sisters was dead, and an investigation revealed the fact that she had *died of starvation*. Kindly neighbors who then went to the house, ascertained that there was neither food nor fuel there, nor had there been any for some time. The ladies had been too proud to make their destitution known, and their reserve had cost one life and placed the other two in peril before it was broken. The case excites much sympathy. It is stated, however, that relief might have been easily obtained had the sisters asked for it; and the survivors are, therefore, blamed for not doing so, and so averting their sister's death, and their own suffering. To many churches and individual Christians in spiritual destitution the same reproach applies. The Giver of all grace is ready to respond to all who ask in faith. (Mal. 3: 10.)

The Lace Cuffs of the Late Attorney-General Brewster were frequently the subject of ridicule, and the favorite jest of his rivals, who tried to represent the great lawyer as effeminate and foppish in his tastes. No explanation was ever publicly vouchsafed by Mr. Brewster, on the matter, but he continued to wear the cuffs in spite of all the raillery which they cost him. Since his death, however, the reason for his indulging in a habit apparently so inconsistent with his vigorous character has been given to the press by a personal friend. It appears that when he first went to the bar, he had to undergo a bitter struggle with poverty. His learning and splendid talents were long in receiving recognition, and the young lawyer was often in sore straits for money to maintain a respectable appearance. His mother, whom he loved with rare devotion, knew of his hardships, and presented him with a set of shirts of her own handiwork. The old lady, intent on her son's having the best she could produce, had made the shirts on the pattern in vogue in her youth, and had ornamented the cuffs with a delicate ruffle, on which she had expended infinite pains. The gift touched the tenderest susceptibilities of Mr. Brewster's nature, and though he must have shrunk from appearing with his wrists so garnished, he would rather have cut his hands off than have refrained from wearing the ruffles, which were a proof of his dear mother's love. Later, when death had robbed him of that venerated parent, he continued to wear the ruffles in touching regard for her memory. It is much to be wished that a similar spirit was more generally to be found among Christians. Too often, the reproach of Christ has been found too heavy a cross, and ridicule has driven them to conceal their love. (Luke 6: 22.)

A Mechanical Device for the Prevention of railroad collisions was exhibited in New York last week. It consists of an arrangement of levers on the locomotive, which, in connection with a rod in the centre of the track, enables the engine-driver to set the signals himself. On approaching a signal-post the engineer by pressing a treadle with his foot lowers the bar under the engine, and this, striking the rod on the track sets in motion a compress apparatus which moves the signal and keeps it in place for a definite time, which may be regulated beforehand. By an extension of the system a starting train gives automatically a signal one mile to the front, and, arriving at that point, gives a similar signal another mile to the front and one mile to the rear, stopping any following train at the first block signal until the first train is clear of the second block signal. The working of the signals being thus confided to the man who, as engineer, occupies the place of greatest danger, it is supposed that the duty would never be neglected. Experience, however, proves that men are sometimes careless, even when they are aware that their carelessness puts their own lives in peril. Multitudes in every Christian land are well acquainted with the means God has provided for their eternal safety, yet neglect to avail themselves of them, though they know the awful consequences of dying in their sins. (Prov. 18: 10.)

A Valuable Series of Photographs is Being prepared by Professor Davidson, of the coast Survey. Some time ago he made a number of pencil drawings, from the deck of a cruiser, of some of the prominent headlands along the Pacific coast. They were necessarily imperfect, as they were taken while the cruiser was in motion, and the outlines were therefore constantly changing. Every sketch had to be taken in five minutes and under unfavorable circumstances, yet they were found to be of more use to navigators than the most elaborate descriptions in the old charts. He has therefore been commissioned, at his own desire, to take a series of photographs of the coast of California, Oregon, and Washington. They are to be taken at two distances, one at twenty miles from the coast and the other at ten miles. In addition to these two series, there would be a set of three views of every headland, as seen when approaching it from the southward, when abreast of it, and when approaching it from the northward. The value of these views can only be understood by persons who have seen the wild and rocky mass of dangers to the navigator which the Pacific coast presents. A captain to whom the coast was unknown, would find these pictures of inestimable service. But if he had them on board and did not study them he would be deemed foolish and reckless. Yet it is precisely this course that men take who sail on into the unknown, future leaving unstudied the revelation God has given in His Word. (Rev. 1: 1-3.)

Twenty-five Criminals Arrested by a Dog is a record on the books of a police precinct of New York. A reporter who saw the record recently, asked who was "Jack," to whom twenty-five arrests were credited. He was informed that Jack was a dog, who had voluntarily attached himself to the station, and had made himself useful. He presented himself there one cold night about five years ago. The dog was hungry, and the policeman on duty fed him. After that night the dog made the police station his home, and he was named "Policeman Jack." Jack is about the station in the day, but at night he patrols the precinct, rain or shine. Many of the patrolmen have found him a ready helper in running down escaping thieves or ruffians, and for such services the dog is credited on the books of the precinct. Not long ago a policeman saw thieves attempting to rob a drunken man, and started to arrest them. They fled, and he pursued. Suddenly Jack rushed past him, sprang upon the back of one of the thieves, and fastening his teeth in the man's collar, forced him to the ground. The other thief surrendered, and both prisoners were marched to the police station. Many other remarkable anecdotes are related of his intelligence and prowess. His example may be commended to many who are lacking in gratitude for benefits received. It is not uncommon to see men profess faith in Christ and receive a welcome into His Church, who never make any effort to serve Him by bringing in sinners from the world. (Matt. 4: 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Old Testament in Japanese, recently completed, has had a large sale. One thousand six hundred copies were called for within a month of its publication.

It is proposed to observe the week preceding June 9, as a week of special prayer all over the world for the blessing of God on the World's Missionary Conference which meets in London from June 9 to 19.

The Ohio Senate, on April 13, passed a bill to close saloons on Sunday. The vote stood twenty-five to two, and the spectators cheered loudly as the result was announced.

The annual report of the Young Men's Christian Union of Boston, shows that it counts on its roll a total of 5,148 members. During the past year, among its philanthropic work was the provision of 2,000 "r.des for invalids."

A successor to Dr. Meredith, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the pastorate of the Union Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., has been found in Rev. M. R. Boynton, of Haverhill—a young man of remarkable preaching ability. His salary will be $5,000.

An example of practical philanthropy has been set by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has established, in London, work-shops equipped with sewing-machines, where poor seamstresses can go and use them at a low charge.

The need of a more stringent extradition treaty with Canada is becoming apparent to all but the men who profit by the present absurd system. Within the last two years Canada has lost $3,000,000 through embezzlers, who have escaped to the United States with the money. During the same time American embezzlers have taken more than $20,000,000 into Canada.

A generous member of Grace Episcopal Church, New York City, has promised to build a beautiful church on Blackwell's Island. It will be located on a commanding site near the almshouse, and will be under the charge of the Rev. William G. French, who has given more than fifteen years of faithful and devoted service to religious work on the island.

The programme for Chautauqua has been issued. The grounds will open for the season on July 3d. The School of the English Bible, the College of Liberal Arts, and the Teachers' Retreat immediately follow. The popular Sunday-school Assembly is to open on the 7th of August, Phillip Brooks, Joseph Cook, Drs. E. E. Hale, L. I. Townsend, W. R. Harper, and other eminent men have promised to take part.

A missionary in South Africa sends a very interesting account of a Society of Christian Endeavor among the Zulus. The organization is modified, necessarily, to meet the needs of the natives, but the main features are the same as in America. The Zulu young people take much delight in their Society, are instructed by the missionaries in Bible truth, and learn to pray and work by actual experience, as do their young brethren on the other side of the globe.

The fifth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held at Bridgeton, New Jersey, July 5–12, 1888, inclusive. Ministers and others interested in foreign missionary work are invited to be present. All foreign missionaries of either sex, temporarily or permanently in this country, are eligible to membership in the Union, and will receive free entertainment during the meeting. For information address the President of the Union, the Rev. J. T. Gracey, D. D., 202 Eagle Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sunday-school Superintendents and Teachers desirous of distributing copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in their schools and classes, may have assorted parcels of back numbers by applying, stating number required, to the manager, 63 Bible House

JESUS AFFIRMED TO BE ALIVE.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Against whom, when the accusers stood up, they brought none accusation of such things as I supposed: but had certain questions against him of their own superstition, and of one Jesus, which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive."—Acts 25: 18, 19.

The Roman Governor Puzzled—The Charge Referring to Questions and Speculations—The Prisoner's Bold Affirmation—I. Real Gospel Preaching Full of Jesus—Unknown to the Multitude—Despised by the Many—His Death Admitted—Unpopularity Assured—The Please-Everybody Gospel—II. Affirms the Resurrection—Infers the General Resurrection—A Doctrine of Sweet Inferences—III. Affirms that Jesus is Still Alive—Paul Had Seen and Spoken to Him—He is Preparing Heaven for the Redeemed.

FESTUS is giving to King Agrippa a brief account of the matter between Paul and the Jews. It may not be a very accurate account; for Festus did not profess to understand the business. He was a Roman governor newly come to Judæa; he had no acquaintance whatever with Jewish Scriptures nor with Jewish laws; he is, therefore, merely giving to King Agrippa a rough outline of the affair as it struck him.

He Was Puzzled

how he should represent the matter to Cæsar, to whom Paul had appealed. Festus is represented by our translators as calling the Jewish religion a "superstition." I hardly think he would have used so harsh a term before Agrippa, who professed to be of the Jewish faith. But yet, as he probably knew that Agrippa's religion did not lie very deep, and was the mere appendage of a man of fashion, Festus was not very particular about the word which he used; and he lighted upon one which may mean "superstition" as the Authorized Version has it, or "religion" as the Revised Version has it. "Well, well," he seems to say to Agrippa, "*I do not know much about it.* I supposed when the Jews brought this man before me, that he would be charged with a breach of the Roman law, and I was prepared, of course, to deal with the prisoner; but when I listened to their accusation, and found that there was nothing in it but some disputes about their religion, I hardly knew what to say. Their controversy is important to them, I dare say; but it can be of no consequence either to you or to me, for it turned very much upon a person of the name of Jesus, which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive."

I want you to notice that, rough-and-ready as this description is, and neither full nor deep, yet on the surface we see that in the controversy we have the same condition of things as we usually see in such conflicts. On the one side Paul's opponents fought with the weapons of "certain questions," and on the other hand he defended himself with a bold affirmation. This is the old story of

Speculation Against Dogmatism.

It is always the way: the adversaries of the cross of Christ assert nothing, but they question everything. They will not lay down a basis, nor define their opinions. If they would do this, we might soon demolish their fabrics of falsehood; but all that they propound is "certain questions." On the other hand, those who are witnesses for the Lord Jesus have little care about questions, speculations, and the boasted outcome of cultured thought; but they affirm certain definite facts: they affirm these to be a revelation from God, and there they stand.

I. To begin with:

True Gospel Preaching

is full of Jesus. Jesus is the most notable figure in Christian testimony. The apostle Paul, whom we may regard as a model in preaching, exercised a ministry which was always full of our Lord Jesus Christ. Following the historical connection of the verse before us, we note that he preached "Jesus to multitudes unknown." Festus evidently knew not Jesus, for he speaks of Him as "one Jesus." He mentions the name as belonging to some obscure individual of whom he knew nothing, and cared less. The great ones of the earth know nothing of the King of kings. Beloved, to this day this is the wonder of wonders, that the incarnate God is not known. His birth is the starting-point of the age; and yet it was almost unanimously ignored by those who wielded the recording pen of history. His was the most extraordinary life that ever passed before mortal eyes; and yet how little notice was taken of it! Beyond Palestine it seems not even to have awakened curiosity. He died, and then to the people most concerned in Him He became "one Jesus, which was dead." The new Roman procurator, and myriads like him, well informed upon other matters, hardly knew His name, and only mentioned half of it when they spoke of "one Jesus, which was dead."

Jesus Little Known.

Brethren, this is why we must keep on preaching Jesus Christ, because He is still so little known. The masses of this city are as ignorant of Jesus as Festus was. You can never have a congregation in any of our places of worship and feel sure that they all know Jesus. If you gather in the outsiders from the street, you may be sure that the story of Jesus will be news to them. We call this a Christian country; but it would be very difficult to prove that it is so. If we took certain lines of observation as to the moral and religious conduct of our fellow-men, we should logically arrive at the conclusion that we live in a heathen rather than in a Christian city. Still the world knoweth Him not.

Paul preached Jesus, who was despised by many. The language of Festus is not only that of ignorance, but in a measure that of contempt. He speaks of "one Jesus, which was dead." Jesus is evidently nothing to Festus, and Festus does not imagine that Jesus is very much to King Agrippa. Probably he was quite right: Jesus was nobody among the

Rank and Fashion and Culture

of the period. Behold the unlearned of the day, if you speak to them of the great Sacrifice, and the wondrous atonement made by blood, they scarcely hearken to you, for such high things are not for them: they are so hardly pressed with daily labor and slender pay that they cannot think of sin and sacrifice and salvation; but they ask, "What has the poor workingman to do with religion?" Alas, that this folly should be so prevalent!

Then you turn to the learned, and hope that here, at any rate, due attention will be given to the great marvel of reconciling love. Alas! it is not so. To these more educated ones the doctrine of the cross is foolishness. They ask for something new; something more philosophical. Substitution and sacrifice—they will have none of them. Ths story of the league of justice with grace, the reconcilement of holiness with mercy, is beneath their notice. They are too cultured to believe the common faith, too wise to accept that which God hath revealed unto babes. Beloved brethren, it should never cause us doubt when we see many despising our Lord, for this is nothing new, and nothing unexpected. Did He tell us that if we preached in His name all men would receive us? Nay, He warned us that the contrary would follow.

Gospel preaching is also full of Jesus Christ in this respect, that we do not conceal His death. Festus notes that the conflict was concerning "one Jesus, which was dead." The Jews said He was dead, and Paul also confessed that He was dead: there was no disagreement between them over that matter. Hear, then,

The Debate.

"What! did your Leader die?" "Yes, He was crucified." "Did you not say He was divine?" "Yes." "Yet is He dead?" "It is even so." "Yet you spoke of His leading you on to victory?" "So we did." "Yet He is dead?" "Yes, He died at Calvary." "How, then, can your boasting stand?" "We believe that by His death He has gained the victory and accomplished His great purpose." "But how did He die?" "He died the death of a felon upon a gibbet. His enemies nailed Him to a cross, and put Him to a death which was reserved for slaves. We confess this; yea, and glory in it!" We glory that our Lord Jesus was put to death as bearing the sin of many. This we hold and teach; not defending it, nor apologizing for it; but affirming it with all boldness, with the desire that we may be understood. If any cavil at this teaching, we do not therefore conceal it; we expected that it would be cavilled at. We desire more and more to obtrude this truth of substitution whenever we preach, and to make it the head and front of our gospel. Even people who are not saved by it should yet be made to know that we preach Christ crucified. In such a case, we have done our work successfully, even if souls are not saved; for we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, as well in them that perish as in them that are saved, if we have exalted the Lord Jesus, and borne witness to His power to save.

Beloved, I would have you further note that true gospel preaching will be full of Jesus as He is revealed in the Old Testament. Our apostle, when he spake before King Agrippa, went on to declare that he had said "none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles." Paul's teaching paid as much deference to the ancient Scriptures as did that of the Jewish rabbis who were opposed to Him; nay, in very truth He paid a far more real homage to the Bible than they did. As for us,

The Old Testament is Prized

by us as much as the New. We do not preach Jesus as a fresh arrival, the inventor of a new religion, the founder of a novel way of salvation. No; we preach the Messiah of the Old Testament, whose gospel is set forth in the types and in the teachings of Moses and the prophets: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Every gospel sermon should set forth Jesus scripturally; for it is not the Christ of fancy, but the Christ of fact that saves the souls of men,

Let me add that where the Gospel is faithfully preached the reproach of Christ will not be shunned by the preacher. Read in the fifth verse of the twenty-fourth of Acts how Paul won this reproach. His adversaries said: "We have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes." This was the reputation of Paul. Well did Mr. Whitefield say, "There is no going to heaven as a minister except in a fool's cap and a fool's coat." There is no hope of preaching Christ faithfully without being called by disrespectful titles, regarded as a fool, and reckoned among the vulgar and ignorant. Some kind of ugly name will always be appended to the gospeller. Brethren, expect it, and accept it! Bid farewell to a quiet life, if you resolve to be true to Jesus. I know a minister of whom one said, "He is a truly good man, and nobody ever says a word against him." Upon inquiry, I heard a judicious person say, "He preaches no error, but he avoids the obnoxious side of truth. What he preaches is true enough, no doubt, but it is not easy to say what it is. Nine out of ten of his hearers could not say what his precise opinion may be, but he has a fine flow of words. Those who do know what he is preaching about usually say that, take it for all in all, there is nothing in it." Of course nobody opposes an indistinct, colorless,

Please-Everybody Gospel:

it is not worth while. But speak clearly and distinctly the doctrine of the great Sacrifice, and you will bring upon your head a shower of opposition: you will be "a pestilent fellow" and "a ring-leader of the sect of the Nazarenes." Gospel preaching does not cry, "Peace, peace," where there is no peace; but it is the sword which the Lord Jesus came to send upon the earth. Now, beloved, as I resolve, God helping me, in my preaching to preach to you nothing else save Jesus Christ, so I beseech you, in your schools, in your families, in your public ministries of any

and every kind, begin and end with Jesus, who was dead and is alive. Declare His blessed name, and proclaim the glory of His cross! God forbid that you should place anything in front of your testimony save Jesus crucified! Your gospel is a golden frame, let Jesus be the portrait which is hung up in it.

II. Secondly: gospel preaching

Affirms The Resurrection.

Please notice, that Paul did not argue the resurrection, but affirmed it. He did not prove it philosophically, but he affirmed that Jesus rose from the dead, because such and such persons saw him alive after he had risen. He did not merely say that it was probable, that it was possible, that it was reasonable, but that it was so, for witnesses proved it. Two saw him, eleven saw him, four hundred saw him. He dealt with the resurrection as common-sense persons deal with any other fact of history; he quoted his authorities, and affirmed that it was so. His witnesses were honest and true men, who dared to go to prison, and even to die, on account of their statements. They had nothing whatever to gain, and everything to lose by their testimonies. They stated that Jesus, whom they knew to have been dead, had risen again, and had given clear proofs that he was alive. This corner-stone of our faith is sure, and upon the certainty of it we build our faith.

Moreover, *Paul*—and he, I say, is a model among gospel preachers—teaches us to preach in our gospel all the

Sweet Inferences

which flow from the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Here they are. He rose from the dead, and therefore His sacrifice has been accepted. God has brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the everlasting covenant. The work He has done has pleased the Father, and therefore he has brought him back from among the dead. His acceptance is ours: we are "accepted in the Beloved." Now, also, we live unto God. Our Lord Jesus died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God: so is it with us. This is our joy: His work is accepted, His bearing of our curse is finished, life in us is made manifest.

I must repeat what I have said already, that from the resurrection of our Lord we draw the comfortable inference of the resurrection unto eternal life of all who are in Christ. We said farewell, a little while ago, to him whom we loved so well, but we shall see the honored one again. We laid our sister in the grave with many tears. Oh, how we miss her! But we shall meet her again when the trumpet shall sound. We preserve a long list of departed ones, of which we scarcely dare to think, for tears drown our eyes; yet will we refrain from weeping, for as the dew of herbs causes them to spring up again, so the rising again of our Lord restores to us the beloved ones who have fallen asleep. The broken circle of our fellowship shall be renewed, for Jesus, its centre, has risen again.

III. But now, alas for me! I have scant time for the point which I wanted most fully to discuss—gospel preaching affirms that Jesus is alive. We do not preach to you a dead Christ, but one who is able to save to the uttermost, seeing He ever liveth. Jesus died, Jesus rose again, Jesus is now alive. Paul

Knew that Jesus Lived,

for He had spoken to him out of Heaven. Paul had both seen and heard the Lord Jesus, and thus he had been turned from a persecutor into an apostle. His entire being was transformed by what he saw and heard; assuredly he was no deceiver, and he was not the sort of person to have been deceived. Jesus Christ is then alive, for Paul saw him. Beloved, receiving the witness of our apostle, and remembering many other infallible proofs which we have not time to mention, we also believe that Jesus, who was dead, is alive. What follows from this? Why, first, He is alive *to bestow the Holy Spirit*. Many blessings come from our Lord's death, but the Holy Spirit was an early gift of His resurrection life: especially was it the outcome of his ascended life. The gift of the Holy Spirit is the ascension gift of our living Lord. The life and light and liberty of the Spirit are with us, because Jesus lives. Beloved, do you think the times are dark and dreary? Be not afraid: while Jesus lives the Holy Spirit is always obtainable, the Holy Spirit is always ready to work in and with us. What more do we want?

Jesus is also in heaven making preparation for our coming. What has to be done to make heaven ready I am sure I do not know, though I have often tried to guess; but Jesus says, "I go to prepare a place for you." Heaven, when we get there, will prove to be the exact place for us. Jesus is living—living on purpose to keep heaven for us, and make it in all respects ready for us. Furthermore, lay hold of this thought, that Jesus is

Alive to Intercede

for us. I am most rich, beloved, when I have your prayers. If I might have a part in the prayers of all the saints on earth, I would not envy a Kaiser his dominions. Yet what are all the prayers of saints compared to the prayers of the King of saints? We trust not in a dumb, dead Christ, who could not speak for us, but we rest in an advocate whose eloquent pleadings before the throne of God can never be denied.

O child of God, I would have you further remember that Jesus is still alive, to commune with you. You bend not over His corpse, but you sit at His feet. Carnal men would think me dreaming if I were to tell of our spiritual intercourse with our living Lord.

Still Doth He Speak

to our hearts. Pearls may not be cast before swine, nor the love secrets of our souls declared in the streets; but we have been conscious at times of influences other than those which are natural and common. Jesus has made Himself known to us: He has stood behind us, and His shadow has fallen over us. He has manifested Himself to us as He does not to the world. You know what I mean. Jesus does not forget us. He has not allowed a great gulf to open between us and Himself. He is still the loving, living, active Jesus to us and with us.

How I wish that every child of God here who is in trouble would go at once with that trouble to the living Christ! Oh that every sinner who is crushed beneath his load of sin would bow at once before the living Christ, whose voice speaks pardon! You cannot perceive Jesus, but He is present where His gospel is preached. Eye cannot see Him, nor hand touch Him, but He is visible and

Tangible to Faith.

Bow before Him! I know you have often thought, "If, instead of seeing Mr. Spurgeon on the platform, I could see Jesus, I would confess my sin to Him, and ask His pardon." I pray you do so, even though you see Him not, *for He sees you*. Fain would I cease to be seen of you, that your hearts might see my Lord, for He is here. Bow before Him, confess to Him, and trust Him.

"Oh!" cries a loving one, "If Jesus were visibly here, I would take Him home with me and entertain Him." Do so, I pray you, though you do not see Him. Constrain Him to abide with you. Treat the Lord Jesus, not as a phantom, but as a real Christ. Paul affirmed that He was alive; believe Paul's affirmation, and speak to the living Jesus. I will give you a text: "Whom having not seen, ye love." You cannot love a dead person as a dead person. You may love the memory of the dead; but if you love them, you regard them as living. Love is for life; it cannot dwell with death. We have not seen Jesus, but we love Him, and this proves that to our hearts He lives.

Oh that our Lord would now appear! Oh that His silver trumpets would ring out while yet I speak to you! Oh that His feet would once more touch this earth! The second coming of our living Lord is the ultimatum of our faith. He is alive, and as surely as He lives, He will open wide the golden gate, and come again to take His people up to be with Him for ever. Has He not said, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself"? They that have been faithful to him in this evil generation, through the dark as well as through the light, and have followed at His heel through mire and slough—these shall partake of His glory. "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Who is on the side of the living Christ at this hour? Let him come out and boldly say so. Hold not back, lest ye be found traitors. Confess your Lord, take up your cross, and be the living servants of the living Jesus. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

How Conviction Came.*

Once a mother told her pastor that she was troubled about her daughter, who was going to join the church. "She has not conviction enough," was the complaint; "and yet I have talked to her about her sins over and over again, setting them all in order before her, till we were both of us in tears: Oh, what can I do more?" Then he gave her in her own hands a Bible, and he read aloud to her slowly, Isaiah 6: 1–5. She saw, without any word of his, that the prophet became intelligent as the sight of God flashed upon him, and grew penitent as the moment when the seraphim cried "Holy." Then he turned to Job 42: 5, 6. She saw in silence that the patriarch repented, not when his exasperating friends pelted him with accusations, but when his eyes were opened to see God. She went away quietly to talk, with a wondering and awe-struck heart, about the holiness of Jehovah; thus her child melted into contrition before the vision, and wept.

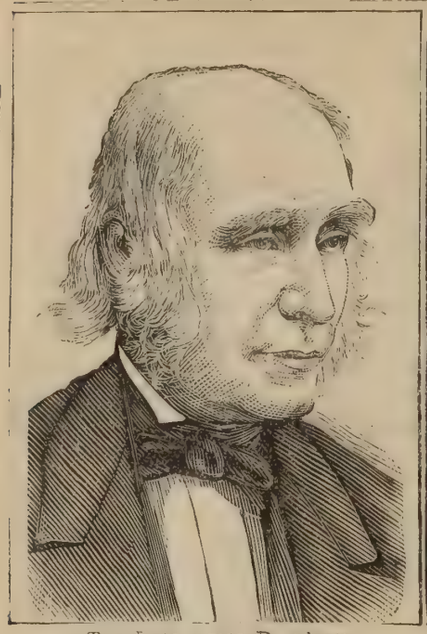
A German Captain's Order.

I heard some time ago of a German captain, who was drilling a company of volunteers. The parade-ground was a field by the seaside. The men were going through their exercises very nicely, but the captain thought he would give them an exercise in obeying orders. They were marching up and down in the line of the water, at some distance from it. He concluded to give them an order to march directly towards the water, and see how far they would go. The men are marching along. "Halt, company," says the captain. In a moment they halt. "Right face," is the next word, and instantly they wheel round. "Forward march," is then the order. At once they begin to march directly towards the water; on they go, nearer and nearer to it. Soon they reach the edge of the water. Then there is a sudden halt. "Vat for you stop? I no say halt," cried the captain. "Vhy, captain, here is the vater," said one of the men. "Vell, vot of it," cried he, greatly excited; "vater is nothing; fire is nothing; everything is nothing. Ven I say, forwart martch, then you must forwart martch." The captain was right; the first duty of a soldier is to learn to obey.

A Meal of Carrion.

A member of his congregation being in the habit of going to the theatre, Rowland Hill went to him and said, "This will never do—a member of my church in the habit of attending the theatre!" Mr. so-and-so replied that it surely must be a mistake, as he was not in the habit of going there, although it was true that he did go now and then *for a treat*. "Oh!" said Rowland Hill, "then you are a worse hypocrite than ever, sir. Suppose any one spread the report that I ate carrion, and I answered, 'Well, there is no wrong in that; I don't eat carrion every day in the week, but I have a dish now and then for a treat.' Why, you would

*From Spurgeon's Sermon Notes: Volume IV., Romans to Revelation. Pp. 408: Price $1; Published by *Robert Carter & Brothers*, 530 Broadway, New York.



The Late Amos B. Alcott.

Mrs. Pinfold's Illumination.

say, 'What a nasty, foul, and filthy appetite Rowland Hill has, to have to go to carrion for a treat!' Religion is the Christian's truest treat, and Christ is his enjoyment."

THE LATE A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

(*See Portrait.*)

The kindly, lovable old man who won the name of the American Socrates had no Plato to make him known to the world, and his own efforts as an author have had but little success in that direction. All who knew him personally, however, recognized in him a bright, ardent spirit, eagerly bent on discovering the great secret of human life in this world, and how it might be made a blessing to its possessor and to the race.

Amos Bronson Alcott was born in Wolcott, Conn., November 29, 1799, and he was therefore in his eighty-ninth year on March 4, last, when he died. Owing to the poverty of his parents, his school education was brief and irregular. School in the winter and farm labor in the summer was the rule in the Alcott as in so many New England homes of those days. He learned to write with a piece of chalk on his mother's kitchen floor, and as soon as he had mastered the art of reading he devoured such books as came in his way. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" was his favorite book in his boyhood, and to the last the venerable philosopher continued to love and admire that matchless volume. At the age of thirteen, he finally quitted the school at Spindle Hill, and being equipped with a small stock of wares he set out as a pedler in the South. He tramped through Virginia and North and South Carolina, but succeeded in selling only a few dollars' worth of goods.

Trade was evidently not his vocation, and on his return he entered on the work which occupied the largest portion of his life—that of an educator of the young. He had a profound belief in the purity and spiritual penetration of little children, and delighted to listen to their talk and lead them to think and reason. His method of education was fatherly, and always had the moral training and development as its primary object, as being far more important than intellectual acquirement. The idea of corporal punishment was abhorrent to him, and under his gentle, discriminating system he had no occasion to resort to it.

All his leisure time was devoted to hard study, chiefly of metaphysics, philosophy, and theology. He contributed extensively to the *Dial*, and became a recognized leader of the Transcendental School, if not its actual founder. In 1842 he was induced to visit England, to consult with the prominent thinkers in the ranks of social and educational reformers. He lectured extensively, and on his return he was accompanied by two English friends, who aided him in establishing his ideal community, at Frudlands, near the town of Harvard. The scheme was not a success, and was soon abandoned.

The famous "Conversations" commenced shortly afterward, and were continued for nearly forty years. By these Mr. Alcott was best known to the American public. Often they were simply lectures on Character, Love, Poetry, Nature, or some kindred subject, but Mr. Alcott was always at his best when his audiences accepted his invitation to take part in the proceedings by asking questions and expressing their opinions. Since 1857 he resided at Concord, Mass., and there a circle of warmly attached friends gathered around him. His days were spent in study and literary work, and his evenings in congenial society. The works by which he is best known are "Conversations with Children on the Gospels," "Table Talk," and "Concord Days."

MRS. PINFOLD'S ILLUMINATION.

(*See Illustration.*)

Any person passing the cottage in which Mrs. Pinfold lived would have thought it a picture of peace and calm contentment, in complete harmony with the surrounding fields and the summer sunshine which flooded them and the cottage with glorious light. The door was set wide open, and the widow, as she passed it in the course of her household duties, could see the cattle lazily grazing in the fields, and, in the distance, the laborers toiling at their work, and though she could not make them out distinctly, she knew that her two boys were among them. The sweet peace and tranquility without, had not, however, its reflection on Mrs. Pinfold's countenance. She was in deep trouble, and red eyes and furrowed brow showed that tears had not long ceased flowing, and would soon flow again.

"I d' know 't I've any call t' worry," she had said some days before, when an earnest Christian visitor had tried to arouse her to a consciousness of her state before God; "I've done my duty all through. I guess there ain't anybody I've had dealings wi' 'ts ever complained o' me. Father and mother and husband are gone, but they all allowed I'd done what was right, and the boys wouldn't hear anything against their mother, I guess. No; I aint such a sinner as you'd make out. There's many 's be though, if you're looking for work."

Still, the visitor was convinced that the old woman had been moved, and, in spite of her assumption of security, was not so much at ease under his words as she wished him to think. He therefore deemed it wise to leave her to the work of the Spirit, that she might be enlightened as to the state of her own heart by His omnipotent power. He acted wisely. Mrs. Pinfold had plenty of time to think as she worked, and she would not have been herself if her thoughts had not been occupied with an accusation that she had failed in her duty. It was her cherished pride—she had nothing else to be proud of—that she had never failed in that. A good mother, a good wife, a good daughter; yes, so far her conscience, which was a rigid one, acquitted her. But as to her duty to God? The more Mrs. Pinfold thought, the more guilty she grew in her own eyes.

The next Sunday she went to church as usual, but with an object that was not usual with her. Formerly she had gone as a duty; now she went to learn what she could do. It was not punishment she dreaded, but she was oppressed with a terrible sense of guilt, of meanness, of base ingratitude. To her surprise the regular clergyman was absent, and in his place was the very man who had visited her, and disturbed her peace of mind by his talk. That was well; he might tell her what she wanted to know. The text was, "Justified freely by His grace" (Rom. 3: 24), and the preacher showed how the sinner, having broken the law, was without hope of acquittal, except in the righteousness of Christ, which was offered to him. The distressed woman listened, but could not realize it.

The next day her burden grew heavier, and she wept as she worked. She knew, in a general way, that Christ died to save sinners, but there were great sinners—drunkards, thieves, and the like—to whom she had always applied the fact, not to herself. Suddenly, as if by a flash, she saw herself in the same category, and therefore with the same glorious hope. The thought overcame her. She put down her work, and sitting down on the rough bench in the kitchen, clasped her hands, while the joy flowed through her whole being, like a river. It was bewildering, enrapturing joy, such as none know but those who have felt it—a joy the world can never give nor take away.

THE ROYAL RETREAT IN FLORENCE.

(*See Illustration on Page 269.*)

Several royal personages are just now ruralizing at Florence, recuperating after the arduous labors which are said to be incidental to the vocation of a monarch. The Queen of England was the first to take up her abode there, and she has now been joined by the King and Queen of Sweden and other minor royalties. The illustration here given represents the villa in which

Queen Victoria is living. It is the property of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who placed it at her disposal during her stay in the fair Italian city.

Florence, as is well known, is one of the most interesting cities of Italy, and scarcely inferior to Venice in historical renown, in the beauty of its architectural edifices, and of its collections of art, more especially of sculpture, while far superior in its associations with Italian literature. The Villa Palmieri is nearly two miles from the Porta San Gallo to the northeast of the city, on the road to Fiesole. The adjacent valley of the Mugello was always a favorite rural retreat of the rich Florentine citizens; and it was somewhere in this pleasant valley that Boccaccio, the author of the "Decameron; or, Ten Days' Tales" placed the fancied assembly of ladies and gentlemen, whom he supposed to have left their houses in the city on account of the plague, in the summer of 1347, and to have amused each other by telling the series of stories which he relates.

The Villa Palmieri, Florence, Queen Victoria's Present Residence.

Not far up the hill is the Villa Mozzi (now Villa Spence), which was the favorite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Careggi. The villa built by Cosmo dei Medici—in which Cosmo died, in 1464, and Lorenzo, in 1492, expired after his famous interview with the famous monk and preacher Savonarola—is among the hills on this side of Florence. The ancient Roman town of Fæsulæ, now Fiesole, from which Florence "descended," is a place of much antiquarian interest.

The villa constructed by the Palmieri family, at a spot called the Fonte dei Tre Visi, originally bore the name of Schifanoia, which meant "Avoid Disturbance." The Palmieri owned it for centuries; they built an arch or bridge over the public road, connecting the gardens with a terrace which commands a delightful view. An Italian, who had purchased the villa of the Palmieri, bequeathed it to the ex-grand Duchess of Tuscany, and her trustees sold it, some years ago, to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. A new road was then made round the hill, and an expenditure of about $50,000 was incurred in various improvements.

MRS. TRANSOME'S PUPIL.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 255.*)

A Light in a Dark Home.

In a short time Thomas came to say that my brother wished to see the boy. I waited a minute or two to tell Philip whom he was going to visit; and how many years he had been ill; and how he had been suffering that very day. His bonny face grew grave and serious; and he trod along the carpeted hall with a careful and silent step. I wondered what he would think of George's white, worn face and low voice. He entered the room with me, unconsciously clasping my hand more tightly; but the moment he saw George, he stole forward on tip-toe again, and put his hand down softly on his pillow.

"Are you very ill?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Very," answered George; "and so you are come to be our boy, are you?"

"If you love me, and let me stay," he answered. "Have you never asked God to make you quite well again?"

"Yes, thousands of times," said George, as gravely as the child had spoken.

"Then He knows it's best for you to be ill," said Philip, "but He loves you all the same, you know. Mrs. Transome says He wont give us just what we ask for; and we must learn to be content, because He knows best. I asked Him for a pony ever so long, and He did not give me one: but it isn't because He does not love me. He chooses for old Transome to have bad pains, and old Transome says he'll be faithful to God in spite of them, for God had been faithful to him. When God chooses, it's all for the best, Mrs. Transome says."

"Yes," said George, holding the boy's small brown hand in his thin white fingers, "and I must learn to be content too."

"It's like learning lessons," Philip went on, in his clear young tones. "Mrs. Transome told me so. It's just like learning our A B C. It took me a whole week to learn all the letters; that was a long while."

"Yes, it is a long while," said George; but I knew he was not thinking of the child's lesson in the alphabet. No, it was his own harder task he was looking at. I am afraid we had both forgotten our first faith in God's love: and now we were sent back to it by the simple teaching of Philip, so that we might begin again a childlike life in His kingdom.

"Milly," said George, after the boy had gone away under Martha's care, "God has sent us one of His own little ones."

Yes, of a truth Philip was one of God's own children. Do not misunderstand me. The boy showed at times self-will, and sudden passion, and a spark of vanity now and again. All these were in him, and his simple nature could not hide them; though it could and did conquer them in the long-run. But there was no swerving of his inmost heart from a true and loyal love to Christ, whose life on earth became the pattern for his own. When I studied Philip's character in its transparent simplicity, the words that came most often to my mind were those of our Lord's speaking: "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." There seemed to be no darkness, no dissimulation, in Philip at all. He loved the light, and always came to the light, even when he brought to it deeds to be reproved.

How life changed to George and me! The blankness and emptiness were gone. The future lay before us, with the promise of a beautiful life outside our own, that would link us again to the busy world. Year by year our interest in it grew deeper. There were masters to choose for Philip; a day school to find for him, where he could have the wholesome companionship of other boys. We sent him to a large public school, where his brilliant gifts and insatiable thirst for knowledge would find full scope. George was himself a good classical scholar, and his old love for study revived, now there was a young brain, quick and eager, at work beside him. The hours that had been wont to drag so wearily along began to "glide with down upon their feet." Philip's studies, Philip's sports, Philip's friendships, absorbed us both.

Before he had completed his seventeenth year he won a scholarship. The head-master of his school, with whom he was a favorite, strongly urged him to remain another year under his tuition, and then to go to college. But the boy's mind was set upon studying as a medical student in one of the hospitals. The loyal spirit that was within him, longing to serve God diligently, and to tread closely in the footsteps of his Lord, could point out no better way than this.

"I can go among the very worst and poorest then," he said to us, earnestly, when we were trying to dissuade him. "You think I am too good for it? Why, if I were a hundred times better and more clever I should be hardly fit for such work! When I think of them down there, in their misery and ignorance and sin, I feel as if it would be treason for me to forsake them, just to grow rich or famous. I should choose to be a popular doctor at the East End, among the very worst, if I may have my choice."

My heart felt somewhat heavy with disappointment, for I had built many a castle in the air for my boy; and it had never entered my thoughts that he should bury himself and his great gifts among the very low and ignorant. As for George, his face was lit up with a smile that was almost heavenly.

"We shall have very little to leave you, Philip," I said.

"Are you going to die soon, Aunt Milly?" he asked laughing; "when I'm an old man of fifty, you'll not be seventy years of age; think of that! It's scarcely worth while for me to consider what you can leave to me. No, no; I shall be sure of more than Jesus Christ ever had. If I'm only clever enough to make a good doctor, and it comes true of me, 'He went about doing good,' that's enough for me."

His expression softened into a grave tenderness, and his voice grew low as he spoke. He did not often talk in this way to us; and I can see again his boyish, handsome face, half turned away from our eyes. It was a summer's evening, and we had the window open, that the fitful western wind might come in, rustling the papers on my brother's table, and breathing softly across his feverish face. George had taken Philip's hand into his, and was holding it fast as he looked at him with his strange smile. Just then we heard the distant tinkle of the house-door bell, a sound that had become frequent since Philip had gone to school, where he had formed many friendships. We knew our quiet talk was over; and so it proved. In a few minutes Thomas came in with a message.

"There's a shabby sort of a woman," he said, in a disparaging tone, "asking if Master Philip Champion is living here still. She won't tell me

her business, but she says it's very particular; for she's come all the way from Liverpool a-purpose to see him."

"What's her name, Thomas?" asked my brother.

"Mrs. Brown, sir," he replied.

"That is the woman your father left you with, Philip," I said, with a quick throb of my heart. I could not hear the name without an undefined dread that it foreboded some change: and any change now would be an evil and a sorrow. The boy's face flushed crimson, and a glow spread over it, full of eager hope and gladness.

"My father's come back!" he cried.

He had not spoken of his father for years, and I had hoped that he had slowly reconciled himself to the idea that he had been lost at sea. But the eager, excited face before me contradicted the hope. The childish faith and expectation had never died; and now they sprang up in full vigor and life at the mere mention of this woman's name. "My father's come home!" he cried again, in a tone that brought tears into my eyes, and my brother's.

"Philip," said George, in his low, patient, measured voice, "remember! it is over twelve years since your father went away."

"I shall look for him to come back," he exclaimed, vehemently, "as long as it is possible for him to be alive, unless I find out for certain that he is dead."

"Twelve years!" repeated George, as though his thoughts were dwelling upon all that Captain John Champion must have suffered, if he were still alive; "twelve years, my dear boy!"

"Sailors have been lost longer than that," said Philip, moving toward the door, where Thomas was still standing. It was not a minute since he had uttered the woman's name; but it seemed to me already as if our hold upon Philip were slackened, and our close relationship with him were lost. He was not our boy after all, but belonged to some other—a stranger. Yes; I own to it; a strong and bitter feeling of jealous disappointment seized upon me.

"Let me come with you, Philip," I cried, as he was passing out of my sight.

Was there any tone in my voice that betrayed me? I cannot tell; only I know that my boy turned back again quickly, and stooped down to kiss me, and George held out his worn, hollow hand, as if to draw me nearer to him. I believe both of them felt a quick, instinctive sympathy for me, as deep as men can ever feel for a woman and whose hand is forced to loose its grasp of her chief treasure. But neither of them knew what that moment was to me.

I had time, while Philip and I went to the dining-room, and Thomas fetched the woman in from the hall, to consider how very improbable it was that she should bring any intelligence about Captain John Champion, after so many years. This somewhat reassured me, though the glimpse I had had into Philip's heart could never be forgotten. Through all these years there had been a deep want, a profound, passionate longing, which no love or care of ours could satisfy. George and I could not be to him what his own father and mother would have been; so different, in the hidden root of things, must adopted relationships be from real ones.

Mrs. Brown came in; and Philip placed a chair for her. He was trembling with agitation, and could not command his voice to speak. She gazed critically at him, as if on her oath as to his identity.

"You're fairly like your father," she said, after this survey, "but you're more like your poor mother. It's a hard world, this is, for poor folks like me, and I've had a heap of trouble, but I've not forgot him or her. You've forgot him, I'll be bound!"

"No, never!" cried Philip. But he could say no more. He leaned his hand on my shoulder, and I felt how his strong young frame trembled, while his color came and went as fitfully as a delicate girl's.

"I've brought some news of Captain John Champion," continued the woman, in cold, hard tones. "May be you'll not think it worth much, but it's the last we've heard.

"It's a long story," she went on, with no change either in voice or face. "I've been knocked about a good deal ever since Master Philip left me, nine years ago now, as you'll recollect, ma'am, and never stayed more than a year, or eighteen months at the longest, in one place; so it were no wonder folks lost sight of me, and couldn't find me out, let them want ever so much. It might have been Captain John Champion hisself seeking after me, he'd have found it just as hard work; for I gave him up entirely after being away more than three years. But it wasn't Captain John Champion hisself, poor fellow! However, it were a seafaring man, as had gone out with him in his ship, and been wrecked with him, and saved with him, and brought home news of him, if he could only have lit upon me."

"How long ago?" cried Philip.

"It's four years pretty nigh since *he* came back," said Mrs. Brown, "and he did his best to find me out; but he couldn't, and he gave up at last, and went another voyage, and another, and another, searching for me whenever he was ashore, but never hearing a word of me till three months ago, when one of his old mates came lodging at my house in Liverpool, and heard me tell how I'd once had a captain's son to take care of, and how some grand folks in London had taken to him. 'What was the little chap's name?' he said. 'Philip Champion,' I said. 'That's Dan Sterne's old captain,' he said; 'him as was shipwrecked off the Ivory Coast somewhere.' So he went looking for him next day, and found Dan Sterne at death's door in the hospital, for he was quite worn out with following the sea, and was fallen into a waste, with no more than a few days' life in him. He sent for me as soon as ever he'd heard his shipmate's story, and I went there not much too soon to hear what he'd got to say."

Philip had sunk down on his knees at my side, with his eyes fastened upon the woman's face, as if he could look through hers into the brain beyond, and read what was there more quickly than he could learn it from her slow utterance.

"I'm not sure I rightly recollect it all," she said, "but he told me how the ship was broken to pieces on the rocks, and all aboard her were drowned, save him and the captain, and they two got on shore, and lived for a few days watching for a sail on the sea, till some of the savages came down and carried them up the country, and made slaves of them. Ah! he said, they knew what sufferings were, but they bore up under them, and the negroes treated them better when they found how clever the captain was. Only they never let him out of their sight; never, night or day. Dan Sterne wasn't watched so close, and he managed to escape; and he made his way through forests and bogs and jungles, and wild beasts, and wild men, day after day, night after night, till he reached a place where there were civilized folks—Portuguese, he thought; and after he'd been there a few months a ship brought him home to Old England. That's nigh upon four years ago, and he did his utmost to find me out, as he promised the captain he'd be sure to do if he ever saw England again; but he couldn't find me; and I only found him dying in the hospital."

"Is he dead?" asked Philip; "is that all?"

"Ay! he's dead," she answered; "and that's all, save a little bit of a map he gave me, where the place is that they were cast ashore upon. He pricked the place with a pin as near as he could guess, and he said they went east from there. I was to be sure and say they journeyed east from there, neither north nor south, but due east. Captain John Champion, he said, was pretty middling in health, but he was a close prisoner among them, and could not get a chance of escape."

(*To be continued.*)

THE JUDGMENT.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 6. Matt. 25:31-46. Golden Text, ver. 46.

Folly of Ignoring the Subject—A most Momentous Fact—Universal and Individual Application—The Christian in the Day of Judgment—Responsibility Measured by Privilege—Questions Left for Settlement at the Judgment-Seat—When it will Take Place—After the Millennium—The Sentences—Motives Taken into Account—Present Rewards to be Abjured—A Proverb Reversed—Eternal Destiny Self-Controlled—An Awful Temerity.

It has become an unfashionable and unusual thing in many congregations to speak of the Day of Judgment. Yet, surely, if it is true that we are hastening every moment to the "judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad," it is a most momentous fact, one which we should do well to face, and which it is the utmost folly and wickedness to ignore! "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." (Ecc. 12:14.) "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matt. 12:36, 37.) If this is so, how utterly mad and rash it is to live without regard to the fact that every word and every deed has a bearing on the endless eternity to which we are all hastening! Oh, how we need to pray in faith, with the Psalmist: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips." (Ps. 141:3.) "We must *all* appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."

No One can Escape.

Many a subterfuge may succeed in escaping an earthly court of law, but who can escape the just judgment of God? Some believe that for the Christian there is no judgment, but Paul says, "*We*," including himself, "must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." True, "there is, therefore, no condemnation (i. e., final condemnation to be lost) to them which are in Christ Jesus," but we must all receive according to that we have done; we must all reap that which we have sown. If we, who are God's children, lived more in the light of coming judgment, the poor lost souls around us would more readily credit that there is a judgment for them.

Many of God's children think that because they are saved, and believe in Jesus, they will come off lightly at the time of judgment, while they are quite willing to admit that lost sinners deserve eternal damnation. But it was *Moses*, the man of all others, who knew God best in his time, who might not enter the promised land; it was not some poor reprobate Israelite who knew not God. "That *servant*," that one who is in the service of God, "which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more." (Luke 12:48.)

It is not without purpose that our loving Lord, before speaking of the final judgment, when He shall separate the sheep from the goats, speaks first of the ten virgins, and then of the servants who are entrusted with the talents, Much as God's Word teaches us of faith, it also teaches much of responsibility, and we break the harmony of His Word, and lose its balance, when, in learning to trust God, we ignore our responsibility; or when, under the presence of responsibility, we trust ourselves rather than God. The right thought of coming judgment is that of all others which is calculated to lead us into a life of trust, since *we* cannot keep ourselves or guide ourselves aright, but He has promised to be our Keeper, and to guide us

with His eye. We are responsible to trust Him as Moses did in the desert, and Paul did in his journeys, and are responsible to do whatsoever He tells us. But if we, who are God's children, take upon ourselves to judge and choose what we shall do, how will it appear at the judgment-seat? "Well, *I* don't see that there is any harm in reading novels," says a luxurious young Christian lady. Well, sister, are you willing to let that question be

Settled at the Judgment-seat,

and then receive of your just Judge what He considers due for such an employment of His time and strength? "Well, I don't see that there is any harm in telling out how so-and-so has treated me," says a deeply injured child of God. "I think I ought to expose him." Well, brother, shall we leave it to the searching light of the judgment-seat, although the Word of God says, "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil." (Matt. 5:39.) "Why do ye not rather take wrong. (1 Cor. 6:7.) "It is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing." (1 Pet. 3:17.) Oh how small, how infinitesimal, will all wrongs received from man appear when we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ! Let us lay up for ouselves treasures in heaven by making all our calculations in view of that great day of account. Some may say, "But if we serve God, and walk so as to please Him now, is not this the best preparation possible for the judgment-seat?" Certainly it is so, but as the consciences of some are very lax about that which does or does not please God, He has also given us the coming judgment as an incentive to live to His glory.

After the marriage of the Lamb, after the distribution of rewards to His servants, after the millennium (or thousand years of Christ's reign. Rev. 20:6), comes the final Judgment Day. "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." No other hand but the hand of Jesus can be trusted to do this work of separation. "I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine, *as* the Father knoweth Me, and I know the Father." (John 12:15, Gr.) "He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left." While the saved of this dispensation are reigning with Him in glory for a thousand years on earth (Rev. 20:4), the wicked shall still be left awaiting the judgment, and they, and those who have lived during the time of the Millennium, will be judged together. First, He will say to them on His right hand, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; sick and in prison, and ye visited Me." This announcement will come with a burst of surprise upon the righteous. The virgins *expected* to enter into the marriage feast, the servants *expected* a reward for their service, but the sheep

Expected Nothing.

"Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee? Or when saw we Thee sick or in prison, and came unto Thee?" And the King shall answer and say unto them, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward." (Matt. 10:42.) It is not so much the things we do, in themselves, which shall tell in the great account, but the motive from which we do them; whether in our own name, for the sake of our own reputation, or in the name of Jesus, to increase His glory. "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," i. e., in the character of the Lord Jesus, acting for Him, by His authority, as His representatives. Now, if we seek credit from man for any kindness which we may have the privilege of doing, and desire to be considered benevolent, we are doing it in our *own* name, and not in Christ's; we have our reward on earth, and we miss it at the great day of account. It is a law of the kingdom of heaven that we are not to seek our recompense in this world. "Take heed, that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." (Matt. 6:1, 2.) They have it now. Poor, miserable reward is glory of men! Again, Christ warns us not to seek for glory among men when we pray and when we fast, lest in reaping the miserable reward of glory among men, we should miss the reward of our Father which is in heaven, who "shall reward thee openly." (Matt. 6:6.) Again, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren; neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, *lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.*"

Flee Present Rewards,

"be afraid of quick returns," in the work of God. "But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." (Luke 14:12–14.) There is a well-known proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and for men of the world who count God out in their lives, and in all their prospects, there is wisdom in it. But with the child of God it is the exact reverse. A recompense in hand is the worst investment possible. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth" (Matt. 6:19)—gold, position, reputation, honor—where all things change, "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." (Col. 3:3.) God is our portion on earth—heirship of God and joint heirship with Christ, our treasure in heaven. Just as we have to avoid a bargaining spirit, so, also, a greedy, grasping spirit. And then in the great time of account we may be surprised that God accounts some little thing done for one of His children, something long forgotten—something which we never counted, as having been done unto Him.

Rewards or punishment are according to the value which Jesus, the King of Glory, has had in our eyes. Oh, now we see, that having been saved by Jesus and redeemed by His precious blood, all that we do and say must be more or less connected with Him. "To me to live is Christ," said Paul. (Phil. 1:21.) "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom. 14:7.) Men may not like to retain God in their knowledge (Rom. 1:28), and may seek to ignore the Lord that died for them, but, by doing so, they do not shut out Jesus from their lives—there he figures as a Saviour rejected and despised: ignoring Christ does not make Him cease to be; ignoring the judgment will not prevent it! Oh, how demented are men who, in their childish and wicked folly, say with the fool, "No God," while the very unrest of soul which comes out in such a declaration fulfils the very words of the God whom they reject, "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." (Isa. 57:20.) Oh, how precious is it for the child of God to know that the kingdom to which he is welcomed has been prepared for him from the foundation of the world. It was destined for man before Adam fell; man was created for it, and adapted for it! God never created men for hell; never adapted them for companionship with demons. No; hell was prepared for the devil and his angels, and all men who, through rejecting Jesus, force themselves thither, must not wonder if they find themselves out of joint with their surroundings, for an endless eternity. Oh, it is an awful fact that every living man holds his eternal destiny in his own hands!

"Thus shall He say, also, unto them on His left hand, Depart from Me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not." Many of those who shall be lost eternally will have done many benevolent actions, but there was no Christ in them: they did them in their own name, and for their own sake, and they were not done unto Him. Their life has told against Jesus instead of for Him. A life without Christ is a lost life; philanthrophy without Christ is but among the works of the law by which no flesh shall be justified before God—righteousness which is but filthy rags after all. The wicked will be taken by surprise. It is astonishing how little men believe that the wrath of God abideth on them, if they do not believe. (John 3:36.) God tells them that he that believeth not shall be damned, and they coolly set down God's declaration as though it were a mere matter of human opinion! Daringly they go on in their

Unsaved and Unsafe Condition,

and take the fearful risk of leading their lives according to their own perverted judgment, ignoring the just claims of God! They fail to submit themselves unto His righteousness, and at the last, when the Judge of all the earth shall judge them according to the Word which He has spoken, they will be taken aback, and say, "Lord, when saw we Thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee?" They did not see Him where He was to be seen, in the least of His earthly brethren. They had despised the people of God, failed to honor, failed to help, failed to recognize the people of God, and the Master makes the cause of His people to be His own. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me." God expects His people to be such as can be recognized: "A peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Tit. 2:14); He looks that men shall take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus. And then He expects that the unsaved shall see Him in them, and treat them as the brethren and kinsmen of the Son of God. There is no appeal from the sentence of the King. It is final. Everlasting fire, "prepared for the devil and his angels." God never exaggerates. Fire means fire, and everlasting means everlasting. Men try to explain away the Word of God, and make it mean more or less than God intended. If this word "everlasting" does mean "age upon age," it does not fix any limit to that punishment; that everlasting punishment which awaits the lost. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for April:

Scenes at Christ's Second Advent. By Rev. Nathaniel Starkey.

The Prophets and the Apocalyse. By Rev. N. West, D. D.

The Imminent Advent of Christ. By Earl Cavan.

The Doctrine of the 1,000 Years Millennium. By Rev. S. R. Maitland, D. D

Summary of Events of the Final Dozen Years—1889 to 1901. By Rev. M. Baxter.

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NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

O pleading life, crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care!
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain! by night and day
Working with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking, till thought becomes a pain;
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel
In others' woes a share,
Yet human loves each power inthrall,
And sordid treasures fill it all;
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul! thus to debase
The being God doth spare!
Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own,
Heart, brain, life, all are His alone;
Make room for Jesus there—

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain shall be thy prayer,
To find in Jesus' heart a place;
Forever closed the door of grace.
Thou'lt gain no entrance there.

—*Selected.*

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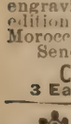

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Vol. XI., No. 24. Office, 63 Bible House. N. Y. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1888. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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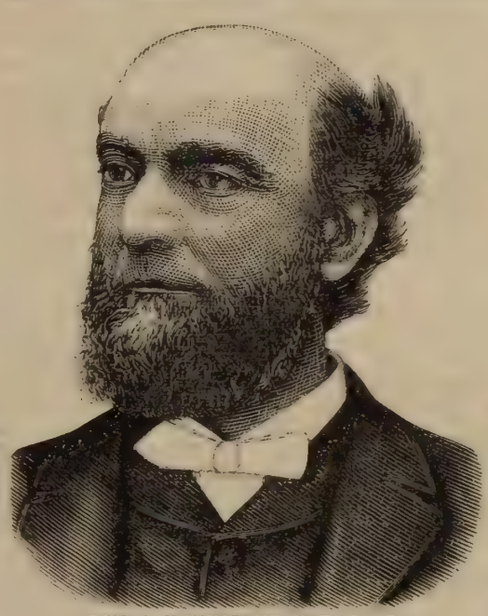
REV. J. N. FITZGERALD, D. D.



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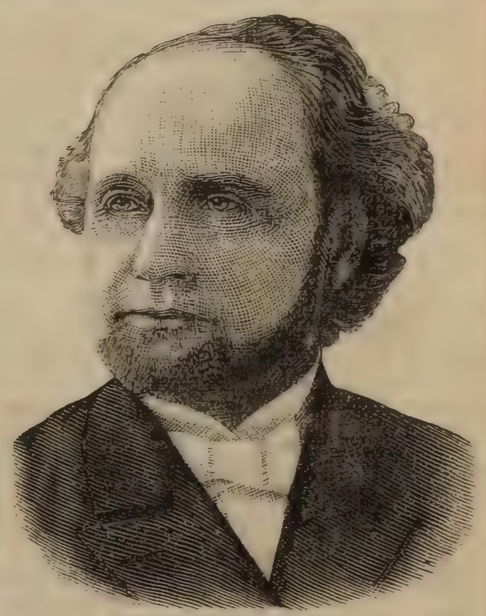

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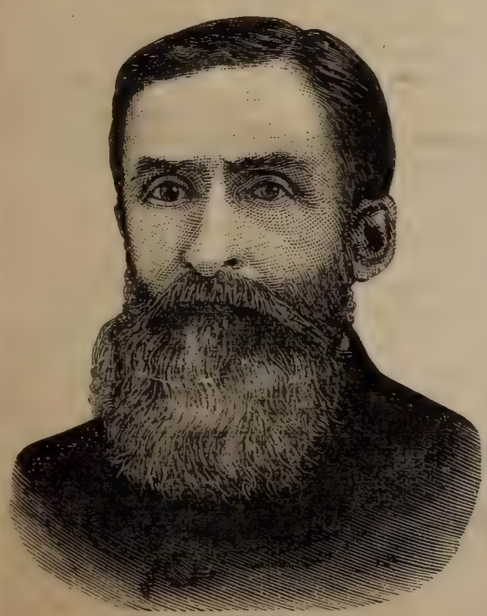

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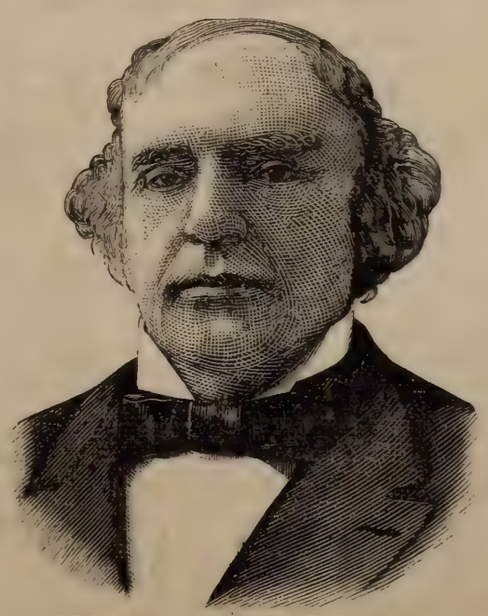

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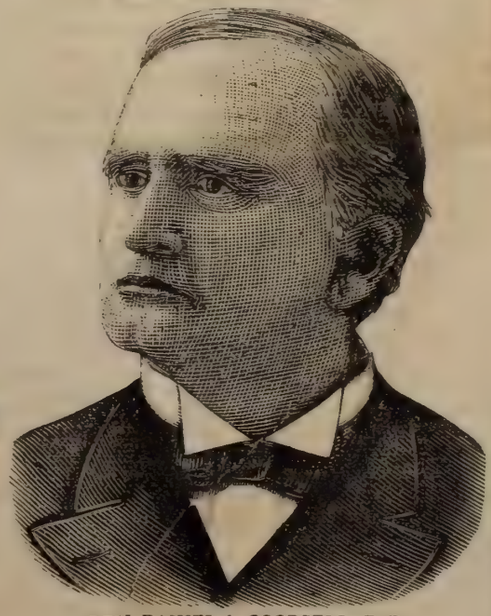

REV. DANIEL A. GOODSELL, D. D.

The SIX BISHOPS ELECTED at the RECENT METHODIST EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE SIX NEW M. E. BISHOPS.

THE Metropolitan Opera House, New York, was the scene of an impressive ceremony on May 29. The five Bishops, and the Missionary Bishop for India and Malaysia, were there and then consecrated for their work. The stage was set for the interior of a cathedral, and six small tables were placed there, one for each Bishop. After the hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking," had been sung, Bishop Bowman passed from one candidate to another, a friend of each saying, as the senior Bishop approached, "We present unto you this holy man to be consecrated a bishop." After the usual questions had been answered by each candidate, a Bible was given to each, with the injunction to give heed to its teachings, and the ceremony of laying on hands was performed. The singing of a hymn, and the benediction, pronounced by Senior Bishop Bowman, concluded the simple but impressive ceremony. As the election of these ministers to episcopal functions will have an important influence on a numerous and respected section of the Christian Church, their portraits, which appear on the first page, and a brief sketch of their lives, cannot fail to interest our readers.

THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., LL.D.

HOWEVER it may be with the present generation, there is no question as to the first place among the new men in the estimation of the rising generation in the Methodist Church. The interest of the young people has been the chief thought of Dr. Vincent's life, and to promote that, he has given the best of his years and the most of his labor. To thoroughly organize the Sunday school system, and to render it efficient in all its details, has been his predominant desire, and he has devoted himself to that task with unflagging zeal.

John Hoyt Vincent is a native of Tuscaloosa, Ala., where he was born February 23, 1832. He is, therefore, now fifty-six years of age. When he was six years old his parents removed to Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, and sent him for his education to Milton and Lewisburg academies, and subsequently to the Wesleyan Institute, Newark, N. J. At the early age of seventeen, he received the "exhorter's" license, and the following year he was made a local preacher. His sphere of labor was the Luzerne Circuit in the Baltimore Conference, but in 1853 he entered the New Jersey Conference, where he remained until 1857. In that year he was transferred to the Rock River Conference, and was stationed successively at Joliet, Mount Morris, Galena, Rockford, and Chicago. While at Galena, and before the importance of the fact had dawned upon him or any one else, he was the pastor of U. S. Grant, then in business in that town as a tanner. With the future General, he formed a pleasant friendship, and has among his most treasured possession several friendly letters from General Grant, written in the days of his early struggles.

Dr. Vincent's remarkable adaptation to Sunday-school work was first publicly recognized during his labors in Chicago. He succeeded after much exertion in getting a uniform system of lessons adopted for the Chicago schools, thus recognizing the advantages of the system now in use under the title of the International Lessons. He also commenced the publication of two journals for Sunday-school teachers and scholars, which had a wide circulation. With that promptitude for recognizing special adaptation and merit for which the Methodist Church is noted, the value of Dr. Vincent's labors was perceived by the General Conference, and in 1868 he was elected editor of Sunday School Literature, and corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-school Union. So energetically and efficiently did he discharge the duties of those offices that he was four times re-elected by General Conferences, and has only now laid them aside at the call to "Come up higher." One enterprise alone established Dr. Vincent's fame in America. In the line of his special work he, in conjunction with Lewis Miller, inaugurated the Chautauqua assembly, which has done so much for the promotion of religious education, and which owes its existence and growth largely to his genius and fostering care.

REV. J. N. FITZGERALD, D. D.

THE second bishop elected by the Conference, and on the same ballot with Dr. Vincent, was Dr. Fitzgerald, who, though not so widely known outside his Conference as the famous Sunday-school worker, is a man of mark in his denomination. Tall and commanding in frame, and with a mind of masculine vigor, Dr. Fitzgerald is a man fitted by nature for a leader of men—a force to be counted upon as of no slight importance either by friend or foe.

James N. Fitzgerald was born at Newark, N. J., in 1838, and is now in his fiftieth year. In his early years it might have been predicted of him that he would become a famous general, or a Senator, or even President of the Republic, but a prophecy that he would become a bishop would have struck all who knew him as extremely unlikely to be fulfilled. He chose the profession of the law, and studied in the office of Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, who was Secretary of State in President Arthur's Cabinet. He was admitted to the bar in 1858, and at once entered upon a prosperous career. His association with Chancellor Runyon of New Jersey was a guarantee of his ability and learning, which marked him out for early and high advancement. To the young lawyer, deeply read, fluent of speech, and with great oratorical gifts, life opened very brightly, and he might naturally have looked forward to the acquisition of a large fortune, and the attainment of exalted official position. Three years, however, after his entrance on professional life, an event occurred which completely changed his future.

In 1861 a powerful religious awakening took place in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Newark, and, among the converts, was Mr. Fitzgerald. As was to be expected in a temperamen so positive and decisive as his, conversion was the turning-point in his temporal aswell as his spiritual life. He promptly relinquished his professional practice and entered at once on study for the ministry. He was admitted to the Newark conference in April, 1862, and was appointed to the East Newark Station. There his powerful, cogent sermons, delivered in a melodious baritone voice, and with marked oratorical power, drew large numbers to hear him, and much good was done. He was clearly a man to fill a larger sphere, and, after a year, he was removed to Elizabeth. Subsequently he was appointed to Hudson city, and then successively to Newton, Paterson, and Jersey City, and for two years he was presiding elder in the Newark district. He also held the office of secretary to the Newark Conference for eleven years. In the General Conferences of 1876, 1880, and 1884, he was an assistant secretary, and all who came in contact with him at those great assemblies, were impressed by the singular lucidity of his mind, his aptitude for organization, and his clear and convincing arguments. In 1881, when a successor was needed to the late David Terry, as Recording Secretary of the Missionary Board, these qualities marked him out as the man for the responsible post, and he was appointed. He is now called to the highest position in the gift of his brethren, and enters upon its duties with the good-will and confidence of all.

REV. ISAAC W. JOYCE, D. D.

THOUGH Dr. Joyce was not among the men whose names were popularly discussed for the Episcopate, he was the third to be elected at the General Conference, and he received a larger number of votes than were cast for any of the succesful candidates. He brings to his new duties a wide experience of an analagous character as presiding elder in an exceptionally difficult district, and a reputation for judicial acumen, which has secured him a place on the judiciary committee of more than one General Conference.

Isaac Wilson Joyce is a native of Ohio. He was born on October 11, 1836, and is therefore now in his fifty-second year. He comes of Irish parentage, and has inherited a hearty, genial, disposition, no little wit and humor, and the faculty of making warm friends wherever he goes. He was converted when he was only sixteen years of age, while he was residing with his parents in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, and united with the church near Lafayette. His earliest ministerial work was done in that city. He spent a term there in each of the two churches, and subsequently four years as presiding elder. His next appointment was at Greencastle, where he succeeded in raising funds for the erection of a beautiful church. In 1880 he was a delegate to the General Conference at Cincinnati, and his stay there led to his being transferred to the Cincinnati Annual Conference with St. Paul's Church in that city, as his first appointment. At the conclusion of his term he was appointed to Trinity Church, in the same city, and then, his influence being so strong, and his work so extensively blessed, he was granted a second term at St. Paul's. He is pre-eminently a pastor in the strict sense of the term, looking vigilantly after the spiritual interests of the people committed to his care, while not neglecting the duties of the pulpit. Dr. Joyce enjoys the cordial respect of his brethren in the ministry, and the only persons who will regret his elevation to the Episcopate are those who have sat under his ministry, but must now part with their beloved pastor for the general good of the church.

REV. JOHN P. NEWMAN, D. D., LL. D.

IT is difficult even now to realize that this noted man has been made a bishop. It was only on the fourteenth ballot, and after the most strenuous efforts of his friends, that the result was achieved. The leading journal of the Methodist Church says of the election: "More than two-thirds of the General Conference have elected him bishop. This makes him not the bishop of those only who voted for him, but of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and all will wish for him a career which will crown the closing chapter of his life with lasting honors, and demonstrate by its usefulness to the Church the wisdom of the choice." This skilfully worded paragraph will also, it may be hoped, form a basis for amicable adjustment of all that is past of an unpleasant nature.

Dr. Newman, by his political relations, has occupied so prominent a position in the public view, that only a brief summary of the leading events in his career is necessary in this place. He was born in New York, September 1, 1826, and is therefore now in his sixty-second year. He was received in the Oneida Conference in 1848, and in 1855 was transferred to the Troy Conference. Three years later he became a member of the New York Conference, and was appointed to the Bedford Street Church. At the expiration of his term there, he went on a tour in Europe and the East, writing descriptive letters to the press, and, on his return, publishing a book entitled, "From Dan to Beersheba," which commanded a large sale. In 1862 and 1863 he was pastor of the Washington Square Church, in New York.

Dr. Newman spent the following five years in the South, having accepted a commission from Bishop Ames to reorganize the Church on the ground newly occupied by the Union armies. Of his work there much has been said and written on both sides of the question, which it is unnecessary now to recall. A more congenial field was occupied by Dr. Newman when, Gen. Grant having become President, he obtained the appointment to establish the Metropolitan Church in Washington, D. C. Dr. Newman was also made Chaplain of the Senate, and his three years in the Federal Capital were profitably spent. In 1873 General Grant appointed him Inspector of Consulates. This post enabled him to visit, under the most agreeable auspices, the chief points of the world where the United

States is officially represented. On his return he published another book entitled "Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh." He was again appointed to the Metropolitan Church, where he continued to labor until 1878, when he returned to New York as pastor of the Central Church. At the end of his term he accepted the pastorate of a Congregational Church, but succeeded in maintaining his personal connection with the Methodist Conference. In 1886, after a variety of disagreeable experiences with the leading members of the Congregational Church, he was again pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Washington, which he now leaves for the Episcopate.

REV. DANIEL A. GOODSELL, D. D.

THE last of the bishops elected for the American field was Dr. Goodsell, who, though not elected until the sixteenth ballot, received a larger number of votes than the two first elected. He thus has the gratification of knowing how large a number of his brethren reposed confidence in his qualifications for the office.

Daniel Ayers Goodsell was born in Newburg, N. Y., on November 5, 1840. He is consequently the youngest of the Bishops elected at the recent Conference. His father, the Rev. Buell Goodsell, was one of the best known and most respected among the early laborers in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His term as presiding Elder in the New York East Conference was one of remarkable success. The future Bishop was educated at the New York University, and in 1859, joined the Conference of which his father was an honored member. Though at that time only nineteen years of age, he was nearly six feet high and of good proportions. At his first two charges, according to established rule he remained only one year, but once that time he has been induced at the request of the official board to continue the full term. He has been stationed at Riverhead, Glen Cove, Greenpoint Tabernacle, Brooklyn, South Norwalk, Conn., Meriden, Conn., and since 1878 successively at Washington Street and New York Avenue, Brooklyn. He has served his Conference as secretary for sixteen years with great efficiency, and has won the general esteem of its members.

Dr. Goodsell is one of the most unassuming of men, yet he is a man of profound learning and of considerable literary ability. He is chiefly remarkable, however, for his energy and industry and the unselfish spirit in which he gives time and labor to tasks which can bring him neither gain nor renown. His one desire seems to have been to be useful, and few know how thoroughly he has succeeded. Men who have worked with him, or who have had the advantage of sitting under his ministry, alone know his inestimable worth. It is certain that while his life is prolonged the Methodist Church will have no more solid and conscientious work from any of its Bishops than from Dr. Goodsell.

REV. J. M. THOBURN, D.D.

THE decision of the Conference to elect a missionary Bishop for India could have but one result in the circumstances. Dr. Thoburn has long been identified with the Indian work by no other name than his was in the minds of the majority of the delegates. As pastor, presiding elder, and editor he has labored successfully in that distant land, and it is fitting that he should become its first Methodist bishop.

James M. Thoburn is fifty-two years of age, having been born at St Clairsville, Ohio, March 1836. His early years were years of hard work. He lost his father by death when he was thirteen years of age, and it was only by his own exertions and frugal life as a school teacher that he was enabled to secure a college education. He entered Allegheny College, from which he graduated in 1857, and after one year's service in the Pittsburg Conference he offered himself as a missionary to India. He sailed for that country on April 11, 1859, in company with Messrs. Judd, Waugh, Parker, and Downey, and their wives. Landing in Calcutta, he was appointed to Nynee Tab, a well-known station in the Himalayas; then at Garhwal, where he preached in Hindi; next to Moradabad, where he preached in Hindustani; afterward at Lucknow, where both English and Hindustani were used; and lastly in Calcutta. There, not only among the white residents, but with the natives and the sailors in the port, Dr. Thoburn labored successfully, and has had the gratification of seeing the church grow and increase to a marvellous degree since his first connection with it. He is best known in this country and in Europe by his editorial work on the *Indian Witness*, a journal from which extracts have often been published in these columns, and which is recognized as the reliable organ of the Methodist Church in India.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"Run Over on the Railway.—Two Young women had gone on the railway lines for the purpose of gathering coals, and were warned by a man of their danger; but, it is said, they only laughed at and scoffed him. The engine came along at its appointed time, and before they could get off the line they were dashed down upon the ground, run over, and ushered into eternity. They, doubtless, at the last moment, realized their danger, but it was then too late. You, too, dear friends, are on the railway of life; the appointed time of the engine of death approaches, and, perhaps, like the two young women, you have often laughed and scoffed when you heard the warning voice of coming danger. Oh, flee to the refuge which God has provided for you in Jesus. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life (John 3: 36).

Afraid of Being "Given Up" by a Lover.— Mr. Thompson said: "A little while ago a young woman came to me and said she wished to be saved. Some time before she had professed conversion, but it had only been profession, and now she wished to become possessed of the reality. What hindered her from coming forward and making a bold stand for Christ was a young man to whom she was attached, and whom she feared she would have to give up if she made an avowal of Christ. I told her that the loss of any earthly friend, however dear, would be as nothing in comparison with what she would find in Christ. This young woman by some would be termed a backslider, but in reality she was not; she had never been truly converted, and knew it herself. I besought her to prove her preference for Christ by accepting Him without any further delay. The struggle was long and severe, but at last, through the power of the Holy Spirit, she triumphed, and received the Saviour. It was not long before the young man himself, instead of 'giving her up,' as she had feared, expressed sympathy with her in the step she had taken, and took his place in the ranks of those who follow Jesus."

Overtaken by the Tide.—A Christian Work- er relates: "There were two boys, the sons of a naturalist, and themselves, though still young, very enthusiastic in that interesting department of science. They were at the sea-shore gathering specimens of sea-weed. Being in a part where the rocks jutted out on either side, the tide came in very swiftly, and they were so intent on their occupation, that they did not notice it until it was too late to get away. 'Never mind,' said the older to his smaller brother, 'if you get upon my back I'll save you, and we will be safe round the corner in no time.' The younger obeyed, and they started through the water, but they had not gone far, when relaxing his hold he fell from his brother's back. The other dived after him, and placing him as before, re-commenced his struggle. 'If you try to save me,' said the little fellow, 'you will be lost yourself; let me go,' 'No,' was the firm reply, 'I can and will save you.' But the younger felt that that was impossible, so throwing up his arms he slid off his brother's back and sank. His brother tried to recover him, but ineffectually. At last, scarcely caring whether he himself was saved [illegible] out for the shore alone, bearing the sorrowful [illegible] of his brother's death to [illegible] had did his best to save his parents. That [illegible] But, thank God, his brother, but was [illegible] not only our Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, [illegible] none willing but can save to the uttermost, and [illegible] are lost who trust in Him."

Ropes Round Twelve Necks.—"A Certain English king laid siege to the French town of Calais. The garrison made a most stubborn defence, and so enraged the king that on the capitulation of the city he determined to sack the place; but his Queen, whom he dearly loved, pleaded for the people, and he consented to spare their lives if the chief men came to him very penitently, and besought mercy. Twelve men, with ropes round their necks and heads bent low, came from the town, and, approaching the king, cried for clemency. So too the sinner must cast off his own righteousness and, clothed in the sack-cloth of repentance, approach the Most High, pleading for mercy. These twelve men had only their lives spared, but we, in the greatness, of His love, are taken into the family of the King, and clothed in royal robes, and invited to partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb."

A Young Hindoo Scapegrace, of Some Edu- cation, fell into very bad habits, and finding himself one day in financial extremity, he stole some money, about three dollars, from his aunt, with whom he lived. "Passing along the road one evening," says the missionary, who relates the incident, "he found lying in his path a small Christian book, entitled, 'The Heart Book,' translated and printed in his own language. On reading it his attention was arrested, and his conscience aroused. He went home, humbly confessed his theft, and restored the money. For six months he read and re-read the graphic description of his own heart-workings in the little book. His conscience, so seared and dead before, now gave him no rest. His aunt advised him to go to a friend in a near village, who had a larger book, which they called 'God's Word.' He went, borrowed the friend's Bible, and read it as he had read the Heart Book. The Holy Spirit wrought upon him as he read. He was converted, accepted Christ, ceased all idolatrous worship and rites, and was baptised. His family persecuted him, as a matter of course, and cast him out, and even performed his funeral rites, but he lives, an earnest, happy Christian, rejoicing in the salvation he has found."

The Unexpected Beauty of the Scene.— "There was a poor blind boy—not poor in circumstances, but poor because of his affliction—whose mother took him to all the most eminent doctors, and oculists, to see if anything could possibly be done for him. Only one practitioner gave him any hope. He said if the lady left the boy under his charge for so long, he thought he could enable her son to see. The mother gladly agreed. The boy was left, and at the end of the time was taken home by his mother. On a certain day the bandages were to be taken from his eyes. The day came, a glorious day of sunshine, and there were many friends gathered at the house. The bandage was at length taken from the lad's eyes. He gave one look around him, then running to the couch he hid his face and wept. His mother asked him why he wept. 'Oh mother,' he said, 'why did you not tell me it was all so beautiful?' 'But I tried to tell you, my boy,' she replied. 'Not that it was *so* beautiful,' persisted the boy.' No matter how faithfully he was told, for want of vision he could not apprehend it; he must see for himself. Similarly, when we tell the sinner of the beauty of Christ, His love and mercy and grace, in a manner they seem to understand, but they cannot realise it in anything of its fulness, until they have seen Him for themselves."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews, the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, $1.00.

LONGEVITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 10, 1888.

"With long life will I satisfy him." Ps. 91 : 16.

Religion a Chariot, not a Hearse—Conducive to Long Life—I. By making Care of Health a Duty—The Caligraphy of God—The Whispering-Gallery of the Soul—An Ill-used Watch—II. By Protesting Against Dissipation—Lives of Genius Curtailed by Sin—Illustrious Examples—III. By Relieving Worry—A Twenty-Millionaire Friend—The Wheels of a Carpet Factory—An Almighty Sedative—IV. By Assuring Post-Mortem Happiness—Four Experiments—The Voice of the Rainbow.

THROUGH the mistake of its friends, religion has been chiefly associated with sick-beds and graveyards. The whole subject, to many people, is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed, and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp ; he speaks of it as "the

Saving Health

of all nations"; while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him." The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were, at one time, in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century, Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of life will be increased.

It is said in Isaiah : "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance, and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man, and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health

A Positive Christian Duty.

Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and He has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars, or mar its walls, or crumble its pillars, is a God-defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy ; three hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistances amounting to 224,000,000 pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my faculties, I insult God and call for

Dire Retribution."

Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physicial condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the Church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection, while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry-cook, or to the butcher, or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from

Your own Folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is *the whispering-gallery of the human soul.* What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will $40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject.

So wonderful are these bodies that God names His own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is *God's eye.* His omnipresence—it is *God's ear.* His omnipotence—it is *God's arm.* The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of *God's fingers.* His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon *His shoulder.*" A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly, and drop it on the pavement, and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch, and never abuse it, and wind it up just at the same hour every night, and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Commo sense answers. Now, the human body is God watch. You see the hands of the watch, yo see the face of the watch ; but the beating the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, careful and do not let it run down!

Again : I remark that practical religion is friend of longevity in the fact that it is *a pr test against dissipations,* which injure and destr the health. Bad men and women live a ve short life. Their

Sins Kill

them. I know hundreds of good old men, b I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Wh They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Mi solonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself h own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the hor that dashed with him into the desert. Edg A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight yea of age. The black raven that alighted on th bust above his door was delirium tremens-

"Only this and nothing more."

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyon mid-life, then died at St. Helena, and one of h doctors said that his disease was induced t excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, th man who by one step of his foot in the cent of Europe shook the earth, *killed by a snuf box!* Oh, how many people we have know who have not lived out half their days becau of their dissipations and indulgences! Nov practical religion is a protest against all diss pations of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion ha fallen, professors of religion have got drun professors of religion have misappropriate trust funds, professors of religion have absco ed." Yes ; but they

Threw Away Their Religion

before they did their morality. If a man on White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool, i mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowne is that anything against the White Star line capacity to take the man across the ocean And if a man jumps over the gunwale of h religion and goes down never to rise, is th any reason for your believing that religion h no capacity to take the man clear through? I the one case, if he had kept to the steamer h body would have been saved ; in the other ca if he had kept to his religion, his morals wou have been saved.

There are aged people who would have be dead twenty-five years ago but for the defenc and the equipoise of religion. You have more natural resistance than hundreds of peop who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by the own vices. The doctors made their case kind and pleasant as they could, and it was ca ed congestion of the brain, or something el but the snakes and the blue flies that seeme to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the d lirious patient showed what was the matt with him. You, the aged Christian man, wal ed along by that unhappy one until you cam to the golden pillar of a Christian life. Yo went to the right ; he went to the left. That all the difference between you. Oh, if this r ligion is a protest against all forms of dissip tion, then it is an illustrious friend of lo gevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again : religion is a friend of longevity i the fact that

It Takes the Worry Out

of our temporalities. It is not work that ki men, it is worry. When a man becom genuine Christian he makes over to God only his affections, but his family, his busine his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul everything. Industrious he will be, but ne worrying, because God is managing his affair How can he worry about business when i answer to his prayers God tells him when t buy and when to sell; and if he gain, that best, and if he lose, that is best?"

Suppose you had a supernatural neighb who came in and said : "Sir, I want you to ca on me in every exigency ; I am your fast frien

uld fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a
ic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in
ty of the best monetary institutions of New
k; whenever you are in trouble, call on me
I will help you; you can have my money
you can have my influence; here is my
d in pledge for it." How much would you
y about business? Why, you would say:
I do the best I can, and then I'll depend on
friend's generosity for the rest."
ow more than that is promised to every
istian business man. God says to him: "I
New York and London and St. Petersburg
Pekin; and Australia and California are
e; I can foresee a panic a million years; I
all the resources of the universe, and I am
fast friend; when you get in business
ble or any other trouble, call on me and I
help; here is my hand in pledge of omni-
nt deliverance." How much should that
worry? Not much. What lion will dare
it his paw on that Daniel? Is there not
in this? Is there not

An Eternal Vacation

is? "Oh," you say, "here is a man who ask-
od for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and
st five thousand dollars in it. Explain that."
. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is go-
orth, and the other wheel is going south,
one wheel plays laterally and the other
vertically. I go to the manufacturer and
: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a
adiction. Why do you not make all the
ls go one way?" "Well," he says, "I
them to go in opposite directions on pur-
and they produce the right result. You
wn-stairs and examine the carpets we are
g out in this establishment and you will
I go down on the other floor and I see
rpets, and I am obliged to confess that
h the wheels in that factory go in opposite
ions, they turn out a beautiful result; and
I am standing there looking at the ex-
e fabric an old Scripture passage comes in-
mind: "All things work together for
to them who love God." Is there not rest
t? Is there not longevity in that?
pose a man is all the time worried about
utation? One man says he lies, another
e is stupid, another says he is dishonest,
lf a dozen printing establishments attack
nd he is in a great state of

Excitement and Worry

me, and cannot sleep; but religion comes
and says: "Man, God is on your side;
ll take care of your reputation; if God be
, who can be against you?" How much
that man worry about his reputation?
uch. If that broker who some years ago
ll Street, after he had lost money, sat
and wrote a farewell letter to his wife be-
e blew his brains out—if instead of taking
his pocket a pistol he had taken out a
ad New Testament, there would have been
s suicide. O nervous and feverish people
world, try this almighty sedative. You
e twenty-five years longer under its sooth-
wer. It is not chloral that you want, or
ine that you want; it is the gospel of
"With long life will I satisfy him."
n: practical religion is a friend of lon-
in the fact that it removes all corroding
out a future existence. Every man wants
w what is to become of him. If you get
rd a rail train, you want to know at what
is going to stop; if you get on board a
ou want to know into what harbor it is
o run, and if you should tell me you have
rest in what is to be

Your Future Destiny,

d, in as polite a way as I know how, tell
lid not believe you. Before I had this
settled with reference to my future exist-
ne question almost worried me into ruin-
th. The anxieties men have upon this
put together would make a martyrdom.
a state of awful unhealthiness. There
ple who fret themselves to death for fear
g.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make *two or three experiments.* Experiment first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say "my common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." *Experiment the second:* When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth, so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." *Experiment the third:* There is no future world; when a man dies, that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that

Death is Not the Appendix

but the preface to life; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever; my power to think says 'forever,' my affections say 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted: A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift into

A Rainbow

woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day-dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the Tree of Life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day-spring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill, and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward "and behold there was a rainbow about the throne." Accept that sacrifice and

Quit Worrying.

Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine; that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the River of Life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

The Other Side of the Grave.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulchre. I open the door on the other side the sepulchre. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out and the long ropes with which the pall-bearers let down your dead, let them clear through into heaven.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion. It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy Him."

A SCOFFER'S AVOWAL.

A LADY who is doing Christian work among the garrison at Gibraltar, relates a remarkable incident which occurred a few weeks ago. She says: "One evening a Rifleman, well known in the regiment as an atheist, came in to do Satan a service. He meant to snatch away the seed sown, to refute the speaker's arguments in the barrack-room, and throw ridicule upon the whole mission. My subject was, 'What think ye of Christ?' The unbeliever remained to the after-meeting, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of our proceedings, and that he might deter some anxious inquirer or 'chaff' a comrade. I asked him, 'What think *you* of Christ?' 'Thank you, I don't believe, and I don't want to,' he replied. 'Whether you believe or not, here is a fact, that you will have to meet God and render to Him an account. Now, what answer will you give Him to the truth you have heard to-night?' 'If there be a God, I'll take my chance," he answered flippantly, and then added, 'As for hell, I don't believe in it.' After a few more solemn words I left him. He attended regularly, and his presence was by no means cheering to us, as we feared he was undoing the good work among his comrades. God had purposes of grace towards him, and, while we refrained from speaking to him again, His Spirit was dealing with his soul. One evening, on inviting anxious seekers to stand up, our unbelieving friend rose, evidently in much emotion. Prayer was made for him; he was then personally dealt with. 'I confess that I came the first night to mock; but the words haunted me. All next day I was unhappy. I came again and again. I have felt miserable; but to-night I seem to feel there is hope for me.'

"As one who had publicly denied his Creator, and through whose influence a Bible-reader had apostatized, it was thought fitting that he should make a public confession of Christ. Accordingly, one Sunday evening at the large meeting, in the presence of many unconverted who knew him as an atheist and blasphemer, he told the story of his change in a few simple words: "I denied there was a God, I ridiculed the Bible, I gloried in infidelity, but now I do love Jesus. He has saved me, and I wish all my comrades would come to Him and be saved too. *I only wish I could undo the harm I have done.*' It was a scene calculated to draw tears of thanksgiving and sympathy."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

By Rev. L. W. Munhall, M. D.*

The Scripture Millennium — Events Antedating the Predicted 1,000 Years' Reign of Christ — State of the World When Christ Comes to it — The Days of Noah and of Lot — The Parable of the Wheat and the Tares — The Virgins and the Leaven — The Progress of Christianity.

SOME inquire, "Do not the Scriptures teach that the world is to be converted?" I answer, Not by a single word! But how about these prophecies?

"Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." (Psalm 2 : 8). "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. (Isaiah 11 : 6-9).

"But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel: After those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more." (Jeremiah 31 : 33-34.)

I answer that pre-millennialists believe in the

Literal Fulfilment

of them. They believe in a Millennium during which the devil is really bound, with nothing to "hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain," when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Not the sort of Millennium some think we are having now. Not even a Millennium where Christian principles will dominate the civil governments of earth, as some post-millennialists claim; but a Millennium where all bow to the mild sway of the sceptre of the King of Heaven. The post-millennialists hold that the Church is to march forward in its conquests until the world is converted, or, at least dominated by the principles of the doctrines of Christ, and thus shall these prophecies be fulfilled. The pre-millennialists believe that through the Church, by the preaching of the gospel, all who are to be saved during this dispensation, will be by accepting Christ as Saviour; and then, when God's purposes in grace for this dispensation are accomplished,

Christ Comes to Take His Bride Away

to save her from the fires of the great tribulation, at the end of which time He returns with His bride to judge the world in righteousness and destroy the antichrist and his armies, the man of sin "with the brightness of His coming. (II Thess. 2 : 8.)

A careful contextual examination of the above mentioned and similar prophecies, will reveal the fact that their fulfilment will be accomplished by terrible judgments. For instance: the things prophesied of in Ps. 2 : 8, are thus introduced in the following verse: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them to pieces like a potter's vessel." (Ps. 2 : 9.) The context to Isa. 2 : 6–9 indicates the same thing: "But with righteousness shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked" (Isa. 11 : 4; Jer. 31 : 33, 34) has reference to Israel and Judah only, as the context clearly shows: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was a husband unto them, saith the Lord" (Jer. 31 : 31, 32). The stone cut out of the mountain in Dan. 2 : 35, that shall ultimately fill the whole earth, smites the feet of the image (the image represents the world powers) and dashes it to pieces, and it becomes "like the chaff of the summer threshing floors," and so on of the rest of these prophecies to the last.

The renowned Dr. Chalmers was once lecturing to some students on the closing scenes of this dispensation. As he was nearing the conclusion of the lecture, he was interrupted and compelled to leave the class hastily in answer to an imperative summons. As he gathered his hat and coat hurriedly in leaving, he said, "Young gentlemen, think as you will about these matters, one thing is absolutely certain, the dispensation of the Spirit will close with a smash."

But how about Phil. 2 : 10, 11 : "That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Is the bowing of the knee and confessing that Jesus is Lord equivalent to salvation? If so, then the "final restorationists" are right when, chiefly upon the testimony of these verses, they claim that not only all the inhabitants of earth shall at last be found among the "blood-washed throng" in heaven, but of hell also, together with the devil and all demons. But they are not right, for this Scripture teaches no such thing. The time is coming when the devil and all atheists, infidels, and blasphemers will be obliged to kneel and confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father;

When "He Cometh With Clouds,

and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him" (Rev. 1 : 7), but it will avail them nought.

The Word of God does not teach that the world is to be converted. It teaches most explicitly that it will *not* be. Let it speak for itself as to what will be the condition of affairs when He shall return:

"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." (Matt. 24 : 37-39.) Surely, no one will claim that the world was converted in the days of Noah. Yet as it was then, so shall it be when Christ returns.

"Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded. But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." (Luke 17 : 28-30.) Sodom didn't look much like it was converted in Lot's time. No more will the world be when Christ is revealed. See Jude, verse seventh.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away." (II Tim 3 : 1-5.) Here is

An Explicit Description

of the condition of affairs immediately preceding the advent of the Lord; but we find nothing at all resembling a converted world in the narrative.

"Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house; and His disciples came unto Him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field. He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world" (age). Matt. 13 : 36–40.

This parable, and the Lord's own interpretation of it, leaves no doubt whatever but that when He returns there will be multitudes of unsaved people on the earth:

Tares Growing with the Wheat.

If the parable of the ten virgins represents the professing church, half of it will be found unregenerated when the Lord returns, and the other half asleep. The exegetes are pretty well agreed that "leaven," in the Scriptures, signifies corruption, and the kingdom of heaven the professing church, in part. If these conclusions be true in every other case, why not Matt. 13 : 33? "Another parable spake He unto them: The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." In this case this passage would signify that corrupting influences will work in the visible church until the whole is corrupted. Is not such interpretation justified by the question of the unjust judge, "Howbeit when the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith (the faith) on the earth?" (Luke 18 : 8, R, V.) Do not the sixth and nineteenth chapters of Revelation, inclusively, justify such interpretation? Has not this view of the case already come to pass once? Was not the professing church as corrupt as Satan could ever wish it to be for nearly a thousand years? Is man, naturally, any better that this condition of affairs should not occur again?

Let it be said there is nothing, save the word of inspiration, so convincing, that the church is a divine Institution, and, "that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her," as that she has lived and accomplished so much, to the glory of God, despite the formality, worldliness, ignorance, and schisms that have marred her beauty and hindered her progress. She shall yet look "forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," (Song of Solomon 6 : 10.)

But, while this is so, it should not be forgotten that the Word of God, nowhere, by a single sentence, intimates that the world is to be converted before Christ comes. It does, however, teach that, "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world (Greek, inhabited earth), for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24 : 14).

* From his work entitled "The Lord's Return, and Kindred Truth," 192 pages. The Willard Tract Depository, Toronto, Canada.

UNAPPRECIATED REWARDS.

No clearer evidence of the degradation of the Central African races and the difficulties of missionary work among them has been given than that contained in a report from Mr. Ousley, a missionary of the American Board at Kambi, who has been trying to stimulate the children in the schools by rewards, and describes the disappointing results in a letter to the *Missionary Herald:* He says: "We have noticed a desire, on the part of a number of the pupils, to absent themselves from the religious part of the schoolwork. One would not suspect small children of such a spirit, but we have noticed it quite prominently of late to continue to offer a little work to those who come regularly to school whereby they may earn a wrap or garment, at the close of school.

"As yet very few appreciate the value of clothes, even after they have secured them. We naturally thought that the parents of the chil

dren would be glad to have us furnish 'their children with work sufficient to earn something to wear. But it is the reverse. They prefer, seemingly, to have their children about them in an almost nude condition, rather than that they secure garments or wraps by working for them. In view of our desire to help them get something to cover their bodies, we have required of our scholars only three full hours' work per day for five days, which is the equivalent to about one fourth or one fifth of the market value of such articles in this part of the world. To our surprise and disappointment the parents of some of the children ceased to come to our services, as also to the school exercises, and their excuse is that we have not given them any clothes or anything to eat for coming. Not one in a hundred of the girls and the women would wear clothes even if they could get them as a free gift, and the men who really desire clothes generally contrive to buy them from the traders."

THE CHIEF PRIESTHOOD RENOUNCED.

A YOUNG man in Persia has voluntarily chosen to be a teacher, when, by abjuring the Christian faith, he might have been made chief priest of his sect. The Rev. S. G. Wilson, in the course of a letter to the *Church*, thus describes the case: During a recent tour in the southern portion of our field, I was impressed with the manifestations of the power the gospel is exerting upon Mussulmans. Our first stage brought us to a village of Ali-Alahis, a sect so heterodox as to be almost outside the pale of Islam. They always give a ready ear to Christian teaching. We have a convert here who belongs to the priestly family. His father was chief priest of the sect, but consented to put his son in our Tabriz school, where he received the truth. The son might have inherited the office if he had not rather chosen to suffer affliction with the people of God. He was known to all as a Christian. Last spring the school was reopened under his charge. He had offers of employment as teacher in their mosque, with a good family, if he would teach from their books, but he was desirous of doing the Lord's service. His instruction is largely from distinctly Christian books. After awhile the mujteheed (chief mollah) of Tabriz, who has the village tax for his perquisite, sent a demand that he give an account of himself for teaching from "American books," and the mollah, who was instrumental in closing the Mussulman department of our school at Tabriz, came to vex him; so that he has scarcely been able to keep his school together, and many of the people have broken off intercourse with him.

A PHYSICIAN'S EXPLANATION OF DIVINE HEALING.

PHYSICIANS as a rule are more sceptical about Divine Healing than other persons, as their training leads them to believe that only by medical treatment can disease be overcome. One case, however, of a physician frankly ascribing a cure to the intervention of Divine power is related in *Thy Healer** this month. Mrs. Hudson, speaking at Bethshan said:

"A young girl named Mary Parker, living in Birmingham, suffered from spinal complaint, and was quite unable to sit up in bed. She had heard of the Lord's healing, and thought He might do for her as He had done for others. She saw the promise and believed it, and then she had a desire to be anointed. A clergyman was willing to anoint her, and she was anointed nine months before the healing came; but during that time she trusted perfectly in the Lord. The friends said it was fanaticism, and the doctors said she was incurable, but she kept on trusting. Yet, after the anointing she became worse. She had an attack of paralysis, and was cramped up in bed with her ancles one across the other. Her speech was also affected, her vocal organs seemed paralysed, but she went on trusting the Lord all the time. There was no anxiety whatever, but she was just resting in His promise, and knowing that when the time came she would be healed. One lady said to me: 'If Mary Parker is healed I shall believe in Divine Healing.' She came to me afterwards and said, rejoicing: 'O! Mary Parker is healed.' Well, this young girl went on in this state. First, her speech came back in four or five months, and she knew the Lord was working; and, at the end of nine months, after a day of great suffering, it seemed as if every joint in her body had become loosed, and she was suddenly made to sit up in bed. She told me this herself. She called to her mother and said: 'Mother, don't be frightened, the Lord's time is come,' and to her mother's glad surprise she rose from her bed and walked. 'When I turned the sheet down,' she said, 'I was surprised to find my legs perfectly straight, and then I walked.' Then the father and other members of the family were called up to rejoice with her. Mrs. Hudson described the visit of the doctor two days afterwards, and how he made her walk up and down the room and saw it was a perfect cure. He said: 'I have had nothing to do with this, *it is a miracle of the olden times.*'"

**Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where Missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 75 cents, may be sent to the Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

AN AFRICAN'S ABSTINENCE.

IN an encouraging report from the West Central African Mission of the American Board, published in the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Currie mentions an incident which gave the missionaries much comfort. He says: An effort has been made in almost every place visited to sow some seeds of gospel truth. Many people have thus heard for the first time about Jesus and His love. Many have learned that there are white men in the country who seek to do them good and not evil. One of my boys, while on a journey for the first time, took his stand for Christ; and he has since shown that he was in earnest about what he then did. One of the men, on my last trip, refused to drink beer when it was presented to the carriers, and attended worship every night. Two others attended worship regularly, and frequently lingered, after the exercises were over, to ask questions about what they had heard. Often, while on the march, I could hear some of the men trying to sing the hymns they had heard us sing at worship. In one place, almost seven days' journey from here, I found that some of the people, while on their way to the *ombala*, had stopped at our schoolhouse, and learned a few truths from the preaching of one of the brethren, which they carried back to their own village and made known to others. These are small items, but they all have a bearing on the future of our work; and while we look for a large crop from bountiful sowing, it is not impossible to get a good plant from a single mustard seed.

A SERVICE IN MADAGASCAR.

THE character of the work done by missionaries in heathen lands, as well as an evidence of the power of the truth, may be seen in the following extracts from a report of the effort Mr. Shaw is making to reach the dark places of the island of Madagascar:

It was not without difficulty that he reached the benighted region of his labors; shipwreck was escaped as by a miracle, and many perils by sea and land were braved, both by the missionary and his devoted wife. The people of one dark village were "the whole of them more or less drunk." During Mr. Shaw's temporary absence from the village in which he settled, war broke out, and on his return home he found his medical and surgical skill in great demand, and soon became known far and near as a true friend of the people.

In an account of his work in a third village, he tells of the very tardy assemblage of men and women to listen to the gospel, as he preached under the shadow of some fine spreading trees. "I begin," he says, "in a chatty way, to tell them of the character of the God whose name they know, but only to fear, as the Creator and punisher. It is a grand new view to them that He is a God of love, and that He has sent His Son that those who believe on Him should have eternal life. We finish our impromptu service by my telling them I am going to speak to this great God but loving Father, and ask them to follow me in their thoughts with bowed head. In a few words, asking for light for them and blessing, we joined in the first prayer ever offered in that village. Before leaving them, they had promised to put up a building in which I could more conveniently talk to them than in the open air; and so we may hope that before very long a rough but commodious chapel will be erected there.

A LAWYER'S CONVERSION IN A CHURCH VESTIBULE.

AN incident which should encourage preachers who are apt to think that their sermons are wasted, is related by Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, in his *Watchword*. He states that a clergyman had devoted great pains to the preparation of a sermon, which he hoped would be blessed to some members of his congregation who had hitherto been deaf to his appeals. He prayed earnestly over that sermon, and went to his church in a very intense frame of mind. But the night was stormy, and of those whom he was longing to reach, only three were present, and one of them slept through the sermon. He returned home in a dispirited mood. "That sermon was utterly wasted," he said to his wife, as they sat down after the service.

He was mistaken. The next morning a well-known lawyer came to see him, and told him his experience. He had started out that evening without an umbrella, and when the storm came on, he turned into the church vestibule to shelter. The door leading from the vestibule into the church was ajar, so he heard every word of the sermon. He listened with an interest that he was surprised at. It was his boast that he could live, and had always lived and prospered, without religion. He was a successful lawyer, with genial manners, which made him universally popular. He was charitable and generous, not from any sense of duty but from a kindness of heart that made him willing to do anything to alleviate suffering or distress in others.

He believed himself to be thoroughly sincere, and he was merciless in discovering inconsistencies in the lives of those who professed to be Christians. He was the leader of a large circle of young men, who, admiring his character and talents, followed his example implicity in regard to religious matters. He had not entered the doors of a church for years, and it was only the fury of the elements that had driven him to seek a temporary shelter there this evening. Had the sermon been argumentative he would have sought arguments to refute it. But it was nothing of the kind; it was an earnest appeal to all to come to the Saviour, and he could not doubt that the speaker spoke from his heart.

A strange longing to know somewhat of this joy and peace in believing came over him, as he stood there alone in the darkness. He began to pray, and after he went home he was unable to rest until he had given himself to God, and the next morning he went to the preacher to tell him the joyful news.

The Antichrist, Babylon, and the Coming of the Kingdom, by G. H. Pember, M. A. A new work of remarkable originality and power, written in a popular and simple style, yet showing much scholarly research, 171 pages; Price in cloth covers, 75 cents (postage included). For sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Seeking Saviour and Other Themes, by the late Dr. Mackay, of Hull. This work has been published since Dr. Mackay's death, but the greater part was ready for publication when he died, and to that has been added the striking discourse which he delivered the last time he entered the pulpit, and a few manuscripts found among his papers. 247 pages, cloth cover; Price 75 cents, including postage. For sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The whole edition of The Christian Herald was mailed last week to subscribers during Tuesday, June 5. The last delivery at the New York Post Office was made at 10.50 P. M.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Renomination of President Cleveland for the Presidency, and the nomination of Mr. Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, for the Vice-Presidency, by the Democratic National Convention, at St Louis, last week, were both more unanimous than the political prophets had led the country to expect. In spite of the dissatisfaction of a section of the party with the attempt Mr. Cleveland made in the early part of his term to fulfil his pledges to the civil service reformers who supported him, and in spite of the disapproval of another section with his message on the tariff, he was nominated with an enthusiasm truly remarkable. There was no balloting, no show of opposition; the wave of enthusiasm carried the Convention away, and the nomination was made by acclamation. When the time came for filling the second place on the ticket, there was but little less unanimity. Gen. Black formally withdrew his name by telegraph, in the interest of harmony, as the Convention was evidently overwhelmingly in favor of Mr. Thurman. The name of Gov. Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana, was duly presented, and his nomination urged, on the ground that Mr. Thurman being already seventy-six years of age, there was a possibility of his dying before the completion of his term, when "the Senate might be cursed by another Ingalls." But even that possibility did not weigh with the Convention, and Thurman was nominated at the first call of States.

The Platform Adopted by the Convention was not constructed without a protracted struggle in the Committee on Resolutions. It would, however, have been a stultification if the Convention, after re-nominating Mr. Cleveland, had failed to give a clear expression of its adherence to the principles of his tariff message. Mr. Edward Cooper, of New York, did his utmost, it would appear, to prevent this, doubtless realizing how difficult it will be to carry New York and other doubtful States on any platform tending even slightly in the direction of free trade. But he was outvoted, though not convinced, and he took the precaution of having his dissent from the action of his fellow-members of the Committee publicly announced by the Chairman of the Convention. As finally agreed upon, the tariff plank of the platform not only endorses the President's message, but accepts the Mills' Bill as its practical outcome. It declares that "The Democratic Party in the United States in National Convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884, and indorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last earnest message to Congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction, and also indorses the efforts of our Democratic representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation." The Committee appear to have had a prevision of the application which will be made of the plank in the campaign, and endeavoured to disarm it in advance, by contending that "a fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor, must promote and encourage every branch of such industries and enterprises by giving them assurance of an extended market and steady and continuous operations." That the Republican party will join issue on this question, there can be no doubt, and the campaign promises therefore to be fought this time on principles rather than on the personal records of the candidates.

The Decisive Republican Victory in Oregon last week is hailed by the party as an augury of success in the Presidential campaign. An election took place on June 4, of a member of Congress, and members of the State Legislature, who will choose a United States Senator. The election turned entirely on the Tariff question, and the result is unequivocal. The normal Republican majority is 1200, but this year the recent heavy increase of the immigration ran up the figures considerably on both sides. Though the official returns were not published last week, the Democrats concede a Republican majority of at least seven thousand. This year only one county has returned a Democratic plurality, and that was under 50. The change in eastern Oregon was greater than was generally expected. Of the 75 new members of her Legislature, the Republicans elected 63, the Democrats 10, and 2 are in doubt. So the next Legislature in joint ballot will stand at least 71 Republicans to 19 Democrats. Senator Dolph will therefore be his own successor. There is not one county in the State where the Democrats have elected their county ticket. The increase in the Republican vote is more marked in manufacturing and wool-growing districts than in purely agricultural counties. There was a large increase in the Prohibition vote.

The Abolition of Executions by Hanging in New York State was effected on June 4, when Governor Hill signed the bill passed by the Legislature, substituting the electric spark for the rope as the instrument of death. The bill also contains a number of provisions intended to reform the abuses connected with the death penalty which have become a scandal. The condemned criminal now holds a daily levee, and reporters publish the most minute details as to his demeanor, conversation, and habits, which give him a notoriety highly esteemed by the criminal classes. The new bill which now becomes law and applies to crimes committed after January 1, 1889, provides that the prisoner sentenced to death shall be immediately conveyed by the Sheriff to one of the State prisons and there *kept in solitary confinement* until the day of execution, to be visited only by officers or by his relatives, physician, clergyman, or counsel. The court imposing sentence shall name merely the week within which the execution is to take place, the particular day within such week being left to the discretion of the principal officer of the prison. The execution is required to be practically private, only officials, clergymen, physicians, and a limited number of citizens being allowed to be present.

A Severe but Just Arraignment of the liquor trade of New York, and of the Police and prosecuting officials who neglect their duty, was made on June 4, by Judge Barrett in his charge to the Grand Jury. He said: "It seems to be a very disgraceful state of things that there should be 5,000 presentations of violations of a particular law not attended to. It warrants the conclusion that there is either deliberate and open defiance of the law by those engaged in the liquor business, or that there is a most decided and inexcusable inefficiency on the part of the officers of the law. It does not seem within the bounds of possibility that the law should be so flagrantly and openly defied as that there should be 5,000 excise cases to be presented to you. Why it should be so, I cannot say. Why persons engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors cannot do their business in strict obedience to the laws as other citizens do, is something that I cannot understand." He then proceeded to express his contempt for the system of spasmodic raids and the conduct of the police at the trials, which prevented convictions. What was needed, he said, was to have a few of the proprietors of the large saloons in the Penitentiary, which would do more good than the arrest of small barkeepers and the other petty acts of the police.

The New Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley, of Preston, arrived by the steamer *Sarmatian* on June 2. In an interview with a reporter he said that he had acquired while in the Colonial Office considerable knowledge of Canada's vast resources, and had been greatly impressed with the future in store for the country. He would not go to his new post, with preconceived ideas, and did not wish to force any policy upon a country possessing a responsible government. The Marquis of Lansdowne, the late Governor-General of Canada, on leaving the Dominion said he had been deeply moved by the warmth of the farewell given him at Ottawa and Toronto. He had great hopes for the future of the Dominion, owing to the good harvests in the Northwest and the large number of people immigrating into the country.

Another Ministerial Crisis in Germany developed last week, and was only averted by the concession of the Emperor. The interference exercised by Prince Bismarck with the freedom of election during the reign of the late Emperor, was always deplored by the present Emperor when he was Crown Prince. To him and to his English wife it appeared scandalous that the votes of the people should be controlled and manipulated by the Government. In giving his assent to the Quinquennial Landtag Bill which extends the existence of the Legislature from three to five years, the Emperor, therefore, took occasion to write to Herr Von Puttkamer, directing him to refrain from using Government influence in the elections. The Emperor also resolved to publish this letter in the official journal an appendix to the bill. Bismarck was so deeply mortified by the project that he threatened to resign if the letter were published. So acute became the crisis that the Emperor's disease was aggravated, and finally he consented to withold the letter from publication. It is stated, however, that an Imperial rescript will be issued warning the local authorities against interfering in the elections. Herr Von Puttkamer has in consequence resigned his office as Minister of the Interior.

A New Irish Programme of a More Hopeful character is said to have been arranged by Mr. Balfour, the Secretary for Ireland. The New York *Sun* publishes a despatch from its London correspondent, describing an interview which he has had with Mr. Balfour. The correspondent reports the Secretary as saying: "that the Government is now maturing a great policy of public works in Ireland. It is a scheme of much importance. I purpose to introduce three bills, involving a very large outlay of public money, for the purpose of a scheme of arterial drainage. I hope to follow this up next year by schemes of a similar character. I do not believe that these plans will involve the building of piers and so on, for I am not sure that this sort of work would be advisable. But a very great sum of money will be spent, and this will tend to relieve Ireland. Concerning the prevalent distress, we have found it worst in the Arran Islands. The Government has distributed a large amount of seed potatoes there, sufficient for the whole need of the population. No relief works have been begun on the islands, as they are not considered necessary." The Government will doubtless find schemes of this character, if wisely executed, more effective in pacifying Ireland than coercion.

Canvassers Wanted to Sell, from House to House, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any man, woman or youth may easily add to their income every week by selling the paper in their spare hours in their own neighborhood. For terms address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A Judge Exchanging the Bench for the Pulpit, has surprised a Western city. The Portland *Oregonian* announces that "Ex-Chief-Justice Roger S. Greene, late of the Washington Territorial Supreme Court, is now closing up his legal business, preparatory to devoting his entire time to the ministry. He is one of the leading members of the Baptist Church, and has always been prominently identified with religious movements connected with it. Judge Greene is senior member of the law firm of Greene, McNaught, Hanford & McGraw, and is ranked as one of the leading attorneys in the Territory. He was Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court for sixteen years, having been succeeded by Chief-Justice Jones. Judge Greene says he finds himself unable to give the amount of time he desires to religious work, and at the same time practice law, and his explanation suggests that in his opinion the two callings are not sympathetic."

Deeply Interesting Services were held Last week at St. George's Church, New York, of which Rev. W. S. Rainsford is rector. On Sunday, June 3, thirteen young men, who have been energetic and devoted workers in the missions of the church during the past four years, were ordained "lay helpers" by Bishop H. C. Potter. These young men, who appeared very intelligent and refined, are empowered to deliver sermons in any Protestant Episcopal church in the diocese, and to read the services. Mr. Rainsford spoke highly of the value of their past services, and was full of hope for the future. On Thursday, June 7, another gratifying service, in connection with the same church, was held. This was the presentation to the church of the beautiful memorial building erected at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. John Pierpont Morgan in memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy. The building will be used as a clergy house and as the centre of evangelistic and mission work in the parish.

An Unconscious Heir is Wandering About the country, while the executors of his grandfather's estate are looking for him. About fifteen years ago an old farmer died, leaving, among other possessions, a farm on the outskirts of Brooklyn, N. Y. All the property went to the widow for her life, and at her death, to her six children. It was not a large estate when the farmer died, but the land on the outskirts of Brooklyn has now become very valuable, owing to the rapid growth of the city. There is, therefore, a large sum to be divided among the children—the widow being now dead. One of the daughters is also dead, and her share goes to her son, a young man of restless, shiftless disposition, who, five years ago, wandered away from home, pedling coal in scattered villages, and has not been heard of since. If the family had expected much benefit from the farmer's estate, the young man would probably have taken care to keep his relatives informed of his whereabouts; but, as he has not done so, he can have no idea how large a sum is awaiting his return to claim it. It is stated that he was always in a needy, impoverished condition, and exactly the kind of man to appreciate such a sum of money as he is now heir to. In his poverty and vagrancy he resembles the Christian, who, though an heir of God, fails to apply for the riches of grace promised to all who ask. (Mal. 3: 10.)

Three Bears were Killed by a Boy only Fourteen years old, in Monroe County, Pennsylvania, a few days ago. The boy was sent by his father to a clearing in the woods near his house to chop up some trees that had been felled. In about an hour he returned with his axe and his clothing covered with blood, and stated that he had killed three bears. His father was sceptical, but on going to the clearing he found that the boy had told the truth. The lad said that he had commenced chopping on the fallen tree, when a big bear jumped out from beneath it and made a rush for him. He buried the axe in the animal's skull, and another blow killed the bear. The boy then looked in under the tree and discovered the two smaller bears. He routed them out and attacked them. One of the bears showed fight, but the other one slouched away. He killed the young one as quickly as he had the old one, and then gave chase to the other and dispatched it in the same way. After the bodies of the dead bears had been taken home the boy returned to his work as if nothing had happened. The old bear weighed over three hundred pounds. The father is very proud of his young son's prowess. It may be hoped that he will teach him to be equally valiant in the battle he will have to fight with that "roaring lion," the great enemy of souls, and also to tell him that in that battle those are most likely to fail who rely on their own strength, and those sure to succeed who trust wholly in Christ. (Rom. 12: 11.)

A Disastrous Visit to a Lunatic Asylum has been made by a reporter at Milwaukee, Wis. A daily journal of that city states that a brilliant young man engaged in newspaper work was detailed to write an article on the asylums of the State. In order to prepare himself for the work he secured permission to examine the county asylum, and while being shown through the building manifested unmistakable signs of insanity. He became very angry when taken away by the Superintendent, who thought the sights were affecting his brain. The reporter was very indignant and threatened to make a public denunciation of the Superintendent. He was so persistent in his demands to the Governor for an investigation of what he called abuses that one was finally ordered, which resulted in the proof that he is himself insane, and he has now been committed to the asylum. This young man is entitled to sympathy because the investigation which brought the calamity upon him was undertaken not out of curiosity, but in the line of his duty. There are many cases, however, of a still more deplorable disaster coming upon investigators when sympathy must be mingled with blame. The young men who go into the haunts of dissipation "to see life" too often themselves fall into a snare and become as vicious as those whom they go to see. (Prov. 4: 14,15.)

A Silent Marriage took Place in the Office of a Justice of the Peace in Jersey City on Saturday, June 2. A young man entered the office, and held out to the Justice a pad on which was written, "Can you give me a marriage license?" "Cannot you speak?" wrote the Justice. The visitor shook his head. The Justice then wrote "No license is required; I can marry you now." The young man seemed pleased, and going away, soon returned with a young lady, quietly but tastefully dressed. The Justice greeted her cordially, but she stopped his talk by producing a pad on which she wrote that she too was a deaf mute. The usual questions and answers were then given in writing, and finally the Justice wrote, "I pronounce you man and wife." The couple were immediately clasped in each other's arms. The young husband informed the justice that he had a sufficient income to support his wife, and that they had lived in the same town, and had loved each other from childhood. As they went away the Justice said he had never married a more happy looking couple. They were probably attracted to each other by their common affliction. The revelations of the divorce courts prove that many marriages are made in which the parties have nothing in common but an unregenerate spirit. Such marriages are not likely to be happy, and still less promising are those marriages in which one of the parties is a Christian and the other is not. In that case the command of God is violated. (II Cor. 6: 14-15).

Hanged with a Woman's Hair is the fate which befell a sparrow whose body has been sent to the Natural History Society at Worcester, Mass. The *Spy* of that city states that a gentleman whose house is surrounded with pine trees, recently noticed a sparrow suspended from the end of a limb of one of these trees. He could see nothing by which the bird was hung, and it was a very curious sight. His son, who was called, went up into the tree and carefully sawed off a small portion of the limb. The whole secret was then revealed. On the twig was a neatly built nest, in which were three speckled eggs. When examined they were found to be cold, which showed the home had been broken up for some time. The male sparrow was hung by a woman's hair, which was knotted around his neck just as neatly as though it had been done by human hands. The other end was fastened to the nest, being a part of it. The eggs were on one side of the nest, while on the other side was a hole just large enough for the bird to go through. It is supposed that the bird, in leaving its nest by the hole, became entangled in the hair, which, becoming a noose around its neck, proved strong enough to hold the bird until it died. It is marvellous that so slight a thing as a hair from a woman's head should cause the death even of a bird, but then, the bird was so entangled that it could not use its strength. It is so with many of the habits and temptations that hold men in their sins. They appear slight and trival, but they prove fatal to spiritual life unless the victim is delivered by Christ's Almighty power. (Isa. 61: 1.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Sam Jones has been holding successful meetings at Fulton, Mo. He is now preaching at Rome, Ga., after which he goes to Chillicothe, Mo.

An extensive revival in St. Thomas is reported as the result of the Divine blessing on the labors of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the Evangelists.

Fully fifty centenarians are said to be living in New England, Maine leading the list with sixteen, and Connecticut coming next, with eleven.

A recent report states that there are 130,000 Mormons in Utah, of whom 80,000 are under eighteen years of age; one-third of them are living in polygamy.

Rev. Reuben Saillens, associate manager of the McAll Mission in France, is also pastor of the Baptist Church in Paris, which has one hundred and sixty members.

A playhouse is to be erected in Newark, N. J., for the use of children who have no place but the streets to play in. Mrs. Dr. Smith has given $12,000 for the purpose.

Major Geo. A. Hilton lately closed a series of meetings at Piqua, O., where one hundred and twenty-nine new members were added to the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Between five and six hundred representatives were present at the women's meeting of the Society of Friends, and about three hundred representatives at the men's meeting, both of which were held in New York recently.

A summer Union Service for persons whose churches will be closed has been commenced in the large open Pavilion, 90th St. and 9th Ave., New York. Rev. C. C. Goss and other ministers will assist in conducting the services during the summer.

At the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, recently held at Indianapolis, Ind., the sessions were opened with prayer by the Rev. David Smith, who is 104 years old, and has been a professing Christian ninety years.

The faculty of Cornell College have added an amendment to the rules of that institution, to the effect that students found guilty of intoxication, gambling, or other gross immorality, or of interference with the personal rights of any student, shall be expelled.

Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Glasgow, has returned to Scotland, having conducted gospel services in Buda Pest for both Jews and Gentiles, at Debreczin, Szolnok, Szegedin, Bekes, Gyoma, Gro-swardein, and other places in Hungary. On Jan. 30 he entered his seventy-sixth year.

A reputable citizen of New York, returning home late at night on Wednesday of last week, carrying a parcel under his arm, was ordered to stop by a policeman, but as the officer was not in uniform, and did not show his shield, the citizen mistook him for a thief, and ran. Thereupon the policeman fired, wounding him seriously.

At the annual meeting of the Young Woman's Christian Association, of the City of New York, the report showed a valuable year's work, which is summarized as follows: 13,000 women in the classes. 11,000 volumes in the library, 1,600 positions secured for young women, out of 2,000 applications. The total expense of the work has been a little less than $24,000.

The Christian Home for Intemperate Men, at 1175 Madison Avenue, New York, has received, since its opening in 1877, more than 2,440 men, and the results have been most encouraging. Within a year three hundred and forty-six persons have been admitted, of whom three-fourths have reformed and are in situations secured by the Home.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

A New Sermon By Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—Matt. 22: 11-13.

The Loyal and the Rebellious Separated by Preaching—A Further Discrimination—I. What is Meant by the King's Coming In—The Crown of the Feast—A Season of Gracious Visitation—Augustine's Prayer—A Time of Discovery—II. The Meaning of the Wedding Garment—A Distinguishing Mark of Grace—The Gift of the King—Mourning Garb, an Insult at a Wedding—The Robe of Righteousness—III. The Guest Without the Garment—Preferring his Own Dress—IV. Why He was Speechless.

Two Sabbath mornings ago I preached from this parable, and I trust many were encouraged by it; but I noticed among inquirers who came to see me afterwards, a desire to know about the wedding garment; for they feared lest, in coming to join the church, they should come like the man of whom I shall now speak. Many true hearts are extremely sensitive to the impression of fear, and they seem to be on the watch for reasons for anxiety. I do not condemn them; on the contrary, I wish there were more of such holy tremblers. It is much better to be afraid of being wrong than to be indifferent as to what you are.

My chief object this morning will be to allay the fears of gracious ones, If they understand what the wedding garment really is, they will probably discover that they are wearing it; and, if not, they will know in whose wardrobe that garment of joy is to be found, and they will gladly ask to be arrayed therein. Immediately after our text, we find these solemn words: "Many are called, but few are chosen." This is a conclusion drawn from the whole parable, in which we see processes at work, which separate the chosen few from the many who are called.

A Distinction Was Made

by the summoning of the invited guests. The simple delivery of the invitation set a difference between the loyal and the rebellious—a distinction most marked and decisive. So it is in the preaching of the gospel: we preach it to every creature within our reach. Lovingly, tenderly, earnestly; not so well as we would, but still with all our heart we call men to the royal feast of grace; and straightway the very invitation begins to gather out the precious from the vile. When men will not have Christ and His grace, the Word preached by His humble servant drives them away, and they go with the chaff.

But the work of discrimination is not finished after the gospel has been heard and men have been brought into the church. Alas! even in the church division has to be made; indeed, it is there that this is most fully carried out. "His fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor." If He uses a scourge nowhere else, He will be sure to use it in His own temple. In our text we see a man who has hearkened to the invitation and has come into the feast, and thus has passed the first test; and yet he is unable to abide the second; he has been received by the servants, but he cannot deceive their Master. The King detects him as a spot in the feast, and he is cast out from the palace of mercy into the outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. May none of us be of this sort!

I. May the Holy Spirit help us while we consider, first, what is meant by

The King's Coming In.

"The king came in to see the guests." They were all reclining at the tables, for "the wedding was furnished with guests." They gathered while the sun was up, but darkness covered the world outside when "the king came in to see the guests." They had feasted, and now the king came to honor the assembly. It was the crown and the culmination of the feast. No matter how dainty the viands, nor how bright the hall, the feast has not reached its height till his majesty appears in gracious condescension. It is so with us, beloved, in reference to our greater King.

These are seasons of gracious visitation: times of refreshing from

The Presence of the Lord.

When the King comes into the assembly, the preaching of the word is in demonstration of the Spirit, and in power. Then the day of Pentecost has fully come; the Spirit is abundantly outpoured, souls are saved, saints are edified, and Christ is glorified. The wedding would have been a failure without guests; but what would the feast have been if the host had refused to come in and see the guests? But the King came in in due time. Ay, came in among that crowd of wayfarers gathered from the highways at a moment's notice, and His presence crowned the festival with honor and rapture.

This coming in to see the guests indicates a glorious revelation of Himself. When the King saw the guests, the guests saw *Him;* but, inasmuch as His sight of them was the more important sight of the two, the chief thing is mentioned while the minor matter is implied. Do we know what it is to see God? This is the special privilege of the pure in heart. When the Lord's way is in the sanctuary, then His sanctified ones behold Him. Spiritual eyes have looked to Jesus by faith, and He saith, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." When Augustine read those words, "Thou canst not see My face and live," he was bold enough to answer, "Let me die to see Thy face."

But here is the solemn point to which I call your attention: this visitation brings with it a time of discovery and searching of heart. When the King comes in to see the guests, the light grows stronger, and all things are revealed; for all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. If the Lord our God were to come into His church to-day there would be an awful shrinkage among the number of His guests; a panic would seize the assembly, and the door would be blocked with men hastening to escape His eye.

Look how the King's discernment is recorded in the text. One man only had refused to put on a wedding garment, but the king at once fixed his eye upon him. The Saviour, by a kind of heavenly charity, mentions only

One Intruder,

but I fear we must regard the one as the type of many. If the King should come in at the time of our communion, I am afraid He would detect more than one. This is a solemn matter. It will not make the true-hearted wish the King to stay away, but those who are wilful deceivers may well tremble. The King does come to this church. He is specially present in the midst of this people, and the consequence is that His judgment is strict with us. I have seen the rod of his discipline here in a very striking manner. I have seen the fair professor wither in the heat of love, and the rootless Christian dried up in the noontide of grace. He might have gone on very well in any other church, but he has not been able to abide the brandished sword of the Spirit, and its dividing asunder soul and spirit, joints and marrow. He has not been able to sit it out, but has been obliged to go away and find an easier rest.

II. Now I would answer the second question:

What is the Wedding Garment?

You are probably aware that this has been a point greatly disputed among theologians. Is the wedding garment justification, or sanctification, or what? I am not going to be theological and bring doctrinal matters to the text; but I shall read the parable as it stands, and interpret its details by its general run. It is called a "*wedding* garment"—a garment suitable for a marriage feast. Let us translate the figure, rather than attempt to rivet a doctrine to it. What does a wedding garment mean? What is that which we must have in connection with our Lord's marriage, or be cast out forever?

I think I may say plainly that it must signify a distinguishing mark of grace. Everybody does not wear a wedding garment: he who wears it has put it on because he is a wedding guest. You know the wedding guest at once by his attire. True members of the church of God wear a distinguishing mark. If you are not different from other people, you have no right in the church of God. If a servant can live with you for years and never discover your love to God, I should think there is none to discover. There ought to be a something about us which sets us apart—a something which can be seen and understood by common people, even as a wedding garment could be seen, and

Its Meaning

at once perceived. Your religion must not require a microscope to perceive it, nor should it be so indistinct that few can discover any meaning in it. It should be as visible as the white garment worn by Easterns at a marriage.

I may boldly add here that the wedding garment was a distinguishing mark of grace; for as these people were fetched in from the highways they could not have provided themselves with wedding garments. It is the custom in the East for a king to provide robes for his guests; therefore this wedding garment was a mark of grace, freely given and received. Is there, then, a something about you which the Lord in love has given you? Do you differ from others, not in natural attainments, but in spiritual grace? Does the difference mainly lie in what God Himself has done for you? That is the question involved in the symbol of the wedding garment.

In the next place, it was

A Symbol of Respect

for the king. To be fit for his company, the dress must be special. The absence of such a dress was, in the case before us, the badge of irreverence and disloyalty. This man said to himself: "I will feed at the feast without acknowledging its intent. Whoever stops me, I will push my way in, and I shall sit there in my every-day garments, to let the king know that I do not respect him in the least, and will not wear the robes he provides." It is as if you had lost a son, and some wretched man should say, "I will attend the funeral in a wedding suit. I shall thus wound the feelings of the mourners, and show my contempt for the whole affair." What an insult it would be! To turn the picture. Suppose you were being married, and somebody forced his way into the wedding dressed in mourning, with crape upon his hat, and black kid gloves upon his hands. What a wanton insult! If such impudence were met with a horse-whip, who would be surprised? Now, this man acted in that fashion: he had no respect for the king: he showed his traitorous nature in the worst possible manner, spiting the king in his own halls upon a tender occasion. Dear friends, I trust that you can truly say, "I have on the wedding garment of reverence."

A Token of Honor.

The wedding garment was, moreover, a token of honor for the Prince. My hearers, do you feel a love to the Lord Jesus Christ? Many do not. I grieve to say we have a race of men sprung up nowadays who call themselves Christians, who pour contempt upon His precious blood, and ridicule the substitutionary sacrifice. Dreadful assertion! but it is a matter of fact. The name of Jesus, why, it is to our lives what the sun is to the skies, what the rivers are to the plains. Nothing makes us so glad as thoughts of Jesus. I am sure when I hear a sermon about Christ, my Master, my very heart grows warm within me. Is it so with you? Well, then, you have on the wedding garment: that is to say, you do truly, though it be but in a simple way, pay homage to the Prince of Peace: you love the name and person of Jesus, and you come into His church because you do so.

The wedding garment means, in a word, *conformity to the requirments of the occasion.* It

was a wedding, and the guests must put on a suitable dress. This man refused to put it on. He was proud, and would not wear the gift of grace; he was self-willed, and must needs be singular, and show his independence of mind. The regulation was by no means irksome, and to the rest of the guests the commandment was not grievous; but this man would have his own way in defiance of the Lord of the feast. What could come of such folly? Now, one of

The Requirements of the Feast

is, that you with your heart believe on the Lord Jesus, and that you take His righteousness to be your righteousness. Do you refuse this? If you will not accept the Lord Jesus as your substitute, bearing your sins in His own body on the tree, you have not the wedding garment. Another requirement is that you should repent of sin and forsake it; and that you should follow after holiness, and endeavor to copy the example of the Lord Jesus. You are to possess, as the work of divine grace, a godly and upright character. Have you such a character? Even though you are not perfect, yet, inasmuch as you follow after righteousness, you have the wedding garment. You say that you are a Christian; do you live like a Christian? Are you in a position and condition which agree with the gospel feast? If so, you have on the wedding garment.

Those who came unto the feast were, when they came, both bad and good; so that the wedding garment does not relate to their past character, but relates to something with which they were invested when they came to the banquet. The putting on of a wedding robe cannot refer to an elaborate ceremony, or a feat of the intellect, or to a deep experience of the heart; and yet it involved joining in the wedding, or not joining in it. It involved reverence for the King, and homage to the Prince, and sympathy with the whole matter. Look well to yourselves, and see whether you truly yield yourselves to the Lord, and agree with Him in the whole matter.

The Man Without the Garment.

III. Thirdly, who is the man that has not on the wedding garment? I should say, first, he is the man who rejects God's revealed gospel that he may follow his own thought and his own wisdom. He says that he is loyal to Christ, and he expects all his fellow guests to be firm friends with him, for is he not in the banquet as much as they are? But he does not mean by loyalty what they mean by it. He is among believers, but he is not truly of them. He talks about atonement; he does not mean substitution. He talks about the divinity of Christ; he does not mean the Godhead of Christ. He talks about justification by faith; but he does not mean the old-fashioned doctrine. He speaks of regeneration, but means evolution. He girds himself with the garment of philosophy, but he refuses the robe of revelation, for the cut of it is too old-fashioned for him. His robe is not of God's provision; it is from his own wardrobe. He glories in his own culture, and not in the revelation of God, nor yet in the work of divine grace upon the heart. He is in the church, but he is not in Christ. He has a name to live, but he is dead.

The next person who has not on the wedding garment is *the man who refuses the righteousness of God* because he has a righteousness of his own. He thinks

His Dress Good Enough

for Christ's own wedding. What does he want with imputed righteousness? He scouts it as immoral. He who is himself immoral! What does he want with the precious blood of Jesus? He does not need to be washed from crimson stains. His own righteousness, though it be of the law, and such as Paul rejected, he esteems so highly that he counts the blood of the covenant an unholy thing! Ah me, the insolence of self-righteousness! Its pride is the very chief of sins, for it slights the righteousness of God.

Why, some dare to come into the church who have not even common morality. It is shocking we should have to say it, but nowadays, we meet with those who call themselves Christians who can drink upon the sly, who can commit uncleanness with their bodies, who can be dishonest in their trading, who can be liars, who can hate their own flesh and blood and be at enmity with their brethren, and yet dare to come to the communion table. In the highlands of Scotland it was at one time difficult to get Christian people to come to the Lord's Table, for they so trembled under a sense of their unworthiness. We do not want to push this too far, but that is a great deal better than that unholy daring, which is to be found in the minds of so many who serve Christ and Belial. God save His church from degradation!

I do not see how that man can be said to have on a wedding garment who takes no interest in the work of the church. You see, when a man puts on the wedding garment, he did as good as say, "I am interested in the wedding. I wish God's blessing to the bride and bridegroom." But many come in now to the King's feast who do not care a snap of the finger for the church of God, nor for Christ either. They come in because a sort of selfishness makes them anxious to be saved; but as to the bride, the Lamb's wife, they do not care whether she starves or flourishes. Sad and wretched business this!

IV. To close, why was this man speechless? We do not often meet with people who have no excuse. Excuse-making is the easiest trade out. A man can make an excuse out of nothing at all, or out of what is less than nothing —out of a direct lie. But here was

A Man Who Could Not Speak.

Why was that? Well, I think, first, the affront was too bare-faced. "How camest thou in hither?" If he did not like the king he could have kept outside. There was no need why he should come in at all, and there display his malice. If any of you are resolved to be lost, you need not add to your eternal ruin by making a profession of religion, for hypocrisy is a superfluity of naughtiness. Next, the affront was so audacious. "How camest thou in hither?" said the king. He must have pushed by the deacons at the door. The fellow would come in. When the king said, "Bind him hand and foot," I think it was because he had used hand and foot to get in. He would get in; he said, "I will get in. I will defy the king to his face, and sit in among his guests without a wedding garment." You, dear friend, do not wish to do that: I am sure it is the last thing you would do. Why, we have to persuade you to come in at all; for you are so tenderly jealous lest you should be mistaken. Do not let this parable condemn you.

Lastly, the reason why he was speechless was because, even if he could have spoken and been free from terror, there was

Nothing to be Said.

He could not cry, "Lord, I did not know it." He saw all the rest with wedding garments on. He could not say, "Lord, I could not get a wedding garment": each one had received a garment gratis, and he might have received the same. He could not say, "Lord, I was pushed in here by somebody else." No, he had willingly chosen to come, and to defy the rule. I do not wonder that the King said, "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

I have been accused of representing the state of the lost in too horrible a manner. I have never gone beyond the dreadful descriptions given by our Lord Himself. Do not risk your eternal future. Come to the Church of God and join it, but do not join it unless you love the Lord. Do not come to the gospel feast unless you reverence the King; unless you love the Prince; unless you are in sympathy with the great work of grace which is pictured as a wedding feast. If you have sympathy with the wedding, love to the Bridegroom, and delight in the bride, then come and welcome; for you have the wedding garment. I am thinking just now of all those other hundreds of people at the wedding, all of them clothed with the wedding garment. What joy they felt! Many had been bad, and all had been poor: but they all had the wedding garment, and not one of them was cast out. If you will but put your trust in Jesus, and so honor the Son; and rest in the love of the Father, and so honor the King, it is written, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." God bless you for Jesus' sake!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

BUDDHA'S EARLY LIFE.*

BUDDHA was born at Kapelavastu, the capital of the kingdom of that name, at the foot of the mountains of Nepaul. His father, the King of Kapelavastu, was one of the family of the Sakyas, and belonged to the clan of the Gautamas. His mother was Mayadevi, the daughter of King Suprabuddha. Buddha was therefore by birth of the Kshatriya, or warrior caste, and he took the name of Sakya from his family and that of Gautama from his clan. Endowed with all the gifts of genius and physical beauty, he easily outstripped all his comrades and even his masters, in feats of bodily and intellectual strength. But from childhood he was possessed by a deep melancholy, from which nothing could divert him. Those around could see no cause for it, but it was in truth the sorrow of the world, the insoluble problem of life, which was weighing on his soul. In the hope of turning the current of his thoughts he was married to the beautiful Gopa, the daughter of Danapam. The marriage proved one of the happiest, but Buddha remained as he had been before, absorbed in meditation on the problems of life and death. "Nothing is stable on earth," he used to say, "nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and it is extinguished; we know not whence it came nor whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain from whence it came and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it I could bring light to man; if I were free myself I could deliver the world." The king, who perceived the melancholy mood of the young prince, tried everything to divert him, but all was in vain.

The Renunciation.

At length the decisive day came. One morning when the young prince with a large retinue was driving through the eastern gate of the city, he met on the road an old man, broken and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body; his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick, and all his limbs and joints trembled. "Who is that man?" said the prince to his coachman, "he is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away; leaning on his stick he is barely able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?" "Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is sinking under old age. His senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support, and useless, and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in the forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends will come to the same state. This is the appointed end of all creatures."

* From "The Ancient World and Christianity," By E. De Pressensé, D. D. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. This work is an attempt to show how in the ancient world everywhere, the greatest men were found seeking a God greater than local and national divinities, and uttering bitter lamentations over their failure. Also to show what must be the gloomy future of a democracy without God, and that the only hope of society is in the Light which broke on the world eighteen centuries ago 479 Pages. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 714 Broadway, New York.

The Emperor Frederick III. of Germany in his Study at Potsdam.

"Alas," replied the Prince, "are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish, as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them. As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I, the future prey of old age, to do with pleasure?" And the young prince returned to the city without going to his park.

His resolution was taken: kingdom, power, glory, wife, all must be abandoned, while he shut himself up to lead in solitude the life of an ascetic. So far he had not gone in practice beyond the ideal of the Brahmans, who looked upon the life of the Anchorite as the final goal to be reached. But he had already risen to a much fuller and higher conception of the religious life than theirs. He saw more clearly than any before him the intensely sorrowful side of life. To him it appeared, indeed only as a transparent veil cast over the death to which it leads, and which is therefore the only abiding reality. Hence he was not long satisfied with the teaching the Brahmans had to give him. Having learned all that the most illustrious of them could impart, he went away disappointed.

THE SUFFERING EMPEROR.

(See Illustration.)

The whole civilized world watches with sympathy and admiration the brave struggle for life now being waged by Frederick III., Emperor of Germany. The reports of the physicians and nurses describing his patience and fortitude under suffering, prove him to be a man of true nobleness of character, worthy of the exalted position which he occupies. He has now been removed from Charlottenburg to Potsdam, some twenty miles off, where he occupies the palace built by his illustrious predecessor, Frederick the Great, which was formerly known as "the New Palace," but which the Emperor has named "Friedrichskron," in memory of its builder. There he continues to utilize every interval of relief from pain in attention to public business, as he did at Berlin, and appears conscientiously desirous of leaving no duty unperformed. On the days when he is too weak to sit up he occupies the invalid's lounge provided for him, the head of which can be so adjusted as to allow him to read or write in a reclining posture.

Another contribution to his comfort is the reading-stand shown in the illustration. This was a gift from his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, and is of much service to him. Standing by his couch, the Emperor can, by stretching out his hand, swing the arm of the stand so as to bring the book it holds to the proper focus, and so enjoy reading without the fatigue of holding the book. As the Emperor is something of a student, this gift is appreciated by him.

It is gratifying to learn that the German doctors now agree with Dr. Mackenzie that his disease is not cancer, though they admit that it is of so serious a nature as to render the prospect of complete recovery very doubtful.

MARY MORGAN'S DARLING.

(See Illustration on page 381.)

Never was there a more welcome arrival in a home than that of little Eddy in the home of Edward and Mary Morgan. Mary's home before her marriage was full of brothers and sisters, and merry voices were heard in it from morning to night. The little cottage in the country to which Edward took her after their wedding was as pretty as hands could make it, and for the first month or two Mary's time was fully occupied in adorning it and making it home-like. After that, however, the hours hung heavily Edward had to leave early to be at his office in the city in time for business, and it was not until seven o'clock in the evening, and sometimes later, that he returned. Mary shortened the evening by going to meet his train, thus discounting his coming by the half hour it took her to walk to the station. But the days were very long and very lonely to her.

The baby's birth changed all that. Mary had plenty to do then. Besides, it was such a pleasure to sit and look at him while he was asleep, watching the strange little smiles that flitted across the tiny face, telling of dreams which it was impossible for her to conceive of, so little experience could there be in that short life to make the basis of a dream. Her work even drifted into arrear, baby being so inexhaustible a subject of interest. He was the most wonderful baby, too, so bright and intelligent, and actually seemed, as Mary believed, to understand her talk before he was a month old. Edward had to listen when he came home at night to the account of some extraordinary evidence baby had given during the day of his surprising qualities. The young mother brightened under the new circumstances of her life, and the little cottage was no longer dull.

Eddy's coming, too, had another good result; it led Mary to pray. As a girl she attended church, but she had never given her heart to God. Her mother and father were Godly people, but Mary had always been indifferent in religious matters, and when she and Edward were married and lived in the country there was no church near, so they had spent their Sundays at home or in little excursions. Even the form of religion was abandoned. Now, however, a sense of responsibility was upon her. She began to pray, first for her child and then for herself. She said nothing of it to her husband for, in his case, indifference to religion had developed into opposition to it. She wanted her boy to grow into a good man, and she instinctively recognized that there was no preservative that could keep him from the world's evil as religion could. Therefore she began to pray, and most earnestly, that she might be enabled to train him aright. Poor mother! had she but realized that the first step was to give herself unreservedly to God, her heart might have been saved its worst pang.

As little Eddy grew, his mother's love became more intense. A singularly bright, lovable child, gentle and affectionate, he was loved by all who knew him; but he was his mother's idol. When he was three years old she taught him the Lord's Prayer, a simple prayer for his mother and father, and a verse of hymn, and as he knelt at her knee every night, and went through the little ritual, Mary thought his face looked so like the face of an angel, that she would clutch him to her breast and clasp her arms around him with a passionate fervor that told of a love which overmastered her.

What was her terror, then, when little Eddy fell sick! The doctor was summoned, and his diagnosis awaited with agonizing suspense. It was a relief when she found that he did not apprehend danger; but she could know neither peace nor rest till her little darling was running around as usual. Her husband made light of her fears, but even he grew anxious when little Eddy continued to grow worse. The little fellow would recover, he felt sure, but it seemed a long while about. At length even the doctor began to look grave, and was more careful in his examination of the child's condition. There was no disease in the child's perfect organism, but there was a lack of vitality that puzzled him. Gentle as he was before, Eddy seemed now to be almost angelic in disposition, and his patience touched the mother's heart more than anything had done.

Mary Morgan's Anxious Caress.

One beautiful bright morning Mary set the window of his little bedroom open that he might enjoy the sunlight and the songs of the birds. The child lay looking at the bright prospect for a short time, but at last announced that "Eddy is tired; Eddy wants to go to sleep." He turned over and settled himself comfortably, but presently said that before he went to sleep he must say his prayers. His mother, fearing his weakness, persuaded him to say them in bed, telling him that God could hear them there just as well as kneeling at her knees. The little fellow said the simple words correctly as usual, and then satisfied, dropped into a gentle slumber with his cheek resting on his clasped hands. Mary took her work and sat at the open window to be near him if he waked, but the calm, and summer heat overcame her, and she too dozed. She could not have slept more than half an hour, when she woke up suddenly, with the sensation of something cold passing over her. Her eyes turned to the bed, but there was no change. Eddy had not moved. Still she felt uneasy, and going to the bedside, bent over, and kissed him. There was no response; the child was dead. He must have died in his sleep without a pain or a struggle. The little head lay upon the pillow with the hands clasped just as Mary had seen them before she fell asleep. But the soul was gone.

A neighbor coming in a short time afterward to inquire after the child, found the bereaved young mother in a swoon beside the body, and for a long time it was feared that she too would die. But God mercifully preserved her. Very slowly, through many weeks, she struggled back into life, but her heart seemed crushed within her. As she reclined in her invalid's chair in the room where her darling died, her thoughts full of her loss, she began to ask herself why this trouble had fallen upon her. She asked the question fiercely at first, as if reproaching God, but self-examination followed and reproaches died away out of her mind. Then, she thought of her little child as he must be in the presence of God, and the longing to go to him, and the thought that in her present state there would be eternal separation, overcame her, and for the first time she wept penitent tears. They were the beginning of a new life for her. At first the desire to be re-united with her darling was the supreme motive, but as she realized the cause of her dreaded exclusion better, love to the Saviour, whose death and atonement had made reconciliation with God possible, eclipsed every other feeling, and so Mary entered into peace.

THE EPOCHS OF A LIFE.

A NEW STORY OF AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE.

By Rev. L. S. Keyser.

Author of "The Way Out," etc.

(*Continued from page 367.*)

The First Term in College.

"How is it," asked Hadley one day of his friend George Dane, "that our parents and teachers never told us of these objections to the Bible? Of course they must have known that there were many men who rejected the book, and a still larger number who doubted its inspiration. It seems to me that a wiser course, if they wished us to become believers like themselves, would have been for them to have said to us, 'Such and such arguments are brought against the Bible, but they are unsound,' and then have given us the refutation, if refutation is possible."

"Ah!" said Dane, "I have thought of that. It was *the novelty* of these arguments that first attracted me. If I had gone over the ground before, under the guidance of some Christian believer, I suppose the lecturer who opened my eyes would have found a less willing disciple. The Christian Church, however, seems to prefer a policy of silence. So much the worse for it, I should say."

And how many young men have had cause to make the same remark! Yet it is still the policy pursued in families and churches. The fatal difficulty with this policy of silence and repression is, that when the young inquirer by some means is brought face to face with the objections of sceptics, as he surely will be, he is unprepared for them; he knows not how to meet them; he has not even been apprised of their existence, and consequently he regards himself as the dupe of his teachers, who have kept the facts hidden from him. In such a case to be forewarned might have been to be forearmed.

The anti-Christian campaign is carried on with more vigor than many persons suppose. Publishing firms in New York and Boston send out their tracts and books in vast quantities to the young men and women of the land, who often read them and brood over them until they are led astray by their specious arguments. The fact must be faced, and as far as possible the influence of this literature must be countervailed. How can this be done if we refuse to investigate the facts, and even close our eyes to their existence?

Early in June, extensive preparations were made for the commencement exercises of the academy. As the young men and women about to graduate were allowed the privilege of choosing their own themes for their addresses, subject, of course, to the approval of the Principal, our two half-fledged sceptics had the presumption to select topics of a decidedly anti-Biblical character. The Principal, however, objected, saying that such a course would damage their prospects in that vicinity for life. They replied, with their usual bravado, that they were not governed by motives of sordid policy and self-interest, but that they were willing to immolate themselves, if necessary, upon the altar of truth. But Professor Borst contended that it would be hurtful to the academy, if they were allowed to utter infidel sentiments under its auspices. Many Christian parents, he said, were sending their sons and daughters to him to be prepared for college, and he could not afford to lose their patronage. When the young men were about to protest, he told them curtly that if they would not accede to his wishes, he would refuse them certificates of graduation, and would not allow any of them to speak at all. So these knights of free-thought concluded to let "the interests of truth" take care of themselves, and finally chose themes for their orations that were tame and harmless enough for the most orthodox taste. They yielded, however, with ill grace, and sneered contemptuously at Professor Borst's "time serving spirit."

During the week of commencement another epoch-making event in their history occurred. The Principal had engaged the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hartridge, President of Grand Central College, of a neighboring State, to deliver an address before the students of the academy, and the people of the village.

On the evening of the lecture the two young men went to the church in which the address was to be delivered. The audience-room was filled to its utmost capacity, there being scarcely standing room in the aisles. A reserved seat had been provided for the graduating class, and to this seat they were conducted.

The Rev. Dr. Hartridge was a man of strong "bodily presence," largely built, and muscular. His face, which was closely shaven, and especially his large jaws, indicated firmness, if not obstinacy, of purpose; his lips were large, almost sensuous, his eyes flashing, his forehead high and receding, and his voice strong and sonorous. Our young students were favorably impressed with him before he arose to speak.

From the beginning of the lecture to its close the audience was held spell-bound. The Doctor was the master of a strong, perspicacious style, with a happy faculty for concise, epigrammatic statement, and a peculiar genius for building up thought, stratum upon stratum,

until a mountain of truth seemed to rise, Alp-like, before his auditors. That evening he had a great deal to say about moral character.

"All things must be made to contribute to the formation of moral character," he maintained. "Whatever does not add something to the ethical development of man's being is sin. The earth has been filled with beauty and glory, Alp on Alp, wide valleys, deep cañons, majestic rivers, stretching plains; and wherefore was all this magnificence wrought out by the divine Sculptor? To aid in building us up in moral grandeur of soul. We are to develop and expand into the moral largeness of which these majestic scenes and operations in nature are the prototype. Last evening I climbed one of the hills that sentinel your beautiful village, and looking toward the sky, I beheld Venus, star of the twilight, glowing upon me like the eye of God. I was held enchanted by the scene of earth and sky. 'Why all this sweet and tranquil beauty?' I asked myself. To suggest cheer and help and incentive to man in his struggle for the attainment of moral perfection. As that star glows yonder in heaven's vault, so must I strive to make my character glow and sparkle and gleam in moral effulgence. As that star shines serenely yonder, so must I possess my soul unmoved above the toil and moil and upheaval of earthly passion and carking care. Mr. Ruskin has told us of 'The Ethics of the Dust;' he might also write about the ethics of the mountains and the valleys, of the sea and the sky; for all nature is full of ethical suggestions. Thus, my young friends, I would have you listen to all the voices around you and within you, to all the suggestions of beauty and goodness in the worlds of nature, of thought, of religion, and I beseech you to let every fact that touches your lives become an incentive to nobler deeds and higher aspirations."

The above excerpt, which is rather a paraphrase than a quotation, is sufficient to indicate the general character of the address. The young men were captivated by the speaker's thought and earnest manner. When the address was concluded, and they had taken the Doctor's hand in a warm, grateful pressure, they started arm in arm toward Hadley's home. Their course took them by a well-worn path across the fields and through the woods, and as they walked along they whiled the time in conversation.

"He is the grandest man I ever saw," said Hadley, enthusiastically, for he had arrived at that age when one is inclined, if ever, to be a hero-worshipper.

"I acquiesce in your verdict," responded George. "It is true, he seems to believe in religion, but I'll wager that he does not accept it in the credulous style of the ignorant people with whom we are acquainted."

"Of course not; a man of his calibre cannot be the slave of superstition. He is too broad-minded for that. I was fascinated by what he said of the formation of moral character. Of course, we believe in morality as much as the votaries of religion do. It is only their absurd tenets that we object to; they are not essential to morality, but are rather inimical to it."

"Ah, but you forget," laughed Hadley, "that Christians think that an infidel is almost as bad as a cutthroat, and is fit only to be tortured over a slow fire in a world of a very tropical climate."

"Pooh! that is because they are so dense and do not understand us. They think that a religionless morality is insufficient for the needs of fallen human nature."

The young men walked on awhile in silence

"Tell you what," said Hadley, presently, "I've made up my mind to become a student of the Grand Central College, if you will go along with me next fall. It will be invigorating, intellectually and morally, to live in the atmosphere of such a man as Dr. Hartridge. What do you think about it?"

"It is a happy thought—an inspiration, in fact," replied George. "Yes, yes, I shall go with you, and shall follow you like your shadow. You know that I am your *vade mecum* every time. Give me your hand on our compact."

The resolution formed so suddenly by the young men was found not to be ill-advised, and it was carried out in the following September. The opening day of the fall session found them pleasantly domiciled in their new college home, ready for the active duties of under-graduate life. The desire to acquit themselves well and achieve academical honors was the all-absorbing ambition with them, as they entered upon their college work, and they, therefore, applied themselves sedulously to their studies. They had not come to college to fritter away their time, or to spend their hard earnings foolishly. Like many other young men from country districts, they brought with them robust bodies and vigorous minds to their college work, and it was not long before they were regarded as students of the brightest promise, on account of which they were shown marked favors by their preceptors.

Their spiritual experiences were exceedingly checkered during the next three years. Even at the threshold of their college career they found themselves sadly disappointed in their instructors, at least in one respect.

"It is inexplicable," remarked George, one day, half to himself.

"What are you dreaming about now?" asked Hadley, looking up from his books.

"Well, you know that we supposed that these intellectual Samsons at the head of an institution like the G. C. C. would accept the Scriptures, if they accepted them at all, in a modified form; in a sort of allegorical sense, rather than as historically and literally true; but most of them actually pride themselves on being what is called 'evangelical,' which means, I suppose, that they gulp down the Bible entire, in regular orthodox fashion. Did you not hear what Dr. Hartridge said the other morning at chapel in regard to 'hacking the Bible to pieces with a rationalistic penknife'? I confess that I am mystified and disappointed."

"I have been puzzling my brain over the same conundrum," replied Hadley. "Is it pusillanimity or lack of information that makes them so credulous? It certainly cannot be the result of honest conviction."

"Tell you what I think," put in George, after a moment's reflection; "I believe that cowardice is at the bottom of it. These men dare not antagonize public sentiment, for fear of losing patronage, or being ousted from their positions. Don't you remember what Professor Borst told us when we wanted to give our opinions an airing at our commencement exercises?"

"But, George," said Hadley, "I think that you are a little ungenerous, and I believe that I have a more probable explanation of the phenomenon. Perhaps these men have been so exclusively devoted to the pursuit of technical studies, burrowing after Greek roots and solving mathematical problems, that the new light which has burst upon others, has not yet dawned upon their mental firmament."

"Well that is an ingenious and charitable theory, and I half believe that you are right."

"There is one fact that confirms my hypothesis," Hadley went on. "Our Professor of natural science, Dr. Busentide, is of course conversant with the advanced thought of the times, and must be acquainted with the disagreements of science and the Bible; and have you not noticed that he is about the only member of the faculty who does not make a profession of religion? He never leads in the devotions at chapel exercises. I'll wager that he has gotten into the current of advanced thinking, while the other professors are still floundering in the stagnant pools and bogs of superstition."

"Yes, that is a more generous view than the other," acquiesced George; "I cannot believe myself that our teachers are a pack of hypocrites and cowards; their investigations have been confined to a narrow field, that is all. Well, that makes our duty clear," said George, in a superior way; "we must make up for their deficiencies by disseminating the new light, and giving the college a propulsion in the direction of advanced thought."

"And we shall not be afraid of the frothy rage of the bigots, either," declared Hadley. "I despise toadyism above all things."

And so our two college sciolists imposed upon themselves the easy and delightful task of enlightening the Grand Central College on the great problems of Christian theology, and in their conceit and enthusiasm they did not for a time doubt their ability to do so. But soon their enthusiasm received a check, for only a few weeks' stay at the College sufficed to convince them that their instructors were very superior men, and were not the dry pedants that they had thought them.

On several occasions these rash young unfetterers of thought ventured to express their opinions relative to religion in the class-rooms, but they were rather curtly dismissed, or their remarks were entirely ignored by their professors, and in the literary societies, when they undertook to ventilate their views, they soon found that the opinions of college novitiates were regarded by the more advanced students as exceedingly crude, and their splenetic thrusts at religion were greeted with contemptuous outbursts of laughter. It was not so easy, after all, to put a quietus on the religious sentiment of the college. The young men were cowed, but as they were compelled by the force of circumstances to repress the expression of their unbelief, its fire only smouldered within them, and continued to gather force for a violent ebullition by and by. It is needless to say that the treatment they received made them all the more acrimonious against religion.

Finally they made a compact to maintain silence on the subject, both in the recitation rooms and in the literary halls, until they had reached a higher academical standing, and in the meantime they would investigate every department of anti-religious literature, and so strengthen and fortify their positions that they could not be overthrown by a few jeers. They believed that the time would come when their contemporaries would listen to them with respect.

During the first three years of their college life they searched the Scriptures with some degree of assiduity for the purpose of unearthing the "discrepancies." They also poured over the agnostic and anti-Christian scientific literature of the day, passing to the study of a higher class of sceptical writings than those which they had read before their entrance into college. It is true, their libraries received occasionally an accession from those New York and Boston publishing houses that print and circulate the literature of a rampant and vituperative character; but in the main the young investigators had lost their relish for such writings by becoming acquainted with works of higher scientific value. For a time they basked in the light of Spencer and Huxley, until they were filled with agnostic dogmatism. Then they devoured the late Professor Clifford's "Scientific Basis of Morals," with its sly insinuative thrusts at faith and its indefinite and fanciful "Religion of Humanity." Having heard a great deal of that brilliant Frenchman, Renan, they purchased his "*Vie de Jésus*," and became more strongly intrenched in unbelief by its romantic fancies. Thus while their unbelief was passing to a higher, at least a more respectable stage, it was none the less bitter and uncompromising, but was daily gaining in strength.

Meanwhile they were advancing in mental power and becoming more matured in character. They mastered their technical studies with an ease that astonished their fellow-students, and at the end of the third year it was found that Hadley Madelling stood at the head of his class, and his talented friend, George Dane, was next to him on the roll of honor.

(*To be Continued.*)

NEWNESS OF LIFE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 24. Eph. 4:20-24. Golden Text, Rom. 6:4.

What Newness of Life is—The Sublime Altruism—How Jesus Lived—Not Sensitive to Unkindness or Insult—Self a Great Bargainer—The Crucified Self—How it is to be Attained—In One Definite Act—The Property Transferred—The Mental Spirit Renewed—Newness of Life as a Testimony—Christ's Life a Model.

"ARE ye ignorant that all who were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? We were buried, therefore, with Him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of His Father, so we also might walk in newness of life." (Rom. 6:3, 4, R. V.) What, then, is this newness of life? Is it forgiveness of sins? But forgiveness of sins is not new, it is as old as David, for he says, "Blessed is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." (Ps. 32:1, 2.) It is not cleansing, for that, too, is as old as David, for he says, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. . . Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." (Ps. 51:7, 10.) It is not the work of winning souls, for David says, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit, *then* will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." (Ps. 51:12, 13.) All these things are new to unconverted sinners. But Paul is writing of something which is new to God's children, when he speaks of "newness of life." A *new* thing is a thing which has not been before; and, praise God, Jesus brought into our nature in His own person, a life such as had never been lived on earth before. "Behold, I make all things new." (Rev. 21:5.)

A new life is not a life only free from sin, but

A Life Set Free from Self.

When Jesus came into the world, He would not have sinned had He been born as a prince, with all the attendants of royalty; but He would have done as human nature generally does. He would in this way have sought His own interests; it would not have been "newness of life." When, at the age of twelve years, He sat among the doctors in the temple, He, who knew all things, would not have sinned if He had taken the position of Teacher among them; but this would have been self-assertion, and self-assertion is not newness of life: Jesus never forced Himself upon the notice of any. When His enemies said of Him, "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils," Jesus might have resented such an insult in the spirit of the law, which says, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." But resentment is not newness of life, it is self defending itself. Jesus, "when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself unto Him that judgeth righteously." (1 Pet. 2:23.) This is newness of life. When one of the chief Pharisees invited Him to his house, on purpose to watch Him with critical eyes, Jesus did not expose him, but made use of the opportunity to speak words of life to the guests and to His host, and taught that parable of the gospel feast which has been blessed to thousands of souls. (Luke 14:1-24.) Jesus was not proud, therefore He was

Not Sensitive

to that which touched only Him. Sensitive people are always self-filled people; they do not know newness of life. When the Samaritan woman, who, with all her impurity of life, yet had a kind of zeal for her sect, refused a drink of water to Jesus, instead of His turning from her with the thought that she deserved nothing at His hands, He patiently opened to her the glorious truth about the living water; this was newness of life.

Jesus always acted quite irrespective of the way in which He was treated. The majority of men, even of professing Christians, make their conduct to others to depend upon the conduct of others towards them. But this is not newness of life; the very heathen can do as much. "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? (Matt. 5:46.) Self is

A Great Bargainer.

"We have left all and followed Thee; what shall we *have* therefore?" is the language of self towards God. "You have never done anything to benefit me; why should I help you?" is the language of self toward man. All this belongs to the old man; it is not newness of life. Jesus taught that we are not to do anything with a view to recompense from man. (Luke 14:13, 14.) "Love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, *hoping for nothing again*, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind to the unthankful, and to the evil." (Luke 6:35.) This is newness of life; a kind of life never lived before Jesus came on earth; a life in which self has no place. Most people who know something of the gospel, live as though they did right to trust Jesus for the salvation of their souls; but they care for themselves, defend themselves, are anxious about themselves, assert themselves, as though no "newness of life" had ever been made possible to them.

Paul teaches the Ephesians that newness of life is learning Christ. "Ye did not so learn Christ; if so be that ye heard Him, and were taught in Him as the truth is in Jesus: that ye put away, as concerning your former manner of life, the old man, which waxeth corrupt after the lusts of deceit." Surely, the "old man" is our self-life, that of which Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ." (Gal. 2:20.) Paul had not died so that his body was laid in the grave, but he had yielded up his self-life, to be nailed to the cross of Christ, so that its claims and hopes and fears and wills were to be no more regarded; but the

Wills, Purposes, Desires

and thoughts of Jesus, were to take its place. "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." This was newness of life—Christ taking the place of self all along. Paul's life was no patchwork, no mended-up affair; he could say boldly, and none could deny it, "Christ liveth in me." "To me to live is Christ." (Phil. 1:27.)

But how are we to "put off the old man" and to "put on the new?" There is but one way: "Yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead. (Rom. 6:13). Let God have His way with you, own Him in everything, and never resist Him. It may be done, and ought to be done in

One Definite Act

of making ourselves over to God, just as definite as the transfer of property by the signing of the title deeds. But then there comes the perpetual claim of self, "the old man," upon the renounced property; and here self has to be denied, "put off" as it is called, or "counted out" continually. For instance, we may be workers much owned of God; we attend a meeting, people know we are there, but take no notice of us. Self says, "That is an intentional affront! Why should I be treated thus?" Christ in the heart says, "Thank God that I am left in quiet and not noticed; for I have such a blessed opportunity to pray for all these people." Christ in us does not mark the affront, or, if it is perceived, puts it off, denies it, will not notice or remember it. This is newness of life.

"And be renewed in the spirit of your mind." We cannot renew ourselves, any more than we can create ourselves. It is the prerogative of Him without whom "was not anything made that was made" (John 1:3) to renew us. "Behold *I* make all things new." The renewing is the renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Tit. 3:5). We read of this renewing that it is daily; "the inward man is renewed day by day" (II Cor. 4:16), and that the "new man" is "renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him." (Job 3:10). The renewing is never in our own power—it is ever, "*Be* renewed," submit yourselves to the renewing; "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, which after God hath been created in righteousness and true holiness." (R. V.). How are we to "put on the new man"? Just as we deny self we are to acknowledge Christ. Just as we count out the old man we are to count in or reckon in, the new man. Christ dwells in our hearts by faith (Eph. 3:17), and we take and maintain our position of being crucified with Christ by faith, we reckon on God's renewing to work out in our lives that newness of life which God wants to be

A Testimony to a Lost World.

The world is full of self. God wants self to have no voice in His little flock. And yet religious selfishness is the most common, the most degrading, selfishness which there is. It seems as though Satan, when he finds a soul escaping from his bondage of sin, would move heaven and earth to keep that soul under the bondage of self, that so God should be frustrated, and that the very principle of self which governs in the world, and which is a theatre for sin to act upon, should be united to a certain amount of spiritual life, as though God should be made to contradict Himself in the people who believe in Him!

Few believers seem to take in that we are called to walk as Christ walked, and that the divine precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are as binding upon us as the Old Law was upon the Jews. Retaliation and resentment reign in rival factions of the church just as in the spirit of Zechariah, whose dying word was, "The Lord look upon it, and require it" (II Chron. 24:22), and few there are who possess the spirit of Stephen, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts 7:60). Yet surely only such as serve "in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter" (Rom. 7:6) can rightly claim the name of "Christian" or "Christ-man!" It is our privilege to live the life and bear the character of another, and that other the Son of God. Otherwise though we may be converted and cleansed from sin; though we may be wise to win souls and possessed of great zeal, we are not fulfilling the purpose for which God created, redeemed, and sanctified us. "Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creation." (Gal. 6:15). The world has had enough of self—whether heathen self or Jewish self, whether Romish self or Protestant self, whether natural self or spiritual self, is alike hateful. What the world wants is Christ, the new creation. A charitable spirit, Christ-like words, Christ-like deeds; a spirit that will ask nothing and give all; which, like the sun, will shine down upon the evil and the good, and give blessing of some kind to the just and to the unjust. A spirit which will rebuff none but hypocrites from its fountain of love in God, can afford to breathe out love upon all. Newness of life is the clothing of the bride when she makes herself ready. (Rom. 19:1). The Holy Spirit produce in us this newness of life!

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for June:

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The Seven Prophetic Parables and Seven Churches. By G. H. Pember, Esq., M. A.

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"THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE."

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In the secret of His presence
How my soul delights to hide!
O how precious are the lessons
Which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me,
Neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me
To the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty,
'Neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter,
And a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me,
As we hold communion sweet;
If I tried I could not utter
What He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell him
All my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
O how patiently He listens!
And my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me?
What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me
Of the sins which He must see.

Would you like to know the sweetness
Of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow:
This shall then be your reward.
And whene'er you leave the silence
Of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image
Of the Master in your face.

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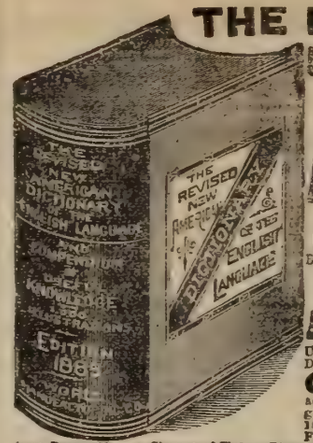

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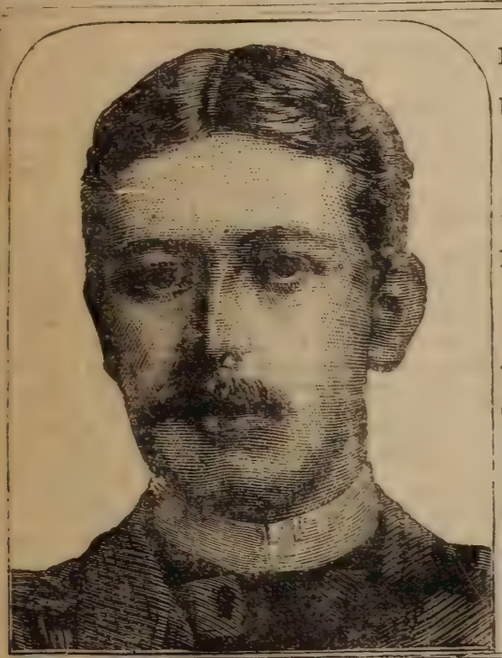

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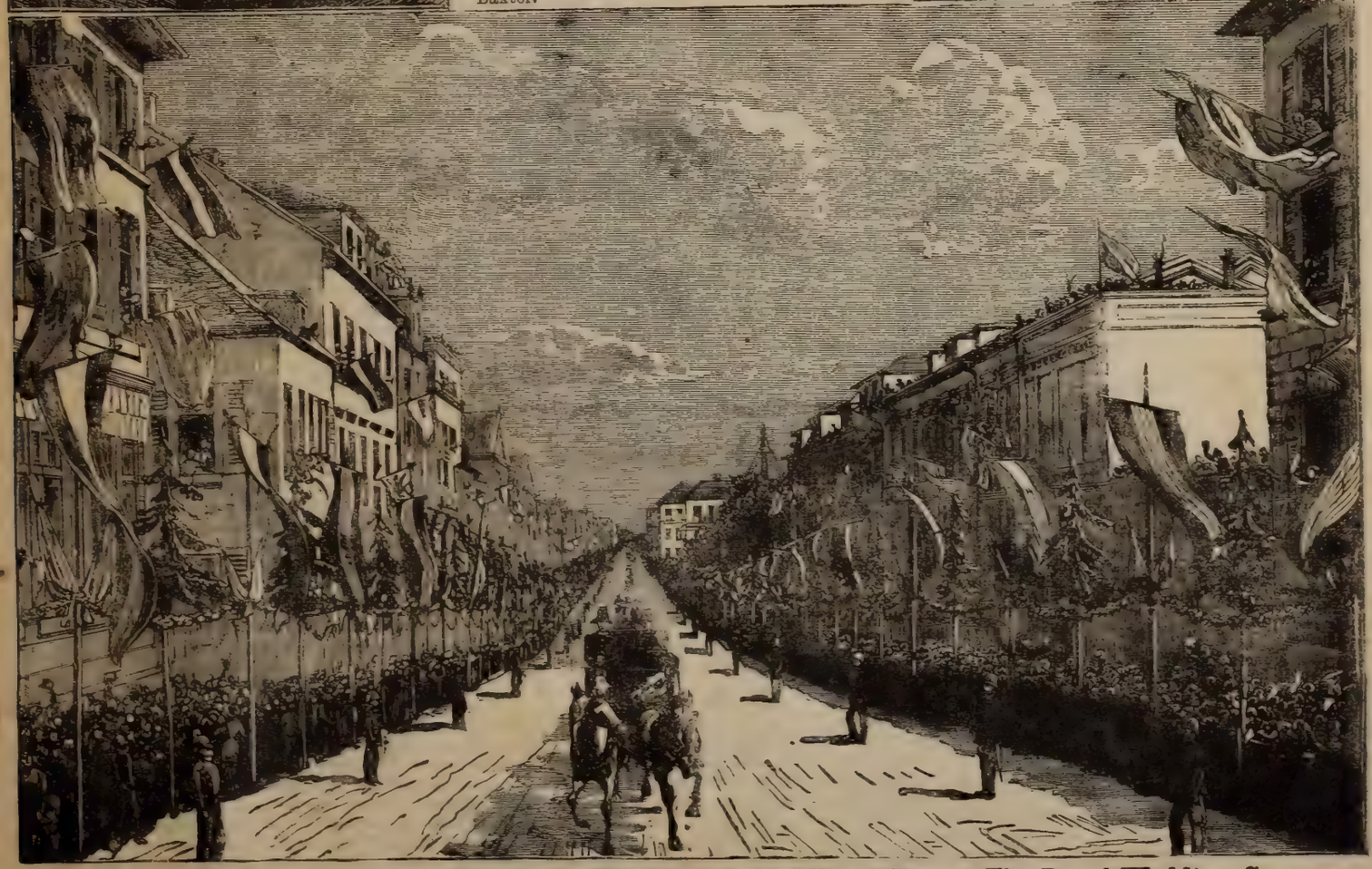

PRINCE HENRY, of Prussia, and his Bride PRINCESS IRENE, of Hesse—The Royal Wedding Cortege.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN.

The Houses United—The Bridegroom—Born in 1862—An Expert Wood-Carver—Arrested by a Park-Keeper—A Connoisseur of Queens—Enlisted in the Navy—The Unpleasantness of Discipline—Voyage Around the World—The Bride—Her Illustrious Mother—A Wonderful Sick-Nurse—Her Service in the Military Hospitals—Her Conversion—The Wedding Ceremony—The Welcome to the Bride—A Courtier Chaplain—An Affectionate Family.

THE interesting royal marriage briefly chronicled in these columns two weeks ago, uniting as it does in another bond of union the heads of the two European nations with which our own people are most closely allied by descent and sympathy, deserves a more extended notice, and we therefore give this week portraits of the bride and bridegroom, and a picture of the wedding cortège.

The Bridegroom

is Prince Henry, second son of Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, and the bride is the third daughter of Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse. They are cousins on the mother's side—the bridegroom's mother, the Empress of Germany, being sister to the bride's mother, Princess Alice, respectively the eldest and second daughters of Queen Victoria. They are also related, on the paternal side; King Frederick William I. of Prussia being their common great, great-grandfather. Prince Henry is in his twenty-sixth year, having been born August 14, 1862. As a boy, he was somewhat careless, and not particularly devoted to study; but he was so amiable and persuasive in manner that he generally turned aside the intended scolding. Like all German princes, he learned a trade, and thus became a finished amateur carpenter, delighting in wood-carving, and turning out charming little presents for his family and friends. His restless disposition often brought him into trouble. Among the incidents of

His Boyhood

now recalled, is a story of his delight at the consternation with which he filled a park-keeper who did not know him. It seems that one day the lad slipped out with his elder sister, Princess Charlotte, into the gardens at Potsdam, and began picking the flowers. A park-keeper promptly pounced on the delinquent, scolded him furiously, and when the boy replied that he had a right to take the flowers, the irate keeper bade him come to the police station. "All right," said Prince Henry, "but I must tell papa first." "And where does this papa live?" growled the keeper. "Papa is the Crown Prince, and he lives in that palace," was the answer.

He had, too, a boy's lack of reverence for dignities. In the course of his studies he was engaged on one of those histories written by fulsome panegyrists of royalty, who represented all queens as beautiful, graceful, and witty. The lad had seen but two queens—his grandmothers, the queens of Prussia and England—neither of whom could be honestly so described. His quiet comment was: "I think this man never saw a queen."

It is stated that his mother's ardent desire that one of her sons should be a sailor was so frequently expressed that her husband determined to gratify it in Prince Henry's case. Having obtained the consent of the old Emperor William, the boy was received into the navy, and with the true Prussian spirit of discipline, was to be treated as an ordinary cadet. When his turn came for an extended voyage, the mother had a natural feeling of concern for the safety of her boy. But she overcame her maternal reluctance and agreed to his going. During his absence, the royal family had two bereavements. He was at Singapore when the Grand Duchess Alecia died, and off Japan when he heard the news of the death of his younger brother, Prince Waldemar. His mother entreated that he be recalled home to console her, but the old Emperor William was inflexible. "You consented to part with him for two years," he said, "and now he must do his duty, too." He is the first of his line who has ever sailed round the world as representative of the new German name and guardian of the new German rights. It was on board the *Prince Adalbert* under Captain MacLean, a man of Scottish descent, that Prince Henry familiarized himself with the rules of naval discipline and the risks of the sea by circumnavigating the globe; and a subsequent voyage to the West Coast of Africa on board the ironclad *Olga* added to his experience as a seaman.

The Bride,

Princess Irene, had the inestimable advantage of a good mother. Every one who knew the late Princess Alice, loved her. She was gentle, affectionate, and unwearying in devotion to her loved ones. During the illness of her father, Prince Albert, she was his constant nurse, and her self-possession and thoughtfulness were as astonishing as her affection. In 1871, after her marriage, when her brother the Prince of Wales was stricken down with the disease which had proved fatal to his father, Princess Alice left her German home, and during his long fight for life devoted herself with the same unselfishness to the task of nursing him. Again, in the Franco-German War, the Princess showed herself an angel of mercy in sickness. The crowded hospitals at Darmstadt were under her superintendence, and the post in her hands was no sinecure. Nearly all her time she was in the wards, personally looking to the welfare of the wounded soldiers, and speaking to them gentle words of sympathy and encouragement.

Her conversion came through the blessing of God on a season of sorrow and bereavement. On June 29, 1873, her little son, Prince Frederick William, then a little more than two and a-half years old, fell from an open window in the palace of Darmstadt, and received such injuries that he died almost immediately afterwards. At first this heavy calamity seemed to have produced only "the sorrow of the world that worketh death"; but gradually it became, by God's inscrutable mercy, the means of leading her to think, so that she finally came to seek and find peace in a firm faith in Jesus Christ revealed in the Scriptures of truth, as the only Saviour of sinners. Herr Bergsträsser, in his "Memoirs," says: "The lamented Princess was for several years a disciple of German Rationalism. She seems, in fact, to have come very near to openly denying the Divine existence. All the while, however, she was a devoted wife and mother, and a pattern of every moral virtue. The loss of a child under circumstances which are still well remembered in England, proved the turning-point in the Princess's life. She said to a friend: 'The whole construction of philosophical conclusions which I had formerly built up I now find to be based on nothing; nothing has remained; and what should we be in life if we had no faith and no conviction that there is a God who governs the world and each single one of us? I feel the necessity of prayer; I like to sing hymns with my children, and each has its favorite hymn.'"

From such a mother, so wise, amiable, and tender, the Princess Irene must have had the best of training, and must have learned, from her example, what a good wife and princess should be. She is in her twenty-second year, having been born July 11, 1866. That was the year of the war between Prussia and Austria; and the ceremony of "christening" the baby Princess was performed on the very day when the treaty of peace was signed. She was appropriately named Irene, the Greek word signifying Peace.

The Marriage

was celebrated on May 24 last. On the previous day the bride was brought to Berlin by her father, and the bridal party was met and conducted to Berlin by the Crown Prince of Germany and a brilliant staff. After the usual greetings had taken place, the Crown Prince introduced the distinguished men by whom he was accompanied, to Princess Irene, and then conducted his future sister-in-law to a carriage. Mourning dresses for the late Emperor were discarded for the occasion, and all the younger princesses appeared in white. Princess Irene, in an open victoria drawn by four black horses, with outriding postilions, looked beautiful in her ivory white silk dress. She was completely overcome by the hearty enthusiasm of the reception. Twenty thousand people lined the route, shouting, "*Hoch!*" "*Wilkommen!*" &c. She was pale, though she smiled occasionally. A thousand torches of electric light reflecting on the cuirassiers' helmets and on the Gardes du Corps were all toned down to a full-moon ideal. The bridal reception was in the Blue Salon of the palace. The Prince of Wales, who is uncle of both bride and bridegroom, and distinguished guests awaited the arrival of the royal party, who were driven into the courtyard between lines of the Foot Guards. Afterward the bride and bridegroom held a reception in the palace. The park in front was like fairy-land, illuminated by electric lights.

From an early hour on the wedding-day the beautiful Unter den Linden and

The Road to Charlottenburg

were lined with people eager to catch a glimpse of the wedding guests as they drove from the capital to the royal palace in the suburb. The Russian Grand Duke Sergius, who represented the Czar on the occasion, appeared in an open carriage, who was closely followed by the Russian Ambassador, and the Russian Military Plenipotentiary, Count Kutusoff. The German Crown Princess, who was accompanied by the Princess Albert, Consort of the Prince Regent of Brunswick, came next, and behind her Royal Highness's coach followed a closed carriage with her little sons, all dressed in white. The eldest, Prince William, stood up and acknowledged the cheers of the people by raising his right hand to his hat, as if giving a military salute. The Prince of Wales, wearing the scarlet uniform of his Blücher Hussars, also drove out to Charlottenburg in an open carriage. The German Crown Prince, in honor of his brother, the bridegroom, appeared in the uniform of the Naval Battalion. Both he and Prince Henry were greatly cheered by the crowd, as was also Count Moltke, who drove out alone in an open carriage.

Meanwhile the royal family and the most distinguished of the guests had assembled in

The Spacious Blue Hall,

once the bedroom of Frederick the Great. In this apartment the Empress performed the first act in the proceedings by fastening on the head of Princess Irene, the bride, the Wedding Crown of the Prussian Princesses, consisting of circlets of brilliants resting on a cap of purple velvet. The bride wore a magnificent *moiré antique* wedding dress, which was adorned at the neck with several diamonds as large as nuts. Like the splendid diamond necklace, the bridal fan of gold work adorned with diamonds, and the diamond bracelets, these precious gems belong to the treasure of the Prussian Crown. Round her neck Princess Irene wore a fourfold chain of magnificent pearls, the wedding gift of the Emperor and Empress. The Indian shawl, which was *the gift of the Queen of England*, being unsuitable for a bride's attire, was not worn at the ceremony.

After the fastening on of the Crown the civil ceremony of the marriage was performed, and upon its conclusion the Royal persons

Proceeded to the Palace Chapel.

The bridegroom conducted the bride on his right arm, and they entered the chapel punctually at noon. Behind the bridal pair came the Grand Duke of Hesse, walking with the Empress, the Prince of Wales with the German Crown Princess, and the Crown Prince with the Grand Duchess Sergius. Meanwhile the other guests had assembled in the chapel, a pleasing little structure, adorned with a fine painting of Faith, Love, and Hope, and numerous medallions and reliefs, representing Biblical scenes, the colors, among which blue and gold predominate, blending in admirable har-

mony. All chairs had been removed in preparation for the present ceremony, with the exception of six large armchairs, placed before the altar, and intended for the highest personages present. Upon the altar, a carved and gilded table, with a cover of red velvet, stood two burning candles and a Bible, The whole space behind and beside the altar, was covered with roses of all colors, the exquisite perfume of which filled the chapel. Just as the bride and bridegroom were stepping up to the altar the Empress Augusta, in deep black with white trimming, entered the chapel in a bath chair. The Empress Victoria stepped up to her mother-in-law and kissed her hand, the other members of the Royal Family following her example.

The service was opened by the choir singing a hymn, "Praise the Lord, the mighty King of Honors," in which the assembly joined. At this point, through a doorway near the Empress Victoria's chair,

The Emperor Entered,

in Grand General's Uniform, with the ribbon of the Hessian Order, walking erect and with elastic step, attended by General Winterfeld. He bowed urbanely in all directions, and, after kissing his mother's hand, sat down beside the Empress Victoria. The service was conducted by Dr. Kögel, first Court Chaplain, who was assisted by the Rev. Herr Persius, of Potsdam, the bridegroom's religious instructor, Superintend-Müller, of Charlottenbnrg, and Dr. Sell, of Darmstadt. Dr. Kögel took as his text John 14: 27, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you."

In the course of his address, he said: "After days of deep mourning and anxious care a May day of happiness and splendor greets our Royal house. Your hearts, devoted in deepest affection to one another, will seal the covenant with a marriage-ring and the oath of fidelity before God's altar. The two illustrious fathers lay on your heads the blessing by which the houses of children are built up; a deeply moved mother draws the child of an early sainted sister to her heart; our Empress Mother, amid the sorrow of isolation, is full of tenderest sympathy for your young happiness, for which the late Emperor folded his hands in blessing; and England's good Queen, who was present lately in this house of God, remembers the wedding-day of her grandchildren in her prayers. Supported by so much love and fidelity, surrounded by the blessings and good wishes of brothers and sisters, relations and friends, yourselves full of ardent gratitude, you enter this memorable sanctuary, and receive the gracious promise of the eternal Prince of peace, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.'"

At the conclusion of the chaplain's address a chorale was sung, whereupon the Emperor, who had apparently resolved to forget his illness for that day at least, made a sign to Prince Henry to kneel down for

The Exchange of the Rings,

which was announced to the outer world by thundering salvos of artillery, and for the prayer and blessing. Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" concluded the ceremony. The aged Empress Augusta, grandmother of the Bridegroom, embraced and kissed the Prince and Princess. The Empress Victoria then kissed the Bride, while the Emperor embraced his son with much affection. At the *déjeuner* which followed in the Schloss the Crown Prince proposed the only toast—the health of the Bride and Bridegroom. Prince and Princess Henry drove at three P.M., in a carriage drawn by four horses to the railway station through an outburst of parting cheers from the tens of *thousands of spectators lining the streets.* They travelled by railway to Ermansdorf, in Silesia, where they are spending the honeymoon.

The Antichrist Babylon and the Coming of the Kingdom, by G. H. Pember, M. A. A new work of remarkable originality and power, written in a popular and simple style, yet showing much scholarly research, 171 pages; Price in cloth covers, 50 cents. For sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Young Woman's Notion of Prayer.—"'I should not know what to say,' observed a poor young woman in the East of London, when I asked her to pray to God. 'I might make a mistake, and, oh, how dreadful that would be!' To which I replied, 'God knows your heart, and well He knows what you mean, though you cannot express yourself as you would like.' 'Oh, I am so glad to know that!' she answered; 'but I thought I must pray to God like the clergyman, who uses a book, and says things in such a nice and beautiful way. I know I could never pray like that, sir.' It was not long ere with streaming eyes and a plaintive voice this poor penitent exclaimed, 'Oh, have mercy on me, hear me, and save me, for Jesus Christ's sake,' and God answered her prayer, and filled her with the joy of His salvation."

Twenty-five Christians in a Cave.—Mr. McDonald, a Scotch missionary of South Africa, says: "I first went to South Africa immediately after the close of one of our little wars, and great was the desolation it had occasioned. Mission stations demolished, the people scattered, and years of good undone in as many weeks. When I got to what had once been a flourishing mission station, I found only twenty-five Christians left, and they were meeting in a cave to worship God away from the notice of the other natives. But in the course of a few years God has wrought wonders, and the twenty-five Christians have increased to six hundred and twenty-four, no longer meeting in a cave, but with two mission centres having twenty-six preaching stations each. There is room for a great work in Africa, but the difficulty is the scarcity of missionaries. Why are there so many preachers in Great Britain and so few in Africa? God did not mean the Bread of Life to be kept in one corner of the earth while men and women were starving."

An Instance of Divine Retribution.—"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." So reads the well-known passage of Scripture, and the Christians in Kanye, Bechuanaland, South Africa, are learning that the words are true. Six months ago they were cruelly attacked by their heathen neighbors; their houses were burnt down, and their property stolen or destroyed. But they did not retaliate, preferring patiently to suffer wrong-doing. The hand of God, however, has overtaken the wrong-doers, and one after another of the ringleaders has died from drink and other evil practices. In relating these facts the Rev. James Good says that both the heathen people and the Christians are alike deeply impressed. Not only so, but more than forty new members have been received into the native church, and they have a larger number of inquirers than in any past year. At their New Year's gathering nearly fifty wagons came in from the out-stations. The church was full, and they had a large gathering on the mountain on the site of their burnt-down church. In the evening 250 rejoicing Christians sat together at the Lord's Table.

Dead on the Doorstep.—"There was a Poor old Scotch woman, who lived in a village in the far North. She had a daughter who resided in a valley at some distance off. One day in winter she went on a visit to her daughter, and as she was taking some refreshment preparatory to returning home, a blinding snow-storm came on, and her daughter advised her to stay where she was for the night; but the old woman insisted on going home at once, so she put on her plaid and set out. Her daughter was very anxious about her all that night, and getting up early in the morning went to her mother's house; but she did not find her there. In great alarm she ran to the nearest neighbor, and procuring help, they searched the hills, but in vain; nowhere could the aged woman be found. They went to her home again, this time by the front door, for they had gone to the back before, and there they found her dead, frozen on the doorstep. She had struggled bravely through the snow, on, on, on; nearer and nearer, until victory seemed within her grasp and safety at hand. Then, just at the doorstep she sank exhausted, and there she died. And are there not many persons who are almost saved, who almost trust in Christ, who will almost get to heaven? But *almost* is of no use. The individual who is almost a Christian will be lost as irretrievably as the blackest sinner."

A Native Pastor on His Son's Death.—The Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji, native pastor at Aurangabad, Western India, thus writes to the Rev. W. S. Price, in reply to a letter of sympathy on the death of his son from cholera: "I must thank your for your kind expressions of sympathy in my recent loss. It was my second son, a lad about sixteen years of age. The attack was very strong and severe. He struggled for nearly five days, and suffered much in body; but oh! I cannot tell you how completely happy he was in mind. There was no fear—no doubt; all was light and peace. His mind would wander upon all earthly things; but Christ—His atoning sacrifice, His love, His glory—heaven, and heavenly fecility, were deep realities to him. He would quote passage after passage from the Bible without a mistake. He prayed much. He offered a beautiful prayer in which was much praise, commending us all to our Father in heaven. Never before have I ever witnessed so happy and so peaceful a death. It was a sweet sleep. I praise the Lord for this great comfort and consolation. Our hearts have sorely bled, but we have been greatly comforted."

A Climb in the Rocky Mountains.—Mr. McCaul, a Christian worker, of Canada, relates: "I remember spending two weeks in the Rocky Mountains. There were many fine views to be had, but one especially from a certain point which stood high above the surrounding peaks, but the roads to it were so precipitous and dangerous that few cared to risk the dangers. A party of us, however, determined to attempt the ascent, that we might obtain this gorgeous view. Our guide directed us to follow him closely, to put our feet in the marks he left by his feet, to stop where he stopped, and when he, caught hold of a tree and swung himself forward, to wait till it swung back, and then one by one follow his example. I happened to be immediately behind him, and with what earnestness did I watch his every movement, that I might follow it! When we reached the top we were amply rewarded for all we had had to endure. Similarly, dear friends, the only way to reach the heights and view the glory-land which we shall soon enter, is by steadily, earnestly, and watchfully following Jesus, our Divine Guide, and if we endure to the end, what a glorious reward! a crown of life that fadeth not away, and to dwell with Christ forever."

The Young Man With the Blue Ribbon.—Mr. Thomson said: "I once met a young man in his own home who wore the blue ribbon of abstinence. In the course of conversation I inquired of him, 'Are you a Christian, my dear friend?' Replying in the negative, as I had feared, I then said, 'You know, my dear fellow, your blue ribbon will never take you to heaven, glad as I am to see you with it; you must turn your back upon all your sins and seek mercy through Jesus Christ. Are you willing here and now to kneel and confess your sins and find pardon?' He immediately gave his assent, and we both knelt. After I had prayed for him and he himself had asked for forgiveness, we rose from our knees. I then asked, 'Has He forgiven you?' 'I do not know,' was the doubtful reply, to which I responded, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. His business is forgiveness, and your business is confession. So He has not proved faithful to you, has He?' Holding out his hand to me, he exclaimed, 'Oh, yes; the Lord has forgiven me for Christ's sake, but it really seems too good to be true.' I have watched that young man during the years that have since passed, and he is still walking in the light and love of God."

PULPIT AND PRESS

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 17, 1888.

"The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." Luke 16 : 8.

A Golden Opportunity—The Aid the Press Might Render to the Pulpit—Estranged by Indiscriminate Hostility—Justice Sure in the End—Painful Personal Experiences — The Reaction — Christian Courtesy to be Extended to Reporters —A New View of Armageddon—The Evil of Sunday Newspapers—A Bible the First Book Printed—Pointed Sermons Wanted—A Treaty Proposed—Benjamin Franklin's Epitaph—Luke a Reporter—Conversion of a Reporter—Unappreciated Work—A Proposed Marriage.

SACRED stupidity, and solemn incompetency, and sanctified laziness are here rebuked by Christ. He says worldlings are wider awake for opportunities than are Christians. Men of the world *grab occasions*, while Christian people let the most valuable occasions drift by unimproved. That is the meaning of our Lord when He says : "The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light."

A marked illustration of the truth of that maxim is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular printing press. The opportunity is open, and has been for some time open, but the ecclesiastical courts, and the churches, and the ministers of religion are, for the most part, allowing

The Golden Opportunity

to pass unimproved. That the opportunity is open, I declare, from the fact that all the secular newspapers are glad of any religious facts or statistics that you present them. Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wrong has been done to any Christian church, or Christian institution, you could go into any newspaper of the land and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations and pastoral installations, corner-stone laying of a church, anniversary of a charitable society, will have reasonable space in any secular journal, if it have previous notice given. If I had some great injustice done me, there is not an editorial or a reportorial room in the United States into which I could not go and get myself set right! and that is true of any well-known Christian man. Why, then, does not our glorious Christianity embrace these magnificent opportunities? I have before me a subject of first and last importance: How shall we secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement to religion and the pulpit?

The first thing toward this result is cessation of

Indiscriminate Hostility

against newspaperdom. You might as well denounce the legal profession because of the shysters, or the medical profession because of the quacks, or merchandise because of the swindling bargain-makers, as to *slam-bang newspapers* because there are recreant editors, and unfair reporters, and unclean columns. Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, was about to destroy his types and extinguish the art, because it was suggested to him that printing might be suborned into the service of the devil; but afterward he bethought himself that the right use of the art might more than overcome the evil use of it; and so he spared the type, and the intelligence of all following ages. But there are many to-day in the depressed mood of Guttenberg, with uplifted hammer, wanting to pound to pieces the type, who have not reached his better mood, in which he saw the art of printing to be the rising sun of the world's illumination.

If, instead of fighting newspapers, we spend the same length of time, and the same vehemence, in marshalling their help in religious directions, we would be as much wiser as the man who gets consent of the railroad superintendent to fasten a car to the end of a rail-train, shows better sense than he who runs his wheelbarrow up the track to meet and drive back the Chicago limited express. The silliest thing that a man ever does is to fight a newspaper, for you may have the floor for utterance perhaps for one day in the week, while the newspaper has the floor every day of the week. Napoleon, though a mighty man, had many weaknesses, and one of the weakest things he ever did was to threaten that if the English newspapers did not stop their adverse criticism of himself, he would, with four hundred thousand bayonets, cross the Channel for their chastisement.

Don't Fight Newspapers.

Attack provokes attack. Better wait till the excitement blows over and then go in and get justice, for get it you will if you have patience, and common sense, and equipoise of disposition. It ought to be a mighty sedative that there is an enormous amount of common sense in the world, and you will eventually be taken for what you are really worth, and you cannot be puffed up, and you cannot be written down, and if you are the enemy of good society, that fact will come out, and if you are the friend of good society, that fact will be established.

I know what I am talking about, for I can draw on my own experience. All the respectable newspapers, as far as I know, are my friends now. But many of you remember the time when I was the most continuously and meanly attacked man in this country. God gave me grace not to answer back, and

I Kept Silence

for ten years, and much grace was required. What I said was perverted and twisted into just the opposite of what I did say. My person was maligned, and I was presented as a gorgon, and I was maliciously described by persons who had never seen me as a monstrosity in body, mind, and soul. There were millions of people who believed that there was a large sofa in this pulpit, although we never had anything but a chair, and that during the singing by the congregation I was accustomed to lie down on that sofa and dangle my feet over the end. Lying New York correspondents for ten years misrepresented our church services, but we waited, and people from every neighborhood of Christendom came here to find the magnitude of the falsehoods concerning the church and concerning myself. A reaction set in, and now we have justice, full justice, more than justice, and as

Much Over-praise

as once we had under-appreciation; and no man that ever lived was so much indebted to the newspaper press for opportunity to preach the gospel as I am. Young men in the ministry, young men in all professions and occupations, wait. You can afford to wait. Take rough misrepresentation as a Turkish towel to start up your languid circulation, or a system of massage or Swedish movement, whose pokes and pulls and twists and thrusts are salutary treatment. There is only one person you need to manage, and that is yourself. Keep your disposition sweet by communion with the Christ, who answered not again, the society of genial people, and walk out in the sunshine with your hat off, and you will come out all right. And don't join the crowd of people in our day who spend much of their time damning newspapers.

Again: in this effort to secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement of religion, let us make it the avenue of religious information. My advice, often given to friends who propose to start a new paper, is: "Don't! Don't! Employ the papers already started." The biggest financial hole ever dug in this American continent is the hole in which good people throw their money when they start a newspaper. It is almost as good and as quick a way of getting rid of money as buying stock in a gold-mine in Colorado. Not more printing-presses, but the right use of those already established. All their cylinders, all their steam power, all their pens, all their types, all their editorial chairs and reportorial rooms, are available if you would engage them in behalf of civilization and Christianity.

Again, if you would secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement of religion and the pulpit, extend widest and highest

Christian Courtesies

to the representatives of journalism. Give them easy-chairs and plenty of room when they come to report occasions. For the most part they are gentlemen of education and refinement, graduates of colleges, with families to support by their literary craft, many of them weary with the push of a business that is precarious and fluctuating, each one of them the avenue of information to thousands of readers, their impression of the services to be the impression adopted by multitudes. They are connecting links between a sermon, or a song, or a prayer, and this great population that tramp up and down the streets day by day and year by year with their sorrows uncomforted and their sins unpardoned. More than eight hundred thousand people in Brooklyn, and less than seventy-five thousand in churches, so that our cities are not so much preached to by ministers of religion as by reporters. Put all journalists into our prayers and sermons. Of all the hundred thousand sermons preached to-day, there will not be three preached to journalists, and probably not one. Of all the prayers offered for classes of men innumerable, the prayers offered for the most potential class will be so few and rare that they will be thought

A Preacher's Idiosyncrasy.

This world will never be brought to God until some revival of religion sweeps over the land, and takes into the kingdom of God editors and reporters, compositors, pressmen, and newsboys. And if you have not faith enough to pray for that and toil for that, you had better get out of our ranks and join the other side, for you are the unbelievers who make the wheels of the Lord's chariot drag heavily. The great final battle between truth and error, the Armageddon, I think, will not be fought with swords and shells and guns,* but with pens—quill pens, steel pens, gold pens, fountain pens, and, before that, the pens must be converted. The most divinely honored weapon of the past has been the pen, and the most divinely honored weapon of the future will be the pen; prophet's pen and evangelist's pen and apostle's pen, followed by editor's pen and reporter's pen and author's pen. God save the pen! The wing of the Apocalyptic angel will be the printed page. The printing-press will roll ahead of Christ's chariot to clear the way.

"But," some one might ask, "would you make

Sunday Newspapers

also a reinforcement?" I have learned to take things as they are. I would like to see the much-scoffed-at old Puritan Sabbaths come back again. I do not think the modern Sunday will turn out any better men and women than were your grandfathers and grandmothers under the old-fashioned Sunday. To say nothing of other results, Sunday newspapers are killing editors, reporters, compositors, and pressmen. Every man, woman, and child is entitled to twenty-four hours of nothing to do. If the newspapers put on another set of hands, that does not relieve the editorial and reportorial room of its cares and responsibilities. Our literary men die fast enough without killing them with Sunday work.

All things are possible with God, and my faith is up until nothing in the way of religious victory would surprise me. All the newspaper printing-presses of the earth are going to be the Lord's, and telegraph and telephone and type will yet announce nations born in a day.

The First Book Ever Printed

was the Bible by Faust and his son-in-law Schoeffer in 1460, and that consecration of type to the Holy Scriptures was a prophecy of the great mission of printing for the evangelization of all the nations. The father of the American printing-press was a clergyman, Rev. Jesse Glover, and that was a prophecy of the religious use that the gospel ministry in this country were to make of the types.

*Rev. 16 : 16–21.

Again: we shall secure the secular press as a mightier re-inforcement of religion and the pulpit, by making our religious utterances more interesting and spirited, and then the press will reproduce them. On the way to church some fifteen years ago, a journalist said a thing that has kept me ever since thinking: "Are you going to give us any

Points

to-day?" "What do you mean?" I asked. He said: "I mean by that anything that will be striking enough to be remembered." Then I said to myself: What right have we in our pulpits and Sunday-schools to take the time of people if we have nothing to say that is memorable! David did not have any difficulty in remembering Nathan's thrust: "Thou art the man;" nor Felix in remembering Paul's point-blank utterance on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; nor the English king any difficulty in remembering what the court preacher said, when, during the sermon against sin the preacher threw his handkerchief into the king's pew to indicate whom he meant.

The tendency of criticism in the theological seminaries is to file off from our young men all the sharp points and make them too smooth for any kind of execution. What we want, all of us, is more point, less humdrum. If we say the right thing in the right way, the press will be glad to echo and re-echo it. Sabbath-school teachers, reformers, young men and old men in the ministry, what we all want if we are to make the printing-press an ally in Christian work is that which the reporter spoken of suggested—points, sharp points, memorable points. But if the thing be dead when uttered by living voice, it will be a hundred-fold more dead when it is laid out in cold type.

Now, as you all have something to do with the newspaper press, either in issuing a paper or in reading it, either as producers or patrons, either as sellers or purchasers of the printed sheet, I propose on this Sabbath morning, June 17, 1888,

A Treaty to be Signed

between the church and the printing-press, a treaty to be ratified by millions of good people if we rightly fashion it, a treaty promising that we will help each other in our work of trying to illumine and felicitate the world, we by voice, you by pen, we by speaking only that which is worth printing, you by printing only that which is fit to speak. You help us, and we will help you. Side by side be these two potent agencies until the Judgment Day, when *we must both be scrutinized for our work, healthful or blasting*. The two worst off men in that day will be the minister of religion and the editor if they wasted their opportunity. Both of us are the engineer of long express trains of influence, and we will run them into a depot of light or tumble them off the embankments.

What a useful life and what a glorious departure was that of the most famous of all American printers,

Benjamin Franklin,

whom infidels in the penury of their resources have often fraudulently claimed for their own, but the printer who moved that the Philadelphia convention be opened with prayer, the resolution lost because a majority thought prayer unnecessary, and who wrote at the time he was viciously attacked: "My rule is to go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence," and who wrote this quaint epitaph showing his hope of resurrection, an epitaph that I hundreds of times read while living in Philadelphia:

"The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding) lies here food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

That Providence intends the profession of reporters to have a mighty share in the world's redemption is suggested by the fact that Paul and Christ took a reporter along with them, and he reported their addresses and their acts.

Luke was a Reporter,

and he wrote not only the book of Luke, but the Acts of the Apostles, and without that reporter's work we would have known nothing of the Pentecost, and nothing of Stephen's martydom, and nothing of Tabitha's resurrection, and nothing of the jailing and unjailing of Paul and Silas, and nothing of the shipwreck at Melita. Strike out the reporter's work from the Bible and you kill a large part of the New Testament. It makes me think that in the future of the Kingdom of God, the reporters are to bear a mighty part.

A Reporter at The Tabernacle.

About thirteen years ago a representative of an important newspaper took his seat in this church, one Sabbath night, about five pews from the front of this pulpit. He took out pencil and reporter's pad, resolved to caricature the whole scene. When the music began, he began; and with his pencil he derided that, and then derided the prayer, and then derided the reading of the Scriptures, and then began to deride the sermon. But, he says, for some reason, his hand began to tremble, and he, rallying himself, sharpened his pencil and started again, but broke down again, and then put pencil and paper in his pocket, and, his head down on the front of the pew, and began to pray. At the close of the service he came up and asked for the prayers of others, and gave his heart to God; and, though still engaged in newspaper work, he is an evangelist, and hires a hall at his own expense, and every Sabbath afternoon preaches Jesus Christ to the people.

And the men of that profession are going to come in a body throughout the country. I know hundreds of them, and a more genial or highly educated class of men it would be hard to find, and, though the tendency of their profession may be towards scepticism, an organized, common-sense, gospel invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor. Men of the pencil and pen, in all departments, you need the help of the Christian religion. In the day when people want to get their newspapers at three cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get any of them at one cent, and, as a consequence,

The Attaches of the Printing Press

are, by the thousand, ground under the cylinders, you want God to take care of you and your families. Some of your best work is as much unappreciated as was Milton's Paradise Lost, for which the author received twenty-five dollars; and the immortal poem "Hohenlinden" of Thomas Campbell, when he first offered it for publication, and in the column called "Notices to Correspondents," appeared, the words: "To T. C.—The lines commencing 'On Linden when the sun was low,' are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C.'s forte."

O men of the pencil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you need encouragement, and you can have it. Printers of all Christendom, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, publishers, and readers of that which is printed, resolve that you will not write, set up, edit, issue, or read anything that debases body, mind, or soul. In the name of God, by the laying on of the hands of faith and prayer, ordain the printing-press for righteousness and liberty and salvation. All of us with some influence that will help in the right direction, let us put our hands to the work, imploring God to hasten the consummation. A ship with hundreds of passengers approaching the South American coast, the man on the lookout neglected his work, and in a few minutes the ship would have been dashed to ruin on the rocks. But a cricket on board the vessel, that had made no sound all the voyage, set up a shrill call at the smell of land, and the captain, knowing that habit of the insect, the vessel was stopped in time to avoid an awful wreck. And so, insignificant means now may do wonders, and the scratch of a pen may save the shipwreck of a soul.

Are you all ready for the signing of the contract, the league, the solemn treaty proposed between Journalism and Evangelism? Let it be

A Christian Marriage

of the pulpit and the printing-press. The ordination of the former *on my head*, the pen of the latter *in my hand*, it is appropriate that I publish the banns of such a marriage. Let them from this day be one in the magnificent work of the world's redemption.

"Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land and stream and main,
Now wave the sceptre of Thy reign.

"O, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns."

THE TEXT AMONG THE FLOWERS.

IN Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's magazine for this month, Captain Meldrum relates the following: "A young man, named Robert Reyner, belonging to Hartlepool, whom I know personally, told me the following story a short time ago, and I am sure I can rely upon its truth, he being a thoroughly sincere Christian, as well as a good worker for God's cause. He was by trade a driller in the iron shipbuilding, which is very hard, laborious work. Having to be in all positions at work, he found his labor to be very trying to his constitution; and it ultimately brought on a dreadful malady in the form of a double rupture. The poor fellow toiled on as long as he could, but at last he had to cease his work. He became worse and worse, and was advised to go to London, to see what could be done for him there. After much prayer, he consented to go to the great city, and went to Guy's Hospital. After having been examined by the principal doctors, he was told that there was nothing for him but to undergo a very dangerous operation.

"The surgeons intimated at the same time that they required his own consent, for the operation would be peculiarly full of risk. They gave him a week's consideration, and at the end of the week he gave his consent that in three days the operation should be performed. With much prayer he committed his case in a child-like manner to his heavenly father, in whom he had strong faith. Then he thought of his dear young wife being left in this hard, unfeeling world, without any earthly friend, and this was a sharp trial to his loving heart. This gave him great trouble for the first two out of the three days of waiting. Sometimes, also, his faith wavered at the prospect of premature death. No wonder, for life had its holy pleasures for him.

"He said to himself that he would never again have the privilege of standing up to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. This sudden end of his happy service gave him some trouble of mind. However, the day before the operation, lying on his bed meditating, the Lord sent a message from the throne. A delicate-looking lady came to his bedside with a basket of flowers. She talked with him some little time; and, upon leaving, she presented him with a little bunch of flowers, and in the midst of them he found a tiny card, bearing the somewhat singular text of Scripture—we mean singular to be put to such a use: 'He trusted in God: let Him deliver Him now.' (Matt. 27:43.)

"When he read these words they filled him with holy joy, and he cast himself deliberately upon his God, and cried, 'Come on, you doctors!' The following morning the principal doctor was much surprised to see him so full of joy; and was still more taken aback when he told them that he would not be chloroformed, as he intended going to heaven in his sober senses. In the presence of the four doctors he exclaimed, 'Lord, deliver me now! Nevertheless, Thy will be done.' He bore up under the terrible pain like a true hero, for the Lord sustained him. The operation was skilfully performed, and he recovered, and is still preaching the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God."

REV. W. F. REQUA AMONG THE INDIANS.

A VERY hopeful letter from Mr. ReQua has come to hand. He has been on an evangelistic journey into the Cherokee nation, and has been much encouraged by the result. There is reason to believe that many souls were converted at the meetings held. A local journal published at Muscogee, Ind. Ter., says: "The meetings at Tahlequah were well attended—sometimes the house was crowded—on one or two occasions some could not find seats. These meetings were among the most spiritual ever held at Tahlequah. Christians were greatly benefited, and some led, as it seemed, to trust the Saviour. Brother ReQua's visit will long be remembered by those who attended the meetings, and listened to his earnest words and inspiring gospel songs. He is expecting to procure a tent and conduct gospel meetings at different places in the Territory during the coming summer. If he succeeds in carrying out his plan, we feel sure that wherever he goes the people will be not only interested, but greatly benefited by the services of this earnest faithful servant of God."

On reaching Fort Gibson he found the inter-tribal convention assembled, and he was enabled to speak to representatives of five tribes: the Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Seminoles. Ex-chief Bushey-head, attended the meetings held by Mr. ReQua, and manifested a deep and serious interest in the gospel message. He came to the preacher for personal conversation, and assured him that if he is enabled to carry out his project of tent-work for the summer he will be warmly welcomed, and hundreds of Indians who have never heard of Christ, will flock to his meetings. Bushey-head was also enthusiastic about the idea of an orphanage for the Indian children, those who have lost their parents being in a deplorable condition. He promised to give it his hearty support and to do anything in his power to promote it.

Mr. ReQua has now *received sixty-eight dollars* toward the tent, and a brother at Eau Claire has promised him a set of harness when he is ready for it. He is confident that God will answer his prayers in this matter. The urgent need of the work among these heathen tribes being so clear, and the blessing that has attended his labors being so manifest, he is assured that in some way God will incline His people to give him the funds still needed. Every dollar brings him nearer to the object of his hope. *His address is Rev. W. F. ReQua, Box 14 McAlister, Indian Territory.*

A DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

AN incident connected with one of Rev. E. P. Hammond's meetings has recently come to light. A Christian gentleman, who attended the meeting to speak to the inquirers, devoted all his attention to one girl, who after a long conversation at last perceived the truth, and joyfully made a profession of her faith. The worker, anxious that she should, as it were, nail her colors to the mast, gained her promise to go right home, and tell her parents, who were godless persons, that she had become a Christian, and was resolved with God's help to lead a Christian life. Whether the girl did so, or what was the result, the Christian worker did not hear for many years, as he left the town, and did not return to it until business took him there. It so happened that at the same time evangelistic meetings were again being held there, and it was stated on the bills that he would speak. After the meeting he was asked to speak to a man who had just made a profession of faith. On going to him the man asked if he was really the person whose name was on the bills, and on being answered in the affirmative, asked if he remembered speaking to a girl named Jeanie many years ago at one of Mr. Hammond's meetings. The Christian worker remembered the incident and said so.

"I am Jeanie's father," said the big man with tears in his eyes. "My wife and I were very angry with poor Jeanie when she told us about joining the church, and it was a sore subject for a long while. Jeanie was true and faithful though, and she was a good girl. Not long ago she fell ill, and when she was dying she made me promise to find you, and tell you that she died quite happy, trusting in Jesus. I never heard of you till I saw the bills of these meetings. I hated to come to the meeting, and my wife would not come, but I would not break my promise to poor Jeanie. I came just to give you her message, and while I sat and listened, waiting to speak to you, the Lord laid hold of me, and I have given myself to Him. I'm so happy, and I want you to pray for my wife. Poor Jeanie! I wish she knew."

THE REFORMATION OF A CONVICT.

A REMARKABLE instance of the power of kindness to overcome desperate natures is related in the *Youth's Companion*. It says: One of the most hopeless cases ever brought into the great Moyamensing Prison in Philadelphia was a negress, who was convicted of a crime of violence. She was a huge, fierce animal, who had been born and had lived in the slums of Alaska Street. She was a drunkard and dissolute from childhood.

The chaplain, after she had been under his charge for six months, shook his head hopelessly and passed by her cell without a word.

One day the matron, taking a bunch of soiled scarlet flowers from her hat, threw them to "Deb" carelessly, with a pleasant word or two. The woman started in astonishment, and then thanked her earnestly. The next day the matron saw the flowers, each leaf straightened and smoothed, pinned up on the wall of the cell. Deb, in a gentle voice, called attention to them, praised their beauty, and tried, in her clumsy way, to show the pleasure they had given her.

"That woman," said the matron to the chaplain, "has the rarest of all good qualities. She is grateful. There is one square inch of good ground in which to plant your seed."

The matron herself planted the seed. Every day she showed some little kindness to the poor, untamed creature, who was gradually softened and subdued simply by affection for this, her first friend, whom she followed like a faithful dog.

By and by the matron took her as a helper in the ward, a favor given only to the convicts whose conduct deserved reward. Deb was orderly, quiet, and neat from her sheer gratitude only. The matron's hold upon the woman grew stronger each day. At last she told her the story of the Saviour's sacrifice. Deb listened with wide, eager eyes.

"He died for me—*me!*" she said.

The matron gave up her position, but when Deb was discharged she took her into her house as a servant, trained, taught her, cared for her body and soul, always planting her seeds in that "one square inch of good ground."

Deb became a humble, faithful Christian. "He died for *me*," was the thought which lightened her darkened soul.

THE GROWING WORK IN CHINA.

SOME idea of the work accomplished by the China Inland Mission through faith and prayer, may be gained from a recent statement made by its founder, Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. He said that twenty-two years ago, on May 26, 1866, there were only three Protestant Mission stations, and these were in two provinces. But now stations had been opened in ten provinces. There were now in connection with all Protestant societies 500 more missionaries, not counting their wives, in the country than there were twenty-two years ago. Four thousand souls at least have been gathered into the fold by the agency of the China Inland Mission. The present staff of the China Inland Mission numbered 294, *viz.*, missionaries and their wives, 112; unmarried missionaries, 169; associates, 13. The native helpers—pastors, evangelists, colporteurs, Bible-women, etc.—number 132. Some of the missionaries have gone out at their own expense. The others have all gone out in dependence upon God for temporal supplies, and with the clear understanding that the Mission does not guarantee any income whatever, and knowing that, as the Mission does not go into debt, it can only minister to those connected with it as the funds sent in from time to time may allow. There are now sixty-six organized churches, eighteen schools, three hospitals, five dispensaries, and sixteen opium refuges. The Rev. E. O. Williams, who is about to give himself up to the missionary work in China, and who was lately vicar of a large parish in Leeds, England, said the question was not, Why should I go? but, Why should I *not* go? not, Have I a call to the heathen? but, Have I *a call to stay at home?* Last year Mr. Taylor prayed that he might be enabled to place one hundred more missionaries in the field, and that he might have $50,000 more money for the work. He now announces that 103 missionaries have been sent out, and the income for the year was $168,588, being $55,000 more than the income of the previous year. Mr. C. T. Studd the famous English cricketer, who through Mr. Moody's instrumentality was led to give up all the advantages resulting from a university career and devote himself to missionary work in China, was married on April 7. His wife was Miss Priscilla Stewart, who is also a missionary in China.

A SINGULAR INDIAN RITE.

THE consciousness of inward sin, yet the deplorable ignorance of the only effectual means of cleansing it by the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, were betrayed in a strange rite recently witnessed by a missionary in India. He saw a young man attempting to cleanse his stomach and intestines by swallowing a piece of cloth about two inches broad and eight yards in length. It is one of their purificatory rites, and great religious merit is attached to it. The Hindus seem to have gone a step further than the Pharisees in this respect. The cloth was, at first, soaked in water, and then, little by little, it was swallowed in a few minutes, and by several spasmodic movements of the stomach and intestines, the washing was effected, and after washing, the cloth was drawn out. The young man who performed this feat has taken to it since the last four months. This rite shows to what extent the Hindoo mind has exerted itself to cleanse itself from the impurities of sin. "I have spoken to him," says the missionary, "and left some Christian books with him to show him the true way of life, and how he may really attain, through Christ, the purity which He requireth who, as the man evidently perceives, 'desires truth in the inward parts.'" (Ps. 51 : 6.)

A DISHONEST CHINAWOMAN'S CONFESSION

A LADY missionary in China—Mrs. Broumton—relates a striking answer to prayer which recently occurred in the mission work. She says: "Mr. Ts'en, the school-teacher and evangelist at Kwei-yang, who is the first-fruits of the work there, has suffered much persecution from his friends and relatives for being a Christian; his wife also has been a great trial to him, through her deceitful and indolent habits, and many prayers have gone up on her behalf, that she might be led to repentance and salvation. Some time ago Mrs. Andrew wrote telling us Mrs. Ts'en was ill; and lately she has written again, and tells us that the disease (dropsy) seems to be on the increase, and has affected Mrs. Ts'en's mind considerably. She behaved very strangely and talked incoherently, saying she had been charged with theft, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew and others often prayed in her room, that the Lord would have mercy on her, and *lead her to repentance.* The following morning, when her husband and Mrs. Andrew were with her, she spoke of having committed thefts at different times. The recital of her misdeeds appeared to relieve her mind somewhat. She confessed to having stolen food, clothing, and money from different persons, and at different times, extending over a period of several years. After several hours Mrs. Andrew called again, and

Mrs. Ts'en a second time enumerated the thefts she had committed. She wished the people whom she had wronged to come, that she might ask their forgiveness. Her husband went to the people and told them what his wife had done, and promised to repay them. His relatives wished him to hush up the matter, but God gave him the grace to do what was right. Mrs. Andrew writes, 'She has been weeping, and praying, and confessing her sin, and in those matters her mind has been quite clear.' At other times she would say, 'Ah, to think of the love of God in giving His Son Jesus to die for me!' She had been exhorting those about her to believe in Jesus; she seems penitent and humble, and Mr. Andrew says: 'She appears to realize to some extent the enormity of her sins against God and man.' She says she could not help but confess. We believe not a few, both at home and in China, who take a prayerful interest in Mr. Ts'en, have been praying also for his wife, and we trust this is but the beginning of the answer."

THE GLORIOUS APPEARING.

By Rev. W. Fuller Gooch, M. A.

Three Distinct Appearings Spoken of—The Third Near at Hand—The Pole Star of Hope—A Personal Appearing—His Glory not yet Revealed—The Veil Lifted on the Mount—The Glorious Kingdom—A Confusion of Terms—A Greater Kingdom than Solomon's—Designed to Comfort—And to Quicken Effort.

AMONG the blessed teachings of grace in reference to the salvation wrought out for us by our Lord, the Apostle Paul, in writing to Titus, places this: "Looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." (Tit. 2:13.) A consideration of this joyous prospect may serve to quicken our faith and animate our joy.

There are three definite and distinct appearings of our Lord spoken of in Scripture. They are all referred to in the ninth chapter of Hebrews; the first is past, and is set forth in verse 26; then in verse 24 we read, "Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." This refers to the present, and points to the position He occupies while absent from earth, hidden from mortal sight within the veil; but in verse 28 we read, "Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." It is to this latter, future, and

Nearing Manifestation

our subject, as set forth by Titus, alludes. Christ is gone into heaven only for a time; so soon as this present dispensation of faith has passed away He will again be revealed to sight, in order that the earth, which as yet has only been the scene of His humiliation and suffering, may be the sphere of His glory and complete triumph over all the works of the devil. Hence we read in Acts 3:20, "He shall send Jesus Christ, who before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive *until* the times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began." There is nothing more sure and certain than the fact that Christ shall come again, and be made manifest as the King of kings and Lord of lords. As surely, and as personally, as He came the first time to suffer and to die shall He come the second time "to reign, and to prosper on the earth."

The second advent is as much a part of God's purpose as the first, and is essential to the completeness of that redemption which He came to obtain. No spiritual influence connected with the gospel dispensation, however widespread or blessed it may be, can answer the great ends of His promised appearing in the glory of His kingly power, nor can anything He does in heaven as the Aaronic Priest within the veil, or as seated on His Father's throne on high, answer to, take the place of, or render needless, His Melchisedek priesthood, as the One who is to be "a Priest upon His throne," in the day when "He shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously."

This glorious appearing of Christ is the great object of Christian hope,

The Pole-Star

which cheers and guides the earnest watchers whose place it is during the night of time to watch for the dawn of the coming day. Grace teaches us that here we are only strangers and sojourners, called to be followers of our Lord in His rejection by the world, and to suffer with Him, treading the same path of self-sacrifice and consecration to the Father's will He so constantly and perfectly pursued. He assures all who faithfully do so that, if they suffer with Him, they shall also reign with Him; sharing His cross, they shall share His crown; thus animating their hearts with hope and inspiring them with courage to do battle with every foe, and to resist steadfastly all that impedes their course. It is well for us, therefore, to have a clear knowledge of the hope set before us in the gospel, and to acquaint our minds with Scripture teaching on a subject so closely allied with our present experience and future prospects as "heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ."

Let us consider this appearing in reference to the glory of Christ, which shall then be revealed. The Revised Version, instead of "the glorious appearing," reads, "the appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Hitherto the world has only beheld His humiliation, "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." Once, for a brief space,

The Veil was Withdrawn,

and to the favored three, Peter, James, and John, a glimpse was given of His glory; they were allowed to be "eyewitnesses of His majesty, when they were with Him in the holy mount," so that they were enabled to make known with certainty "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." But full soon the splendid vision passed away, and gave place to revelations of the sufferings and death their Lord was to undergo at Jerusalem. After His resurrection no eyes saw Him but those of disciples and chosen witnesses. He appeared at intervals to those who knew and loved Him, by many infallible proofs assuring them that He had risen, and then ascended to heaven without making any sign or manifestation of His kingly glory or power. The men of Galilee who watched His ascension were comforted as He vanished from their sight by the promise that, "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven," and went their way to learn that the glory which He was to have in accordance with the predictions of the Old Testament was to follow (not precede) this present dispensation of faith during which their Lord would be hidden from view, remaining absent from the earth until the time should come for His glory to be revealed.

Then too shall the glory of His kingdom be revealed.

The Kingdom and the Church

have often been confounded, one with the other, as though they were one and the same, but Scripture does not so speak of them. The prophets of the Old Testament continually set before us a far different state of things, under the reign of Christ, to that which obtains in connection with the Church. The era of Solomon is typical of a time far brighter than any that has been known upon earth, or than can be known while "the King of Glory" is absent. Psalm 72, brings before us a King and a kingdom of which Solomon's palmiest days were but a shadow and figure. Israel shall under His sway be no longer scattered and peeled, but regathered, restored to Divine favor, and made a blessing and a praise in all the earth.

In that day He who is now rejected and disowned by the vast majority in every land shall be universally adored, and His "name be set up for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek, and His rest shall be glorious." It is for this we are taught to pray, saying, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." Glory beyond compare shall then be seen upon the Son of Man, the ruler whose coming shall be bright "as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, a morning without clouds, as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Then shall all that God has decreed for men in connection with the work of Christ be accomplished, and His solemn oath be performed, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

But we must turn from this part of our subject to consider what is the attitude grace teaches us to maintain in reference to this bright appearing of our Lord. It is to be cherished by us as a blessed hope. Hope is one of the three chiefest of the Christian graces, and is as important to the completeness of the Christian character as faith or love. It is

Designed to Comfort

and soothe in the midst of sorrow and trial ever incident to mortal life. Its province is to soar beyond things seen and temporal, and to rejoice in the things not seen and eternal. It animates the heart and nerves the soul for conflict and endurance, and by its ever-increasing confidence and assurance, begotten of experience, it enables the believer to sing and triumph even though the clouds be dark and all surroundings adverse. The object of our hope is clearly defined to be one and distinct in its nature, "We are called in one hope of our calling," so that there need be no mistake as to what it is we are to be yearning after and aspiring to. The teaching of our text is uniform with that of the New Testament throughout. The appearing of the Lord, His return in glory and in power to reign as King of kings, and Lord of lords, is the one sure and blessed end and consummation to which we are to look forward. Not death, or its results to the unclothed spirit, not heaven in the technical sense of the word, but Christ Himself; perfect salvation is only attained when He appears.

We are to be *looking* for this blessed hope. The words are significent and suggestive. They denote *eager desire*. We do not look for that for which we have but little concern, or on which we set little value. Well may we long for the appearing of our Lord; all that is brightest and best in our calling and destiny as believers depends upon it, is attained when it takes place.

One of the Truest Tests

of our regard for the Saviour is found in this, if our hearts are full of faith in Him, and of joy in His service, we shall "love His appearing," the period of His absence will be to us a season of earnest longing for His return; while if we are, on the other hand, taken up with the world, and living to ourselves, we shall have little desire for His coming, being consciously unready to meet Him. Diligent preparation is also involved in looking for His return. What manner of persons ought those to be who expect His speedy approach? The only fitting reply is found in the words of II. Peter, 3:14, "Wherefore, beloved, seeing ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless." This "blessed hope" is intended to exert a holy influence upon our hearts and lives, kindling a flame of sacred devotion, and arousing to zeal and fidelity in every sphere of life. It is impossible to cherish it and be careless, worldly, and half-hearted, for "every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." May the Holy Spirit so reveal Christ in us, "the hope of glory," that under its blissful inspiration we may indeed "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews, the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, $1.00.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The whole edition of The Christian Herald was mailed last week to subscribers during Tuesday, June 5. The last delivery at the New York Post Office was made at 11.45 P. M.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Four Large Ships are to be Added to the Navy if the Naval Appropriation Bill prepared by the House Committee is adopted by Congress. The bill makes an appropriation of $6,000,000, of which $4,000,000 are for construction and $2,000,000 for armament. Strong efforts have been made to induce the committee to provide for a lot of small vessels, which could be quickly built and would afford more places for commanding officers, but these efforts have not been successful. The bill authorizes the construction of four ships: two unarmored cruisers, each to have a guaranteed speed of nineteen knots, one unarmored cruiser with a guaranteed speed of twenty knots, and one armored ship of about 7,500 tons, with no guarantee of speed, but planned to make not less than seventeen knots. One of the four must be built in a navy-yard, and all may be built in such yards if the President is satisfied that none of the bids made by contractors is reasonable, The six ships in process of construction are expected to be ready for service before the end of this year. Four of these are double turreted monitors.

International Arbitration was Indorsed by the Senate on Thursday last, by the adoption of a concurrent resolution reported by Mr. Sherman, requesting the President, from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, to invite negotiations with foreign Governments, "to the end" that any disputes that cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means. Ths resolution, however, was taken up for reconsideration, when Mr. Riddleberger pointed out that probably the first use to which it would be put by the Government would be the settlement of the Fisheries dispute.

The Fisheries Treaty Occupied the Attention of the Senate on two days last week. On Monday, Senator Gray, of Delaware, made an eloquent speech in its defence. He contended that the only ground there could be for objecting to the treaty was based on the theory that the bays of Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, which were more than six miles wide, were not territorial waters. That theory the United States could not afford to lay down on account of the valuable fisheries of Behring Sea. Discussing each clause of the treaty, he argued that it gave to American fishermen the right to enter Canadian ports on all occasions to purchase all the supplies ordinarily asked for trading vessels, the only exception being supplies distinctively peculiar to fishing vessels, and asked whether it was not the part of statesmanship to secure impartial privileges by the ratification of the treaty. The treaty secured every right of American fishermen and left the tariff on fish where it ought to be left—as a subject to be dealt with by the legislative branch of the Government. On Wednesday, Senator Hale, of Maine, made a strong speech against ratification. He said that the American fishermen were opposed to the treaty to a man. He also insisted that it was a device on the part of Great Britain to get Canadian fish admitted free. Further consideration was postponed until June 25. As matters now stand, the probabilities are that the treaty will not be ratified.

The Progress Made in the Preparations for cutting the Nicaragua Canal, encourages the hope that this gigantic enterprise will be completed at no distant day. Four of the surveyors who have been at work on the route, returned to New York on June 14. They were last on the western division of the canal, to which they were transferred a few weeks ago, after completing their work on the San Juan River. The entire expedition enjoyed excellent health, and all were happy over the successful results of their work. The hydrographic party completed the off-shore soundings at Brito, and the work in the lake, at the mouth of the Rio Lajos, and went to the San Juan about the middle of May. After a few days' work at Don Carlos, the party were to proceed to Greytown, to finish the survey of the harbor. Of the two large parties to which the four surveyors belonged, there was not one man sick during the three months they were on the ground. This is a remarkable fact, proving conclusively the superiority of the Nicaragua over the Panama route.

The New Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, took the oath of office at Ottawa, on June 11. The ceremony took place in the Senate chamber, in the presence of a brilliant and distinguished assemblage. In reply to the civic address of welcome, Lord Stanley returned hearty thanks for the kindly welcome that had been accorded him on his first coming to reside among them as Her Majesty's representative. Although only in Canada a few hours, he thought he could already say that he experienced, even before his arrival, that hospitality, kindness, and cordiality which made the name of the Dominion proverbial. In regard to the question of federal union in Australia, no one who had ever been connected with important interests of great colonies could fail to perceive the advantage of that movement when it proceeds spontaneously and when the feeling that dictated it was genuine.

A New Expedition for the Exploration of the Ruins of Babylon and other Old Testament cities is to sail on June 23, from New York. It is under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. The expenses of the expedition will be defrayed by Mr. George W. Childs, Messrs. Clark, the bankers, and other prominent citizens of Philadelphia. Professor Peters, Ph. D., Dr. R. F. Harper, of Yale, and Mr. J. D. Prince, of Columbia College, are to be among the explorers. In an interview with a reporter, Dr. Peters said: "The field is full of ruins of the most ancient cities of the world, only one or two of which have ever been explored, and those only in the very least degree. We know the names of fifty or sixty cities which existed there—cities of importance—and the sites of not one dozen of these have been determined. It will give some idea of how little work has been done when the sites of these cities have been left undetermined. The actual site of digging cannot be definitely stated before departure. It depends primarily upon the permission granted by the Turkish authorities, and, secondarily, upon information to be obtained on the spot. The region in which these ancient cities lie is comprised between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates." The expedition is to follow the preliminary work performed by the Wolfe expedition of 1885, the cost of which was defrayed by the late Miss Catherine Wolfe, of New York.

The Melancholy Intelligence of the Death of the Emperor of Germany on Friday last has caused world-wide regret. The cheering reports of his condition, recently published, encouraged the hope that his valuable and useful life would be prolonged, even if his complete recovery was impossible. The wise and liberal principles which have marked his brief reign, and his evident desire to enlarge the constitutional liberties of the people, were so acceptable to the masses in Germany that, apart from the personal love and sympathy with which he inspired them, they ardently hoped that he might be spared for a few years. Other European nations, too, recognizing the immense interests that hung upon his life, and how enormously the danger of war would be increased by his giving place to the fiery young man who is his son and successor, were no less anxious than the German people for him to live. God in His wisdom, however, decided otherwise, and the Emperor bowed in resignation to His will. On Thursday, when he was no longer able to speak he wrote upon a pad: "I have tried my best to do my duty to my God and to my country. I feel that the end is now near. God's will be done." It would appear that the fear expressed by Dr. Mackenzie a month ago, and published in these columns on May 31, that the corrosive sore in the Emperor's throat might eat inward and produce fatal results, was realized. The wall and cartilages between the gullet and the windpipe were on June 12, found to be impaired, and particles of food consequently passed into the air passages. The physicians then abandoned hope, and informed the family that death was near at hand. The patient was kept alive by food artificially administered until Friday, when he succumbed to the dreadful disease, and about 11 A. M. he peacefully passed away He was in his fifty-seventh year.

The Austrian Government Proposes to Raise the sum of eight millions dollars for extraordinary military and naval expenditure for the current year, in addition to the ordinary outlay There is a curious preamble to the appropriation bill, in which these expenses are proposed. It states that, though all the European cabinets are united in desiring peace, circumstances, nevertheless, indicate that an increase in Austria-Hungary's defences is the surest safeguard of peace. Remarks of the same tenor were made by the Emperor Francis Joseph, in receiving the Delegations. He said he was satisfied with the amicable relations existing between Austria and the powers. The great military credits demanded did not mean that trouble was impending. They were asked because other States had augmented their forces. He declared that he earnestly desired peace. Genial and pacificatory as these statements were, they did not impress Russia to any great extent, though they were probably uttered mainly for the benefit of that country. A prominent Russian journal somewhat cynically observes, in commenting upon them, that if Austria's intentions were thoroughly pacific, it would rest with her to initiate a settlement of the Bulgarian question.

The Panic in England Produced by the Assertion of eminent military authorities that it would be quite practicable for an enemy to invade the country, gains increased force from disclosures now being made of official corruption. The London correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who is a Member of Parliament, states that the public as yet do not know one half of the disgraceful details. The Duke of Cambridge complains that the army is not strong enough, and Lord Charles Beresford who is in the navy, declares that the navy is inefficient, but independent Members of Parliament contend that the hundred and fifty million dollars a year now spent on those two departments is ample to make them all that they should be if the money were economically spent. The charge is made that the Queen's relatives holding offices in the army and navy absorb large sums annually without adding to the efficiency of the service, that contracts are not honestly awarded, and that wholesale corruption exists. Bayonets of tin, ships imperfectly armored, guns that burst, and shells that will not burst are supplied by contractors who, having to pay bribes, try to come out with a profit by furnishing material of the cheapest and poorest kind. Meanwhile Lord Salisbury's government ridicules the agitation, and insists that the panic has been excited for political purposes.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $36. They are from: Montreal, Can., $5; Orange, Mass., $1: Bethel, Me., $5; "Adventist," Cambridgeport, Mass., $25. Our friends will be glad to learn that letters are being sent from some of the ministers who have received the paper through their kindness, speaking in terms of warm gratitude of the help they derive from its pages, and saying that God is blessing their labors now more abundantly than even before.

The Mother of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon Died at Croydon, on May, 23, at the age of seventy-three. An English journal says: "It is impossible to tell how much of the blessing that has rested upon the ministry of her sons is to be attributed to the training they received at their mother's knee. We have heard that, on one occasion, as her husband, the Rev. John Spurgeon, was on his way to fulfil a preaching engagement, it suddenly occurred to him that possibly he was neglecting his own family while going away from home to do the Lord's work. Returning to the house, and seeing no one about, he went up-stairs, and, listening outside the bedroom door, he heard his wife pleading with and for their children. He came down without disturbing her, feeling that he could safely leave his family with such a mother." She was a Congregationalist.

The Great International Missionary Conference in London opened on June 9 and was in session throughout last week. Each day has been devoted to a separate field of foreign missions. When the work in Africa was under consideration, Gen. Fisk, who presided, urged the necessity of opposing the liquor traffic in that country, and of inculcating higher standards of morality in commercial dealings. He said that nothing was so calculated to prejudice the natives and retard the work of the missions as fraudulent commercial transactions. The recent remarkable revival of Islamism was anxiously considered by the Conference on June 11. Mr. Schrieber, of Berlin, said that throughout the Dutch possessions in the East, Moslem schools had been established to oppose Christian missions. Dr. Post, who is one of the American delegates, spoke of the destructive social and political influence of Islamism in perverting individual morality and crushing the life out of the people. He also referred in strong terms to the success of medical mission work in Syria. He said the benefits derived by the people from the medical treatment by the missionaries greatly helped in gaining their attention to the gospel. The Lord Mayor of London has shown civic hospitality to the delegates by entertaining them at a sumptuous luncheon at his official residence.

Six Weeks on a Coral Reef were Spent by a shipwrecked crew and passengers recently. The oceanic steamer Mariposa, which arrived at San Francisco on June 9, rescued a number of shipwrecked people whom she picked up from Palmyria Island, a coral reef, north of Samoa. They belonged to the British bark Henry James, which had been wrecked on April 16, while on a voyage from New South Wales to San Francisco. The Henry James struck on a reef, and the captain, finding the vessel sinking, got his people into the boats. After a perilous voyage of twelve hours they reached Palmyria, where they found some abandoned huts, but no inhabitants. They had but little provision with them, and it was, at first, feared they would starve to death. Among the passengers were several women and children, who were likely to suffer severely from hardship and exposure. Happily, however, an exploration of the island led to the discovery of good water. Cocoanuts, also, were found in abundance, and these, with birds, land crabs, and peppergrass, formed their diet. Six long weeks of weary waiting were passed, and they had begun to despair, when, on May 29, to their great delight, the Mariposa came in sight, took them all on board and carried them safely to Honolulu. Had any of those castaways neglected to go on board the Maraposa, when it came to their rescue, they would have been thought crazy; yet when men, shipwrecked of sin—moral castaways, in imminent danger of perishing, are invited on board the gospel ship and offered eternal salvation, comparatively few accept it. (Heb. 2: 3.)

An Aristocratic Young Shoeblack is Pursuing his occupation in Newark, N. J. A reporter in that town noticed recently a lad of sixteen, who, with two colored boys under his leadership, has set up a shoeblacking establishment in a shanty on one of the Newark streets. The boy's manner and educated talk led the reporter to believe that there was some mystery about him, and, on questioning the boy, he heard a strange story. The lad asserted that he was the son of a well-known political leader, who is at present Lieutenant-Governor of a Western State. The father wanted to send him to college, but the boy, who hated books, and was of a restless, roving disposition, shrank from that arrangement. Finally, being unable to change his father's mind, he ran away from home. He beat his way to Portland, Ore., and from there went to Omaha, where he got a blacking outfit. Since then, he says, he has made a living by blacking boots, and has been in Memphis, New Orleans, Atlanta, and all the larger Southern and Western cities, and in New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Newark. Several times, he says, some of his father's friends have recognized him, and urged him to go home, but he is not ready to do so yet, because he thinks he has not yet seen enough of the world. The undutiful youngster has had many hardships, but they have not subdued his rebellious spirit. He is like those older wanderers with whom the voice of mercy pleads to return and be reconciled to their Heavenly Father, but who prefer the ways of the world, with its sins and miseries, to the delights of their Father's house. (Jer. 18: 11, 12.)

A Neglected Corpse Lay in the Grand Central depot, New York, nearly the whole of last week. It came from Pittsfield, Mass., in a common stained coffin on Monday night and was placed in the baggage room. No one came to claim it until Thursday, when a man called and said it was the body of his wife, and he was going to send it on to Philadelphia when he had obtained the necessary permit. He removed the address label from the box in which the coffin came, and also took away the trunk that accompanied the corpse. He did not return, however, and at length the Board of Health was notified and the corpse was sent to the Morgue. A clue to its identity was discovered there, and word was sent to Pittsfield. This brought some relatives of the deceased woman to New York, who took charge of the body and sent it on to Philadelphia to be interred in the family lot in the cemetery there. They said that they had furnished the money for embalming and burying the body, and had placed it in charge of the husband, whose neglect was probably due to his dissipated habits. His apparent indifference and negligence must have been painful to the friends, but, happily, his wife, who could she have known of it must have been sorely pained, was beyond reach of that affliction. It may be hoped that she had given her soul into Christ's keeping and if so, that being safe, the disrespect shown to her body would be a matter of no concern to her. (II Tim. 1: 12).

Two Lovers Were Unexpectedly Reunited in a hospital in Quebec recently. A despatch from Chicago to the New York *Tribune* states that in a suburb of that city a newly married couple have come to live whose history is a romance. The husband is the son of an Episcopal rector in Yorkshire, England, and he for a time was curate of the parish. Adjoining his home a landed proprietor, one Molineux, of French descent, lived. He was a Catholic. The young clergyman fell in love with Mr. Molineux's daughter and proposed for her hand, but the father drove him from the premises. The daughter was sent away where he could not find her. The young curate, heart-broken, gave up his work and came to America, obtaining a situation as book-keeper in a New York wholesale house. He was made travelling salesman. One day, while in Quebec, he was run down by a heavy omnibus, picked up and conveyed to a hospital. During his sickness, as much to his surprise as to his delight, he discovered that one of the Sisters of Charity in the hospital was none other than the girl he had loved in Yorkshire. Miss Molineux's parents had sent her to a convent in France, and from there she was transferred with other French nuns to Quebec. He renewed his suit, and she joyfully consented to marry him. As soon as he recovered, the marriage took place, and they have settled near Chicago. Thus the prize for which the young man longed came to him through misfortune. Had he not been run over by the omnibus he might never have found his bride. The man who has faith in God's providence ought never to count anything that happens to him an evil. God designs every event to be the means of good to His children. (Rom. 8: 28.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. C. H. Yatman, who has recovered from his long sickness, expects to commence daily meetings for young people at Ocean Grove, on July 1.

At the anniversary of the Upper Canada Bible Society the Rev. John Hall, D. D., was the chief attraction. The services were held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

The Rev. Jackson Wray, London, England, has sent a cablegram to the congregation of Zion Church, Toronto, declining the call which was so cordially presented to him to become their pastor.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, died on June 8, at his residence in Jamaica Plain, Boston. Dr. Clarke was critically ill about a year ago, but he partially recovered his health and resumed a part of his work.

Letters of inquiry in reference to Mr. Moody's Bible School for Y. M. C. A. members and associates, to be held at Northfield, June 30–July 15, should be addressed to C. K. Ober, 52 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

The centennial of colored Baptists of Georgia began in Savannah on June 6, and continued two weeks. Five thousand negro Baptists were present. At the opening of the celebration over 300 preachers were in attendanee.

A Prohibition meeting to ratify the nomination of General Clinton B. Fisk and Rev. John A. Brooks for President and Vice-President, will be held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on June 22, at 8 P. M.

Mr. R. T. Booth has arrived at Sydney in excellent health, having completed his tour round the world. Speaking of his visit to England, he said he was surprised at the stability of his former work, especially at Sheffield and Newcastle.

Mr. Charles Cook reports that the past month's services in Hyde Park, London, have been crowned with much blessing, scores of persons having professed to have received Christ. His work at Dorking and in Ireland has also been very cheering.

A double wedding in the Garfield family took place at Mentor, June 14. Miss Mollie Garfield, only daughter of the late President, was married to her father's Secretary J. Stanley Brown. Harry Garfield, the eldest son, was married to Miss Belle Mason, of Cleveland, O.

An American lady in Russia writes regarding the persecution of Lutherans in the Baltic provinces, as follows: "Between sixty and seventy Lutheran clergymen have been arrested, and a part of this number have already received sentence of banishment to Siberia, while others are held to bail awaiting trial."

The Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Delaware has chosen for its bishop in succession to the late Rev. Alfred Lee, the Rev. Leighton Coleman, S. T. D., Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Sayre, Penn. The Diocese of Fond Du Lac has elected the Rev. George McClellan Fiske, of Providence, R. I., its bishop, to succeed the late Bishop Brown.

The arrangements for the National Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies, to be held in Chicago, July 5–8, are now completed. Among the speakers announced are Rev. James H. Brookes, D. D., of St. Louis, Mo., Professor, W. R. Harper, Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy") and Miss Frances E. Willard. For further particulars, address U. S. C. E. 50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

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A MESSAGE TO SLAVES.

A New Sermon By Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Moses spake so unto the children of Israel: but they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." Ex. 6:9.

The Importance of a Monosyllable—The Responsibility of a Messenger—The Message Moses Delivered—I. Salvation from Bondage—Spoke of God—Of the Covenant—Of God's Pity—Of His Coming Deliverance—II. The Message Rejected—Disappointment at First—Discomfort of Rebuilding a House—Poverty and Misery Producing Spiritual Indifference—John Newton's Wonderful Transformation—III. The Rejected Message True—A Notice in a Shop Window.

LITTLE words often contain great meanings. It is often the case with that monosyllable "*so*." In the present instance we must lay stress upon it and read the text thus, "Moses spake *so* unto the children of Israel." That is, he said what God told him to say. He did not invent his message. He did not think out the gospel that he had to carry to the people. He was simply a repeater of the divine message. As he received it, *so* he spake it. "Moses spake *so* unto the children of Israel." If he had not done *so*, the responsibility must have rested upon himself, whether the nation was moved by his words or not; but when he was

Simply God's Ambassador,

saying only what God would have him say, his responsibility was limited. If he delivered the Lord's own word and it failed to win the heart of Israel, he could not be blamed. Although it was a great sadness of heart to him that the people did not, and even could not, receive the divine message, yet as far as he was concerned, his conscience was clear. It is ever so with the preacher of the gospel: if he declares the word of the Lord as he has received it, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, he is clear before God, whatever his hearers may do or may not do.

When a man-servant goes to the door with a message from his master, if you do not like what he tells you, do not be angry with him. What has he to do with it? Has he said what his master told him to say? If he has, then be angry with his master if you must be, or accept what his master says if you think fit; but let the poor man that brought the message be held clear if he has faithfully reported his master's words. I claim that, if I have preached my Master's gospel, whether men are saved or lost, whether they accept it or reject it, I must leave that with themselves, and not have their sin laid at my door. How heartily do I cry to God that the Word may not be a savour of death unto death, but a savour of life unto life; but oh, my hearers, if you perish after hearing the gospel of God, do not think that you can cast the blame on me.

Now, the message Moses brought was rejected, and he knew

Why it Was Rejected.

He could see the reason. The people were in such bondage, they were so miserably ground down, they were so unhappy and hopeless, that what he spake seemed to them to be as idle words. There are hundreds of reasons why men reject the gospel. We will not go into them now. Oh that men were less cunning in making apologies for refusing the Lord Jesus!

Amongst all the reasons, however, that I ever heard, that with which I have the most sympathy, is this one—that some cannot receive Christ because they are so full of anguish, and are so crushed in spirit, that they cannot find strength enough of mind to entertain a hope that by any possibility salvation can come to them. It is to their sad case that I desire to speak. I think that I can speak to the case, if God help me, for I have felt the same. I do remember when I could not believe even Jesus Himself by reason of sore anguish and straitness of spirit; and, therefore, as one who has worn the chains, I speak to those who are still in chains. I know the clanking of those fetters, and what it is to feel the damp of the stone walls, and to fear that there is no coming out of prison, and to be so despairing that even when the emancipator turned the great key in the lock, and set the door wide open, yet still my heart had made for itself a direr cage, and I could not believe in the possibility of liberty, and therefore I sat bound in a dungeon of my own creation. Ah! there is no Bastille so awful as that which is built by despair, and kept under the custody of a crushed spirit. Many are the desponding ones whose eyes fail so that they cannot look up, or look out. To such I speak.

I. And first, will you notice that what Moses brought to these people was glad tidings. It was a free and full gospel message. To them it was the gospel of

Salvation from a Cruel Bondage,

the gospel of hope, the gospel of glorious promise. It is a very admirable type and metaphorical description of what the gospel is to us. Moses' word to them was singularly clear, cheering, and comforting; but they could not receive it. "They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit and cruel bondage."

First, Moses spoke to them about their God. He said, "You have a God, and His name is Jehovah, the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob." They looked up from their bricks, and they seemed to say, "God? What have we to do with Him? Oh, that the straw were given us to make our bricks! we are up to our necks in this filthy Nile mud making the bricks, and you come and talk to us about God. Go, and preach to Pharaoh and the taskmasters that rule us; but as for us poor creatures slaves that we are, we do not understand you. What do you mean by JAH, Jehovah, our God? Bring us more garlic and onions, or lessen our daily tasks, or take away the sticks from our drivers, and then we will listen to you." And so they shook their heads, and said that such mysteries and theologies were not for them.

What a poor reason for refusing light because the night is so dark! Man's best hope lies in His God. O you whose lives are bitter with toil and want, there is something for you after all, much better than the hard saying, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink?" There is an inheritance above

The Grinding Toil

of every-day life. There is a portion much better than this killing care, which frets so many of you, and makes life a calamity to you. Do not, therefore, because of the heaviness of your lot, refuse to hear about God, your Maker, your Benefactor. In that direction lies your only real hope. Have this God for a father and a friend, and life will wear another aspect, and you will be another man.

So Moses went on to speak yet more about God's pity to them. He reported that Jehovah had said, "I have also heard the groaning of the children of Israel whom the Egyptians keep in bondage, and I have remembered My covenant." I fancy that those words opened their eyes a little. They looked up and said to one another, "Is there, indeed a God who has heard our groanings? Oh, but," they muttered, "look at the many years we have been groaning. Why, it is forty years since this man Moses first came out and saw our burdens! What is the use of pity that is so

Tardy in its Movements?"

And yet, dear sirs, if you are inclined to talk so, it may be that if God be slow He is sure; and if He be slow to you, it is out of patience and long-suffering to others. He knows best when and how to save His people. Remember that when the tale of bricks was doubled then Moses came; and when you are getting to your very worst, and your night is darkening into a sort of hellish midnight, it may be that your darkness is coming to an end.

And then Moses went on further with his blessed gospel message to tell them about the Lord's resolve to rescue them by a great redemption. The Lord had said, "I am Jehovah, and I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage." Do you notice that all along the Lord uses strong words, and speaks like a great king? "I am Jehovah. I will. I will. I will." When you go home, just notice what a number of "I wills" there are in this declaration of the great God. When God says, "I will," he means it; depend upon it. God means to save you. Poor, troubled, confessedly guilty sinner, believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God, and trust yourself with Him, and the Lord will save you.

He Will Deliver You

from all the guilt of your past life, the evil habits of your present life, and from the temptations of your future life.

Moses told them about the Lord's ways of grace and the inheritance which He had prepared for them. My message is after the same sort. God will take you, poor guilty ones, to be His children. He will promote you to be His willing servants. He will use you for His glory though now you dishonor His name. He will sanctify you and cleanse you, and He will bring you to heaven, even you who have lien among the pots and have been defiled in the brick-kilns of sin. He will never rest till He makes you sit upon his throne with Him, where He is glorified, world without end. This I speak to you who are in bondage. Believe you in Christ Jesus, and He who has come to save the lost will give you as clear and clean a deliverance from the power of sin as Jehovah gave Israel deliverance from the power of the Egyptian tyrant. He will bring you out of bondage and guide you through the wilderness till you come into the rest, even to a goodlier land than Canaan, though it flowed with milk and honey.

II. We come now to note, that it was

Received With Unbelief

caused by anguish of heart. The message was from the Lord, and it was full of hope for them, but they were too much broken down to receive it. We can quite understand what that meant. Let us look into the case. They could not now receive this gospel because *they had at first caught at it, and had been disappointed.* They were under a misapprehension, for they expected to be free at once, as soon as Moses went to Pharaoh; and as they did not get immediate relief, they fell back into sullen despair. When Moses came to them and said that God had appeared to him at the bush, and had sent him to deliver them, they bowed their heads, and worshipped. Great things they looked for on the morrow, for they were at the end of their patience; but after that when Moses went in unto Pharaoh, and the tyrant doubled their labor by denying them straw, then they could not believe in God or in his messenger. The man who judges with shortness and straitness of judgment, demands a remedy that will cure his soul of all evils on the spot, and if it does not evidently and immediately do this, he cries, "Away with it!"

Grace may truly and effectually come to a heart, and for a while cause no joy, no peace; but the reverse. I have known many a man coming to this Tabernacle, who has been prospering in business, and so on, and yet he has been going down to hell as fast as ever he could travel. Well, he has come and heard the gospel, and he has made a great many improvements in his conduct, and has become a regular and attentive hearer; and at that very time he has fallen into an affliction the like of which he had never experienced before; and he has consequently complained, "Why, I am

Worse Instead of Better.

I find my heart grows more rebellious against God than ever it was before." I do not wonder that it should be so, for I have seen so many examples of it. The discipline of the household of God begins very early. But a present increase of sorrow has nothing to do with what the main result will be, except that it works towards it in a mysterious manner. Perhaps what you at first thought was genuine faith, was not faith; and God is going to knock down the false before He builds up the true.

If you had an old house, and any friend of yours were to say, "John, I will build you a new house. When shall I begin?" "Oh!" you might say, "begin next week to build the new house." At the end of the week he has pulled half your old house down. "Oh," say you, "this is what you call building me a new house, is it? You are causing me great loss; I wish I had never consented to your proposal." He replies, "You are most unreasonable: how am I to build you a new house on this spot without taking the old one down?" And so it often happens that the grace of God does seem in its first work to make a man even worse than he was before, because it discovers to him sins which he did not know to be there, evils which had been concealed, dangers never dreamed of. Thus the work of grace even makes his bondage seem to be heavier than ever it was; and yet this is all done in wisdom, in love, and in fulfillment of the promise which God has given. The work of deliverance began very grimly, but it ended very gloriously.

The inability of Israel to believe the message of Moses arose also from the fact that

They were Earthbound

by heavy oppression: the mere struggle to exist exhausted all their energy, and destroyed all their hope. The extreme hardness of their lot made them despondent and sullen. I do not wonder that a great many are unable to receive the gospel in this city of ours, because their struggle for existence is awful. I am afraid that it gets more and more intense, though even now it passes all bounds. If any of you can do anything to help the toil-worn workers, I pray you do it. The poor workwoman, who sits so many hours with the candle and needle, and does not earn enough, when she has worked all those hours, to more than just pay the rent and keep body and soul together, do you wonder that she thinks that this gospel of ours cannot be for her, and does not care to listen to it? I know that it would be her comfort, but her soul refuseth to be comforted, she is so crushed. The dock laborer, who comes home five days out of the six having earned nothing, and hears his little children crying for bread—is it any wonder that he cannot hear about heavenly things?

It is all very easy to say that it ought not to be so; but it is so; and it is so with multitudes in London. And yet, dear friend—if such a one has come in here to-night—I pray you do not throw away the next world because you have so little of this. This is sheer folly. If I have little here, I would make sure of the more hereafter. If you have such a struggle for existence here, you should seek that higher, nobler, better life, which would give you, even in penury and want, a joy and a comfort to which you are a stranger now. May the Holy Ghost come upon you, and raise you out of this present evil world into newness of life in Christ Jesus!

But worst of all, there are some who seem as if they could not lay hold on Christ because their sense of sin has become so intolerable, and the wretchedness which follows upon conviction has become so fearful, that they have grown almost to be contentedly despairing. I hardly know any condition of mind that is worse than

Chronic Despair,

when, at last, that which seemed alarming enough to drive to madness settles down into a lifeless, sullen moroseness. These Israelites had at last sunk so low that they said, "Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians." Oh, it is a dreadful thing when a heart gets to that—when a man desires that Christ would depart from him, and let him alone to perish. Do not some men virtually say, "I know I am lost. Let me enjoy myself as well as I can; I cannot—I cannot enjoy sin; but don't vex my conscience. Do not worry me with your talk here, for I shall suffer enough hereafter. Do not tantalize me about saving faith, for I shall never believe. Do not begin talking to me about repentance. I shall never have a soft and tender heart; I know I never shall." A man who has begun to be numbed with cold, cries to his comrades, "Leave me to sleep myself to death"; and thus do despairing ones ask to be left in their misery. Dear soul, we cannot, we dare not, desert you.

I will tell you what you shall do; do give me a hearing. In the name of God, believe that there is hope yet—that even now Christ Jesus invites men, and especially such as you, to put their trust in Him. O, you who are burdened with sin, He calls you to let Him be your Saviour. If there is a man in the world He died for, you are the man. If there is one man here that is worse than any other, more sad, more sick, more sorry, more despairing, than another, my Lord Jesus Christ, who is here, has come to meet with such a one. Oh troubled heart, Jesus has come to seek and to save *you!* Did you never hear

The Story of John Newton,

on the coast of Africa? He had got himself into such a state by his sins, his drunkenness, his vice, that at last he was left on the coast of Africa, and virtually became a slave. Did John Newton dream, when he wandered up and down with a hungry belly, full of fever, and at death's door, that the day would come when he would be the companion and dear friend of Cowper, and when the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, over there in the city, would be crowded every time he stood up to preach of free grace and dying love? He did not think it, but it was so predestined. Something equally gracious may be ordained for you.

III. I have many more things to say, but I might weary you with them rather than bless you. The message was at first not received by Israel by reason of their anguish, but it was

True for all That,

and the Lord made it so. What did the Lord do when He found that these people did not hearken to Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage? What did the Lord do? He was not going to give them up because of their wretched condition. He had said, "I will bring them out," and he meant to do it. The first thing the Lord did to prove His persevering grace was to commission Moses again. (Ex. 6: 1; 7: 2.) So the Lord God, in everlasting mercy, says to His minister, "Again proclaim My grace." It seems a terrible thing to have to pour our souls into deaf ears. Yet I shall not give it up, for I have done it with some here for nearly thirty-three years, and I may as well go on. Why should I lose so much labor? I will try again, like Peter, who, after toiling all night and taking nothing, yet let down the net at the Lord's bidding. One of these days those dead ears will be made to live.

It is a grand point when the Lord lays the conversion of men on the hearts of His ministers, and makes them feel that

They Must Win Souls.

Moses was bound to bring out Israel. God has issued His royal decree, and be you sure it will stand. I believe that God is saying to His church, "You have to do it. You have to gather out mine elect out of every nation under heaven." To the church in London He says, "Bring this people out of the bondage of sin." "Oh," says one man, who lives down some street near this place, "Sir, I can hardly live in this street. It teems with ill-living women." You have to save them. Passing a little shop as I did the other day, I saw written up in the window, "*If any poor girl that wishes to lead a better life will only step inside she will find a friend.* That is one of our dear members. I felt so pleased as I saw it. I should like to see such a notice in a great many windows. I would like to see you live among the wicked, and put up in your windows, "If anybody wants a friend, there is one inside. Come in." You are called to save them! They must not be *lost*.

Somebody says, "What are you talking about, Mr. Spurgeon? We cannot save them." I am talking as God said, when He told Moses and Aaron that He gave them a charge to bring His people out of Egypt. They could not do it, but yet they did it. Anyone can do what He can do, but it is only *God's servant that can do what he cannot do.* We, my brethren, are called to perform the impossible; we are to be familiar with miracles. To the eye of reason there is no use in preaching to men dead in sin. I freely admit *that;* but if it is a commission from God, then it is not ours to raise questions, but to do as we are bidden. Oh that He may give us grace to tell out the gospel, and to keep on doing it till He has brought His own elect out of the bondage of sin and Satan, and saved them with an everlasting salvation! The Lord bless you for His name's sake, Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE BASTINADO.*

WHILE in Egypt, Dr. Lansing visited the sugar plantations of Mustapha Pasha. While talking to Markus a Copt, who had bought a number of books, and to whom Dr. Lansing was anxious to sell a Bible, the missionary's attention was attracted by a cry of distress, and on looking out of the window to learn the cause, he beheld for the first time, the judicial administration of the bastinado. A number of the night watch on one of the cane plantations had gone to sleep at their posts, and were being punished therefor. The sentence was carried out in the presence of the judge, in front of the village café. Each man stepped forward in turn, and apparently without reluctance, and, lying down on his face, raised the soles of his feet. Two men sitting on the ground, one on each side of the culprit, firmly grasped his extended hands, and then placed their feet against his sides. Two others, likewise sitting on opposite sides of his knees, held his feet in place by means of a stick about four feet long, with a noose in the middle, which was wound around the ancles, they also steadying themselves by placing their feet against his sides, so that he was held as if in a vice. The torturers were two strong men, who had their flowing sleeves tied up so as to give their arms free play, and the instrument of torture was a koorbash, which is a heavy whip, much like our cowhide, about five feet long and made of hippopotamus skin. Each man struck the foot of the culprit. The whip was raised high in air, and came heavily down with a crash that reminded the missionary of our old-fashioned threshing with flails. The number of strokes was twenty-five. Some, whose hardened feet did not seem to suffer so much, received a few more; others, who squirmed very much and besought the Effendi very piteously for mercy, were let off with less. Most of them did not move, and when they rose, after limping a few steps, put on their shoes, and walked off as if nothing had happened.

An Escape from Darfurians.

During the afternoon, Dr. Lansing, while taking a stroll through the town, met with an adventure which came very near terminating his missionary career. Passing near a large factory, he observed in the yard some strange-looking black fellows, quite different from the tawny or dusty brown Copts and Arabians. On stepping in to look about, he found himself surrounded by twenty or thirty of them, violently gesticulating and vociferating, and evidently bent on mischief. One huge, ferocious fellow was on the point of striking, when the missionary sternly demanded to be let alone. Another then asked him what he wanted, and Dr. Lansing replied, "Nothing; I only walked in to look about me." The fellow at once, with no gentle

* From "Light in Darkness," or Missions and Missionary Heroes, by Rev. J. E. Godbey, D. D., and A. H. Godbey, A. M. An illustrated work on foreign missions in all quarters of the globe. 764 Pages. Sold by Subscription only. Published by *Holloway & Company*, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

Mgr. Bouland, the Converted R. C. Bishop.

The Promenade in Havana, Cuba.

grasp, laid hold of him, offering to show him about; but the doctor did not relish such friendliness; and on observing some others closing the huge gate, he wrested himself free, and walked out as fast as dignity would permit. On inquiring of a man whom he met, who the black fellows were, he was told that they were savage Darfurians, who had been brought from their native land to be trained as soldiers, and were detained at Esneh to be partially acclimatized. The man added, without knowing anything of Dr. Lansing's adventure, "They kill people when they can get them inside."

A Maronite Martyr.

Asaad El Shidiak, a talented Maronite priest, was employed to reply to the teachings of the missionaries in Syria, and began his preparations for the work by a course of research. While so engaged, the truth dawned upon him, and he became an advocate of the religion he had attacked. This drew upon him persecution, threats of excommunication, and twenty members of his family assembled to carry him by force to the Patriarch, his second elder brother being the leader. Asaad's expostulations and his mother's tears were alike in vain. He was taken to the convent of Alma and afterward to Canobeen. The place where he was destined to wear out the remainder of his days was one of the wildest and least accessible recesses of Lebanon. On his arrival there he was subjected by the order of the Patriarch to the most cruel treatment. With a heavy chain around his neck, the other end of which was attached to the wall, he had to lie on the bare floor. When he died, or how, is not definitely known. When Ibrahim Pasha captured Acre, Mr. Tod, an English merchant, procured from him ten soldiers, and searched the convent, but Asaad could not be found. The Patriarch asserted that he had been dead two years, but though this was doubted, nothing reliable could be learned.

MGR. LEON BOULAND.

(*See Portrait.*)

THE remarkable letter sent to the Pope by the distinguished ecclesiastic, whose portrait appears on this page, will win for him the respect of all Protestants. Though so highly placed in the Romish Church he has voluntarily severed himself from her communion on conscientious grounds. He wrote: "My decision to withdraw from the Roman Church is not a thought of recent origin. It is the mature result of convictions forced upon me during my travels in both hemispheres, and of my study for ten years of the chief religious and social questions which agitate our time—questions to which the Christian fathers furnish solutions wholly at variance with the Syllabus, and the policy of the Ultramontane Court."

Leon Bouland is about forty years of age. He is a Frenchman, and a graduate, with the highest honors, of the University of Paris. His studies for the priesthood were carried on under the personal direction of Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers and Primate of Africa. In 1881 Monsignor Bouland received the honorary appointment of Canon of St. Michael the Archangel, Rome; and in 1882, that of President-General of the Society of the "Avocats de St. Pierre" in North America. The same year he was made a member of the "Academie des Arcades" in Rome; Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Rheims; Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre; and *Private Chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII.* In June, 1886, Monsignor Bouland was also appointed by the Pope General Director of the organization in North America of the Society of St. Peter's Pence. He first visited this country in 1875 for the purpose of writing a history of the French in North America, a work now nearly completed.

While preparing his book for the press Monsignor Bouland has occupied himself with the charge of a French Roman Catholic church at Central Falls, R. I., and with the founding of another French church in Boston.

THE PROMENADE IN CUBA.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE Queen of the Antilles, as the island of Cuba is called, has an estimated population of about a million and a half, of whom the whites, including the coolies, number about 800,000. It has an area of 43,000 square miles, which is about the size of the State of Virginia. Its climate is one perpetual summer, of which August and September are the hottest months. In the lovely uplands of the south alone are those two months tolerable. In the low-lying districts the yellow fever scourge is then fearfully active, and annually carrries off its large percentage of victims. The iliustration on this page represents the promenade in Havana, the capital, which is almost the only amusement at the command of the Cuban ladies. The strange, awkward-looking vehicles appear early in the day, and, as the sun grows hot, they disappear, and the ladies resume their monotonous life within doors. The men do not often join in these promenades. Their time is divided between their offices and the numerous cafés and restaurants, which are declared to be the most sumptuous in the world. Religious life in Cuba is at the lowest ebb. Nominally, it is Roman Catholic, but, especially among the males, practical Atheism is the rule.

FRED HOLDEN'S DEFALCATION.

(*See Illustration on page 397.*)

Two men were seated in the smoking-room of a hotel, in a large city, one dull, drizzly January afternoon. The one whose name was Frederick Holden was a middle-aged man, dressed somewhat expensively, but in excellent taste. His companion, Alfred Willett, was much more homely in appearance; evidently not a city man, judging by the provincial cut of his clothes and his quieter, more sluggish manner. They smoked for some time in silence, or talking on impersonal matters; but as the last of the other occupants of the room rose and went out, they drew their chairs near together.

"Now, then, Fred," said Willett, "what did you mean in your telegram? What is the urgent matter that you wanted me to decide for you?"

"Well, Alf," said Holden, "I have no real friend besides you, and I want you to advise me in the worst strait a man can be in. I am in a desperate fix, and I do not know which way out of it involves the least risk."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Willett; "as a general principle, however, I do not think it is best to look at a difficulty from that standpoint. When a man is cornered, I believe he ought to ask what is the *right* course, and not trouble himself about the risk. However, let me hear what the trouble is."

"Well it is money trouble of the worst kind. You remember that five years ago, when I was married, marriage seemed to be the most desirable thing on all hands. Daisy's father was dead, and she had decided to seek a situation as governess. I was earning enough as confidential clerk to support us comfortably, though living alone I was spending the greater part of my salary. If I had possessed about five or six hundred dollars to furnish a home, we might be married immediately. Daisy would be spared the humiliation of earning a livelihood, and I should be better and happier in married life. The advantages were undeniable, but then I did not possess the requisite five hundred dollars, and I fretted considerably over that miserable deficiency. Finally I could bear it no longer, and as I had a large sum belonging to the company always passing through my hands, I concluded to borrow what I needed, and repay it gradually out of my salary. It was easily done, but to repay it was difficult. We had many

expenses at first, Daisy's sickness and my own, and then the children came. The first three years the salary did not cover expenses, and the ice being broken, I borrowed more money to make up the deficiency. So it has gone on, until now my shortage is fully two thousand dollars."

Willett raised his hands in horror. "I hoped you were going to say it still stood at five hundred. I would have made an effort to let you have that, but two thousand is hopeless."

"Thank you, old man," said Holden, "I knew I could count on your good will, but I did not expect you could lift me out of this. The worst feature of the affair is that discovery is inevitable. There is a new element in the Board of Directors. Two or three of them are troubled with conscientious scruples about their duty, and there is to be a thorough audit next week; I shall have to show that my balance is correct to a cent. Now what am I to do?"

"Oh, you can have no doubt of that. You should confess the whole case; tell the Directors the circumstances, and offer, if they will forgive you and retain you in office, to work on half pay till the shortage is repaid."

"Ah! there your country training leads you astray. No director would do that. He dare not, in view of what would be said if the thing leaked out. No, I should be dismissed without a character; Daisy would break her heart, and we should all starve. No that would not do. What is generally done, is for the clerk to seize all he can lay his hands upon, and make tracks for Canada, sending for his family afterward."

Holden's Last Letter.

"I would rather die than do that, Fred," said Willett; "you would never be happy again. Your conscience would torment you continually. No; be persuaded; do the right thing, whatever the consequence may be. Make your peace with God by repentance and entreat His forgiveness through Christ, and He will see you through, somehow. You may have to suffer; sin involves that, but you will be supported."

"Frankly," said Holden, "I have not the courage to confess. I know what the result would be. Is there nothing else you can think of? Do you know any one who would advance the two thousand dollars?"

Willett shook his head. "No, my dear boy," he said, "there is only the one course open to you. Depend upon it, any other will involve you in deeper sin and misery."

Holden was not convinced. The other way was so much smarter and had so often succeeded. He sighed heavily, and the two friend separated never to meet again on earth. Many years afterward Willett heard the end of his friend's tragic story. An unfinished letter in Holden's hand came to him enclosed in one from Mrs. Holden. In his own letter Holden said that the money he took with him to Canada, as he decided, had been lost within a year. That despairing of earning a living there, he had gone to England, only to meet with new disappointment. He was then in utter destitution, living in a wretched garret, earning a scanty subsistence by copying law documents. "I wish," he wrote, "I had taken your advice. I have found it true that the way of transgressors is hard." The letter ended there, and Mrs. Holden wrote that she found him dead in his chair, his head resting on his arm, the pen still in his hand, and the unfinished letter before him on his desk. His last words were those written to his friend.

THE EPOCHS OF A LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. L. S. Keyser.

(*Continued from page 382.*)

WHEN the third summer vacation was over the two students were back again in their old college haunts shaking hands with the friends who had returned, like themselves, to their academical duties At the close of the first day of the session, George and Hadley sat in their old study, talking in a desultory fashion.

"By the by, George," said Hadley at length, "did you notice that we have a new accession to our class this term?"

Dane gave vent to a sarcastic snort, as he replied, "Oh, yes, I saw him, and I amused myself by fixing the category he belongs to."

"Well, in what sort of a gauge did you succeed in putting him?"

"He is rather a priggish, starchy character, and his mental diamond is not of the first water. Forehead too smooth and narrow. No danger that he will snatch the honors from us. Rather handsome, though, and may be a ladies' man."

"You are quite an analyst. But did you learn anything about him?"

"I played the part of Paul Pry, I acknowledge, and learned that he studied under a private tutor before he came here, and has passed a creditable examination for admission to the Senior Class. And more than that, thanks to my inquisitive proclivites, I have found out that he is designed for the ministry."

"Wh-e-e-w!" whistled Hadley, intensely interested in these facts. "There is some fun in store for us at last. This embyro parson will make a splendid target for our wads of humor. We shall see how much of an expert he is at intellectual fencing. If you have gauged him correctly, we need not be afraid of discomfiture. Of course, we might know that he is not a man of much calibre, or he never would have chosen the ministry as his profession. No one with a sound, healthy brain would throw away his manhood and his prospects in life for a useless and puerile vocation like that."

"Hold, there!" interfered Dane, "let us be fair. Dr. Hartridge, President of the College, is a preacher—a D. D., you know—and I understand that he served a number of congregations very acceptably before he was hoisted to his present position. So is Dr. Battinger, our Professor of Latin, a clergyman, and yet you think him the most brainy man of the Faculty."

"Yes that is so," Hadley admitted. "They are shining examples of able men in the pulpit; but you must remember that they have abandoned the profession now, and you may depend that their present occupation is much more congenial. It is not unlikely that they were glad to find a way of escape from regular preaching that did not necessitate a confession of change of view."

"Still, they were able men, and I should think as young men as they were, to use your reprehensible slang, brainy men and they chose the profession of the ministry, so we must not be too hasty in concluding that the same choice in another young man is a clear proof of semi-imbecility. I base my opinion of the new student on more philosophical grounds."

"Well we shall see how he acts: I think we shall have some fun with him."

The fun commenced not many days afterward. In some colleges it might have begun earlier; but in the Grand Central hazing was not permitted. There are methods, however, of trying a man's power of self-control quite as severe as the rough horse-play of hazing. An insult, a withering sarcasm, a brutal taunt, may goad into fury a man who could bear physical pain with the endurance and unruffled composure of an Indian. Harrison Duneman, the new student, was a man peculiarly susceptible to such treatment. He was a dull man, whose strong animal nature was proof against pain, but whose mental nature was weak and undisciplined. He was morbidly sensitive to slights, as most dull men are, and had none of the nobleness of spirit which can bear to see another's superiority recognized by society. Conscious of mental power, and proud too of acquirements which his sluggish nature had gained only by severe labor, it mortified him when a company which had been bored by his serious remarks was charmed by the light jests of some witty humorist. He could not forgive a man who so eclipsed him, and he hated with vindictive hatred a man who made him the butt of his raillery. Duneman took life seriously, and a good-humored joke to which he could find no repartee stung him like a blow. It was a cruel fate that threw him into rivalry with Madelling and Dane, who, having none of the instincts of good breeding, which keep a true gentleman from wantonly hurting the feelings of another, had no compunction about wounding him wherever he might be vulnerable.

It was in the class-room of the Professor of mathematics that the campaign opened. A

difficult problem was submitted, and Duneman, with some show of confidence, undertook its solution on the black-board. He worked rapidly and without hesitation for some minutes, to the surprise of some members of the class who had confessed their inability to solve it. But then his hand wavered; he had lost the thread of calculation, and stood before the board in evident embarrassment. An audible titter went through the class, in which Duneman would have joined if he had been less conceited or more self-possessed.

Madelling was then called upon to essay the solution of the problem. Mathematics had long been his favorite study, and he was perfectly familiar with the problem in hand. He saw where Duneman had gone astray, and with easy celerity the figures were displayed on the board and the correct result underscored with a flourish. Hearty applause broke out on all hands except from Duneman, who stood glaring at the board, the prey of chagrin and mortification. Hadley glanced at him, saw his suffering, and with a spirit of wicked mischief took up the crayon again and wrote at the foot of the black-board: "*For the benefit of the unevolved Parson.*" It was a cruel blow, applied with the dexterity of the Dublin hackney coachman who prided himself on his ability to rouse his beast to a gallop by applying his whip to "a raw." The class, however, thought it witty and burst into loud laughter. Duneman winced, his face flushed, and he turned angrily on his tormentor. But the words would not come, and he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. Finally he turned to the Professor and said: "Am I to be insulted by a country bumpkin? The sacred calling I have chosen has nothing to do with this matter, and it ought to be protected from coarse, boorish, and sacrilegious indignities."

It was Hadley's turn now to lose temper. The reference to his rusticity brought the blood to his face and showed that he too had "a raw." It was a gratuitous insult, like his own, and the tormentor who had felt no compunction at giving pain, quivered from head to foot when he received punishment in kind. He advanced with clenched hand as if to strike. By a violent effort, he controlled himself sufficiently to allow his partly lifted hand to fall by his side, and then the two angry students stood glaring at each other. At length Hadley hurled out from between his teeth a speech of vulgar abuse, which he afterward thought of with shame. He said: "You show more of the spirit of a wild-cat than of a man! I suppose that you are cultivating yourself for the pursuit of your 'sacred calling,' as you term it. Like most of your set, you have the spirit that built the inquisitorial fires in the Dark Ages. It is a pity that you can't take a joke, but must bristle up like a hyena! A pretty specimen of a pulpit exhorter, *you* are!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," interposed the Professor, with as much seriousness as he could command under the circumstances, "be seated, and do not quarrel over a harmless joke."

The class tittered.

"I do not think it a joke," said Duneman. "The fellow meant to insult me"; but he obeyed the Professor by taking his seat.

The class tittered louder.

"And I am persuaded that he is too much of a torpedo to make a good parson," put in Hadley, sarcastically.

The class broke into a loud guffaw.

"I insist that this interchange of words be stopped at once," broke in the Professor, sternly, and all knew that he meant what he said. "Gentlemen, I regret that this undignified passage has taken place in my recitation-room, and hope that such an offence against decorum will not be repeated. Since it is your first offence, I will not report you to the President, but a repetition of the scene shall be summarily dealt with. The class is excused."

Hadley walked sullenly to his room in company with his friend Dane, who was still laughing over the encounter and was amused as much by his friend's tragic mood.

"What is it that is so ludicrous?" Hadley asked, "I see nothing to laugh at. The fellow is a regular porcupine. Don't you think he disgraced himself?"

"Oh! there was not much difference between you, I think," said Dane; "you called each other names, that was all. You began it, you know, and I thought you were going to hit him. I am glad you stopped in time. It was grand, though, to see you both there on exhibition like a couple of wild beasts. Oh, Oh!" and Dane went off into another explosion of laughter.

"Well you are not very sympathetic," said Hadley. "I should have thought my friend would have resented such an insult to me. A country bumpkin indeed!"

"Oh! there is no need for me to take up the cudgels; you showed yourself fully a match for our clerical friend. You forgot, I suppose, when you began throwing stones that you live in a glass-house. Well, well get the panes replaced and think no more about it."

Repairs, however, were not easily made on either side. The dislike engendered between the two students increased rather than diminished. Duneman, too, having discovered that Madelling held sceptical opinions, came to regard the quarrel as in a sense a religious dispute and to regard himself as a martyr suffering for conscience sake. He spoke of Madelling as "the infidel student," and it was not difficult in a community of the kind in which they lived to arouse a prejudice against him on that ground. He began to meditate on plans for humiliating him, and with Jesuitical spirit to think that it did not much matter whether the means employed were quite honorable, so desirable did it seem that the enemy of religion should be put to shame. So on each side the enmity between them grew and intensified.

In the mean time other events of importance were occurring. It was thought advisable by the college authorities to give the undergraduates an opportunity for frequent practice in public speaking. Besides many special days and anniversaries, when speaking was in order, every third Saturaday forenoon was devoted to the reading of essays and the delivery of orations by the young men and women of the college. The exercises were held in what was called "Chapel Hall," which, although a large, commodious room, was almost invariably filled to overflowing by an interested audience. In this way the young aspirants for literary or oratorical distinction had excellent opportunities for the exercise and display of their budding talents, and it must be confessed that many of the productions delivered there were above a mediocre quality. There was the embryonic promise of the future essayist, poet, lawyer, or legislator.

On the first Saturday morning devoted to these exercises after the beginning of the new session, there was a general rush for Chapel Hall. Our two friends, Hadley and George, sat together as usual, on one of the seats occupied by the Senior class. The hum of conversation was heard through the hall before the exercises began. Suddenly Hadley's attention was arrested by the entrance of a young lady, through the doorway at the side of the room, whose appearance impressed him.

"Do you see that young lady?" he whispered to Dane. "The one just entering the door."

The young men watched her, as she stepped up the aisle along the wall, and then turning, found a seat near them, a little in front and to their right. Courtesy would not allow them more than a brief occasional glance at her, but those furtive glances were sufficient to convince them that she was a fascinating girl, with dark-blue eyes, and pearly, slightly pale cheeks. Yet there was an element of hauteur and imperiousness in her bearing, and a kind of reckless abandon characterized the toss of her head, as if she cared very little for the good or bad opinion of others, and as if her thinking was carried on with entire independence.

"Mr. Analyst," said Hadley, touching his friend's arm, "there is another specimen upon whom to exercise your critical faculty. What is your opinion of that young lady, eh?"

Dane scrutinized her closely for a few minutes before he answered.

"She is certainly very beautiful," he said, "and appears to be intellectual. No doubt she is a cultivated girl, and there is something charming about her apparently easy and careless carriage. She is a girl, too, who will not swallow every kind of teaching she hears. You can read her independence in her physiognomy, and in every movement of her graceful head. Yet I cannot say that my admiration of her is unqualified. I am afraid that she is too haughty and too indifferent to public opinion, and probably a little 'strong-minded' for a woman. She reminds me of a certain forward female I once met, who was an arrant scoffer at religion, and I could not help but feel that such raillery came with an ill grace from her lips. It seemed so out of harmony with that modest femininity which is the peculiar heritage of woman. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that this girl entertains some opinions not in accord with reigning ideas, and that she has the courage to assert them. Nevertheless, I confess that I admire her blonde beauty."

"Well, you have characterized her very happily," returned Hadley. "You have put in apt phrases what I had indefinitely in my mind It remains to be seen whether your analysis is correct."

During the progress of the exercises, Hadley divided his attention about equally between them and the young lady who had arrested his attention. While some well-digested and thoughtful production was being delivered, he noticed that she was an attentive and appreciative listener; but when the performance was crude and puerile, she could not conceal her impatience. A frown of displeasure would contract her brow and her eyes would wander restlessly over the audience.

"She has no patience with immature thought," reflected Hadley. "Evidently she is a thinker herself. At any rate, she has gotten beyond the crude state. The question is, where does she belong? I shall start out on a voyage of discovery as soon as the exercises are over."

No sooner was the last speech delivered and the audience dismissed, than Hadley proceeded to put his resolve into execution; but his inquiries only proved that his fellow-students were as ignorant of the girl's name and whereabouts as he was himself. It appeared that she was a stranger. Not many of the young men of the class had observed her in the crowd, and none of them could give him a clue. But Hadley was a resolute young man, and he was not to be thwarted easily.

"Tell you what, Dane," he said, taking his friend's arm, "I have a plan by which we may ferret out her hiding-place. Come along, let us follow her—accidentally, of course—until we find out where she lives."

In the crowd passing down the stairs to the ground floor they had some difficulty in keeping the girl in the range of their vision, but by dint of considerable effort they got closer to her, and then, assuming a careless manner, which one of them at least did not feel, they sauntered along in the crowd a few paces in her rear. As the people dispersed to the right and left, the young men had to be more careful lest their surreptitious pursuit should be discovered. The young lady, accompanied by a friend, continued her walk along Main Street through the heart of the town, and by the time she had reached the suburbs beyond, there were very few persons besides herself upon the sidewalk. Presently she turned aside, opened the gate in front of an elegant residence, surrounded by tall poplars and maples, and waving her friend adieu, she stepped lightly up the stone walk and entered the house with that familiar freedom which says, "This is my home."

(*To be Continued.*)

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 1, Exodus 24 : 1-12. Golden Text, Heb 8 : 10

Moses Called Up to the Mount—The Old and the New Dispensations—The Vow of the People—The Signification of the Offering—Something Lacking—Power Given Through Christ—Moses Supernaturally Sustained—The Indispensable Element of Worship—The Plan of the Tabernacle Imparted—Its Types—The Emblematic Stones—The Anointing of the Priests.

THE children of Israel were still in the Wilderness of Sinai. The law had been spoken to them from the mountain by the voice of God, with attendant circumstances which were calculated to inspire awe and terror, so that they had said to Moses. "Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us lest we die." (Ex. 20: 19.) "And Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was." It was darkness to the people, but it was light to Moses. It was there that the directions and promises of the next three chapters were given. And then God said to Moses: "Come up unto the Lord, thou, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and worship ye

Afar Off,

and Moses alone shall come near the Lord; but they shall not come nigh; neither shall the people go up with him." Oh, how different from the invitations of the New Testament! "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11: 28). Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus . . . let us draw near." (Heb. 10: 19–22.) The law says, "Stand off;" the Gospel, "Draw nigh."

Moses came and told the people all the words of the Lord, and all the judgments: and all the people answered with one voice and said, "All the words which the Lord hath said, will we do." It was the second time they had made this declaration (see Ex. 19: 8), but how little did they realize that they had not in themselves power to do all that they now engaged to do! "And Moses wrote all the words of the Lord." Whether he wrote upon a rock, as was often the case at that period, or whether, as in Deuteronomy 27: 23, upon stones, plastered with plaster, which would harden when the writing was finished, we know not. As the writing seems to have formed a portable book, perhaps it was on a wax tablet, or on the papyrus leaf, which was much used in Egypt later. After writing God's messages, Moses built an altar, with twelve pillars, that all the tribes of Israel might be represented there. And then he sent young men, which offered burnt offerings, and peace offerings, as a seal of the people's pledge of obedience. The burnt offering signified the offering of themselves to God, and the peace offering, their vows and thanksgiving to God." (Lev. 7: 12–17.) And Moses took half of the blood, and put it in basins; and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar. And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people: and they said (for the third time), "All that the Lord hath said, will we do, and be obedient." But there was

Something Still Lacking:

man may have the best intentions, but without the precious blood of Christ he cannot carry them out. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin"; the unclean might not enter into the tabernacle. We "were not redeemed by corruptible things, such as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." (1 Pet. 1: 18.) Moses took the blood and sprinkled it on the people, and said, "Behold the blood of the covenant which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words." It was but a type—man's imperfect offering to God. But He saw through it His beloved Son, "an high priest of good things to come," who "neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood . . . entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." (Heb. 9: 12.) Jesus pleads for us that He has been slain as the one great Offering, and on this ground He makes it possible for man to enter into covenant with God. How many have said, not three times, but fifty times, a hundred times, "All that the Lord saith unto me, I will do, I will walk so as to please God, I will not turn aside," and yet, again and again, there have been failures. "But what the law could *not* do, in that it was weak through the flesh," God did. How? He sent "His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin." He sent Him to shed His blood, and so "condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." (Rom. 8: 3, 4.) The law says, "You *ought* to walk so as to please God." The precious blood says, "You *can* walk so as to please God; your sins are atoned for, they condemn you no more. The life is in the blood, life for you to *enable* you to do the will of God." "I will put My laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts." (Heb. 8: 10.) Praise God, it is not only our duty, but a blessed possibility, to do the will of God. "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. 9: 22.) Life purges death. The law is the "ministration of death, written and engraven in stones (II Cor. 3: 7); the precious blood is the very life of Christ, not only poured out, but imparted to us as our life.

Having thus mediated God's covenant with the people, Moses went up into the mountain with Aaron, Nadab, Abihu, Joshua, and seventy elders of Israel, "and they saw the God of Israel." It was "devouring fire" to all who were below, but on the mountain all was glory and the effulgence of light. After eating and drinking together in the mountain, Moses and Joshua arose, and "Moses went up into the mount" that he might be permitted to enter into the thoughts of God, and into His plans and purposes as never before. Moses was content, at the call of God, to leave the people, much as his presence seemed necessary; God was responsible. Forty days and forty nights, without eating, drinking, and probably without sleeping, too, Moses was in the mount with God; but he was breathing in an atmosphere of life itself from his close contact with God; and no doubt He who breathed into Adam's nostrils the breath of life, had some means of sustaining Moses supernaturally.

God was about to teach Moses His will about worship. The first element of worship (now that the people had been sprinkled with the blood) was the spirit of sacrifice. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they bring Me an offering; of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart shall ye take my offering." There is no real worship without

Giving to the Lord.

The right order is, They "first gave their own selves to the Lord," (II Cor. 8: 5), and then, according to our value for Jesus, will be our further giving to Him. Some count *themselves* worthy of a richly furnished house, horses, carriages, and servants, and *Christ* worth about as much as the wages of their kitchen maid. The first disciples were in a hurry to get rid of all that belonged to them, "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." (Acts 4: 32.) They counted Jesus worthy of their all. Then God gave Moses the pattern of an ark of testimony which was to contain the law within, and the manifest presence of God without. "And then I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel." Then God commanded Moses to make a table on which the shew-bread should be placed before Him always; and a candlestick of pure gold with seven branches. All this was to speak of Christ. He is the ark, God's meeting-place with man; He is "the Bread of Life" typified by the shew-bread; He is "the Light of the world," God's golden candlestick. Then the tabernacle was to be made of many parts, pillars, boards, curtains, tables, loops and sockets to make "one tabernacle" (Ex. 26: 6.) It was to be thus a beautiful picture of the Church of Christ, "For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body. . . For the body is not one member, but many." (1 Cor. 12: 13-14.)

He next commanded him to make holy garments for Aaron, "for glory and for beauty" (Ex. 28: 2), and above the holy garments Aaron was to wear two onyx stones upon his shoulders with the names of the children of Israel graven upon them, "And Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord upon his two shoulders for a memorial" (Ex. 28: 12). His strength was to bear their weakness! Oh! What a type of our beloved Lord who bears our unworthy names upon His Almighty shoulder. "The government shall be upon *His* shoulder (Isa. 9: 6.) And then Moses was to make a breast-plate with the names of the children of Israel also engraven upon it. "And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel

Upon His Heart

when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually." (Ver. 29.) But he was not only to bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart, but also Aaron must have a plate of pure gold upon his forehead with the inscription "Holiness unto the Lord," "that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things . . . that *they* may be accepted before the Lord." (Ver. 38.) Oh how wondrous! The sin which we have committed so lightly, lies heavy on the heart of our great High Priest. Then God commanded Moses to clothe Aaron and his sons with the holy garments and consecrate them. But before they could be anointed, their right ear, right hand, and right foot must be marked with blood, in token that they were a blood-bought and ransomed priesthood. (Ex. 29: 20.) Are not we too priests unto God? Then they might be anointed with the holy oil made for no other purpose, and none like it must be made, on pain of death. "Upon man's flesh shall it not be poured," but only on the holy garments. (Ex. 30: 30-33.) There must be no imitation of the Holy Ghost, God's true anointing; and the Spirit cannot rest upon the flesh; God's Spirit comes on Christ in us, and not upon our self-life. And God commanded also that when a census of the children of Israel was taken, every man should give "a ransom for his soul unto the Lord," an acknowledgement that his life was forfeited, yet redeemed. And He also ordained that a continual burnt offering should be offered, a morning and an evening sacrifice, "at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord; when I will meet you, to speak there unto thee. And then I will meet with the children of Israel, and the tabernacle shall be sanctified by My glory . . . And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God. And they shall know that I am the Lord their God, that brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, *that* I may dwell among them: I am the Lord their God." This was the purpose of all—that God might dwell among them. The purpose of His dealings with us is that He may dwell *in* us.

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What's the use of always fretting,
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Travel on, and "Never Mind."

Travel onward; working, hoping;
Cast no lingering glance behind,
At the trials once encountered.
Look ahead and "Never Mind."

What is past, is past forever.
Let all fretting be resigned.
It will never help the matter,
Do your best and "Never Mind."

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to heaven, and "Never Mind."

Friendly words are often spoken,
When the feelings are unkind,
Take them for their real value,
Pass them by, and "Never Mind."

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined,
If your trust in God is steadfast,
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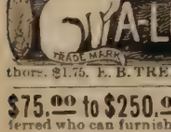

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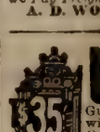

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THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

A Mysterious Providence—The Lamented Emperor—His Childhood—Education—First Meeting with the Princess Victoria—How He Proposed to Her—Marriage in 1858—Protest Against Despotic Government—The Schleswig-Holstein War—Good Generalship at Sadowa—His Triumph at Sedan—A Characteristic Incident—Illness—The Death Scene.

THE death of the Emperor of Germany on Friday, June 15, should remind us that we walk by faith, not by sight. Were it not so, such an event would be altogether grievous and lamentable. Happily the Christian is assured that in public affairs, as in the events of his own life, God is ordering everything according to His own wise purposes. The world is not controlled by chance, nor by the caprices of a malevolent fate. At times we are confronted by events which we cannot understand; success and failure are not distributed according to our ideas of merit, and the ills that flesh is heir to fall more heavily upon one whose life appears to us the most blameless, while the evil-doer escapes them. So is it with the end of life. A man whose career promises to be a blessing to the world is cut off before his beneficent projects are realized, while others live on, working mischief and causing misery, into old age. We feel as the disciples did on the road to Emmaus, as they talked together, and were sad, and are inclined to say with them, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." At such times even prayer seems to be of no avail, and our spirits are depressed by the taunts of the enemy, who uses their apparent failure as a reproach. As a nation we have had to bear those taunts,

As When Lincoln Died,

and again when Garfield was taken away. It is so now in Germany when the enlightened Prince, from whose wisdom and justice so much of good was expected, is removed at the commencement of his reign, and his place occupied by one whose character and principles are antagonistic to national liberty and progress. Disappointment is natural, but its voice is hushed by the thought that some wise purpose surely underlies the mysterious event and will become manifest when all mysteries are explained. In this special case it may be that the sagacious, peace-loving ruler has been called to give place to the headstrong, ambitious youth who succeeds him, in order that in

The Events Which are Coming

upon the world Germany may play the part marked out for her by divine wisdom, and the impending calamities may be brought down by an appropriate instrument. "Thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace," said the Lord to the good King Josiah, "because thine heart was tender, and thou didst humble thyself before God, and thine eyes shall not see all the evil that I will bring upon this place." (II Chron. 24: 27, 28.) God in His providence works by natural means: the curse causeless does not come; it may therefore be that in the final crisis is this world's history on which we are about to enter—a period of wars and tumults—there is work appointed for Emperor William II. to do, which he will do from the promptings of his own ambition, unconscious that he is fulfilling the purposes of the King of kings. Thus it will be seen that it was in mercy that Emperor Frederick was gathered to his fathers and Emperor William reigns in his stead.

Frederick's Childhood

was passed in a time of general European unrest. He was born at Potsdam on October 18, 1831. His grandfather, Frederick William III., the grand-nephew of Frederick the Great, was then King of Prussia. The country was menaced by Austria from without, and by the discontented people within. England was passing through the throes of a great political convulsion. France had just driven out her weak king, and filled his place by one still weaker. Russia was crushing out, with cruel, ruthless hand, the last embers of the Polish revolt. Spain and Portugal were in anarchy, and Turkey was sullenly bowing before the inexorable logic of the events of 1827–29. Two lives—those of his uncle and father, lay between the child and the throne, and those two lives covered a momentous but glorious period of national history. Of the Prince's boyhood not much is related. His mother, who was a pupil of Goethe, devoted herself, unremittingly, to his training, and she was aided by Ernst Curtius, the historian of Greece.

In 1840 Frederick William III. died, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Frederick William IV., the uncle of the late Emperor. His reign was chiefly remarkable for the civil commotions which, in common with all Europe, agitated Prussia. The part which Prince William, the father of the late Emperor, took in suppressing the rising in Berlin rendered him obnoxious to the people, and it was deemed advisable that he and his family should leave Prussia for a time. They went to England, and then it was that the young prince Frederick, then a youth of seventeen, who quitted the university to accompany his father, first saw the little girl who afterwards became his wife. It was the hope of both families that these two might be united, and ten years later that hope was realized. The story of

His Marriage

opens in so simple and natural a manner that, though it has often been told, it deserves reproduction here. In September, 1855, when all England was rejoicing over the capture of Sebastopol, Frederick paid a visit to the Queen at Balmoral. He went thither with the consent of his parents and of his uncle, the King, Frederick William IV., to ask for the hand of Princess Victoria, a young maiden of fifteen years.

Writing in her journal, on Sentember 29th, the Queen says: "Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. . . . He had already spoken to us, on the 20th; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better that he should do so, and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban, this afternoon, he picked *a piece of white heather* (the emblem of good luck), which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnock, which led to this happy conclusion." A pretty story, simply told. Writing on Oct. 2, the Prince Consort says that Prince Fritz left Balmoral on the previous day, and speaks in ardent praise of the childlike simplicity and candor of his daughter. "The young people are ardently in love with one another," he adds, "and the purity, innocence, and unselfishness of the young man have been, on his part, equally touching." It was this engagement in 1855 which was fulfilled on January 25, 1858, when the gallant soldier-prince was married to the Princess on whom his heart was set.

The bride and bridegroom were heartily welcomed in Berlin, and in August of the same year Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited them in their new home. A great change was impending over Prussia. The then King was stricken with a painful malady, and after the royal travellers from England had returned to her shores, Prince William was formally declared Prince Regent. He had acted in that capacity since the autumn of 1857; but in October, 1858, he was appointed Regent with full powers, his brother's dementia being declared incurable. Three years later, January 2, 1861, the afflicted monarch died, the Prince Regent became King, and our hero

Crown Prince.

The King, under the guidance of Bismarck, at once set himself to the thorough reorganization of the army, which in spite of the resistance of his people he enormously increased. He insisted on the old feudal prerogatives of royalty and though he was faithful to the letter of the Constitution, he took advantage of all his resources to render it powerless and to defeat the checks it imposed upon him. That slowly but surely brought on a constitutional crisis During the long persistent struggle with the majority in the Lower House, which had taken England for a model, Herr Von Bismarck fought the King's battle with a force and dexterity totally unexpected, and the temper of the combatants rose to such a pitch that quarrels and duels were frequent. Prince Frederick William was imbued with English opinions; his wife's influence, which was paramount with him to the end of his life, having already operated upon him. In 1863 the strife had reached a critical stage, the policy of the Government became harsh, and the Crown Prince was so moved that he addressed words of strong remonstrance to his father. He did so in a memorable letter, in which he respectfully but earnestly besought the King to yield to the wishes of his people and warned him that the fate of the dynasty would be imperilled by his despotic policy. He even offered to resign his command in the army and the offices he held about the court, if his father desired.

The Outbreak of War,

however, put an end to this controversy, and also showed that the King's persistence in strengthening the army was justified by resuks. The Crown Prince was disgusted with the unequal struggle between Prussia and Austria combined, and the little Kingdom of Denmark, but his duty as the first subject of the realm was clear, and he went through the one short campaign, which sufficed to end the struggle, on the staff of Marshal Wrangel. The conflict with Austria, in which this Danish war culminated in 1866, appealed much more forcibly to the Crown Prince's patriotism, and it also established his reputatiou as an able general. Scarcely had the declaration of war been heard when he was marching through the mountains of the Silesia frontier with 125,000 men at his back. Once over the mountains into Bohemia the Crown Prince's successive blows—Trautenau, Nachod, Skalitz—fell upon the bewildered Austrians like thunder from a clear sky, while Prince Frederick Charles fought his way toward the same point from the other side, sweeping away all obstacles with a rapidity which gave to this strange campaign its now historical name of the Seven Days' War. But before the two invading hosts could unite, the Austrian commander-in-chief fell upon Frederick Charles with a superior force, hoping to overwhelm him before the Crown Prince could come up. The scene was the field of Sadowa, and at first it seemed lost to the Prussians, for the pressure of the Austrian masses was tremendous, and all the valor of the Northern army could barely hold its own against such odds. Suddenly the smoke rolled aside for a moment from the hard-fought field, and the Crown Prince, who had made a circuit to take the Austrians in the rear, was seen approaching. His arrival decided the day and won him the applause of all Europe. At the close of the day the Crown Prince joined his father on the meadows of Problus, where the delighted veteran took off his breast the Order of Merit and gave it to his son. The King has recorded the affecting incident: "At last I came upon Fritz, with his staff. What a moment, after all we had gone through, and upon the evening of such a day! I gave him the *Ordre pour le Merite* with my own hands, so that the tears ran down his cheeks."

The Franco-Prussian War,

four years later, rendered the Crown Prince still more illustrious. The victories of Weissenburg and Wörth, the investment of Strasburg, the passage of the Vosges, followed each other like claps of thunder, and he was pursuing his victorious advance when he learned that his late opponent, McMahon, was marching towards Metz to join Bazaine against Prince Frederick Charles. It was the situation of Sadowa over again, and once more the Crown Prince turned the scale. Although McMahon had nearly four days' start, the indefatigable German leader overtook him at Sedan, where a second Waterloo placed at the mercy of the conquerors 80,-

000 French soldiers, 4,000 officers, 400 guns, and the Emperor himself. After this he took part in the investment of Paris, and held his position until the capitulation was signed. During both these wars the Prince was the idol of his troops. It was not only his skill and valor that won their love, but his own regard for their comfort.

A Characteristic Incident

related by a press correspondent illustrates this interest. He wrote: "I have been the accidental and unseen witness of a little scene just now which is worth recording. A country cart was rumbling down the street with two wounded officers—young men—on their way to the station. An officer on foot beckoned to the driver to stop, and went up to the cart, the occupants of which tried to salute him, but he made a gesture, and leaning over, entered into conversation with them for ten minutes, evidently asking after their wounds. On parting, he shook each by the hand and continued his way up the street, accompanied by two other officers. He halted at my quarters and inquired if there were any wounded inside—they had been removed, some to their last resting-place—then went on, and, meeting a cart full of wounded soldiers, talked to them each in turn, and so went on, visiting the hospitals and the wounded in the most unostentatious manner. *It was the Crown Prince.* No wonder his men are fond of him."

The Years of Peace

which succeeded the war of 1870 were occupied by Frederick in the work allotted to capable men in his station; and he frequently represented the King in visits and ceremonials. Before that period, he was at the opening of the Suez Canal, and visited Palestine. After it, he went to Vienna, in 1873, to be present at the opening of the Exhibition; and subsequently travelled in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. He paid a visit to Victor Emmanuel at Naples in 1875, and attended the funeral of that King in Rome in 1878. He presided over the Commission organized when the assassins Nobiling and Hödel endeavored to slay the Emperor William; and in 1881 it was his sad duty to witness the funeral of Alexander II., at St. Petersburg. On many other occasions he took part in public business, and was always ready to foster education, literature, and art. The excavations at Olympia, which yielded such fruit, owed much to him; and he did not forget his student days at Bonn. He was Rector of that University, and he presided over one of its great student celebrations. In addition to his scholastic rank at Bonn, the degree of Doctor was conferred on him by the Universities of Königsberg and Oxford. Moreover, he wrote one or two books; one on his Eastern tour, and another on the war of 1866.

His Fatal Malady

first appeared in January of last year. It was then thought to be only an inflammatory affection of the throat, with a cough and hoarseness. The affection, however, not yielding to treatment, Dr. Mackenzie, the famous specialist in throat diseases, was consulted, and in May he removed a foreign growth from the Prince's throat. The operation caused general uneasiness in Europe, which was not allayed by the report of Professor Virchow that cancer cells were not found in the part removed. Subsequent operations were performed, until at length the disease appeared so low down in the throat that it was no longer possible to operate from the mouth. By Dr. Mackenzie's advice the illustrious patient went to Italy to spend the winter. Varying reports of his condition appeared, but when, in February of this year, tracheotomy was finally resorted to, to save him from suffocation, the prospect of his recovery faded in gloom. On March 9, while he was still in Italy, his aged father died, and the Prince became

Emperor.

His address to his people, and the dignities he conferred on eminent men, confirmed the good opinion previously entertained of his character. His last official act was a still more decisive evidence of the enlightened policy he would have pursued had he lived. It was an indignant reproof to Government agents who interfered in the elections in the interest of the Government, and of Herr Puttkamer, the Secretary of the Interior, who directed them.

Meanwhile, however, his disease was making rapid progress. He became unable to take solid food, and his strength speedily declined. On June 14 it became evident that

His Death

was close at hand. The disease had affected the lungs, and the inflammation there could not be otherwise than fatal. Still, the Emperor maintained the tranquillity of mind which had characterized him throughout his affliction, and which did not desert him at the trying moment when he first learned the nature of his disease. He continued to write loving messages for his friends long after the power of speech had left him. Ever mindful of others, and knowing the jealousy with which the German physicians regarded Dr. Mackenzie, he wrote on one of his slips: "I feel that Dr. Mackenzie has done all that human science, watchfulness and skill, could do to prolong my life. I thank him." The Empress was promptly at his bedside when the dangerous symptoms appeared, and during the remaining hours of his life would not quit her post. The Emperor lay with her hand clasped in his, and once, when Bismarck appeared at his bedside, he placed it in that of the grim old chancellor, as if commending her who was soon to be a widow to his powerful protection. He remained perfectly conscious during the day and night, though the fatal symptom of coma occasionally asserted its sway. On the morning of Friday, June 15, the intervals of unconsciousness grew longer, and the members of the family grouped around the bed perceived that he was rapidly sinking. At eleven o'clock Dr. Mackenzie signed to the Empress, who fervently kissed the hand of the dying Emperor, and it was observed he drew it to him and kissed it—his last act. At twelve minutes past eleven o'clock Sir Morell took out his watch, and declared that life had passed away. So ended a life singularly noble and useful, and Germany now mourns in her dead Emperor, the soldier, the scholar, and the statesman, whose love for her, and concern for her welfare, ended only with his life.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Condemned Murderer's Despair.—An Evangelist remarks: "Not long ago there was a man who for murder was condemned to die, and was in one of the prisons awaiting the day of his execution. An old friend happening to visit the governor of the State, was being shown around the city, and among other places was taken through the prison and shown the condemned cell. After they were gone a warder attending the felon, said to him, 'Do you know who that was that was visiting you?' 'No, he gloomily replied. 'That was the governor of the State,' replied the warder. Then the condemned man stamped his foot in a paroxysm of despair, and exclaimed, 'Why did you not tell me before? If I had but known I would have knelt before him and prayed him to save me; but now it is too late.' Why does not every sinner kneel and ask pardon of the Saviour and Governor of the Universe, *now*, while He is passing by."

A Farmer's Death Foreshadowed.—"A farmer went almost daily into a market town to buy and sell. He regularly dined in a certain hotel in that town. One night he dreamt that he had entered the hotel, and when he was passing through the hall, he saw a door that he had never noticed there before. He turned the handle and walked in. The door immediately closed behind him, and to his horror he found himself in a room with a great number of his friends who had died. He tried to get out, but his efforts were in vain. 'You cannot get out,' said one of his skeleton friends; 'you, also, shall be dead in eight days.' In the morning the farmer awoke, much disturbed about his dream, and went at once to his minister and related it to him. 'You are an unsaved man,' said the minister, solemnly. 'You ought to come to Christ at once; a distinct call may have come to you through this dream.' 'No,' replied the farmer, 'I will not be whipped into the kingdom, but have no objection to be wooed and won by Christ.' 'Friend, don't let your proud folly ruin you for ever,' the minister exclaimed; 'God has been trying to win you for years.' 'And do you mean to tell me that I shall be a dead man in a week? It is all fancy; I will take my chance.' Next day, when the farmer was in the hotel, he looked for the door of which he dreamed, but he did not see it, and he went on living as before, until the eighth day arrived, when he entered the hotel to partake of his dinner, at which he drank a bottle of wine—perhaps more. Presently he mounted his horse, to go home; but on the road he fell from it, and was killed. How shocking is the end of all who obey not the gospel of Christ!"

The Smuggler's Cargo.—The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse told, in a recent sermon, of a boatman with whom he went fishing, and who joined him in greeting the daylight with the morning hymn. "Ah," said the man, "I could not have done that in the past; I did not feel like singing hymns when the day was breaking." And he told how in the past he had belonged to a smuggling crew, and how one day they saw the Government boat giving chase, and their one hope was in throwing the cargo overboard, lest that which would convict them should be discovered; they preferred to surrender the cargo rather than run the risk of imprisonment. At last, just as they were thinking that nothing that could lead to trouble would now be found on board, the hopeless cry was raised, "It's floating—it won't sink!" And there, in the wake of their vessel, and in sight of the Government officials, floated the incriminating cargo that the waves would not engulf! But it is not so with the evil that the heart abandons as it looks up to Christ. The tempter sometimes whispers to us that our sins are unpardonable, and such as must drive us to despair. But, whatever the tempter or our own depressed natures may suggest, there is nothing between the seeking soul and the Redeemer. "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." "He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

The Bank Manager's Investment.—Mr. Hamilton remarked: "A late very popular manager of a bank was visited by a friend, who said to him, 'Oh, Mr. B., I know of a first-class chance for making a fortune, if I had but a few hundred pounds to invest.' 'May I ask what it is?' replied the manager. His visitor then went into the details of the contemplated transaction, and Mr. B. said, 'I think it will be very profitable. Do you not mean to touch it?' 'I cannot,' said the other, despondingly, 'I have not sufficient capital just now.' That was all that was said, and the bank manager's friend took his departure. Some time afterwards, as he had drawn several rather heavy checques, this gentlemen sent his bankbook to be made up, and when it was returned to him he was surprised to find that there was an entry of £500 in his favor, which he did not remember having paid into the bank. He immediately went to the bank and inquired concerning it. The clerk could give him no information other than that the entry had been made at the instance of the manager. He went to his friend, the manager, about the mistake. 'It is not a mistake,' replied Mr. B., 'I directed it to be put there. When you were here last you gave me some information on a certain subject. I thought your views were right, and acted upon your advice, with the result that I have cleared a considerable profit, and the £500 paid in to your account is your share of it.' That man took his religion into practical business, and rendered to every man his due. Nothing would have been easier than for him to keep the whole profits, and few, knowing the circumstances, would have dared to find fault; but he loved his neighbor as himself."

HUMAN CONSTELLATIONS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at Winfield, Kansas., last Sunday Morning, June 24, 1888.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12 : 3.

Every Man has Influence—Is Peopling Heaven or Hell—How to Turn Many to Righteousness—I. By a Right Example—Result of a Little Child's Ablutions—The Best Kind of Binding for a Bible An Intrepid General in the Mexican War—II. By Prayer—A Mother's Prayer for a Wayward Boy—III. By Christian Admonition—IV. The Reward.—To be as Stars—Shining with Borrowed Light—A Light Independent—Unknown Graves at Richmond—Like Stars in Clusters—In Swift Motion—In Magnitude—In Duration.

EVERY man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done work in

Peopling Heaven or Hell.

I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values; or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me to stand here, and, by elaborate argument, prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail-train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed? I want to show you

How we may Turn Many

to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First. We may turn them *by the charm of a right example.* A child coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home, and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment, until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one school-boy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution, is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs, the better.

There are honest men who walk down Wall Street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick-room, and, by a look, help the broken bone to knit, and the excited nerves drop to a calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness,

The Mightiest Agent

of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calfskin, or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him, confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw everything. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a bright example!

When, in the Mexican War, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "Men, follow me!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright, you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of, "Men, follow!"

Again: We may turn many to righteousness

By Prayer.

There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid-Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraphic operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at eleven o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to New York, and the message gets here at six o'clock in the same morning. In other words, it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call, I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village, and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but

A Mother's Prayer

will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel ploughs on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion-tamer. It reached up, and took the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it.

What Prayer can Do.

We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American Church will pray with its face toward the West, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming-table, and go down to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer, and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith, we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving-bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent!

We may turn many to righteousness

By Christian Admonition

Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with a canting snuffle, is not what is wanted, but the heart-throb of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may hoist the flag of redemption.

The Reward.

But is all this admonition and prayer and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal lustre. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever." As stars, the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens, the stars pick up the scattered brands, and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph.

Christ left heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew He would come back again. But let Him abdicate His throne, and go away to stay for ever, the music would stop; the congregation disperse; the temples of God be darkened; the rivers of light stagnate; and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hillsides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with Him. He shall recognize them as His comrades in earthly toil, and remember what they did for the honor of His name, and for the spread of His kingdom. All their prayers and tears and work will rise before Him as He looks into their faces, and He will divide His kingdom with them; His peace—their peace; His holiness—their holiness; His joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb, and the entire nature a-tremble and a-flash with light, they shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have

A Light Independent

of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel, and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A

great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker

Standing Out Illustrious—

all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self-denials and pains and services and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond, and you will find there six thousand graves, over each one of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes; but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation: all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek and brow and foot and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the

Stars in Clusters.

In looking up, you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity. So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters.

I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God; and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society.

Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs and tears and raptures and congratulations. When they prayed, their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart-broken; when they worked for Christ they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars for ever and ever!

Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds

Do not Stop to Shine.

There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an alpenstock, leaps from world-crag to world-crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid-Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore, and be bound to no landing-place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing and wing—age after age—for ever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles.

You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes, the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles in a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles in an hour. So like the stars the Christian shall shine in swiftness of motion.

You hear now of father or mother or child sick one thousand miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in fulfilment of the text, take starry speed, and be equal to one hundred thousand miles an hour! Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God: you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin: you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like the stars,

Shine in Magnitude.

The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long, and at the bottom of the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then Omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry, and weighed world against world. Yea, he has pulled out his measuring line, and announced that Herschel is thirty-six thousand miles in diameter, Saturn seventy-nine thousand miles in diameter, and Jupiter eighty-nine thousand miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of strength, and a magnitude of holiness, and a magnitude of joy; and the weakest saint in glory become greater than all that we can imagine of an arch-angel.

Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; strength that shall do everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of stick kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world, if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall

Shine in Duration,

The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out His birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat Him! When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day, he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us last night.

In Independence Hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night, ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The star at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were

Symbols of Eternity.

But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The stars shall not shine forever. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. As, when the connecting factory-band slips at nightfall from the main-wheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop; so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall, by the touch of God's hand, slip the band of present law, and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariots in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign for ever and ever.

CONVERTED IN THE CATACOMBS.

IN an introduction to a lecture by Prof. de Launay, formerly Professor of ancient and modern languages in the State College of Louisiana, Canon Christopher recently gave an interesting account of the Professor's conversion from Roman Catholicism. It appears that M. de Launay, who is a native of Paris, after graduating at the University of Angers, was placed by his relatives under the care of the Vicar-General of the Jesuits, at Rome, as his spiritual adviser. He studied under Cardinal Mezzofanti, the most reputed linguist of his day. He was joined to the company of Jesus, and was sent to Fribourg. There, while preparing to enter as a novice, an attack of typhoid fever brought him to the verge of death. In his anguish of soul he sent for a priest to bring him the Viaticum, or last Communion. The priest, whilst lifting up the host, exclaimed in Latin, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"; "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These words were a light in the darkness to his agonized soul, but the clear, bright sun of simple trust in Christ was not yet apparent.

After recovering he returned to Rome, and he frequently visited the catacombs. Among these tombs of the martyrs his troubled spirit found peace, joy, light, and repose, in beholding, reading, and sketching the pictorial records and inscriptions on these tombs. Here he learned how far Popery had wandered away from the truth and teachings of Christ. In the first three centuries of bloody persecution he found nowhere a prayer for the dead, nor to the dead; nowhere a crucifix, but the signs and symbols of the Resurrection; nowhere among the miles and miles of graves a prayer to the blessed mother of our Lord; she is not even named. Here there was no grovelling devotion to sculptured images of wood and stone. M. de Launay perceived that the religion of the early Christians and martyrs buried in the catacombs was what the New Testament taught, but not what the Church of Rome taught. He felt that he could not conscientiously remain a Roman Catholic. He came to America, and after laboring for some time in the College of Louisiana, went to Paris, where he is now laboring with much success as a Protestant missionary.

THE SPIRIT IN THE COMING AGE.

By Pastor E. P. Marvin.*

His Progressive Work—Pentecost to be Eclipsed in the Coming Outporing—At the Bringing in of the Fullness of the Gentiles—Bodies of the Saints Redeemed—The Brute Creation to Share—The Timely Watch-Cry—The Duty of Watchfulness.

THE Holy Spirit has been constantly at work in the world from the creation. He brooded over chaotic creation, Gen. 1 : 2, inspired prophets, II Pet. 1 : 21, filled them with power, Micah 3 : 8, and wrought wonders through Moses. Joshua, Samson, and Elijah. He co-operated continually with Christ on earth in all His wondrous works, Matt. 12 : 28. Christ was filled with the Holy Spirit, Luke 4 : 1. He was conceived, Matt. 1 : 20, anointed, Acts 10 : 28. and raised from the dead by the Holy Spirit, I Pet. 3 : 18. He breathed the Spirit on His disciples, John 20 : 22. The present is "the special dispensation of the Holy Spirit" only in its

Progressive and Varied Work.

It is really a dispensation of the Trinity. All three persons were represented at the Baptism of Christ. The Holy Spirit, as the Executive of Divinity, applies the purchased Redemption, and calls out the Bride elect. Christ, the Prince of Life, imparts life through the Holy Spirit. The promise and potency of all regeneration and restitution resides in the Spirit of God—"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." As the work of the Spirit has been progressive in power and permanence in ages past, we may expect the same divine progress in ages to come.

Many prophecies of the Spirit's power and work await a more complete fulfilment at and after the Coming of the Lord. The blessing at Pentecost and afterward, is repeatedly called an "earnest," that is a sample and pledge of more to follow, II Cor. 1 : 22, and 5 : 5; Eph. 1 : 14. The earnest is but a small portion of the promised abundance. A careful study of Joel 2 : 28-32 reveals that this prophecy does not find its complete and final fulfilment in Acts 2 : 15-20. Verses 12, 17, 18, 27, in Joel, interpret "*afterward*" in *v.* 28. After the repentance and restoration of God's ancient people, will come the Great Outpouring. Besides, the Spirit was not poured out on "all flesh" at Pentecost, but only on Jews in Jerusalem, and there were no celestial "signs." Every prophecy must find its mate, and Pentecost does not fully meet and complete this. Again, in Acts 3 : 19, 21, it is declared that when God's ancient people repent, refreshing shall come, Christ shall return, and

Prophetic Restitution

be ushered in. We cannot separate these events widely, and they are all in the future. They are called times or seasons of refreshing, and they are directly related to the Coming of the Lord. We also read of these in James 5 : 7 as "the early and latter rain." Pentecost then was but an increase of blessing over the past, and an earnest of the future.

A more powerful, conspicuous, and wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit will come when the Fullness of the Gentiles is brought in, Christ returns, and the Jews are restored. The first work is to evangelize the world and gather in the "election of grace," the fullness of the Gentiles, the Bride of Christ. Then the Spirit will work with seven-fold power. There shall be showers and floods of blessing. Ps. 72 : 67; Isa. 44 : 3; Ezek. 34 : 46. A new heart will be given, and Israel shall come forth from the charnel house. Ezek. 36 : 4-28, and 37 : 1-13. Israel shall be honored among the nations, and wonders shall be wrought. Zech. 8 : 21-23; Acts 15 : 14-17; Rom. 11 : 15, 26. We have in the order of redemption : 1. An election of Jews. 2. An election of Gentiles. 3. The nation of Jews. 4. The nation of Gentiles.

God chose the Jew first to preserve and transmit His truth and grace. Upon his failure,

A Gentile Remnant

is called. After this election of grace is complete, the Jew must come again upon the scene to be blest, and to bless the world. Gen. 12 : 3. The Jews were the first missionaries, and they will be the last, up to the "Coming Day." They are God's Mediatorial People, destined to fill the world with the knowledge of God. Pentecost must be repeated with seven-fold power before the millennium, acting upon the long-rejected people, and through them upon the nations.

Prophecy forecasts blended scenes of judgment and mercy, love and wrath, rewards and punishments. Ps. 2 : 8, 9; II Thess. 1 : 8; Jude 14. See the Book of Revelation. Until then we shall win no general and decisive victory. This is true divine evolution from age to age. The "good time is coming," not by human wisdom and worldly progress. Professor Guizot used often to speak in foreign tongue of "*devil-upment*," and this foreign-coined word fitly characterizes the general progress of the race for the whole 6,000 years.

Then will the Holy Spirit redeem the bodies of the saints from the grave, and transfigure those of the living saints. No one ever died in the presence of Christ on earth, and some were raised to life as an earnest of the future. Our bodies, fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Son of God, will be the everlasting temple of the life-giving Spirit. John 6 : 63; Rom. 8 : 11; I Cor. 15 : 42-53; I Thess. 4 : 16-18.

The Inferior Creation,

cursed by sin and made subject to vanity, shall be regenerated and restored by the Holy Spirit. The Spirit will flood the earth, operating again on matter, eradicating the curse, renewing the face of the earth, and causing the desert to rejoice and blosson like the rose. Job 26 : 13; Ps. 104 : 30; Isa. 35 : 1; Rom. 8 : 10, 11.

This is the "regeneration," the bloom-time, when new life shall spring and beauty smile on every side. The earth is linked with man in both humiliation and glory. Soul, body, and earth are all redeemed. Man's original inheritance, usurped and damaged by the usurper. Satan, is then to be renovated and restored. Even the brute creation share in the restitution, Their savage nature is eradicated, and they dwell in peace with man and each other. Isa. 11 : 6-9. The Spirit can tame savage beasts as easily as savage men. Thus Satan's world becomes the Lord's again, and this is a prelude to the eternal state. Ps. 24. The Spirit, in co-operation with our Messianic King, erects and manifests the promised Kingdom, and

Jerusalem, the Metropolis,

becomes the centre of the world's peace. Isa. 32 : 1; Hag. 2 : 9. And we, as fellow-heirs, shall share in the glory and authority of the heavenly department of this kingdom. II Tim. 4 : 18. Israel on earth, as the head of nations and the source of blessing, shares the glory of the terrestrial. At the close of this millennial stage, we have the last judgment, and the complete renewal of the earth as the eternal home of the saints, underneath the new heavens, all plainly revealed. We may see, then, that Christ and the Holy Spirit do not make a failure, because the world is not all converted in this dispensation. Indeed, if the conquest of the world had been the dispensational promise and purpose, we might well call the last 1800 years a failure. But the true purpose (Acts 15 : 14) has been, and is being clearly fulfilled, and it is no failure that the spirit does not finish up all His work in our time. A glorious and final triumph is sure in ages to come.

Ministers of the Word who neglect the careful and prayerful study of Dispensational Truth, may well fear that a blight will come upon their spiritual life, and failure on their ministry. And especially must those who wilfully shut their eyes to the flood of light now poured upon their pathway concerning the present truth and blessed hope of the Lord's Coming, totally misunderstand "the signs of the times," blunder much in fruitless services, lack the supreme inspiration of revelation, and "be ashamed before Him at His Coming.' "Maranatha" is

The Timely Watch-cry.

and this is more and more testing and assorting the hearts, lives, and labors of the professing Church. We are not following a forlorn hope because we do not now "take the world for Christ," but allow Him the glory of taking it for Himself, in co-operation with the blessed Holy Spirit. Constantine first conceived the unscriptural scheme of erecting the Church into a kingdom, taking the world, and reigning in the absence of its rejected sovereign, and he thus inaugurated the greatest apostacy the Church ever saw. The Post-millennial error, "My Lord delayeth His coming," causes no small part of the worldliness and apostacy of the Church to-day. We are cheered by a bright hope, stimulated by an ever-imminent triumph, and encouraged by a reward insured by fidelity. II Tim. 4 : 7, 8.

Corporate testimony in holy living, apart from the world, seems almost gone. The spiritual grace of wisdom and corporate soul-winning by the stated means of grace, has fearfully declined. As a pastor, I am compelled to confess that the Spirit seems to use the professing Church less and less, as if corporate fellowship service were ending. As pastors we seem to be gathering the few grape gleanings after the vintage is done! We are resolved into individual testimony and service. Rev. 3 : 20. Evangelists, who look for that Blessed Hope, seem to be doing most of the soul-winning. It is suppertime. We must go to the streets and lanes, the highways and hedges.

Finally, how frequently we should pray, and how eagerly we should watch for the speedy Coming of the Lord! Christ prayed for the Spirit to come, John 14 : 16, 17; and the Spirit prays for Christ to return, Rev. 22 : 17. Revelation closes with a promise from heaven, which is wafted back in a prayer. Rev. 22 : 20.

* From his recent lecture at Niagara, contained in full, revised by himself, in *The Word*, a pamphlet of 192 pages, comprising also prophetic lectures by Rev. H. M. Parsons, Rev. James H. Brooks, D. D., of St. Louis; Rev. Albert Erdman, D. D.,; Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D. D.; and other able expositors of prophecy. Owing to the large demand for this work, a supply of copies has been procured by *Mr. J. E. Jewett*, 77 Bible House, New York, who will mail a copy to any address for fifty cents.

A NIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN.

A FAMILY on the brink of a precipice in the dark had a hairbreadth escape from death on June 9. That afternoon, a farmer living in Sullivan County, Penn., set out in a light spring wagon with two horses from Williamsport to go to Eagle's Mere. He was accompanied by his wife and his two small children. Just as it was growing dusk, and when within a few miles of their destination, the farmer in crossing the rough mountain path took a wrong turn. They travelled on without discovering the mistake for two hours. It grew very dark, and the overhanging branches of trees shut out even starlight. Yet they went on until suddenly the woman broke silence with, "I hear a noise like rushing waters." The farmer was loth to believe it, but lest there might be danger he stopped the horses. He then heard the ominous roar of a waterfall. The man was unnerved for a minute, when he lighted a piece of paper and to his horror discovered that they were on the brink of a precipice. Two more steps and the entire party would have been hurled down into a stream of water threading a sharp and rugged bed of rock two hundred feet below. Towering above them on the other side of the pathway was a straight wall of rock as high above them as the roaring falls beneath. It was a moment of awful suspense. As quickly as he could, the farmer had his wife and children out of the vehicle, and then, finding there was not room enough to turn, he unharnessed the horses and took out the pole. He reversed the wagon inch by inch, fearful every moment of its turning over the precipice; the horses were again hitched to, and they began to retrace their steps, the farmer walking at their heads. In this way they travelled over rough and dangerous roads, infested with bears and panthers, un-

til the welcome dawn greeted their eyes. Not far off they heard the tinkle of cow bells and the barking of a dog. A loud shout brought a man to them who put them in the right road for Eagle's Mere. When they arrived the lady was so prostrated by the fearful experience of the night that for five hours she was unable to speak. Their peril was a fit type of the lives of thousands. Lost on the mountains of unbelief, in spiritual darkness, they are tending toward the precipice of death. But for all such God's Spirit waits to guide them to the path of peace and safety. (Ezek. 33: 11.)

HOW BISHOP PARKER DIED.

THE brief cablegram announcing the death of Bishop Parker, the successor of the martyred Bishop Hannington, which was all the intelligence we had of the sad event, when his portrait was published in this journal on June 7, has now been supplemented by a letter from Dr. Mackay. Writing from Usambiro, Eastern Equatorial Africa, Dr. Mackay says: "At our evening meal on March 26, the Bishop seemed fairly well, and was quite cheerful. His room was next to mine, and between two and three o'clock in the morning I heard him call his servant, Robert. I got up, thinking there was something wrong, and found him in bed shaking with a sharp attack of ague. He said that he had just taken a glass of quinine, but feared he had done so too late to ward off the attack. Ashe and I got him a hot bottle for his feet, and stayed with him a short time until the second or hot stage had begun to yield to slight perspiration. He begged us to retire, but bade his boy to sleep in the room by him, so as to be ready to call any of us should he feel worse. Soon after six o'clock on Monday morning, I went in to see him. He seemed to be in a very high fever, and completely jaundiced in appearance. Towards evening the fever passed off and coma set in. We arranged to divide the night in watching him, the hours till midnight falling to me. He seemed to sleep fairly quietly till about half-past nine, when breathing became irregular, and he began to groan. I sent for Ashe quickly, and just as he arrived breathing stopped, and our dear Bishop ceased to be with us. He died at 9: 45, just an hour of a fortnight since Blackburn expired. The loss to us is, indeed, great, but Africa has lost a true friend.

A FACT FOR STATESMEN.

THE uneasiness produced in all countries now by the anarchic tendencies of workingmen is on both sides of the Atlantic calling for the attention of statesmen. Not only in our own country, but in Germany, France, England, Belgium, and other lands, the governments are aware that the most difficult problem, but the most urgent is the Labor Question. As a rule, however, they overlook the fact that the most successful preventive of anarchy and social disorder is the gospel. Nowhere is the revolutionary spirit so active as among the artisans of France, among whom the Rev. R. W. McAll's mission is successfully laboring, and this is the testimony of one of its most prominent workers: "The result of the services of the mission hall is most hopeful. Restless, discouraged, desperate hearts are the very ones for whom it has a message, and, go where it will in France, it finds such hearts to-day. So much the greater, then, is the need of carrying the work forward into places where it has not yet penetrated. For while the Spirit of God is moving in the hearts of this people, discontented with their present lot, though not yet realizing their need of the gospel, the time is most propitious to present to them that which is their best and sufficient help. If any proof were needed that the gospel is a true panacea, even for the social woes under which the common people of France, as of all Europe, are suffering, it comes to us from the report of the Protestant pastors of Belgium, who have publicly stated that not one of the members of their churches (principally laboring men, whose poverty is deep, and whose outlook is dark and discouraging) took any part in the violent labor disturbances which a year or more ago agitated all Liege and the district of Charleroi; but conducted themselves throughout as Christians."

ONE BIBLE IN A CHILIAN HOME.

A DEEPLY encouraging incident is reported in a Bible Society's report. It states that a Bible in Spanish was given, some time ago, to a Chilian sailor serving on board a steamer. The donor was a passenger, who said it was of no use to him, and the sailor was welcome to it. The young Chilian was deeply interested in it, and without any human agency whatever he became a true Christian. On his return trip he brought the Bible home with him to Talcahuano, where his parents and brothers and sisters resided. His eldest sister commenced a study of the book, and in a short time she gave up the confessional and the mass, and became a true Christian. In the course of two years the whole family, including her parents, three sisters, two brothers, and a brother-in-law, all embraced the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and gave up all connection with Rome. This great work of God was performed without any instrumentality except His own Word and Spirit. The Rev. Dr. Swaney, a missionary in Chili, on his arrival there, met this Christian family.

A VICIOUS RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

A NATIVE Christian missionary in India, sends to the *Indian Witness* a sickening account of the scenes at a *mela* as he witnessed them, and in the midst of which he preached the gospel. He says: "Last week, hoping to reach the masses of our benighted countrymen, I started in company with my two assistants to the Dhulian Mela (fair), held in honor of Krishna, eleven miles from our station. I think it will not be uninteresting to state why these melas are held. To avert calamity and to bring down blessings, an image of Krishna, who is called by the people a *living* Sham Chand (supposing him always ready to grant their wishes) is brought by the wealthy classes from its shrine on the payment of a large sum of money. The image comes, attended by a *Mohanto*, who is respected and dreaded more than the god himself. The people flock to all parts to beg his blessings. It is a painful sight to see the *Mohanto* surrounded on all sides by the superstitious devotees, who remain on their knees until the food which was given to the god is distributed to them. To meet the wants of the immense concourse of people, the shop-keepers come; to gratify the lusts of the dissolute, prostitutes flock; to please the senses of hearing and seeing, of the poor as well as the rich, the dancing men and women resort; to amuse the children, players get together; and to cheat the innocent, gamblers assemble. These are the constituent parts which compose a *mela*. Thus is the most sacred shrine of the Hindus turned into a den of wickedness.

A SINGULAR TESTIMONY IN INDIA.

A STRIKING testimony to the effect of gospel preaching is mentioned in a letter from the Rev. W. A. Moore, a missionary in India to Dr. Cullis, who publishes it in his *Times of Refreshing*. He says: "Yesterday Goolab Sing went to the small-cause court to preach to the persons who gather there. He met an old friend, who said, 'Wherever I go, I hear you Christians preach, and no matter what we may say against your doctrines, yet *the truth sticks*. Until recently I did not think anything about doing wrong, but lately, when I lie, the thought, "What will I do should death overtake me?" makes me tremble and makes me afraid to do wrong."' Mr. Moore goes on to say: "A few days ago I sent out Bhkum Sing with some vernacular books for sale. He went to the house of *our old Marathi teacher* and found him reading the Bible. This teacher takes three Christian papers, and seeing the Bible advertised in one of them, sent for one and is studying. The Christian papers taken by him are eagerly read by several educated Hindus. Last Sunday, while preaching in the bazaar, *a brazier* listened very attentively. After we finished preaching, I gave away a few Gospels. This brazier was very anxious to get one, but as a man from a distant village wanted one we gave it to him, and told the brazier he would get one if he went to Goolab Sing's next day. Next day he went to G. S's place, and brother Namajee had a long talk with him. The man is convinced of the truth, but does not know how to earn his livelihood if he became a Christian."

POLITICAL PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

THE interest excited throughout the civilized world in the condition of Japan, especially among Christians, who hear with gladness of the opportunities afforded in that country for the preaching of the gospel, is gratified by the publication in the New York *Evening Post* of a lengthy letter from Rev. T. S. Tyng, the Protestant Episcopal missionary at Osaka. The facts which he there gives show a remarkable advance in civil liberty, and indicate that in the matter of elections the Japanese are at least as far advanced as ourselves. He says: "Another straw, showing the movement of the current, is shown in a case now pending in the superior court of this city. An election to fill a vacancy in the assembly of a recent prefecture, was recently held. Party spirit ran high. The sub-prefect, who had the counting of the votes, was of the minority party, and, if report is true, threw out, on the ground of mistake in the writing of a name, votes enough to elect his candidate, and reported to the prefect accordingly. The prefect accepted his report, and declared his candidate elected. For this he has been indicted, at the instance of the opposite party, and, appointee of the central government though he is, must now stand his trial in the ordinary courts of law, for accepting and giving effect to the report of his subordinate. This is but one of many indications that the power of popular government as already established in Japan, is growing stronger day by day."

The impression of Japan, recently produced by the popular representation of the humorists, is also declared by Mr. Tyng to be erroneous. He says: "Assassination or beheading may be the Asiatic method of asking for the resignation of obnoxious cabinet officers, but it is certainly not the method now or lately in vogue in Japan. Of recent ministers of state, Kurofla, in 1882, or thereabouts, and Inouye, in 1887, were driven from office by popular opinion—the former for alleged corruption, the latter for too great concession to foreign powers in the negotiations for treaty revision; but neither has met with any tragical fate. Okuma, Itagaki, Tani, and Soyeshima are names of some who have quietly withdrawn because of disagreement with the party in power; Okuma and Itagaki becoming leaders respectively of the moderate and advanced liberals. There has been no instance of a cabinet minister beheaded since the revolution which established the Mikado's government in 1868, and no beheading of anybody since that form of punishment was abolished in 1873. Capital punishment in any form is now reserved for cases of high treason, murder, and sometimes arson, and can be inflicted in no case whatever, except by due process of law, through the agency of the courts, as in the case, also, with all punishment for felony. A good instance (one out of many) of the absence of bloodthirstiness in the treatment of political offenders, is Mr. Mutsu. He was convicted of complicity in Saigo's rebellion, condemned to five years' imprisonment, released at the end of two years and a half; in eighteen months more put into office, and now goes to represent his country as Minister at Washington."

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The whole edition of The Christian Herald was mailed last week to subscribers during Tuesday, June 19. The last delivery at the New York Post Office was made at 11.56 P. M.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican National Convention which assembled at Chicago on June 19, joined issue with the Democratic party, as was expected, on the Tariff question. It stands squarely, explicitly, and emphatically for Protection, with a tariff not for revenue, but for the nurture of American industries. If a large surplus continues to accumulate therefrom, the Convention was in favor of the abolition of the Internal Revenue, or large expenditures for the national welfare, in preference to any reduction of the tariff. As the plank of the platform adopted by the Convention on Thursday last is likely to become the subject of discussion in every city in the country, and as it is an unequivocal declaration of the political faith of the Republican party, it may be well to quote it in full. The Convention declared: "We are uncompromisingly *in favor of the American system of protection.* We protest against its destruction as proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interests of America. We accept the issue, and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. The protective system must be maintained. Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests except those of the usurer and the sheriff. *We denounce the Mills Bill* as destructive to the general business, the labor and the farming interests of the country, and we heartily indorse the consistent and patriotic action of the Republican Representatives in Congress in opposing its passage. We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list, and we insist that the duties thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish full and adequate protection to that industry. The Republican party would effect all needed reduction of the national revenue by *repealing the tax upon tobacco*, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the *tax upon spirits* used in the arts and for mechanical purposes; and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor, and releases from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the Government, we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system, at the joint behest of the Whisky Trusts and the agents of foreign manufacturers." The platform also advocates the bi-metallic standard of money, the reduction of letter postage to one cent an ounce, and condemns the Fishery treaty.

The Balloting for Candidates for the Presidency was commenced by the Convention on Friday last. The number necessary to a choice was 417. In the first ballot the candidates and numbers stood as follows: Sherman 229; Gresham, 114; Depew, 99; Alger, 84; Harrison, 79; Allison, 72; Blaine, 31; Ingalls, 28—(These were 17 from Kansas, 10 from Arkansas, and 1 from South Carolina. The names of the men who thought Ingalls fit for the Presidency have not been published.)—Phelps, 25; Rusk, 25; Fitler, 24; Hawley, 13; Lincoln, 3; McKinley, 2. On the second ballot Sherman made a gain of twenty; Alger, of thirty-two; and Harrison, of sixteen. The third ballot, which was the last taken on Friday showed no material changes.

The Modification of the Order of the Indian Bureau, in regard to the use of native languages in the Indian schools has been so made as to be entirely satisfactory to the religious societies interested in the improvement of the Indians. The purpose of the Government in insisting upon the use of the English language in the Indian schools, was that young Indians might be brought up to the familiar use of the language which is necessary to them in adopting the arts and ways of civilization, and to their self-dependence and protection in their contact with white men. The President, however, perceives that the missionaries and religious teachers, who render great assistance to the Government in the work of making the Indians tractable and self-reliant, and preparing them for a better social and industrial condition, find it difficult to reach their understanding and feelings effectually by the use of any dialect except their own in their religious instruction. The order, therefore, remains in force, but exceptions are made in favor of religious teachers.

The General Conference on Foreign Missions in Exeter Hall, London, ended June 20. Among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Ellenwood and Rev. Dr. John Hall, both of New York. The following American ministers, among others, were seen in the audience: Dr. Pierson, Dr. Murdock, and Dr. Gordon, Boston; Dr. Dowkontt, F. Emerson, G. Post, D. Langford, Dr. Boardman, and Dr. Chambers. The speakers contended that mission work was one of the duties of a nation, and that the country that refused to obey the Lord's command to preach the gospel to all people would certainly have to look to the morals of its own inhabitants. A high tribute was paid by Dr. Murdoch, of Boston, to the King of the Belgians for his efforts to suppress the sale of liquor in the Congo State. A committee, including Mr. Murdoch, was appointed to present an appropriate address to King Leopold. Mr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, made the concluding address. He testified to the deep impression that the Conference had made on the delegates.

The New Kaiser has Issued his Proclamation to the German people. It lacks the ring of spontaneity which characterized his addresses to the army and navy. It probably indicates the effect recent public criticisms have had upon the young monarch. He cannot fail to have noticed that while his father was admired and beloved, he himself is regarded with distrust, and his accession to the throne as a ground for apprehension. He evidently makes an effort to disarm those feelings by his proclamation. After a glowing tribute to his father's memory, he says: "Called to the throne of my fathers, I have assumed the government, looking up to the King of kings, and have vowed to God that, after the example of my fathers, I will be a just and clement prince to my people; that I will foster piety and fear of God; that I will protect peace and promote the welfare of the country, and that I will be a helper of the poor and distressed and a true guardian of the right." The Emperor appears to have mistaken his century. Feudalism is dead. Such utterances on the part of his grandfather were pardonable in an aged king who had won distinction on the battle-field; but in a youth, they indicate notions which this century has outgrown.

The Burial of Emperor Frederick III. of Germany took place June 19, with impressive ceremonies and amid signs of sincere national grief. A spectator says: "Everyone seemed as if going to the funeral of one's own father or brother. The music was exquisite, and all the arrangements were in perfect taste and simplicity. The religious services were brief and went straight to the heart." Even Von Moltke, the venerable soldier, shed tears as he looked on the coffin of his soverign. A first semi-private service was held in Friedrickskron Castle, where the Emperor died, and a more public service in Friedenskirche. The new Emperor followed with the Prince of Wales and the King of Saxony. Prince Henri, the late Emperor's second son, the Prince of Saxe Meiningen, Prince Bismarck, Von Moltke, and many other distinguished personages were in the procession. Dr. Mackenzie had, at the new Emperor's request, made a formal report of the case, and the autopsy which the Emperor ordered to be made in defiance of the wishes of his widowed mother, fully confirmed the surgeon's statement.

The Pope's Rescript on Irish Affairs has produced so strong an antipathy to him among the Roman Catholic Nationalists in Ireland, that Archbishop Walsh has made an attempt to allay it by an interview published in the *Freeman's Journal* last week. The archbishop said that nothing was further from the Pope's thoughts than to put any obstacle in the way of the success of the Nationalist Cause. On the contrary, it was the Pope's firm conviction that the rescript, by condemning those points of practical working which evoked hostile criticism, would be of most decided assistance in the advancement of the programme. It may be so, but at present the Nationalists appear to think that a little more of such assistance would be fatal to their cause, and they are by no means grateful for the old gentleman's attempt to help them.

An Attempt to Reform the British House of Lords is being made by Lord Salisbury. He has prepared a bill for the purpose, which on June 19 he introduced in Parliament. The measure proposes that not more than three life peers shall be appointed yearly, these to be drawn from the judges of the superior courts, rear-admirals, major-generals, ambassadors, and privy councillors, the Queen also having the power to appoint two others yearly not so qualified. The changes are of a very feeble and ineffective character, but that any measure of the kind should be endorsed by a Conservative Government, is matter for astonishment.

Disquieting News of Mr. H. M. Stanley reached this country on Friday last. The cable brought a despatch from St. Paul de Loando, which reported that several deserters from Stanley's expedition have reached Camp Yambunga. They state that after traversing the Upper Aruwhimi, Stanley struck into a rough, mountainous country, covered with dense forests. The natives, who were excited by reports spread by the Arabs, disputed the passage of the expedition, and there was continuous fighting. Stanley was severely wounded by an arrow. He was compelled several times to construct camps in order to repel attacks, and was obliged to use the reserve provisions that were intended for Emin Pacha. The Soudanese attached to the force had all died or disappeared. The deserters estimate that the caravan had lost one-third of its men, and they say that many of those remaining were ill, including the Europeans. Stanley was encamped when the deserters left. He was surrounded by hostiles, and was unable to send news to Emin or directly to Yambunga. Letters were received from Emin Pacha, dated November 2, 1887, but no later date he had received no news of Stanley. An armed expedition, under Major Barttelot, has been sent to the relief of the explorer early in May.

The Reception into the Protestant Episcopal Church of Mgr. Bouland, the converted Roman Catholic Bishop, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal last week, took place on June 17, at Grace Church, New York. Various slanderous reports affecting his moral character were put in circulation when his conversion was announced, but Mgr. Bouland invited the most thorough investigation. Two committees were therefore appointed to sift the charges to the bottom, and both, after searching inquiries, pronounced the charges false. The convert was formally welcomed by Bishop Potter. He and the Bishop sat in the chancel during the prayers, and at their conclusion Mgr. Bouland, in the presence of two presbyters, the Rev. Dr. Miel, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. J. McD. Bottome, of Grace parish, stood before the Bishop, who delivered an allocution declaring the reception and charging him to observe the duties of his new allegiance. Mgr. Bouland declared his faith and his reasons for leaving the Catholic Church. It is expected that he will labor in Paris, France, after a brief period of rest.

A Jewish Rabbi's Blessing on a Christian church is published in a St. Louis journal. The Jewish congregation of Temple Israel, in that city, has been rebuilt recently, and, during the time that the congregation was excluded from its home, it was hospitably received in the building of the First Christian Church, where it held its services every Saturday. Its Synagogue being now completed, the Rabbi, Dr. S. H. Sonneschein, has written a letter of thanks to the Christian pastor, expressing the gratitude of the congregation for Christian hospitality. It concludes with the following patriarchal benediction: "This, your kindness, was one more of those precious links in the golden chain of mutual recognition which, under the fostering arms of true American civilization, reconciles the disciples of Moses to the disciples of Jesus. May this Godly spirit of a free fraternization abide and increase as the years roll on! May the Eternal Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, bless your church and all your hopes and plans! 'For my brethren's sake and friends' sake, I speak peace for thee. For the sake of our God's house I solicit thy weal.' (Psalm 122: 8-9.)" Surely, among the Church's hopes which the Rabbi prays God to bless, is one that every disciple of Moses may be led to see in his writings the Messiaship of Jesus of Nazareth.

A Disappointed Wife Who Carried her wrongs to the United States Supreme Court for redress, had her case decided on the last day of the recent term. She stated that while on a visit to Portland, Oregon, ten years ago, she met a man in society, who eventually asked her to marry him. He promised to convey to her, after marriage, two blocks of property in Portland. She consented to marry him, and her mother, who at first objected to the match, also agreed to it when she heard of the promised property. They were married, but the husband postponed, on one plea and another, making the formal conveyance. Finally, after some years of married life, he persuaded his wife to make a visit to Europe, taking their daughter with her to be educated. During her absence he had dealt with the property as his own, and had in fact settled it on another woman. The wife, thereupon, filed a bill of complaint, and carried her case to the Supreme Court. She was defeated, however, the Court holding that as she had never received a written agreement, nor received the rents of the property, nor exercised any of the rights and privileges of ownership, there was no evidence of transfer. Women who are about to marry for money will doubtless take warning from this case, and see to it that the property promised to them is legally conveyed, from some way their ownership is acknowledg-

Belg The Christian, as part of the Bride of of the has exceeding great and precious promlaborid he can have no fear that faith will not with him; but his life would be happier and more useful if he availed himself of his privileges and took up the earnest of his possession. (Eph. 1: 14.)

A Narrow Escape from Death by Suffocation occurred at Saccarappa, Me., recently. The Lewiston *Journal* says that a lady from Boston who was visiting that town, after spending a pleasant evening with her friends retired for the night. In her home in Boston the electric light was used, and in a fit of absent-mindedness she went to the gas burner and turned the tap, as she did that of the electric light in her own chamber at home. Of course there was in this case no brilliant arc of light, and in her abstraction she concluded that there was something wrong for the moment with the dynamo, and it would be all right presently. She therefore left the tap turned and retired to rest. Happily for her the smell of the escaping gas aroused some of the other inmates of the house and her life was saved, but it was with difficulty that she was aroused from unconsciousness. It used to be supposed that the blunder of turning on the gas without lighting was limited to persons who had not kept up with the times. It appears, however, that familiarity with the very latest triumphs of civilization is just as effectual in leading to the same blunder. It is so in religion. Among those who will be lost, the learned sceptics will stand side by side with the ignorant and vicious. (1 Cor. 3: 18-20.)

The Suicide of an Eleven-Year Old Boy has overwhelmed a family in New York with grief. The boy was exceedingly bright and intelligent. His teacher in the public school states that he made more progress than any boy in her class. He had, however, an unconquerable dislike to the study of the German language, which his father, who is a native of Germany, insisted on his learning. The boy was sent in the evenings to a German institution in the city for special instruction in the language, but early this year he absented himself and spent the evenings in play. The father supposed that he was attending regularly, and was not notified of his absense, because the teachers supposed the family had moved away. But last week a teacher met him in the street, and at once wrote to the father about his truancy. The boy felt sure he would receive a severe whipping, and one of his companions says he was in terrible distress about it. He procured some rat-poison on June 21, took it, and died the same night. If the boy could only have believed it possible that his father would forgive him, his wicked act might not have been committed. That is the awakened sinner's case, and when once he sees that through the atonement of Christ pardon is secured, despair gives place to joy. (Rom. 5: 11.)

A Verdict for a Wedding Present has Made a young couple in South Carolina happy. Some time ago, a family comprising a mother, her son and two daughters fell into extreme poverty through the death of the husband and father. Eventually, driven to their last resources, they contracted to work for a citizen of Abbeville. The laws of South Carolina are strict about the fulfilment of these contracts, and laborers under contract are held to implicit observance of them. One of the girls, however, who was very beautiful, won the affections of a prosperous young farmer of the neighborhood, and at his earnest solicitation consented to marry him. The ceremony was performed, but as the bride was still under contract, the young farmer was prosecuted for enticing her off the place. A despatch from Columbia, S. C., says, "The case was fought hotly on both sides, but the jury could not be induced to decide against the young couple, and has given them a verdict of not guilty as a wedding present." The verdict, if the despatch correctly states the case, appears to have been prompted by mercy rather than justice, as in law the bride's services were due under her contract. This is not the only case of an engagement being broken by marriage. A more serious one, which too often occurs, is that of persons who have given themselves to Christ, but when they are married becoming so absorbed in their new relation as to do nothing more in His service. This is the more inexcusable, because work in the Saviour's cause exalts and sanctifies married life. (1 Peter 3: 1 and 7).

A Living Necklace Around the Throat of a lady nearly caused her death last week. A telegram from Seymour, Ind., to the New York *Herald* states that the principal of the public school in that town heard screams from the children in the playground during recess. She ran out to learn what the trouble was, and was horrified to see a black racer snake, four feet in length, in possession of the yard. Quick as thought the snake turned upon her, ran up her back, and twisted itself around her neck so tightly that she was almost strangled. She was unable to cry out, but the children screamed lustily and their cries were heard by a man who was passing. He responded promptly, and succeeded in killing the snake before it seriously injured the lady. The nervous shock, however, has prostrated her, and she has been unable to attend to her duties since. Though the bite of this variety of snake is said to be harmless, its attacks are so treacherously made, and the strength of its coil is so great, that the victims cannot liberate themselves. It is so with the treacherous attacks of man's great enemy, that old serpent, the devil. The only sure way of escape is in the help of Christ, who has overcome him by Almighty power. (Heb. 2: 14, 15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A contemporary states that Mrs. Hastings, a missionary in Ceylon, is a sister of President Cleveland.

Thirty thousand rupees (about $15,000) have been promised by American Young Men's Christian Associations toward establishing a Young Men's Christian Association in each university town in India.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson, of the Gospel Tabernacle Church, New York, announces that the annual summer convention and school will be held at Old Orchard Beach, Me., from August 10 to 20, 1888.

Inquiries as to the formation of clubs of King's Daughters, which are doing so much good in connnection with the Evangelical churches, should be sent to Mrs. B. Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Pundita Ramabai joined the King's Daughters during her stay in this country. Ramabai goes to her Indian home ready to extend the welcome to her sisters there. She takes with her the silver cross for her daughter, and hopes to form a "ten" immediately on her return.

Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost's series of meetings in Atlanta, Ga., were chiefly directed to revival work in the strict acceptation of the term, namely, to members of churches; the meetings were large, and many of all denominations attended, though the union meetings were not held.

A series of evangelistic meetings for young men has been commenced in Association Hall, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, and will continue for one month. They are under the leadership of J. W. Dean, the former Secretary of the Association of Iowa.

Rev. Jacob Freshman recently visited Toronto, and was warmly welcomed by his large circle of friends. He preached in the morning (June 3) in St. James Square Church (of which Dr. Kellogg is pastor), and in the evening in Elm Street Methodist Church. The encouragement he received, both there and in Montreal, leads him to believe that he will be able to locate a missionary to the Jews in each city.

The services conducted by Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, St. Thomas, Ontario, have been the means of a wonderful revival, extending for many miles around. Men and women came from long distances to attend the meetings, and going home with a blessing, told their neighbors, who came too. The evangelists took the names of more than nine hundred persons during the month who were anxiously seeking salvation.

Mr. "Ben" Hogan, well known throughout the United States as a converted prize-fighter, is now holding services in Mr. and Mrs. Naylor's Berachah Mission, in West Thirty-second Street, New York. He has recently made a successful evangelistic tour on the Pacific Coast. In Oregon, Washington Territory, California, Montana, Utah, New Mexico, and in fact nearly every State and Territory in the Far West, he has held meetings which God has blessed to the conversion of some notoriously immoral characters.

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THE SLUGGARD'S FARM.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction."—Proverbs 24: 30-32.

A Wise Man Learning—Weeds as Teachers—I. A Definition of a Lazy Man—Not His Own Opinion—Antinomian Sluggards—Cultured Uselessness—The Sluggard's Neglected Opportunities—His Interests Trifled With—His Loss Incalculable—Reflections Upon Christ—II. His Land—Producing Weeds—Sure to Produce Something—The Soul's Natural Produce—The Thorns in the Sluggish Christian's Heart—In his Home—In the World—III. The Lesson of the Land.

No doubt Solomon was sometimes glad to lay aside the robes of state, escape from the forms of court, and go through the country unknown. On one occasion, when he was doing so, he looked over the broken wall of a little estate which belonged to a farmer of his country. This estate consisted of a piece of ploughed land and a vineyard. One glance showed him that it was owned by a sluggard, who neglected it; for the weeds had grown right plentifully, and covered all the face of the ground. From this, Solomon gathered instruction. Men generally learn wisdom if they have wisdom. The artist's eye sees the beauty of the landscape because he has beauty in his mind. "To him that hath shall be given," and he shall have abundance; for he shall reap a harvest even from a field that is covered with thorns and nettles.

We may find instruction everywhere. To a spiritual mind nettles have their use, and

Weeds have Their Doctrine.

Are not all thorns and thistles meant to be teachers to sinful men? Are they not brought forth of the earth on purpose that they may show us what sin has done, and the kind of produce that will come when we sow the seed of rebellion against God? "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding," says Solomon; "I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction."

I. First, think of Solomon's description of a slothful man. Solomon was a man whom none of us would contradict, for he knew as much as all of us put together; and besides that, he was under divine inspiration when he wrote this Book of Proverbs. Solomon says a sluggard is

"A Man Void of Understanding."

The slothful man does not think so; he puts his hands in his pockets, and you would think from his important air that he had all the Bank of England at his disposal. You can see that he is a very wise man in his own esteem, for he gives himself airs which are meant to impress you with a sense of his superior abilities. The proverb is not complimentary to him, but I am certain that Solomon was right when he called him "a man void of understanding." Solomon was rather rude, according to the dainty manners of the present times, because this gentleman had a field and a vineyard, and as Poor Richard saith, "When I have a horse and a cow every man biddeth me good morrow." How can a man be void of understanding who has a field and a vineyard? Is it not generally understood that you must measure a man's understanding by the amount of

His Ready Cash?

At all events, you shall soon be flattered for your attainments if you have attained unto wealth. Such is the way of the world, but such is not the way of Scripture. Whether he has a field and a vineyard or not, says Solomon, if he is a sluggard he is a fool, or if you would like to see his name written out a little larger, he is a man empty of understanding. Not only does he not understand anything, but he has no understanding to understand with.

I am glad to be told by Solomon so plainly that a slothful man is void of understanding, for it is useful information. I have met with persons who thought they perfectly understood the doctrines of grace, who could accurately set forth the election of the saints, the predestination of God, the firmness of the divine decree, the necessity of the Spirit's work, and all the glorious doctrines of grace which build up the fabric of our faith; but these gentlemen have inferred from these doctrines that they have to do nothing, and thus they have become sluggards. Do-nothingism is

Their Creed.

They will not urge other people to labor for the Lord, because, say they, "God will do His own work. Salvation is all of grace!" The notion of these sluggards is that a man is to wait, and do nothing; he is to sit still, and let the grass grow up to his ancles in the hope of heavenly help. How shall we survive the censures of this dogmatic person? How shall we escape from this very knowing and very captious sluggard? Solomon hastens to the rescue and extinguishes this gentleman by informing us that he is void of understanding. The sluggard, whether he is sluggish about his business or about his soul, is "a man void of understanding."

As a rule, we may measure a man's understanding by his useful activities; that is what the wise man very plainly tells us. Certain persons call themselves "cultured," and yet they cultivate nothing. True wisdom is practical: boastful culture vapors and theorizes. Wisdom ploughs its field, wisdom hoes its vineyard,

Wisdom Looks to its Crops,

wisdom tries to make the best of everything; and he who does not do so, whatever may be his knowledge of this, of that, or of the other, is "a man void of understanding." Why is he void of understanding? Is it not because *he has opportunities which he does not use?* His day has come, his day is going, and he lets the hours glide by to no purpose. Let me not press too hardly upon anyone, but let me ask you all to press as hardly as you can upon yourselves while you inquire each one of himself—Am I employing the minutes as they fly? This man had a vineyard, but he did not cultivate it; he had a field, but he did not till it. Do you, brethren, use all your opportunities? I know we each one have some power to serve God; do we use it? If we are His children He has not put one of us where we are of necessity useless.

You are not asked to do in the service of God that which is utterly beyond you, for it is expected of us according to what we have, and not according to what we have not, The man of two talents is not required to bring in the interest of five, but he is expected to bring in the interest of two. Solomon's slothful man was too idle to attempt tasks which were quite within his power. Many have a number of dormant faculties of which they are scarcely aware, and many more have abilities which they are using for themselves, and not for Him who created them, Dear friends, if God has given us power to do good, pray let us do it, for this is

A Wicked, Weary World.

As for a sluggard in soul matters, he is indeed void of understanding, for he trifles with matters which demand his most earnest heed. Man, hast thou never cultivated thy heart? Has the ploughshare never broken up the clods of thy soul? Has the seed of the Word never been sown in thee? or has it, taken no root? Hast thou never watered the young plants of desire? Hast thou never sought to pull up the weeds of sin that grow in thy heart? Art thou still a piece of the bare common or wild heath? Poor soul! Thou canst trim thy body, and spend many a minute at the glass; dost thou not care for thy soul? You take care of the worse part, and leave the better to perish through neglect. This is the height of folly! He that is a sluggard as to the vineyard of his heart, is "a man void of understanding." If I must be idle, let it be seen in my garden, but not in my soul.

Or are you a Christian? Are you really saved, and are you negligent in the Lord's work? Then, indeed, whatever you may be, I cannot help saying you have too little understanding; for surely, when a man is saved himself, and understands the danger of other men's souls, he must be in earnest in trying to pluck the firebrands from the flame.

A Christian Sluggard!

Is there such a being? A *Christian* man on half time? A Christian man working not at all for his Lord; how shall I speak of him? Surely we must be void of understanding if, after being saved by the infinite love of God, we do not spend and be spent in His service. The eternal fitness of things demands that a saved man should be an earnest man.

The Christian who is slothful in his Master's service *has no idea what he is losing;* for the very cream of religion lies in holy consecration to God. Some people have just enough religion to make it questionable whether they have any or not. They have enough godliness to make them uneasy in their ungodliness. *They have washed enough of their face to show the dirt upon the rest of it.* "I am glad," said a servant, "that my mistress takes the sacrament, for otherwise I should not know she had any religion at all." You smile, and well you may. I wish some professors would do Christ the justice to say, "No, I am *not* one of His disciples; do not think so badly of Him as to imagine that I can be one of them." We ought to be reflections *of* Christ; but I fear many are reflections *upon* Christ. When we see a lot of lazy servants, we are apt to think that their master must be a very idle person himself, or he would never put up with them. Oh, let not the world think that Christ is indifferent to human woe, that Christ has lost His zeal, that Christ has lost His energy! yet I fear they will say it, or think it, if they see those who profess to be laborers in the vineyard of Christ, nothing better that mere sluggards.

II. Now, secondly, let us look at the sluggard's land: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof." Note, first, that *land will produce something*. Soil which is good enough to be made into a field and a vineyard must and will yield some fruit or other; and so you and I, in our hearts, and in the sphere God gives us to occupy, will be

Sure to Produce Something.

We cannot live in this world as entire blanks; we shall either do good or do evil, as sure as we are alive. If you are idle in Christ's work, you are active in the devil's work. The sluggard by sleeping was doing more for the cultivation of thorns and nettles than he could have done by any other means. If it be not farmed for God, the soul will yield its natural produce; and what is the natural produce of land if left to itself? What but thorns and nettles, or some other useless weeds? What is the natural produce of your heart and mine? What but sin and misery? What is the natural produce of your children if you leave them untrained for God? What but unholiness and vice? What is the natural produce of this great city if we leave its streets and lanes and alleys without the gospel? What but crime and infamy? Some harvest there will be, and the sheaves will be the natural produce of the soil, which is sin, death, and corruption.

In many instances there will be a great deal of this evil produce; for a field and a vineyard will yield more thistles and nettles than a piece of ground that has not been reclaimed. Neglect is all that is needed to produce evil. If you desire to bring forth a harvest unto God, I may need long to instruct you in ploughing, sowing, and watering; but if you wish your mind to be covered with Satan's hemlock, you have only to leave the furrows of nature to themselves.

While we look upon the lazy man's vineyard, let us also peep into the ungodly sluggard's heart. He does not care about repentance and faith. To think about his soul, to be in earnest about eternity, is too much for him. He wants to take things easy, and have a little more fold-

ing of the arms to sleep. What is growing in his mind and character? In some of the spiritual sluggards you can see drunkenness, uncleanness, covetousness, anger, and pride, and all sorts of thistles and nettles; or where these ranker weeds do not appear, by reason of the restraint of pious connections, you find other sorts of sin. The heart cannot be altogether empty; either Christ or the devil will possess it.

Friend, if you believe in Christ, I want to peep over the hedge into *your heart* also, if you are a sluggish Christian; for I fear that nettles and thistles are threatening you also. Some have sadly morbid forebodings; they are discontented, fretful, selfish, murmuring, and all because they are idle. There are

The Weeds that Grow

in sluggards' gardens. I have known the slothful become so peevish that nothing could please them; the most earnest Christian could not do right for them; the most loving Christian could not be affectionate enough; the most active church could not be energetic enough; they detected all sorts of wrong where God Himself saw much of the fruit of His Spirit. This censoriousness is one of the nettles that are quite sure to grow in men's gardens when they fold their arms in sinful ease. If your heart does not yield fruit to God it will certainly bring forth that which is mischievous in itself, painful to you, and injurious to your fellow-men.

May I next ask you to look into *your own house* and home? It is a dreadful thing when a man does not cultivate the field of his own family. What is the use of zeal abroad if there is neglect at home? How sad to say, "My own vineyard have I not kept!" Have you never heard of one who said he did not teach his children the ways of God, because he thought they were so young that it was very wrong to prejudice them, and he had rather leave them to choose their own religion

When They Grow Older?

One of his boys broke his arm, and while the surgeon was setting it the boy was swearing all the time. "Ah!" said the good doctor, "I told you what would happen. You were afraid to prejudice your boy in the right way, but *the devil had no such qualms;* he has prejudiced him the other way, and pretty strongly too." It is our duty to prejudice our field in favor of corn, or it will soon be covered with thistles. Cultivate a child's heart for good, or it will go wrong of itself, for it is already depraved by nature.

As it is with homes, so it is with *schools*. You Sunday-school teachers can make your classes so tiresome to the children that they will hate Sunday. You can fritter away time in school without bringing the lads and lasses to Christ, and so you may do more hurt than good. I have known Christian fathers who by their severity and want of tenderness have sown their family field with the thorns and thistles of hatred to religion, instead of scattering the good seed of love in it. Oh, that we may so live among our children that they may not only love us, but love our Father who is in heaven! May fathers and mothers set such an example of cheerful piety that sons and daughters shall say, "Let us tread in our father's footsteps, for he was a happy and a holy man. Let us follow our mother's ways, for she was sweetness itself."

I beg you once more to look at

The Great Field of the World.

Do you see how it is overgrown with thorns and nettles? If an angel could take a survey of the whole race, what tears he would shed, if angels could weep! What a tangled mass of weeds the whole earth is! Yonder the field is scarlet with the poppy of popery, and over the hedge it is yellow with the wild mustard of Mahometanism. Vast regions are smothered with the thistles of infidelity and idolatry. The world is full of cruelty, oppression, drunkenness, rebellion, uncleanness, misery. What the moon sees! What God's sun sees! What scenes of horror! How far is all this to be attributed to a neglectful church? Nearly nineteen hundred years are gone, and the sluggard's vineyard is but little improved! What has the church been doing all these years? She ceased after a few centuries to be a missionary church, and from that hour she almost ceased to be a living church.

However, instead of asking what the church has been doing for these nineteen hundred years, let us ask ourselves what are we going to do now? Are the missions of the churches always to be such poor, feeble things as they are? Are the best of our Christian young men always going to stay at home? We go on ploughing the home field a hundred times over, while millions of acres abroad are left to the thorn and the nettle. Shall it always be so? God send us more spiritual life, and wake us up from our sluggishness, or else when the holy watcher gives in his report he will say, "I went by the field of the sluggish church, and it was all grown over with thorns and nettles, and the stone wall was broken down, so that one could scarcely tell which was the church and which was the world; yet still she slept, and slept, and slept, and nothing could waken her."

III. I conclude by remarking that there must be some lesson in all this. I cannot teach it as I would, but I want to learn it myself. I will speak it as though I were talking to myself. The first lesson is, that

Unaided Nature

always will produce thorns and nettles, and nothing else. My soul, if it were not for grace, this is all thou wouldst have produced. Beloved, are you producing anything else? Then it is not nature, but the grace of God that makes you produce it. Those lips that now most charmingly sing the praises of God would have been delighted with an idle ballad if the grace of God had not sanctified them. Your heart, that now cleaves to Christ, would have continued to cling to your idols—you know what they were—if it had not been for grace divine. And why should grace have visited you or me—why? Echo answers, why? What answer can we give? "'Tis even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Let the recollection of what grace has done move us to manifest the result of that grace in our lives.

We see here, next, the little value of natural good intentions; for this man, who left his field and vineyard to be overgrown, always meant to work hard one of these fine days. To do him justice, we must admit that he did not mean to sleep much longer, for he said—"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Only a Little Doze,

and then tuck up his sleeves and show his muscle. Probably the worst people in the world are those who have the best intentions, but never carry them out. In that way Satan lulls many to sleep. They hear an earnest sermon; but they do not arise and go to their Father; they only get as far as saying: "Yes, yes, the far country is not a fit place for me; I will not stay here long. I mean to go home by-and-by." They said that forty years ago, but nothing came of it. When they were quite youths they had serious impressions, they were almost persuaded to be Christians, and yet they are not Christians even now. They have been slumbering forty years! Surely that is a liberal share of sleep! They never intended to dream so long, and now they do not mean to lie in bed much longer. They will not turn to Christ at once, but they are resolved to do so one day. When are you going to do it, friend? "Before I die." Going to put it off to the last hour or two, are you? And so, when unconscious, and drugged to relieve your pain, you will begin to think of your soul? Is this wise? Surely you are "void of understanding."

"Surely you do not object to my having a little more sleep?" says the sluggard. "You have waked me to soon. I only ask another little nap." "My dear man, it is far into the morning." He answers, "It is rather late, I know; but it will not be much later if I take just another doze." You wake him again, and tell him it is noon. He says, "It is the hottest part of the day: I dare say if I had been up I should have gone to the sofa and taken a little rest from the hot sun." You knock at his door when it is almost evening, and then he cries, "It is of no use to get up now, for the day is almost over." To-morrow is only to be found in the calendar of fools; to-day is the time of the wise man, the chosen season of our gracious God. Oh that the Holy Spirit may lead you to seize the present hour, that you may at once give yourselves to the Lord by faith in Christ Jesus, and then from His vineyard—

"Quick uproot
The noisome weeds that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome plants"!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A NEEDLEWOMAN'S GIFT.*

ORGANIZATIONS of women for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and for the care of soldiers' families, were formed with great spontaneity at the very beginning of the war. There were a dozen or more of them in Chicago in less than a month after Cairo was occupied by Northern troops. They raised money, prepared and forwarded supplies of whatever was demanded, every shipment being accompanied by some one who was held responsible for the proper disbursement of the stores. Sometimes these local societies affiliated with, or became parts of, more comprehensive organizations.

A poor girl, who called herself a "tailoress," came one day to the rooms of the Commission.

"I do not feel right," she said, "that I am doing nothing for our soldiers in the hospitals. I must do something immediately. Which do you prefer—that I should give money, or buy material and manufacture it into hospital clothing?"

"You must be governed by your circumstances," was the answer made her. "We need both money and supplies, and you must do that which is most convenient for you."

"I prefer to give money, if it will do as much good."

"Very well, then give money. We need it badly, and without it cannot do what is most necessary for our brave men."

"I will give the Commission my net earnings for the next two weeks. I would give more, but my mother is an invalid, and I help support her. Usually I make but one vest a day, as I do 'custom work,' and am well paid for it. But these next two weeks, which belong to the soldiers, I shall work earlier and later."

In two weeks she came again, the poor sewing-girl, with a radiant face. Opening her portemonnaie, she counted out nineteen dollars and seven cents. She had stitched into the hours of midnight on every one of the working days of those two weeks.

A Five-Dollar Gold Piece.

A little girl, not nine years old, with sweet and timid grace, entered one afternoon, and laid a five-dollar gold piece on my desk. Half frightened, she told its story. "My uncle gave me that before the war, and I was going to keep it always; but he's got killed in the army, and now mother says I may give it to the soldiers, if I want to—and I'd like to. Will it buy much for them?"

I led the child into the storeroom, and pointed out to her how much it would buy—so many cans of condensed milk, or so many bottles of ale, or so many pounds of tea or codfish, etc. Her face brightened with pleasure; but when I explained that her five-dollar gold piece was equal then to seven and a half dollars in greenbacks, and told her how much comfort could be carried into a hospital with the amount of stores it would purchase, she fairly danced for joy. "Why, my five dollars will do lots of good, won't it?"

A Tatterdemalion.

A little urchin, who often thrust his unkempt pate into the room, with the shrill cry of

* From "My Story of the War: A Woman's Narrative of Four Years' Personal Experience as Nurse in the Union Army," by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Illustrated with numerous portraits and scenes; 700 pages. Published by *A. D. Worthington & Company*, Hartford, Conn.

A Prohibited Meeting of the Early Waldensian Church.

"Matches! matches!" had stood a little apart, watching the girl, and listening to the conversation. As she disappeared, he fumbled in his pockets and drew out a small handful of crumpled fractional currency, such as was then in use. "Here," said he, "I'll give yer suthin' for them sick fellers!" and he put fifty-five cents in my hand, all in five-cent currency. I was surprised, and hesitated.

"No, my boy, don't give it; I'm afraid you cannot afford it. You're a noble little fellow; but that is more than you ought to give; you keep it, and I'll give fifty-five cents for you—or somebody else will." "Git eaut," was his disgusted commentary on my proposal; "yer take it, now; p'haps I ain't so poor as yer think, My father, he saws wood, an' my mother, she takes in washin', an' I sells matches, an' Tom, he sells paper, an' p'haps we've got more money than yer think. Our Bob, he'd gone to the war hisself, but he got his leg cut off on the railroad, in a smash-up. He was a brakeman, yer see. Yer take this, now."

I took the crumpled currency. I forgot the boy's dirty face and tattered cap; I forgot that I had called the little tatterdemalion a "nuisance" every day, for months, when he had caused me to jump from my seat with his shrill, unexpected cry of "Matches!" and I actually stooped down to kiss him.

He divined my intention, and darted out on the sidewalk, as if he had been shot.

"No yer don't!" he said, shaking his tangled head at me, and looking as if he had escaped a great danger. "I ain't one o' the kissin' sort!"

Ever after, when he met me, he gave me a wide berth, and walked off the sidewalk into the gutter, eyeing me with a suspicious, sidelong glance, as though he suspected I still thought of kissing him. If I spoke to him he made no reply; but if I passed him without speaking, he challenged me with a hearty "Hullo, yer!" That brought me to an instant halt.

THE HEROIC WALDENSES.

(See Illustration.)

THE European religious press is chronicling the earnest, consecrated effort now being made by the Waldenses to evangelize the city of Rome. There is a deep significance in this movement, to every student of history, for it is a striking evidence of the extent to which the teaching of the Saviour has permeated the hearts of this wonderful people. They are now rendering to Rome the highest service in returning the grandest good for the bitterest evil.

The Waldenses were among the earliest sufferers for the gospel in Europe when the fierce rage of papal persecution burst upon those who would not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, and chief among the foremost of the earnest propagandists of the pure religion of Christ. *The illustration on this page* represents a preaching service among their native rocks and valleys when they were denied the privilege of meeting in a sanctury, under threat of imprisonment and death.

The country of Waldensia, which thus became a cradle for the truth, is but twenty miles in length, and some eighteen broad. It is situated among the mountains between France and Italy, in the valleys called Lucerna, San Martino, and Perosa, the streams of which ultimately gather themselves into the river Po. The sufferings of this venerable Church are written in blood. On the way to La Tour, the little capital of the Waldensian valleys, as their wooded mountains rise to view, the traveller approaches "consecrated ground." "Almost every rock is a monument, and every meadow witnessed executions, and every village had its roll of martyrs." They recount thirty-six distinct persecutions, some designed actually to exterminate them from the face of the earth.

Every visitor to La Tour must be struck by the picturesque rock that rises behind the little town. This is the Monte Castelluzzo, with the Waldensian temple in the foreground. We look on it as on the old tower in Paris, where the bell hung that signalled the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Their valleys have had many "St. Bartholomews," and it was from Castelluzzo that, on April 27, 1655, the signal was given to execute the orders of Christina, regent of Savoy, who, acting for her son Charles Emanual II., and under her holy father the Pope, sent 15,000 soldiers to massacre every Protestant the valleys contained. "Children," says Leger, an eye-witness, "torn from their mothers' breasts, were seized by the feet and dashed in pieces against the rocks or walls, while their tender bodies were cast on the common heaps. The sick, the aged, both men and women, were either burnt in their houses or literally cut in pieces, or were rolled over the rocks."

It is the descendants of those martyrs who are now carrying to Rome the precious news of salvation through Christ alone.

ROSA'S CROSS.

(See Illustration on page 413.)

"ROSA, Rosa, here is a letter from papa," cried two childish voices at the foot of the parsonage stairs. A tall, slender girl came quickly from her room, and hurried down to join her brother and sister in the breakfast-room.

Rosa Erndale was mother and sister, both, to the two children, who were respectively seven and nine years her junior. The natural mother of the family had been dead now five years, and Rosa had done her utmost to fill her place to her father and little Effie and Herbert, in fulfilment of the promise she gave to her mother when she was dying. It had been a severe trial to the girl, for Mr. Erndale was overwhelmed with grief at his wife's death, and he did not conceal from Rosa how far she was from performing her mother's duties with her mother's skill. Yet she had not been unsuccessful. Kind friends in her father's church gave her advice and help; she was diligent and thoughtful; and after the first year of bereavement, the parsonage was as well managed as under the reign of its dead mistress. She won the affection of the two children, who obeyed her cheerfully, and she had the satisfaction of seeing that her father less and less frequently compared her management to her disadvantage with that of his dead wife.

Mr. Erndale was absent now on his annual vacation, an opportunity that Rosa had seized for a thorough house-cleaning and general renovation. The last touches were put to it now, and if, as was probable, the letter in the hands of the children announced her father's almost immediate return, Rosa would be ready for him; every carpet down, the furniture again in its place, and the new paint all dry and odorless.

The letter was a long one, which was contrary to Mr. Erndale's habit. Rosa sat down to read it while breakfast waited, and the two children climbed on the back of her chair to read it over her shoulder. But suddenly she crushed the paper between her hands and rose to her feet. The weight of the two children was too much for the chair after Rosa's weight was off it, and they went backward with it with a crash. They had to be comforted, their bruised heads

rubbed, and the tears dried first of all, and then Rosa insisted on breakfast before any further attention was given to the letter.

"What for you crying, Rosa?" asked little Herbert, presently. "You didn't hurt your head."

"And you have not eaten a morsel, Rosa," put in Effie. "What's in papa's letter; is not he well?"

"Oh, yes, papa is well, and he is coming home soon. I will tell you all about it by and bye."

"Tell us what makes you cry, Rosa?" persisted the boy.

"Yes, yes, I will tell you all about it presently. I have not read all papa's letter yet."

As soon as the meal was finished Rosa sought her own room and there, in quiet and with many tears, she read the paternal epistle through. Mr. Erndale, with some circumlocution, informed his daughter that he contemplated marrying again. In fact, he had already proposed and been accepted by a lady of stable age. Finally he told his daughter the name of the lady, a member of his own church, and one to whom as he was aware, Rosa did not entertain the kindliest feelings. In fact Rosa had been subjected to her criticism, and she had at last been goaded into intimating to her, politely and delicately, but explicitly, that she proposed managing the domestic affairs of the parsonage without outside interference. This rebuff did not been pleasant for either party; and Rosa's aversion had been increased by the suspicion that the lady aspired to succeed her dear mother. Mr. Erndale probably understood something of the trouble for he took pains, in many ways, to inculcate on his daughter her duty in the new circumstances.

Rosa Learns How to Bear Her Cross.

"If she would only make him happy," moaned poor Rosa, as she read the letter, "I should not mind. But I am sure he will be miserable. Why, she will want to write his sermons, I believe; she will want to manage everything. And the children! Oh, my poor children! If it were not for them I could go away; but I cannot desert them."

She sat and wept for some time, but at length she rose and wandered disconsolately through the house. She went in her father's study, and there a fresh burst of weeping overcame her, for standing by the minister's desk in the place it had occupied ever since the bereavement was her mother's portrait. The gentle, loving face in the picture seemed now to have taken on an expression reproachful or of mute protest against what seed to Rosa a profanation; but it also reminded her of her mother's advice, which in this bitter sorrow she had forgotten, to go to God for help in trouble. She rose and opened the minister's Bible, which was lying on his desk. The first words that met her eye were, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." (Matt. 16:24.) Rosa did not need any one to make the application for her. She saw her duty, and she knelt down and asked God to give her strength to do it.

When she rose from her knees her heart was lightened of its heavy load. The children were astonished, when she told them the unwelcome news, that Rosa was not angry about it, so cheerfully did she speak and so calmly did she go about her ordinary duties. But the sweetest joy she had came from a friendly visitor who said, "Why, child, I like your mother you are growing! You have just her sweet spiritual expression. I never noticed it before to-day."

Rosa's cross proved a heavy one; but so continually did she go to God for strength, and so constantly was it given to her, as it is to all who ask in faith, that she was enabled to bear it with joy until it was graciously removed.

THE EPOCHS OF A LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. L. S. Keyser.

(*Continued from page 398.*)

A Meeting in the Woods.

THE lady in whose house the young men had taken lodgings was an old resident of the town, and as it was evident that the strange girl in question was also a resident of the place, they concluded that their hostess might be able to give them information concerning her. Before the day was passed, the woman was adroitly catechised and some interesting information was elicited. The young lady's name was Belle Havelock. She was the daughter of one of the prominent bankers of the town, a man who had accumulated considerable wealth, and who, as they knew, took a great interest in the college. They were already aware of the last fact, but had never taken the trouble to ascertain where Mr. Havelock lived.

Belle, his only daughter, was a young lady of versatile talents, and the reason the young men had never met her was because she had been attending a young ladies' seminary in the State of New York, for a number of years, and, of course, while she was at home during the summer vacations, they were absent from town enjoying their rest from college work. However, she had graduated from the seminary in the previous June, and had now come home to stay. All who knew her admitted that she was a bright, clever girl, although her naturally haughty mien had made her slightly unpopular among the young women of the town.

"I took her to be a rather unique girl," remarked Hadley, when they had gained this cue to her character. "I am determined to secure an introduction to her and cultivate her acquaintance."

"You can do as you like," replied George, "but as for me, I believe that I shall steer my frail bark clear of this remarkable female. I am a little afraid of her."

"Pooh! you are a timid youth, destined to die an old bachelor. Be careful that you don't turn into a paleozoic fossil. We have been living like a couple of anchorites since we have been in college, and have neglected the amenities of social life. Yes, I am persuaded that we have, and so I propose to allow myself some of the pleasures of society, even if you do carry off the honors of the class. A little brightening up in our manners wouldn't come amiss if we intend to become public reformers, and would free us from the charge of boorishness."

"And get us into a labyrinth of trouble, without an Ariadne's thread to help us out," said George. "However, if you have a mind to start out on a 'flirting' expedition, I shall not object; only don't hold me responsible for the consequences."

"Ah, you are too cowardly for your own good," declared Hadley, with an impatient gesticulation. "No good of that kind is ever gained except at some risk. Every young fellow must have his love-troubles sooner or later. I believe that I shall choose to have mine sooner."

Hadley was bent on obtaining an introduction to Miss Havelock as soon as possible. But he did not find it so easy to compass his wish as he supposed it would be; for she had been away from town so many years that she was a stranger to nearly all the students of the college, and Hadley was unable to make her acquaintance for several weeks. In the meantime he had seen her several times at one of the churches of the town, and observed that she listened to the sermons with ill-concealed impatience, a shadow of disgust passing over her features when the divine claims of Christianity were presented. She was obviously not a Christian. Perhaps she was an unbeliever. Somehow, bitter as he was against religion himself, the thought that this girl might be animated by like sentiments did not please Hadley. He would have thought better of her if she had been more devout, and less hostile.

"It is impossible for me to stay indoors on a day like this," said Hadley, early one Saturday morning. "I am going out on an ornithological jaunt. Your company will be acceptable, Dane, if you have a mind to go with me."

"I cannot go to-day," George answered. "I have promised to speak next Saturday morning, and this will be my only opportunity to prepare. I know I cannot do any great things, but I must do the best I can. I am going to get a few facts together and arrange them in order. If it were not for that I should enjoy an excursion immensely."

"Then I must go alone, for I feel the outdoor mood coming on. Hark! I can hear the birds trilling in the groves yonder, 'calling me away, calling me away,'" said Hadley, humming the last words of a familiar chorus.

And seizing his hat, and putting a small blank-book with a pencil-case into his pocket, he was off to the woods. He wandered east the town for several miles, exploring the hedges, forests, meadows, and deep rocky valleys with their rippling streams, in search of feathered songsters. True, there was not the abundance of woodland music that characterizes the season of spring, but on the whole, he was amply repaid for his efforts.

In the afternoon he took a circuitous course homeward, continuing his observations. By the time he reached the woods into which he had first entered, half a mile from town, he had taken a large number of notes on "bird-ways," and had almost decided to go to his study without delay. At that moment his mind was suddenly changed by the whistle of a cardinal-grossbeak in a dense thicket near the edge of the woods, on a rocky slope. His faculties were instantly on the alert, as is always the case with a bird-lover when his ears are greeted by a song from the throat of a feathered favorite.

He stole slyly to the edge of the copse, so as not to disturb the cardinal-plumed piper, and then, quietly pushing aside the bushes, he peered into the thicket, determined to gain a sight of the bird and watch him in his singing attitudes. After considerable effort, and at the cost of a few scratches from the sharp briers, he pressed his way into the midst of the underbrush, and at last descried the cardinal bird-form perched on a twig, and at intervals piping his lively tune. It was a beautiful specimen.

Presently the crested vocalist shifted his position, and Hadley in pursuit pushed his way through the thicket almost to the other side. While he was peering sharply in every direction to catch another view of the bird, he stopped suddenly in embarrassed surprise; for as he glanced toward a small opening among the bushes, his sharp sight detected a pair of blue eyes peering at him with curious interest, while a laughing face was photographed in the aperture. He started up in astonishment, and as he did so his hat was caught by some "pesky" briers and lifted from his head, while a thorny branch came into uncomfortable proximity with his scalp. It was an embarrassing situation, making him conscious of a flow of blood along the arteries of his face, giving it the hue of the cardinal-bird which he had just been watching.

Who was the owner of that pair of blue eyes? Were they the property of a male or female spy? He would investigate. Obeying the first impulse that seized him, he scrambled through the tangled mass of bushes and briers, to the edge of the thicket, determined to solve the mystery of the blue orbs that had been watching him.

What was his consternation when he came out into the clear space to find himself face to face with a young lady, and to make the situation more perplexing, his first glance at her face told him that she was the girl in whom he was interested and whose name he had learned was Belle Havelock!

The young man was disconcerted. He had made his exit from the underbrush in an impetuous style and rather the worse for contact with the briers, only a few paces from the spot where the girl was standing; and he stood looking at her in a dazed and helpless way. He was ashamed to beat an unceremonious retreat. It would have been the quintessence of ludicrousness to turn his back on the young lady and walk away without a word. Evidently she was sharing his embarrassment to some extent, as was indicated by the rosy color that mounted to her cheeks. To Hadley's unspeakable relief, her lips parted and she burst into a ringing, merry laugh. The droll nature of the situation and the girl's ebullition touched Hadley's sense of the ridiculous, and he joined spontaneously in the merriment. There was no other alternative but to speak. The girl obviously felt that an apolgy was due the young man for watching him.

"Mr. Madelling," she said, with a slight courtesy.

Hadley lifted his hat and bowed to her, as he said: "I believe I have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Havelock."

"Ah! you know me, I suppose, as I know you," she said, with a smile. "You will wonder how I learned your name. Well, 'an honest confession is good'—you know the rest. I saw you on your way to college several times and noticed you in church, and I had the curiosity to inquire what your name was. You perhaps ascertained mine in the same way."

"I plead guilty," he answered, "though I hope neither of us is so finical as to think it a very grave offence."

"Oh, no, there is no need of being so conventional," laughed Miss Havelock. "But I do owe you an apology for watching you just now. You will think me a veritable Paul Pry. But it came about in this wise. You see, I am troubled, like yourself, with an occasional outdoor *furor*, and that is what brought me out here to-day. While I was sitting under the trees reading, I heard the whistle of the cardinal-bird in the thicket, and I was seized with a desire to reconnoitre. As I was peering about, for the bird, I heard a crackling in the bushes, and begun to wonder if I had been tracked by a bear. I waited, however, and saw you."

"Ah! well I was a less alarming sight, I trust. At all events you will not be afraid of my making a meal of you."

"No, not exactly that, though from something I heard of you the other day, I should fancy you must have some of the bear element in your nature."

"I suppose all men have a little of it; I think I know what you refer to, and if you have heard the whole story you must be aware that I had severe provocation."

"Oh! do not apologize to me, Mr. Madelling; I assure you I was not hurt. Your antagonist is able to take care of himself, I have no doubt. Believers are generally ready for fight against unbelievers, though they do not always win. I have just been watching an encounter with a good deal of interest" and she held up a volume of Huxley's Essays which she had been reading.

They were standing by a shady bank, and at Hadley's suggestion they seated themselves and he took the book from her hand.

"Rather an abstruse companion for a summer day in the woods, is it not, Miss Havelock? he said. "I should have expected if I met a young lady out here, to find a novel in her hands, if she had a book at all."

"I do not read much fiction," she replied. "Once in a while I read a novel when I hear it strongly recommended, and when I am in a special mood for it."

"Conscientious scruples?" asked the young man.

"Oh no, not at all. I do not care for novels. They weary me. The characters are so seldom natural. They are either utterly bad or so saintly that we doubt if they can be human. The men and women we know have all natures in which good and evil is mixed, but the majority of novelists are so clumsy that they cannot paint them so. They must make them either angels or fiends."

"And so you give such works a wide range and turn to the scientists and philosophers for recreation," said Hadley. "There is Huxley, for instance," pointing to the volume in her hand. "Do you find him interesting?"

"Intensely."

"Is that so? Well, at one place he speaks of the immortality of the soul. Is it in that collection of his Essays?"

She turned the leaves of the book rapidly. "Yes, here it is," she said presently. "I have marked it as one of his most striking paragraphs."

"Would you read it? My memory is not retentive enough to enable me to quote it verbatim."

For answer she read as follows: "If a man tells me that the soul is immortal, I would say to him, How do you know it? And if he were to say to me, The soul is not immortal, I should be still obliged to repeat the question: How do you know *that?*"

"Yes, that is the paragraph I referred to," said Hadley. "That is agnosticism pure and simple."

"But it is entirely honest," returned the girl, with a gleam in her eye.

"Ah! but does he not leave you in the same mist-land in which certain writers of fiction leave you?" questioned Hadley, looking at her smilingly, but intently.

Her eye dropped, and a flutter of embarrassment was perceptible in her manner for a moment, but her discomposure did not last long. "Let us have definiteness where definiteness is possible; but where the truth is not yet discovered, it is better to acknowledge our ignorance than to assert error or blindly accept a figment of the brain as truth. But, Mr. Madelling," she added, smiling, "these are rather abstruse questions for a hungry man to discuss. Perhaps you had better try to secure something a little more substantial."

The young man could not find it in his heart to leave her yet so congenial did he find her society.

"In my debilitated state perhaps it would not be wise for me to venture to town alone," he had the temerity to say, with a peculiar circumflex upon the last word.

"That is a hint, is it?" laughed the girl. "Well—I might return with you, if you think that you are in a serious state of weakness," she said, a little hesitantly, but there was a pleased smile on her lips. "The sun will soon be down, any way. Yes, it is my duty to go with you to—to—take care of you. Perhaps you remember what Wordsworth says in his 'Ode to Duty,' apostrophizing that virtue, which he calls 'stern daughter of the voice of God.'

"'I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live.'"

As she concluded she rose.

"It would be so much pleasanter if you went with me because you—you like to, than because you feel it your duty," he ventured to say audaciously.

A bright vermillion went to her cheeks and clung there as she replied: "We ought always to like to do our duty."

On their way to town Hadley encouraged Miss Havelock to talk of herself. He found that the report of her having been educated in an eastern seminary was correct. He could not help but admire her easy self-possession and light and gay manner. And yet on her forehead were a few lines that indicated an active and serious mind, and her dark blue eyes at times seemed very deep and thoughtful. No doubt she was a girl of moods, gay and serious by turns. At any rate, notwithstanding her light badinage, Hadley was convinced that she was not a lay figure, but a girl of real color and force of character.

As they walked up the street toward her home, she looked up at him with a *naïve* smile and said: "It was rather queer—I mean the way in which we became acquainted."

"Do you think that we are now on speaking terms?" he asked, with some show of anxiety.

"Oh, yes; I do not see any use in being conventional."

"No use at all."

"Then you will call and see—us, will you?" she said, as she put her hand into his at the gate, adding: "My parents will be glad to make your acquaintance. They are warm friends of the students, and always welcome them into our home. Toward the college boys," with a roguish emphasis on "boys," "they throw off all prudish formality."

"I shall call with pleasure," was Hadley's ready rejoinder, as he lifted his hat, and bade her good evening.

(*To be Continued.*)

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, $1.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 8, Exodus 32: 15-26. Golden Text 1 John 5: 21.

A Lengthened Absence Provided for—Moses Thought to be Dead—The Sin of Impatience—Aaron's Weak Submission to Popular Clamor—The Sin Repeated in These Days—God's Offer to Moses—A Man Regardless of Self-Interest—His Success—His Indignation at Sight of the Calf—Aaron's Unmanliness—The Massacre—Moses Returns to the Lord—A Self-Immolatory Prayer.

WHEN Moses had gone up into the mountain at God's command, he had made provision for his absence: "He said unto the elders, 'Tarry ye here for us, until we come again unto you; and, behold, Aaron and Hur are with you; if any man have any matters to do, let him come unto them.'" (Ex. 24: 14.) Forty days and forty nights was a long time to wait, and human reasoning would, no doubt, suggest that Moses must long ago have died in the mountain; he must have fallen over some precipice, or have succumbed to the pangs of hunger. But such surmises were nothing short of sin in the people whom God had taken under His immediate care and protection. God had sent Moses to be their leader, He had manifested His power through Moses as He never had done before through any mortal man, and He was responsible alike for Moses and for them. Oh, how much we lose through

The Sin of Impatience.

"Blessed are all they that wait for Him." (Isa. 30: 13.) There is perhaps no one with whom we are so impatient as God. How often we hear it said, "I have asked God to direct me, and have no answer, and I am *obliged* to decide." Who obliges you? Is not God your Master? Surely He will not make you wait, and then blame you for waiting. The children of Israel had received the command, "Tarry ye here for us until we come again unto you;" but they took upon themselves the responsibility of disobeying. "When they saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." No doubt they had imagined that his intercourse with God would consume only a few hours, and when day after day passed and they were disappointed, it seemed never to occur to them to inquire of the Lord, or to ask Aaron to inquire of Him—they acted on human reasoning, and turned their backs on God. Oh, how few understand that

Transactions with God

are of more moment, and are worth more time, than any amount of preaching and outward activity for God! But Aaron! Surely he who was called to be the High Priest, the type of Jesus, the man nearest to God in the worship which God was teaching Moses—surely he would not take part with the people against God? Yes, the very Aaron who when under Moses' influence was so true to God, now fell under the influence of popular feeling, and was led away so far as to make a graven image for the people to worship! The material of the golden calf was the golden earrings which God was willing to accept as offerings for the tabernacle. Whatever we keep for ourselves becomes a snare to us; as long as we hold ourselves, and all we are and have as the Lord's, and unquestionably submit to His disposal of it, it is no snare to us. If those useless earrings had been given to the Lord, the golden calf could not have been made. Imagine *Aaron* presiding at the dedication of the image, and saying, "These be thy gods, O, Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt!" And then Aaron proclaimed a feast to the Lord (so mixing up his service with idolatry), in which every offering except the sin and trespass offerings were offered. When men sin most they are the farthest off from any confession of sin, the conscience loses its sensitiveness. We wonder at the idolatry of the children of Israel, and that they should have desired any graven image of a God who had made His power so manifest among them, but is not England sinning the same sin, in those idols which are being placed in St. Paul's Cathedral? What have we Protestants to do with crucifixes and images of the Virgin Mary? Is it not our glory that God Himself is with us, and that He dwells and walks in us? What have we to do with idols?

While the scene of revelry was transpiring below, God was acquainting Moses with the matter up in the Mount Sinai. "Go get thee down, for *thy* people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves." "*Thy* people?" Were they not the Lord's? They were not acting as such just now, and God puts Moses to a severe test, He says, "I have seen this people, and behold, it is a stiff-necked people. Now, therefore, let Me alone, that My wrath may wax hot against them; and I will make of thee a great nation." The choice was given him by God Himself, whether he would be a great man in himself, or a living sacrifice! Thank God, the Spirit of Christ was beforehand in some of these saints of old (1 Pet. 1: 11, 12), and signally so in Moses. Utterly

Regardless of His Own Interest,

he argued the matter with God, "Why doth Thy wrath wax hot against *Thy* people whom *Thou* hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt? .... Wherefore should the Egyptian speak and say, For mischief did He bring them out?" Oh, this self-ignoring spirit, how rare it is! "Turn from Thy fierce wrath," he says, "and repent of this evil against Thy people." God had prayed Moses, "Let Me alone." But Moses refused, and prevailed with God! What a lesson of intercessory prayer! Was not he doing in the mountain with the Lord more than he could do in the plain? Moses reminded the Lord of His promises, and "the Lord repented of the evil which He had thought to do unto His people."

Until Moses had settled the matter with God, he was not prepared to meet the people. And when he went down from the mount he held in his hand the two tables of the testimony, "written on both sides, on the one side and on the other were they written. And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables." Joshua accompanied Moses. Where he had been during the time of Moses' communing with God in the mount we know not, or what had become of the seventy elders; but, in any case, Moses found Joshua waiting for him. What we see makes more impression on us than what we hear. Moses *saw* the calf and the dancing (probably resembling the licentious orgies observed in heathen festivals to this day), and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. He had been occupied forty days and forty nights, without eating or drinking, and perhaps without sleeping, in ascertaining the mind of God, that he might teach the people the will of the God whom they had three times promised to obey. And now that he had brought them the very writing of God Himself, he finds them, with Aaron at their head, worshipping an idol! He had obtained God's mercy for them, but his own indignation was stirred up. He gave their sin no quarter, but "took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink." Then he called Aaron to account: "What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?" Priest, and brother to Moses,

Aaron was Unmanly,

just as Adam was when he cast the blame of his sin upon Eve. Instead of making a clean breast of it, Aaron excused himself by casting all the blame upon the people. It is very probable that Aaron may have acceded to their request from the best of motives, thinking to retain his influence over them until Moses should return, and so mixing up the worship of God with idolatrous rites. But why did he not inquire of the Lord?

Moses did not argue the matter; he saved all his reasonings for God; and, when dealing with man, his actions went further than his words. He "stood in the gate of the camp, and said, who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." The whole tribe of Levi, with, no doubt, Aaron at their head, ranged themselves on Moses' side, and then the command to slay went forth, and three thousand perished. The law has no mercy. "the soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18: 4). Now that sin was recognized as sin, and punished with death, Moses called on the people for a general consecration of themselves to the Lord, "that He may bestow upon you a blessing this day." Probably there was little sleep in the camp of Israel that night, and on the morrow Moses said to the people: "Ye have sinned a great sin; and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure, I shall make an atonement for your sin." What, must Moses leave them again? Yes; their very sin necessitated it. How unwise, how mad it is to lose patience with God! He is a better economist of time than we are. "And Moses returned unto the Lord,"

A Wonderful Type of Jesus,

entering within the veil. He pleaded, "Oh, these people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if Thou wilt, forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written." Another such prayer is hardly anywhere on record, except it be that of Paul, "I say the truth in Christ. I lie not; my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." (Rom. 9: 1-3.) Moses and Paul did not live for themselves in any sense; soul and body, will and desire, reputation, and all else, was sacrificed for others. God gives every Christian the privilege of so following Him. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom, 14: 7.) "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself." (Matt. 16: 24.) "And the Lord said unto Moses, whosoever hath sinned against Me, him will I blot out of My book." God will not do unrighteously. There is a very general making light of the heinousness of sin in our day. The gospel has been very fully preached, and the way of salvation made very easy. But many who profess to find peace, have never seen their sinfulness in the light of God, and groaned under the consciousness that they deserved nothing but God's wrath. Sure, He can convert a soul as rapidly as the jailer at Philippi, but it is the real sinner whom God saves from real sin and real condemnation. It is no simple thing of the feelings or imagination. A soul which has been consciously a lost soul, undone, and justly condemned by a righteous God, can never forget the first smile of God, or the horror of the horrible pit, and the miry clay from which he has been rescued. God is a Holy God; no man can break His law with impunity. He hates sin, He is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and yet He forgives, and blots out our sins by the blood of Jesus Christ, His beloved Son.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for June:

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MY THREEFOLD REST.

I.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi., 28.

From sin and sins, dear Lord I rest—
Altar and Priest and Sacrifice Thou art;
By law and sin no more opprest,
I share in Thy beatitude a part.
My yesterdays are covered by Thy blood;
To-day my only shelter is Thy power;
To-morrow Thou will be as strong and good
As in the past most gracious hour.

II.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. xi. 29.

I rest in serving at Thy will—
Thy yoke is easy and Thy burden light;
And peace grows deep and deeper still,
As my obedience proves Thy might.
I hold my powers alone for Thee—
Use them in loving errands of Thy grace;
And calm me, though I may not see
Thy methods, as before Thy face.

III.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv., 9.

And yet the noblest rest remains
In sweet reserve for hope and love;
It hath no place for sighs or pains,
'Tis kept a glad surprise above.
Oh, rest untroubled and serene,
In Thy bright presence, spotless Lamb!
Fit me each day, by every scene,
For robe and harp, for crown and palm.

—*Stone.*

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